The Great Are Only Great, Because We Are On Our Knees. Let Us Stand Up Like Real Men!

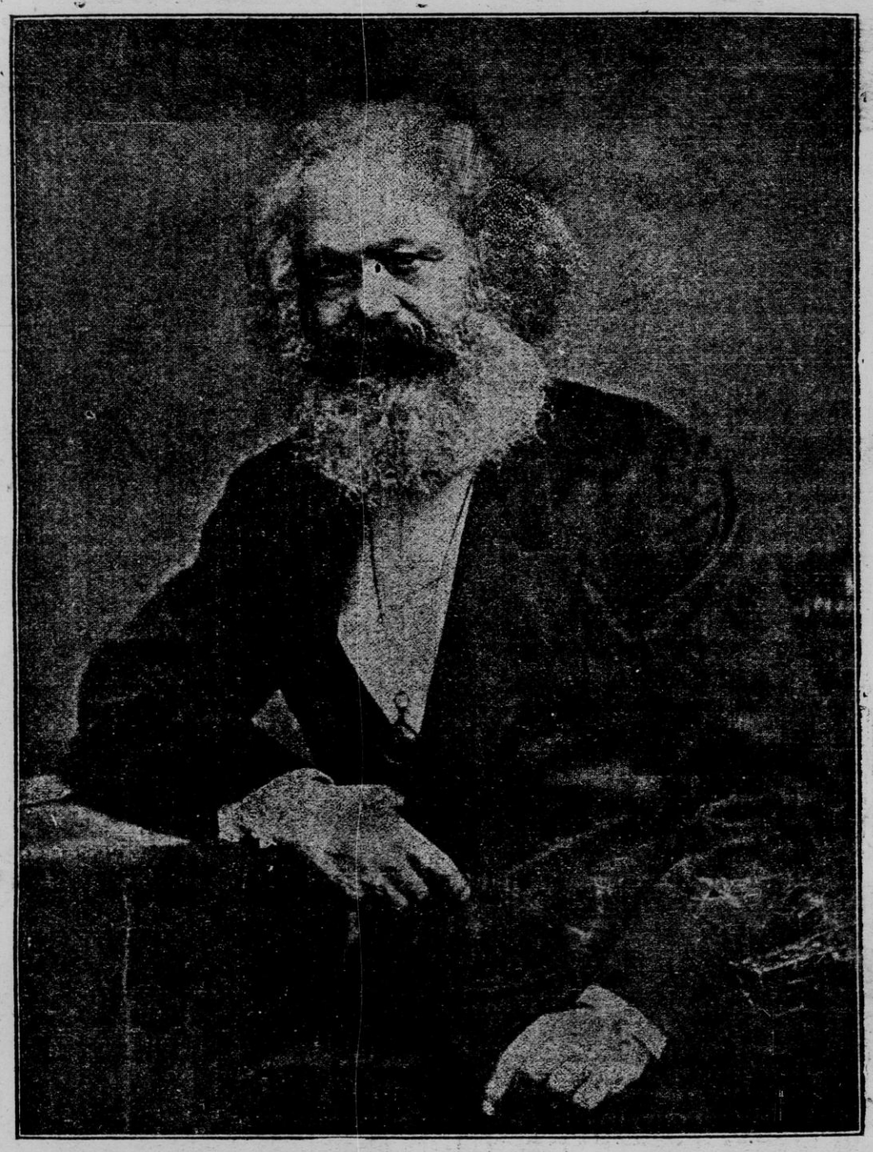
MINNESOTA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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

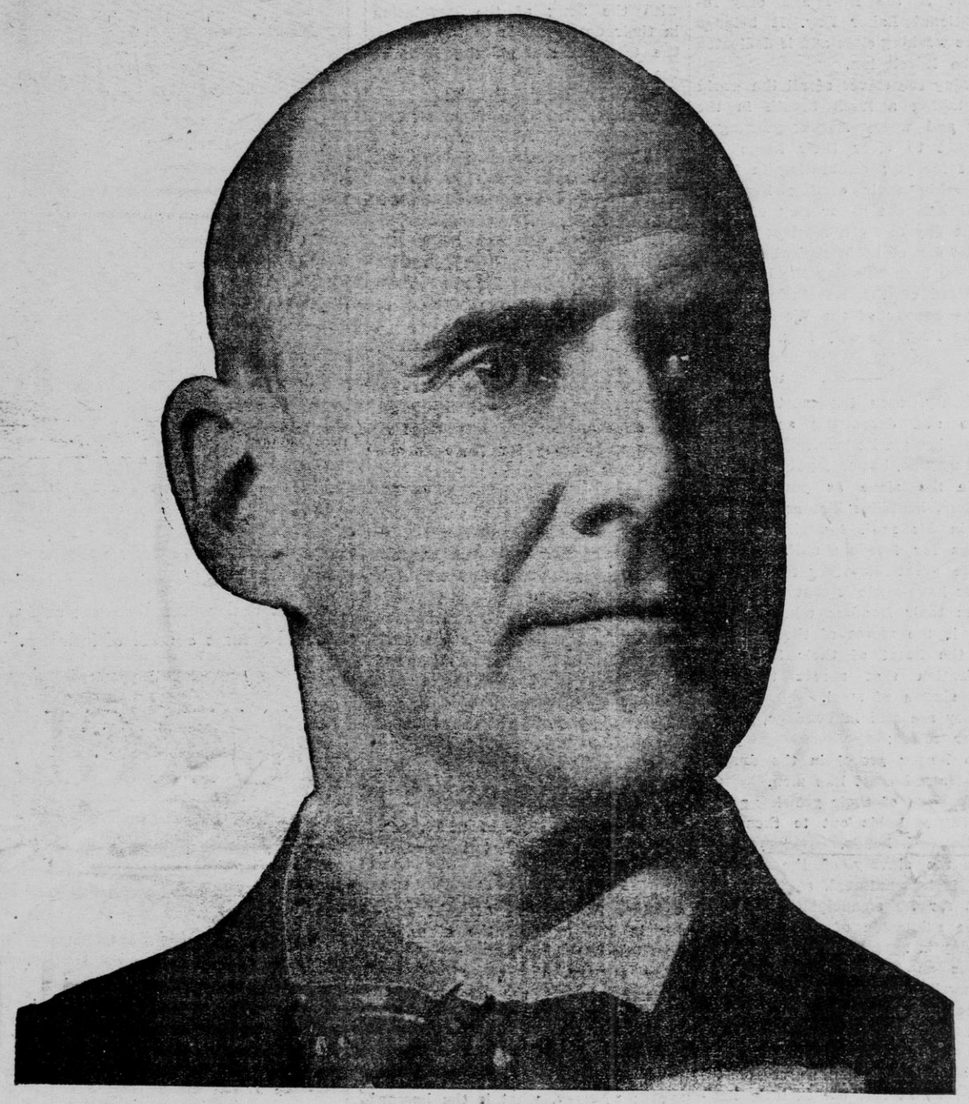
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VOL. III. No. 18 — 14 — MAY DAY May 7, 1919 — WHOLE NO. 98



KARL MARX

1818—1919



EUGENE V. DEBS

MAY DAY GREETINGS

While we meet today and celebrate May Day as the International holiday of the workingclass, it would be well worth our time to pause and take notice as to whether we are ready to perform the task set forth on each and every May Day.

Many speakers will talk of the glories of past triumphs and laud the achievements of the past. But the successes of the future are not built on the emotions of the present. It is a good sign, when the workers can be aroused to a high pitch of emotion, by the deeds of our martyred dead. We are all emotional. But the coming struggle will be won, when we are ready to meet the capitalist class with an organized army of workers; workers who fully understand the road they are travelling and the goal of their objective. We shall have to march together with the one solepurpose in view, the abolition of the system that enslaves us. We shall have to know why we should work for the abolishment of the system. Above all things we must know why certain things take place. Value speculations and emotional outbursts count for nothing, if anything they hinder us. We must exhibit reason instead of emotion. We must be possessed of knowledge, not speculative theories. These are the necessary things for all workers to acquire, before they can hope to be successfful in their age-long struggle against capitalism.

True it is that we must be organized. But the mere fact that we have the workers organized ,even in an industrial union does not prove that we have therealstrength of the workers behind us. If the workers as a class, fail to recognise their class position, then they will be but as putty in the hands of the sculptor.

Only when they are possessed of a clear perception and a knowledge of the class struggle, will they be able to use their economic power to advantage. The man who revolts, simply because conditions compel him to revolt and does not understand the nature of those conditions that compel him to act, is but acting as skid under the wheels of progress. It is the class consciousness of the workers that products the necessary revolutionary feeling that makes all revolutions a possible success. The feeling of class consciousness takes hold of the workingclass movement and infuses new life into it. It makes it fully qualified to take part in the revolution.

Therefore this May Day, we strongly urge workers to organize in industry with the avowed object of obtaining control of the State and thus depriving the capitalist class of their power to drive the workers back to their present miserable conditions. With the destruction of the political State it becomes increasingly necessary for the workers to be organized in industry, so that when the present State has collapsed, the workers will be able to take over industry and in the place of a capitalist republic, hoist the Red Flag of the Soviet form of Government, i. e. the Industrial Commonwealth.

The education of the workers must of necessity come from off the job. The everyday struggle that takes on the job, must be the means of disciplining and education the workers. It must be the means of shewing the workers how to fight their own battles, depending upon their own strength. In a word, on the job we must organize and educate ourselves for the establishment of the dictatorship of the proletariat. We have lately been in Butte, Montana, and as we gazed at those huge mountains, that seemed to threaten nature itself; as we gazed at the workers and heard their stories of the misdeeds and atrocities committed by gunmen, in the name of loranorder, we knew full well, that the need for organization was more keenly felt, than it had ever been before. Power is what the workers need. Power that must be wielded by the workers in an intelligent manner. So this May Day we appeal to the workers of all the world to organize and study, not for the purpose of obtaining higher wages, but for the purpose of routing the capitalist class and establishing the Industrial Socialist Republic.

Speed the Day!

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As you read this Debs has served

18 DAYS IN PRISON

And Kate Richards O'Hare has served

17 DAYS IN PRISON

MAY DAY

EUGENE V. DEBS

REVOLUTION.

This is the first and only International Labor Day. It belongs to the working class and is dedicated to the Revolution.

Today the slaves of all the world are taking a fresh breath in the long and weary march; pausing a moment to clear their lungs and shout for joy; celebrating in festal fellowship their coming Freedom.

All hail the Labor Day of May!

The day of stern resolve;

The day of noble aspiration.

Raise high this day the blood-red Standard of the Revolution!

The banner of the Workingman;

The flag, the only flag, of Freedom.

Slavery, even the most abject—dumb and despairing as it may seem—has yet its inspiration. Crushed it may be, but extinguished never. Chain the slave as you will, O Masters, brutalize him as you may, yet in his soul, though dead, he yearns for freedom still.

The great discovery the modern slaves have made is that they themselves their freedom must achieve. This is the secret of their solidarity; the heart of their hope; the inspiration that nerves them all with sinews of steel.

They are still in bondage, but no longer cower;

No longer grovel in the dust,

But stand erect like men.

Conscious of their growing power the future holds out to them her outstretched hands.

As the slavery of the working class is international, so the movement for its emancipation.

The salutation of slave to slave this day is repeated in every human tongue as it goes ringing round the world.

The many millions are at last awakening. For countless ages they have suffered; drained to the dregs the bitter cup of misery and woe.

At last, at last the historic limitation has been reached, and soon a new sun will light the world.

Red is the life-tide of our common humanity and red our symbol of universal kinship.

Tyrants deny it; fear it; tremble with rage and terror when they behold it.

We reaffirm it and on this day pledge anew our fidelity— come life or death—to the blood-red Banner of the Revolution.

Socialist greetings this day to all our fellow-workers! To the god-like souls in Russia marching grimly, sublimely into the jaws of hell with the Song of the Revolution in their death-rattle; to the Orient, the Occident and all the Isles of the sea!

VIVE LA REVOLUTION!

The most heroic word in all languages is REVOLUTION.

It thrills and vibrates; chers and inspires. Tyrants and time servers fear it, but the oppressed hail it with joy.

The throne trembles when this throbbing word is lisped, but to the hovel it is food for the famishing and hope for the victims of despair.

Let us glorify today the revolutions of the past and hail the Greater Revolution yet to come before Emancipation shall make all the days of the year May Days of peace and plenty for the sons and daughters of toil.

It was with Revolution as his theme that Mark Twain's soul drank deep from the fount of inspiration. His immortality will rest at last upon this royal tribute to the French Revolution:

"The ever memorable and blessed revolution, which swept a thousand years of villainy away in one swift tidal wave of blood—one: a settlement of that hoary debt in the proportion of half a drop of blood for each hogsheads of it that had been pressed by slow tortures out of that people in the weary stretch of ten centuries of wrong and shame and misery the like of which was not to be matched but in hell. There were two Reigns of Terror, if we would but remember it and consider it; the one wrought murder in hot passion, the other in heartless cold blood; the one lasted mere months, the other lasted a thousand years! the one inflicted death on ten thousand persons, the other upon a hundred millions; but our shudders are all for the horrors of the minor Terror, so to speak; whereas, what is the horror of swift death by the axe compared with lifelong death from hunger, break? What is swift death by lightning compared with death by slow fire at the stake? A city cemetery could contain the coffins filled by that brief Terror, which we have all been so diligently taught to shiver at and mourn over, but all France could hardly contain the coffins filled by that older and real Terror which none of us has been taught to see in its vastness or pity as it deserves."

Childhood

What sweet emotions the recollections of childhood inspires, and how priceless its treasured memories in our advancing and declining years!

Laughing eyes and curly hair, little brown hands and bare feet, innocent and care-free, trusting and loving, tender and pure, what an elevating and satisfying influence these little gods have upon our maturer years.

Childhood! What a holy theme! Flowers they are, with souls in them and if on this earth man has a sacred charge, a holy obligation, it is to these tender buds and blossoms of humanity.

Yet how many of them are prematurely plucked, fade and die and are trampled in the mire. Many millions of them have been snatched from the cradle and stole from their play to be fed to the forces that turn a workingman's blood into a capitalist's gold, and many millions of others have been crushed and perverted into filth for the slums and food for the potter's field.

Childhood is at the parting of the ways which lead to success or failure, honor or disgrace, life or death. Society is, or ought to be, profoundly concerned in the nature of the environment that is to mold the chacater and determine the career of its children, and any remissness in such duty is rebuked by the most painful of penalties, and these are inflicted with increasing severity upon the people of the United States.

Childhood is the most precious charge of the family and the community, but our capitalist civilization sacrifices its ruthfulessly to gratify its brutal lust for pelf and power, and the march of its conquest is stained with the blood of infants and paved with the puny bones of children.

What shall the harvest be?

The millions of childrer crushed and slain in the conquest of graves have not died in vain. From their little martyr graves all over this fair land their avenging images are springing up, as it were against the system that murdered them and pronouncing upon it, in the name of God and humanity, the condemnation of death.



TOWARDS THE RISING SUN

"In every mill and every factory, every mine and every quarry, every railroad and every shop, everywhere, the workers, enlightened, understanding their self-interest, are correlating themselves in the industrial and economic mechanism. They are developing their industrial consciousness, their economic and political power; and when the revolution comes, they will be prepared to take possession and assume control of industry."—Eugene V. Debs.

OUR GLAD MAY DAY

By J. O. BENTALL.

This is a great May Day! It is the day of the working class of the whole world—and this year the day of happy rejoicing.

It is a glad day—the gladest day we have ever had.

We have passed from that solemn, sing-song, prayer-like, preacher-tone exhortation, to the happy, natural, "Hello, Bill! How's the Revolution this morning? Any more autocracies fallen since yesterday? How many Soviet Republics since last night? What tottering kingdoms are the Bolsheviki going to capture this forenoon?"

That's it.

Now we are on the laughing side of the sunrise and keep smiling the whole long day and sing the International and the Marseillaise half the night.

There is seemingly no great sympathy left for capitalism and tyranny. Nobody dares to go out and openly advocate the continuation of the present economic system—it is too rotten. Even the capitalists are advocating "Socialism," but it must be the "Socialism" that they want.

Here is where we step in on this opportune day. Not shouting victory for we have not won it altogether yet, but we celebrate our program of Solidarity. That is the big thing.

Solidarity!

We celebrate because we know that through solidarity we will win. It puts us in fighting trim and we know where we are at.

We know that there can be no fooling or compromise or half way measures in dealing with capitalism. They tried that in Russia for a few months. They had a great "Socialist" premier there for a while, and capitalism was quite happy.

But the working class smelt mice and went after that rat Kerenski and kicked him clear into England where he has ben nibbling at cheese and fried ham in the king's cupboard all since.

Three cheers for the Reds in Russia for that.

Now the capitalists are busy singing the praises of Ebert and his "Socialist" government in Germany. But I don't suppose this article will be cold before that traitor will be sleeping with the old kaiser and pulling the bedclothes over to his side of the bunk these raw mornings when all capitalist tools find it pretty chilly.

So we are not worrying a great deal about the capitalist candy "Socialists" in Germany.

But while we are feeling good we ought to slip in a dance and a song about the situation in the countries that are going to pull off the Revolution tomorrow morning just as the six-thiry train puffs into the union station in Paris.

Don't you suppose the capitalist "Socialists" are itching over in England too? And in France—and in Italy?

You bet.

So when the old sand pillars of capitalism are scattered by the tornado of the Revolution these "Socialists" will bob up and help the capitalists hobble on for a while longer over the skulls and skeletons of the workers. And in America, too, we find some thoroughly sloppy dishwater Socialists. We stand a fine chance to run up against the same pitiable spectacle in this country as in other countries of working class revolt. Now is the time to brush them aside, to clean house and clean good.

On this May-Day we must resolve on definite action. Not to ask for a small handout that may be graciously alloted us at the kitchen door of capitalism, but to demand the possession of the industries for the workers. And this demand we must back up with the universal solidarity of the working class and show that we have power to enforce it. We have all power, we are almighty through solidarity with uncompromising, unflinching fidelity to right and justice.

Today our inspiration comes from examples of achievement. For the first time in history we see the wage workers taking over the industries, and the peasants taking over the land. For the first time in history we see workers in charge of the government in a real industrial Democracy with an established Dictatorship of the Proletariat.

Today we sneer at the oppressors. We mock them. We turn to them with redicule and tell them: "Capitalists of the world, united. You will lose every bit of your loot; and you have to earn your living to boot."

We join with the mighty forces in Russia that has startled the world by its leap to freedom.

We join with the new Soviet Republic of Hungary and Bavaria where the workers have sluffed off their masters and taken charge of the industries and the fields to establish a new order of life—of peace and plenty for the surging masses, that have suffered so long under tryanny.

We join with the valiant Spartacans of Germany who have wrecked the throne of kaiserism and who are junking the pedestal of the hypocritical servants of reaction. and building up an industrial democracy that will insure freedom and sufficiency to a people drenched in blood by the brutality of capitalism.

We join the workers in all lands where the silver lining of liberty shines through the clouds of oppression.

And in the strength of unyielding determination, and with the omnipotence of solidarity, we go forth on this May-Day to lay under our feet the greatest enemy of the race of all ages and herald forth the new day of freedom and gladness and plenty to the people of all the earth.

ORGANIZE.

At a meeting held in Petrograd, Lenin stated:—"The mistake of the Left Social Revolutionaries lies in the fact that at that time they did not oppose the policy of compromise, because they held the theory that the consciousness of the masses was not fully developed.

"If Socialism can only be realized when the intellectual development of all people premits it, then we shall not see Socialism for at least five hundred years. The Socialist political party—this is the vanguard of the workingclass; it must not allow itself to be halted by the lack of education of the mass average, but it must lead the masses, using the Soviets as organs of revolutionary initiative. But in order to lead the wavering, the comrades Left Social Revolutionaries themselves must stop hesitating."

Do not try to live forever. You will not succeed.—G. B. S.

I am so poor that I can't afford to do a dirty action.—Sheridan.

A standpatter is one who never learns anything new or forgets anything old.

"Though Jailed, He Speaketh"

Debs' Daily Message from Moundsville Prison.

"Above all, what is the duty of American workingmen whose liberties have been placed in peril? They are not hereditary bondsmen; their fathers were free-born—their sovereignty none denied and their children yet have the ballot. It has been called 'a weapon that executes a free man's will as lighting does the will of God.' It is a metaphor pregnant with life and truth. There is nothing in our government it cannot remove or amend. It can make and unmake presidents and congresses and court. It can abolish unjust laws and consign to eternal odium and oblivion unjust judges, strip from them their robes and gowns and send them forth unclean as lepers to bear the burden of merited obloquy, as Cain with the mark of murder. It can sweep our trusts, syndicates, corporations, monopolies and every other abnormal development of the money power designed to abridge the liberties of workingmen and enslave them by the degradation incident to poverty and enforced idleness as cyclones scatter the leaves of our forest. The ballot can do all this and more. It can give our civilization its crowning glory—the co-operative commonwealth. To the unified hosts of American workmen fate has committeed the charge of rescuing American liberties from the grasp of the vandal horde that have placed them in peril by seizing the ballot and wielding it to regain the pliceless heritage and to preserve and transmit it without scar or blemish, to the generations yet to come.

"Snatch from the ashes of their sires
The emblems of their former fires;
And he who in the strife expires
Will add to theirs a name of fear,
That tryanny shall quake to hear."



In Memoriam
KARL LIEBKNECHT

May the workers of the world play as noble a part in the coming revolution, as Karl Liebknecht played.

MANSIONS OF THE RICH

By S. A. DeWITT.

Some day we shall live there, you and I—
When we have played the game of Business high,
And won.
Some day, when we have learned to steal and lie
And hire and crush, and never question why
Or how it all was done.

Or, yet the day may come before we learn
The trick of thieving what the dotards earn—
For I have seen strange crimson spots
Forming on the sun.

YOU OTHERS

JEAN NETTE.

I sometimes wish I were like you—
You girls who never think.
You dance through life,
And sing and laugh;
And then, to.
You dress so prettily,
And gossip
And giggle
And you powder your pert noses.

The calamities of Poverty,
Ignorance and Superstition;
The problems of love and Marriage,
Of duty, compensation and psychology,
Never worry you.
And yet, somehow, I say;
You poor, poor things!

DEFECTIVE PAGE

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GREETINGS TO THE SOVIET REPUBLIC OF RUSSIA.



NIKOLAI LENINE.

LEON TROTZKY

On this the First of May, the International Labor Day of the revolutionary workingclass throughout the world, we tender our greetings to the Soviet Republic of Russia.

Born in the midst of the greatest war that has ever cursed the human race, the Russia Soviet Republic has by its own strength demonstrated the fact, that the "future belongs to the people". Against the combined forces of the Imperialists of the world, Russia today stands a beacon light to the revolutionists of the world.

Therefore we trust that the workers in all lands will closely study the tactics and the principles of the Bolsheviki of Russia. We further trust that they will be possessed of the indomnitable spirit of the Russian workers and so make the world safe for the workingclass.

Speed the Dictatorship of the Proletariat!!

INTERNATIONAL MAY DAY

By JACK CARNEY.

International Labor Day, Yipsels and Yipselines, was first made known by the passing of a resolution put forward at the International Socialist Congress, in the year 1889, by the American Socialists. The object of the resolution being, to bring together the workers of all nations, irrespective of race, creed or color. By having the workers celebrate their holiday on the same day. It brought about a feeling of one-ness between the workers of all nations. It also demonstrated to the working class, that the workers of all countries had interests, of vital importance, in common. May Day was thus created by the workers themselves, and was not, like September Labor Day, given to them by their masters. The establishment of May Day was an act of defiance on the part of the workers. Defiance to the system that has produced the most brutal autocracy that the world has ever known. Defiance to the system under which seven million workers lie dead upon the fields of Europe. Defiance to system that grants to horses and mules right that it denies human beings. So it should be born in mind, that May Day is for the sole purpose of carrying out the protest of the aroused workers against the system, which enslaves brutalizes and degrades them.

May Day is now firmly established as an International Holiday. But let it be understood that it has not been established without sacrifices upon the part of the workers. There is not a city in the civilized world, that has not been stained with the workers' blood. Our masters realized years ago, that if the sentiment of May Day was allowed to grow, their doom was sealed. That is why they ordered out their Cossacks, gunmen, police and other "loran-order" apostles to baton down, and shoot if necessary, those workers that dared to call their soul their own. So let us on this May Day march with heads erect and shout the glad tidings of the coming day. Let your voices sing the Internationale, with all the vigor of your beings. Shout with joy my Yipsel and Yipseline comrades of New England. You breathe the spirit of May Day and you possess the courage that must be possessed by all men and women, before we can make every day a May Day.

As the key-note of May Day is SOLIDARITY of the working-class we should take advantage of this international holiday of labor and preach the message of solidarity. Not the solidarity of Gompers, but the real solidarity of Debs. We must have solidarity on the political and industrial fields. We must vote for the abolishing of capitalism and organize for its ultimate downfall, so that we can step in and build up the new society. We have got to have solidarity. All around us the thrones of autocracy are shaking. The system is collapsing and it behooves us all, to be up and doing. I know that you of the Y. P. S. L. in Greater Boston will play your part, because I have been amongst you. But there are thousands of others who are ignorant of what to do, so Yipsels and Yipselines, go out and spread the message of Socialism. Rest not yur weary head, but with renewed spirit on this May Day of all May Days spread the message of solidarity and soon the clouds of the dark night will be dispersed before the rising sun, that will herald the dawn of the new day.

Stand firm my comrades, on this the night before the dawn of the social revolution.

This May Day we pledge our faith anew, to go back to our job tomorrow, firmly resolved to bring every worker into the international organization of the workers.

This is the day to act.

This is the day to remember those who lie in prison.

This is the day to remember those who have died in the cause of freedom.

This is the day to stand up and proclaim to the world that you are not a coward, but a comrade with red blood in your veins.

Greetings to the Children



WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?

How did you come to me, my Sweet
From the land of no man knows?
Did Mr. Stork bring you here on his wings?
Were you born in the heart of a rose?

Did an angel fly with you down from the sky?
Were you found in the gooseberry patch?
Did a fairy bring you from fairyland
To my door that was left on the latch?

No! My darling was born of a wonderful love,
A love that was Daddy's and mine,
A love that was human, but deep and profound,
A love that was almost divine.

Do you remember, Sweetheart, when we went to the Zoo?
And we saw that big bear with a grouch
And the tigers and lions and that tall kangaroo,
Who carries her babes in a pouch?

Do you remember, I told you she kept them there safe
From the cold and the wind till they grew
Big enough to take care of themselves, and Dear Heart
That's just how I first cared for you.

I carried you under my heart, my Sweet
And I sheltered you safe from alarms
Till one wonderful day I. your Mother, looked down,
And, my Darling, you lay in my arms.

Hear a word, a word in season, or the day is drawing night
When the Cause shall call upon us,
Some to live, and some to die!

He that dies, shall not die lonely,
Many a one hath gone before;
He that lives shall bear no burden
Heavier than the one they bore.

Nothing ancient in their story,
E'en but yesterday they bled
Youngest they of earth's beloved,
Last of all the valiant dead.

WILLIAM MORRIS.—
New England Leader.



GREETINGS TO CLASS WAR PRISONERS.





WM. D. HAYWOOD

To the class war prisoners throughout the country, we tender our greetings.

We appeal to all workers to educate and organize themselves, so that all class war prisoners can be released by the POWER of LABOR and not the GOODWILL of our MASTERS.

May next May Day find us all organized and class-conscious and far along the road that leads to industrial freedom.

W. F. DUNN

State Senator, Montana, Editor "Butte Daily Bulletin", will speak in

DULUTH

on Sunday, May 11, 1919.

Afternoon and Evening in behalf of

TOM MOONEY & W. K. BILLINGS

Watch newspapers for meeting places. All workingmen and workingwomen should attend.

GREETINGS TO THE SOCIALIST PARTY OF MINNESOTA.

To the comrades of the Socialist Party of Minnesota, we extend our greetings.

We trust that on this the First of May, the members of the party will pledge themselves anew to the cause of International Socialism. By obtaining a firm understanding of the methods and principles of International Socialism, the success of the party is assured. When our members are thoroughly imbued with the aims and ideals of International Socialism, they render themselves impervious to the wiles and blandishments of each and every political adventurer that seeks to prostitute the sentiments of the party.

Therefore we hope that next May Day will find the members of the Socialist Party of Minnesota, better Socialists, that means more education, agitation and organization.

UP WITH INTERNATIONAL SOCIALISM!
DOWN WITH OPPORTUNISM!

IMPORTANT MEETING

of the

ENGLISH LOCAL

FRIDAY, MAY 2ND, 8 P. M.

All members are urged to attend this meeting to be held in the office of Truth.

Debs' Message To You

will be read on

INTERNATIONAL LABOR DAY

May 1st, 1919, 8 p. m. at the

WOODMAN HALL.

ALSO

ALLAN S. BROOMS

lately released from Fort Leavenworth will speak on the

"MESSAGE OF MAY DAY."

You will hear revolutionary music, as you never heard it before. You will hear music that comes as the expression of the workers' feelings on this glad day of our lives.

THE SCANDINAVIAN BAND WILL PLAY.

Ateend this meeting and shew your faith in the cause of International Socialism. Let the red blood flow your through veins and jo in hands with fellow-workers in the international bonds of solidarity of the labor the world over.

SEATS ARE LIMITED. COME EARLY.

The International

Arise, ye prisoners of starvation!
Arise, ye wretched of the earth!
For justice thunders condemnation.
A better world's in birth.
No more tradition's chains shall bind us. Arise ye slaves! No more in thrall!
The earth shall rise on new foundations. We have been naught, we shall be all.

We want no condescending saviors, to rule us from a judgment hall.
We workers ask not for their labors.
Let us consult for all.
To make the chief disgrace his booty, to free the spirit from its cell,
We must ourselves decide our duty, we must decide and do it well.

Toilers from shop and field united, the party we of all who work;
The earth belongs to us, the people, no room here for the shirk.
How many on our flesh have fattened!
But if the noisome birds of prey
Shall vanish from the sky some morning, the blessed sunlight still will stay.

CHORUS:

'Tis the final conflict. Let each stand in his place.
The International shall be the human race.
'Tis the final conflict. Let each stand in his place.
The International shall be the human race.

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BOLSHEVISM SWEEPS OVER GERMANY

By BEN HECHT.

Berlin, Germany, Apirl 22, (delayed).—The communist or Spartacan party is gaining ground in Germany. There is today seemingly nothing that can prevent Germany from running amuck as a Bolshevist republic. For the last two weeks I have been consorting with the Bolshevist leaders—Germany's Russians and Hungarians. I have had a glimpse of the immense quantities of gold and currency pouring from Russia into Bavaria, Prussia, Saxony and Wuerttemberg.

From what I have seen I feel certain that nearly every train moving in Germany has on board at least three bolshevist agents carrying bags of money.

$2,500,000 in a Suitcase.

On a train entering einzig I played cards with two men. One wore a monocle and was dressed as a Prussian dandy; the other represented himself to be a professor of philosophy. For a card table we used a large suitcase. In the suitcase were 10,000,000 marks ($2,500,000) in bills of 1,000 marks (250) denomination. The alleged Prussian dandy was unable to lift the suitcase, but the alleged professor of philosophy—a giant of a man—handled it as carelessly as if it had contained merely a change of clothing. During the ride the philosopher—his talk proved him to be a philosophical man if not actually a professor—opened the suitcase and removed a few sandwiches.

"World revolutions are often a sordid business," he said. "Here is an example of the propaganda which inflames the soul of the proletariat." He gestured whimsically at the amazing stacks of 1,000 mark notes. The Prussian dandy and the professor of philosophy disappeared in Leipzig.

Germany Speeding Rapidly.

However, I do not base the following diagnosis on my glimpse of these 10,000,000 marks. The Bolshevist credentials I have managed to accumulate have given me the entree into numerous Russo-German propaganda councils. What I have seen there, added to the statements of German industrials—men like Steinnes, Rathenau and Deutsch, who control half of the Prussian resources—and statements made by politicians outside the government, such as Haase, Daumig and Bernhardt, have convinced me that Germany is rapidly disintegrating into Bolshevism.

When I first came to Germany Bolshevism was a sporadic, unorganized undercurrent. It did not look like Bolshevism; it looked like minority demoralization brought on by misery and despair. Since then its appearance has undergone a complete change. It is now an organized movement, heavily financed. Definite and powerful, it is steadily undermining the nation. The government press ignores it. The government propagandists are intent upon two things—keeping the entente persuaded that Ebert and Scheidemann represent a stable and enduring administration, and utilizing the Bolshevist menace, when necessary, as a threat against the peace conference. Nevertheless a peace treaty signed with the Germany of Ebert and Scheidemann will be less than a scrap of paper. It will be one of the interesting testimonials to the ideals and culture of the past that the proletariat avalanche will sweep out of existence.

Germany of War Is Dead.

Viewed from Germany the negotiations which have enlivened Paris in recent months assume a fascinatingly meaningless air. So far as can be seen from here the negotiators in Paris have been operating in a vacuum and striving with morbid persistence to arrange a peace with a Germany that does not exist. Any peace imposed on the Germany that plunged the world into war, that resorted to the barbarous theatricalism of U boats and air raids, that stripped Belgium and that supported the raving tactics of Bernhardt and Von Tirpitz would be a just peace. But that particular Germany died in the war. It bled to death. A peace designed as a punishment of that Germany will survive for a short space as an impressive gesture. It will have neither economic nor ethical validity. It will be no more than a final ceremonial adjective, thundered by an outraged world over an interesting grave.

Two things have happened in Germany while Paris has been indulging in negotiations. The Bolshevist masses have organized and are now moving with certainty to overturn the government. Germany's statesmen, including the imperial democrats led by Count von Bernstorff and the erstwhile fire-eating junkers led by Count von Reventlow, have decided that of two evils—a dictated peace and the triumph of Bolshevism—Bolshevism is the less.

Consider Bolshevism Preferable.

I have spoken with dozens of conservative men of affairs on the subject and the following is the consensus of their remarks:

"If the entente tries to strip us of our money and our industries, what would we lose by embracing Bolshevism? After all, if we must give our money away why not give it away to our own people rather than to the coffers of the entente? In addition Bolshevism will save us from the humiliation of a dictated peace."

Herr Ebert told me this five weeks ago. Count von Bernstorff said it three days ago. The foreign office in Wilhelmstrasse is talking it now among the financiers and capitalists who are waiting nervously for peace terms. It has become the popular logic. It is these two things—Bolshevist mass movement and the despair of the German political upper classes—which give the Paris negotiations a curiously unimportant air so far as the future of Germany and perhaps the future of the world is concerned.

Statesmen Begin to Awaken.

The despair of the one time German junker, the democrats, the imperialists, as well as the Socialist chameleon Scheidemann parties, is crude, obvious, in a dim way the German statesman has awakened to the thundering fact that something is brewing under his nose. In an equally dim manner he is utilizing this menace as a last weapon against the entente. He fancies himself a potential world nihilist, holding the fate of two hemispheres in his hands.

This is untrue. Germany is powerless as a barrier against Bolshevism. Magnanimous assurances on the part of the German upper classes that if they are treated "justly" they will be able to prevent the spread of proletarianism are empty political rhetoric. Their desperate palaverings have only one real significance—they are the camaraderie of the gallows. A dictated peace will accelerate Bolshevism in Germany, but a "just" peace will not prevent it. In brief, Lenin, and not Scheidemann, Neske, Brockdorff-Rantzau and Bernstorff, holds the future of Germany in his hands. A peace which does not conciliate Lenin or obliterate him will prove another interesting scrap of paper.

Socialism in Germany Dead.

In what I have written here I have condensed many observations and interviews. The crux of the entire situation lies in the following: Socialism is dead in Germany. Ludendorff and Von Tirpitz destroyed it by destroying German capital. The social democratic movement launched by Karl Marx and organized in Germany by Lassalle and the elder Liebknecht, which for half a century nourished the parliamentary dream of a millennium, which was to be an orderly if somewhat spectacular processional of the masses toward the pot of gold at the rainbow's end, has collapsed. Ebert and Scheideman are today the figurehead representatives of this exploded movement.

Social democracy is dead in Germany. The war destroyed it. Bolshevism has taken its place—the substitution of the mailed fist of the proletariat for the day dreaming idealisms of socialism, the arming of men with guns as against minor poets with textbooks. I leave the rest of this story unwritten.

(The writer does not understand Marx. He confuses Marxianism with parliamentarism.—Ed. Truth).

Daily News Company.

THIS IS TO YOU KARL LIEBKNECHT

By S. ZIMAND.

I was the midnight of January 16, when, tired and tortured by the news about the crimes committed by the mob of Berlin, I was glancing over the press comments about this criminal deed. The papers I looked over were the same that only a few weeks ago proclaimed you as the greatest hero of the war. What a change since then! Liebknecht, you dared to be true to what you thought was right. Formerly your thoughts were heralded as the intelligence which some day would be victorious in Germany, and your speeches made and prepared a new Germany.

Those who were formerly your friends turned soon to be your enemies. The formerly much-cursed Majority Socialists began to be in style. You, once the darling of the press, came to be its villian. The press that makes and prepares history now, that explains the why of the stars and sun, that is the almighty world, turned against you because you dared to stand by your convictions. But who cares now for convictions? And who gives heed to the conscience of a man? Today the press reigns supreme, and her voice resounds through the world. Her sisters the small and large sheets, hundreds and thousands of them, are echoing the voice of intimidation, and their voice ring to the sky.

Today dishonesty and hypocrisy are still popular. Those who used to praise you are rejoicing over your corpse. Those who acted as your friends turned soon to be your enemies.

Those who wrote about you as the bravest of this war's heroes are reading with delight about your fate. True very true, that dishonesty and hypocrisy are ruling today. But the time will come when those sheets will be thrown away as a curse of fire. They will all be forgotten, and you, Liebknecht, will come to your own great place and be the guiding spirit of the people in their struggle with soul and mind.

A long time may pass before this will happen. Today we are still melting the chimes into bullets. Instead of the paens of brotherhood, we still have the songs of hate. The earth is still transformed into trenches, and the press is still used as a tool of plutocracy.

But the time will come again when your spirit, Liebnecht, will destroy this world of misery and hatred. The guns we shall melt and make into chimes; the songs of hate shall disappear; hearts will awaken from slumber and the eyes bound now by night will seek for the light.

Yes, Liebknecht, the new birth will come again for the world, and then the closed doors, closed by the voice of lies and hatred, will open again. The truth will be victorious and the lies uttered against you will be remembered as a hideous nightmare. The oppression of people will end and justice will for the first time rule over the world.

The rulers of this world asked why you cared for the destiny of others. The press asked you to be happy for having been chosen as their darling.

Why, O Liebknecht, were you not thankful for all the honors bestowed upon you and work according to the conception of the most powerful rulers and press? How could you, Liebnecht, have pleasure in being the slave of passions which a small group of your called intelligence and holy visions?

I hear you say: "Here lies, the difference between the present rulers of the world and their spokesmen and me; they act for the interest of the small sand, and I acted in the interest of the super-nation. They stand for the present order of things, and I was led by the imagination that inspires a better society."

Yes, Liebnecht, you made a great citizen and a poor slave. You went to the gallows like a Christ, without any fears, smiling derisively at the mob and gladly dying for the ideal for that which you fought all your glorious life.

"Incorrigible utopian!" the respectable liberals will call you. "That is the destiny of every lunatic," will be the remark made upon your faith by your former friends. To all such remarks you had only a derisive smile.

Now you are lying in some obscure morgue and dreaming of the new world for which you fought and died, and which world will some day come true.

From far away you may hear the thunder of the artillery, and the odor of the flowers is mixed with the smoke of the thunderclaps.

On the road you may distinguish the quiet shadows of your father, August Bebel and Ferdinand Lassalle, and the dogs of hell barking hoarsely.

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THE CLASS WAR VICTIMS

THE WICHITA INDICTMENT.

The facts underlying this case really had their start in 1916. In the fall of that year, working conditions in the oil fields of Oklahoma and Kansas had become so unbearable that the toilers looked forward to some source for relief. A few of these workers had previously become members of the I. W. W. and knew that thru such an organization only, could the suferings of the oppressed be eliminated. The result was, that on January 1, 1917, the Oil Workers' Industrial Union No. 450 of the I. W. W. was organized.

Organization B'gun.

The purpose in view of this organization was to organize all workers employed in the oil industry into One Big Union. After being chartered, the O. W. I. U. No. 450 forged ahead steadily and it was not long until branches had been established permanently at Tulsa, Drumright, and Healdton, Okla., also Augusta, Kans.

Everything progressed fairly will until the summer of 1917, when all of a sudden the "kept press" of this oil region started a systematic campaign of villification and lies against the I. W. W., the sole purpose of which was to provoke violence. In not one instance did the newspapers state what the I. W. W. was, nor did they give mention of its constructive program of organization. Instead, on the other hand, these lying shets advocated violence to members of the organization, even to the extent of murder.

Tar and Feathers.

The climax of this damnable campaign came to a head at Tulsa, Okla., on the night of November 9, 1917, when sixteen defenseless members of the I. W. W. were taken to the outskirts of the town and terribly whipped, tarred and feathered by a broadcloth mob composed of the Chamber of Commerce and the police force. The Union Hall at Tulsa was then closed. (For a detailed account of the Tulsa outrage read the pamphlet on "The Knights of Liberty Mob, or The I. W. W. Prisoners at Tulsa, Okla." put out by the National Civil Liberties Bureau of New York).

Official Crimes.

At or about the same time, the hall at Drumright, Okla., was raided by the city police without warrants, and the windows, furniture, etc., demolished and organization supplies confiscated. After the hall was closed by force and violence the members of the organization were run out of town. As a matter of fact, during the entire period of organizing, I. W. W. members had been subjected to all kinds of petty persecutions by henchmen of the oil trust.

Anything to Get Them.

On November 2, 1917, a general roundup of I. W. W. members commenced around Augusta and Eldorado, Kans.—the hall in Augusta at the same time being closed and supplies, organization matter, etc., confiscated. The arrests were made by state and federal officials, without warrants. About a week after being picked up, a warrant was read to the arrested men in jail, charging them with vagrancy and patronizing houses of ill repute and booze joints. Later at a hearing on December 7, the Chief fo Police of Augusta testified against these men, while at the same time this Chief of Police was out on bonds pending several indictments against him for boot-legging. The petty charges against the I. W. W. members only served as a pretext to hold them for a bigger frame-up. At the time of the arrests, practically all the men were working.

Arrest First, Frame-Up Later.

On December 1, 1917, a government complaintw as sworn out at Wichita, Kansas, charging these ment with violation of the "food and fuel" act of August 19, 1917. On the 7th of December, 1917, the men were brought to Wichita, and given a hearing beore U. S. Commissioner Paul Wall. Bonds for some were set at $7,500 and $10,000 for others. The defendants asked that they be allolwed time to be represented by counsel, but assistant U. S. District Atorney Harvey stated that such characters were not entitled to any attorney.

Another member had been arrested and was being held under $10,000 bond at Kansas City, Mo. Two others were held in Oklahoma and still another in St. Louis, Mo. On December 14, 1917, the Secretary-Treasurer of the Agricultural and Oil Workers' Union, (which had joint accounts) was arrrested in Chicago and held under $25,000 bond. This was the only man of the entire group who was served with a warrant at the time of arrest. All were ordered held for the March, 1918, term of court.

Indictment Brought.

While the federal grand jury was sittting at this term of court, they returned a true bill against the defendants, March 14, 1918, charging violation of the "food and fuel" act of August 19, 1917. Again in the indictment, as had previously appeared in the complaint, there was a technical error as to what date the "food and fuel" act had been enacted. Thirty-five men were indicted on this bill and trial set for the September, 1918, term of court. Bail was fixed at $5,000 each.

In the meantime, the defendants thru their attorney filed demurrers and motions to quash. For some reason or other, a decision could not be had on this matter before September 24, 1918, all defendants were gathered in the Sedgwick County jail at Wichita, with expectation of going to court to hear the decision on the motions pending. No one was ever brought to court, because the indictment was so rotten it would not stand exposure before the bar of justice. Although not given out in public, the case was in reality quashed. Now, the fact remains that the ten months imprisonment of these men without bringing them to trial was admission that an injustice had been imposed upon them. The maximum penalty on this first indictment was two years or $10,000 fine or both.

Second Indictment a Vicious One.

At the adjournment of the grand jury on the eve of September 24, 1918, it was learned that another new indictment had been returned against the men, charging five different conspiracies, in a period of time ranging from April 6, 1917 to September 24, 1918. This included the ten months time which the defendants had already spent in jail. What kind of a conspcipracy the men could have agreed on while under lock and key is a mystery and will probably always remain so. Bail on this new indictment was set at $10,000 each. The penalty upon conviction of forty years and $40,000 in fines.

Something or Somebody Anyhow.

The entire document, with its five counts, is a thoroughly vicious one. In one part the defendants are charged with "conspiring to murder persons unknown to the grand jurors," and does not designate when or where the conspiracy was formed or whom they intended to murder. To be precise, this count is a myth.

In another count, the men are charged with conspiring to obstruct and interfere with the selective draft act to discourage enlistments in the army and navy and cause insubordination and disloyalty in the military forces—but in the indictment it does not set forth when or where or how we conspired to do this. As a matter of fact, all defendants registered and answered their calls.

Nothing Definite Charged.

Another charge is that of conspiring to interfere with certain manufacturers "unknown to the grand jurors," who had contracts to supply the government with certain material essential to the war—but, again it does not mention who the manufacturers are or where they are located and neither does it state when or where such a conspiracy was formed.

Further on, the men are charged with violation of the "food and fuel" act of August 10, 1917. Now, here is an act which provides for the punishment of those who hoard, waste or destroy fuel, oil, natural gas, food and farm products,—or otherwise interfere with the production and distribution of same—or with intent to enhance the price thereof. The passage of this law was aimed solely at profiteering. The only persons who can break this law are those who own and control the industries. The workers have nothing whatever to do with the ownership of or setting the price on any article.

Statistics vs. Indictment.

It was also claimed that the defendants hampered the production and distribution of oil. Statistics prove differently. Figures on oil production show an increase of more than 21 million barrrels of oil in 1917 over 1916's output. More oil was produced in the fields while the I. W. W. was there than at any other period. So, where is the interference? In the matter of "food and farm" products, the defendants could not have had anything to do with these, because they are all oil workers.

Charges a Subterfuge.

Still another count charges violation of the espionage act, a spy bill. Not one spy has been convicted on this act that we know of, but on the other hand it has ben applied to those who made an attempt to uphold their civil rights. The indictment goes on to say that the I. W. W. is organized to overthrow the government by force, violence and other methods. As a matter of fact, the I. W. W. has never interfered with the government because the organization applies itself to the industries only. The I. W. W. does not and never did, advocate violence and intends to adjust or change industrial conditions by peaceful methods of education and organization only.

In not one instance can any violence or destruction of property be laid at the door of the I. W. W. while in the oil fields broadcloth mobs and other despicable tools of the oil trust did provoke violence and destroy property (as the story of this case shows) but the gentlemanly thugs were never brought in to answer for their dastardly deeds.

Confined in Filthy Jails.

The defendants in this case have been held in some of the filthiest jails in the state of Kansas. Such places as the country jails at Wichita and Kansas City, Kansas, are beyond human description and not fit for habitation. The one at Wichita is a regular hell-hole. It is wholly unsanitary and is infested with bed-bugs and other vermin to such an extent that it is almost an utter impossibility to cleanse the place. What is more, it is completely overrun with rats, not of the ordinary variety but of the huge sewer specie.

The jail in Topeka is filthy and unsanitary. The place is infested with bed-bugs and a large type of beetle-bug. The jail is old and has been condemned, at the same time being an unfit place in which to confine prisoners. The blankets and bedding are dirty and greasy, while the food is poor and insufficient. (Recently, the I. W. W. prisoners confined there had a five-day hunger strike for better food and conditions. The strike was won. In place of the old, the men got new blankets and beding. They are now served better and cleaner food.)

Useless Investigations.

These jails have been investigated many times, especially the one at Wichita. Just recently, Jos. F. Fishman, inspector of prisons for the department of justice at Washington, D. C., investigated the county jail at Wichita and was appalled at the rotten conditions, filth and vermin existing there. He stated it was the worst he had ever seen.

In such damnable institutions have these men been forced to remain practically the greater part of the past sixteen months. Many ar but shadows of their former selves and about all lare physically weak from the long confinement. One, Jim Gossard by name, died at Newton, Kansas, October 30, 1918, shortly after being removed from Wichita. Three others are mentally unbalanced. One of these, Steve Shurin, (if he has not already been removed there), is booked for the National Hospital at Washington, D. C., for mental treatment.

Another defendant, Wencil Francik, became sick last September at the county jail in Wichita and was unable to get proper medical attention for a period of three weeks; he was finally removed to the hospital. He had been overtaken by the influenza with a quick development into typhoid-pneumonia, due chiefly to the rotten jail conditions. He later had an attack of rheumatism. After spending three months in the hospital, he is now practically a human wreck.

Bail Denied.

Throughout the entire case, the defendants have been held under excessive bail. The amounts have from time to time fluctuated to such an extent that one would think they were regulated by Wall Street. In the period between September, 1918, and March 1919, we have been denied bail. During January, 1919, bonds were supposed to have been reduced to $5,000, but when at least three men came forth with the required amount, the bonds again went up to $10,000 with such conditions imposed that it was impossible to comply with them.

It is evident that this group of men is in the hands of the most vindictive prosecutor in the business. Things that have been denied us are wholly uncalled for. Our constitutional rights have been violated many times. In one instance, some time ago, when a defendant applied to the U. S. Marshal's office for clothes to cover his body, a deputy informed him that it was not the government's intention to pamper him, but to punish him. As much as to infer that he was guilty before tried.

Support This Case.

This case all through its dreary sixteen months has been a rank frame-up and the mere fact that they haven't been able to take us to trial is an admission that an injustice been done. Every lover of Liberty and Justice should, without asking, support this case. Today it is these men who are made to sufer because they stood by the principles of industrial unionism. Tomorrow it may be you!

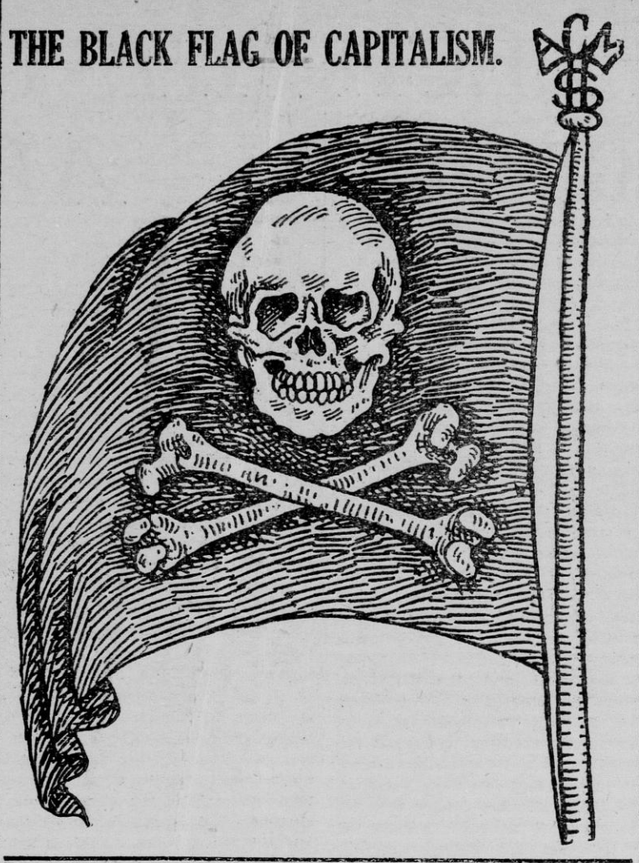
If such an injustice as this is allowed to pass without a protest, then surely civil rights and liberties are dead. Those who are inside send the story of their persecution broadcast to the people of the land for final judgment. The facts have been set before you. All that these men want is a square deal. Funds and publicity are badly needed now. A delay may be harmful. The health of these men is shattered. Get busy and assist to the fullest extent of your resources and influence. Do not delay! Do it today!

General Defense Committee,
1001 W. Madison St.,
Chicago, Ill.

C. W. Anderson,
County Jail,
Lawrence, Kansas,
April 1, 1919.

P. S.—WE TRUST OUR READERS WILL RESPOND TO THIS APPEAL—ED.

THE BLACK FLAG OF CAPITALISM.



FOREIGNERS.

Provost Marshal General Crowder has issued a report which throws some additional light upon "those damn foreigners" who constitute such a considerable element of the American population. On page 462 of his second report he informs us that the total of foreign born men registration from June 5, 1917 to September 11, 1918, was 1,703,006. The desertions reported among these aliens numbered 185,081, or a percentage of 1.7. Among the native-born is therefore about twice as great as the proportion of desertions among the foreign born.

The words that have been uttered and the esntences that have been written during the last few months in condemnation of the foreign-born inhabitants of the United States are scarcely justified by the report of the Provost Marshal General. The foreign born have beaten the native born, two to one, in obedience to this one particular law.

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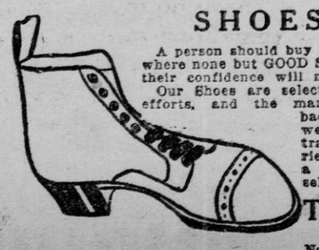
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TROTSKY'S SPEECH TO THE PETROGRAD SOVIET

(Little's Living Age, for April 5, carries an address delivered by Trotzky to the Petrograd Soviet. Here is presented to American readers a picture of the struggle of the Soviet republic of Russia to preserve the revolution. It is quite different from the usual run of "news" coming from that country.)

Comrades.—Two months and a half ago I made a speech here to the Petrograd Soviet and the Congress of Soviets of the Northern Territory. It was just after we had surrendered Siberia to the Czecho-Slovaks and the White Guards, and a few days before we surrendered Kazan, one of the saddest moments in the history of our young Soviet republic, that I came to you from Moscow, where it was decided, at a meeting of the Soviet of the people's Commissioners, and at party meetings, at a time of danger—grave danger to the Soviet republic was born, to return to Red Petrograd and say to the Petrograd Soviet, "The threatening hour of trial has come and we wait support from you." I remember and you all remember, that the Petrograd Societ then unanimously, with true, inmost enthusiasim, which bore witness to its determination, responded to the appeal, and sent hundreds, many hundreds, of the best sons of Petrograd's working class to the front. I was on the Eastern front with them during that month when we were trying to take Kazan, and I watched your representative workingmen, the Comrades from Petrograd.

If we took Kazan, if we took Simbirsk, if we cleared the Volga, it was, in an enormous degree, thanks to those workers whom we sent from here. They created our army there under the enemy's fire. we only sent the raw material there, young men, unconsolidated forces. The living soul had to be poured into them. They had to be welded together, they had to be given self-confidence, a united, centralized command had to be created. The personnel for the command had to be attracted; and, where political control was needed over them, authoritative workers were wanted who would be a guaranty to our soldiers that those in command would not deceive them or bring them into trouble. All this was done by representatives of the Petrograd working class. You took Kanzan, you took Simbrisk, you cleared the Volga, you, the Petrograd Soviet of Workmen's and Red Army Deputies. I told you then that, in our War Department, there was no doubt that we could create a strong, forcible, compact army, and a strong navy, perhaps not numerous for the time, while we are cut short in what we can do as sea, but a navy which can be developed when international conditions make that possible, and international conditions are charging every day in our favor. We have created a river flotilla on the Volga, where, as I remarked at our meeting here yesterday, our sailors have fought, and are fighting, with incomparable heroism. Some vessels of the Baltic fleet, of course only the smaller fighting units, have been transferred there with first-class, hardened, revolutionary crews. There the White Guard are retreating down the Volga and on the Kama, and have surrendered the mouth of the Byelaya. In these battles perished, as I have mentioned one of the best representatives of the Baltic fleet, Nikolai Grigoryvich Markin, the founder of our Volga flotilla, second in command to Comrade Raskolnikov.

We created a Red air-fleet. This is the most delicate form of armament; among the airmen were many elements demoralized by the old Grand Ducal regime, and the profession itself was very autocratic. The airmen do not live as a corporate body (artel, but as individuals, and many of them look down on the army. We were told: "You will not have an air-fleet; they will fly over to the enemy." There were cases in which they flew over with their machines; there was cases here on the northern front where airmen deserted were caught, and, of course shot, but I must say that these were isolated cases; they might create a false impression among you as to the actual feeling in our Red air-fleet. We had many heroes in our Red army, among the infantry and cavalry, and among the sailors, but if you obliged me to award the plan of eminence to any one, I should say that the airmen held the first place in the battles around Kazan. They knew no danger and they were engaged there under the most incredible conditions. They undertook reconnaissances of the utmost importance in storm and by night; they established a liaison service and terrorized the enemy by ruthless bombardment.

There fell into our hands the diary of an intelligent, White-Guard woman, who lived through all this month of strife in Kazan, and there on every page the work of the Red bandits of the air—that means our airmen—is spoken of with horror and hatred. And now thew have been spread out on all the fronts; on the Southern front against the Cossacks our Red airmen will shortly display their strength. I wanted to tell you that our Red Army is spreading itself in all directions, upward as well. We shall establish a durable centralized, strong apparatus, morally sound at heart, because the Red army is bound together by that unity of feeling which the revolutionary representatives of the Petrograd and Moscow proletariat have brought into it. Literally, regiments who came from the villages and were but little educated or enlightened have, in the course of two or three weeks, been morally regenerated under the inflence of leading workmen. I remember one group. The picture just now came up before my eyes. It was one of the saddest and most tragic nights before Kazan, when raw young forces retired in a panic. That was in August, in the first half, when we suffered reverses. A detachment of Communists arrived; there were over 50 of were such as had never had a rifle in their hands before that day. There were men of 40 or more, but the majority were boys of 18, 19 or 20. I remember how one such smoothfaced, 18-year-old Petrograd Communist appeared at headquarters at night, rifle in hand, and told us how a regiment had deserted its position and they had taken its place, and he said: "We are Communards." From this detachment of 50 men, 12 returned, but, Comrades, they created an army, these Petrograd and Moscow workmen, who went to abandoned positions in detachmens of 50 or 60 men and returned 12 in number. They perished nameless, as the majority of heroes of the working class generally do. Our problem and duty is to endeavor to re-establish their names in the memory of the working class. Many perished there, and they are no longer known by name, but they made for us that Red army which defends Soviet Russia and defends the conquests of the working class, that citadel, that fortress of the international revolution which hour Soviet Russia now represents. From that time, Comrades, our position became, as you know, incomparably better on the Eastern front, where the danger was the greatest, for the Czecho-Slovaks and White Guards, moving forward from Simbrisk to Kazan, threatened us with a movement on Nijny in one direction, and in another, with one toward Vologda, Yaroslav, and Archangel to join up with the Anglo-French expedition. That is why our chief efforts were directed to the Eastern front, and these efforts gave a good result. The Volga has now been cleared rom its source to its mouth. And if the Krasnov bands did attempt to cut in again betweeen Tsaritsyn and Astrakhan, near Tsaritsyn, Svetly Yar, and Sarepta, well, as you know, this effort was crushed by our Steppe army, which overthrew Krasnov's numerous forces, overthrew the manouvering battalion of officers, took the staff prisoners, seized all the artillery, and according to the latest information, was pursuing the troops that were fleeing in panic in all directions. The Volga has been freed at Samara and Syzran, and our affairs on the Ural are going incomparably better than before, for, on the Volga, we have freed important forces that are moving far on to the east. On the Ural we have approached Orenburg and Ufa after taking Bugulma. The fall of Ufa and Orenburg is certain in the near future and Ekaterinburg's fate is a foregone conclusion.

It is true that while advancing to the east we lengthen our communications, and this always makes more difficulty. But we must take into consideration the fact that while advancing to the east we are seizing important military bases, for the enemy is retiring everywhere in a panic and is leaving at our disposal enormous military stores, and, what is more important, valuable works which serve for the production of munitions. The result is that not only we, but our military bases, are advancing, and our miltary position is improving, not becoming more difficult.

Archangel and the Murmansk front represented a great danger for us until we became convinced that that expedition could not join hands with the Czecho-Slovaks and the White Guards on the Volga and on the Ural. This danger may now be regarded as past. It is true that in their communiques the White Guards say that they have evacuated Kazan, Simbrisk, Volsk, Khvalynsk, Syzran and Samara for strategic reasons. We, of course, cannot make any objection to all this dirt having cleared out of the territory of the Soviet republic for strategic reasons connected with their operations. But I remember how, when they tried to surround our army in Sviyajsk, they brought from Samara and Simbrisk some officers' maneuvering battalions from newly mobilized regiments. Savinkov Fortunatov, and Iebedev marched at the head of these troops to crush our forces that were struggling near Kazan. They were driven off, suffered a defeat, and issued a communique for the White Guard population: "We fulfilled our task, we retired in complete order in the full sense of the expression." This was not a strategical maneuver, but something else—like the panic-stricken retreat of whipped hounds. So that there is no ground to fear that these two fronts will be joined up. And once this is so, then the Archangel front, to which we, of course, must give our full attention, ceases to be threatening, at any rate for the near future during the winter months. The White Sea will soon freeze, and communication between the expedition and the English metropolis will be interruped.

They will have to retire to the Murmansk coast that does not freeze. But it will not be difficult for us in this land of starvation, cut off from England by ice, to crush the English expedition with small forces. There remains the southern front, and to it I direct all the attention of the Petrograd Workmen's and Red Army Deputies Soviet. It is quite natural that, here you concentrated all your attention on the northern and norteastern fronts, sent your best forces thither and were occupied in sustaining, morally and physically, the forces dispatched to those parts.

And now, Comrades, we are living in times when the lines of international politics are changing their course with immense, with catastrophic swiftness. England thought Savinkov's White Guards were stronger than they proved to be. In the French legation and in the French embassy (sic) I was told that the former French Ambassador, Noulens, just before the Yaroslav revolt summoned Savinkov and told him that on such and such a date he must raise a revolt in Yaroslav. Savinkov answered that this was a hopeless affair. Noulens, in reply, showed him that they must join hands with the Czecho-Slovaks, whose armies were already disintegrating, and, therefore, Savinkov's help was essential. Noulens formulated it in this way: 'Wt do not give millions to your organizations in order that you should refuse to do what we want, and when we want it.' And then Savinkov organized the Yaroslav revolt.

At that time we were weak, but, nevertheless, the Yaroslav revolt was crushed and all the Entente missions were swept out of Vologda. A strict revolutionary regime was set up there, the counter-revolutionary plots were cut off, and the northern operations of the Franco-English Imperialists were uprooted.

They are now turning all their attention to the south, not only because they have suffered defeat in the north and northeast, but first of all, because, for the time being, the interelation of forces has changed. Germany, having brought into subjection the Balkan peninsula, Rumania, the Ukraine, and Trans-Caucasia, was trying to effect a dictatorship in the Northern Caucasus.

Now the situation has radically changed, and the Anglo-French and American plunders have discounted this to begin with. The orientation is now changing in all the Balkan countries. Previously, they were the vassals, the mercenaries, of Germany; now they are making ready to become, within 24 hours, or 24 minutes if required, the subject or half-willing vassals and mercenaries of Anglo-French imperialism. This has already happened in Bulgaria, it is happening in Turkey, it may happen tomorrow in Rumania, and it has been for a long time in preparation in the Ukraine. To the land-owning and bourgeois classes there, it makes no difference whether Skoropadskyism is on a German or an Anglo-French basis. The Ukraine knows that she cannot expect thanks from Skoropadsky, that he will sell Ukrainian land and Ukrainian grain to Germany just as he would to the Anglo-French imperialists.

Then, the Caucasus, too, at present is a place where the endeavors of English imperialism and the weakening endeavors of German imperialism are at cross purposes. Baku was seized by the Turks, but there is reason to think that it will pass tomorrow into the hands of the English. After Baku it will be Astrakhan's turn, and then that of Cris-Caucasia. The Krasnovites, who at present are shooting German ammunition from German rifles, will tomorrow aim all their artillery according to the dictates of English imperialism. Krasnov will carry out these measures without hesitation and in this will unite with Denikin, who continues to carry on Alexeyev's business.

Just now, comrades, the chief danger threatens us, not from the north, and not from the east; this is a more distant danger; the months of this winter will roll by and the spring that follows must come before the danger from the Archangel side becomes a real one, or the Japanese can move their divisions toward old Ural, if their warlike imperialistic pretensions go so far.

The danger in the south is much more immediate; if the Straits are opened by England's and France's fleets, if an Anglo-French expedition appears on the shores of the Black Sea, this will mean a radical change of Krasnov's front, a change of the signal of danger from the Anglo-French mercenary bands, supported by Russian White Guard bands; this means a blow at Soviet Russia from the south.

Germany is too weak just now to be a menace to us. England and France account themselves sufficiently strong still; they are at present passing through such a period as that which Germany passed through during the Brest-Litovsk negotiations, and the conclusion of the treaty.

Germany needed six months to fall a victim to her own crimes. England and France, who reached their culmination six months after Germany, require perhaps six or eight weeks, because history works at a feverish rate, and because the patience of the popular masses is being the more exhausted and indications of a catastrophe are visible in imperialistic politics.

It may be hoped that in a few months, and it may be in a few weeks, the Anglo-French will be weaker than at present, but in the next few weeks they are an immediate and menacing enemy to us. This enemy threatens in a much greater degree from the south than from the north, therefore, all our attention must be directed toward the south. Our first and chief problem is, not to allow Krasnov to cross the front nor to give him an opportunity to join hands with the Anglo-French and receive military support from them.

How is this to be achieved? It is very simple: Krasnov's and all these bands must be wiped off the face of the earth in the next two or three weeks. The Ukraine, as you know, during her negotiation with us, refused to define the frontier with us and stated that it was the territory of the Don Republic there and this did not concern Soviet Russia. Now when we clear the Don Republic of the Krasnov bands, we shall have no frontier with the Ukraine, she herself did not want to have this frontier, and we will seek it in conjunction with the Ukrainian workmen and peasants. The evacuation of the Don territory will be a death blow to all the Ukrainian bourgeosie and to both of the counter-revolutions to the already waning erman scheme, because this will be the ruin of Krasnov, to whom Skoropadsky appealed for military help in establishing Ukrainian Cossackdom; it will also be ruin to the Anglo-French scheme, because it reckoned on Krasnov for the best reasons. In this way it will be a counter-revolution. There can be no doubt that, when the Red Army regiments enter Rostov and Novocherkask, Soviet barricades will be erected in the streets of Kiev and Odessa. A revolution in the Ukraine which, of course, we do not regard with indifference—and we shall occupy the post that becomes Soviet Russia—means a mighty concussion for Rumania and the whole Balkan peninsula. Austria, which is now too closely bound up with the Ukraine, if only from the fact that Austrian, as well as German, troops are quartered there, is being more and more drawn into the rapids of the Ukrainian revolution. The knot of European imperialism or even of world imperialism is tied in the south of Russia, and especially on the Don front. The knot of the European revolution is tied there, together with it, at present, and this knot we must cut in the shortest possible time. We have transferred to that part a sufficient quantity of military forces, we are stronger than our enemy, and we hope to show this very soon indeed; but we need those same Soviet workers whom we had, and have on the northern and eastern fronts, where, by their work, they secured the victories we have gained. So far there are in the south but few of you. Petrograd Comrades! There is not yet in the political or military organization of the administration of the front that revolutionary temper, that hardness and determination, which can only be given to the Red Front by the Petrograd and Moscow proletariat, that, with or without rifles, says, "I am a representative of the Petrograd Soviet, I am a Communard, and I know my post, which I will not desert, nor will I allow others to desert the posts assigned by the republic."

I have been again sent to you, to report that the center of attention of the Soviet republic is now the south which is farther away than the north, but cannot be farther from your political consciousness and your revolutionary preparations, because it is there that the fate of Soviet Russia and the world revolution is now to be decided. I reported here yesterday to the leading Comrades of Red Petrograd, and they, of course, quite rightly drew my attention to the fact that Petrograd has given many men to all fronts; and everywhere I am always being accosted in the train by some Petrograd or Moscow workman who is now president o fthe Executive Committee or of the Extraordinary Commission, or is District Commissioner—a youth of 19 or 20. I know that you have given many men, and those not the worst, to all the fronts in the provinces, but still I feel myself too much a man of Petrograd and a member of your Soviet not to know your strength and what you can do. I know that Petrograd is a Red hydra; cut off 100 heads and in their place thousands of new

THE CLOUDS OF NIGHT ARE BREAKING

By DAVID KARSNER.

The clouds of night are breaking and the dawn is coming up. For long cycles of time the world has been restless under the stress of gloom that stretches its cold clammy hand over the face of the earth. Turmoil, chaos, and discontent clashed with comfort, complacency and luxury until the consistant friction of contesting elements of society produced discord and hatred that smouldered beneath the crusts of civilization until they were fanned into a flame in 1914.

Every 24 hours the world goes through the travail of a revolution wherein night with its romance and terror, envelopes the earth in gloomy mystic veilings. The natural lights of the earth are dimmed and men lay down to rest, some in squalid tenements, some in luxurious homes. But they rest, and are peaceful and quiet until light slowly peeps through the sky of the new-born day that brings duty and desire on the wings of the morning. As this is true within every 24 hours, so is it true within certain epochs when men become restless under restraint and stretch their necks from the yoke of oppression. The world is passing today through such an epoch. This is the drama that is unfolding itself before our very eyes. And he who has vision may see written in red across the sky the scarlet letters that foretell the birth birth of a wonderful change.

THE NIGHTS WE HAVE LIVED.

O God!the nights we have lived! It seemed as though the day would never break. The fearful nights. It was all gloom where we lived. It was smelly and fetid and squalid; and the fresh flush of day never broke through the holes where we lived and dreamed, and where we saw the light only in the eyes of the poor devils who lived in the holes with us. It was a terrible light we saw in their eyes. Light like that of a hunted animal. It was a cruel light that bore no sign of love or laughter, or gaiety or gladness. And sometimes the light we saw in the eyes of our comrades flickered and was dim like that of a candle wavering in the wind. The faces! Will we ever forget the faces that haunted those tenements and hovels and huts where the wolf of poverty hunted his prey by day and by night. Those faces were wan and worn, and coarse and cruel, and it is hard to imagine they had once been the countenances of babies with joy and laughter in their eyes. It was as if these people had always beeen old and grey, and cruelly strong, and pitiably weak.

THE LESSONS WE HAVE BEEN TAUGHT.

They knew nothing but work, work, work. They might just as well have loafed for they got nothing for their toil but a bed of straw and a crust of bread. They lived long in the darkness, and became accustomed to the gloom. That was the pity of it. They were used to the yoke that wore grooves in their necks. Their rags were the badges of their servitude, and their scars were the symbols of their toil—futile, useless toil, so far as it yielded any good to them. But how very useful were these people, after all. They would never speak out. They would never demand anything. The darkness the impenetrable night of their lives had reduced them to whining beggars grateful for the crumbs thrown to them from the groaning tables where their masters dined. But how useful they were! They could always be depended upon to fight their brothers and sisters, steal their jobs, club them into submission for small pay and spy on them. The workless among them were always necessary so that the masters of property might point to their degradation as a threat when the more fortunate humans demanded better conditions of toil and more pay for it.

THE UNDER DOGS OF SOCIETY.

These were the toilers! These were the underfed, underpaid, underdogs of society. They were chained by the very gods that made them strong. Gilded chariots dashed to and fro upon their bended backs. But they—they were too blinded of the dusk to dream, and too sick of sound to shape themselves a song. Gay music from above marked the measure of their hours, and wine that dripped upon their upturned cheeks was to them bitterer than the salt of sweat.

These were the toilers to whom poets sung. These were the people—the wonderful common people—for whom philosophers gave their wisest words. These were the workers upon whose fortunes the social scentiists had staked their reputations. These were the toilers of whom the artists painted pictures which hung in the galleries of the rich as curios of a state of society about which they knew nothing, and didn't bother about it.

These were the people for whom cursades were made, but who never crusaded themselves. These were they for whom wars were fought and who fought them. It was their very labor power that was at stake. It was their potentialities over which the diplomats wrangled at the green tables. They were the balance of power in all social and political and economic reckoning, but they themselves were powerless and voiceless, except in their hovels and huts, where they grovelled at the feet of the prowling wolf of poverty whose thirst they slaked with their blood, and whose hunger they appeased with their bodies.

Such were the nights we lived?

THE AWAKENING AT AST.

Now comes the change. The clouds of night are breaking. The workers are restive under the glare of light that has been let into their lives by the changing tones and colors of world events. They are stirred to their very depths. They see the power of their masters waning, and they are eager to seize it, and utilize it for human needs and purposes. And what is more, they will seize it, and they will utilize it. They have seen the red in the sky, for it is a reflection of their blood let in futile toil and strife, that their masters might prolong their sway and perpetuate their kind.

The dawn of a new day has come, and with it has come new responsibilities and a realignment of the social forces that are ever and inexorably at work. There are certain irrefragable facts of a socially scientific nature supplying the current that runs through the epochal events of the times. The chief criterion is that Socialism is drawning over the whole world. There are visible portents on every side of the earth to confirm the belief. Socialism is a sceintific theory, having nothing to do with right or wrong, morality or immorality sentiment of cruelty. It is an inevitable trend and is coming because capitalism is going. It is the next step that the world is going to take in social experiments. Certain rights now held by propertied and privileged persons will be swept aside like autumn leaves before the winter winds.

There will be some who won't like it because it will take away some things from them. There will be many more persons who herald it because it will give them opportunities they never had in the social strugggle for existence. It will reinvigorate men and cause them to become socially conscious of their social debt to society. It willl create an environment of fraternity and felllowship by striking a balance along the lines of justice and equity in the material equation, giving an opportunity for free play of the spiritual natures of men now cramped by the purely materialistic conflict for success and achievement in whichthe shrewed and the cunning win the awards through the processes of bargaining and bartering with natural resources that properly belong to all.

SOCIALISM—THE MIGHTY FLOOD

The night of the world is passing and the dawn is breaking in the East. This is the time of all times when we must acquaint ourselves with the trend of events. He who is equipped with the knowledge of the forces at work that will usher in this new day is prepared for soldierhood in the world's final war for human freedom and social equality between man and man. They who believe and keep the faith may have to come out on the barricades and do battle against those who may resist the sweeping tide.

Facts are not right or wrong. They are just plain facts. Socialism now is a scientific theory which the trend of events will force into a social fact, and out of the welter of blood the masters themselves have prepared the way for the achievement Like a mighty river, it will flow through all human intercourse, and will cast high up on the shore the driftwood that freely strives to check its course.

The clouds of night are breaking an the dawn is coming up. On the wings of the morning there is being borne the fruit of mankind's tears and struggle for a place in the sun, too long usurped by the lords and masters who did nothing but to unwittingly show us the way to the summit of human endeavor.—

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ones will grow. I come again to you and say: Comrades, before the spring thaw which makes the advanc difficult, we must achieve decisive operations. We must enter Rostov and Novocherkask, clear the Don and plant a firm foundation for the predominance of Soviet power in all the Northern Caucasus. From the military point of view, Comrades, we have done all that we could. We now need a firm revolutionary support. Give us your Petrograd proletariat, gladiators, ready to go into fire and water, and carry whole masses with them; insure our young forces against signs of cowardice and hesitation, give us, in a word, true repreentatives of the Petrograd Soviet, give us all you can of such workers, and you will see that over Rostov and Novocherkask will float the Red standard of the Soviet republic.

IN STARVING PETROGRAD

By ANISE, In Seattle Union-Record.

I read

* * *

In yesterday's paper

* * *

The tale of Frazier Hunt

* * *

Of STARVING Petrograd,

* * *

Nine-tenths of all Ithe people

* * *

Are UNDERFED, he said.

* * *

For Russia is

* * *

RINGED-IN by armies—

* * *

Shut off from her grain.

* * *

The government enforces

* * *

An IRON law of RATION,

* * *

That gives to every man,

* * *

According to the NEEDS

* * *

Of his DAILY TOIL.

* * *

And heavy workers

* * *

And CHILDREN

* * *

And MOTHERS of children

* * *

Are given HALF a POUND

* * *

Of BREAD each day,

* * *

While the indoor workers—

* * *

Office and professional folks—

* * *

Get quarter of a pound

* * *

And a small number of people

* * *

(About one person in forty)

* * *

Who do no work at all,

* * *

But live on their money,

* * *

Get only an eighth of a pound

* * *

From the government

* * *

And have to get the rest

* * *

From high-priced speculators.

* * *

But the government gives,

* * *

Besides the general rations,

* * *

ONE MEAL A DAY

* * *

To ALL the population,

* * *

And tries to take

* * *

SPECIAL care of CHILDREN

* * *

With free school meals

* * *

And text-books free.

* * *

And all NECESSITIES.

* * *

Clothes, and shoes, and rubbers—

* * *

Are rationed much like food.

* * *

Each man must PROVE his need

* * *

To a committee,

* * *

"Because," they say,

* * *

"That whole of Russia

* * *

Is like a besieged ci*y;

* * *

The little that we have

* * *

Must go as far as it can.'

* * *

It was a pitiful

* * *

And most heroic picture—

* * *

A war-exhausted people

* * *

Pleading for PEACE,

* * *

Not once, but many times,

* * *

Attacked by its old friends,

* * *

Who give NO REASON,

* * *

No ANSWER even,

* * *

To its many cries,

* * *

Yet even in despair,

* * *

PATIENT and ORDERLY

* * *

Dividing its last CRUSTS

* * *

As a FAMILY divides—

* * *

By NEED, and not by MONEY—

* * *

And keeping still the BEST

* * *

To SAVE the CHILDREN!

* * *

And then I turned and saw

* * *

An editorial in that paper

* * *

That mocked at starving RUSSIA

* * *

Crying to crush her further,

* * *

Jeering: "She feeds her

* * *

CHILDREN

* * *

Only to corrupt their minds

* * *

And rear them up

* * *

For CANNON FODDER"!

* * *

And I shrank back SICK,

* * *

Thinking: Could any Bolshevik

* * *

And LEPROUS heart as THAT?

* * *

Have so DISEASED a MIND

* * *

In any kind of TEROR

1818 Karl Marx 1919

*This article was written by an opponent of Marx to commemorate the hundredth anniversary of his birth. It was published in the "Vossische Zeitung," a representative journal of the bourgeoisie.

KARL MARX.

By Professor Franz Oppenheimer.

In the winter half-year from 1912-13 I rendered for the first time in public a lecture on the economic teachings of Karl Marx. As a lecture hall I had reserved the largest auditorium, and its overcrowded condition convinced me that I had not over-estimated the attractivetiveness of this subject.

Today, upon the hundrdth anniversary of the day on which this great man was born, I will surrender to the public the introductory sentences of this lecture. They may also at the same time prove that I am not the so-called "Marx-eater" that the party's apologists are wont to make out of me, because in the presence of this grand personality, I have sought to practise the greatest duty of a pupil towards his master, namely; the duty of a constructive criticism.

The introduction read as follows:

"Many years ago a friend living in Rome led me into the church of St. Peter in Vincoli. I walked through the gloomy center aisle, when suddenly both my foot and breath came to a halt. For there, threateningly, sat a giant of white stone, with a flowing beard, his mighty hand tightly clasping the back of a marble chair, his whole body strained in concentrated energy in the next moment ready to jump up and crush the one who had aroused his Godly anger. Michel-Angelo's Moses! Deeply moved and in timid admiration we stood dumb for a while before this man whom Genius had created. Then my friend whispered, 'If ever barbarians force their way into these halls, they will quietly and overawed slink out again.'

"With similar emotions and the same innermost feelings I——always approach the picture and work of the man for whom this lecture is intended. You are all acquainted with his picture, a picture that has been raised by innumerable grateful millions to a holy shrine, a symbol of the deepest longings, fervent hopes and superhuman aspirations for human ideals. You know the wonderful wild-bearded lion-head of Karl Marx—the head of both a prophet and a Moses who was willing to lead his people out of thralldom into the land where milk and honey abound—a man animated by the sparks springing from the heavenly anvil; a man powerful enough to transmit his hopes and will into the hearts and brains of millions, so as to place them above the every day worries and make them strive for higher goals, leading them in a forty-year pilgrimage through the desert without any indications of fatigue on their part.

"He was the man! Nigh thirty years he lies buried beneath the ground, having died on March 14, 1883, and already his personality is emerging out of the history of the past—a man who as long as he lived was obscured by the hatred and partisanship of the parties. For in the sense of Nietzsche he was both a destroyer and a creator of values. He shattered old treasures and set up new ones over mankind. Inconsiderately, in the service of the mighty thoughts which he served, he strode over everything that stood in his way, over rights and privileges, verdicts and prejudices; loud and strong his axe rang in society's forest. Not possessing the time and temperament, he laid no worth on trivial matters or on treating opponents gently. Where such souls burn the neighboring forest burns and many a dreaming bird's nest goes up in flames. Such men have few friends as long as they live; for against them, as against all destroyers of old values, arise the indignation of the small-minded who possess nothing but their good manners and no other thought but to be praised and shunned, because they themselves praise and shun.

'Karl Marx experienced the same treatment. One could have said to him what Detlev Liliencron dreamt of himself in his 'small ballad.'

" 'Hoch weht mein Busch, hell klingt mein Schild, im Wolkenbrusch der Feindesklingen.'

" 'A torrent of enemies' voices.' Truly! And today? Higher than ever waves his standard. This disruper, this utopian phantast, this talmudian scholar, this Hegelianized Ricardian, this bloody revolutionist, it matters not how the other precious epithets may run, has succeeded in gaining recognition. Yes, his standard waves from a lofty peak, and is visioned in every country of the world, where today even professional men must ponder in order to ascertain who is spoken of when his lauded opponents of yore are mentioned. Marx, like Schopenhauer, who was also an outsider, carried off the laurels in spit of the gilds of learning; today, his work is subject to the reading and investigation of all professionals. Everyone must take him into consideration and discuss with him, and no one exists who does not knowingly or unknowingly carry in his mind the ferment of Marx's thoughts.

"However, this memorial day can and should not be devoted to criticism. It suffices to state that this distinctive personality met with the same fate of all great men. Everyone stands under the spell of his time and social group, which set his thoughts and actions insurmountable limits. Not one reaches the final truth; and to no one the critics visioning the past can accord more than that he has placed a new rung into the ladder leading to the height. Every master has had his masters, and his pupils must continue his task, so that they in turn may again become the masters over their pupils.

"This, however, in no manner lessens in one who understands the admiration or gratitude. Therefore, we desire today, keenly inspired with admiration and gratitude, to define the three mightiest advances which science owes to Karl Marx.

"He was the first to establish once and for all the purpose and method of scientific Socialism. Before him, Socialism was a Utopia and sought to invent and explain the 'future of society out of the head. However, Marx undertakes the step from Utopia to science, by alloting to every coming Socialism the task of discovering the future order out of the tendencies of development in capitalist society, can only lead through a comprehensive understanding of the origin and character of the capitalist system of production. I believe and have applied a whole life to prove that the gigantic task which Marx undertook has in several points been a failure; however, this does not in any way deteriorate the value of his achievement—having been the first to formulate the proposition. Principally today it is necessary to emphasize this, because the majority of his followers has again become utoplans and is once more actively engaged in inventing the future order out of the head.

"The second great step forward, for which we thank our master, is the nucleus of his 'Materialistic Conception of History. Only the nucleous if I see right. Here at this point many clinkers can be separated from the metal; but here also the important fact remains that it is not the idea of people that determine their social existence, but on the contrary it is their social existence which determines the ideas. This sentence has become during the two last decades more and more the key to all sociological knowledge, and will remain even if the excessive underscoring of the economic-technologic factors must be given up.

"The mightiest achievement of the thinker must be credited to Political Economy. It was he who fundamentally solved the problem of capital. Before him capital was conceived as a thing from whose premises it was impossible to explain the problems of interest and profit. Marx was the first to recognize that we are not dealing with an abstract thing, but with a relationship between human beings created by a series of things—with a social relation. To his successors he left the comparatively simple task to ascertain the nature of these relations in the light of their monopolistic characteristics. Today we can hardly concieve the magnitude of this veritably herculean power of abstraction employed to penetrated this last mystery of science, to cleanse the conceptions fully of irrelevant matters and to overcome the labyrinth of firmly rooted errors concealing the true solution.

"In deep reverence millions of hearts bow to the great deceased. I will end with the words with which I close my critique of his social teachings.* 'Even if just those results of his work, which the strgling man of the people holds to be the most important, will have to fall, there still remains a scientific feat of first rank, an arsenal of intellect from which coming generations will be able to select their weapons, a cyclopean castle, to which not only the objective opponent but also the class antagonist looks with surprising awe. Karl Marx will continue to live as a contemplator gifted with unexampled sharpness of vision:—as an Economist who combined daring and creative geniality in the perception of theoretical connections with the faculty of a most subtle and penetrating critique of his predecessors;—as an exceptional Historian with a truly prophetic power in the intuition of the historic course of development;—as a Philosopher whose thought bridged as broadly as they penetrated deeply,— as an awakener of the conscience filled with strength, fire and an earnest morality. As the working-class adore him today, so humanity will some day adore him as one of the great pathfinders of happiness and liberty—as one of its great thinkers.'"——

*Das Grundgesetz der Marxschen Gesellschaftslehre, Darstellung und Kritik. (The Fundamental Law of Marx's Teachings, Presentation and Critique.) Berlin, 1903.

GARMENT WORKERS WIN OUT

New York.—After eleven weeks of a strike that was marked by much brutality on the part of the police, the International Ladies Garment Workers have succeeded in bringing the Dress and Waist Manufacturers' Association to terms. About 35,000 workers were invloved. They won the 44-hour week, a substantial increase in wages and the right of union representatives to observe union working conditions. One of the chief points of dissension upon which the employers held out longest was the workers' insistence that an agreement should be reached by which they could not be discharged without reason. They won this point also.

Carpenters Secede

New York.—Declaring that they would form one big industrial union the carpeters, cabinet makers, and mill workers, formerly affiliated with the Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America, on April 13 voted to secede from this brotherhood. This decision follows a long drawn out fight between the officials of the brotherhood and the secessionists. The resolution of secession asserts that the interests of the workers cannot be served by remaining within the brotherhood, and declares "that we organize ourselves and all working in our industry in an independent organization, creating thereby a nucleus around which we hope to build up a big union for our industry, to be affiliated later with other industrial unions."

MAY 1 — THE INTERNATIONAL PROLETARIAN HOLIDAY

The first of the glorious month of May has been accepted by the workers everywhere as the international working class holiday. When the new summer is in its morning, when the buds on the bare branches and the hearts of God's creatures begin to open and expand in love and beauty, the producers in every corner of the world join hands and hearts and hopes. Hopes of a better world—a world of equal opportunities, of co-operation, of eternal peace, thrill the working masses and unify them in an overwhelming consciousness of class. For the first time in five years the working class holiday can be celebrated without the accompaniment of cannons—except for the war against Russia by its former allies.

Never has capitalism shown the bitter injustice and the profound discrepancies of its order more clearly than in the past few months. A war for a tremendous ideal has been won and now we watch the scramble for the spoils. Unemployment is growing a pace, those torn away from their wonted work bearing the brunt of the crisis. Deliberate and organized efforts are being made now to destroy the advantages won by labor as a reward for its enormous sacrifices and its meek acquiescence to dictation from the powers that be. The fight between labor and capital is sharper than ever.

The workers of the United tSates have a sore grievance. The jails are crowded with men and women who spoke what they thought the truth, and spoke it unafraid, who would not prostitute their conscience because of threats, who dared say what is every day becoming more evident—that the class war transcends and is more important than the war between groups of nations. Men and women are confined for terms equivalent to life for consistency in thetir ideals and point of view.

Debs, the loyal champion of labor, broken by a long life of devoted service, old in years but the youngest man in the country in his forward-looking spirit, is a convict. Eugene V. Debs, the most loved man in America. Even his foes do not hate him—they cannot hate him—they fear him, for he unmasks their hypocrisy. He would destroy the system upon which they thrive-buzzards on the carrion. The gentleness of his voice frightens them. The nobility of his spirit maddens the money lords and their hirelings.

The vanguard of industrial democracy, the Industrial Workers of the World, are being persecuted relentlessly. The staunchest fighters in their ranks are now in jail, in Leavenworth, in California—in every hell hole of the capitalist masters. The Ellis Island pens are stocked with brave workers of that organization.

Almost alone among the political Socialist groups of the world the American Socialist Party has adhered to its international ideals. These persistent idealists are paying dearly for their devotion. The national leaders of the party, Adolph Germer, Victor Berger, Louis Engdahl, William F. Kruse and Irvin Tucker, will serve 20-years sentences. Joseph M. Coldwell, state organizer of the Rhode Island Socialist Party, goes to Atlanta penitentiary for three years. The roll is too long to be called in full here. Among the others are Dr. Morris Zucker of Brooklyn, N. Y., J. O. Bentall, of Minnesota; Dr. Marie Equi, of Portland, Oregon; Rev. William Madison Hicks and Orville C. Enfield of Oklahoma City, etc., etc.

The conscientious objectors, young men of wonderful courage, who dared to stand alone against the whole world, are still in jail.

A sore grievance, indeed. And we must demonstrate in an unmistakable fashion our resentment and indignation. There is no more appropriate time than May First, the Worker's Holiday.

EVERY TOILER MUST LAY DOWN HIS TOOLS ON MAY FIRST. NOT A FACTORY, MILL OR MINE MUST BE IN OPERATION. HOTELS, RESTAURANTS, THEATERS, DEPARTMENT STORES, ETC., MUST BE CLOSED ON MAY FIST.

The Workers' Defense Union and its affiliated bodies call for a secession of work on that day. The workers everywhere will respond.

SOCIALISM VERSUS THE STATE.

Socialism versus the Stat©. By Emile Vandervelde; translated by Charles H. Kerr, 229 pp. Chicago Charles M. Kerr & Co.

At no time in the history of the Labour movement has it been more necessary than now that State Control or Ownership should not be confused with Socialism. In our own country, we have seen in recent years rigid Marxists who ranged themselves on the side of the governing classes, announcing that every extension in the area of State control was a step towards the Socialist Commonwealth. It is notorious that our own Socialist- Patriots are now the hide-bound Tories of the British Labour movement, conceiving the movement of society not as the progress of a living force, now flagging, now leaping forward with bewildering rapidity, but as the jog and grind of a machine that wears away in friction. Their conception of social movement is that its forces make for the mechanical state rather than towards a social oranism. Not only do they abandon Marx and keep themselves away from the influence of current Socialist theory; for them, Darwin and his successors, who gave a social application to biology might just as well never have lived.

To combat this danger, the identification of Statism with Socialism, the prolific pen of Vandervelde sets down his reasons against the comforting assumption that by State activity we secure a partial victory for Socialist collectivism. Written before the war, his anticipation that the continuous increase in the sums required by European Governments would compel the nationalization of industries for purpose of revenue is entirely justified by the events of recent years. Indeed, the outstanding sociological effect of the war is the enormous impetus it has given to the tendencies that make for the concentration of capital, in private and in public hands alike. This is the social tendency and, being such, Vandervelde spends no time in arguing about it. He accepts it, as we accept the sun's rays on the rare occasions that the sunshines in Britain.

Here, indeed, have we traveled a long way since the days when Paul Lafargue and Jules Guesde opposed the nationalization of mines and railroads on the ground that the capitalist State would merely acquire greater powers for the suppression of the workin class. "Who is less free than the State labourer?" asks Guesde, fearing, apparently, that under a system of State ownership the right or power of the workman to strike would be destroyed altogether. If Imperial Germany acquired coalfields and railroads it was in order to sustain at "its maximum power that machine for murder and pillage." The Bismarcks will multiply their control of the "public services," but, said Guesde, the Parti Ouvrier will be faithful to its programmme, the revolution first and the direction of public services afterwards.

That is precisely the order of events which Marx and Engels anticipated would occur when they wrote the Communist Manifesto. Their immediate aim was the formation of a working class party to overturn the bourgeois supremacy by the use of political power. The proletariat were to win the cause of democracy by ruling, then—after the workers rule—they were "to wrest, by degrees," all capital from its owners and centralize ownership "in the hands of the State, i. e., of the proletariat organized as the ruling class." But the course of history is not quite in accord on this point, with the expectations of Marx and Engels. The responsible rulers of the capitalist order are by no means the dullards and incompetents they are often rhetorically assumed to be. They have discovered within capitalism a capacity for adaptation, for the modification of its worst evils, for the legal preservation of a minimum standard of subsistence, for the expansion of wants that staves off the financial collapse otherwise inevitable. Nationalization, which Marx and Engels did not expect to come to pass and which Guesde would have delayed until the workers were in political control, is already applied by European Governments to many important industries. In this country the acceptance of the principle with regard to mines and railways is a question of a few months only.

This departure from the process anticipated by the authors of the Communist Manifesto entails an examination of the attitude to be assumed by Socialists towards the State, in the light of facts rather than of theory. The French Syndicalists, from 1898, when Sorel published his pamphlet "The Socialist Future of the Syndicates," shared with the Guesdists their antipathy to State ownership under the capitalist regime. Carrying their aversion beyond that point, they denounced the dangers of State control, even when the State were the working class organized to rule. That Sorel should have contended that his theory of syndicalism is a tribute to his originality but of no particular importance; the questions that he raised as to the form of control and the methods of administration to be applied to the service, when collectively owned, are of the very utmost importance In the speeches and writings of Lagardelle (who, I believe, has not ceased to be a member of the French Socialist Party) we see still more clearly the added importance of control, in view of thetendencies towards nationalization. At the Congress at Nancy, 1907, he maintains that the political action of Guesde will never "give to the workers . . . the capacity to direct production and exchange." How far we have moved since that day! Lagardelle and the syndicalists looked to the executives of the French industrial unions as the best agents for the management of production. Today, the British Government offers the Railway Workers' Unions the right to appoint members of their Executives to act on the Central Management. Whilst outside, in the world of actual labour, men who have no idea that they do anything which makes for the transformation of society insist that the control of industry shall be based upon direct management by the workers in the workshops.

Sporadic, as yet, in its activities, and with a rudimentary sense of the impracticability of disconnected local effort, this workshop movement is so far from being a movement aiming at chaos, that its effect of current Socialism is more considerable than is coming from any other quarter. Before the war it was barely in evidence and there is no discussion of its content or purpose in Vandervelde's book. Fundamentally it rests upon the conception that the capitalist State can be penetrated by working-class action, as completely as the doctrine of the "reformist" that by a course of palliation we can reach and pass through the portals of the Socialist community. Whilst aimed at the penetration of the State, however, it strives to divest the State of its coercive powers over labour. Thus it confronts the great problem that perplexes contemporary Socialism, causing Vandervelde, in the latter part of his book, to dwell upon the means of securing industrial autonomy under the regime of State ownership.

The functions of the State in industry, and the several forms of management—all so far excluding the manual workers—in Belgium, France, Holland, Switzerland, and England, are examined exhaustively, and it cannot be said that Vandervelde's conclusions, derived from the facts he brings forward, afford much help or guidance in our own immediate difficulties. Vandervelde is occupied with the means of ensuring that the technical management will continue to act for the State industry, and with the possibility of strikes in protest against the arbitrary treatment of labour. The first point carries no danger; the second depends entirely upon the extent and power of the industrial organizations affected. Where a policy is pursued, as by the Belgian Government, which aims at reducing the rights of association to a shadow there will be grave risk that by strikes in the public services the life of the community will be paralyzed. On the other hand, where association is so free that every worker in the State industry is a member of his industrial organization, the heads of the State will think many times before provoking a strike by repression. Not only the power of the State to repress, but the probability of the disturbance of the social life by strikes, will be diminished to the extent that labor participates in the actual control of the work it is engaged upon. Given nationalization, the necessity for preserving "social peace," because of the greater power of labor to derange the business of society, is bound to lead governments very far along the path of working-class management. If governments restrict the right to organize they sow the seeds of civil war! with freedom to organize industrially there is still a possibility that we may achieve Socialism peaceably. For the moment the State may use its armies, but the political and industrial movements among the workers will soon make it impossible for statesmen to say "the Government will use all the resources of the State without the smallest hesitation."

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RED FLAG

EUGENE V. DEBS

A vast amount of ignorant prejudice prevails against the red flag. It is easily accounted for. The ruling class the wide world over hates it, and its sycophants, therefore, must decry it.

Strange that the red flag should produce the same effect upon a tyrant that it does upon a bull.

The bull is enraged at the very sight of the red flag, his huge frame quivers, his eyes become balls of fire, and he paws the dirt and snorts with fury.

The reason of this peculiar effect of a bit of red coloring upon the bovine species we are not particularly interested in at this moment, but why does it happen to excite the same rage in the czar the emperor and the king; the autocrat, the aristocrat and the plutocrat?

Ah, that is simple enough.

The red flag, since time immemorial, has symbolized the discontent of the downtrodden, the revolt of the rabble.

That is its sinister significance to the tyrant and the reason of his mingled fear and frenzy when the "red flag" as he characterizes it, insults his vision.

It is not that he is opposed to red as a color, or even as an emblem, for he has it in his own flags and banners, and it never inflames his passion when it is blended with other colors; but red alone, unmixed and unadulterated, the pure red that symbolizes the common blood of the human family, the equality of mankind, the brotherhood of the race, is repulsive and abhorrent to him because it is at once an impeachment of his title, a denial of his superiority and a menace to his power.

Precisely for the reason that the plutocrat raves at the red flag the proletariat should revere it.

To the plutocrat it is a peril; to the proletiare a promise.

The red flag is an omen of ill, a sign of terror to every tyrant, every robber and every vampire that sucks the life of labor and mocks at its misery.

It is an emblem of hope, a bow of promise to all the oppressed and downtrodden of the earth.

The red flag is the only race flag; it is the flag of revolt against robbery; the flag of the working class, the flag of hope and high resolve —the flag of Universal Freedom.

PROGRAM OF ITALIAN SOCIALIST FACTIONS ANALYZED

Rome.—In Italy, as elsewhere, the various Socialist factions hold differing views. The movement is represented by three groups: The Maximalists (or Left), the Right-Reformists, and the Parliamentary group. The Maximalists' program may be summed up as follows: (1) To refrain from co-operation with the bourgeoisie; (2) To kindle the revolutionary energy of the masses and to educate in the organized proletariat the capacity for taking the administration of the new social order in their hands. (3) To favor the principle of socialization against that of private ownership: (4) The establishment of the Socialist Republic; (5) Approval of a general strike, the seizure of political and economic power, and the dictatorship of the proletariat as measures for carrying through the socialist revolution. The principal aim of their propaganda work consists in the dissolution of the power of the bourgeis organizations and the mobilization of all the forces of the proletariat. Concerning the inner life of the party, it advocates an intensive activity, free discussion, and stringent discipline.

The program of the Right-Reformist section demands a rapid demobilization, an amnesty, the restitution of the principles of political freedom, the recall of all troops from Russia, the eight-hour day. This section is convinced that the proletariat is not yet ripe enough to take the responsibility for administering the state machinery, they therefore consider the dictatorship of the proletariat to be premature and dangerous until the masses have attained a higher level of culture. They advocate an intensive propaganda so as to develop the ideas of collectivism versus individualism. They also urge closer contact with the Socialist parties of other countries and participation in the International Socialist Congress.

The Parliamentary group has agreed on the following policy: (1) To demand that the Parliamentary session should not be curtailed as was the last one; (2) To protest against the attitude of the Entente towards the Russian revolution; to call for the withdrawal of Allied troops and to prevent all interference in the internal policy of the country; (3) To demand the re-establishment of the liberties of the public; (4) The abolition of the censorship; (5) A full amnesty for all those condemned on political grounds; (6) Approval of Turati's project for proportional representation and votes for women.

In the Italian Chamber, Labriola vigorously attacked the League of Nations. He made a spirited defense of the Bolshevist regime in Russia and denounced the campaign of calumnies directed against it. There have been huge demonstrations of protest against intervention in Russia in a large number of Italian towns.

Sarrati, editor of Avanti, has been set at liberty; he was welcomed by huge crowds in Milan, and the same day he spoke in favor of a total amnesty for all politicals and against intervention in Russian. (The Call, London, March 27, 1919.)

HAIL TO THE REVOLUTION!

At the dawn of May Day my hearty hail goes out to all the workers of the world. They are my comrades, and I covet no higher honor than to share their lot and no greater wealth than to have their respect and love.

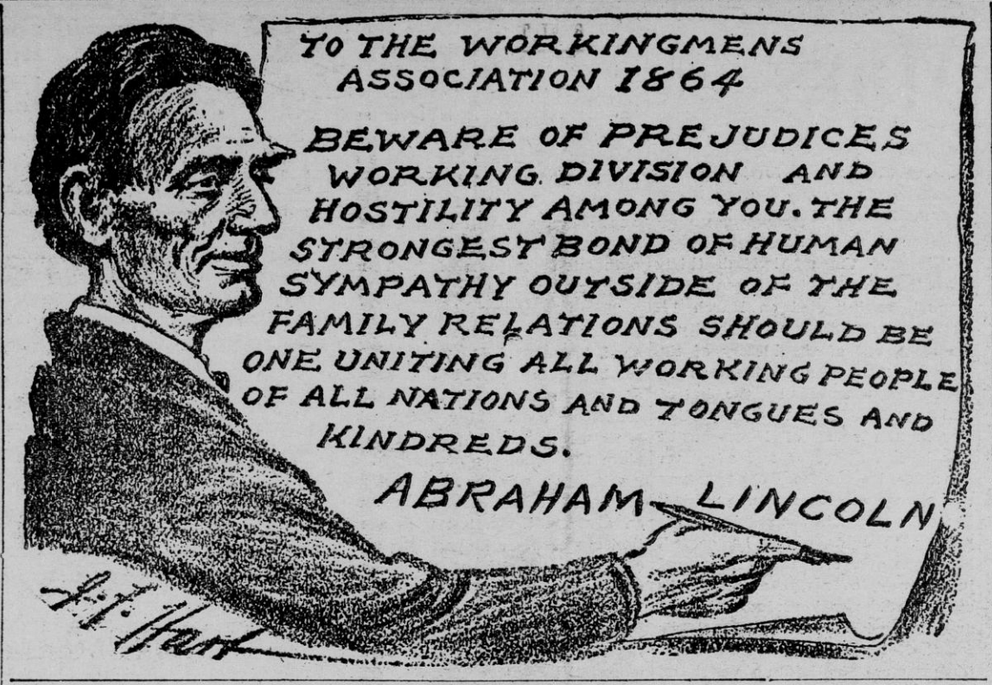
And I include them all, on equal terms, regardless of race or creed or sex; and my loving greeting goes out to them all as it follows the sunrise around the world.

For centuries and centuries these workers, these doers and makers of all things, these living and breathing foundation-stones of the social fabric, have been loaded with fetters and bowed to the earth; but at last—at last!—touched by the magic of their common misery and inspired by the genius of solidarity, their latent power is beginning to pulse in their veins, they are learning to stand erect, and as they lift their eyes they behold that a new sun has risen in their somber skies.

In their long travail their unpolluted hearts kept time, and now they beat in unison as the one great heart of the human race. With the love-light in their eyes and their hands outstretched they greet each other as "Comrade," while in their united heart throbs may be heard the drum beats of the Proletarian Revolution.

All hail the sons and daughters of this glorified international host, with whom I proudly march to Victory or Death.

EUGENE V. DEBS.



THE JUNGLE

By JOHN GABRIEL SOLTIS

The jungle was astir with a variegated activity. There were about 20 guests present. The jungle itself was an ideal one, and it was referred to in words of respect and admiration by the migratory workers everywhere.

The day was severely hot; one of those burning days of August, when the silver threads of heat play in the air. The jungle was located near a railroad trestle, on the brink of a swiftly running stream, as cold and clear as a star in January. It was generously sheltered by a cluster of old elm trees.

A group of men, their bare breasts exposed to the sun, were washing their clothes in the stream. Some were shaving in the tonsorial parlor, improvised against a trunk of a tree. The jungle cook was busy preparing the "slum guillion," a dish whose richness and piquancy is known only to the guests of a road jungle and whose praises are sung by all who have imbibed of the sacred dish; others were reading in the library, consisting of recent issues of radical labor magazines and papers. It also cotained several old copies of novels, contributed to the jungle literary by Socialists of the town.

The jungle possessed plenty of tinware, cutlery and cooking utensils. The table was made out of several planks, stretching from tree to tree. Here, in this jungle, the migratory workers enjoyed the luxury of a bourgeoise home, including the bath. Hence, its reputation.

For miles around the jungle the ripened, golden grain swayed in the fields, awaiting the hand of the toilers. These men in the jungle had gathered from the ends of America to harvest the crop. They came from the automobile shops of Detroit; from the steel plants of Pittsburgh; from the slopes of the Pacific coast, and the Atlantic seaboard. They were, in most cases skilled mechanics, thrust out of work. They were young, middle-aged and old. Before their labor was required on the land the newspapers and respectable people generally callled them hoboes and tramps. When, however, they were wanted to garner the crops, then the newspapers and cultured folks modified their opinions about the migratory worker in accordance with good Christian precepts and self-interest.

"Allright, feller slum gullion's ready," the cook announced.

The men seated themselves to the dinner, using boxes, old stumps and broken chairs for seats. They ate with a ravenous appetite, and the meal was wholesome.

There was one man absent from the table, he was Ralph Gibney, the field delegate of the Agricultural Workers' Union. Gibney was in town, a mile straight west from the jungle, attending o the business of the union.

When the men had finished with their repast the stocky form of Gibney was seen moving rapidly toward the jungle. Underneath his arm he carried several Fargo and Minneapolis papers. When he appeared at the head of the railroad trestle, Gibney entered the jungle. He flung the papers on the table and said:

"Boys the business men in town are all glad about this war. I heard the banker say that it was a good market for American wheat. Some Christians, eh?"

"Well, Gibney, I also say that this war is a good thing, if only it lasts a while."

These words were uttered by Anton Razwicki, a Russian Pole, with a strain of Jewish blood in his veins. Anton was a Russian exile. He was in the Russian revolution of 1905-6, and was wounded in the shoulder by a Cossack in the course of a demonstration held in Theater Square, Warsaw. He fled to the United States after the debacle.

Anton was a very intelligent person, a subtle philosopher of the proletariat. He spoke four languages with ease, and knew personally the leaders of the Russian revolutionary movement. He possessed a pleasing personality. He was tall, slender and muscular. His complexion was slightly dark, and he had beautiful black eyes which radiated a fire of passionate revolt against civilization.

"You're always saying something strange," Woods protested to Anton.

Woods was a Scot from the banks of the Clyde, a center of Christian Socialism. He was impregnated with a mass of humanitarian ideas.

"It might sound strange, I'll admit, but in considering this war from the point of view of the masses we must adopt the same attitude that the banker did when he pointed out its commercial possibilities to the dominant economic class. You see, he eliminated the sentimental element altogether. That attitude, as you know, is a peculiar virtue of the master class," Anton said.

The men listened to Anton, as if he was a prophet.

Anton continued; "The working class learns only by experience. An appeal to its intellect is useless; it has no intellect. Does its toleration of brutality and murder upon it point to its reason? Certainly not. The working class is like a babe; as its circle of experience widens, so does its knowledge and comprehension. This war will be a cataclysmic experience for it. The concept of power will be grasped by it through the intermediary of experience. The intellectual, with his copy of Karl Marx and dessertations on the theory of surplus value, is as nothing compared to this taste of real force which the working class gets in war. It is experience. But, you will say, what about the horror of it? I, a Russian, have seen plenty of horrors. I have seen women bayoneted in the breast, their warm blood gushing on my clothes. I have seen the delicate forms of babes mangled under the hoofs of horses, their life extinguished as if it was a candlelight. I have seen masses of human beings mowed down by a rain of steel, slaughtered in cold blood, worse than if they were dogs. All these horrors I have seen with my own eyes; nevertheless, what are they, after all compared to the eternal massacre of our class which goes on daily under our very eyes in the mills, mines, factories, workshops, railroads, etc.? They are insignificant. But the power which the workers will get out of the experience of war will put an end, once and forever to all of these horrors. Therein, I say, one finds the war to be a great blessing. It is paradoxical. However, it is, I think, true'.'

Anton left his listeners to read the details of the declaration of war. The men formed separate groups, and plunged into a heated discussion of the war, such as is not heard in the classroom of universities or the columns of ungodly daily papers. Larry Clancy, a Southern lad from New Orleans, who was a budding poet, and spoke a charming Southern dialect, expressed himself on the question of race hatred:

"To me, the various nations symbolize so many flowers. France, the home of cosmopolitan culture and the spiritual mother of all free souls, appears akin to a violet; she is naive, sedate and artistic. Russia is like a lily, whose soul is soft and ender. England reminds me of a sunflower; she is extremely practical and utilitarian. America resembles a rosebud just breaking into bloom; she is full of promise. Germany is like a ponderous rose; she is intricate, yet symmetrical. Italy, whose soul is musical, typifies a dotted pansy."

Wihle the men were occupied with argument, a change in the weather was perceptible. A northwestern wind commenced to blow, steadily increasing its velocity. The leaves on the trees looked as if they had a desire to run away from the limbs, but the limbs themselves held on for dear life. The vast fields of golden grain were transformed into a sea of waves, very beautiful to behold. A mass of dark clouds were slowly creeping in the heavens. Soon purple flashes of lightning blazed the horizon. It thundered terribly, as if the heavens were cracking, ready to fall upon the earth. The men in the jungle put all their things away and ran under the trestle for shelter. The beasts in the pastures stampeded one another. The horses ran about wildly, knocking the cows and calves to the earth, and gashing their own flesh by running into barbed wire fences, their blood pouring on the ground. Human voices rent the air, calling out to those in the fields to hasten home. Nature was in a very ugly mood.

It began to rain hail of the size of small marbles. The lasted for about 10 minutes. Then the rain fell. The way it poured one would have imagined that there was a great ocean pent up in the skies, which had now broken out. The stream raised rapidly, overflowing the banks. It thundered and thundered. The gale blew fearfully. Then gradually it subsided. The sun shone again. The storm was over. The men came out of their hiding.

In one hour nature had wrought a great change in the country. Where an hour ago there was a fair promise of abundance and life, now after the storm, it was reduced to a sad panorama of mad ruin and desolation. The grain was beaten to the ground. The conrfields were a net of entanglements. Fences and barns were overturned. Here and there lay a beast with his hoofs in the air. All this was the swift work of nature. The men gazed at the destruction, amazed at the havoc wrought.

"My friends," said Anton, as he viewed the scene, "look at the force of nature. In this work of destruction nature ignored the sentimental element. She destroyed blindly. She is inexorable in all her works. Today, in Europe, she is only pursuing her normal course. She is applying force there also. The destruction there, however, will be our criminal society. Ah! what a splendid teacher she is!"

This last phrase Anton let out of his mouth with a queer sort of enthusiasm.

"You're a mystery," one of the men said to Anton, as they entered the town to help the farmers.

ECONOMIC AND SOCIAL STUDIES

By SCOTT NEARING,
Of the Rand School, New York City.

THE OTHER FOOT.

President Wilson, in his second inaugural address, (March 5, 1917), declared that,—"The community of interest and of power upon which peace must hencefort depend imposes upon each nation the duty of seeeing to it that all influences proceeding from its own citizens means to encourage or assist revolution in other states should be sternly and effectually suppressed and prevented." These words place revolution-hatching under the official ban.

Pursuant of this policy, a number of Hindus were arrested in San Francisco and in New York, charged with organizing a revolutionary movement against the British government of India. They are indicted under the Espionage Act and held in prohibitive bail. It is thus that America treats revolutionists.

A committee of twenty bankers, with J. P. Morgan, as chairman, recently committed itself to "such positive action (regarding Mexican investments) as may be taken whenever circumstances permit," (N. Y. Times, February 24, 1919), Six weeks later a General Aurelio Blanquet, described as a supporter of the regime in Mexico sailed from New York with men and money, landed in the West Indies; chartered a vessel, reached Mexico and joined the counter-revolutionists. Thereupon his agents in New York, with an office at 320 Broadway, calmly announced these facts and issue daily bulletins as to the whereabouts of their chief.

The government did not hesitate to indict Hindus for fomenting a revolution against an empire that has subjugated them and their fellow countrymen. What does the government propose to do with the agents of General Blanquet, openly boasting that they are directing a counterrevolution against the government of a friendly, neighboring state?

Is big business financing a counter-revolutionary movement against the Mexican government because of the danger that foreign capital invested in Mexico would be heavily taxed or expropriated by the Carranza regime?

Dare the Department of Justice inquire into the sources from which General Blanquet received his funds? Will the government proceed against General Blanquet's agents with the same vigor that it employed against Hindu revolutionists?

Or is the shoe now on the other foot?

MILK.

Studies made of the Federal Children's Bureau in New Orleans, Baltimore and Washington show that in Baltimore 66 per cent, in Washington 45 per cent, and in New Orleans 70 per cent of the children (other than breast-fed babies) under seven years of age did not receive any milk to drink. The reports were made by trained nurses.

Among the New Orleans children who did receive some milk, only a third were getting as much as three cups daily, which is the amount necessary for normal growth and development. Eight-ninths of the children studied in New Orleans milk supply. The situation this year seems to be worse than it was last year.

Milk for children:—for the children of the working people; for the citizens of 1940. Like the babies of war ridden France and devastated Belgium, the children of these United States are starving for lack of milk. Starving, in the richest nation of the world; starving while able-bodied, idle men and women—parasites upon the labor of their fellows—eat and drink till they can drink and eat no more.

Civilization? Chaos! And chaos it will remain so long as idlers feast while toilers and the children of toilers call in vain for miiy and bread.

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ECONOMIC CITIZENSHIP.

The Constitution of the United States was written at a time when 97 per cent of the people lived in villages and on farms, when 99 per cent of the industry was carried on in homes and in small shops, when there was little communication between villages in the same state and when any considerable shipment of goods from one state to another was unknown. The Constitution reflected this economic situation by delegating to the federal government authority over political issues, which were the only ones of national scope.

Since 1787 the people of the United States have moved into cities and towns. They have developed large industries connected by a network of transportation and communication. Families no longer produce the things necessary for their maintenance. Economic life is a complex network of activities from which no member of the community can escape.

The world of 1919 difers from the world of 1787 as an apartment house differs from a log cabin.

The Russian Constitution in its present orm was adopted July 18, 1918. It provides for economic citizenship in the same sense that the American Constitution provides for political citizenship.

This is well illustrated in the provisions for the franchise. All men and women, irrespective of religion and nationality, who are citizens of Russia and who have completed their eighteenth year, may vote, provided that they have acquired "a means of living through labor that is productive and useful to society, and also persons engaged in housekeeping, which nables the former to do productive work." Soldiers and sailors may also vote, as may citizens who have lost their capacity to work. Following this provision, is a statement of those who may not vote nor be voted for. Included in this list are, "Persons who employ hired labor in order to obtain from it an increase in profits; persons who have an income without doing any work, such as interest from capital receipts from property, etc." The right to vote and to hold office in Russia is thus limited to those who perform a service that is productive and useful to society. Economic parasitism is banned by the fundamenetal law of Russia society.

The Russian Constitution goes farther. Section 18 provides that "The Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic considers work the duty of every citizen of the Republic, and proclaims as its motto: "He shall not eat who does not work." In Section 3 there is the following provision: "Universal obligation to work is introduced for the purpose of eliminating the parasitic strata of society and organizing the economic life of the country."

The workers of Russia living in the 20th century and reflecting the spirit of its civilization, have formulated a basis for economic citizenship. They are convinced that men cannot be free until society is built on the fundamental right of the worker and of the worker alone, to enjoy the products which his labor creates.

One Big Union

Hamilton, Ont.—The One-Big-Union idea is rapidly gaining ground. Already there is a large local, organizing and rapidly gaining momentum in Hamilton.

The movement was launched in Feburay in order to organize primarily the unskillled and some skilled workers, but when the clarion call was sounded at Calgary for adopting the O. B. U. scheme in aCnada, several very active members of the orthodox labor unions interviewed the president of the local. The result was that the General Workers' Union was converted into a "functional" Big Union.

Every worker of brain and brawn is eligible for membership, whether he now be a union or non-union person. Those who are members of existing unions pay the same dues, but are pledged to keep aloft the "fiery cross" of industrialism in their own craft unions.

To prove the mass nature of this new movement it is but necessary to state the following fact: Locals are already in existence in Kitchener, St. Catherine's, Niagara Falls (Ont.), Guelph and Toronto.

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RED FLAG

EUGENE V. DEBS

A vast amount of ignorant prejudice prevails against the red flag. It is easily accounted for. The ruling class the wide world over hates it, and its sycophants, therefore, must decry it.

Strange that the red flag should produce the same effect upon a tyrant that it does upon a bull.

The bull is enraged at the very sight of the red flag, his huge frame quivers, his eyes become balls of fire, and he paws the dirt and snorts with fury.

The reason of this peculiar effect of a bit of red coloring upon the bovine species we are not particularly interested in at this moment, but why does it happen to excite the same rage in the czar the emperor and the king; the autocrat, the aristocrat and the plutocrat?

Ah, that is simple enough.

The red flag, since time immemorial, has symbolized the discontent of the downtrodden, the revolt of the rabble.

That is its sinister significance to the tyrant and the reason of his mingled fear and frenzy when the "red flag" as he characterizes it, insults his vision.

It is not that he is opposed to red as a color, or even as an emblem, for he has it in his own flags and banners, and it never inflames his passion when it is blended with other colors; but red alone, unmixed and unadulterated, the pure red that symbolizes the common blood of the human family, the equality of mankind, the brotherhood of the race, is repulsive and abhorrent to him because it is at once an impeachment of his title, a denial of his superiority and a menace to his power.

Precisely for the reason that the plutocrat raves at the red flag the proletariat should revere it.

To the plutocrat it is a peril; to the proletiare a promise.

The red flag is an omen of ill, a sign of terror to every tyrant, every robber and every vampire that sucks the life of labor and mocks at its misery.

It is an emblem of hope, a bow of promise to all the oppressed and downtrodden of the earth.

The red flag is the only race flag; it is the flag of revolt against robbery; the flag of the working class, the flag of hope and high resolve—the flag of Universal Freedom.

PROGRAM OF ITALIAN SOCIALIST FACTIONS ANALYZED

Rome.—In Italy, as elsewhere, the various Socialist factions hold differing views. The movement is represented by three groups: The Maximalists (or Left), the Right-Reformists, and the Parliamentary group. The Maximalists' program may be summed up as follows: (1) To refrain from co-operation with the bourgeoisie; (2) To kindle the revolutionary energy of the masses and to educate in the organized proletariat the capacity for taking the administration of the new social order in their hands. (3) To favor the principle of socialization against that of private ownership: (4) The establishment of the Socialist Republic; (5) Approval of a general strike, the seizure of political and economic power, and the dictatorship of the proletariat as measures for carrying through the socialist revolution. The principal aim of their propaganda work consists in the dissolution of the power of the bourgeis organizations and the mobilization of all the forces of the proletariat. Concerning the inner life of the party, it advocates an intensive activity, free discussion, and stringent discipline.

The program of the Right-Reformist section demands a rapid demobilization, an amnesty, the restitution of the principles of political freedom, the recall of all troops from Russia, the eight-hour day. This section is convinced that the proletariat is not yet ripe enough to take the responsibility for administering the state machinery, they therefore consider the dictatorship of the proletariat to be premature and dangerous until the masses have attained a higher level of culture. They advocate an intensive propaganda so as to develop the ideas of collectivism versus individualism. They also urge closer contact with the Socialist parties of other countries and participation in the International Socialist Congress.

The Parliamentary group has agreed on the following policy: (1) To demand that the Parliamentary session should not be curtailed as was the last one; (2) To protest against the attitude of the Entente towards the Russian revolution; to call for the withdrawal of Allied troops and to prevent all interference in the internal policy of the country; (3) To demand the re-establishment of the liberties of the public; (4) The abolition of the censorship; (5) A full amnesty for all those condemned on political grounds; (6) Approval of Turati's project for proportional representation and votes for women.

In the Italian Chamber, Labriola vigorously attacked the League of Nations. He made a spirited defense of the Bolshevist regime in Russia and denounced the campaign of calumnies directed against it. There have been huge demonstrations of protest against intervention in Russia in a large number of Italian towns.

Sarrati, editor of Avanti, has been set at liberty; he was welcomed by huge crowds in Milan, and the same day he spoke in favor of a total amnesty for all politicals and against intervention in Russian. (The Call, London, March 27, 1919.)

HAIL TO THE REVOLUTION!

At the dawn of May Day my hearty hail goes out to all the workers of the world. They are my comrades, and I covet no higher honor than to share their lot and no greater wealth than to have their respect and love.

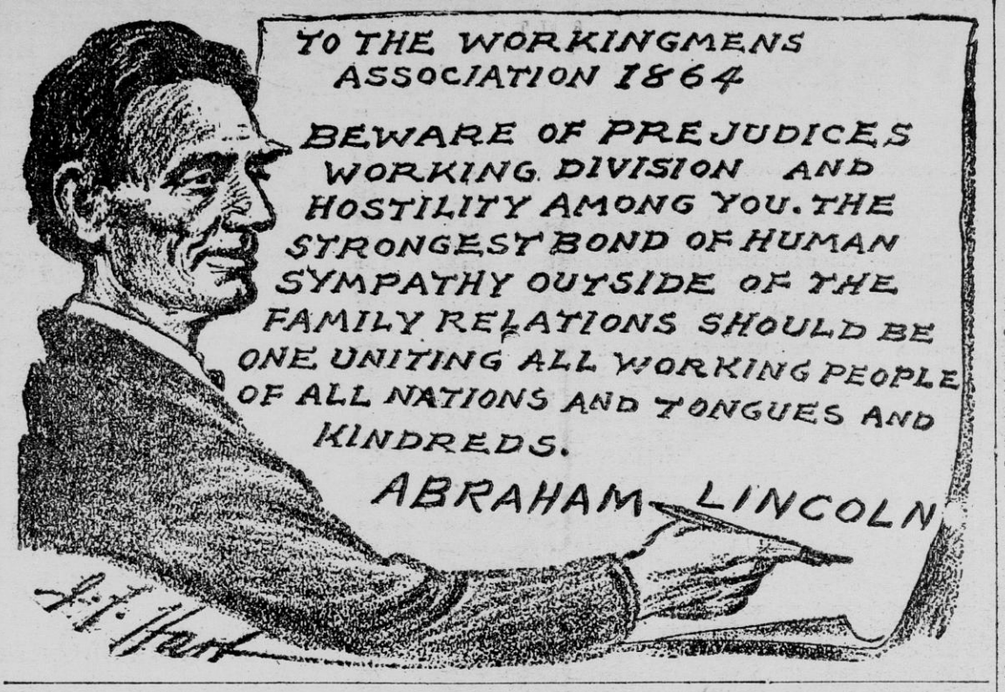
And I include them all, on equal terms, regardless of race or creed or sex; and my loving greeting goes out to them all as it follows the sunrise around the world.

For centuries and centuries these workers, these doers and makers of all things, these living and breathing foundation-stones of the social fabric, have been loaded with fetters and bowed to the earth; but at last—at last!—touched by the magic of their common misery and inspired by the genius of solidarity, their latent power is beginning to pulse in their veins, they are learning to stand erect, and as they lift their eyes they behold that a new sun has risen in their somber skies.

In their long travail their unpolluted hearts kept time, and now they beat in unison as the one great heart of the human race. With the love-light in their eyes and their hands outstretched they greet each other as "Comrade," while in their united heart throbs may be heard the drum beats of the Proletarian Revolution.

All hail the sons and daughters of this glorified international host, with whom I proudly march to Victory or Death.

EUGENE V. DEBS.



THE JUNGLE

By JOHN GABRIEL SOLTIS

The jungle was astir with a variegated activity. There were about 20 guests present. The jungle itself was an ideal one, and it was referred to in words of respect and admiration by the migratory workers everywhere.

The day was severely hot; one of those burning days of August, when the silver threads of heat play in the air. The jungle was located near a railroad trestle, on the brink of a swiftly running stream, as cold and clear as a star in January. It was generously sheltered by a cluster of old elm trees.

A group of men, their bare breasts exposed to the sun, were washing their clothes in the stream. Some were shaving in the tonsorial parlor, improvised against a trunk of a tree. The jungle cook was busy preparing the "slum guillion," a dish whose richness and piquancy is known only to the guests of a road jungle and whose praises are sung by all who have imbibed of the sacred dish; others were reading in the library, consisting of recent issues of radical labor magazines and papers. It also cotained several old copies of novels, contributed to the jungle literary by Socialists of the town.

The jungle possessed plenty of tinware, cutlery and cooking utensils. The table was made out of several planks, stretching from tree to tree. Here, in this jungle, the migratory workers enjoyed the luxury of a bourgeoise home, including the bath. Hence, its reputation.

For miles around the jungle the ripened, golden grain swayed in the fields, awaiting the hand of the toilers. These men in the jungle had gathered from the ends of America to harvest the crop. They came from the automobile shops of Detroit; from the steel plants of Pittsburgh; from the slopes of the Pacific coast, and the Atlantic seaboard. They were, in most cases skilled mechanics, thrust out of work. They were young, middle-aged and old. Before their labor was required on the land the newspapers and respectable people generally called them hoboes and tramps. When, however, they were wanted to garner the crops, then the newspapers and cultured folks modified their opinions about the migratory worker in accordance with good Christian precepts and self-interest.

"Allright, feller slum gullion's ready," the cook announced.

The men seated themselves to the dinner, using boxes, old stumps and broken chairs for seats. They ate with a ravenous appetite, and the meal was wholesome.

There was one man absent from the table, he was Ralph Gibney, the field delegate of the Agricultural Workers' Union. Gibney was in town, a mile straight west from the jungle, attending o the business of the union.

When the men had finished with their repast the stocky form of Gibney was seen moving rapidly toward the jungle. Underneath his arm he carried several Fargo and Minneapolis papers. When he appeared at the head of the railroad trestle, Gibney entered the jungle. He flung the papers on the table and said:

"Boys the business men in town are all glad about this war. I heard the banker say that it was a good market for American wheat. Some Christians, eh?"

"Well, Gibney, I also say that this war is a good thing, if only it lasts a while."

These words were uttered by Anton Razwicki, a Russian Pole, with a strain of Jewish blood in his veins. Anton was a Russian exile. He was in the Russian revolution of 1905-6, and was wounded in the shoulder by a Cossack in the course of a demonstration held in Theater Square, Warsaw. He fled to the United States after the debacle.

Anton was a very intelligent person, a subtle philosopher of the proletariat. He spoke four languages with ease, and knew personally the leaders of the Russian revolutionary movement. He possessed a pleasing personality. He was tall, slender and muscular. His complexion was slightly dark, and he had beautiful black eyes which radiated a fire of passionate revolt against civilization.

"You're always saying something strange," Woods protested to Anton.

Woods was a Scot from the banks of the Clyde, a center of Christian Socialism. He was impregnated with a mass of humanitarian ideas.

"It might sound strange, I'll admit, but in considering this war from the point of view of the masses we must adopt the same attitude that the banker did when he pointed out its commercial possibilities to the dominant economic class. You see, he eliminated the sentimental element altogether. That attitude, as you know, is a peculiar virtue of the master class," Anton said.

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The workers of Russia living in the 20th century and reflecting the spirit of its civilization, have formulated a basis for economic citizenship. They are convinced that men cannot be free until society is built on the fundamental right of the worker and of the worker alone, to enjoy the products which his labor creates.

One Big Union

Hamilton, Ont.—The One-Big-Union idea is rapidly gaining ground. Already there is a large local, organizing and rapidly gaining momentum in Hamilton.

The movement was launched in Feburay in order to organize primarily the unskilled and some skilled workers, but when the clarion call was sounded at Calgary for adopting the O. B. U. scheme in aCnada, several very active members of the orthodox labor unions interviewed the president of the local. The result was that the General Workers' Union was converted into a "functional" Big Union.

Every worker of brain and brawn is eligible for membership, whether he now be a union or non-union person. Those who are members of existing unions pay the same dues, but are pledged to keep aloft the "fiery cross" of industrialism in their own craft unions.

To prove the mass nature of this new movement it is but necessary to state the following fact: Locals are already in existence in Kitchener, St. Catherine's, Niagara Falls (Ont.), Guelph and Toronto.

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KATE O'HARE GOES TO PRISON FOR SOCIALISM



KATE RICHARDS O'HARE has gone to prison for five years. At the upper left is her keeper, Warden Painter, of the Missouri State Penitentiary. The building is set in a high wall that surrounds the prison grounds covering 25 acres. In addition to housing the administration officers of the penitentiary, it contains the woman's prison. Behind the lower row of windows at the right of the entrance are the matron's rooms and those of her deputies. Behind the second row of windows is the dining room of the women's chapel. The women's cell block and the overalls factory is in the rear of the building. So the women eat, sleep and work in the same building. Their "playground" is behind the high wall to the right of the prison. In the shadow of the building is the O'Hare family, Kate Richards O'Hare and her four children. At the upper right is the prison whipping post. The warden told me that this form of punishment had been abolished but there are those who shake their heads. At the lower right is a typical block of cells. Mrs. O'Hare occupies one of these. At the lower left is the entrance to one of the men's cell buildings, visible from the women's prison. It is in this atmosphre that Kate O'Hare has been condemned to spend the next five years of her life, making 55 pairs of overalls each day. How many days of that five year sentence will she serve? The answer must come from the workers of the United States.

KATE O'HARE SPENDS EASTER IN PRISON

By J. LOUIS ENGDAHL.

Jefferson City, Mo.,—I have an Easter Sunday greeting to the toiling masses of the United States and of the world.

It comes out of the depths of the Missouri state penitentiary, here at Jefferson City, from the most noted woman political prisoner held in penal servitude by the dwindling capitalist nations—our own Kate Richards O'Hare.

Before the great war she sat in the world councils of Socialism as the International Secretary of the American Socialist Party. Because of her stand for International Socialism during the war she is now Convict No. 21,669, a federal prisoner in this state penitentiary.

Her message on Easter Sunday, 1919, is as follows:

"This is Easter, and I think it means more to me than any other Easter in my whole life. I feel that I have come just a little nearer to the soul of the universe; that I can touch hands across the ages with all who have walked through Gethsemane and who have found peace for their own souls in service for others.

"It seems strange, but it is true, that today that it is not my loved ones, not even my comrades, that I long to reach with an Easter message of love and cheer, I know they do not need it as some others do.

My own have the memories of long years of love and they can afford to lend me for a time to these poor, despoiled, despairing creatures here. I want you, my children and my husband, to feel that you have only loaned me for a time to those who need me far more bitterly than you do.

"I want the comrades with whom I have worked for many years, not to be bitter if I am taken away for a little while. I am deeply grateful to be where I am today and to have found such a place of service. I am pleased with the arrangements for the children. I know that 'Gene and Victor will be tenderely cared for at Chaminade; Kathleen will be happy with Cousins Mamie and Charles, and that Mrs. M. and the St. Louis comrades will take care of my big boys. And there are so many who need me here. The poor little dope fiend in the cell next to me needs me more than my own do. You have love, and health and the beautiful world; she has only the hellish cry of her nerves for 'dope,' the black despair from the neglect of those who should help her, and the gnawing hunger of her long undernourished body. I can feed her and encourage her and pet her.

"If I were outside today I might be speaking to a great crowd, but I wonder if the fact that I am behind prison walls because I have held fast to my principles will not make more converts to those principles than any words I could say. Perhaps my empty place and silent voice will serve my comrades and my cause better than my presence.

"So do not worry about me, and do not be sad, I am all right and I will come back to my husband a better wife, to my children a more tender mother, and to the Socialist movement a wiser and more efficient comrade."

Kate Richards O'Hare was swallowed up by the Missouri prison on the evening of Monday, April 14, even as Eugene V. Debs had joined the convict host in the West Virginia state penitentiary the night before.

She had therefore spent just six days in convict garb as I sat and waited with a dozen others in the place set apart for curious visitors in the women's prison chapel. The prison warden, W. R. Painter, had told me that the Easter Sunday chapel services for the women prisoners would be public and I had come with the rest.

There would be a good attendance because I had read in the chaplain's report that, "attendance at these services has been voluntary for the men. The women have been required to attend when not sick or excused by the matron." The prison rules and regulations state that " the moral support of religious instruction is necessary for all."

The services were in charge of a social worker from the city. She kept nervously rearranging the bunches of lilacs and the ferns on the raised platform that served as altar. She glanced over at the visitors several times and then she came over to me.

"Are you the minister?" she asked. I confessed I was not. This caused the real minister, who was sitting near to speak up.

A girl thereupon started playing a slow march tune on the piano and then they came, the 30 women that the state of Missouri has picked from its millions and incarcerated here in dungeons. Single file lock step, they came. Their dresses were of the plainest, all of a light blue, with a small whie collar, sometimes a bit of lace, most often not. There was a small break in the line. Then came rebellious Emma Goldman, who also made a speech and got two years for it. She has been here for a year. It was the same Emma Goldman I had heard deliver a lecture on the works of Jack London in Chicago during the early days of the war. She had not changed. The line kept moving. Kate Richards O'Hare walked in as if she were stepping out on the stage of Orchestra Hall in Chicago, or Carnegie Hall in New York City, before some huge mass meeting. She saw all the visitors at a glance, smiled and nodded to me and I smiled and noded back again.

She was the next to the last among the whites. Then came the negro women, and when they had all been seated one could see that the two races were about equally reprcsented.

Easter Sunday's sun poured in through the heavily barred windows as these women convicts sang old time religious songs. Then there was a prayer and the women sat stolidy through the sermon. When the closing song was being disposed of there was a small tumult among the visitors. Something had evidently been forgotten. eYs, a woman had come to tell the convicts a few stories. She was presented, therefore, immediately the song was over. They were good, humorous stories, told well, and the convicts smiled, then laughed, then applauded, and applauded for more. The story tell made a little apology for its being Sunday, and then told another. Even the social worker in charge warmed up to the occasion and admitted that she thought it was the wish of Jesus Christ that we should all be smiling and happy and gay.

Then that slow locking step tune was played again and the line, first white then black, wended its way out of the chapel hall and down the stairs, and out into the women's playground where it broke up.

Warden Painter had shown me a picture of the yoman's prison, taken from the street "outside." He had indicated that the playground was just the other side of the high wall to the right of the building. Of course I was anxious to see what the playground consisted of. I am sure that not even the Warden, a former lieutenant governor of Missouri, is very proud of it, at least that is what I thought as I looked down into this small yard from the chapel window. There wasn't a blade of grass anywhere and the clothesline was still up from the last washday. The women didn't play. They just sat or walked about.

Kate O'Hare had nodded to me and smiled again as she left the chapel with her fellow convicts. I saw her again, through the door that led out into the yard, as I left the building with the other visitors. She semed just as good natured as when she last visited the party headquarters in Chicago. At that moment I hoped that her good nature would stay with her through all these trying days. For here Kate O'Hare has been doomed by a federal court to spend the next five years of her life. It is to this prison that another federal judge, down in Kansas City, has sentenced Rose Pastor Stokes to serve ten years in expiation of the crimes she is allleged to have committed against the social system under which we all live.

'I want my comrades not to be bitter," says Kate O'Hare in her Easter Sunday message to those who will wait and work for her release.

But how can they help it?

Textile Workers Form O. B. U.

New York.—After a two days national convention of textile workers, held in this city April 12 and 13, an independent radical organization, designed to include not only weavers and knitters in the silk woolen and cotton industries, but the machinists and firemen in the textile mills was born, calling itself the Amalgamated Textile Workers of America.

About 85,000 workers were represented, but the One Big Union hopes to take in 500,000 within a short time. As evidence of its forward looking policies, thedelegates, reprelooking policies, the delegates, repretionalities, passed resolutions calling for the withdrawal of American troops from Russia; recognition of the class struggle; protesting against the imprisonment of Mooney, Debs and other political and industrial prisoners, and demanding their release. The delegates also pledged their moral and financial support to the Lawrence strikers.

Furthermore, the holiday usually termed Labor Day was not pleasing to the radical element of the delegates, and it was declared that May 1 be the recognized holiday for the working class. The resolution calls upon all workers—not only those in the textile industries—to observe this holiday.

With a burst of applause, the delegates sent their greetings to the Soviet governments of Russia, Hungary and Bavaria.

Our life was but a battle and a march,
And, like the wind's blast, never resting, homeless,
We stormed across the war-convulsed earth.—Schiller.

TRUTH ABOUT RUSSIA

Wilfred Humphries

member of the American Red Cross & Y. M. C. A., who spent one year in Russia during the Bolsheviki revolution, will deliver an

ILLUSTRATED LECTURE

on

"RUSSIA AS I WITNESSED IT IN ACTION"

at the

Woodman Hall, Sunday, May 11th, 8 p. m.

Workers Opera House, Monday, May 12th, 8 p. m.
6th Ave East & 3rd St.

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$20.00 Raincoats	$14.95

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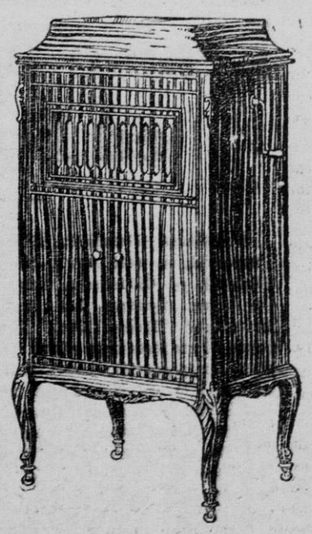
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