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CAN GREAT BRITAIN CONSCRIPT THE IRISH?

Lloyd George, prime minister of England, has proven to the world, that he is not fitted to be the guider of the destinies of a nation. Any man who would dare to suggest that the Irish be conscripted, is either a poor ignorant fool or a vain politician. The reply to conscription in Ireland will be open rebellion and civil war.

The Lord Mayor of Dublin has called together a meeting of the Nationalist party, trade unions and the Sinn Fein leaders to discuss ways and means to oppose conscription.

Two years ago the streets of Dublin were wet with the blood of the Irish. They had gone out to sacrifice their lives, rather than allow their sons and brothers to be conscripted. At that time the people were not united on the question of armed resistance, but there is no doubt today, that they are united and will be more prepared to shed their blood than they were two years ago.

At the present moment there are two hundred thousand soldiers in Ireland. It is another example of the stupidity of the British Government. They will not trust the Irish, but they want the Irish to do their fighting. Now if it requires two hundred thousand soldiers to look after the Irish, when they are at peace, how many soldiers will they require to look after Irish when the fight to force conscription commences?

But why do the Irish object to fighting for England, we are asked. The answer to that question will be found in the conditions under which the Irish people live. London is considered to have more poverty than any other city of its size. But in London the number of people who live in slum tenements is only 59 per thousand, whilst in Dublin it is 229 per thousand. We can show you many families in Dublin who eat and sleep in the same room. As many as ten people, eating, living and sleeping in the same room. As a result of the strike that took place in Dublin in 1913, due to the work of Jim Larkin, a seachlight was thrown upon the living conditions of the workers of Dublin, and as a result a commission sat, and in their report they stated that,—

The earnings of the heads of the families occupying first class tenements was:—

1385 earning not more than \$3.75 per week.

2265 earning not more than \$5.00 per week.

Second class tenements:—
3918 earning not more than \$3.75 per week.

5856 earning not more than \$5.00 per week.

Try and imagine if you can, when you know the average family is six persons, how the workers of Dublin live on such wages. Let us analyse this princely wage,—

Rent, \$1.00 per week; three meals per day, for six persons for seven days per week is 126 meals, which means 3 1/2 cents per meal. No amusement, no clothes, no shoes, no doctor and no holidays.

Such is the life of an Irish worker on five dollars per week.

CAN YOU WONDER THAT THEY OPPOSE CONSCRIPTION?

In Jacobs' Biscuit factory girls are employed for 50 hours per

week, and all they receive for such work is SIXTY CENTS PER WEEK. Can you still wonder why the Irish oppose conscription?

But there are other reasons why Ireland is opposed to conscription, reasons as justifiable as the above, and they are contained in a perusal of Irish history for the last seven hundred years. If you want to know what the Irish have suffered, just take a trip through Ireland. Count if you can the bones that have bleached the green hills of Erin; measure the blood that has been shed, and made Ireland, not the green Isle, but the scarlet Isle, scarlet with the blood of the Irish race. Listen to the woes of the widows and orphans of the many Irishmen who were shot in cold blood, because they refused to bow the knee to a foreign tyrant. When you have focalized these enormities, the blood that has been shed, the havoc that has been wrought, the homes that have been ruined, the cities that have been destroyed, the outrages upon the young women and girls of Ireland, the hearts that have been broken, you will then have some idea of what Ireland has gone through. You will then understand why the IRISH WILL NOT BE CONSCRIPTED. The wrongs of Belgium are nothing compared to the wrongs of Ireland. Belgium has suffered for three years, Ireland for seven hundred. So we say, without boasting in any way, that the IRISH WILL DIE IN THE STREETS OF THE TOWNS AND CITIES OF IRELAND BEFORE THEY WILL EVER THINK OF DEPARTING TO SHED THEIR BLOOD IN A FOREIGN COUNTRY.

The Irish-American politician in this country is no standard to go by, to judge the feeling and the temper of the Irish race. He is like a weather-vane, the way the wind blows, the way he goes. Coming to this country a lover of freedom, he eventually becomes a political a-tocrat, neither good for man nor beast. The curse of the cause of Irish freedom has been the Irish-American politician, who has used the misfortunes of his countrymen and women to further his own dirty ends. So we warn our American friends not to be fooled by these politicians here, the Irish in Ireland will fight and decide their own destiny. They care neither for politics or the politicians, they are resolved in one thing, and that one thing is, SO LONG AS IRELAND IS UNDER THE CONTROL OF ENGLAND, SO LONG WILL ENGLAND APPEAL TO IRELAND IN VAIN.

If you want to understand the sincerity and the fighting qualities of the Irish workers, read the history of the Dublin strike. Jim Larkin is a typical Irish fighter for freedom. Anyone who knows Larkin, knows perfectly well enough, that no one can conscript him. Larkin went into the city of Dublin and by his vigorous personality and his marvellous powers as an organizer, he aroused the workers of that city to such a pitch of class consciousness, that no other organizer ever did before or has done since. The work of Larkin will never die, its effect

Socialism All Inclusive.

The thoughts that breathe and burn are the loving and inspiring thoughts that encircle the world and embrace all humanity. * * *

Love is service, the joy of service is consecration, and the crowning of consecration is immortality. * * *

The greatest souls spring from the greatest struggles. Only they who lose all find all, only they know the joy of triumph and the grace of exaltation. * * *

Every homeless brother challenges the validity of my title; every sorrowing sister rebukes my Christless complacency, and every neglected child smites my conscience in the name of humanity. * * *

Not until all are fed are any fed; not until all are sheltered are any sheltered; not until all are free are any free; not until all are civilized are any civilized. * * *

All humanity is one and Socialism is for all humanity; therefore am I for Socialism, with all the blood of my veins and all the passion of my soul.

Socialism—Socialism the noblest thought, the divinest impulse, the supremest aspiration, the most thrilling and far-sounding battle-cry of all history, whose rise has been the dream of all ages, and whose triumph will be the glory of All Humanity!

—Eugene V. Debs.

TO THE "CHRISTIANS."

Take then your paltry Christ,
Your gentleman God,
We want the carpenter's son,
With his saw and hod.

We want the man who loved
The poor and the oppressed,
Who hated the Rich Man and the King
And the Scribe and the Priest.

We want the Galilean
Who knew cross and rod
It's your "good taste" that prefers
A bastard "God".

Francis L. Adams.

THE STREAM OF WOMEN.

An Albert Darrington item from London: War is claiming the fit, and is leaving the other fellow to conduct the business of the country. And the left-behind is a very unfit fellow. In one

day I have met scores of the lame and the blind trying to carry on the jobs of the men who have joined up. In the human stream that flows between Fleet street and Piccadilly it is rarely that one meets a decent specimen of manhood unless it happens to be in khaki. One day I tried to walk from Cheapside to the Strand. It was lunch time, and the stream was moving against me in the direction of the eating-houses. It was a stream of faces, women with toil-hardened faces, women in black, women clerks and counter hands; but not a man among them. For half a mile I beat up stream until the staring, questioning eyes of the war-darkened faces snapped on my nerves. I retreated down a side lane and finished my journey in a taxi. I met other men who have been similarly affected when beating against the female tides of London.

THE EIGHTH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT CONVENTION HERE

The delegates of the Eighth Congressional District Locals of the Socialist party will meet at the Woodman Hall, 21 1st Ave. West and Superior Street, Duluth. The convention will commence at nine A. M., Sunday, the 21st, and last all day. Members of the Socialist party IN GOOD STANDING will be allowed to take part in the discussions.

The convention meets at the most critical time in the history of the working-class. At a time when the workers of the world are being drowned in seas of blood. At a time when the prison gates have closed behind thousands of our comrades. At a time when capitalism is tottering to its grave. So it behooves the delegates to be absolutely sure of their position and to advocate that line of propaganda that will benefit the issue.

We have all thought that the day for the revolution was too far away and so our platforms have been clouded with all manners of reforms. Today we meet with a renewed faith in the cause of Socialism. There is not a paper owned by the capitalists that is not filled with foreboding at the certain approach of Socialism. The pessimism that has gripped us in the past, has been supplanted by glorious optimism that we now possess. Unsatisfied humanity gazed longingly into the past, and then turned to look hopelessly into the future. But now all that is changed. The Bolsheviks have shown to us how near the day of the social revolution is. In the coming of a night, the Czar of Russia and his whole junker outfit were disposed and in their stead rose a body of men and women, imbued with the ideals of Socialism. In Italy the Socialist party through its secretary sent out a

manifesto and defied the capitalist class and today they are a stronger party. In France the minority section of the Socialist party, that all through the war has never failed to sound the note of the class struggle, has made such increasing strides that their weekly paper has reached such a circulation, that they are compelled to come out daily. In England the workers have come together and today they are the masters of the situation. Politicians travel night and day, appealing to the workers, and the workers only turn them down. ENGLAND STANDS TODAY ON THE THRESHOLD OF THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION. The German and Austrian junkers also fear the wave of discontent that is passing over their lands. Comrades, the rumbling of the social revolution can be heard all over the world. Today the Socialist movement, after many hard years of fighting, is coming into its own. So we again say that we meet with a renewed faith in the cause of humanity. Never fear what the press of your masters are saying, they are singing their swan song. Out of the night of sorrow and dark despair; out of the poverty and oppression, which they have long endured; out of the misery and sordidness of their drab lives, the workers are coming together as they have never done before. To the convention is given the task of placing before them, in no uncertain tones, the truth of what is taking place. To you is given the honor of bearing the light, that will show to the workers the real road to travel. The first demand of our platform should be,—

Workers of all countries unite, unite for the overthrow of class rule and the organization of all workers into an industrial army. Not a thousand organizations, but

one huge army that will be big enough and broad enough in its scope to take in all workers.

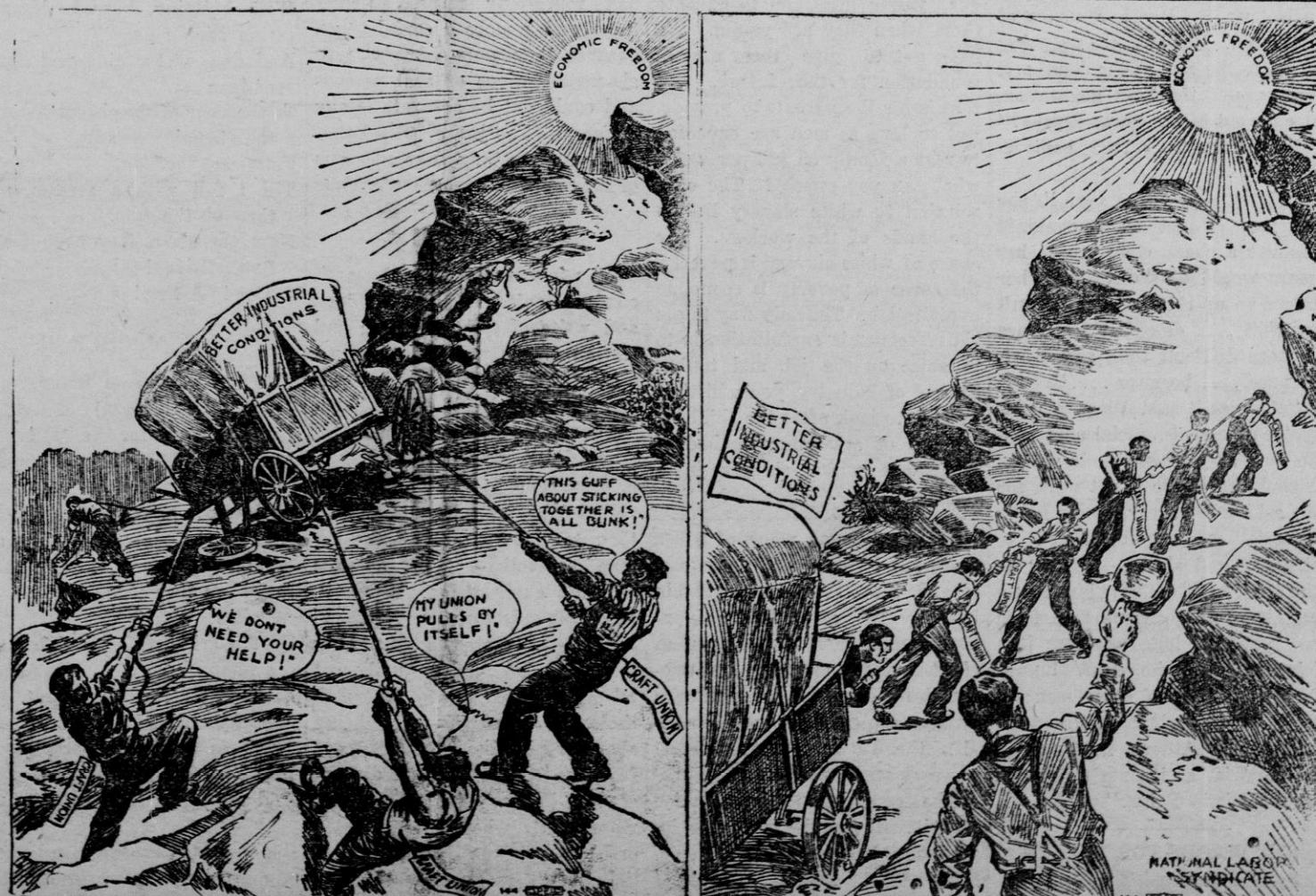
We stand for the abolition of all economic, political and intellectual oppression; a reduction of the struggle for the material requirements of life to a minimum by collective control of the forces of production. In other words, the workers should organize around the machine and control the machine for their own benefit, instead of for the benefit of a rich, mands are opposed to bourgeois ethics and to the fundamental laws of bourgeois society. Therefore our ethics should be revolutionary, and nothing but the proletarian class struggle can and will realize this proletarian ideal.

We must not allow opportunism to carry us to the point of abandoning our class struggle position for the sake of insignificant palliatives or a handful of doubtful votes. But neither must we distort the class struggle into a lot of meaningless catchwords. If we believe that the workers of the world should be organized into one industrial and political party, let us be definite about it. The time is ripe for action, to waver now is to commit treason to the class from which you come. We want to use all weapons, but we must also know as to how far those weapons will carry us. Above all, comrades, do not forget the words of Karl Marx: "IF THE WORKERS ARE EVER TO EMANCIPATE THEMSELVES, IT MUST COME FROM THE WORKERS THEMSELVES."

YOUNG GIRL SENT TO JAIL

The Crookston police authorities raided a disorderly house last June and they finally decided that the poor lone occupant be given a sentence of thirty days in the Polk county jail. Oh no, dear reader, the woman was not an old-timer, she had been a prostitute very long. In fact, she hardly knew what he world was like, she was a little over fifteen years of age.

Can you wonder that women are demanding, day after day, that they be given a greater share in the making and the carrying out of the laws of the land? Think what it means to entrust the care of children to such men as the law officials of Crookston. Men who in their stupidity, do not know how to care for a young girl, and in their blind ignorance send her to prison, thinking that by that method they will make her good. Whoever placed a dying plant in a sewer, no one with any common sense would think of doing such a thing. So with our young girls, when they go wrong, there is a reason for it. Girls do not turn to the brothel, unless there is some compelling force that drives them there. Girls are just as human as their mothers and fathers. The finer instincts of humanity are as firmly planted in their breasts as they are in the breasts of all men and



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WOMENS SECTION

"Woman has greater intuition and man greater genius; woman observes and man reasons; and from this collaboration we get the clearest light and the most complete science of which the human mind is capable; in other words, the surest knowledge of one's self and of others which it is possible for humanity to have."

Jean Jacques Rousseau.

In coming amongst you, we do so with the hope that we may be able to reach the women who do not care. It is the women who do not care, the men also, who are responsible for the social injustices of today. It was the men and women who did not care, that lit the first faggot, that burnt alive the first martyr to the cause of human progress. It was the people who did not care who filled the world with poverty and oppression. It was the men and women who did not care, who murdered the poor worker down in Illinois. So we have all got to do our share towards making these men and women care more about the real things of life. We, as women, must do our share, and the men must do their share. That does not imply, that we must work separately, no, we have got to work together, but there are problems that women understand better than men, and these problems can best be discussed by the women. We want all women readers to communicate with us and send us all the news they can.

With fraternal greetings,
Minnie Schoenman.

BRITISH WOMEN ARE ORGANIZING.

With 1,400,000 women in the field of industrial England, women are playing an important part in the British labor movement, according to Paul Kellogg, editor or Survey, who was present at the inter-Allied labor conference. Mr. Kellogg was addressing the Women's Trade Union League in New York.

"A great many women are to be found in the co-operative movement," he said, "while politically they are on the brink of action."

The women are members of trade unions, and especially of a National Federation of Working Women, which is a union composed of unskilled and skilled workers. Although the workingmen's tendency is to shelve all strikes for the duration of the war, according to Kellogg, girls working in one munitions factory were compelled to strike for a minimum wage.

"They got it after striking," Kellogg said, "but the other factories had to cite this as an example when they likewise asked for it."

In describing the labor movement of England, Kellogg named the workers' control movement, which is a growth of informal shop organizations similar to the trade union and guild Socialism.

"There is the great tendency," Kellogg said, "toward industrial selfgovernment correspondent to civil government."

A GIRL STRIKE LEADER.

By Florence Kipper Frank.
A white-faced stubborn thing
Whose years are not quite twenty years,
Eyes steely now and done with tears,
Mouth scornful of its suffering—

The young mouth-body virginal
Beneath the cheap, ill-fitting suit,
A bearing quaintly resolute,
A flowering hat, satirical.

A soul that steps to the sound of the life
And banners waving red to war,
Mystical, knowing scarce wherefore—
A Joan in a modern strife.

BRINGING THE LIGHT.

By W. L. GEORGE.

The woman's eyes were rapt, her hands tightly clenched, her lips parted, her cheeks a little flushed. But Victoria's face had hardened suddenly.

"Miss Welkin," she said quietly, "has anything struck you about this house, about me?"

The suffragist looked at her uneasily.

"You ought to know whom you are talking to," Victoria went on, "I am a . . . I am a what you would probably call . . . well, not respectable."

A dull red flush spread over Miss Welkin's face, from the line of her tightly pulled hair to her stiff white collar; even her ears went red. She looked away into the corner.

"You see," said Victoria, "it's a shock, isn't it? I ought not to have let you in. It wasn't quite fair, was it?"

"Oh, it isn't that, Mrs. Ferris," burst out the suffragist; "I am not thinking of myself . . . Our cause is not the cause of the rich or poor women, of good women or bad; it's the cause of women. Thus, it doesn't matter who she is, so long as there is a woman who stands aloof from us there is still work to do. I know that yours is not a happy life; and we are bringing the light."

"The light," echoed Victoria bitterly. "You have no idea, I see, of how many people there are who are bringing the light to women who are like me. There are various religious organizations who wish to rescue us and house us comfortably under the patronage of the police, to keep us nicely and feed us on what is suitable for the fallen; they expect us to sew ten hours a day for these privileges, but that is by the way. There are also many kindly souls who offer little jobs as charwomen to those of us who are too worn out to pursue our calling; we are offered emigration as servants in exchange for the power of commanding a household; we are offered poverty for luxury, service for domination, slavery to women instead of slavery to men. How tempting it is!" . . .

The suffragist said nothing for a second. She felt shaken by Victoria's bitterness. "The vote does not mean everything," she said reluctantly. "It will merely ensure that we rise like men when we are fit."

"Well, Miss Welkin, I won't press that. But now, tell me, if you got the vote tomorrow, what would it do for my class?"

"It would be raised . . ."

"No, no, we can't be raised. We've got to live, and if you 'raise' us, we lose our means of livelihood. But how are we going to get to the root of the cause and lift us, not the next generation, at once out of the lower depths?"

The suffragist's face contracted. "Everything takes time," she faltered. "Just as I couldn't promise a charwoman that her hours would go down and her wages go up the next day, I can't say that . . . of course your case is more difficult than any other, because . . . because . . ."

"Because," said Victoria coldly, "I represent a social necessity. So long as your economic system is such that there is not work for the asking for every human being—work, mark you, fitted to strength and ability—so long on the other hand as there is such uncertainty as prevents men from marrying, so long as there is a leisure class who draw luxury from the labor of other men; so long will my class endure as it endured in Athens, in Rome, in Alexandria, as it does now from New York to Peking."

SET WAGES FOR WOMEN.

San Francisco.—The state industrial welfare commission has

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will be permanent, and so the workers of Ireland will show to the whole world, that once they agree on a certain idea, neither man nor devil will stop them from carrying it out.

We are of that race, we have lived with them, worked with them and we know the temper of the people we write about. Lloyd George in insisting on conscription of Ireland is digging his political grave. During the Dublin strike, when all England stood amazed at the marvellous personality of Larkin, Lloyd George was struck with the fortitude of the Dublin workers. For forty-two weeks they stood out against the combined associations of Irish and English employers. Knowing the Irish worker, as Lloyd George learned to know them at that time, we are surprised that he should be so foolish as to introduce conscription. Lloyd George is like a gambler who risks his all, in one last throw of the dice.

Carried into political power on a wave of emotion, Lloyd George has failed in the hour that practical results are required, when emotion fails. Having in his control the political power of the British Empire, flushed with childish excitement, unable to do that, which in his conceit he thought was simple, he today attempts to justify himself. Conscription of the Irish means the political death of Lloyd George. With his political demise, the radical element in England will again control, and with their taking over the administration, PEACE WILL BE NEARER.

Lloyd George is a typical example of the reform politician. He promised the workers all the reforms that one could think of, and today he is the biggest tyrant in England. The workers would be wise to learn a lesson from the career of Lloyd George. They should learn the one great lesson, never trust the politician, but organize on the job and in your own power place your trust, then no one can deceive you. The Irish men and women were taught that lesson by Jim Larkin, they are slow to learn, but once they begin to act, then GOOD NIGHT.

YOUNG GIRL SENT TO JAIL

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women. But when you turn a girl out in the world, set her to work for \$3 per week, and then expect her to make good, you are making a big mistake, you cannot expect a girl to be virtuous when starvation pains are gnawing at her stomach.

What we have got to do with our young girls, is to educate them when they are young. We have got to give them a solid foundation for the future, and that is for the parents to provide. But so long as men are expected to rear a family on \$15 per week, what can you expect? The only solution to white slavery lies in the hands of the workers. The cause of white slavery is poverty, the cause of poverty is economic exploitation. The only way to get rid of economic exploitation is to organize on the job and taking control of industry, you will then be able to look after the children.

Pursuit of any other method of abolishing white slavery is a waste of time. M. S.

fixed a minimum wage of \$10 a week for women and minors employed in the fruit and vegetable industry, \$8 a week for inexperienced women and minors, an eight-hour day and time and one-fourth for overtime. Where wages paid on a piece or commission basis, the \$10 and \$8 rates shall serve as standards.

The commission gives notice that it will exercise exclusive jurisdiction over all questions arising as to the administration and interpretation of its orders.

MASTER SHEDS RIGHT ON ORIGIN OF "SPOON RIVER"

Anthology Grew from Vagrant Notes on Writing Pad.

ST. LOUIS, Mo.—Edgar Lee Masters of Chicago, a widely known poet, explained recently at the Wednesday club in a lecture before the Art league how he came to write "Spoon River Anthology," his most popular book, and why it was first published in St. Louis. The poems were first printed in Reedy's Mirror in 1914. Since then the book has gone through twenty-two editions.

Masters said the first poems in the book were really nothing but notes about old friends in the village of his childhood in central Illinois, idly jotted on a blotting pad as he talked in his Chicago law office with a visitor from "down home."

As readers of the book know, it is composed of 250 epitaphs of the residents of a small country town, supposedly written by the persons themselves after death, being modeled after the Greek Anthology, a similar work with great Greeks as subjects. It is written in free verse and was the cause of an instant and large output of that kind of poetry, resulting in the most widespread literary controversy that has occurred for years. Many critics asserted that free verse, lacking either meter or rhyme, was not poetry at all.

Many Manuscripts Rejected.

Following an introduction by William Marion Reedy, in which the latter declared that Masters ranked next to Longfellow and Riley in popularity, Masters remarked that he had a stack of rejected manuscripts ten inches high which he submitted to Reedy prior to the writing of "Spoon River."

Masters said he took to reading over the notes he had made concerning the fates of various village characters during the visit of the friend to his office, and was struck by the poetic images they suggested and by their similarity to the Greek Anthology. He said he rounded them out a little, wrote "Spoon River Anthology" at the top, and mailed them to Reedy.

The poet said he was surprised when he received a letter from the editor telling him that he had written some "real American poetry." He said he replied to Reedy, "If that is what you want I can give you lots of it." Then followed the other poems, which were later published in book form.

Commenting on the somewhat pessimistic hue of most of the poems, Masters declared that he had repeatedly refused to color them with a more cheerful tinge, because they were largely true characterizations of real persons and could not be accurate if any different. The author added that in his opinion they were also true of the world at large.

Only One Way Out.

"A minister in Chicago demanded that I quit writing such things and write of the noble men and women of the world," the poet said. "I promptly wrote back offering to comply if he would supply the noble men and women. He never did."

Masters' subject had been announced as "The Rat Trap and How to Get out of it," the rat trap symbolizing the average human's environment. However about the only sure way to escape which he suggested in his address is death. He read a number of selections from "Spoon River Anthology," most of them being about people who tried to escape from the "rat trap," but only succeeded in fastening themselves more tightly, where they squirmed and struggled until they reach "the only democracy—the graveyard."

He said the book was roughly divided into three sections, as a sort of "Divine Comedy," the first division being the sordid stories, or hell; the second those who were in the trap but didn't know it, or purgatory, and the third, those who in a degree escaped, such as the man who ended life with a "broken fiddle and forty acres but no regrets," or paradise.

The Eternal Struggle.

The work, he said, also was intended to portray "the eternal struggle between those who want to live and those who want to save—those who want to enjoy this world and those who want to make it a hallway to another one."

His example of two men who were in the rat trap was a "hard headed banker," who laughed at artists and poets and was immensely satisfied with himself, and a young man with artistic temperament, who left the native haunts of Lincoln, railing against the unpoetic atmosphere, and went to Rome to study the lives of great men. The latter, of course, is a satire against those not able to see greatness when in contact with it.

HARRY WILLIAMS.

(From the Spoon River Anthology.)

I was just turned twenty-one,
And Henry Phipps, the Sunday-school superintendent,
Made a speech in Biddle's Opera House.

"The honor of the flag must be upheld," he said.

"Whether it be assailed by a barbarous tribe of Tagalogs
Or the greatest power in Europe."
And we cheered and cheered the speech and the flag we waved

As he spoke.
And I went to the war in spite of my father,
And followed the flag till I saw it raised

By our camp in a rice field near Manila,
And all of us cheered and cheered it.

But there were flies and poisonous things;
And there was the deadly water,
And the cruel heat,

And the sickening, putrid food;
And the smell of the trench just back of the tents
Where the soldiers went to empty themselves;

And there were whores who followed us, full of syphilis;
And beastly acts between ourselves or alone,

With bullying, hatred, degradation among us,
And days of loathing and nights of fear

To the hour of the charge through the steaming swamp,
Following the flag,

Till I fell with a scream, shot through the guts.

Now there's a flag over me in Spoon River!

A flag! A flag!

JOHN M. CHURCH.

(From the Spoon River Anthology.)

I was attorney for the "Q"
And the Indemnity Company which insured
The owners of the mine.

I pulled the wires with judge and jury,
And the upper courts, to beat the claims

Of the crippled, the widow and orphan,
And made a fortune thereat.

The bar association sang my praises
In a high-flown resolution.

And the floral tributes were many—
But the rats devoured my heart

And a snake made a nest in my skull!

MEETINGS of the LOCALS

City Central Committee meets every 2nd and 4th Friday at 22 E. 1st Street.
Scandinavian Local meets every Tuesday 8 p. m. at Woodman Hall.
Jewish Local meets 2nd and 4th Thursday. Headquarters 22 E. 1st Street.
English Local meets 2nd and 4th Wednesday at 22 E. 1st Street.

Finnish Local meets every 1st and 3rd Sunday in Tarmo Hall.
Scandinavian Women's Socialist Society meets every 1st Thursday, 2 to 4, at Woodman Hall.
Ladies Auxiliary meets every 2nd and 4th Monday.
Workmen's Circle, Branch 353, meets every 1st and 3rd Sunday at 22 E. 1st St.

WHAT ARE THE CITY CENTRAL COMMITTEE DOING?

Boy, Page the Secretary!

CITY CENTRAL COMMITTEE next meeting April 26th, 22 E. 1st Street.

SCANDINAVIAN LOCAL.

Tom J. Lewis, the five feet of revolution from Minneapolis, spoke at the usual Sunday evening lecture of the Scandinavian Local. The Swedish speaker that was advertised, fell sick and so the audience had the pleasure of hearing one of the best English speaking speakers in the movement. Lewis is one fine lecturer, delivers the straight goods, no compromise and always has a happy knack of keeping his audience in good humor. His subject was the "Evolution of Life" and it was well presented. But why say it was well presented, when Lewis delivered it, 'nuff sed.

A Swedish comedy was also staged, judging from the applause it received, it was appreciated by the audience.

The attendance was so great, that the hall could not accommodate all who came to gain admittance.

SOCIALIST SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Rose Davis, age eleven, receives the prize for last Sunday's letter. Goldie Niskin also receives a prize for another good letter. Comrades who have never seen the children at School are missing a treat. All children are invited to attend. Our lessons are mixed with a little amusement. No hard study, simple lessons and the children are always smiling.

LADIES' AUXILIARY.

The above organization, composed of the women members of the various Jewish organizations, held a highly successful basket social last Sunday evening in their headquarters, 22 E. First Street.

Many lovely baskets were presented to the local and the ladies desire to thank the Committee in charge of the arrangements for their hard work and their successful efforts. The baskets realized a little more than \$45.00.

LET HIM BE POOR

By G. BERNARD SHAW.

But the thoughtless wickedness with which we scatter sentences of imprisonment, torture in the solitary cell, and on the plank bed, and flogging, on moral invalids and energetic rebels, is as nothing compared to the stupid levity in which we tolerate poverty as if it were a wholesome tonic for lazy people or else a virtue to be embraced as St. Francis embraced it. If a man is indolent, let him be poor. If he is drunken, let him be poor. If he is not a gentleman, let him be poor. If he is addicted to the fine arts or to pure science, instead of to trade or to finance, let him be poor. If he chooses to spend his urban 11 shillings (\$4.50) or his agricultural 13 shillings (\$3.25) a week on his beer and his family instead of "giving it up for old age, let him be poor. Serve him right! Also—some what inconsistently—blessed are the poor!

Now what does this LET HIM BE POOR mean? It means let him be weak. Let him be ignorant. Let him become a nucleus of disease. Let him become a standing exhibition and example of ugliness and dirt. Let him have rickety children. Let him be cheap and let him drag his fellows down to his

price by selling himself to do their work. Let his habitations turn our cities into poisonous congeries of slums. Let his daughters infect our young men with the diseases of the streets and his sons revenge him by turning the nation's manhood into scrofula, cowardice, cruelty, hypocrisy, political imbecility and all the other fruits of oppression and malnutrition. Let the undeserved lay up for himself, not treasures in heaven, but horrors in hell upon earth. This being so, is it really wise to let him be poor? Would he not do ten times less harm as a prosperous burglar, incendiary, ravisher or murderer, to the utmost limits of humanity's comparatively negligible impulses in these directions? Suppose you were to abolish all these penalties for such activities, and decide that poverty is the one thing we will NOT tolerate—that every adult with less than \$2,000 per year shall be painlessly, inexorably killed and every hungry naked child forcibly fattened and clothed, would not that be an enormous improvement on our existing system, which has already destroyed so many civilizations, and is visibly destroying ours in the same way?



Scandinavian Socialist Local meets every Tuesday night 8 o'clock at the Woodman Hall 21st ave. W. 1st st. Axel Westholm, Sec. 4010 W. 7th st. Open meetings. Every body welcome.

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The Senatorial Election in the State of Wisconsin

By ARVID NELSON.

VOTE FOR UNITED STATES SENATOR IN WISCONSIN in 1914, 1916 and 1918.

	Socialist	Democrat	Republican
1914	Emil Seidel	Paul O. Husting	Francis E. McGovern
Vote	29,774	134,925	123,369
1916	Richard Elsner	William F. Wolfe	Robert M. LaFollette
Vote	28,908	135,144	251,303
1918	Victor L. Berger	Joseph E. Davies	Irvine L. Lenroot
Vote	110,487	148,923	163,983
Vote for 1916 and 1918 compared	Increase 87,320	Increase 13,779	Decrease 81,579

A political campaign was carried on in Wisconsin in March to fill the vacancy caused in the United States Senate by the accidental death of Senator Paul O. Husting. The significance of this campaign did not only extend over the whole United States, but it was of world-wide significance, as the bourgeois politicians contended, and as the socialists may readily admit. The Governor of the state desired to fill the vacancy by appointment, explaining that if the follower of Husting is elected by popular vote, all kinds of "disloyal" elements will get an opportunity to distribute their literature and their propaganda. The Governor called a special session of the state legislature, but the legislature would not consent to it, so the politicians were compelled to submit the selection to a vote of the people.

As a result of the primary, congressman Irvine L. Lenroot became the candidate of the Republicans, winning over LaFollette Republican, James P. Thompson, by about two thousand votes. The Democrats selected as their candidate Joseph E. Davies, a member of the Federal Trade Commission for several years. The Socialists had only one candidate in the primaries, the well-known Milwaukee Socialist, Victor L. Berger, former Socialist Congressman.

The official vote received by these three candidates in the general election held on April 2nd was as follows: Berger 110,487, Davies 148,923 and Lenroot 163,983. When it is noted that the Socialist candidate for Senator in Wisconsin two years ago had received only 28,908 votes, whereas Berger now received nearly 87,500 more votes, it must be admitted that the rise in the Socialist vote in this state is actually showing noticeable progress. Berger received more than one-fourth of all the votes given to the senatorial candidates, receiving a majority in eleven counties. He received over four hundred votes by mail from the army camps where drafted men have been taken from Wisconsin.

Let us now take a glance at the course of the campaign before the final election.

Berger made IMMEDIATE PEACE the issue, this being the first time that the people of this country have had an opportunity to go to the polls to register their stand for peace. Never before has this question been submitted to the people in as clear a form.

Every thoughtful person, however, must admit, that this election occurred under conditions that were not normal and that were very unfavorable for a decision on a question of this nature. Who can honestly contend that people can seriously consider any question of this kind, under such a flow of threats and under such artificial agitation as was practiced by the bourgeois politicians during the campaign?

The politicians opposing Berger in this campaign had at their disposal all that politicians can possibly hope for. First of all they had plenty of money with which they could engage the services of speakers to travel all over the state. With money they were able to bribe newspaper editors and pay for advertisements. The press of the whole state supported Davies and Lenroot with all its power and OPPOSED BERGER.

The Socialists were not able to send speakers over the state to enlighten the people and refute the lies circulated by the bourgeois. The Wisconsin Socialists have but one daily newspaper, the Milwaukee Leader, which has recently lost its second class mailing privileges, so that its circulation outside the city of Milwaukee is insignificant. The capitalist newspapers in the state would not publish Berger's campaign advertisements even for money. His campaign posters were torn down all over the state. Literature distributors appointed by the locals were hauled into court and fined. Berger himself was indicted and had

to furnish \$15,000 bail in order to be at liberty to conduct the campaign in his home locality. Voters intimidated and threatened with violence and EVEN DEATH if they dared to give their votes to Berger on election day.

In one of the principal cities of Wisconsin a mayoralty election took place at the same time. One of the candidates for mayor was a man who had once paid a fine of one thousand dollars for padding government census figures. This same malefactor was audacious enough to say in his campaign speeches that "every man that votes for Berger ought to be shot at sunrise."

The Waupun Democrat contained the following advertisement after election day:

"NOTICE."

"We note that in the city of Waupun there were 29 Berger votes, and the Strong Arm Committee will pay a reward of \$25 for positive proof of any who voted that ticket in the city.

"Strong Arm Committee, Waupun Council of Defense."

And the principal duty of councils of defense is to uphold peace and good order at home during the war. But these are only a few examples from the course of this campaign.

The writer of this article had the opportunity to hear the most noted Republican campaign speaker, Congressman John G. Cooper, speak in Superior. (He had about 150 hearers but the steel trust organ of Duluth, The News-Tribune, stated that he had an audience of one thousand five hundred people. This presumably was only a slight error in figuring.) The Democratic candidate for Senator, Joseph E. Davies, spoke in Superior on the eve of the election.

Cooper in his speech mentioned Berger just once, saying that he had enough faith in the loyalty of the people of Wisconsin so that they would not elect into the United States Senate "such a bolshevik traitor as Berger is." In the opening part of his speech Cooper said there were many pro-Germans in Wisconsin who should be lined up before a firing squad. He offered himself as a willing executioner. Then he went forth to impress how all those that did not vote for Lenroot were disloyal and pro-German, and in this instance he did not draw any distinction between Socialists and Democrats.

In connection with his speech Cooper related an instance from the state of Indiana, where the term of a certain Congressman had ended and he was endeavoring to be re-elected. He was a Democrat. While in Congress he had voted against every recommendation and proposition concerning the war that President Wilson had made. Rumors had reached Indiana that this candidate had not aided and supported the President. His campaign manager wrote a letter of inquiry to the President. The President had written a reply, a copy of which Cooper read to his hearers. In his reply the President said the Congressman in question had always extended his "full and hearty support" to the President. Cooper said this was "inconsistency."

In conclusion Cooper read a list of Lenroot's good deeds and stated that Congressman Lenroot, among other things, had "worked and voted" for the 8-hour day for trainmen, which is generally known as the Adamson law. The official records of Congress, however, show that Lenroot opposed this law, although he was finally compelled to vote in its favor. This statement at least was evident "inconsistency" on Cooper's part.

Taking advantage of the present situation and the battle raging on the western front, Davies gave his hearers one of the most impressive speeches that have been heard in Superior for a long time. Davies

Why Russia Quit!

Five million men killed.
Six million wounded.
Three million taken prisoners.

40 per cent of their wounded physically unfit.
50 per cent of their men who are prisoners are suffering from tuberculosis.

What did Sherman say?

LOVELY CHILD.

Lovely child, make haste to play
While the dew is on your day—
Half a score years ahead
You will labor for your bread.
Harry Kemp.

MAY DAY EDITION.

10,000 copies of the edition to go all over the State.
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said that Berger was "a good man and a fine gentleman," but that he was entirely wrong in regard to the peace proposition. Davies urged his hearers to ask Socialists who support Berger if they desire a "Socialist peace" like the one negotiated between Germany and Russia. We do not know how many persons Davies had in his meeting who understood the "inconsistency" of this question, for the peace between Germany and Russian Bolsheviki was no "Socialist peace." It was a capitalistic peace, the result of many years of capitalistic disorganization, mismanagement and treachery.

Davies in his speech made a special appeal for the support of women. Had he not been so "inconsistent," he could have offered the women in return for his support for suffrage for women—which the women of Wisconsin still lack—but Davies did not do so. And Davies said Wisconsin was the "most progressive state in the Union," although back West for example there are several states in which women have the right to vote. Back West there are also several "dry" states, and the state of Washington has more progressive labor laws than Wisconsin. In regard to labor Davies said he stood for "the right of every free and independent American workingman to sell his labor power for the highest possible price." With this statement Davies admitted he was for the so-called "open shop" and opposed to organized labor.

Notwithstanding his own figures and in spite of all available statistics that prove otherwise, Davies had the face on him to assure his audience time and again that there is no profiteering.

The thoughtful reader has been shown here how Lenroot's campaign speaker, Congressman Cooper, first exposed some of the "inconsistencies" of his leading opponents, and then himself resorted to the same kind of "inconsistencies" to impress his cause to his hearers. In a similar manner "inconsistencies" made their appearance in the campaign speech of Davies, so the reader can understand how the whole campaign, as far as the bourgeois politicians are concerned, was based on "inconsistencies" which might just as well be given a "shorter and uglier" name. In this regard the campaign, however, was no exception, for the campaign trumps of the bourgeois are falsehoods almost without exception.

And as far as Lenroot and Davies are concerned, there was no difference of principle or any other difference between them. Each one insisted that he was "a better man" and "more loyal" than the other. They, if anybody, fit very appropriately the following words of President Wilson: "When two party organizations, nominally opposing each other but actually working in perfect understanding and co-operation, see to it that both tickets have the same kind of men on them, it is Tweedledum or Tweedledee, so far as the people are concerned; the political managers have us coming and going." (The New Freedom, page 229.)

By comparing this year's senatorial election returns with those for the year 1916, we note that the vote of the Republican party decreased a total of 87,320 votes during the two years; the vote of the Democratic party increased only 13,779 votes, while the vote of the Socialist party increased 81,579 votes. This goes to show that over 80,000 residents of the state were able to grasp during two years the meaning of the "inconsistencies" used as campaign trumps by the bourgeois politicians, and dared to cede them in spite of all the threats and intimidations.

Which as such is noticeable progress.

Young Folks Round Table

"If the world is to be made better, it must be by the young."

From Palisade, Minn., comes the following interesting guest at our "Round Table," and here is what he has to say:

Dear little comrades:—
Now I will write the first time in the "Truth." Every Saturday when I get the paper, the first thing I do is to look at the Young Folks Round Table to see if there are any children who have written any letters in it. What is the matter with you, children, because you won't write in it? I have received this paper only a few times yet, and I haven't had time enough to write in it yet.

I am fourteen years old and have passed the eighth grade in the last state examinations, which were on March twenty-first and twenty-second.

I am called "Bolshevik" by some people who think it is a bad name, but it really is a good one and I like it.

I think I will close my letter now and will write more some other time.
Your Comrade,
Benhard Niemonen.

GIANTS.

That some folks think of being great as being big, is shown in the school boy's question: "How big was Alexander, Pa, that people call him great?" But greatness is not a thing that can be measured in feet and inches nor in pounds and ounces. Neither is it a matter of dollars and cents, though these help greatly.

Some of the world's great men have not weighed so much as 100 pounds; some have been less than four feet tall and some have been without the price of a doughnut.

Frederick the Great undertook to gather an army of giants, but they couldn't dodge or hide or run well enough to last long.

So, just as animals that are not large or powerful, survive by being quick and cunning, we folks who are not tall or strong or rich have to make up by being brave and wise. Thus it happens that those who do most good in the world and are most truly great are those who use both brains and hands. These are the giants we're talking about. One of the queerest, bravest, and most interesting of these giants was Dr. Samuel Johnson, English author and lexicographer. This word really isn't hard to remember if you say it slow and easy. It means a dictionary maker and the Dr. to his name means that he was a Doctor of Letters and knew a lot. I will tell you about him.

His folks were very poor, and he hardly ever had enough to eat. His father kept a book store but liked better to read books than to sell them, so he got badly in debt and when Samuel was ready for college, there was not money to buy him even a pair of shoes. But he went. And, having read nearly all the books on his father's shelves, he surprised his teachers with all he knew. But he was always shabby and so often hungry he ate like a pig, and never did learn to be polite. He quit church; people sneered at his poor toes sticking out of his shoes; but when a kind lady left a new pair at his door he went into a rage and kicked them into the street.

At last, Johnson met a lady who was so kind to him he could not be mad at her, so they married. To others, she was a plain, fat woman with paint on her face an inch thick but to Johnson she was more beautiful than a fairy. (He could not see well.) When his mother died, Johnson sat down and without stopping wrote a book, to get money for funeral expenses. This is one of the bravest things he ever did.

This was the man who gave the world its first dictionary, but I am sorry to say he put into it some definitions not very pleas-

ant for those who scorned him for his poverty and bad manners.

POLLY EG LESSON NO. 2.

OWNING THINGS.

Last month we learned that things people want and that others can keep them from having are called Wealth. Keeping others from having things unless you say so is called Owning Things. People can own things they do not need and can not use. A man can own more houses than he could live in if he moved every month. A man can own more houses than he could could farm; more coal than he could ever burn; more railroads, telephones etc., than he could use up if he lived to be a million; more food than he could eat if he had as many mouths as a tree has leaves. The reason men want to own more things than they can use is to show off and to have power. When a man owns what others have to use, he can make them pay as much as he says and work for him as many hours. He has the power to keep them from working and to make them beg, steal or starve. One man alone could not do this, but all sticking together do it because the people let them. These few people who now own most of the earth (Bag Barons), have storekeepers and salesmen and all kinds of workers for slaves. They do not call them slaves. They are slaves because they have to ask some one else to let them work and are paid only part of what they earn. There is enough in this big world for all, but some patriotic men that love our country so, have gobbled up nearly a-1 of it and we have to ask them most politely: Please Mister, may we live if we do everything as you like and do it quick for nearly nothing?

QUESTIONS.

1. Are tobacco and harmful things wealth?
2. Is any thing wealth without some work being done to it first?
3. Why is owning your own tooth brush and cap different from owning coal mines and factories?
4. Why is clerk a slave, a lawyer? Farmer?
5. If a man did not have slaves to do his work, would he want to own a thousand houses?

Dear Young Friends:—

For the first time in the life of Mr. World and his wife, Big Folks are beginning to look to the young folks to lead them out of trouble.

Children used to be taught to sit very quiet and keep very still; to speak only when spoken to, and to ask no questions.

It is different now. Our Beloved Grown Ups have not been able to run things without our help, and now they are looking to us to come to their aid.

They are asking us to help earn the living, and to be prepared for the Country's Call, when it may come. If they are going to expect us to help run things, they should see that we have the right opportunity and the right encouragement.

We should have plenty of good books to read, and advance to think for ourselves. The Editor of Truth has given us space in his "man sized" newspaper, and we should show him that we can make good use of this chance to make ourselves heard.

By trying our hand at writing for the paper now, we shall learn how to manage newspapers and magazines when we are grown.

Sit right down, and write a nice little letter to the boys and girls who read this column, and give us your best thoughts. There are some questions above which you can think about, and send in your answers. Come on—follow the example of our comrade from Palisade, and let's get acquainted.

Do you go to the Socialist Sunday School? Tell us all about it. What did you see last week, that interested you? How would you change things, if you had a Magic Wand and could do whatever you pleased?

Be lovely forever,
Balkis, C/o Truth.

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JACK CARNEY, EDITOR



Editorial



TAKEN TO TASK.

We have been taken to task for supporting the I.W.W. We are sorry that comrades should raise such an issue at this time. Let us explain why we support the I.W.W.

1. Because they are members of the working-class and our motto at all times should be "An injury to one is the concern of all."

2. Because we believe that the I. W. W. are more representative of the real proletarian spirit than any other organization on the industrial field.

The I. W. W. may be wrong, and we are not saying that they are, but at this time they are being fought by the most powerful organization in these United States, namely the State itself. Thousands of dollars have been and are being spent to persecute the I. W. W. Hundreds of Government officials are daily coercing members of the I. W. W., because these members want to see their fellow-workers receive a decent and impartial trial. The express companies refuse to transport their News Bulletin, and so there are no avenues of publicity left open to them. We wonder how the comrades would feel, if they were locked up in a dirty prison cell for six months, on a false charge, and no one outside caring whether they sink or swim.

We wish to state that at all times we shall stand by the workers, so that they may secure a fair trial in capitalist courts. If the capitalist class can tear up the Constitution in regard to giving the I. W. W. a fair and impartial trial, then rest assured they will not stop at the I. W. W. The class that will make profits out of the blood of little children, the virtue of young girls and bodies of old men and women, will pursue its attack against other sections of the working-class. The Socialist who cannot see this, is not sufficiently acquainted with the methods and manners of the capitalist class.

The I. W. W. are more representative of the real proletarian spirit than any other economic organization. We say this, although we carry a card in the American Federation of Labor. The A. F. of L. are beginning to learn things, we mean the rank and file. Sam Gompers knows that, and that is why he is attempting to expel the following unions from the Federation, The United Hebrew Trades, the Cigar Makers, and the Automobile and Carriage Builders. The rank and file of the I.W.W. determine the policy of the organization. If tomorrow the rank and file wanted to get rid of their leaders, it can be done. In the I. W. W. there is real democracy. In the A. F. of L. there is real autocracy, Sam Gompers rules as an autocrat, backed up by a strong machine, and God help the organizer who dares to question Samuel. The A. F. of L. is an out of date organization, and it must give way sooner or later to more up-to-date and more virile type of organization. Until that day, let us be just with the I. W. W. and give them credit where credit is due.

As we have said before, we stand today on the threshold of the social revolution. Capitalism is tottering to its doom and before another year has rolled on, we shall see a changed world. Out of capitalism came this war and out of this war will come Socialism. Socialism will not come through the ballot box, it will come through the factory. On the job where the workers toil and sweat, on the job where they every day carry on the class-struggle, that is where the FINAL ISSUE WILL BE SETTLED. It is no use fooling ourselves, by throwing out cheap reforms, let us be frank about the position.

THE SOCIALISTS IN GERMANY FAILED TO STOP THE WAR, because they had not the necessary economic organization to enforce their political demands. Are we going to make the mistake, or will we be wiser, comrades, and profit by the mistakes of the German comrades? If you are solely out for votes, then we have no right to blame the German Socialists for not revolting against the war. We must understand the theories of Marx; if more Socialists understood Marx, there would be less confusion in our party. Marx clearly points out that economic action precedes political action, that being so, why concentrate on the vote? Why not form your economic organization and then you can force political power?

We want all those comrades who have anything to say regarding the above to write to us. There will be absolute freedom of the paper allowed. If our readers do not desire us to give so much attention to the I.W.W.,

then we will resign. We refuse to edit a paper wherein we are not allowed to express that which we know to be true. Other comrades may trim their ideas to suit their readers, but we shall not follow their example. We want to see the workers understand the real issue and HOW BEST TO SOLVE IT. The only way we know, lies through INDUSTRIAL UNIONISM, and a political party that reflects the aims and aspirations of the organized working-class. We have the party, the Socialist Party. WHY NOT THE ECONOMIC ORGANIZATION?

In Memory of the Irish Rebellion

APRIL 24th, 1916.

But whether on the scaffold high
Or in the battle's van—
The fittest place for man to die
Is where he dies for man.

The world has become so used to bloodshed and murder, that the sacrifice of a few men's lives will not cause any commotion in the public mind. Yet this week duty compels us to discuss such a sacrifice made April 24th, 1916, in the city of Dublin, Ireland.

The men and women who died during that rebellion were men and women, imbued with the ideals of human liberty. They knew perfectly well, that when they marched out on that Easter Sunday morn, that they were marching to a certain death. But rather than allow their sons to be sacrificed on the altar of Mars, they sacrificed all that was humanly possible, their very lives.

Many in this country have condemned them as foolish nationalists, but those who have lived and worked with them, know them to be honest, sincere and level-headed men and women. They were not nationalists, in the sense that nationalism is understood nowadays. They believed and rightly believed, that before you can have the freedom of the whole world, nations must gain their freedom.

For seven hundred years the Irish have been oppressed by the English. The child is taught at his mother's knees of the wrongs of Ireland, and so the people of Ireland did not need much convincing to make them go out and sacrifice their lives.

THE CALL IS COMING AGAIN, and it will be answered with the same spirit and devotion that it was answered with two years ago. The streets of Dublin and other Irish cities will run with blood, before the Irish men and women will betray the cause for which the men and women died so nobly for, in Easter Week, 1916.

As John Brown's body was lowered into the grave, it did not take with it the cause for which John Brown died. So with James Connolly and those who died with him. Although they lie dead in their graves, the Cause goes marching on. The blow these men and women struck for their class will preserve their memory. In the great struggle for the emancipation of the workers from economic thralldom they have nobly done their share and the history of that struggle cannot be written without their names.

Not a grave of the murder'd for freedom, but
grows seed for freedom, in its turn to bear
seed,

Which the winds carry afar and resow, and the
rains and the snows nourish.

—Walt Whitman.

PUT THE LOAFERS TO WORK.

The police of Hibbing and Virginia are going to see that no one is allowed to loaf about town. All those caught loafing will be put to work. The police of these two cities would be the last to admit that there is such a thing as a class struggle in human society, but the fact that they are only compelling members of the working-class to go to work proves that there is a class struggle and also proves that there is ONE LAW FOR THE RICH AND ONE FOR THE POOR.

We candidly admit that the country is cursed with a bunch of loafers, who absolutely refuse to work for their living. Go where you will, they obtrude themselves on the public gaze without shame, so that you cannot help but observe them. They have carried loafing to the stage of fine art, vying one with another in its accomplishments, and proudly claiming championship in their cult.

These people are a drain upon the country's resources. They are shirkers and slackers in industry. They are wasters of social life. They are perpetually on strike against work. Their feet are cold and their hands as soft as velvet. They live in the land of "don't-care-a-dam" and their bellies hang over their knees.

If you would see them for yourself, walk into the Stock Exchange or any other legalized thieves' den. There they may be seen in the frenzy of gambling, gaming in the lives of the millions. Now it is a corner in wheat, then in butter, and again in meat. Or follow them into

their hotels, where music lulls them to sleep like gods, and servile valets kiss their feet. Go to Atlantic City, Palm Beach or any other "fashionable" resort. Watch them turn the night into day, because so vile and filthy are their orgies, that they are afraid to let the light shine on them. Watch these parasites and loafers fondle and caress pretty girls of the working-class, fondle with all the signs of sexual debauchery written on their miserable faces. Watch them buy with the wealth that the workers have created, the bodies and souls of the workers' daughters. Watch them at the races, and the opera. Follow them into church on Sunday, and hear them PRAY that they may be able to continue to PREY on the workers.

In these and other places, the professional loafers may be found. Trained from early childhood for the job, they have but one purpose in life—to kill time. That is the sphinx riddle for them. How to pass the day without exertion is their waking thought. WORK IS THE ONLY HELL THEY KNOW and they take care not to risk it.

Now these drones eat honey they don't help to gather. Argue as you may, they have to be kept and well kept at that. And the keeping is done by the working-class, who by their strength and brain fill the storehouses of the world. But in eating that which they do not produce, these parasites are not satisfied, for they require the assistance of hundreds of servants. To their wants an army of servants, valets, footmen, cooks, chauffeurs, bootblacks and lackeys ministers. And they too must live, and so another bunch of parasites are kept by the workers. And lest we forget, there is also another bunch to be kept, such as cat-barbers, dog-doctors, beauty specialists, abortion experts, manicurists, dancing masters, fortune tellers, Hindoo soothsayers, and nurses, male and female, who form a grand army marching to the constant assistance of these overfed parasites.

Only a faint idea of the burden Labor has to bear is suggested by the foregoing. Did we care to enter into a statement of the full inventory we might fill the next dozen issues of this paper. Suffice to say that throughout society this breed of loafers and their hangers-on ramify, sucking at the paps of Labor, drawing both MILK AND BLOOD.

And these are the creatures who contemptuously loll back in their autos, and if they see a poor worker stop to wipe the sweat from his grimy face, they will loudly demand conscription of all "LABAWH."

The world is upside down and before it can be righted, the loafer has got to go. There is no other way. He is a parasite and Nature decrees that the parasite must disappear. Human society may stray from laws of nature for a time, but in the long run it must bow to the inevitable. The working-class, charged with the mission of freeing human society, is gradually dragging society to the recognition of the natural law. In this process the LOAFER WILL GO. It must be so, because no sane order of society can tolerate a bunch of degenerates and their vast army of flunkies. They stand today as a monument to the stupidity of the worker, living without care, eating the best and producing nothing. Whilst they are dining and wining, the fairest flowers of the land, our children are dying by the roadside.

Arise then ye discontented, get together in the factory and the mine, and by the strength of your economic power, rise like men and stand erect, let the red blood run through your veins. In the hour you understand the strength of your own power, YOU WILL BE FREE.

Rayformers, Hinnissy, in favor iv suppressin' ivery-thing; but rale pollyticsians believes in suppressin' naw-thin' but iverdence.—Mr. Dooley.

MAY DAY EDITION.

10,000 copies of the edition to go all over the State. Order your copy now!

Great Anniversary Coming!

Comrades:—May 5th marks the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Karl Marx, the great interpreter of social forces and contributor to working-class emancipation.

This notable event should be fittingly celebrated and the National Executive Committee, at its recent meeting, decided to combine the centennial of Marx with International May Day, which falls on May first, but is usually celebrated on the first Sunday in May.

May 5th being on a Sunday, every Local and Branch is hereby called upon to immediately arrange a Karl Marx Centennial and May Day Celebration.

Appoint your committees at once to engage halls or picnic grounds and speakers.

The National Office will be glad to assist you in any way we can to arrange a program and secure speakers.

Make your celebration an impressive affair. Make it the opening shot in the 1916 campaign to send a force of Socialists "ON TO WASHINGTON!"

Yours for Victory,

ADOLPH GERMER,

Executive Secretary.

The Collapse of Capitalism

By HERMAN CAHN.

The long vista of capitalism has vanished. The moment was approaching, even in the normal course of its development, it was to be wrecked by its fundamental flaw, the necessity of commodity money. When this became insufficient, the game was played with paper. This represented titles to the money commodity passed from one to the other as being as good as the real thing. If the game can be said to rest on any theory, it is that these titles are not meant to be ever made good; that they must remain unredeemed in all eternity, and that they may reach the colossal figures of astronomy. For, were they ever redeemed, whether in gold or in another kind of paper, the payment would be worth nothing. Faith excludes the thought of redemption. It is for science to discover the forces that will, by compelling redemption, end the absurdity.

Early peace offers the prospect of the lingering death struggle of capitalism in consequence of the world-wide failure of the financial mechanism. This tremendous and sacrificial world war will not pass into history as having been in vain. It is to be recorded as the deliverer of Socialism out of the womb of the old society, and will not stop its work until its purpose is fulfilled. Capitalism has reached stage in its development where it needed this war, and by this war it shall die.

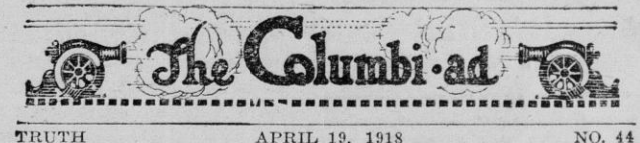
ENTERTAINMENT

GIVEN BY —
SCANDINAVIAN LOCAL AT

Woodman Hall SUNDAY EVE., APRIL 21

1918, AT 8 O'CLOCK.

A Good Program Consisting of Speech by G. E. THOMPSON.
SONGS, MUSIC & RECITATIONS.
A Play "MOTTAGNINGSTIMMAN"
Will be given in Swedish by Superior Scandinavian Local
REFRESHMENTS SERVED. EVERYBODY WELCOME!
Admission 25c. and 10c.



The call of Uncle Sam

Uncle Sam has taken even the egg-laying hen under his protecting wing, but favored by mild weather the egg supply has increased so much that the ban on eating the hen will be lifted before May first, which was the date set.



The money supply will never be sufficient while the war lasts and the ban on waste in labor and material can never be lifted.

BUY BONDS!

Reduce your expenses in every possible way — change your uneconomic habits. Avoid unnecessary travel. Cut out joy rides. Cut down on amusement. Forgo personal luxuries. Refrain from improvements not absolutely needed. Save tinfoil, bottle tops, old rubber, newspapers, wrapping paper and twine.

BUY BONDS!

Wear simple clothes and only such which will wear well. Ready-to-wear

BUY BONDS!

IF THE BOND SALESMAN MISSES YOU, mail a postal to us or telephone, and we'll send a man with a subscription card to you at any hour of the day or night. Answer the call of Uncle Sam.

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Foot Note: Herman's Munson Army Shoes.
Take your small change in U. S. Thrift Stamps.