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KARL MARX THE MAN;
AN APPRECIATION

By EUGENE V. DEBS.

In his biographical memoirs of Marx the elder Liebknecht says: "Marx, the man of science, the editor of the 'Rheinische Zeitung', one of the founders of the 'Deutsch-Francoesischer Jahrbuecher', one of the authors of the Communist Manifesto, the creator of 'Capital'—this Marx belongs to publicity, he stands before the whole world, the target of criticism, challenging critique, not hiding the smallest wrinkle to the searching eye—were I to attempt writing about this Marx, then I should be guilty of a reckless imprudence indeed, for that is not feasible in the short minutes I can filch and wrest from the unavoidable work of the day and hour."

Just so I feel when called upon in the press of these feverish and fitful days to write something befitting so majestic a theme as Marx the Man, in commemoration of the day, one hundred years ago, that gave this titan to the world.

It seems prophetic of the birth of Karl Marx, on May 5th, 1918, that the centenary of that portentous event should be celebrated by a hundred million of his devotees in the midst of the crash and collapse of capitalism, and in the throes of a world-wide war that threatens the ruling powers with world-wide revolution.

The spirit, the genius, the very soul of Marx are all aflame and incarnate in this the greatest upheaval in ancient or modern times.

But it is not of Marx the revolutionary inspirer and leader that I am to write, but of Marx the Man, and in the presence of such a task I may well falter, for what pen or tongue among us could do it justice.

Marx the Man is too great a theme.

"As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leads the storm,
Tho' round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

Marx is almost too big to write about, and this is said with the homage commanded by the majesty of the man but not with the blind adulation with which unthinking idolators regard the so-called great men of history.

Karl Marx as a scientific and scholarly investigator, writer and author in the field of economic, political and social research, stands pre-eminent before the world. As the triumphant awakener of the long-asleep and the revolutionary leader of the long-enslaved masses of mankind he towers before us a titan and without a peer in history. But it is in his character as a man that he stands supreme and challenges the respect and love, the admiration and emulation of the modern world.

Had Marx the Man been weak, Marx the scientist and scholar had never aroused, inspired and set into motion the masses by his masterly genius and filled the world with the fame of his immortal achievement.

Marx the Man towered even above Marx the intellectual titan of his day.

Stern, inflexible, self-forgetting, and rigidly scrupulous and honest, he presents to us today the inspiring figure of a man.

Victor Hugo began his oration on Voltaire's centenary celebration with the simple yet sublime sentence: "One hundred years ago a man was born." And so we say of our beloved Marx today: "One hundred years ago a MAN was born."

In a world of men there is nothing so rare as a man.

Karl Marx had every ingredient essential to that incomparable thing we know as character; he bore upon his lofty brow the invisible crown of manhood.

There was not a soft spot in his armor and yet his was the tenderest of hearts and he overflowed with tears when he looked upon his own poverty-stricken, agonizing wife and starving babes and contemplated the misery of the numberless victims of the barbarous system his genius had stripped to the skeleton and was sworn to banish from the earth.

What might Marx not have commanded had the moral power of the man not supplemented the intellectual power of the genius?

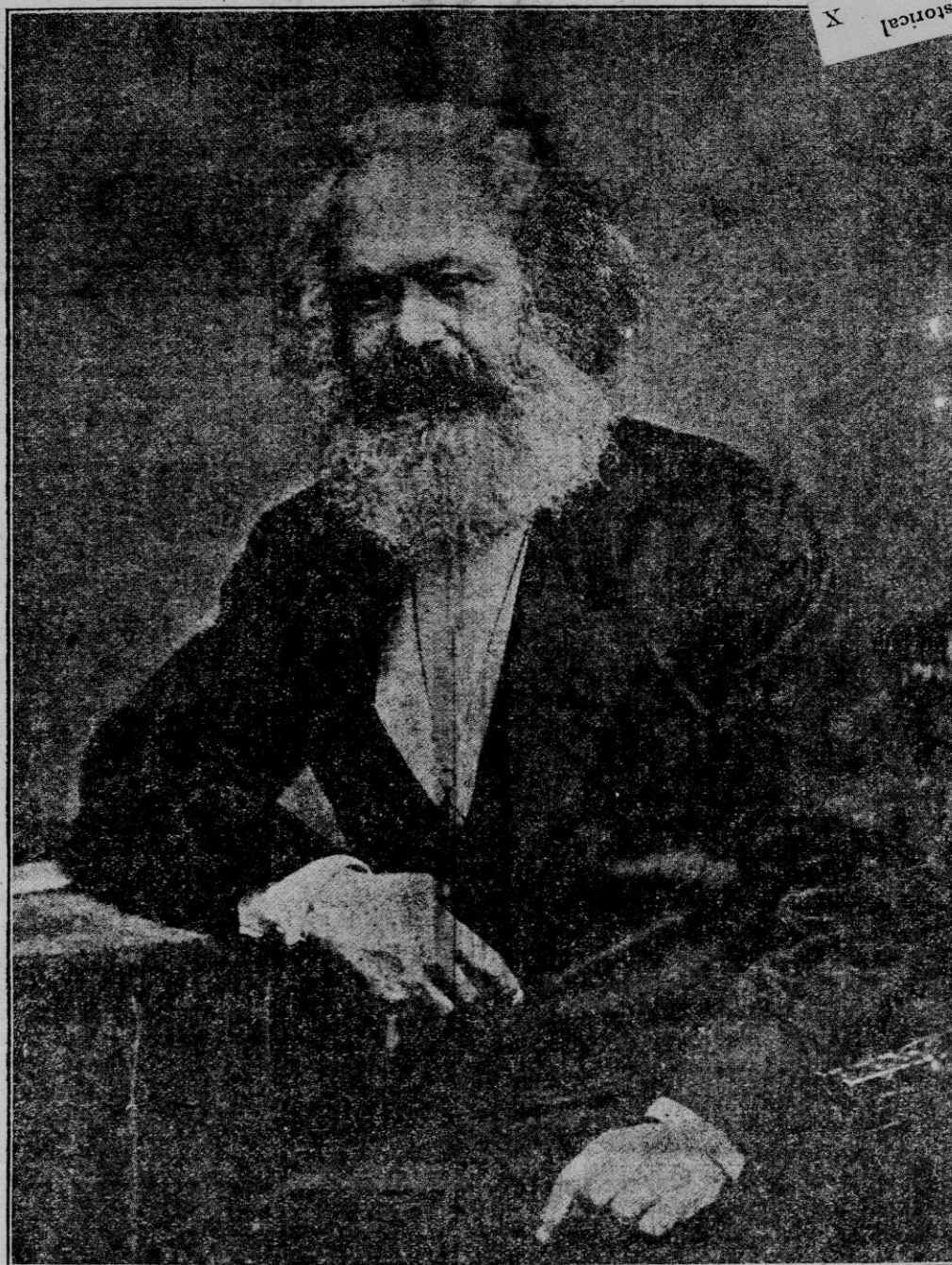
Had he but consented to negotiate, to bargain, to compromise with the ruling powers he and his loved ones would never have been driven into the desert and compelled to eat in cold and tears the bitter bread of poverty and exile. But Karl Marx was immeasurably above and beyond temptation; his lofty character disdained all dickering and temporizing; he stood at all times and in all situations inflexible as granite in his moral rectitude, and though he and his dear ones might be thrown into the street and perish of cold and starvation, he would not, could not pervert or prostitute his ideas and ideals, the children of his brain and soul.

Just as the unquenchable passion of Marx the revolutionist flamed out under persecution and exile, so the inherent nobility of his character as a man shone forth in the darkest hour of poverty that enshrouded his humble home and threatened his beloved wife and darling brood with gaunt starvation.

Oh, the awful price that Marx the Man paid to give Marx the Genius to the world and consecrate Marx the revolutionist to the emancipation of the race!

He loved, aye, adored his beautiful and brilliant wife, his incomparable Jenny of Westphalen and their brood of little ones, but more precious even than these and dearer far than his own life was the great cause, and for this the immortal Marx, the intellectual pathfinder, the moral leader and proletarian liberator suffered cruci-

(TURN TO PAGE TWO, LAST COLUMN)



KARL MARX, BORN MAY 5th 1818

DAWN BREAKS! WAKE! WAKE! COMRADES

By GEORGE R. KIRKPATRICK.

"Is the Socialist philosophy correct, quite reliable?"

Yes. But that is accepted by increasing millions, and just now the technical question of detail precision is not the main question.

"What about the Kaiser?"

Down with him! Down with him! Of course—and the sooner the better.

"What about Roosevelt?"

He should have learned to breathe through his nose. And when he was president he should have sent less frequently fulsome birthday congratulations to that boss butcher of Europe, and when returning from his African hunting trip he should have praised the "preparing" Kaiser's army with less of his brainstorm enthusiasm. But Roosevelt is not the question. He is usually an exclamation.

For the Socialist movement in the United States the prime question, now, is—well, just what indeed is the supreme, immediate, practical question?

Let me venture to indicate what the prime, practical question is now.

Within recent months I have traveled by short stages from New York to Los Angeles and from Florida to Oregon; and I have diligently endeavored to get a correct understanding of present conditions with respect to what they signify for the Socialist movement in this country in the immediate future. Here is my impression:

Never before were the millions of wage-earners so openminded

toward Socialism. Never before was the doomed lower middle class more profoundly impressed with the reasonableness of Socialism. Never before did farmers and farm hands ride so many miles to attend Socialist meetings to listen to the message of our speakers.

Never before did the capitalist press and official reports spill so many big, convincing facts so utterly to the damnation of Capitalism in the minds of the workers. Never before were so many powerful arguments made for us by our enemies.

Never before in any land did a single industrial corporation demand and take more than a million dollars a day in net profit—as the United States Steel Corporation is now doing.

Never before did the Profit method, the Profit motive, the spirit, the Profit purpose, the Profit god of Capitalist industry stand out more unmistakably and Grand:

Never before did the "Leading Citizen" capitalists so heartily deserve the skinning, the terribly harsh and bitter words such as President Wilson recently applied to them in an official public speech.

Never before did any country have twenty-two thousand six hundred and ninety-six millionaires, and never before did any country add seven thousand nine hundred and twenty-five millionaires to its total number as our country did last year—everyone of them grinning and joyously rubbing his itching palms for more "encouragement" while he

piously shouted, "Patriotism!"

Never before—except in Abraham Lincoln's blood-sweating days—was our President so alarmed and disgusted with pretentious and rapacious profiteers.

Never before were boasted high wages so instantly and brazenly snatched back from the calloused fingers of labor by means of high prices.

Never before did so many alarmed plutocrats offer an enraged public such cheap and stupid camouflage as "serving the country for only one dollar a day"—while fleeing the country with outrageous prices and profits.

Never before did plutocrat's silk hat look so much like a sow's ear.

Never before were the plain common people so intelligently skeptical.

Never was competition—boasted competition—so completely in collapse, so evidently vicious and ridiculous, and so frankly confessed to be a stupid failure as now, now in the crisis of nations. Never before did the scientific co-ordination and socialization of industrial functions seem so rational, so common-sense to the plain people.

Never before was the attendance at Socialist lectures so large. Never before did our literature sell so easily, so rapidly. Never before did our speakers receive such courteous and sincere attention from audiences. Never before did so many people courteously and promptly admit the convincing force of the Socialist message.

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KARL MARX AND
YOUNG PEOPLE

By EUGENE V. DEBS.

(Reprinted from the Young Socialist Magazine, by permission of the editor.)

The day and the year that Karl Marx was born—May 5th, 1818—appear in red letters in the calendar of the social revolution. For on that day the eyes of the revolution's prophet and pioneer opened upon the world. In fancy we can see the baby Marx engaged in his first struggle, doing his best and worst in baby fashion to give evidence that he was alive and to have his arrival duly noted. We can next see a little toddler nosing about for suitable opening for his prying activities, little dreaming of the prodigious task awaiting him on the stage of life.

And now it appears the boy, the youth upon the scene, and sober facts begin to jostle rosy dreams in his dawning mentality and imagination.

Marx, the boy, was healthy, handsome and natural, full of the sap and song and sweetness of life. Like all normal boys, he loved to play pranks, and for the same reason he was also serious and studious, and quite early he began to realize that life meant struggle and service and that he must in grave earnest prepare himself to act nobly his part in the great drama that spread out before his awakening vision.

The boy, Marx, in the light of his subsequent phenomenal career, and of the social revolution now thundering at the doors of the capitalist world, presents a vivid theme and a fascinating study for the young people of today who are reaping in knowledge and strength, in inspiration and high resolve, where he sowed in poverty and pain, in suffering and exile, to the very end of his days.

It is peculiarly appropriate that the centenary of the birth of Karl Marx should be celebrated by the Young Peoples' Socialist League. The program of appreciation would be sadly incomplete without the participation of the young people who have been quickened into new life and have had their eyes opened upon a new world, by the magic of his awakening philosophy, and directed toward the shining goal of international freedom and fellowship under his masterly and inspiring leadership.

The heart of every young Socialist throbs faster and keener with the zest of life as he contemplates the lofty figure of Karl Marx in the perspective, and what his coming has meant to the cause

of oppressed humanity, especially the enslaved and exploited workers of the world.

Karl Marx, the founder of modern socialism and of the international socialist movement, was indeed an intellectual titan, but he was more than that, he was in the supremest sense a Man! He had the exalted moral character to match his commanding genius. He was as firm as an oak, yet tender as a babe. He was absolutely honest. He could not dissimulate. He knew not how to be hypocritical. He was a stranger to the ways of darkness.

What he saw with his keen eye and thought, his clear brain, and felt with his warm heart, he also had the courage to utter with his honest tongue and to stand or fall by, without equivocation or compromise.

The crowned despots of Europe who hounded Marx and his loved ones into poverty and exile would have vied with each other in opening wide their palace doors to him and showering him with wealth and honors had he but known how to trim and compromise for the sake of harmony and peace.

But Marx did not know how to make traffic of his talents or how to barter his principles; he scorned to deny the truths he had launched that made thrones tremble, or to betray the trust of the downtrodden who looked to him for counsel and leadership, and this at once sealed his doom and gave his name to glory.

In the harrowing exile and pitiful poverty that followed, the moral heroism of Marx was monumental, and it was during these tragic days and years that his beloved wife, the beautiful and charming Jenny of Westphalen, rose to the supreme height of her noble womanhood and sustained the cause for which they were banished with a courage and fortitude that defy fitting characterization.

Jenny Marx, his beloved wife, shared equally with Karl Marx the bitterest poverty and the most relentless persecution for the sake of the cause we love today, and on this centenary anniversary we hail them both with pride and joy as the inspired prophets of internationalism and the thrice-honored leaders of the social revolution.

DO NOT FORGET TO READ
"THE COLLAPSE OF CAPITALISM."

HOW ABOUT THIS?

Merchants, like all others, must be judged by their actions. If a merchant advertises in every paper but YOUR paper, it would seemingly indicate that he is not very friendly toward the cause of the workers, and not over anxious to have your trade. Along this line, it is a foregone conclusion that those merchants who DO advertise in the columns of this paper, feel friendly toward us, and desire our trade. It will therefore pay you to read the advertisements in TRUTH carefully, and by so doing ascertain who the merchants are who feel friendly toward you and appreciate your patronage.

WOMENS SECTION

THE PEOPLE'S ARMY AND WOMAN LEADER

By LOUISE BRYANT
(Mrs. John Reed)

Maria Spirodonova looks as if she came from New England. Her puritanical plain black clothes with the chaste little white collars, and a certain air of refinement and severity about her seem to belong to that region more than to mad, turbulent Russia—yet she is a true daughter of Russia and of the revolution.

She is very young, just past 30—and appears exceedingly frail—but she has the wiry, unbreakable strength of many so-called "delicate people, and she has great powers of recuperation.

Her history as a revolutionist stands out even in the minds of the Russians who are used to great injustices.

"Oh! Spirodonova," they will say. "Yes, she is one of our greatest martyrs."

Then they will tell you this story:

She was 19 when she killed Lupjenovsky, Governor of Tambov.

Lupjenovsky had as dark a record as any official ever possessed. He went from village to village taking an insane, diabolical delight in torturing people.

When peasants were unable to pay their taxes or offended him in any way at all, he made them stand in line many hours in the cold and ordered them publicly flogged.

He arrested any one who dared to say that he held a different political view from his own.

He invited the Cossacks to all sorts of outrages against the peasants, especially against the women.

Spirodonova was a student in Tambov. She was not poor and she suffered no personal discomfort, but she could not bear the misery 'bout her. She decided to kill Lupjenovsky.

Shoots Governor Through Heart.

One afternoon she met him in the railway station. The first shot she fired over his head to clear the crowd; the next she aimed straight at his heart, and Spirodonova has a steady hand as well as a clear head.

Lupjenovsky was surrounded by Cossacks at the time. They are said to have witnessed a performance as ever occurred.

First the Cossacks beat her and threw her into a cold cell quite naked. Later they came back and commanded her to "the names of her comrades and accomplices."

Spirodonova refused to speak, so she had bunches of her long, beautiful hair pulled out and she was "torn all over with combs."

For two nights she was passed around among the Cossacks and the gendarmes.

But there is end to all things; Spirodonova fell violently ill. When they passed her death sentence she knew nothing at all about it, and when they changed it to life imprisonment she did not know.

They sent her out to Siberia in a half-conscious condition. None of her friends ever expected to see her again.

When the February revolution broke out eleven years later she came back from Siberia, ready again to offer her life for freedom.

Worshiped by the Masses.

It is hard for us in comfortable America to understand the fervor of people like Spirodonova. It is a great pity that we do not understand it, because it is so fine and unselfish.

I once asked her how she managed to keep her mind clear during all the eleven years that she was in Siberia.

"I learned languages," she said. "You see, it is purely a mechanical business and therefore a won-

derful soother of nerves. It is like a game and one gets deeply interested. That is how I learned English and French."

No other woman in Russia has quite the worship from the masses of the people as Spirodonova.

She was elected president of both the All-Russian congresses held in Petrograd within the last six months, and she swayed those congresses largely to her will.

At the present time she is chairman of the executive committee of the peasants' soviets and she is an influential leader in the Left Social Revolutionist party.

Soldiers and sailors address her as "dear comrade" instead of just ordinary "tavaritche."

The first time I saw Spirodonova was at the Democratic Congress.

Orators had been on the platform arguing about coalition for hours. A hush fell over the place when she walked out on the stage.

She spoke for not more than three minutes, giving a short, concise, clear argument against coalition. The audience roared when she ceased and cried, "Bravo! Bravo!"

In the same way that she can stir up hearers she can also keep them down.

"Greatest Woman in Russia."

I have seen her keep down the radicals when a conservative speech was made that she wanted spoken for one reason or another—sometimes because she wanted to smash it when it was finished.

She will stand exactly like a bandmaster, swinging her arms behind the speaker in gestures you are sure mean, "Put on the soft pedal."

If she were not such a clear thinker and so inspired a person her leadership of the physical giants would be ludicrous.

Spirodonova is barely five feet tall. She may weigh 100 pounds, and she may weigh less. She has big gray eyes circled with blue rings and soft brown hair, which she wears in a coronet braid.

She works on an average of about sixteen hours a day, and everybody in Russia pours into her office at 6 Fontanka to ask advice.

"I used to go there and sit and watch her and she would tell me interesting stories.

One day I took in a Russian girl who belonged to the Menshevik party and who, therefore, was opposed to Spirodonova. She sat silent and listened to her for two hours. When we came out on the street the girl stopped and her eyes were full of tears.

"To think," she said, "that with such eyes and such a face she should ever kill a man! Always until I saw her I was opposed to her, but now I know she is the greatest woman in Russia!"

I believe that, too, and I have great respect for Mme. Kollantai, the Bolshevik Minister of Welfare; for Countess Panina, whom Lenin speaks of as "one of the cleverest defenders of the capitalist class"; for "Babushka," Mme. Stahl, who manages the violent Cronstadt sailors, and for many others.

The last time I saw Spirodonova she talked to me about the war and the possibility of a decent peace being secured at Brest-Litovsk.

She did not have any faith in the success of the negotiations, and she was seriously working on the organization of what she called a "Socialist army."

"We have made secret inquiries," she went on, "and we know we will have enough men; they will all be volunteers; there must be no compulsion."

She spoke sadly of the saboteurs, especially of the intellectuals.

"They consider the Russian revolution an adventure and they hold aloof, but the Russian revolution is much more than that, even if it fails for the present."

"It is the beginning of social

revolution all over the world; it is social revolution here in full swing."

The whole country is taking part in it now. My reports come in from the remotest districts. The peasants are very conscious and are making social changes everywhere.

Calls Women More Conscientious Than Men.

We talked about women and I wanted to know why more of them did not take public office since there is absolute equality now and no one thinks it is strange at all for women to do anything that men do.

In Russia today, more than ever, the refreshing attitude of the whole nation is to let every one do, act and say what he pleases.

Spirodonova smiled at my question.

"I am afraid I am a bit of a feminist," she confessed. "I will tell you my theory about it. You will remember before the revolution as many women as men were sent to Siberia and exiled. Some years there were even more. Now that was all a very different matter. It needed no particular training to be a martyr. Political careers are another thing—not at all so fine."

"I think women are more conscientious than men. Men accept political positions with readiness, whether they are sure they can fill them or not. They are used to doing it and so it does not appear strange to them."

Sees in Spirodonova Joan of Arc of Russia.

I remembered something Angelica Balabanov once said when we were discussing the same thing.

"Women," she said, "have to go through a tremendous struggle before they are free at all, so that they take their freedom very seriously because they sacrifice so many precious things to obtain it."

When the Bolsheviks came into power they took over the famous old land program of the Social Revolutionists. This brought about great turmoil in that party. The Right maintained that it was their program and no one had the right to steal it, but Spirodonova and all her wing only laughed.

"What difference does it make," she wanted to know, "who gives the peasants their land—the principal thing is that they get it."

This was one of the reasons that the Social Revolutionists split and the great left wing joined the Bolsheviks.

The left Social Revolutionists are the only party in Russia who rise above party and, personally, I have more admiration for them than any party in Russia.

They are bound to play a large part when the first wildness of the revolution begins to settle down, because they are a reasonable, intellectual party, led by some of the purest idealists of all Russia.

I was not at all surprised today when I read they had decided not to accept the disgraceful German demands, no matter what other party signs them.

The Kaiser will have a colossal task to subdue their unconquerable spirits. I would not be surprised, either, if Spirodonova should become the Joan of Arc of Russia, leading her soldiers to battle as well as through the difficulties.

Message to America: "Try to understand us."

The day I left Russia, Spirodonova gave me her picture. She hates publicity and has stubbornly refused to have a photograph taken. This one she took off her passport. When she was signing her name on the back she looked up and said:

"Never mind saying anything good about me, but do say something about the revolution. Try to make them understand in great America how hard we over here are striving to maintain our ideals." z

DAWN BREAKS! WAKE WAKE! COMRADES

(Continued from Page 1)

Never before was deep-paunched plutocracy so profoundly alarmed.

Never before were from thirty million to forty million armed voters of twenty countries on or near the firing line having such mind-rousing, brain-stirring experiences in such swift succession, shaking these millions out of their old narrow, timid way of looking at czars, kings, emperors, statesmen, financiers, and industrial caesars, and at methods and institutions, and at old, worn-out, moss-grown teachings—these millions soon to mingle with the roused, embittered and thoughtful workers at home.

Never before did a vast world-tide of forces and conditions so vigorously push forward and pull forward and thrust forward a New Order. Never before did the wide world so swiftly drift and drive our way. Never before did society so rapidly and deeply change politically and industrially, and psychologically—mark that, psychologically.

Never before 1914 did our enemies so unmistakably "start something" that so astonishingly grabbed the bit in its teeth and completely ran away with these imperial marplate and muddling magnates and at the same time furnished the Socialist Party of the whole world with opportunity, rare opportunity, incomparable opportunity, sublime opportunity, never-to-be-repeated opportunity.

Never before was such a glorious and beautiful movement in a few short months thrust forward fifty years by big, brutal, blood-stained facts—and that also by its ignorant and malignant, chagrined and ridiculous enemies.

The present was never before so pregnant with Opportunity for the Socialist Party.

Never before did the political situation, the economic development, the needs and sufferings of the plain people, the new psychology of the roused and profited multitude produce and offer in any era such amazing—and perfectly legal—opportunities to the teachers and promoters of Socialism.

Opportunity! Repeat it! Opportunity!

The question, the supreme party question of this hideous hour is precisely this: Will the Socialist Party understand and fully realize this supreme opportunity? Will the Socialist Party rouse and and rise to its opportunity? Do the Socialists understand the primary things, the very simple things, of Social Psychology and Social Pedagogy? Does the Socialist organization see, and does the humblest individual of the membership see the unique opportunity to sweep forward triumphantly in the next few months and the next few years thru local and Congressional campaigns?

Plutocracy from ocean to ocean is tremblingly nervous lest the Socialist Party wake up to its supreme opportunity.

Never before did Today—what we have vision and gumption enough to do Today—mean so much relative to Tomorrow, relative to victories in the Spring elections, victories in the next Fall election, a victorious sweep upward in Nineteen Twenty, the magnificent victories our Party can win all along the line—victories in the workers' new and clearer understanding of Socialism, victories in the workers' new attitude toward Socialism, victories in creating in the minds of the workers a new and distinct expectation of a new order to come more rapidly as a result of the war, victories in creating in the workers' mind and character the knowledge and the will to work with infinitely greater vigor and intelligence for their own emancipation.

Victories? The soil invites the seed. Tomorrow belongs to the working class—if we seize our opportunity.

Don't try to imitate Roosevelt as a mud-slinger. Nor the Republican newspapers.

Keep cool. Quietly, clearly and correctly explain the profiteer—he needs explanation.

And explain Capitalism. Certainly.

But first, last and all the time explain the great fundamental propositions of the Socialist Program. Remember the Program. While the world rocks in this hideous storm, explain what the Socialists want in place of Capitalism.

Keep cool. Be a teacher. The collapse of Capitalism is increasingly threatened with every additional week of the war. The people must be instructed on what to do in this crisis.

WHEREAS, one of the phases of the bitter industrial strife, that has existed in San Francisco, California, for several years past, is the continuous effort of the United Railroads street railway corporation of that city to check all attempts of its employees to organize in order to procure more of those necessities which are essential for human existence; and

WHEREAS, this industrial strife developed in proportion until the Merchants and Manufacturers Exchange, the employers organization of San Francisco, launched forth its supreme effort in 1916 to crush all labor organizations in the city by all possible means, both foul and fair; and

WHEREAS, one of the results of the foul conspiracy of the Merchants and Manufacturers Exchange of San Francisco was the "frame-up" of several leading representatives of organized labor, namely: Warren K. Billings, Thomas J. Mooney, Mrs. Rena Mooney, Edward Nolan and Israel Weinberg, and the subsequent attempt to railroad them to prison and to the gallows with the aid of a corrupt District Attorney and other depraved public servants; and

WHEREAS, the legal battle that has been waged in behalf of the defendants has proven conclusively to all impartial observers, no matter what their proximity or distance to the scene of the strife, that the case against the accused is nothing less than a grave fraud, and that they are guilty of no crime whatsoever; therefore, be it

RESOLVED, that the Workmen's Circle of Superior, Wisconsin, hereby condemns the action of the District Attorney of San Francisco and all other public officials who have served the corporations of that city in persecuting the above mentioned defendants; and, furthermore, be it

RESOLVED, that we join with all other labor organizations in an emphatic demand that the Governor of the State of California, and such other officials, whose duty it is to act in this case, resort immediately to the shortest legal route that will result in the liberty of these defendants, to which they are entitled in the name of law and justice; and be it

RESOLVED, that a copy of this resolution is hereby ordered mailed to the Governor of the State of California, and to be submitted to the press for publication.

Joseph R. Booth
Morris Gold
Committee.

Adopted in regular session of the Workmen's Circle, Sunday, April 21, 1918.

Joseph R. Booth,
Chairman.
P. L. Evans,
Secretary.

HE KNEW



The teacher—I hope you don't believe all you see in the newspapers? The Merchant—Indeed I don't. I'm an extensive advertiser myself.

KARL MARX THE MAN; AN APPRECIATION

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE)

fication on a thousand crosses, sustained by the inexorable faith within him that the hated ideas and ideals he so devoutly cherished would one day flood the earth with light and rule the race thruout the world.

The moral grandeur and inapregnability of the man shine forth in all their matchless lustre today and in its splendor we behold not only Marx the Man but Jenny Marx the Woman who from first to last was his inspiration, his ministering angel, and his unfailing refuge and support. Her courage and fortitude never wavered; her loyalty to the cause was supreme; her devotion to her husband sublime.

Karl Marx and Jenny Marx the adored wife stand before us today, and with infinite pride and joy we hail them across the first century as immortal leaders of the social revolution now shaking the earth and destined to destroy despotism in all its forms and emancipate the race from the slavery of the ages.

THE MARCH OF THE HUNGRY MEN.

By REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFMANN.

In the dreams of your downy couches, thru the shades of your pampered sleep,

Give ear; you can hear it coming, the tide that is steady and deep—Give ear, for the sound in growing, from desert and dungeon and den: The tramp of marching millions, the March of the Hungry Men.

As once the lean limbed Spartans at Loeri's last assent, As William's Norman legions thru Sussex Meadows went, As Wolfe assailed the mountains, as Sherman led the way From Fulton to Savannah—as they, or more than they.

So comes another army your wit cannot compute, The men at arms self-fashioned, the men you made the brute, From farm and sweatshop gathered, from factory, mine and mill, With lever, shears, and auger, dibble and draft and drill.

They bear no sword nor rifle, yet their ladders are on your walls, Tho the hauberk is turned to a jumper, and the jambeaus to overalls, They come from the locomotive, the cab and the cobblers bench; They are armed with the pick and the jack-plane, the sledge and the ax and the wrench.

And some come empty handed, with fingers guarded and strong, And some come dumb with sorrow, and some come drunk with song, But all that you that were buried, are stirring and lithe and quick And they carry a brass bound sceptre: the brass composing stick.

Thru the depths of the Devil's darkness, with the distant stars for light,

They are coming the while you slumber, and they come with the might of right;

On a morrow—perhaps tomorrow—you will waken and see, and then You will hand the keys of the cities to the ranks of the Hungry Men.

Chicago, April 26, 1918.

Jack Carney, Editor,

Dear Comrade:—

I saw your splendid editorial last week about the I. W. W., and it reminded me of page 58 of our edition of the Communist Manifesto by Marx and Engels, where they say: "The Communists everywhere support every revolutionary movement against the existing social and political order of things".

Glad you are sticking to class lines on every field. Congratulations from us all on the good work you are doing.

Yours for the New Era,
Mary Marcy.

THE VOICE

"And as I heard it say to these governments: Your civilization is crashing down. For a hundred years, in all our strikes and risings, you preached against our violence—you talked of your law and order, your clear and deliberate thinking. In you lay the hope of the world, you said. You were Civilization. You were Mind and Science, in you was all Efficiency, in you was Art, Religion, and you kept the Public Peace. But now you have broken all your vows. The world's treasures of Art are as safe with you as they were in the Dark Ages. Your Prince of Peace you have trampled down. And all your Science you have turned to the efficient slaughter of men. In a week of your boasted calmness you have plunged the world into a violence beside which all the blood shed in our strikes and revolutions seems like a pool beside the sea. And you have failed, you powers above, blindly and stupidly you have failed. For you have let loose a violence where you are weak and we are strong. We are these armies that you have called out. And before we go back to our homes we shall make sure that these homes of ours shall no more become ashes at your will. For we shall stop this war of yours and in our minds we shall put away all hatred of our brother men. For us they will be workers all. With them we shall rise and rise again—until at last the world is free."—Ernest Poole, in the Harbor.

THE SHAME OF WEST DULUTH

We were shown the following work-slip of a woman worker who had worked at the Klearflax Linen Rug Company, 63rd Avenue West and Grand:

Date April 23rd, 1918.

Name (Left out for obvious reasons.)

Your Bonus charged with fine of 25 cents.

On account of being ONE MINUTE LATE.

S. D., Timekeeper.

Dear reader, kindly read the above, over and over again. 25 cents for being one minute late. That means if you are one hour late you are fined \$15.00. If you are a day late you will be fined, at the rate of nine and half hours, the sum of \$142.50. If you are a week late it will cost you somewhere about \$750.00.

We are going to invite all the women we know to come to Duluth. Never in the history of the world have such high wages been paid to workers. The Socialist Party and all the labor organizations of America have let us astray. There has been no exploitation of the working class. How can you exploit them, if you pay them such high wages? Why is it that the women who work for the Klearflax Linen Rug Company rush for street cars? Why do they not buy Studebakers and pay a chauffeur to drive them to their work? We suppose they spend all their money in going to picture shows, gazing rapturously at Charlie Chaplin, showing them how foolish it is to work when you can get more by making a fool of yourself. But picture shows only charge fifteen cents, and you cannot waste much money on picture shows. But what do they do with all this money?

Excuse us, dear reader, we made a mistake.

You see, it is like this, if you are a minute late and therefore you do no work, your time is worth 25 cents per minute. But if you DO work, then your time is only worth 20 cents for sixty minutes. Well, if Dooley can beat that, then we will eat our hat. Just fancy the position. If you don't work, you are worth 25 cents per minute, if you DO work, you are not worth that much per hour. Well, all we can say there will be some money made, if those women ever go on strike.

Just fancy the Klearflax Linen Rug Company are paying women twenty cents per hour. For the sum of \$1.80 per day, a woman has got to stand in a stuffy workroom and factory, and breathe of the fetid atmosphere. The people who own the Klearflax Linen Rug Company will be amongst those who bring Billy Sunday here to make the people good. How can people be made good if you do not pay them enough wages to live upon? We wonder how many of the nice "mesdames" who will take Billy to their homes would feel if they had to live upon \$1.80 per day. Shoes are going up in price, clothes are costing more, food is costing more, and still girls are paid \$1.80 per day. The Truth at present is being fought by anti-labor agitators like Armstead and others. Armstead claims that we are unpatriotic and disloyal. What does Armstead and the Commercial Club think about the Klearflax Linen Rug Company? The Commercial Club held a meeting a short time ago and decided to run a Square Deal Committee. They set out with the avowed purpose of making Duluth a better place. We suggest that they start and organize the workers of the Klearflax Linen Rug Company and so enable them to get higher wages.

THE KLEARFLAX LINEN RUG COMPANY IS ANTI-AMERICAN. THE MEN WHO

FOUGHT AGAINST THEIR OPPRESSORS IN 1776 DECLARED IN THEIR DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE THAT ALL AMERICANS WERE ENTITLED TO LIFE AND HAPPINESS. HOW CAN YOU BE HAPPY ON \$1.80 PER DAY? WOMEN ARE PAID \$1.80 PER DAY.

CAN WE WONDER THAT WE HAVE WHITE SLAVES IN OUR MIDST?

Where are the Knights of Liberty? Where are Armstead and King? You were going to get the editor! You were going to tar and feather him! For what? Just because he stood by the workers. Just because he refused to allow his class to be exploited and stand by and refuse to protest against it. You who parade the city, with your big stomachs and small brains. With your big bank balances and your small mental balance. Where are you that you tolerate in your community a firm that will pay a woman such low wages. Just think of it, Mr. Armstead, one bunch of cigars, and bang! goes a girl's wages. Are you not going to say a word about this? OF COURSE NOT, PERHAPS YOU ARE IN THE SAME BOAT. WE SAY PERHAPS, look out, we are going to throw the searchlight of public opinion upon your laundry and we can promise you that we will let the workers of Duluth know where you stand. You with your big bullying tactics, you think that you can stop the editor of this paper. You weigh over 250 pounds, we weigh about half as much and so you boast about what you can do. You told policemen to use their guns. You and the Klearflax Linen Rug Company Directors should be made to work for \$1.80 per day. The work might reduce your fat, and give your brain a chance to work. Your fat is crushing out your brain. BOY, REDUCE!

To the women workers of Klearflax Linen Rug Company, we strongly urge you to get busy, and organize. Pay a visit to the editor of the Labor World, or the secretary of the Trades' Assembly. Let them send an organizer to you. He or she will show you how to get together and by doing so you will obtain higher wages. The butcher's boy did not give the meat to the dog, because he liked the dog. Oh no! The dog got the meat because he had the nerve to fight for it. Go and do thou likewise. Isolation means your damnation. Organization means your salvation.

"The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceedingly fine." Humanity is patient and long-suffering, but mighty in its wrath when once aroused. Some day the workers of Duluth are going to awake to the enormity of the wrongs that exist amongst them. Not today Mr. Worker is your child on the streets, but who knows that when the sod is upturned to make room for your dead body, perhaps then it may be that little golden haired dimpled faced daughter of yours, may be compelled to join the ever-growing army of white slaves. Fellow-workers, do not pay any attention to the ravings of Billy Sunday. Your daughter is a good kid, all that she wants is a decent environment. Why do you not join with us, and give us a helping hand. Come with us this First of May. Let us all join together and sing the joyous songs of a new day. Come, comrades, all and let us all get together and when our pulse is stirred, we shall rise as one man and sweep from the face of the earth forever the system that has enslaved us and robbed our children of their birthright and our women of their joy. We will erect in its place a system of justice, and of security of comfort for all. When that day is fully come, we



HOW TO BE VICTORIOUS

By MARK FISHER.

Both politically and industrially the capitalist class is the ruling class. It rules the nation and controls the industries. To overthrow the capitalist class the workers must take from it both its economic and political power.

As exercised by the capitalist class the economic and political power cannot be separated from each other. By virtue of its economic might the capitalist class is able to rule the workers politically. In other words, the capitalists control the government because they are able to corrupt legislative bodies and executives, appoint judges, control conventions, make nominations, and above all because they control the press of the country and are thus enabled to hold the minds of the people in slavery. On the other hand, the capitalists are able to exploit the workers on the industrial field, because they control the government, make, interpret and enforce the laws.

Every political state is a class state. The government of the United States is a class government. The capitalists, backed by the machinery of government, rob the workers every year of billions of dollars worth of the wealth they have produced. Our

shall hear throughout the world the sweetest story ever told. We shall hear the joyous laugh of the children, mixed with the stories of our aged people, who will not be afraid of poverty in their old age. Comrades, get into line, you are wanted. Men may die, but not the Cause. Big business may get us, but this we know that the Cause will get big business. Out of the night of sorrow and despair. Out of the mire of poverty and misery. Out of the vale of tears. Out through the clouds of despair. Out of the unhappiness we shall march triumphant and joyous into the land of the Co-Operative Commonwealth. Comrades, are you coming? Let those of you who have held back, pledge your faith anew on this the First of May. Let your pledge be for one for the International Solidarity of the Workers of the World. When we have fulfilled that pledge, then, comrades all, the Social Revolution on the morrow.

As we go to press, we learn that Julius Barnes owns the factory. If that is so, then Julius Barnes is Anti-American. We trust that someone who is more able than we are, will take up the question of the wages paid by the Klearflax Linen Rug Company. They might also include Armstead's Laundry,

laws legalize the wholesale robbery of the working class, but there is a policeman on every corner to protect the stolen wealth of the capitalist class. If a worker takes back by stealth or violence the most insignificant fraction of what has been stolen from his class, he is a criminal, is hunted down like a beast and cast into prison. Once there, he is abused and tortured and leased out by the class state as a slave. Then some manufacturer can rob him of the wealth he has produced and have no fear of his getting any of it back.

Unless the ruling class does control the state, it cannot stand as a ruling class. When a ruling class loses control of the state it cannot continue its rule. In the South the slave owners were able to exploit the negro slaves because they controlled the government. When the slave holders lost control of the government they could no longer keep their slaves. They could no longer continue as the master class, therefore they seceded and attempted to start a government of their own. The leading citizens of the American colonies—the Washingtons and Hancocks—could not exploit the colonies because they did not control the government; so they seized the government from the British ruling class. They were then able to exploit the colonies to their hearts' content. The ruling class of England was unable to exploit the workers of the Boer Republic because they did not control its government. So they conquered the Boers. The ruling class of England was unable to exploit the workers of India for the same reason; therefore they seized the government and are now able to exploit the people of India. The master class of America desired to exploit the Filipinos, but were unable to do so because they did not control the government of the Philippine Islands; they seized the government and are now exploiting the native islanders.

Every master class in the past has been able to maintain its rule because it controlled the government. Every rising revolutionary class has overthrown the old ruling class by seizing the powers of government. The bourgeoisie overthrew the feudal aristocracy by wresting the government from them.

The capitalists of today are able to exploit the working class only because they control the government. They pass laws legalizing profit taking and making private property sacred. From this it is easy to see that the

anarchists who ignore the ballot are wrong. As long as the capitalists control the machinery of government they do not fear the working class. Dynamite bombs, or any other weapons that the workers may use do not alarm the capitalist class as long as they make the laws controlling the courts, the police and the army. The capitalists of California gladly gave the McNamara brothers their lives in return for their confession on the eve of the Los Angeles election. The working class were thus kept from seizing the government of that one city.

The revolutionary class of today must win by seizing the government from the capitalist class. The revolutionary classes of the past were compelled to seize the government by force of arms, but the revolutionary class of today can secure control by use of the ballot.

We have seen that the capitalists of today are able to rule us politically because of their economic supremacy. It is in their power to disfranchise the workers if they see fit. If the workers are victorious at the polls the present office holders can claim the election to be fraudulent and refuse to let our men take office. The only legal course open to the workers would be to contest the election in court. The success or failure of the revolution would depend upon the decision of a capitalist court. The only other alternative for the workers would be to fight against the machine guns and grape shot with their bare hands.

The capitalist class rules the working class politically because it is economically the most powerful class. Logically, if the working class is to seize the machinery of the government peacefully, that class must first become more powerful than the capitalist class upon the economic field. The economic strength of the masters lies in their being able to purchase the labor power of the workers. If the workers should withhold their labor power and refuse to sell it to the capitalists, that class would have no economic power. When the workers are organized as a class so that practically all can suspend work at the same time, the working class will become, economically, the most powerful class. From "Evolution and Revolution."

THE RED DAWN.

By JOHN M. WORK.

We Socialists are not hero worshippers.

In doing honor to the memory of Karl Marx, we do not put him on

THE 100TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTH OF KARL MARX

By HERMAN SCHLUETER.

A hundred years ago, on the 5th of May, 1818, at Trier, in the Rhineland, KARL MARX was born, a man, to whom the working class of the world owes more than to any other human being. Despite the raging of the war and despite the thunder of battle, he will, therefore be remembered during these days in all countries and in all tongues, on this and on yonder side, as a man, who has devoted all his rich knowledge, all his great abilities towards the one aim:

The Emancipation of the Working Class!

His rich knowledge! As Darwin has discovered the law of evolution of the organic nature, so has Karl Marx discovered the law of evolution of human history. It was Marx, who established the simple historical fact that all the various forms of human society depend upon how people eat, drink, live and clothe themselves and how they obtain the means of subsistence. Each step of economic evolution of a people or of a period, therefore, forms the basis "from which the political structure of the State, the conception of law, art and even the religious idea of people in question have developed and out of which they must also be explained—not, as has heretofore been the case, but the contrary." (Engels.)

Besides this great scientific discovery, by which human history was put upon its real basis and by which particularly the class-character of all previous society was put into the proper light, Marx has established the special law of evolution of the present capitalist production and the bourgeois society created by it. He discovered that all social wealth is accumulated surplus values: surplus value, which the worker has created above his pay; value, which the capitalist pockets without giving the worker any compensation for it; value, accumulated for that purpose to "exploit the worker with it and by it still more.

The materialistic conception of history and the theory of surplus value—these are the two most important scientific discoveries of Karl Marx. Both of them still form the basis of the entire Socialist theory of today and without them the labor movement of the world would not, even now, have an insight into their real task and no perception of their actual aim. And therein Karl Marx saw his

life's task: he wanted to enlighten the workers of their historical mission; wanted to show them the road to their final emancipation! He pursued his scientific researches not for the sake of science—and there he differed from the ordinary representative of science—but he wanted to put his knowledge at the service of the working class. "Science for Marx a motive, a revolution for Marx a force" and to have placed this revolutionary force at the disposal of the labor movement of the world—that is the great merit of this great thinker and fighter.

And from his early youth the great knowledge of this extraordinary man has been at the service of the labor movement of the world.

There hardly existed—outside of England—a movement of the working class, when the eagle eye of Marx already perceived its historic importance. At that time already he gave to the workers the famous motto: "Proletarians of all Nations, Unite!", which has since become the battlecry of the workers of the entire world. At that time he already began to devote his entire knowledge and his whole power to the realization of this sentence and to prepare the working masses for this revolutionary task. "Because Marx was above all a revolutionist. To co-operate, in this or any other manner, in the overthrow of capitalist society and the political institutions created by it, to aid in the emancipation of the modern proletariat, to which he had first given the conscience of the conditions for its emancipation—that was his true life vocation." (Engels.)

And this vocation he followed when he created the International Workingmen's Association and gave it aim and substance. And he has filled this vocation with his numerous writings, with his work, with all his actions to the end of his life.

And, therefore, today, on his hundredth anniversary, he will be remembered in every hut, factory, and workshop, from the icy fields of Siberia to the sunny coast of the Pacific. And, therefore, today all clear-sighted workers of all countries reach hands across the battle fields and gain consolation and hope for the future from the great words of Marx, which will become reality for all that and all that:

WORKERS OF THE WORLD, UNITE!"

a pedestal, and herald him to the world as having been infallible.

We give him his due—no more—no less—because of his valuable service to the cause of humanity.

Now and then you see Marx's Capital referred to as the Bible of Socialism.

It is an unfortunate figure of speech.

There is no Bible of Socialism.

Karl Marx would be the last man to want us to quit thinking. He would be the last man to want us to accept any book as containing the final word on economic problems.

If he could speak, he would advise us to use our intellects—to accept nothing in his works but that which appeals to our intellects—and to improve on everything in sight, if we can.

And, fortunately, that is the almost universal attitude of the Socialists. Our minds are open. We are ever ready for the admission of new ideas.

In adopting this attitude, we do honor to Karl Marx.

And—that is more important—we insure the continuing progress of the race.

Marx was an investigator. He

was an intellectual pioneer. On some subject he did not have time, and perhaps also lacked opportunity, to investigate. His writings show that he was not always devoid of passion and prejudice. He was sometimes lacking in the scientific spirit—which is utterly dispassionate and follows the facts whithersoever they lead.

But, in economics, he got down to bed rock.

The essentials of his economic theory have withstood all attacks. Those who came to jeer have remained to cheer.

Had there been enough of them—so as to put his theory into practice—the world would have been saved a whirlwind of woe.

The red dawn of the coming new day is already flushing the horizon. We can see it coming. It will be but a short time until Marx and his successors will be triumphant—for the brotherhood of man will have become a fact.

Then, all honor to Karl Marx.

And all honor to every comrade—to every obscure comrade—and to every well known comrade—all along the line—living or deceased—who has helped the onward urge.

Adolph Germer Will Now Address You

The Socialist Party is put to the most crucial test in its history. The firmness with which we meet it will determine whether or not we are worthy of the high purpose of International Socialism.

We have boasted of our class loyalty; we have been loud in proclaiming our unflinching devotion to working class principles; we have scorned compromise and trading with capitalism; we have held up the Socialist Party as the one political hope of the workers to achieve their freedom from oppression and exploitation. Now our claims are put to trial and soon we shall see whether or not we have been sailing under false colors or whether we are true to our word.

It is the evident design of certain members of Congress to banish the Socialist Party to capitalism. Law after law is introduced to make the Socialist Party inoperative, all under the pretext of "necessary war measures."

To make membership in the Socialist Party illegal and thus seek to destroy it would be too clumsy. But it is hoped to accomplish the same effect by striking at the three fundamental principles of democratic government—freedom of speech, assembly and press. Banish these and democracy becomes hollow mockery.

Federal Judge Anderson, in the case of the U. S. vs. Joseph Zimmerman, voiced the true conception of political democracy when he said: "Free speech means the right to say foolish things as well as the right to say sensible things. ***** If we are going to limit the right of free speech to people who talk wisely, there would probably be a deadly silence all around."

The amendment to the Espionage Law, now pending in Congress, contemplates that only the "wise" shall be permitted to speak.

Democratic government is based on the right to criticize public servants. This amendment denies that right. If it passes, which we hope it will not, it cannot continue in force forever. If it passes, it will become a vital issue in future

campaigns. While, for the time being, we may be denied the right to speak, we cannot be robbed, by congressional enactment, or otherwise, of the right to think.

Every Socialist's loyalty to the Party is tested. Will we flinch and desert in the hour of trial? Or will we stand firm and erect, with our faces set like flint to the future, responsive of Elijah Lovejoy when he said: "I have sworn eternal opposition to slavery and by the Grace of God I shall not turn back." Your answer is in your action.

To stand unflinchingly by the Socialist Party does not preclude one's loyalty to the United States. In fact we are in full accord with the pioneers' souls who secured our independence from British rule.

If, as is claimed, we should have a restatement of our attitude on the war, because of the changed conditions since the St. Louis Convention, it is within the power of the members to formulate and adopt the desired program. Whatever the views, with respect to our attitude on the war, we admit the class struggle and that we are alike in peace and in war, the victims of capitalist exploitation. This fact demands unwavering allegiance to the Socialist Party as is the one political expression of the working class.

Our hope for freedom lies in our working class solidarity,—political and economic—and no matter to what extremes the jingoes in and out of Congress may go, our loyalty to the Socialist Party must be as unwavering as Gibraltar—now more than at any previous time.

On this One Hundredth Anniversary of the birth of Karl Marx, the world's greatest interpreter of economic history, let us pledge, anew, our allegiance to working class internationalism—the triumph of humanity.

Out of the present chaos will rise a new world order where all men will be equal and the highest good will be the fond desire of all.

Adolph Germer.

MAY DAY IS INTERNATIONAL LABOR DAY

The First Monday in September is Labor Power Day.

At this season the relative position of the planets causes the sun to radiate more directly on, and so warm, at least a part of this earth to the great joy of many forms of life. To the exploited class of the species human—allowed but meager use of their own age-long achievements with which to modify nature—May First is historically a gala-day. The historic outcome of past slave societies—the rule of capital, with its wage-slavery, and profit, not use, its dominant motive—either abolished or changed May Day into advertising and market day, as it did with most of the about 140 feast, amusement and holy days of each year that our peasant forefathers forced from their masters spiritual and temporal. So long as the social monster capital can sell the plunder exploited from wage-slaves it will not tolerate sacred days or nights, work, work and speed to the limit. As soon as the market is stocked and what is stolen cannot be disposed, the slaves are forced to be idle, not to enjoy, but to suffer privation and charity humiliation. The scientific explanation of the cause Socialists to revive May Day with a new historic function, that of International Labor Day. In Canada and U. S. A. capitalists have made the first Monday in September legal Labor Day. Perhaps

with the hope of avoiding unity of action between us and the rest of the proletariat. But history has made it labor-power day celebrated by the unions as a reform movement that functions to electively bargain for the highest price (wages) and the best possible conditions under which to deliver human muscles, nerves and brain so long as they are merchandise. Nevertheless praiseworthy especially if we understand the law of value. Sellers must strive to keep the prices (in this case wages) up to and when possible above value and buyers must strive to keep prices down to and when possible below value; in this way the ups and downs compensate each other so that average price is the monetary expression of value which in turn is determined by the cost of production measured by average time. Labor-power is the only commodity that can yield to those who use it values greater than its own cost of production. It is therefore the source of all profit. Laudable if we view capitalism as a passing stage in human development and do not give all our time to the gorilla war of prices but active in a larger movement not confined to "a few days work", but have inscribed in our banner the revolutionary motto—take labor power out of the category of commodities and abolish wage slavery by changing capitalist ownership of

SUNDAY MAY 5, 1918

The Night YOU must attend
Celebration of the Hundredth
Anniversary of

Karl Marx's Birthday

JACK CARNEY

WILL SPEAK ON

"THE LIFE & WORK OF KARL MARX"

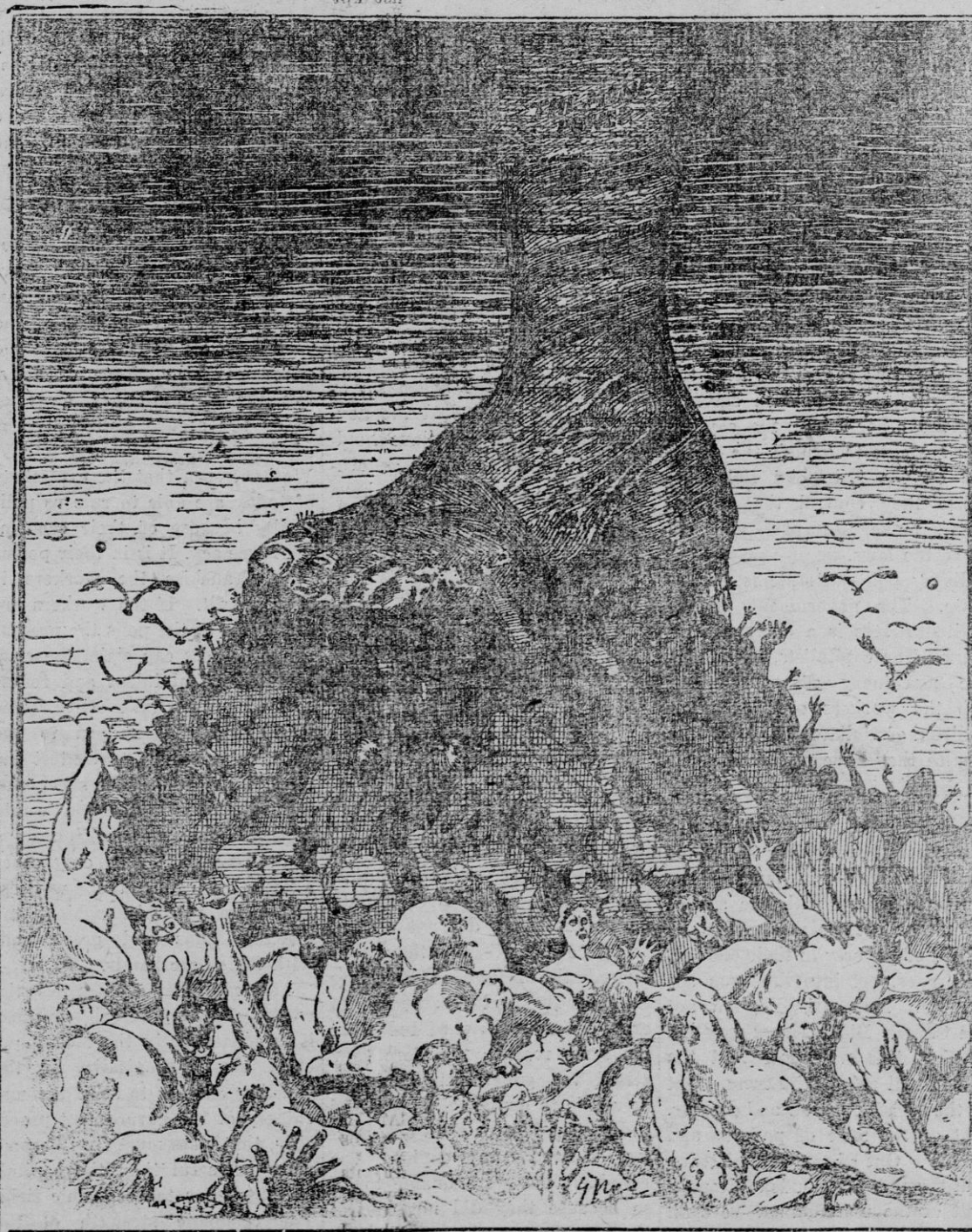
WOODMAN HALL

AT 8 P. M.

MUSIC, SONGS & RECITATIONS WILL be given
REFRESHMENTS SUPPLIED.

DO NOT FAIL TO COME.

"WORKERS OF THE WORLD UNITE"



the means of life to the collective possession of all of society. This requires political power or control of the government.

Socialists usually celebrate International Labor Day on the Sunday closest to May first. But as Marx was the first to show that labor like all other natural resources has no value and therefore no price, that what the wage-slave sells is not labor but the power to labor or labor-power. And as Sunday, May Fifth, of this year, is the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Marx, we Socialists will celebrate the first century anniversary of Marx's birth and Inter-

national Labor Day on Sunday, May Fifth.

C. M. O'Brien.

Ex-member Alberta Legislature.

DO NOT FORGET TO READ
"THE COLLAPSE OF CAPITALISM"

COMMUNICATIONS.

To the Editor of the Truth:

In reply to Mr. E. V. Debs regarding the restoration to the Jews their native land, I wish to say the following:

In the first place, according to Jewish history the Jews have never owned that land. Joshua, son of Nun, who has taken command of the Israelite after the death of Moses, has

fought the Canaanites conquering them and has taken the land away from them.

Secondary, I am really surprised at the stand Mr. Debs takes in regards to a class conscious Socialist to my estimation, a true conscious Socialist in full sense of the word, does not and cannot believe in borders or rivers which make a dividing line between himself and his fellowmen, where one thinks that he is better than the other or knows more than the other.

All he can see is one great, big world where the sky and the earth looks alike to him and has only one issue for everyone, regardless of nationality, race, creed or language, and that is: "To live and let live."

which is the true foundation of Socialism.

The time has come when the Socialists will have to take their masks off and show themselves in their true light. Hypocrisy and fanaticism must be thrust aside and the so-called Socialists of different denominations or creeds will have to vanish and make room for true Socialism, which is based on internationalism only.

Thanking you for the space, I remain
Respectfully yours,

J. L.

DO NOT FORGET TO READ
"THE COLLAPSE OF CAPITALISM"



The Work of Karl Marx

By FREDERICK ENGELS.

The first of the important discoveries with which the name of Marx is associated in the history of science, is his conception of the world's history. A conception of history previous to him is founded on the idea that the ultimate causes of all historic changes are found in the changing ideas of men, and again that of all historic changes the political are the most important, controlling the whole of history. But whence these ideas are derived by men, and what are the moving causes of political changes nobody ever inquired. Only in the recent school of French and partly English historians, the conviction has forced itself that at least since the Middle Ages the driving force in European history was the struggle and developing bourgeoisie with the feudal nobility for the social and political supremacy. Marx, however, demonstrated that all history has hitherto been a history of class-struggles, that all the numerous and intricate political struggles were carried on only for the sake of the social and political supremacy of different classes in society; for the maintenance of the supremacy by the older, for the establishment of supremacy by newly rising classes.

Through what agency, now, do these classes rise and exist? Through the pressure of those material and physical conditions under which the society of a given time produces and exchanges its means of subsistence. The feudal reign of the Middle Ages was based on the self-sufficient and almost exchangeless management of small farming communities, producing nearly all their own necessities and receiving from the warlike nobility protection against external foes and national, or at least political, coercion. When towns arose and with them a separate branch of skilled industry and a trade first confined to the home market, but later on waxing international, then the civic element of the towns developed and fighting the nobility, obtained even during the Middle

Agencies admission—as a likewise privileged class into the feudal order. But by the discovery of new lands outside of Europe in the middle of the fifteenth century, the bourgeoisie obtained a far more extended territory for its trade and hence a new incentive to industry; skilled labor was displaced in the most important branches by more factory-like production which in its turn met the same fate through industrial organization on a large scale made possible by inventions of the last century, especially the steam engine. These reacted on trade by displacing manual labor in the more backward countries and creating in the more advanced countries the present new means of communication, steam-engines, railroads, electric telegraphs. Thus the bourgeoisie united and more the social wealth and the social power in its own hands, though for a long time it still remained excluded from the political power which still rested in the hands of the nobility, and monarchy protected by the nobility. But at a certain stage—in France after the great revolution—it also conquered this power and now became in its turn the ruling class in opposition to the proletariat and small farmer. Observed from this point of view, all historical transactions are very easily explained—with a sufficient knowledge of the contemporaneous economic state of society, unhappily wholly missing in our professional historians; and in a most simple manner the conceptions and ideas of a given historical period are explained by the economic conditions of existence during that period, and by the social and political conditions dependent upon those economic factors. History for the first time was placed on a real foundation. The obvious fact, hitherto totally neglected, that first of all men must, eat, drink, have shelter and clothing, and therefore must work, before they can struggle for supremacy and devote themselves to politics, religion, philosophy, etc.—this obvious fact at last found historical recognition.

CITY OF MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

POLICE DEPARTMENT
Lewis Harthill, Supt.

April 24th, 1918.

Mr. Jack Carney, Editor and Manager, The Truth,
510 Manhattan Bldg., Duluth, Minn.

Dear Comrade:—

Your letter under date of April 22nd, was received and I was glad to hear from you.

The City of Minneapolis like other cities in my opinion failed to realize the great possibilities in a police department not from the standpoint of its functions to arrest criminals but from the great possibility of the prevention of crime. The police department of the City of Minneapolis is about 100 men short, based upon the pro-rata of other cities. We are policing approximately 1700 people with every policeman, and in comparison to other cities of our size, this proportion is excessive.

Nevertheless we have been remarkably successful in not only stamping out crime but in doing a great deal of preventive work and we have at least laid the foundation that future generations will profit by.

Policemen as well as detectives work the eight hour day. In other words the eight hour day is established throughout the entire department. It is only recently however that we established the eight hour day for the detectives. That does not mean that a detective who is working on an important case should at the end of the eight hours day drop all work and turn it over to somebody else. It means that under the ordinary conditions he should work eight hours a day, and this means about 95 per cent of the time. He is supposed to follow up all important cases but we found that in putting the detectives on an eight hour day gave them a change for recreation and time with their families, and that they were not only more efficient but that they developed into better men. As far as the eight hour day is concerned I consider that the city is getting better service for the money than they ever did under the long hours. Relative to the meal hour, there is no established meal hour. They have the opportunity of getting lunch, but there is no established hour. This is also true of most industries. The boys do however take time to get their lunch when the opportunity best presents itself.

Since we have been in office we have secured two increases in salaries for the members of the department, besides special increases for those whom we considered underpaid. Our first grade patrolmen receive \$101.50 per month, second grade patrolmen receive \$96.50 per month and the third grade patrolmen receive \$91.50 per month. Detectives at present receive \$136.50 per month. I believe that the policemen are underpaid even under this schedule.

I am one who believes in good wages because good wages beget good service. You cannot expect policemen or anybody else to give faithful service and then pay them a starvation wage. A policeman who takes his life into his hands every day is certainly entitled to a reasonable wage and reasonable hours and it is the aim of this administration to bring these conditions about.

I am safe in saying that under the new rule established since the first of the year 1917, the city has received a consideration more than twice what it paid out through reduction in hours and increases in pay.

I shall be very glad a little later on to send you some of the information as outlined in my lectures relative to police work.

I am,

Fraternally yours,

Lewis Harthill,

Supt. of Police.

COMRADE SCOTT NEARING.

New York City, April 19, 1918.

Jack Carney, Editor Truth,
510 Manhattan Bldg., Duluth, Minn.

Dear Comrade Carney:—

This morning I spent a couple of hours listening to the trial of the Masses editors in the United States District Court here in New York. As I watched the faces of this fine group of young men under indictment for having expressed their convictions with regard to a great public question, I realized that we were living through another vital epoch in the struggle for liberty.

Private capitalism is being rapidly pushed to the wall by State Capitalism. Like any other vested interest, private capitalism dies hard and in its struggles for the preservation of its privileges, it will make many an example of those who oppose its policies.

When the history of this epoch is written, I feel sure that the Masses editors together with hundreds of other forward looking men and women, who are being prosecuted because they have the courage of their convictions, will occupy a very prominent place in the list of the world's liberators.

When May Day comes next week, it is well that we should think of these things.

Yours truly,
Scott Nearing.A BONA-FIDE
SALE

Just received a large supply of samples of mens' dress and working Shoes, also 250 pairs of pants of good quality.

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May Day And The Children

May Day means to many children a day upon which they dance around the merry Maypole high. We have seen the children happy and smiling, seen them dance around the Maypole to the sound of joyful music. What a pleasure to see children happy and smiling. What a pleasure to play with a little toddling babe of a few months, listening to his cooing and watch his humorous attempts to let you know what he wants to say. Say, they are happy moments, those that you spend with children. For you little ones, you may little playmates, angels of my dreams, for you May Day was created, that you might go out and bask in the sun. That you might taste the joys and glories of summer. That around the merry Maypole high, you could dance to your heart's content, and make the world happy with your joyous shouts of merriment. But dear old friends of mine, you know that is what you want to do, but let us see what you really DO—

In America there are over two million of you little ones, toiling and slaving. Not for the joys of summer, but only for you, the slaving away in the stuffy atmosphere of the sweatshop. Instead of you being given the best of attention, you are in your early years robbed of all that life holds dear. Your mind, body and soul are mangled. Mangled because men use your very bodies that they might make vast fortunes. The world does not know your value yet, that is why it sweats and kills you. You do not murmur, no cry passes from your lips, no, you are too tired. We listen in vain for some wail or moan above the din of the machinery.

What is that? We are exaggerating things, the children are not exploited, it is only our emotions running away with our reason. Is that what you say, you do not believe what we write is true. Then come, let us take a travel through America.

Go into any big city, New York, Chicago, Boston, Minneapolis, or right here in your own town, DULUTH. Mark them as they huddle in the darkness, the squalor and the disease of the tenements and slum dwellings. Watch them compelled to live in houses, that your masters would not use for a stable for their prize stallions. See their little stomachs being ruined by impure milk, adulterated food, and their poor bodies half naked.

Watch them in the cotton mills, where they toil from dawn to dusk. Where they rise in the dark and go to bed in the dark. In the silk factories, working until their very eyes close and the poor kids exhausted sometimes get caught in the machinery and out goes another life.

Go into your glass factories, match factories, and your sweatshops, and there you will see the children at work. If they are not killed at their work, that dreaded disease tuberculosis gets hold of them. Consumption is taking more children from out of this life than any of your Allied Armies or Central Powers'. The drive through Belgium by the German army meant the death of many innocent children, but as bad as that drive was, it cannot compete with the drive of consumption, in regards to its victims. For every child that is slain in war, dozens are slain in peace time by consumption and other foul diseases.

Of course you know all about these things, but what can we do about it? You can come with the Socialists, and help us to organize the workers, so that we can control the factory, the sweatshop and the cotton field. Help us to get control, and we will drive every child back out of the sweatshop. Back from the hum and din of the machinery. Back from the foul atmosphere of slums. Back into the country. We shall give our children a decent education, a decent place to live in and decent food to eat. We shall let them for the first time in their lives appreciate the glories and grandeur of Nature. We shall let their merry voices ring with laughter, and so when you hear that merry laugh, you will be compelled to smile also.

It is a ghastly indictment of the workingclass that the evils of child labor have failed to arouse their social consciousness. We who understand the fundamental cause of child slavery, must send out the message of social discontent throughout the length and breadth of the land. We must arouse the people and so that they will not allow the machine of industry to crush out all that is good in life. Let us get control of the machine, before it further enslaves us. Let us organize around it, and by doing so, we shall be able to make May Day a real May Day. We shall be able to say that we are celebrating the birth of the Industrial Commonwealth, and if we do that, we shall erect a monument to Karl Marx that will show how much we appreciate all that he did for the Social Revolution.

The second International may be dead, but—Long Live the International.

(Good for you, Yipsels!—Ed.)



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Men's and Boy's Scout Shoes with chrome tanned green leather soles. Men's sizes, 6 1/2 to 11—special\$2.50
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Sizes 9 to 13 1/2\$1.65

The People's Bargain Store

221—223 WEST FIRST STREET, DULUTH.



LOUIS DORFMAN.

Louis Dorfman of Duluth will attend the eighteenth annual convention of the National Workmen's circle, which will open at Pittsburgh May 5. Dorfman was recently elected as delegate to represent the northwest district, which includes the Twin Cities, Fargo and the Twin Ports. The convention will last five days.

Dear Comrade Carney:

Yours of the 10th inst. has just reached me—the office of the Class Struggle like most Socialist offices being rather careless in forwarding mail.

I am sorry to say that I am absolutely unable to write anything just now about Karl Marx, as the "Conference on War Aims" recently called in New York City, and its committees and sub-committees, have put an extra amount of work on me and make it quite impossible for me to do anything in your line within the near future.

With regards and wishes for the success of your publication, I beg to remain

Fraternally yours,
L. B. Boudin.WM. J. BIRD
BARBER

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TRUTH

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JACK CARNEY, EDITOR



Editorial



WORKS OF KARL MARX

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INTERNATIONAL LABOR DAY.

There is some misunderstanding amongst some of the workers as to the Labor Days, International Labor Day and the First Monday in September. International Labor Day is the one you TAKE and the September Labor Day is the one the boss GIVES you.

Labor Day is the day our kind masters allow us to take off our chains and rest. In the old times they used to allow the slave to rest, it made the slave respect his boss all the more. The International Labor Day is a direct warning to the boss that the days of our wage-slavery are numbered. So you will see the difference between the two Labor Days.

International Labor Day, May the First, was created by a resolution put forward at the International Socialist Congress, in the year 1889, by the American Socialists. The resolution had for its main object, the bringing together of the workers of the whole world, irrespective of their nationality, race, creed or religion. By having their holiday on the same day, it brought to the workers a feeling of oneness with the workers of the whole world. It demonstrated to the workers the fact that they were all members of the same class, the working-class. May Day was thus created by the workers themselves, in defiance of the capitalists. To celebrate that holiday, much blood has been shed. The streets of Moscow, Petrograd, Vienna, Rome and other cities have run red with the blood of the workers. The masters realized that if the sentiment expressed on May Day was allowed to grow, it meant their complete downfall. So to prevent that sentiment gaining ground, Cossacks, soldiers, gunmen, thugs of all kind were turned out to shoot down the workers and so prevent them from spreading their revolutionary ideas. But despite all manner of persecution, May Day is celebrated by more workers than it ever was. Down the streets of Berlin will march our sturdy German comrades, singing that dear old Socialist song, "Where is the true man's Fatherland." Down the streets of Rome, Vienna, and many other cities the workers will gather together, and pledge anew their faith to the Cause of International Solidarity of the Working-class.

September Labor Day, the labor leaders (?) all meet together and fool the workers by telling them that the interests of the master and worker are identical. We meet on May Day to tell them that their interests are not identical. That if they desire to be free, they must organize and by their economic power take over the factories, mines and workshops.

We shall not march to the ragtime strains of a band, we shall march to the tune of the "International". We shall march with a sturdy step, because we know that we march to the sound of a song, that will some day be played as the funeral dirge for the capitalist class.

As the key-note of May Day is SOLIDARITY of the working-class with regard to international action on the industrial field, so it also represents the principle of united action of the workers in the political arena as well. On May Day we appeal to the workers of the world to organize as industrial unionists in the shop, so that they may have the most efficient form of industrial organization, and to reflect their economic power on the political field. We do not want them to vote for the sake of giving some labor leader or comrade a job, or to beg political alms from our masters, but rather that they may use the vote to propagate their revolutionary ideas and also protect their organization in the shop.

Today we celebrate our holiday with mixed feelings. We regret that so many of our comrades have been forced to feed the ghastly monster of Moloch. We send our heartfelt sympathy to the many who are lying wounded in the hospitals of Europe and America. Our sympathy goes out to the widows and orphans who have lost their hus-

bands and fathers. Thinking of them we shall celebrate this holiday with renewed feeling, trusting that before another May Day has arrived, we shall have progressed much farther along that path that leads to the cessation of all wars.

We send our sympathy and heartfelt wishes to the thousands of comrades who are languishing in prison for their devotion to the principles of International Socialism. To the I. W. W. boys we also send our message of hope, trusting that before many more years have rolled away, they will have proved to the workers of the world that their only crime is to stand by their class.

Whilst we regret this war, we are not for peace at this time. This May Day celebration is coupled with the name of Karl Marx, who was born on May 5th, 1818. To Marx we owe a debt of gratitude that we can never repay; by his masterly work and his marvellous intellect we have been able to arouse the workers of the world. The classic works of Marx will always remain as a monument to him, as the clearest thinker of the nineteenth century. By basing ourselves upon the economics of Marx, we find that by analyzing the profound changes that have taken place in the world, that a new force has grown up. This new force no longer leaves the coming of the revolution to the vague future. It brings the social revolution right down to our time. That which we have fondly yearned for. That which we have hoped would come in our children's time, is here in our midst. Today we are proud to celebrate the First of May, because we know that we stand upon the threshold of the social revolution. We stand today full of hope and with a fresh inspiration, because we know that out of this war, this force that Marx told us of, has received enormous development, and that the downfall of capitalism is imminent.

Therefore on this First of May, we say godspeed to the war, godspeed to masters who out of their own system of private ownership have created the means whereby they will dig their own grave. The continuance of the war assures the early and sudden downfall of capitalism. The financial mechanism of the world cannot stand the strain much longer, sooner or later it will snap. So we again say we are more confident than ever of the coming of the Social Revolution.

Comrades of all countries, today the world is clothed in sorrow. Today the green fields of Europe are sodden with the blood of our fellow-workers. Today the eyes of our women and children are dim with tears. But in this our hour of sorrow, we are happy, because we know that you all will rise up some day and cast your bonds asunder. Today the class that fattens upon your sorrows and exploits your noble instincts, today that class stands upon the brink of the precipice. Comrades, whoever you are and where you are, if you feel the ground slipping, dig your feet in deep, stand more firmly than you have ever stood before. Today, comrades, the fight is hard, but stick it now. Soon the long, long night will be over. Soon the clouds of sad despair will have been driven away. Soon the tears will all be dry. Stand firm, comrade, the night before the dawn of the social revolution. This May Day we pledge our faith with a renewed feeling and tomorrow we go back to the shop to carry on our revolutionary propaganda. We have been laughed at, reviled, abused, starved and shot down in cold blood. But he who laughs last laughs best. Comrades, your hard fight is nearly over. With the coming of the Social Revolution, we shall forget all our miseries and sufferings.

This is the time to act.

Let us remember those who are lying in prison.

Let us remember those who have died for freedom's cause.

Heres to Karl Marx and the Social Revolution.

Comrades, go back to the shop and to the tired worker, whisper in his ear the glad tidings of the new day that is coming. Fill his heart with the joyous feeling of the revolutionist. Let the red blood flow through his veins. Comrades, get out and bring in the workers and so make the rout of the capitalism complete.

Hear a word, a word in season,
For the day is drawing nigh
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.

THE COLLAPSE OF CAPITALISM.

Steel King Schwab says we are at the dawn of a New Era in which the man who works with his hands is going to control the affairs of the world. Herman Cahn, International banking expert and economist, shows the revolution is coming because there is only gold enough in the world to pay 4 per cent of the bank deposits, which are increasing twenty times as fast as the gold. The financial system is crumbling. 1919 will see the collapse of the present system.

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MAY DAY CELEBRATION IN SUPERIOR.

International May Day and the One-Hundredth Anniversary of the birth of Karl Marx will be appropriately celebrated by the Superior Socialists. Tower Hall has been rented for the celebration that has been arranged by the City Central Committee, and Comrade Leo Krzycki, member of the City Council of Milwaukee for four years, has been engaged to speak. The festivities will commence at 8 P. M. Sunday evening, May 5th. All workingmen are invited to attend.

BOY, PAGE M'KERCHE!

We would like to know why the police of Duluth have not the same working conditions as the police of Minneapolis? We wish to draw your attention to the letter of Lewis Harthill on another page.

HAVE YOU READ THE "COLLAPSE OF CAPITALISM"?

A WORD ABOUT THE IDLE.

Fred Ward and a few of our leading (?) citizens have decided to make all idlers go to work. This move on their part shows how little they know of society and its workings. So long as we have capitalism so long will we have the unemployed. They are part and parcel of the capitalist system. Especially is that so here in Duluth. You have the Lake steamers coming in and going out. It is absolutely essential that you always have a supply of men on hand in case of necessity. Furthermore you have the lumber camps, they also require a reserve of men to be held in readiness, in case they require extra hands. So you can readily see the foolishness of the campaign to make everyone work.

We believe that there are loafers in the community, Armstead for instance. If he was compelled to work, it would be a good thing for him. His fat is crushing out his brain, that is why he is always doing such silly things. We suggest that a visit to the Commercial Club and a few nice villas out on the East End would bring in quite a few loafers. Mr. Ward, get busy! A change will do them good.

The only way you can abolish ALL idlers is when you run society on the service-for-service idea. Let no man or woman who is fit be allowed to have service from society, if they do not render service in return. That is the only way you can abolish the loafer.

BILLY SUNDAY.

We request our readers not to be fooled by the correspondence that is going on in the local press about Billy Sunday. They want to raise a discussion, so that Billy can get some cheap advertising. Do not fall for it. We will open your eyes about Billy Sunday when he comes here. Bide your time.

A MESSAGE FOR MAY DAY.

"This day let not the burden of labor oppress your shoulders, nor the weight of toil embitter your heart. Let none but glad voices be heard, and the song of triumphant labor resound abroad. Let the red banner of the workers of all countries flutter in the breeze, high above the flags and ensigns of nations. Let the first day of this month of beauty, and love, and bloom, and birth be sacred to the toilers of the world aroused and united to regerate and rejuvenate the society of man!"

HAVE YOU READ THE "COLLAPSE OF CAPITALISM"?

MAY DAY.

Holy Day of human Brotherhood—
That now seems like a tragic mockery
Because, alas, we have not understood
The forces that are yet to make us free!

Like Springtime breaking through the vernal bond,
When nature fills the world with new-born pow'r,
You urge us to hope that lies Beyond,
In keeping with the spirit of the hour.

Your inspiration fans the passion flame
That burns so deep within the rebel soul,
And strengthens us to press the common aim
Which leads along the way to Freedom's goal.

We consecrate again your sacred ties
That bind us to a dream sometime must be
A crowning triumph from which shall arise
The coming world of true Fraternity.
—William J. Fielding.

We wish to apologise to our readers for the absence of many of the writers. Owing to the contributing staff of the Masses having to face a court trial, they were unable to send in contributions. The same applies to others, who were busy with the I. W. W. trial. For all our sins of omission we crave the forgiveness of our readers.

If a Hottentot taught a Hottentot tot
To talk ere the tot could totter,
Ought the Hottentot tot be taught to say "ought,"
Or "naught," or what ought to be taught her?

If to hoot and to toot a Hottentot tot
Be taught by a Hottentot tutor,
Ought the Hottentot tutor get hot if the tot
Hoot and toot at the Hottentot tutor?

HAVE YOU READ THE "COLLAPSE OF CAPITALISM"?

I can do a fox-trot, but hell Socialism.

An Ode to an Absent Comrade.

He talked beneath the stars,
He slept beneath the sun;
He lived a life of going-to-do,
And died with nothing done.

A Store

Where you can buy with absolute confidence. Our Spring and Summer goods are now on display. Underwear & Hosiery for Men, Women and Children, Gloves, Waists, Washmaterials for Dresses in fact everything in the Dry goods and Notion lines will be found here at reasonable prices.

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A person should buy their shoes these days at a store where none but GOOD SHOES are sold—a store in which their confidence will not be abused.
Our Shoes are selected from the best makers' best efforts, and the man we shoe this year will come back next year. Once we serve you we are not afraid of losing you trade. We know from past experience that once a customer always a customer. — We are Union men selling and repairing Shoes.

The Model Shoe Store
JENS JACOBSON, Prop.
Note the address. 1612 W. Sup. St.

Greetings from Prison

STARK COUNTY WORKHOUSE
Canton, Ohio

May Day, 1918.

To Readers of "Truth"—

Comrades:—

Accept our greetings. Also, take our word for it—it's vision and a sense of humor that makes time fly. It is this that has crowded nearly three months into a week.

After all, is not the situation humorous? With Socialism coming at lightning speed, its arrest is attempted by placing a few of its millions of adherents in jail. With whole nations of peoples demanding peace and disarmament, a few of us lie in jail because we worked for peace too soon. It is funny, isn't it? Funny that it's jail and persecution if one says it first, if one is caught ahead of times?

Then comes vision. What's life without vision? The answer is a blank. And by vision, we mean that far-seeing, penetrating, inspiring analytical faculty which every Socialist possesses in a degree. Just now we are possessed with vision in abundance. We seem to have been given just the right elevation to see what's happening on every hand, with plenty of time to interpret the meaning. A blessing indeed, for which vision, tho in prison, one sees no prison bars nor feels himself confined.

May Day is here again and with it comes the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Karl Marx. What better time is there, comrades, to take stock of your potentialities and to resolve to give the Revolution double time?

We are here and you are there. It's three steps forward and three steps back in our cells. Yours, then, is the advantage. You can carry the message of Socialism to the needy everywhere. Are you doing it? Are you but a dues paying, meeting attending Socialist? Or are you also a missionary? For all in all every thing is very well with us except that, for a time, we are not in a position to spread the red. Jump into the work today and do a comrade's share, is our message to every Socialist this reaches.

Yours in Comradeship,

Chas. Baker,
C. E. Ruthenberg,
A. Wagenknecht.