

THERE is no weed or flower, wild or domesticated, which will not, sooner or later respond liberally to good cultivation and persistent selection... Weeds are weeds because they are jostled, crowded, cropped and trampled upon, scorched by fierce heat, starved, or, perhaps, suffering with cold, wet feet, tormented by insect pests or lack of nourishing food and sunshine. Most of them have no opportunity for blossoming out in luxurious beauty and abundance... When a plant once wakes up to the new influences brought to bear upon it the road is opened for endless improvement in all directions.—Luther Burbank.—Instead of weeds write your girls.

WE stand in the presence of a revolution—not a bloody revolution; America is not given to the spilling of blood—but a silent revolution, whereby America will insist upon recovering in practice those ideals which she has always professed, upon securing a government devoted to the general interests and not the special interests.—Woodrow Wilson in the New Freedom.

THE TRUTH



Permit No. 40
Duluth, Minn. 1c. Paid

VOLUME II. No. 46.

DULUTH, MINN., NOVEMBER 8, 1918

WHOLE NO. 73.

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DECAY AND DISINTEGRATION IN CENTRAL EMPIRES
SHOWN BY AMERICAN AGENTS' REPORTS—AUSTRIA-
HUNGARY MAY LEAD IN EXPECTED UPHEAVAL.

WASHINGTON.—The present government of Germany, or its Socialist successor, will very soon accept the peace conditions laid down in the president's last note to Berlin. That is the guiding conviction of the American government.

Technically, the Washington authorities do not care whether conservatives, liberals or radicals announce the change of heart and constitution at Berlin required to meet the president's demands, but their confident belief is that the hours still left for Germany to choose between accepting the American demands and facing revolution are few in number.

Evidence of decay and disintegration within the central empires continue to pile up at the state department as the daily reports of confidential agents scattered all over Europe are received. These reports, as much as those which describe the steady retreat of German armies in France and Belgium, are responsible for the calm and confident assurance felt throughout official Washington.

The reply to Austria-Hungary, dispatched a week ago was saturated with this conviction of impending disaster to the central powers. Between every line of the message may be read a frank declaration that sovereignty within the so-called Hapsburg empire no longer resides at Vienna, but within the various groups which have declared their independence and perfected their plans to carry the declarations into effect.

Rebel Coalition Foreseen.
The march of revolutionary events in Germany are known to be only a few steps behind those of Austria-Hungary. While the German masses stew in the miserable disaster which their ancient ruling class has brought upon them, America has chosen to stand pat and await the organization of a rebel coalition which will very soon seize power and make the only peace now possible.

From the American and allied standpoint there is only one reason for haste or impatience. It is the fear that the longer the end is postponed the more violent it may be when it comes, leading perhaps to what Viscount Milner calls a 'bolshievified Germany,' from which it would be difficult or impossible to obtain reparation or conduct future negotiations.

In the event of further German delay in meeting the president's demands Austria-Hungary is listed to take the lead toward a general peace. Further appeals from Vienna to Washington are deemed out of the question after the note to the Hapsburgs. Austria-Hungary has only one course left open to her, and that is to

come to terms with the Bohemians, South Slavs and Hungarians upon the terms of their future autonomy or independence.

When the demands of these subject peoples have been satisfied there will no longer exist the "royal and imperial government of Austria-Hungary" with which America has exchanged notes up to a week ago, and the regions which it has represented will have passed out of the war through the door of political disintegration and rebirth on a peaceful plane.

There is no belief in Washington that additional armed force, via any of the old or recently opened avenue, will be required to crush the Hapsburg eggshell. It is now realized that Bulgaria succumbed to entente diplomacy some time before the really powerful Macedonian front suddenly crumbled and gave Premier Malinoff his pretext for unconditional surrender to the entente.

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"We are friends of the entente," smilingly confessed the culprits, as they renewed their cry for immediate peace at any price.

Socialists will have no difficulty in understanding the confidence of the entente in its ability to dissolve what is left of the central alliance. That alliance is faced with defeat so certain that any child can trace its outlines. Its politicians, therefore, of every stripe are looking about for ways and means to save what may be saved from the wreck.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 3)

PEACE --- FOR WHOM?

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Furthermore, the banks have issued an order, that all buyers of stock must pay at least 35 per cent of the value of the

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The future is in the hands of the workers. Workers of the world, we have faith in you. We believe that out of this war you will emerge a triumphant workingclass. The next peace will be a peace that will bend the knees of ALL Kaisers.

At this memorable hour we can do no better, than quote the words of Eugene V. Debs, when about to be sentenced to ten years in prison:

"I can see the dawn of a better humanity. The people are awakening. In due course of time they will come to their own. When the mariner, sailing over tropic seas, looks for relief from his weary watch, he turns his eyes toward the southern cross, burning luridly above the tempest-vexed ocean. As the midnight approaches, the southern cross begins to bend, and the whirling worlds change their places, and with starry finger-points the Almighty marks the passage of time upon the dial of the universe, and though no bell may beat the glad tidings, the look-out knows that the midnight is passing—that relief and rest are close at hand.

'Let the people take heart and hope everywhere, for the cross is bending, the midnight is passing, and joy cometh with the morning.'

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"We have played in the courts too long with the cards stacked against us," they state, in announcing their decision. "No more hard-earned wages shall go to the courts."

In the group on trial are many active union men and old-time fighters in the industrial struggle and one woman, Theodora Pollok, active in the defense of Tom Mooney and well known in labor circles on the Pacific coast.

The Sacramento case, it is charged, is part of the systematic campaign that the business interests of California have been waging for several years in their effort to crush the working class movement. It has ramifications leading back to the Wheatland hop riots and the life sentence imposed on Ford and Suhr, the "Pick Handle Brigade" of 1913, led by D. W. Carmichael, president of the Sacramento Chamber of Commerce, the Mooney frame-up and the more recent Fresno indictment of I. W. W. men for "engaging in what is known in everyday parlance as a strike."

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Between the date of the armistice and the signing of peace these principal issues must be threshed out and settled:

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There is at present no semblance of international agreement on any of these objects. Sharp dissension has already begun to appear in unexpected quarters. One year is a very short time in which to expect a solution.

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Long drawn out debates at the peace table may easily exhaust the patience of undiplomatic soldiers, it is felt, particularly if disagreement over terms should also develop among rival political parties. In each of the belligerent nations such disagreement and rivalry already exists to a very prominent extent. It is expected to increase on every side as the proposed guarantees of peace and justice are taken up by the peace conference. That the waiting armies of citizen soldiers will remain free from any interest or participation in the debates is regarded as very unlikely.

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problem it is enough to recall that America is the country where least diversion of opinion exists. Yet the Lodges and Roosevelts are already calling their financial and political clans together to make war upon the 14 points which the president laid down and which Germany affects to accept.

In every European country, allied and enemy, the cleavage of opinion is much more bitter than here. Censorship restrictions prevent us from knowing whether any government on the other side will enter the peace conference supported by a majority of its people.

Hate Democracy.

At both Paris and London there are powerful conservative groups actively engaged in trying to save the Hohenzollern dynasty, for the double reason that they hate democracy and because they wish to preserve some good pretext for erecting the economic barriers after the war to which Wilson is opposed. The Paris correspondent of the New York Tribune cables that—

"Some thinkers here would much prefer a weakened empire to a strong republic in Germany." Yesterday the war was for democracy, but today, "as Paris sees it, the basic factor is not so much the form of government in Germany as the methods by which the German peoples of prey shall be prevented from becoming a danger to Europe in the future."

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INTENTIONAL DUPLICATE EXPOSURE

DEFECTIVE PAGE

London Police Strike Political Condition in Eastern Europe

By G. K. CHESTERTON,
In the New Witness.

The police strike, began and ended in the interval since our last issue, was, perhaps, the most ironic incident of these times of tragic irony. It was one of those boomerangs of belated logic that have returned to revenge on us the hypocrisy of many decades. It took the plutocracy in flank, and was, from that standpoint, the desertion of its most disciplined army. The plutocrat felt like a sultan when the Janissaries turned their sabers the wrong way. The surrender to it was a climax which clinched a very notable change in the whole fashionable feeling about strikes and strikers. The plutocracy had long depicted the policeman as a kind of knight errant; chiefly, doubtless, from a subconscious notion that he would generally rescue the rich from the poor. The whole governing class praised the policeman extravagantly for perfections that he never possessed, while it refused to pay the policeman adequately for the duties that he really performed. The revolt of these rigid pattern-figures threw the plutocrat into an agony of embarrassment, very visible in the first doubtful words and divided counsels of his plutocratic press. He was in a tangle of the two traditions about the treatment of such men—the vilification of them as strikers and the glorification of them as policemen. We, at the least, are in no such difficulty, though we are far from denying that the problem has its real difficulties. We had been maintaining for a very long time that the strike is by no means so obviously indefensible, nor the police so obviously infallible; and, in order to realize the full meaning of the present position, we would take the liberty of recapitulating what we said long ago upon both points.

Whatever view we take of the degree of danger in encouraging strikes in war time, it is quite certain that in such a case as this, the government does encourage strikes in war time. It does the two things which, taken together, necessarily must encourage them. It takes no notice of grievances until the aggrieved parties go on strike. It gives them what they ask when they do go on strike. Now, we ourselves, as we have suggested, laid down the case for the striker long ago in very different conditions and with very different support, or rather, absence of support. It was in time of profound peace, when no war was being waged or even threatened. There was no national cause we could endanger; there was no national enemy against whom we could all be called to combine. The great railway strike and the great coal strike were not complicated for clear-headed people by any considerations of discipline. The railway

men and miners were not of a semi-military status, like other policemen; they were private men serving other private men for a wage, and had as much right to strike as a butler to give notice or, for that matter, a banker to retire. There was no question of an oath of allegiance; there was nothing but a bargain, a bargain which a free man must be entitled to accept or refuse. As compared with contemporary cases, in short, the great strikes before the war were infinitely more justifiable. But this was almost the only paper in which they were justified.

We claim it as part of a policy that is being justified more and more. In the Jewish question we were called anti-Semite for seeking to protect the Jews by privilege; we have lived to see them within measurable distance of pogrom. Similarly, the capitalist world, which would not listen to us about conceding any striker's demands in time of peace, has been forced to consider the conceding of all his demands in time of war. . . . What on earth would capitalism have said of a police strike in the days of the railway strike? Today it has been forced to speak more moderately of something like a mutiny than it ever spoke of the most moderate suspension of labor, of a strike hardly more than a half-holiday.

The revolt and victory of the policeman has many morals, but the one most needed by the comfortable classes in England concerns at once the obedience and the disobedience on which they counted and the disobedience to which they had to yield. It will be noted that the yielding was more rapid and more complete than in other cases, precisely because the attack came from nearer home, from the more immediate servants of the social authorities. We need not, of course, waste a thought on all the newspaper nonsense about the prompt intervention and arbitration of poor Mr. George; he must be quite tired of performing that old turn. The intervention was not prompt, but very belated; and it was not arbitration, but complete capitulation. The real lesson for the English gentry and middle classes is the futility of a certain mental assumption which may be called the myth of the machine. It is the notion that the plutocrat has only to press a button or turn a handle to set in motion infinite impersonal powers which can always crush all opposition. All that is needed, by this notion, is that he should have the self-confidence, the will power, the master mind and immutable strength of soul which are exhibited in pressing a button. It is nonsense, and it always was nonsense.

There is no such machine; there is only mankind, which is not a machine. All tyranny, and all modern sophistries that support tyranny, depend upon

The following accounts of political conditions in eastern Europe is taken from an article in the Munich Post, a Clerical organ. The German text appeared in the New York Volkzeitung of October 10:

"In the east carpenters are very busy, thrones and gallows being the articles in demand. The business of king-making is to be played in allegro tempo, and by the beginning of September Finland will have received her God-anointed ruler. Persistent negotiations with the Lithuanians are under way, in order to make the new kingdom ready at the same time with the enforced measure-weight-tariff-military conventions. It is the same in Poland, where the solution of the throne question and related problems are being worked at in the greatest haste. There remain Courland, in connection with which it is not yet known whether Livonia and Estonia are without more ado to be counted parts of it—according to the Brest treaty they unquestionably still belong to Russia—and the Ukraine, which seems to be not yet quite ripe for German royal experiments. In any case what is now being carried on in the east is the worst sort of mischief and a grave danger for the future of the German people.

"All these thrones and thronelets which are to be erected there rest not on the people's will, but on the might of German bayonets. The pretext that so and so many senates, state councils, national councils, etc., have handled the matter as representatives of the people is a mere illusion; that the person in power may safely insult and estrange every other person; because his mere bodily power is in some way impersonal. He can command rods without the men that bear them; and set racks working without hands to turn the wheel. This fatal folly, that a material force can be infinite, like a muscular force, has unfortunately filled every curb or college or editorial office in England with empty phrases about the strong hand and the putting down of the foot.

This national fault has been present in every failure since the beginning of the war. It was really behind the blind belief in "the Russian steam roller," and the legend of the Russian legions pouring through England. This vast Russian population was regarded as our infinite impersonal police; the reserve of rather brutal power that must exist somewhere, for the arrest of barbarian rioters and thieves. We counted on them as police; and were startled at the considerable police strike which was called the Russian revolution.

The police strike is a sign that this intellectual sin will find its nemesis in a field much nearer than had commonly been feared. It is a reminder that the very machinery of modern government is composed of men and not of metal; and that the plutocracy may be attacked by people it has always used, as well as by people it has always abused. In proportion as it is realized, it will be found to be deeply disquieting. It will seem as if the prosperous person, sitting by his own fireside, should find himself fighting against the police and the tongs, that had sprung up to strike him. He would as soon have expected to be deserted and defied by all the wooden chair legs or wooden table legs as by all the wooden clubs of the constabulary. The case is all the stronger as a living thing because the case is not quite so strong as a logical argument for discipline among those who were excused from it than there was among those who were condemned to it. But a governing class which despises abstract things has lost the right of appeal to them; and a society which will not divide itself along the right lines will be split and shattered along the wrong ones. And the parallel between policemen and soldiers, though very imperfect, has one element of actuality which will be only too apparent to those who urge it, after the removal of the real and necessary discipline of the battle field. This glimpse into the mind of the poor man who is paid (or half paid) to be the sentinel of the state is like many glimpses that have been given us of the spirit in which the state is criticised by the soldiers who defend it; and foreshadows something of what we may see when the soldiers return as citizens.

tatives of their people need not be brought forward. It is, to put it very politely, an optical illusion. In every conquered country there are individuals, and whole layers of the population, too, who are inclined to make terms with the conqueror. It is not always personal interest which impels them; sometimes they also believe that they are serving aright the interests of their country in taking account of existing conditions. We know from the Napoleonic wars how far this adaptation to circumstances which we call "activism" can go. Princes and peoples submitted themselves willingly to the new power, the press welcomed it exultantly, deputations from Westphalia and other provinces came to Napoleon, who ordered them to give their lands the blessing of new constitutions.

"When the Russians were in Galicia the czar had himself celebrated in Lemberg as liberator and unifier of all Ukrainians. If the Russian rule in Galicia had lasted as long as that of the Germans has already lasted in Belgium and the Baltic provinces, Ruthenian activism would have had a quite different expansion. Indeed, who doubts that if the enemy had succeeded in marching into Germany from the east and west and in maintaining their military power here for years, a very pretty "activism" would have developed here at home?

"On the eastern front the present situation is that a small part of the population co-operates with the German conqueror, while all the rest very naturally have no opportunity to express their contrary opinion. It reads very pretty when, for instance, a stout old Finn in the Finnish Senate expresses the opinion that there is no need now to fear a bit of coup d'etat, since the Socialists are readily extirpated. But among the peoples bordering on Russia, the numerous middle-class democrats, who have no wish for the erection of new monarchies, and those classes of the population which desire reunion with Russia, are in the same position as the Socialists. They are all unable to say anything, and their voices are not heard in the so-called voice of the people, which, on the contrary, is exclusively represented by those who appear to have the same desires as the foreign military commanders.

"But one should not deceive oneself for a moment into thinking that this agreement is anything but apparent. In reality the activists want something quite different from what is wanted in Berlin. They want to create for their country as much independence and as much freedom from the pressure of the occupation as is possible under the circumstances, and their very elastic program will change with the circumstances. In the east, in general, there are in reality no classes of the population on which German power can rely if matters once become serious."

Guild Production

By HENRY STRATER

in Maoriland Worker.

During the Middle Ages, the principal method of production was agriculture, organized, as we have seen, around the manor of the feudal lord, and carried on by freemen, villeins, and serfs, in various degrees of servitude. Each manor was, to a very great extent, self-supporting. Payments were made in kind or in services, and little money was required.

Between the manors, however, forming connecting links between the activities of one manor and others, grew up towns, the inhabitants of which lived not by agriculture but by commodity production and trade, and whose relations towards society in general were very different from the relations existing in and about the manors. A serf who escaped to a town and there supported himself for a year and a day became a freeman of that town, and owed no feudal dues to his former lord. Providing himself with the simple tools then in use, he produced some special line of goods and sold them in the general market; he became a tradesman and as such able to secure as good a living as any other average tradesman in similar circumstances. For all that, he did not cease altogether and at once, to be an agriculturist; for each tradesman had his little plot of land to grow vegetables, and could run his stock on the common land which extended around the town.

At first the town would be under the protection of the feudal lord or lords on whose land it happened to grow up, and paid heavily enough for such protection. But in course of time the townsmen saw what the countrymen did not see—that their security was due to their own collective strength, while that which threatened their security was only their entanglement in the quarrels of their lords. Therefore they usually managed to free themselves from the yoke of feudal autocracy, and substitute the democratic organization of self-defense which centered around the town council. Such overlordship as they recognized was not that of any feudal lord, but that of the king; they paid taxes to him in bulk and managed the personal incidence of such taxation through their own organization.

The towns of the Middle Ages were mostly such associations of tradesmen and traders, organized for self-defense, and subject to no overlord, except the king, to whom they paid taxes or supplied fighting men direct, as did the lords and barons.

While the citizens thus recognized their common interests in civic affairs, however, there was an interior organization within the city, along the lines of industry or commerce. All the workers in a particular trade were organized in an association known as the Guild, for the protection of their trade and interests. Outside of the Guilds there was no production of commodities, and inside, the individual universally recognized that the producer was entitled to what was called a "fair profit," by which was meant that all workers were entitled to make a living, and not a fortune.

The Guilds also, to some extent, served the purpose of friendly societies, the guildsmen standing by each other in poverty, sickness, or old age. Young men, wishing to take up a certain trade, became apprenticed to a master tradesman for a term of years. Once they had learned the trade they were their own masters, and had an equal voice in matters pertaining to the craft. Using their own means of production, associated with their equals in a democratic organization, they were neither serfs nor wage slaves, but free men. In the wider organization of the city, they were citizens with equal rights and with a real interest in civic affairs.

The striking thing about the period of guild production, however, is that here we have commodity production under free association, industrial capital being almost unknown, and the workers owning their own means of production and to a great extent controlling their own destinies.

The craft guilds, however, do not constitute an ideal system for the protection of human rights; rather, they served well at their own particular period to conserve the interests of small producers. With the great extension of the market which came in the Tudor period, small production began to disappear, and guild regulation was found to stand in the way of increased production. Industrial capital made its appearance, and guild organization disappeared before it like primitive communism before individual production.

"There are many persons living in and on our humanity who are not human. One cannot be human without working. To be content to live and fatten on the social life, without being part of it, is to have the conscience and character of a tapeworm."

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The merchant guilds which grew up along with the craft guilds, had much in common with them, but whereas the means of production were small and easily acquired, a merchant, even at this period, had to have a certain amount of capital, and occasionally did make a fortune. So that he merchants' guilds, leagues and associations of this and former periods have more of the nature of capitalist institutions and are closely connected at various periods with piracy, slavery, and monopoly.

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conditions are improving, they are still far below those prevailing in Australia.

"China will I am sure, in the future be one of the greatest consumers of the world's products, and comprising, as it does, one-third of the world's population, it has a store of available cheap labor and raw material, which may, in 10 years, cause it to be the great producing center of the world. Possibly high tariffs will, in some industries, protect the workers of other countries from the cheap labor of China, but the tariff is at best a feeble weapon. Besides, there are many industries to which the tariff can scarcely apply.

"I saw the ship-building yards at Shanghai crowded with industrial Chinese, working long hours for low wages. Personally, I cannot see how ship-building is going to develop under Australian conditions in competition with the Shanghai dockyards. There seems a fair prospect that, in ten years hence, the ship-building of the world and the ship-repairing of the world will steadily drift towards the East. It is very difficult to say this position can be met. Possibly it would be found to pay the trades unionists of Australia very well to send industrial missionaries to China to organize labor affairs there. And if such a scheme were contemplated it would pay a few of the manufacturers of Europe and Australia to subsidize the funds of such a missionary enterprise."

YOUR MASTERS HAVE MISMANAGED SOCIETY.

By JACK LONDON.

Five men can produce bread for a thousand. One man can produce cloth for two hundred and fifty people, woolens for three hundred, and boots and shoes for a thousand. One would conclude from this that under a capable management of society modern civilized man would be a great deal better off than the cave-man. But is he? Let us see.

In the United States there are fifteen million people living in poverty; and by poverty is meant that condition of life in which, through lack of food and adequate shelter, the mere standard of working efficiency cannot be maintained. In the United States, despite all of your so-called labor legislation, there are two million of child laborers. In twelve years their numbers have been doubled. And in passing I will ask you managers of society why you did not make public the figures of the 1910 census? And I will answer for you, that you were afraid. The figures of misery would have precipitated the revolution that is now gathering.

"But to return to my indictment. If modern man's producing power is a thousand times greater than that of the cave-man, why then, in the United States there are fifteen million people who are not properly sheltered and properly fed? Why then, in the United States today there are over two million child laborers? It is a true indictment. The capitalist class has mismanaged society. In the face of the facts that modern man lives more wretchedly than the cave man, and that his producing power is a thousand times greater than that of the cave-man, no other conclusion is possible than that the capitalist class has mismanaged, that you have mismanaged, my masters, that you have criminally and selfishly mismanaged. And on this you cannot answer me here tonight, face to face, any more than can your whole class answer the million and a half of revolutionists in the United States. You cannot answer, I challenge you to answer. And furthermore, I dare say to you now that when I have finished you will not answer. On that point you will be tongue-tied, though you will talk wordily enough about other things.

"You have failed in your management. You have made a shambles of civilization. You have been blind and greedy. You have risen up (as you today rise up), shamelessly, in your legislative halls, and declared that profits were impossible without the toil of children. Don't take my word for it. It is all in the records against you. You have lulled your conscience to sleep with prattle of sweet ideals and dear moralities. You are fat with power and possession, drunken with success; and you have no more hope against us than have the drones, clustered about the honey-vats, when the worker-bees spring upon them to end their rotund existence. You have failed in your management of society, and your management is to be taken away from you. A million and a half of the men of the workingclass to join with them and take the management away from you. This is the revolution, my masters. Stop it if you can!"

(The above is an extract from the "Iron Heel" and is part of a speech delivered by a young Socialist before a select group of financiers, corporation lawyers and statesmen. The answer to the above is yet to be made. If you cannot answer it, you must agree with it. Will you be one of those who are endeavoring to organize society and make it possible for men, women and children to enjoy life?—Ed.)

GARBER BROS.

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PRETTY WELL, THANK YOU!

By ANISE, in Seattle Union Record.

I notice that
\$ \$ \$
The GENTLEMEN'S Home Journal
\$ \$ \$

(Alias, the
\$ \$ \$
Saturday Evening Post)
\$ \$ \$

Tells us
\$ \$ \$
How VERY BADLY
\$ \$ \$

The Bolsheviks are doing
\$ \$ \$
In Russia,
\$ \$ \$

And quotes some figures
\$ \$ \$
From the Department of Labor
\$ \$ \$

In Washington.
\$ \$ \$
It seems that
\$ \$ \$

Carpenter's WAGES
\$ \$ \$
ROSE in Moscow
\$ \$ \$

From ONE dollar a day
\$ \$ \$
To more than FOUR dollars,
\$ \$ \$

Between the beginning of war
\$ \$ \$
And now.
\$ \$ \$

BUT
\$ \$ \$
The COST OF LIVING
\$ \$ \$

KEPT RISING FASTER.
\$ \$ \$
And so,
\$ \$ \$

On an AVERAGE,
\$ \$ \$
In a long list of occupations,
\$ \$ \$

WAGES went up
\$ \$ \$
Five hundred and fifteen
\$ \$ \$

Per cent;
\$ \$ \$
While the cost of FOOD
\$ \$ \$

Went up five hundred
\$ \$ \$
And SIXTY-SIX per cent.
\$ \$ \$

And THEREFORE
\$ \$ \$
The Gentlemen's Journal
\$ \$ \$

Concludes
\$ \$ \$
The GOVERNMENT of Russia
\$ \$ \$

Is a FAILURE!
\$ \$ \$
Of course, we know
\$ \$ \$

That in OTHER countries
\$ \$ \$
Like OURS
\$ \$ \$

The cost of living

STAYS DOWN
\$ \$ \$
In war-time,
\$ \$ \$

And if we should find
\$ \$ \$
By ANY CHANCE
\$ \$ \$

That FOOD had gone up MORE
\$ \$ \$
Than the rise in WAGES
\$ \$ \$

The Post would call
\$ \$ \$
OUR GOVERNMENT a failure,
\$ \$ \$

And then Clarence teams
\$ \$ \$
Would have to ARREST it
\$ \$ \$

For SEDITION!
\$ \$ \$
But it seems to me
\$ \$ \$

If we had been at war
\$ \$ \$
FOUR YEARS
\$ \$ \$

And LOST
\$ \$ \$
Seven million men,
\$ \$ \$

And had our RAILROADS
\$ \$ \$
Worn out,
\$ \$ \$

And been BETRAYED by
\$ \$ \$
A CZAR
\$ \$ \$

And a WHOLE BUNCH
\$ \$ \$
Of nobles,
\$ \$ \$

And THEN,
\$ \$ \$
If we were in the midst
\$ \$ \$

Of CIVIL WAR,
\$ \$ \$
With all our BUSINESS INTERESTS
\$ \$ \$

STRIKING
\$ \$ \$
And SABOTAGING,
\$ \$ \$

And STILL
\$ \$ \$
The price of FOOD
\$ \$ \$

Had gone up
\$ \$ \$
ONLY A LITTLE MORE
\$ \$ \$

Than the rise in WAGES,
\$ \$ \$
I should consider
\$ \$ \$

Our government was doing
\$ \$ \$
PRETTY WELL,
\$ \$ \$

Thank you!

(Written for The Call Magazine.)

"An isolated nonconformist, overrated in this country, little known in his own." Of this we were assured by many "letters to the editor" cursing l'Enfer's ("The Inferno") apparent obscenity and Le Feu's ("Under Fire") apparent lack of patriotism.

And, therefore, while literary or sociological productions may be judged merely by their intrinsic value, regardless of their author's personal prestige, it may be well to present to the public Barbusse, the public man, as well as Barbusse, the writer.

Barbusse is not a newcomer who suddenly jumped from behind the drops into the limelight. Nor is he a detached ego on parade. From the class of men who have accepted his leadership we may derive a different view of his "importance."

Barbusse was for a while vice president of the Society des Gens de Lettres, the powerful union of French writers. When he left public life for the trenches, he was president of the "45," a society of successful authors having reached their forty-fifth year or an including, among others, Henri Bataille, Bernsteins, Tristan Bernard, Henry de Regnier, Francis de Croisset, Robert de Flers, Pierre Mille, etc.

At present—that is, two years after writing "Le Feu" ("Under Fire"), and seeing that sensational book go through hundreds of editions, he is president of the Federation of "Ancient Combattants," a nationwide association made up, not of unformed dilettantes who either scratched paper in the commissary department or inspected munition factories, or toured galled capitals, intrusted with vague and safe missions, but of former poilus who engaged in actual fighting and were mustered cut for wounds or other physical disabilities contracted at the front.

With the war he went through the hill of the battle for Crouy and for Hill 119. And they chose him as their leader. If he libeled them in his book, if he drew a caricature of actual warfare, those men undoubtedly shared his oblique vision of life at the front. And their number runs into the many hundreds of thousands.

We have heard of the temper of the returned Canadian fighters. May this enlighten us as to the temper of their French brothers-at-arms.

And thus even those who for literary and artistic reasons may have little regard for Barbusse's books cannot very well afford to ignore the man who wrote them. He is representative of a considerable number of Frenchmen; more yet, their spiritual adviser.

For years Barbusse groped for his social, political and literary creeds, and reached them all by the application of one and the same method, Cartesian in its essence: Disregard appearances, prove all things, suspect every tradition, insist on truth, however it may hurt, however hideous it may be; pit logic and evidence against any one's opinions.

I shall waste little space on his early works, poems of no special interest, fiction after the Poe and Maupassant formulae. I only call in passing one idea recurring frequently in his stories. The suffering of men affect him less than the suffering of beasts; men are too complex to be reached; beasts are so simple that one can come closer to their "souls." A vivisectionist's argument and a vague attempt at seeking the essential aspects of life.

"L'Enfer" ("The Inferno") marked the beginning of his actual search for fundamentals. The curious conceit of the book, that peering through a crevice into a hotel room where people, young and old, die, are born and prattle of piffle, may cause some to suspect the pot boiler seasoned with sexual paprika.

Seekers of Brussels editions of the Decameron will soon grow discouraged, however; for the amatory passages, though of the blistering type, are separated by endless stretches of argumentation, some of the Hermonie type, some clipped from "books of knowledge" and some betraying an awakening, timid yet, of the writer's internationalism.

After the Futurists and after Artsbasleff, Barbusse points out that love, as embellished by sentimentalists, is not a source of happiness, for it regularly fails to pay its promissory notes. Sanine knew how to add its piquancy to his biography, but Werther did not fare as well. Love leaves the lovers desperately lonely. However completely their

flesh may blend, their "souls" remained separated by a world of space and an eternity of time. Amours fail to satisfy those who crave the social organism.

Literature is quite as disappointing. Self-expression is the great reward for the gift of personality, the highest personal, selfish enjoyment, but there its magic ceases. It never brings the writer one whit closer to the social organism of which he wishes to feel himself an active, constituent part.

And science? Science holds out hopes of the great merge after death, but only offers indefinite intimations for the conduct of life this side of the grave. It suggests, however, weapons for the destruction of man's worst foes—superstition and nationalism.

No joy emanates from that book. Mental dyspepsia, low blood pressure and neurasthenic's incapacity to react by action to life's stimuli, and to assert oneself, such must have been the ailments of that sullen peeping Tom who would watch life naked.

But here runs through the book a motive, weak and submerged, but which the terrible stimulus of war was to emphasize and bring to the fore.

It does not emerge at once in "Le Feu" ("Under Fire"). It is at first drowned in trench mud, asphyxiated by trench stench, crushed down by the sordid, vulgar contacts of all those human beasts let loose, body and tongue. Not pleasant, those first collisions of the ill-assorted elements making up a huge army. No selection of friendships, no avoidance of jarring types, no restraint upon habits, a jumbling of egos which for years only flocked together when of one feather.

Animal instincts breaking forth naively, a bitter grudge against constant discomfort, the weariness of waiting for things which do or do not happen, the obliteration of thought through lack of mental food—all this, continuing for weeks and weeks, for months and years, finally brings about a tremendous thing. Not tremendous at first glance, for it is subjective, psychological. The terrible narrowness of the fighter's life, its monotony which squeezes them, so to speak, constantly together, gradually adapts them to one another, makes one a replica, a shadow, of the other. Tied together by irresistible fate, carried along helplessly by the great adventure, they end by looking alike, acting alike, talking alike, thinking alike.

Their mass thinking is primitive, for they lack news, food for intelligent discussion. All of them know one thing—that the Germans must be pushed back. All of them have one hope—that they will escape death. All of them have one desire—to live through it all with a minimum of discomfort.

Gradually, after the shell of more or less affected egotism of more or less affected regionalism, has worn off, they begin to develop a curious feeling. They realize obscurely, the human element of every other ego, its universal quality.

Brotherhood? No; it is not brotherhood yet. They are not able yet to love unknown men, but they can no longer hate them.

War, however, they hate infinitely, and they feel that "it would be a crime to show the beauty of war, even if there was something beautiful about it." The returned poilu is apt, in fact, to gloat about his horrible experiences in the trenches. As Barbusse wrote me a few days ago: "He resents any attempt, especially on the part of those who never went through the trench hell, at painting life at the front in pleasant colors. He is proud of what he had to endure."

But he wonders why he should ever endure it anew. After killing his full quota of Germans, he wonders whether something else should not be killed which would make the killing of any more Germans or other foes unnecessary. Militarism must be killed, and also the nationalistic chauvinism which fosters it. Nothing short of an understanding among all those who suffer, fight and die in war will ever put an end to it.

In an "Open Letter" to the police at the front, published quite recently, and which constitutes a sort of postscript to "Le Feu," Barbusse expresses himself frankly on that subject. "Germany," he says, "wanted to secure the material hegemony of the universe. Before the invader you set up barricades and your breasts. Your cause is just and holy. You are fighting against nationalism, but French nationalism

is not better than pan-Germanism. Kill German militarism, not to substitute your own, but to kill militarism all over the world. To the revolting cry of 'Germany above all things' answer 'No!' Don't howl 'France above all things!' Poilu, love France as you love your mother. But do not place her above justice and ethics. You are fighting for a magnificent booty, not the kind you stick into your pocket or snatch from the dead. You are fighting for justice, righteousness and beauty, and you have a right to voice your opinion of the immense tragedy in which you have played your part."

Romain Rolland said almost all those things in August, 1914. President Wilson has been saying most of them since January, 1917. Jean Longuet has repeated them so stubbornly to the French proletariat that the French proletariat believes he has always thought them. And a few weeks ago a new daily was launched in Paris, on the staff of which we find Rolland, Longuet and Barbusse. And Barbusse wrote me that he would do his utmost to make all Frenchmen accept the Wilsonian creed.

L'Enfer ("The Inferno") and Le Feu ("Under Fire") are, to a certain extent, accessible to English readers through translations. I say to a certain extent, because the very idea of Barbusse in English dress is farcical. He uses the French idiom in its absolutely naked state. There is no word he will not call into service, whether it belongs to the vocabulary of the "pub" or of the gutter or of the brothel or of the stage, so long as it serves to express a new shade of thought or to create a more vivid image. There is no slang of which he is not a master. And he knows not that sham modesty which caused old authors to marshal in their Latin when the vernacular would have sounded too raw. It is not to Zola, but to Apuleius, that we must go for the equivalent of his sexual and physiological frankness. How could any one translate that virulent flow of language into the medium of old maidish concealment and suggestion, the English language?

When Empey mentions that a trench at dawn does not emit suave odors, Barbusse tells us that it stinks, and, besides, mentions the various things it stinks of in sibilant monosyllables which I even could not reproduce in the puritanical language of an Anglo-Saxon publication. Barbusse stops at nothing, but never seeks to "épater le bourgeois." Like Adam and Eve before the fall, he doesn't know shame; until English has regained the virility it once possessed, translations of Barbusse will remain distant and at that very poor relatives of the original.

As a stultist and as a sociologist Barbusse is one of those distressing men about whose intentions no one may entertain comfortable doubts, and who upset all our little tricks by never resorting to them themselves. According to one's class affiliations one will call Barbusse's language the language of the crapule or the language of democracy. His sociology will lend itself to the same extreme of condemnation or of commendation. But whoever ignores him will take the rank with the blind that cannot see signs in the heavens.

REVOLUTION OR PEACE ARE ONLY ALTERNATIVE NOW FACING GERMANY.

(Continued on Page 1.)

To these gentlemen, entente agents, backed by American resources, have many tempting inducements to offer. It need hardly be added that such inducements, very attractive in character to hard pressed politicians, are being offered and snapped up throughout central Europe.

The echoes of their acceptance will reverberate through the news columns as the cold winter days draw nearer.



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But my aunt's washerwoman's
sister's son
Heard a policeman on his beat
Say to a laborer on the street,
That he had a letter just last
week,
Written in the finest Greek
From a Chinese coolie in Tim-
buctoo
Who said that the niggers in
Cuba knew
Of a colored man in a Texas
town,
Who got it straight from a circus
clown
That a man in Klondike heard
the news
From a gang of South American
Jews
About somebody in Borneo
Who heard a man who claimed
to know
Of a swell society female fake
Whose mother-in-law would un-
dertake
To prove that her husband's sis-
ter's niece
Has stated in a printed piece
That she has a son, who has a
friend
Who knows when the War is
going to end.

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EDITORIAL PAGE OF THE TRUTH

(EDITOR RESPONSIBLE FOR ALL UNSIGNED ARTICLES)

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HAIL LIEBKNECHT!

The greatness of the message that Socialism bears to a world in pain and travail must of necessity overshadow the greatness of the messenger. This does not prevent us from honoring those bearers of the message who, in day when to bear it meant loss of liberty or life, never faltered to hold it aloft where all the world could see it. Such a message is Karl Liebknecht, who, for daring to bear it in the face of Kaiser and Junker, brought down the heavy hand of tyranny upon himself.

The cable flashed the news yesterday that Liebknecht had been released from prison, and that the workers of Germany, celebrating his escape from the hands of his oppressors, demanded that the Kaiser abdicate and that a republic be formed. Liebknecht is quoted as having told the immense concourse of people in Berlin "that the time of the people had arrived."

Karl Liebknecht has always hated the oppressors of the people with a perfect hate. He hated them when they were in power and when it cost him something to hate them. He braved the Kaiser and his Junkers when the plutocratic militarist clique that ruled Germany could, without exaggeration, be called omnipotent within the borders of the empire. He told the truth about them on the floor of the Reichstag and from the platform and in the press. He dared to make his exposure of the Krupp ammunition ring in the face of their rage, which threatened to exterminate him even in times of peace. Only an audacious courage which is given to few men saved him from the wrath of the Junkers previous to the great world war.

When Roosevelt, Nicholas Murray Butler, William Howard Taft, Andrew Carnegie and a score of others of a similar type were sounding the praises of the Kaiser in the New York Times, but a year before the breaking out of the titanic conflict that has bathed the world in blood when the editors of the Junker press of New York city were hailing the Kaiser as the friend of peace; were praising him as a great monarch, Karl Liebknecht, always in the shadow of the prison, was telling the truth about Kaiserism and its ally, Militarism.

Liebknecht knew what the spirit of Kaiserism and Militarism meant. Knew it meant slavery for mankind, no matter what language it spoke or what title it bore.

Our Junkers here admired both Kaiserism and Militarism, because they knew that each upheld the rule of the few over the many. And today these same Junkers want only the name, and not the thing, changed.

Karl Liebknecht is destined to play a large role, not only in the overturning of Prussian Junkerism, but in the reconstruction of the German state. He is trusted because he has been tested. He will be the relentless foe of every compromise with either political or industrial autocracy. He is no superman to save the state. On the contrary, he has spent his life freely in trying to show the people how they, and only they, can save themselves from slavery. And he will stand for a real workers' republic, a true industrial democracy, founded on the rule of the people over themselves. Hail, Liebknecht, the forerunner of the coming age of reason and light that is pushing back the age of ignorance and darkness!

—N. Y. Call.

A CHANGE OF PLAN.

By BERTON BRALEY.

He'd read all the dope on attending to work,
And toiling to suit your employer;
He knew that to loaf or to laze or to shirk
Was quite an ambition destroyer;
So he plunged into work with a zest and a vim,
And he did more than double his share of it;
He needed a raise, for his wages were slim,
But he knew that the boss would take care of it

For hadn't the books made this simple and plain—
That people would recognize talent;
That if you would work with your might and main
The boss—with a manner most gallant,
Would give you a raise, though you said not a word,
To show you were worthy of credit.
So he toiled and he sweated, but nothing occurred,
And life didn't go as he read it.

The boss was aware of his merit, all right,
But he said, "Why the deuce should I raise him,
So long as he's willing to work day and night
For what his position now pays him?"
But, weary with waiting, the worker grew wise,
He said to himself, "Why, do rot it!
These books on success are a bundle of lies—"
So he struck for a raise—and he got it!

Norwich, Conn., October 24th, 1918.

Dear Gene:

You are a ray of light in a dark place.
You are a great sea on which the biggest ships may sail.

You are a ripe harvest field that no mortal eye can see the end of.

Gene, you are something big without a name, and I can't think of you without thinking of measureless expanses and oceans and skies.

HORACE TRAUBEL.

HAVE YOU A STIFF BACKBONE?

I want you to realize who you are and what you do and . . . then I am going to offer you a few words of advice. . . . In the first place who are you anyway?

You are in the last analysis the only one that counts, when it comes to making the world go round.

Even if Eva Tanguay gets more in a week for acting silly than you get in six months for working mighty hard. You are the man that digs the ore that gives us the steel that gives us the ships that link the uttermost ends of the world together.

Sure it is you the worker that tills the soil, plants the seed, grinds the flour and bakes the bread and then we and the other fellows who do not work eat the bread that you work hard to give us.

It is you the worker that weaves the silk that gives the "fine" ladies the nice gowns, even though your sisters and sweethearts, mothers and wives wear cotton and shoddy dresses.

Yes, you the worker produce all the good things that we have today.

Years ago you gave us the old bike, you know the big wheeled thing that we had to get a ladder to reach the seat. Then you gave us the motor-cycle and the motor and all the time you have been tramping back and fro to work, hanging for your very life on the strap that is on the street car that you made.

Yes, you are the man that makes the engines, the freight trains and the Pullman cars that carries the goods that you produce and the boss you keep in luxury. Yes, you, no, not Burnquist or the people whose tool he is, you the ordinary worker, the fellow that just does the work of society.

Now you know who I mean, just give me your attention! You know that jellyfish have no backbone, of course everybody knows that. Well, you are no jellyfish. You have got a backbone. Well, I want you to cultivate, develop and maintain a stiff backbone. You see it is like this, if your backbone is not stiff, you see it is quite easy to bend it.

You know that some backbones are not stiff, hence the reason why so many of you have a hump on your back.

Now the reason why you have round shoulders is because somebody is on your back.

Now if your backbone was not so soft, nobody could get on your back, because you know it is a hell of a job to keep on a man's back when he is standing erect. Do you remember when you played leap-frog when you were going to school? You know how hard it was to jump over the other fellow's back, when he was a stiff-backed fellow. Well, you know what I am driving at, if you have a stiff backbone and you stand erect all the time, how is the boss going to jump on your back and stay there? If he puts his hands around your neck, he will choke you and then—goodnight!

So remember to keep that backbone of yours stiff.

Now the reason why I want you to keep a stiff backbone is because you all have a wishbone and it is no use wishing for good things unless you have a good stiff backbone to go along with your wishbone—see. You see that if you have a stiff backbone you will not crawl and eringe when you see someone else, because after all mothers are built the same way and the same red blood flows through their veins. So you see the man you crawl to is no better than you are and if he does not do any work, well he is not as good as you. Because after all if we are hungry, give me the poor old farmer and his buggy, before a millionaire with his limousine. You see the farmer can plant and grow wheat and gives us wheat that makes bread and the other fellow—well, 'nuff said about him.

So please develop that stiff backbone and when you do you will get off your knees, because if your backbone is stiff you will feel mighty uncomfortable bending down, bowing and scraping to the other fellow.

The best course in training I advise you to take is one that they do not have at the Y. M. C. A. It is a course in mental exercise. Read a little, find out who you are and what you do and above all find out what you can do.

Do you ever read the Truth, Defense News Bulletin, Radical Review, Liberator, Labor Scrap Book and a few more radical papers?

You never did!

Say, between us and the gate-post, you are missing the time of your life.

Before I go, I want to introduce you to an Italian poet, you call them dagoes. Of course the reason why you hear them called dagoes is just to fool you that you are better than these poor foreigners and then you will not organize with them and then it makes it easier for the boss to exploit you. Well, here is part of the poem that this Italian poet wrote. This poet is a poet, not a sentimental "Nosox" kind, a poet that tells you and I in words, what we feel in our blood. Listen:

Ye are the powers of the earth, the foundations of society, the thinkers and the doers of all things good and all things fair and useful, the makers and dispensers of all the bounties and the joys and happiness of the world, and if ye fold your mighty arms, all the life of the world stands still and death hovers on the darkened abodes of man.

Ye are the light of the world. There was darkness in all ages when the torch of your will did not blaze forth, and the past and the future are full of radiance that cometh from your eyes.

Ye are eternal, even as your father, labor, is eternal, and

no power of time and dissolution can prevail against you.

Ages have come and gone, kingdoms and powers and dynasties have risen and fallen, old glories and ancient wisdoms have been turned into dust, heroes and sages have been forgotten and many a mighty and fearsome god has been hurled into the lightless chasms of oblivion.

But ye, Plebs, Populace, Rabble, Mob, Proletariat, live and abide forever.

THE EDITOR OF TRUTH DID NOT WRITE THIS.

Wherever our army goes, the bankers follow. They are the advance couriers of the export trade that will result from the war and the friends all over the world which it has made for us. They already are preparing the foundation for banking facilities, in order that business between friendly nations may be speeded up.

—First National Bank, Chicago, Ill.

The above was written by an organization of our representative leading citizens. It tells you what we have endeavored to tell you. SORDID, ROTTEN, BRUTAL AND SOULLESS, THEY TELL YOU THE TRUTH. Tell you what Debs said and is being sent to prison for. These bankers will draw their big dividends and they will still draw MORE dividends. Sure, the bankers follow the flag, AFTER THE WAR IS OVER. You will never find them following the Flag when the war is on. Oh no, you betcha your life they will not be there when they are required. But like the vultures who wait for the dead, so that they can pick the flesh from the bones of the dead, they wait until the war is over and they go in search of more foreign markets. They diplomatically arrange foreign loans and if these loans are not repaid, then call out the boys, they will ever nobly respond to a call that is made by the country. There is the truth, my comrades and fellow-workers. In order to collect their dirty debts, they will send your brother and my brother. They do not care what they do, because they always have the unmitigated gall to expect our boys to do the collecting of their debts. Watch Roosevelt spill the beans and together with the above statement, try and put two and two together.

WE WONDER IS WILSON STRONG ENOUGH TO COMBAT THE JUNKERS?

There never was a good war or a bad peace.—Franklin.

Franklin never heard of Bisbee or Ludlow in those days.

The praise undeserved is scandal in disguise.—Pope. Look out for the politicians with THEIR praises, ye horny handed sons of toil.

Error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it.—Jefferson.

Jefferson did not formulate any Espionage Laws in his day.

They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters.—Old Testament.

Modern version: They that go down in ships work like hell and those that send them there spend the profits like hell.

"ECONOMIC DEMOCRACY MUST REST ON A FREE WOMANHOOD."

"The essential condition of democracy is an advanced state of social consciousness. It has nothing whatever to do with the superiority of individuals."

"Few men can overlook the limitations of their sex and see the truth—that this business of taking care of our common affairs is not only equally open to women and men, but that women are distinctly needed in it."

"An economic democracy must rest on a free womanhood, and a free womanhood inevitably leads to an economic democracy."

"If we are to make real democrats, we must begin with the child; and if we begin with the child, we must begin with the mother." This discovery is announced by one who opposes the enfranchisement of women! She who is competent to rear democrats is not competent to be one, it appears."

"Politics is not a sex function; it is a social function."

"There is no personal joy so great as the joy of the world, which is ours to feel, to make, to steadily enlarge."

"Be patient with Society. It is not very wise; It opened only yesterday its dimly thinking eyes. It can't see very clearly, and it can't look very long. But it is beginning to believe there's something really wrong!"

"Slow to arouse, the People;
Blind to the staring Fact,
But the time is come of opening eyes,
When a wakened people shall rise and act."

"Wealth is a social product. It comes from the exercise of social power. As a social product, wealth can be healthful only when used socially."

REBELLION

By J. H. BEYER.

A flower bloomed 'neath a southern sky,
Far from the haunts that men had made;
It stretched its petals and seemed to try
To pierce a gloom of deepest shade.

It longed for the light that shone outside
And never kissed its warm bright heart.
It felt the sting of a suppressed pride,
And longed for the chance to do its part.

To fill with fragrance and beauty rare
Those gardens of sordid and stifling pain,
Where other flowers,—tho' not so fair,
"Might come to life and bloom again."

And spread their pollen,—or sow their seed,
Mongst other flowers more sore oppressed
And give to them in their dying need
The fragrance of their living breath.

It thought of flowers of its kind,
With sweetest scent and fairest form;
Who lost the perfume of their mind
That weeds and brambles might be born.

It longed for the chance so it could mate,
With flowers of its kind;
Free from the fetters of all state,
With natural chains that do not bind.

It dreamed of the time when it would see
Each wonderful flower in joy expand;
And make of earth what it should be
A fragrant world of beauty grand.

—Labor Defender.

SOCIAL SCIENCE ACADEMY
HAS SOVIET BACKING

Moscow, October 8.—In spite of the difficulties arising from the present situation, the work of organizing the Russian Academy of Social Science has been nearly completed. The work of the academy will be devoted mainly to the teachings of scientific Socialism. According to the reports in the official organ, "Is-vestia," the members of the academy met in August and initiated the organization work.

The building of the academy of commerce was given over to the Socialist institute. It consists of numbers of auditoriums and halls. The lower story will be used as library, which will be composed of the libraries of the former Duma, the council of state, and various private collections. The temporary executive board consists of Professors Resinger, Fritche, Pokrowsky and Gotcharbarg.

This academy of social science will be divided into the following departments: History of civilization, finance and economics, law and politics, arts and literature. These will be supplemented by a department of research and statistics and commercial courses.

The all-Russian central committee has already ratified the appointment of regular members of the faculty. Among the professors appointed are not only Russians, but also men of other nationalities, such as Finns, Letts, Poles, Rumanians, Dutch, Americans, Englishmen, Frenchmen and Italians.

Among the Russian members of the academy faculty are: Bogdanov, Bontch-Bruelitch, Weltman, Poprowsky, Radeck, Rjazanov, Steeklow, Levin, Lukin, Reisner, Goichbarg, Stutehka, Lunatscharsky, Brussow, Benois and Kratchowska.

America is represented by Louis B. Boudin, well known in Socialist circles in this country.

The following representatives of other countries were also appointed regular members of the Socialist academy:

Finland, Ursin, Kuusinen, Sirola; Poland, Rosa Luxemburg, Warsky, Inarsky; Rumania, Rakowsky; Livonia, Stutehka, Rosin, Danischewsky; Germany, Karl Liebknecht, Klara Zetkin, Mehning, Karl Kautsky; Austria, Hifering, Otto Bauer, Fritz Adler; Holland, Panekok, Gorter, Roland-Holst; England, Gleiser, Rotstein; France, Romain Rolland, Charles Rappaport, Longuet; Hungary, Sabot; Italy, Serratti.

WAR'S EXPENDITURES.

As the Liberty loan campaign is just over, it is useful to keep in mind some of the outstanding facts in relation to war expenditures. The total of outlay by the seven principal belligerents is estimated to exceed the combined total for all other wars in history. The average daily cost for the four years since August, 1914, is over \$100,000,000, or about \$4,500,000 per hour. Estimating the loss in productive man-power at 15,000,000 killed or permanently disabled, which is probably quite safe, its equivalent in money approaches \$45,000,000,000. Total losses in shipping tonnage come to \$1,000,000,000 more. Military destruction of crops, buildings and industrial machinery has been put by a very incomplete and partial estimate at \$5,000,000,000. The debt crated for the seven chief belligerents is \$129,000,000,000, six times the sum of their total debt up to August, 1914, which creates an annual interest charge of \$6,500,000,000. It is estimated that if the war lasts another year the total debt will be at the present rate nearly \$200,000,000,000, with interest charges of \$9,000,000,000 annually. As against these totals, the national wealth of the five principal allied powers at the outbreak of the war was \$406,000,000,000, and of Germany and Austria \$105,000,000,000. Under these circumstances, the weight of current taxation is almost beyond conjecture, as is also the extent to which the future of industry is mortgaged.

—The Nation.

Laughter in the treasure of the toiler, the wealth of the wise, the power of the poor and the head on

Laughter is the melody of matter, the music of motion, the mascot of mood and the monarch of merriment. For it dispels dejection, destroys despair, banishes the blues and mangles melancholy.

Laughter is the yeast of thought, the feast of faith, the festoon of fellowship, the foam on the fountain of fancy and the glow on the gold

It is the purifier of pain, the policeman of passion, the thief of grief, the foe of woe and the sheen in the soul of sound.

Laughter is the sauce of satisfaction, the condiment of contentment, the consomme of consciousness, the gravy of gravity, the lord of levity. For it makes kings envy convicts, princes envy peasants, plutocrats envy the poor and the guilty envy the innocent.