

WE have forgotten the very principles of our origin if we have forgotten how to object, how to RESIST, how to AGITATE, how to PULL DOWN and BUILD UP, even to the extent of REVOLUTIONARY PRACTICES, if need be, to readjust matters. I have forgotten my history if that be not true history.—

—President Woodrow Wilson

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

THE TRUTH



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“LE QUATORZE JUILLET” -- 1789 GRAND JURY INDICT EDITOR

Country editor
hands some
plain talk



Editor H.W. Noren
Greenfield (Pa.)
Bulletin

to over
zealous
lady novelist



Mary Roberts
Rinehart

On "Democracy and Kings"
and
Universal Military Training

By Mrs. Mary Roberts Rinehart: "Had we had universal training for two years, we should not now be sitting helplessly by, losing ground that will cost many American casualties to regain. And there is nothing that will so mould this republic into a great nation as to teach it that the liberty it holds so dear is not a gift but a right that must be paid for. To a nation trained to protect itself the cost of liberty is only that of training. To a nation defenseless the cost of liberty is human life. I appeal to the good sense of the mothers of America to demand this protection for their sons."

By EDITOR H. W. NOREN
of the Greenfield (Pa.) Bulletin.

This advice, Mary, is at least in harmony with the spirit that prompted you to name one of your books: "Long Live the King." Universal compulsory training is a good King-saver. Is that why you want it?

But what is this, Mary. You say: "To a nation that is trained to protect itself the cost of liberty is only the training; to a nation defenseless the cost is human life." Was Germany defenseless? For nearly four years the Tory press has told us that the German soldiers in mass formation were being mowed down. Just mowed down. And the Tory press also tells us that the German nation is the greatest military nation but her ruin.

If the war has cost Germany millions of human lives, then universal training has been, not their salvation but their ruin.

Why, Mary, do you look at this universal military training business only from the "Kings' side? Are Kings the only ones worth saving? You and the Kings are a lot, I admit, but there are others, quite a few of us. And believe me, Mary, we are going to rid the world of

the King pest in spite of all your wishes.

Don't you think, Mary, that if the nine million dead could speak they would say: "Oh, yes, universal military training is a splendid thing for Kings and Kaisers, but it was rather rough on us!"

You say: "Liberty is a right that must be paid for." Who owns liberty that some one should be paid for it? Shall people pay and the Kings receive the payment? Shall all the sons of men forever train to slay each other, that Kings may walk the earth in liberty?

Go back, dear Mary, to the King-cursed shores of Europe and view the perfect flower of universal military training now in bloom. Watch cannon plow the fields where grain should grow, and see them plant the wooden crosses miles on miles. Where hills and dales were filled with children's play and laughter, and happy homes bedecked the countryside—go see it now, dear Mary, and stay there and watch the agony and misery and death that universal military training has given them!

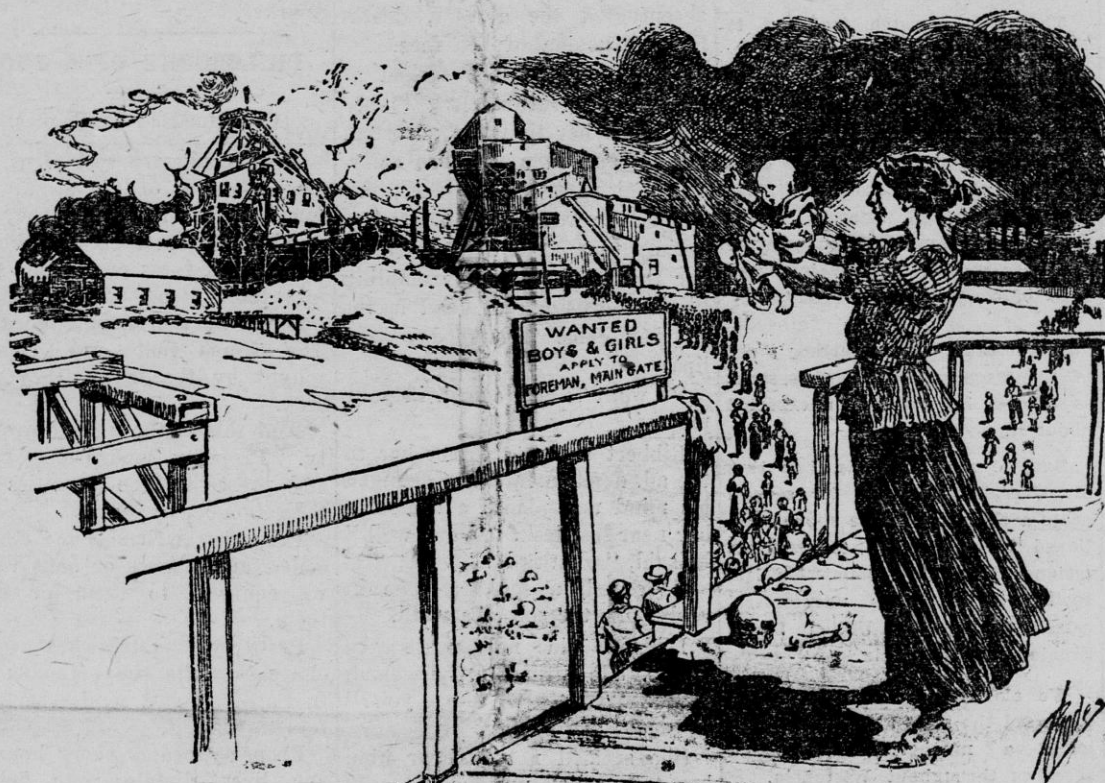
You "appeal to the good sense of the mothers of America to demand this protection for their sons," the protection that universal military training gives.

"Protection," Mary? What say nine million wives and mothers that walk the streets of Europe in deep mourning? What kind of protection is it that takes men out and slays them wholesale? What protection is it that kills the breadwinner and starves his dependents?

Will the brand of protection that after a hundred years' trial gives nothing but death and torture, appeal to American mothers?

This is your fatherland, but why defile it? Have Washington and Paine and Lincoln and Garrison and George all lived in vain? Must the holy cause of freedom for which they lived and died be set aside to make room for royalty's rule by universal militarism?

GRIM HUMOR



CHILD LABOR LAW UNCONSTITUTIONAL

BOY! PAGE SAM GOMPERS

Samuel Gompers, the self-appointed "directing head and guiding hand of organized labor on this continent," has been in Canada recently. He visited Ottawa on saving mission bent. He came "to bring Canadian labor into line," as the very dependable daily press of this most fortunate Dominion succinctly states. The great man spoke most eloquently, and in his well-known impressive manner, "from the premier's seat in parliament," again at "the banquet tendered him by the government," and yet once more before the "Canadian Club" of the Capital City. As usual, the somewhat conceited old gentleman "pleaded for the unity and co-operation of all classes of the community," deprecated Bolshevism, and took a few vicious and destructive falls out of the socialists in that terrifying and most convincing fashion that is peculiarly his very own, and for which he is so widely and justly famous. He solemnly and even ponderously bemoaned the evident growth of "extreme socialism in the ranks of organized labor and its leaders in Canada." In fact there is nothing that can so completely throw the good old man into a veritable cold sweat of agony and cause him to copiously emit lugubrious wails and squawks of real anguish, as the mere mention of socialism and the possible acceptance of its teachings and philosophy by the lambs in his fold. And that may be quite easily understood, if one takes the trouble to become acquainted with the impelling quality of the psychological influence of several hundred thousand dollars of revenue per annum, upon the intellectual and moral fibre that has been by nature especially attuned to that sort of influence, as well as to that which

comes by way of the approving pat upon the back and the untentious whisper of flattery in the ear, from those in high places who never fail to thus reward their faithful servitors for worthy work well done.

It is claimed by the press that one object of Mr. Gompers' visit to Canada was to "use his strong and commanding influence to see that organized labor in this country does not make the mistakes of the Bolsheviks of Russia, or the I. W. W.'s of the Pacific coast." To witness this hidebound old reactionary, who never yet was accused of entertaining a single progressive idea, or of being possessed of any concept of a labor movement above that dull level of mediocrity that is fully measured by the slogan of a "fair day's wage for a fair day's work," safeguarding others against the "mistakes" of the most advanced and enlightened section of working class of the world, would certainly present a spectacle so grotesque, so exasperatingly comical, as to throw a Scotch Presbyterian deacon into an apoplectic fit. Whatever mistakes the Bolsheviks and the I. W. W. may have made, they have not yet been guilty of meriting and receiving the approval and fulsome flattery of the rulers of the earth and their pimps, apologists and sycophantic stool pigeons. They have not made the kind of "mistake" that are rectified by the application of that sort of poultice, plaster and coin. As to Samuel's "strong and commanding influence," we fancy it is limited to his own impudence and conceit, and the rather kindly toleration of his idiosyncracies and dull hallucinations, by the rank and file of the organized labor, a toleration that is frequently accorded ancient relics, not for any virtue

they may possess, but because of their antiquity. Sometimes we patiently await the orderly demise, through wear or decay, of tools, articles of furniture and even of bric-a-brac, before replacing them with more suitable and up-to-date equipment.

There is no duller figure in public or semi-public life today, than the same Mr. Gompers. None more stupidly reactionary and blind to all that makes for human progress and a higher civilization than he. None more obvious to the real significance of all that is embodied in the great world holocaust that is sweeping away old institutions and old political and economic creeds to the savage diapason of ruling class cannon and the shrieks and groans of mangled and dying slaves. None more unequipped to voice the message of Labor, now about to escape from its age-long bondage and open the gates of the future to a democracy and liberty that is not a sham, a vile hypocrisy, a living and stinking lie, than the mobbastes furioso personage who so faithfully represents the A. F. of L. machine, which is himself, while noisily and impudently making pretense of sole authority to represent Labor, that the giant that is said "conquers all." As surely as the sun will rise upon the morrow the gates of a new era, a better future, will be opened by the hand of Labor at the close of this war. And woe be unto ignorant and reactionary flunkies in that great day, who, in the name of Labor, fawn at the feet of rulers, and lick their dirty boots for either flattery or pelf. Neither self-puffery nor the hall-mark of the antique will save their dirty hides. They may get by with it now, but not then. Call again, Samuel.—B. C. Federationist.

PHILOSOPHY OF A FOOL

By TOUCHSTONE.

Art and Property.
"Those that are fools, let them use their talents."—Twelfth Night.

George Bernard Shaw, whose brain has a wonderful clarity, believes in the saving power of Art. He holds that if only men would listen to the message of human unity which the great exponents of Art deliver, the nations would live together in peace, and happiness would become the common heritage of our race.

Years ago he wrote this passage:

"I have often said, when asked to state the case against the fools and money changers who are trying to drive England into war with Germany, that the case consists of the single word—Beethoven. Today I would say with equal confidence—Strauss. In his music drama Strauss has done for us just what he has for his own countrymen. He has said for us with utterly satisfying force what all the noblest powers of life within us are clamoring to have said, in protest against and in defiance of the omnipresent villainies of our civilization."

That is a very clear statement of a very profound truth. Beethoven and Strauss—all master musicians, indeed—by their Art make mankind one and indivisible. If we permitted them to sway our lives war would be impossible.

Could the spirit of the "Pastoral Symphony" be infused into our souls it would be more efficacious to preserve the amity of nations than all the treaties and covenants that ever were or ever will be signed by kings, diplomats, and statesmen.

A melody by Mozart or Haydn, could its simple gospel of fraternity break through the briary creeds by which we are encompassed, would safeguard the rights of the people as vast armies and mighty navies can never do.

Music is not stayed by frontiers. It speaks a language that is understood by all. No door is closed against it. It is not challenged for the password anywhere.

Yes, if the master musicians could bring us under their dominion, the world would be a pleasure garden; men would labor gladly and play gladly, and the roar of guns and the clash of swords would never drown the singing of their hearts.

But the trouble is, that the master musicians are powerless thus to subdue us. Nor are the master poets and the master painters any more successful in commanding our allegiance.

Art, in short, has completely failed to accomplish the salvation of the human race. And if

you'd like to hear the reason why, it is my privilege, as one who has taken his degree in Foolishness, to give you the enlightening word.

Brother, Art cannot save us because it is itself enslaved!

There was never a tyrant so exacting as Property. It possesses us with a thoroughness that leaves no part of our being untouched.

We rattle no visible chains. No sound of cracking whips is heard. Apparently, we are free men.

It is inside that we are subject. It is our minds that feel the encumbering fetters; our hearts that bleed beneath the lash.

Property leaves us nothing to ourselves. It takes all, laying coarse hands upon the very soul of us, degrading to its service the finest and most delicate traits of our nature.

One might have thought, that Art would escape. Art is so subtle, so elusive, so Ariel-like in its manifestations.

It is not made of the solid earth, as we are. It is not clothed in flesh, but in fire.

It breathes an atmosphere too rare for our lungs. It sees where we are blind. It hears where we are deaf.

How can a thing so gross as Property subdue Art, that is as fine as mist and as swift as light?

It is vain to ask the question, for the fact confronts us.

Art is the servant of Property.

It waits upon it, ministering to its comforts, obeying its scarce expressed commands; striving like a sycophant to anticipate the desires of its lord, and spare it the trouble of even giving utterance to them.

Who is there that does not realize that music, painting, literature, the theatre—all the forms in which Art declares its presence to us—are commercialized and vulgarized, and made subservient to the sordid standards of the markets?

This is one of the gravest evils of our day.

Art could do great things for us.

It could teach us the oneness of humanity. It could so widen our knowledge and our sympathies that no national prejudices could contain them, but they would soar as high as the skies, and overleap the horizons, and be as scornful of frontiers as the winds that range from Pole to Pole, and take the oceans in their stride.

I am very fond of Art, brother, and it saddens me to see it shorn of its nobleness and doing the menial work of Property.

(Continued on Page 2)

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS—If the Number Opposite Your Name on the Address Slip is 56 or less, Your Subscription to The TRUTH Has Expired, and You Should Renew at Once—Office, 101 Stack Building

SUPERIOR NEWS

EDITED BY ARVID NELSON.

ANALYSIS AND CRITICISM OF PLATFORM OUT OF ORDER.

The analysis of the platform of the Socialist Party of Wisconsin by the editor is entirely out of order at this time. The same may be said of the criticism by com. Joseph R. Booth in last week's issue of Truth.

If the editor's analysis of the platform was analyzed, contradictions and inconsistencies could be exposed in almost every paragraph. Com. Booth's depiction of the convention is a prejudiced exaggeration to a large extent. His criticism of the platform conforms with the editor's.

The platform was adopted as a result of the discussions that took place in the convention and the suggestions that were made there. The most capable minds in the Socialist Party of Wisconsin were gathered in that convention and took part in formulating that platform. In its present form it is the result of the best efforts of all the delegates that attended the convention. It is the best that they could bring out under the present circumstances. All of us are aware of the difficulties that confront the Socialist movement in the midst of the present world crisis.

The platform may be likened to a tool or weapon that was prepared by the convention for the party organization to use in the fall campaign. Truth is an organ of the Socialist Party. The Truth and its editor are in the service of the Socialist Party. It may be assumed very appropriately that the platform is a weapon that was handed by the party organization to the man in its service to wield against the common enemy of labor, Capitalism. The editor's duty is not to "analyze" the weapon; his duty is to USE IT. The analysis of the platform reminds one of the old saying, "A poor workman blames his tools."

A large number of the readers of the Truth are still outside the Socialist Party and the labor unions, not to mention the number of work-

ingmen and women who are not yet even readers of the Truth or any other socialist paper. It is our duty to endeavor to draw those who are readers of the Truth into the party and the unions and to procure as many more readers for the Truth as we are able.

All lengthy and continued analyses and criticisms of the internal affairs of the movement are out of place and improper in a socialist and labor paper, for they are signs of dissension within the movement and are bound to cause discouragement among those already members of the Party and deter many from entering the movement, whether the parties to the internal controversies intend it or not.

Socialists should limit their self-analysis and their self-criticism to their branch meetings and their conventions. The organ of the party should confine itself to propounding the fundamental principles of socialism and to the analysis and the criticism of the faults of the capitalist system.

Let's leave it to the capitalists to analyze and criticize our platforms and our tactics after this, for they will surely attend to that.

Let's endeavor to call the house to order and present a united front to the enemy henceforth.

(Comrade Booth's criticism was written before our own.—ED.)

PROFITEERING EXPOSED.

"Profiteering on a tremendous scale in practically all the basic commodities of life was reported to the senate today by the Federal Trade Commission, as the result of an exhaustive investigation."

This is the opening paragraph of a news dispatch emanating from Washington which appeared on the front pages of many great dailies on June 29th.

A news report transmitted by another agency on the same date opens as follows:

"Investigations have led to the conclusion that profiteering exists among American industries at the present time, due in part to 'in-

ordinate greed and barefaced fraud' the Federal Trade Commission announced today in a report sent to the senate."

The same news report continues: "Outstanding feature of the report, each supported by extensive data, are:

"The heavy profit made by the low cost due to a government-fixed price for the whole country.

"The heavy profit made by the meat packers and allied industries, and by the flour millers.

"The trade tendency to increase and maintain prices against the forces of competition.

"The products which the report covers are steel, copper, zinc, nickel, sulphur, flour, canned milk and canned salmon. Salaries and bonus paid high officials also were the subjects of inquiries."

The news dispatch referred to first contains this statement:

"Reappraisements of properties were made by great concerns when it became evident that the government was about to fix prices on a basis of return on investment, the report says, and salaries, allowances and expenses were in many instances padded to show increased costs of conducting business."

All of the above is further proof of the ways of the profit system, so there is nothing unexpected about it.

But we recall at this time that Mr. Joseph E. Davies, for several years a chairman of the above mentioned Federal Trade Commission, resigned from the Commission last spring and made an unsuccessful campaign for the United States Senate from Wisconsin.

We also recall that Mr. Davies traversed the state at that time and made a number of campaign speeches throughout Wisconsin.

One of the features of Mr. Davies' speech in Superior was the oratorical and passionate manner in which he endeavored to impress his hearers that "there is no profiteering."

As a leading member of the Commission, upon the investigations of which the report now submitted to the Senate is based, it seems that Mr. Davies should have known better at the time of the senatorial campaign.

During the campaign the socialist papers pointed out some of the "inconsistencies" in the statements of both the republican and democratic senatorial aspirants.

It now appears, if there is truth in the report of the Trade Commission,—and we have reason to believe it is founded on facts,—that Mr. Davies' impressive statement that there is no profiteering was a falsehood.

Which is additional proof that the campaign speeches of capitalist politician are based on lies.

And there is nothing unexpected about that.

We leave it to the reader to draw his own conclusions.

WANTED—A SOUL

Tom Ribbert, prosperous manager of one of the big city dailies, sat at his desk, busy with a pile of letters, so intently at work that for a moment he did not notice that a caller had entered his office. When he did glance up, he wheeled in his chair, grasping its arm tightly, his eyes widened and staring at the figure which stood before him. It was that of a thin, old woman, dressed in shabby black, a long rusty and frayed shawl hanging in drooping folds from shoulder to knee, a misshapen bonnet almost slipping from her head, as if too weary to stay in place, her hair hanging in untidy strands of dull slate, ravellings of a worn-out beauty. Her face was haggard and thin, her cheeks hollowed and sagging, while her dark lips and faded blue eyes accentuated the ghostly, death-like expression of her face.

For a moment she looked at Ribbert without seeming to see him, then her thin lips quivered, parted, and in a voice as colorless and worn as her face, she drew these words in a slow, whispering tone from far down in her throat, the words crumbling like the crushing of dead leaves, as they came through her wan lips:

"I want to put an ad. in your paper."

Ribbert arose to direct her to the ad. department, then changed his mind and placed a chair for her near his desk. "Very well," he said, "what is it?"

"Wanted, a soul," came in reply, like the sob of a wind.

Ribbert did not write the words. He turned to the woman again. "What—who—are you?" he demanded.

She seemed not to hear him, her eyes rolled upward till only a thin line of white showed between closing lids. Her lips moved, but she did not speak. Then suddenly she changed. Her eyes seemed to glow with a steady fire. She turned to Ribbert's desk, leaned over and spoke hurriedly, jerking the words raspingly, "What am I? You know what I am. That's what I want—my soul—it's gone somewhere. Put that in your paper! I'm only one of 'em—you know it—one of the wretches that have sold their soul for coin that vanished as it touched the palm. The soul's all gone and there's no more cash. That's what I am. Where's my soul? Where's the men that bought it, mine and others? Put that in your paper! I want it back—I want to take it with me now—I'm going; it's near the end for me—and the rest of us. God!—the end—and it's gone—gone!"

She sank into the chair, her body shaking, her head swaying, her voice choking sobbingly in her throat. "God—the end—the end," she moaned over and over. She started up again. "Put that in your paper—wanted, a soul—

and charge it to the men that's got 'em. Address your answer to the hundreds that's lost 'em!"

Her head fell forward on her breast, and the end came. Ribbert reached out slowly and touched her. He shivered, she was cold with the chill of death. He reached the 'phone at his elbow. "Police station," he said into it, "there's an old hag just shuffled into the 'News' office and died here. Dunno who she is, only a worn-out Sapho, I reckon," and with a coarse laugh he hung up the receiver and turned again to where the old black shawl seemed to wrap the frail figure in folds of kindly concealment.

"God!" he said, shudderingly, and this is the end when the cash is gone! The end!" Then, after a moment, "And we buy their souls for cash—good God!" And he dropped heavily into his chair. —Dora Hepner, in the "Irish Worker."

PHILOSOPHY OF A FOOL

(Continued From Page 1.)

Artists, like the rest of us, are the creatures of the social system. Like the rest of us, they are moulded by their environment.

The sordidness of the day gets into their blood. They are dominated by the current morality. The things that are eagerly sought by the many, they also seek.

And this is the age of property. Property makes our laws, and prescribes the penalties for their non-observance.

Property writes our ethical codes, and blesses or bans us as we conform to them or defy them.

Property establishes our churches; lifts the orthodox up to Paradise, and sends the scoffers to the Pit.

Property orders every hour of our lives—dictates our beliefs and directs our ambitions; influences our loves and our hatreds; tells us not only what we must think and feel, but even what we must eat and wear.

The top hat and the moleskin pants alike are the badges of our servitude. The fashionable restaurant and the ten cent hash-house are both frequented by the slaves of Property.

Nothing escapes the universal despotism. Science does not, nor Politics, Industry, Invention, Theology, Philosophy. And Art, too, bends its neck to the yoke. It permits Property to cut its intellect to any pattern it pleases, and shape its soul to the commercial requirements of the hour.

Yet, in spite of all that, like Bernard Shaw, I am firmly of the opinion that the salvation of men will come through the unifying power of Art.

Through Art we shall learn that distinctions of creed, color and country are of small account; that men are brothers no matter where they were born, or to whom; that racial barriers and national boundaries are the merest accidents and conventions, and that the great truth of the common origin and the common destiny of all men must ultimately abolish the differences that custom and circumstance have imposed upon us.

But Art, to which we look for salvation from Property's domination, itself is in servile subjection to it.

Brother, what a task awaits us!

Before we can be saved, we must save our saviour!



SHERIFF'S SALE

But a Mid-Summer Clearance

Sale Begins Friday July 12th at 9.30 A. M.
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Don't make any mistake in the address—The store is in the middle of the block upper.

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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.



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Comparison between Socialism & Chiropractic.

Both are comparatively young, vital, radical and positive. One, in the application, removes the physical cause of sickness and disease, the other the cause of social injustice.

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One improves "the man" in his physical body, the other by giving "the man" superior economical advantages.

Both are born fighters, one fights the old regime of superstitious medication, the other the hide bound capitalistic system.

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If you are sick, stop drugging yourself and begin taking Spinal Adjustment. The most advanced and up to date system of Natural Healing in existence. Men, women and children, young or old equally benefited and cured.

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(Formerly Von de Schoeppe)

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GRIN!

If you're up against a bruise and you're getting knocked about—
Grin!

If you're feeling pretty groggy and you're licked beyond a doubt—
Grin!

Don't let him see you're faking, let him know with every clout,
Though your face is battered to a pulp, your blooming heart is stout;

Just stand upon your pins until the beggar knocks you out—
And Grin!

—From "The Spell of the Yukon," by Robert W. Service.

Entertainment

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SCANDINAVIAN LOCAL AT

Woodman Hall Sunday Eve, July 14th

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Lecture in Swedish will be given by well known speaker. There will also be a good program of music, singing and recitations. REFRESHMENTS WILL BE SERVED.

Admission 35c. and 15c.

EVERYBODY WELCOME!

OSCAR WILDE

Oscar Wilde was born in the city of Dublin, Ireland, in the year 1856. His full name was Oscar Fingal O'Flahertie Wilde. He was the son of Sir William Wilde and I. Francesca Elgee, known better as Lady Wilde. He was educated at Eniskillen and at Trinity College, Dublin, where he won the Berkeley gold medal with an essay on the Greek comic poets.

On leaving college he plunged into the vortex of London society, where he soon managed to draw a big circle of friends around him, due to his remarkable gift of language, and more particularly so by his witty epigrams. At this period he contributed poems to the Month, The Catholic Mirror, The Irish Monthly, Kottabos and to the Times.

His affectations and mannerisms caused him to be caricatured by Punch. To those who do not understand the significance of this incident, we may say for their benefit, that it is considered a great honor to be caricatured by this journal. His fame soon spread to this country, and in 1882 he came here upon a lecturing tour. On arriving he sent a characteristic note to England saying that he was "disappointed with the Atlantic" (we share his regret.—Ed.) and that the American and English people had everything in common except, of course, language.

He wrote two original and very successful volumes of fairy tales, "The Happy Prince" and "The Picture of Dorian Gray" and published a volume of essays entitled "Intentions." The stage next attracted his attention, and some of his comedies and tragedies were highly successful. Among the latter may be mentioned "Lady Windermere's Fan" and "An Ideal Husband." "A woman of no Importance" and the "Importance of being Earnest."

The closing years of his career were very sad; he became entangled in a libel suit, and it is said that Sir Edward Carson broke all rules of legal etiquette evidence to the authorities, with the result that Wilde was sent to prison for two years with hard labor. He was advised to go abroad and escape this sentence, but he chose to remain and face the punishment. The average person knows Wilde by his misfortunes, but it is to be said to the credit of our movement, that we judge men by their good side, rather than by any unfortunate mistake they may have committed.

On his release from prison he had published his famous work known to many Socialists, "De Profundis." This work is a masterpiece and should be read by all those who wish to know Wilde as a literary genius. The work that also makes him known to many of the Socialist movement is his "Soul of man under Socialism." He sums up the Socialist position very ably in the opening of this work when he writes:

"The chief advantage that would result from the establishment of Socialism is, undoubtedly,

ly, the fact that Socialism would relieve us from the sordid necessity of living for others which, in the present condition of things, presses so hardly upon almost everybody. In fact scarcely anyone at all escapes."

He goes on further to write: "The emotions of man are stirred more quickly than man's intelligence; and as I pointed out some time ago in an article on the function of criticism, it is much more easy to have sympathy with suffering than to have sympathy with thought. Accordingly, with admirable, though misdirected intentions, they very seriously and very sentimentally set themselves to the task of remedying the evils that they see. But their remedies do not cure the disease: they merely prolong it. Indeed, their remedies are part of the disease.

"They try to solve the problem of poverty, for instance, by keeping the poor alive; or, in the case of a very advanced school, by amusing the poor. But this is not the solution: it is an aggravation of the difficulty. The proper aim is to try and reconstruct society on such a basis that poverty will be impossible. The altruistic virtues have really prevented the carrying out of this aim. Just as the worst slave-owners were those who were kind to their slaves, and so prevented the horror of the system being realized by those who suffered from it, and understood by those who contemplated it, so, in the present state of things in England (likewise in America.—Ed.), the people who do the most harm are the people who try to do the most good; and at last we have had the spectacle of men who have really studied the problem and know the life—educated men who live in the East End—coming forward and imploring the community to restrain its altruistic impulses of charity, benevolence and the like. They do so on the ground that such charity degrades and demoralizes. They are perfectly right. Charity creates a multitude of sins.

"There is also this to be said. It is immoral to use private property in order to alleviate the horrible evils that result from the institution of private property. It is both immoral and unfair.

Under Socialism all this will, of course, be altered. There will be no people living in fetid dens and fetid rags, and bringing up unhealthy, hunger pinched children in the midst of impossible and absolutely repulsive surroundings. The security of society will not depend, as it does now, on the state of the weather. If the frost comes we shall not have a thousand men out of work, tramping about the streets in a state of disgusting misery, or whining to their neighbors, for alms, or crowding round the doors of loathsome shelters to try and secure a hunch of bread and a night's unclean lodging. Each member of society will share in the general prosperity and happiness of the society, and if the frost comes no one will practically be anything the worst."

IN THE FIELD OF INDUSTRY

We have reached the stage, wherein we must find out the best methods to adopt to carry on our agitation. It is of no use anyone understanding economics, if they are unable to use that knowledge for the betterment of their position in society. A child can learn certain things, in the same way as a parrot.

Our object in writing, is not for the purpose of merely getting a paper out, but with a view to making it clear to the average worker, that his chance of a decent existence depends upon the advancement of his whole class. We have got to prove to the worker that as an individual, he has as many chances of rising above his class, as he has in a race with an automobile. There can be no question regarding the fact that the avenues of personal development in this country, or in any other civilized country, are fast becoming closed and that from now on the workingman will have to depend upon an organization of his class, if he is ever to rise from his present economic slavery. Now in our preceding lessons we have seen how the worker is exploited and why it is that he can never become one of the capitalist class. It is now our task to show him the way out.

TRADE UNION.

We have with us the trade union. The trade union like all other working class organizations is a product of conditions. Due to the oppression of workers in 1832, they were forced to organize into unions. At that particular period, the handicraft form of industry was carried on. The whole process of industry depended upon the skill of the individual. One man made a whole suit, another made a pair of shoes and so on. Therefore it was perfectly logical for the workers to organize into craft unions. But with the development of industry, the crafts were being destroyed. Inventions revolutionized the handicraft form of industry. Instead of the individual making a pair of shoes, we have huge factories turning out thousands of pairs of shoes per day. We find that the average pair of shoes passes through the hands of over seventy people. So you will readily see that the craft unions are obsolete as far as modern industry is concerned. But unfortunately the craft unions have failed to take notice of these conditions and so they are fast losing their power as labor organizations. In fact, the employers admit in many cases that the trade unions are the bulwark of the present system. The reason why they make this statement is because they can easily perceive that the craft union instead of organizing the workers divides them.

Why is it that the craft unions do not alter their form of organization? Is it because they are opposed to the interests of the workers or because they do not know any better? The reason why the craft unionist clings to his present ideas of industrial organization, is because he has failed to understand the changes that have taken place in society. His organization came into being in the days of individualism. At the time the first trade union was formed, the world was just settling down after the revolution that gave the bourgeois economic

power. At that time everybody talked about the sacred rights of property. There was not one word about the sacred rights of humanity. And so we find that the ideas gained by the craft unionist at that time, are still uppermost in his mind. He does not view things from the standpoint of his class, but rather from the standpoint of his own individual self. The craft unionist has never displayed a feeling of class consciousness, that is why it is so easy to play one union against another. Until the worker thoroughly understands that he has not got any property, and begins to know that his interests are not individualistic but collective, there will be no hope of his ever emancipating himself.

It is our mission to arouse the craft unionists and clearly point out to them, why it is that their present form of organization cannot function.

We advocate industrial unionism, because we clearly foresee that the worker must be prepared to carry on industry, when the present system of society breaks down. We have got to show to him that industrial unionism is his only salvation. Industrial unionism offers him all that a world can give. It takes him out of the field of petty bickerings and places him in a field where a glorious future awaits us. A future that will not mean his advancement at the expense of his fellow-workers, but an advancement that will advance the whole of his class. A good illustration of this is to be found in the I. W. W. or the W. I. I. U. There you will find men working night and day to assist their class. You will see such a devotion that compels your admiration. No politics to secure a union job, only one object in view, and that is to get more for the workers. The leaders of the trade unions know this to be true, that is why they oppose industrial unionism. They clearly foresee that they will have to render service for service. That they will have to fight for the workers and not conciliate with their amsters. It is therefore up to the craft unionists to recognize these facts and seek some way out of his present wilderness and get into an organization that will show him the way to Industrial Freedom.

Comrade Carney—

I enclose \$1.00 order for my subscription for a year of Truth. I consider TRUTH the best weekly socialist paper of all those that I subscribe to.

The issue of May 10th was the best single issue of a weekly paper I have ever had the pleasure to read.

Yours for a new world,
C. Sahlin,
Swedish Local, Mpls.

Those who voice the aspirations of the organized workers must be more definitely Socialistic. Socialism is the life-blood of our cause. It is the brain and soul of our cause. The men who would truly represent the working class must be Socialists and proclaim war upon wage slavery, and make every weapon of their platform a weapon for the winning of the co-operative commonwealth.—Australian Worker.

PUBLIC PULSE

BY OUR READERS IN A FREE PRESS

We wish to give the readers of the Truth a real opportunity to discuss different matters. Therefore, we invite you to write on any subject, and we will publish it just as you write it. All articles should be brief as possible and to the point. The editor assumes no responsibility for the articles under this head.

UPTON SINCLAIR.

Editor Truth:

Enclosed you will find an article by Upton Sinclair, taken from his monthly magazine called "Upton Sinclairs." I believe this is good reading and will interest your readers.

J. B.

How Much for Your Life?

"How much money would you give for your life? How much for your son's life? How much for my life, and for my son's life?"

"This question of the value of life, as compared with the value of property, is the question of our time; and never was it more pressing than at this hour. Because of peril to the nation, the government asserts the right to take your son and my son and send them to their death. Very well; we love our country and we submit. But what about money—your money and my money, Morgan's money and Rockefeller's money? Has the government no right to that?"

"It is the glaring shame of our political life that we have enforced conscription of manhood, and not dared even to suggest conscription of money. Money is sacred, money is established, money runs its way. When the government wants money it has to go to Wall Street and beg. It has to launch enormous campaigns, to convulse the country with excitement, to send out tens of thousands of speakers, to waste tens of thousands of reams of paper on advertisements and appeals, to persuade those who have money to let it be used for the war.

And even then, the government does not really get the money—it only gets the use of it for a few years; it has to promise to repay and meanwhile to pay interest at four per cent. In other words it has to establish a new and more permanent form of privilege, it has to endow parasitism, to root in our land forever the very evils of injustice and exploitation which it seeks to destroy in Europe.

Billions upon billions of profits are being made out of this war; fortunes beyond telling and beyond belief are being piled up by the insiders of the Coal Trust, the Steel Trust, the Copper Trust, the Oil Trust, the Beef Trust, the Powder Trust. While your son and my son are dying in the trenches, the owners of these gigantic profit-machines are making twenty, forty, sometimes as high as eighty per cent upon their capital stocks; and in most cases these stocks have been so watered that the true rate of profit is thousands of per cent on the original investments.

We strive to be a democracy; we think that England is a monarchy. But in England the government takes for war purposes eighty per cent of war profits, and is planning now to take twenty-five per cent of capital as well. But in this country we take only a billion a year in an excess profits tax, while we raise fifteen or twenty billions by the method of mortgaging the labor of the future—the labor of your sons and my sons, after they come back crippled from the war.

If there is any life left in the radical movement of America, if there is any real care for democracy in the hearts of our people, they will send to Washington during the next few months an overwhelming clamor for the true measure of justice in war-time—Conscription of Wealth! Let the government take eighty per cent of the incomes over fifty thousand dollars, and a hundred per cent of incomes over ten thousand and dollars. Why should any man have more than ten thousand dollars while other men cannot get the decencies of life?

And why should the people in the slums of our cities go without decent food, why should our children go hungry to school, while hundreds of millions of acres of land are held

in idleness by speculators? Let us have a national land-tax! Let us conscript the idle acres, as well as the idle men, to win this war and save democracy!"—Upton Sinclair.

Dear Comrade:

I know that this is hardly a question to ask of a Socialist editor, but you will excuse me I know. Will you inform me through your paper, what are bulls, bears and lambs on the Stock Exchange?

Fraternally yours,
M. J. H.

A Stock Exchange "bull" is one who is trying to put the market up. A Stock Exchange "bear" is one who is trying to put the market down. A "lamb" is the public who gets fleeced, the poor speculator who sends his order to the broker. We shall write an article on the Stock Exchange next week.

Jack Carney, the editor of The Truth, published in Minnesota, was arrested recently and taken before the United States commissioner and charged with sedition.

He is charged with publishing the platform of Victor L. Berger when he ran for the United States senate in Wisconsin last April.

The particular "counts" against him are printing the pledge—if elected—to ask the American Congress to pass a resolution directing the president to summon the warring countries to an immediate armistice and peace conference, and the promise (if elected) to work for legislation to deprive any citizen or corporation of every penny of profit from the sale of war supplies to our government.

To promise to ask the American Congress to pass resolutions for an armistice and peace conference is bad enough—but to promise to work for legislation to deprive corporations of war profits from the sale of war supplies to the government, is evidently more than the grand jury in Minnesota could stand.

Incidentally, I will state that if the printing of these two planks is "sedition," then almost every paper in the state of Wisconsin and thousands of papers outside of the state are guilty of that crime. They all have printed this platform, or part of it.

Jack Carney—the editor of The Truth—who has fought side by side with Jim Connolly and Jim Larkin for Irish freedom and for the emancipation of the working class in Ireland—does not seem to be much worried about the indictment.

He said in his paper: "We shall not hang any crepe upon our office door. We absolutely deny the right of any person to deny us what the constitution of the United States guarantees to us. We have conducted our paper in a legal manner, and we have nothing to be afraid of."

"If there are some people who really believe that the Socialist party should be suppressed and who are prepared to go to any length to suppress it, then we want to assure them that they are starting out the wrong way. The Socialist party is founded on a sound foundation. Its members are imbued with the same love for human liberty, as the men of 1776. Not one inch shall we go back. On with the music, we shall march forward with renewed hope. Prison will never destroy our movement, it will only make it grow."

"If we are to be sent to prison, then we shall feel honored. Comrades, read this list: Eastman, Nearing, O'Hare, Ruthenberg, Wag-enknecht, Germer, Kruse, Engdahl, Berger, Reed, Young, and many other brave comrades."—Victor L. Berger.

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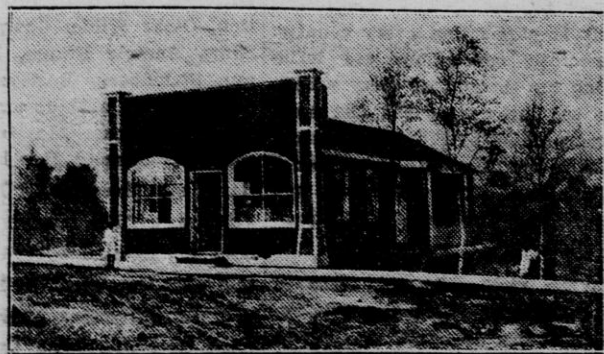
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FEED YOUR HEAD

By EUGENE V. DEBS.

The normal human has a head and two hands. The head plans, the hands perform. They understand each other perfectly. The hands do what the head wants them to do. But it so happens—why, has always been a mystery to us—that most men's hands are subject to a few other men's heads. It is, indeed, a grotesque arrangement. To say that it expresses the creative plan is to impeach the Almighty.

If He intended most men to be the mere hands of others, why did He not create them headless? Surely, He could not have intended their heads merely as knobs to hang hats on!

Oh, no; the fault is not with the plan, but with its execution; or, to be exact, its non-execution. The plan of a head for every hand strikes us as infinite wisdom at high-water mark.

The head perched aloft so it can see, blazes the way for the body and warns against danger! How admirable that this dome should be the seat of reason as well as the lighthouse of vision.

Here the subtle machinery of thought is lodged in the brain.

Marvelous mechanism! Here the wants of the body, the needs of the mind and the aspirations of the soul all center, and here the plans and specifications are drawn and transmitted to the hands and other organs for execution.

But what if the brain itself is neglected? What follows the lack of proper nourishment? Darkness, eclipse. The lighthouse may remain, but the light is extinguished.

As certain as the body languishes and finally succumbs for the want of proper nourishment, so the brain wastes away and finally ceases to function for the same reason.

Every human being should nourish, with wholesome food and stimulant, his mental organism. Unless he does this, he suffers agony and shame until the grave opens to add another to the countless number of silent witnesses that life is a wretched failure.

"Feed your head" is a rather coarse phrase, but it embodies the head and expresses the thought.

Feed your head! Nourish your brain! Cultivate your intellect! Develop your mind! It all means the same thing, the thing that twenty odd millions of humans called hands in the United States ought to understand.

The capitalist does not become the industrial captain by the use of his own head and his own hands. Oh, no; he uses the hands of an army of others who have no heads of their own or have so long neglected them that all they are fit for is to light the way of their hands to and from their slavish tasks.

Listen just a moment, you myriad-headed host of toil!

You have power to snap your chains asunder as you would pack threads. You have but to light the fires in that darkened brain and feed the sacred flame. To have the power of a giant and cover beneath the scorn of pigmy is not your misfortune, but your disgrace. Shame should keep your face black as are your hands. You have no need to crawl; you have the strength to stand; you require no master; be your own. Cease to beg, and help yourself. This earth is yours, and if it is not beautiful in every atom, joyous in every breath, and divine in every impulse, it is because your base and cruel neglect for centuries have disfigured it.

Look into your deformed hands and read the story of your age-long thralldom! It is traced there in characters that throb with pain; written in the alphabet of misery and death!

Yes, look into your hands, you millions of humans who are known as hands, and treated as hands, because you have denied your heads and attached yourselves to the heads of your masters that they may reap in opulence where you sow in despair!

There, in the hands you have abused, you can read the indictment of the head you have neglected.

To put out the light of brain is to make convicts of the hands.

The calloused palms of the labor giant tell the tragic story of his apostasy to his brain.

Every scar in labor's hands bears the humiliating testimony of its neglected brain.

A horny hand is a thing to blush for, not to be proud of.

It is a palpitant protest against abuse; a burning impeachment of self-respect; a blistering reproach to manhood.

When the working class uses its brain, it will no longer have to abuse its hands.

When the working class uses its brain, it will know its power, seize its heritage and reign supreme.

The class struggle is the product of class rule. When class rule is overthrown, the class struggle will disappear.

REPLY TO ARVID NELSON

We thank our comrade Arvid Nelson for his unlimited generosity. It is a good sign we have comrades in our movement, who are so generous with their kindness. Our editorial was full of contradictions and inconsistencies, says ye comrade. Well, even comrade Nelson will admit that we are consistent in our inconsistencies.

"The editor's duty is not to analyze the weapon, but to use it." In other words, if we are drafted and the government gave us a bow and an arrow to fight a

dreadnought or a submarine, it would be our duty to use it. Our comrade states further the old capitalistic saying, one that is used against the poor scissorbill when he complains about his hard job, "A poor workman blames his tools." We wish to state that the platform of the Wisconsin Socialist Party is not a tool, it is a vote-catching device to get votes. The platform will assist in catching a whale.

A large number of the readers are outside the party, why wonder at such a thing when you read such platforms. It is OUR DUTY to draw these readers into the party, but not under false pretenses. Our position is to abolish capitalism. Society is an organism. The workers by organization can form the germ of the new society. By developing their organization they can make themselves strong enough to destroy the shell of the old society, CAPITALISM, and step into the new, SOCIALISM. Through political organization we can keep back the wolves of capitalism and prevent them from destroying our organization.

We wish to remind comrade Nelson, that the purpose of an editor is to educate the workers, not mislead them. He must inform the workers as to the best methods to abolish capitalism. Also we must show them where reforms will lead them and so save a whole lot of valuable energy.

We are in entire agreement with the last sentiment expressed by comrade Nelson. THE SOONER THE BETTER.

We were indicted by the Grand Jury. Case held over to next term January 1919.

LE QUATORZE JUILLET, 1789

("The Fourteenth of July.")

Who has not heard of the Bastille of France?

It was long regarded as the stronghold and symbol of the tyranny of the French kings and nobles. Inside its walls, many brave comrades have gone to their doom. Some were starved to death and others had their heads blown off or battered against its walls.

On July 14, 1789, the Bastille was stormed and finally its garrison surrendered. It was the first act of the French Revolution and was fully appreciated by the Duc de Lianfort, who when Louis XVI sleepily put the question to him, "Is it a revolt, then?" replied, "No, sire, it is a revolution."

"Le quatorze Juillet" is a holiday celebrated by Frenchmen the world over. True it is that the French revolution was a bourgeois revolution. It could scarcely have been otherwise. The rising middle class had to clear away the last barriers of the feudal aristocracy before capitalist production could freely develop itself, and in so far as they cleared away those barriers they were helping the cause of human freedom. The rising middle class, as at all times, could not have done what they did without the assistance of the common people, who were logically bound to sink back into another submerged class, as the proletariat was formed in capitalist society. But the sweeping away of feudalism in France had a worldwide effect. It opened the world, and today we stand amidst a society that must eventually go the same way that feudalism went in those memorable years of French history. The world moves forward.

Out of the labor of the teeming masses there has been erected a civilization that the world has never known. Science today has given us more, with the assistance of Labor, than she has ever given before. In the passing of a night inventions are made and the world moves forward.

Today the world is moving FORWARD. Today the workers stand with the sunlight of a new day in their eyes. They are slowly rising from off their knees. They are going to stand erect and throw their masters from off their backs. They are going to bring the realization of those ideals, that the men of 1776 died for. To you, our comrades in France, we stretch forth our hands in comradeship. To you we send forth our sweetest songs, to tell you that today we share your triumphs and pour sorrows. Bonded together in an everlasting band of human brotherhood, we shall stand forth in a new INTERNATIONAL. Not for long will the world be bathed in sorrow. Not for long will our children weep. Oh, my comrades, you stirred the hearts and sent the red blood coursing through many veins, when you struck a blow for human liberty on July 14th, 1789. We shall never forget. Soon we shall all unite and as feudalism went to its doom, so will capitalism.

"Comrades, hold the fort, for we are coming, wave the answer back to America, by our economic strength we will win.

Soon the bloody monster of militarism will be slain. Until then, our comrades, we will never cease to wage our fight for human liberty.

OPEN THE SCHOOL HOUSES

"Wherever you find school boards that object to opening the school houses in the evening for public meetings of every proper sort, you had better look around for some politician that is objecting to it; because neighborhood talk cures bad politics. The thing that brings to light the concealed circumstances of our

political life is the talk of the neighborhood; and if you can get the neighbors together, get them frankly to tell everything they know, then you-politics, your ward politics, and your city politics, and your state politics will be turned inside out,—in a way they ought to be. Because the chief difficulty our politics has suffered is that the inside didn't look like the outside. Nothing clears the air like frank discussion."—President Woodrow Wilson in his book "The New Freedom."

New York, June 17, 1918.

Dear Comrade:

You will please note that I have this day resigned from the editorship of the Class Struggle, and severed all connections with that publication.

Fraternally yours,
L. B. Boudin.

Czar assassinated by the Bolsheviki troops.

(Unofficial.)

Czar killed, according to official news received via London.

Three days later:

Whereabouts of the Czar unknown.

The above headlines are from the News-Tribune. We did not think for one moment, that anybody would be able to tell us as to what regions a person journeyed to, after they were dead. As regards the Czar's whereabouts, that is if he is dead, we really believe that if the two places exist that we are told of, then we feel positively sure there is only one destination for old Nick. You know where we mean, the place where a guy sends the Kaiser, after he has paid eight dollars for a three dollar pair of shoes and the dealer absolves himself, by blaming the war for the high cost of understanding.

AS WE WAITED FOR THE GRAND JURY

The sound of battle does not compare with the cry of a starving child.

Better to have your stomach shot to pieces by a bullet, than to have it pinched by starvation.

Criticize the government Five years.
Exploit the government Wealth untold.
Just the difference in treatment between a Socialist and a Profiteer.

Under Capitalism, DEATH is the greatest friend of the poor and the outcast.

The profits of prostitution are reflected in the mansions of the East End.

Society honors profiteers. Imprisons pioneers.

Patrick Henry was NOT a German, he was an American. See the point?

Chastity and low wages are like the North and South poles—they are far apart.

The man who robs children of the sunshine of life, is the biggest Kaiser of them all.

Never try to educate a child with a starved stomach.

When your boss praises your union, call a special meeting.

"Cheap" clothes means "cheap" workers. Aw shut up, what is a poor guy to do anyway. Wear the things you produce.

The girl who receives low wages generally finds herself in the RED LIGHT district. So does the fellow. One goes to make a living and the other because he cannot afford to give the girl a living.

Husbands who work more than eight hours per day, furnish sufficient evidence for their wives to divorce them.

A woman who marries a man for love, should most certainly object to him staying with the boss more than eight hours.

If your boss hits you, hit him back. Never vent your spite on your children.

We saw the other day, some dummies dressed up in \$50.00 costumes. We also saw a woman, on a hot day, wearing a big coat to hide her shabby dress. Funny about those dummies, isn't it?

If you were poor because you drank? Will some one kindly tell us how many millionaires are to be found in the workers of Superior, since that city went dry? Some job!

Said a girl the other night, as she watched a poor moth get its wings singed by a light, "Oh, that poor moth!" Said the same girl next day, "Gee, our boys are going some, they killed ten thousand Germans!"

We would rather hear a rebel swear, than a highbrow talk.



THE BOOKSHELF

By A. P.

THE AIMS OF LABOR. Arthur Henderson, M. P. Huebsch. 50c.

Russia is not the only country in Europe in which a revolution has been accomplished since the outbreak of the world war.

A less spectacular but none the less effective revolution has been taking place ever since 1914. In the ages past the working class in Britain has clung persistently to established custom and tradition. Its reverence for the standards of order and respectability laid down by the superior people has been tragic. More than any other people, the British stood in awe and respect of the pomp and pageantry of its royalty, its lords and its dukes. It needed a tremendous change in the routine of everyday life to arouse the British worker.

Today above the din of battle a mighty voice is rising and proclaiming its right to a hearing.

It is the voice of Labor.

A revolution of thought has taken place, and the common man has discovered that his is the power to move the world for better or for worse. Labor is awake; and is demanding in no uncertain tone the right to say what shall be the policies that are to be a guide to the reconstruction of a new society.

The secretary of the Labor Party, Arthur Henderson, M. P., has written a concise statement of the aims of the awakened Labor Party which no Socialist can afford to miss. It is published by B. W. Huebsch & Co. In addition to Mr. Henderson's treatise the book contains the official reports of the Labor Party on war aims, and reconstruction, two classical documents adopted by a special conference held in London, Dec. 1917. A few quotations from the book should convince the reader to buy it for himself.

"The people have . . . discovered their own power. Never again, we may be sure, will the people allow themselves to be driven helplessly into war by these sinister forces (Greed and Imperialism.) Neither will they be able henceforth to see as enemies the people of other countries who are like themselves the victims of the militarist imperialism and secret diplomacy of their rulers."

"Internationalism as an organized movement may have temporarily broken down in this war. But the spirit of Internationalism, the consciousness of the solidarity of peoples, the democratic vision which overlooks the artificial frontiers which keep the peoples apart, will grow stronger the longer the war continues. In the midst of the universal horror of the battlefield, something like and entente of the peoples has been established. The democracies of the world begin to understand one another . . . New forces of fraternity and good will are at work, reconciling the sundry peoples. The democratic spirit is permeating every country. Democratic conceptions are influencing the thought of every people, who see the war as the last monstrous product of the economic and social inequalities of the old order of existence which dissolves and passes away like an evil dream of the night."

"When victory in the sense of the collapse of the military power . . . is at last achieved, we shall be confronted with the task of translating military success into its political, economic and social equivalents in this country and every other. It will not be democratic if it results merely in the restoration of the capitalistic regime, which the war has dis-

credited and destroyed. Victory for the people means something more than the continuance of the old system of production for the profit of a small owning class, on the basis of wage slavery for the producing class. The hard, cruel competitive system of production must be replaced by a system of co-operation under which the status of the workers will be revolutionized, and in which the squalor and poverty, the economic insecurity and social miseries of the past will have no place. . . . Political parties bound by tradition saturated with class prejudice, out of touch with living movements of thought and feeling among the people, cannot easily adopt themselves to the changed conditions. . . . Nothing but disunity and divided counsels in the democratic movement can wreck the promise of the future. For every man and woman who believes in democracy and who desires to see a new birth of freedom in this land there is a place in the peoples movement. . . . Moved by a common love unto a common activity in a common cause for a common humanity, we must lift ourselves above the narrow and diverse influences which render futile so much effort. We must welcome the active co-operation of all who stand for justice and seek the largest liberty and the greatest good. The edifice to be erected on the foundation of the will of free people must be solid and substantial. The democratic forces must begin at once, and, whatever may be their difficulties, continue the task of reconstructing the world in a spirit of unity, co-operation and fraternity, if they would realize an abiding success. . . . The people are weary of wars. They have borne too long the inequalities and injustices inherent in an economic system based on competition instead of co-operation. They are coming together to achieve a new freedom, and to establish on this earth, drenched with men's blood, torn with men's struggles, wet with human tears, a fairer ideal of life."

THE MODERN LIBRARY. 60 cents a volume. Boni and Liverwright.

Those persons who have not yet become acquainted with the Modern Library have a treat in store. Many publishers have attempted to produce a library of classics at popular prices, but so far very few have succeeded in maintaining the standard of literature equal to their initial productions. Messrs. Boni & Liverwright are to be congratulated on their selection of books, and if given the encouragement they deserve, they bid fair to outclass all previous attempts. The collection now numbers 52 volumes, which have been carefully chosen to suit the most fastidious. The list of writers is truly international and includes the names of the most progressive writers in many countries. It is only necessary to mention, Oscar Wilde, George Bernard Shaw, Anatole France, Balzac, Ibsen, Strindberg, Dostoyevsky, Turgenieff and De Maupassant to convey an adequate idea of their excellence. Among the latest additions just released are "Candide" by Voltaire; "The Seven that were hanged" by Andrejev; "Creatures that once were men" by Maxim Gorky; "Love's coming of age" by Edward Carpenter; and two volumes of Art reproductions in black and white one containing the works of Rodin, and the other Ambrey-eardsley. There is nothing cheap about these books except the price. They are well bound in limp leather and present an attractive appearance.