

DO NOT FORGET THE GENERAL PARTY MEETING, SUNDAY, SEPT. 15th, TO BE HELD IN THE RADICAL LABOR LYCEUM 2:30 P. M.

MINNESOTA
HISTORICAL
SOCIETY

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THE TRUTH



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

VOLUME II. NO. 36

DULUTH, MINN., SEPT. 13, 1918

WHOLE NUMBER 64

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All this leading inevitably to the "destruction of government in the United States." . . . This main count in the indictment would have been highly ludicrous if it hadn't been mixed up with the sinister "obstructing the War Program of the Government"; and there were dragged in the twin sins of Sedition and Opposing the Draft. . . .

And while the hundred and twelve were rotting in jail, a ferocious hunt was launched throughout the country; I. W. W. halls were raided, conventions jailed; papers were seized; workers were herded into bull-pens by the thousand; and every organization of police, volunteer or regular, joined the campaign of violence against the I. W. W., so widely labelled as German agents.

Of course the "Treason" phase of the case broke down completely. It was only inserted to disguise the real nature of the prosecution, anyway. The blood-curdling revelations of German intrigue promised the world by the prosecution at the opening of the trial did not materialize. The Government experts who examined the books and accounts of the organization admitted that all was in order. Finally, it was not proven that there was an I. W. W. policy concerning the war, or even concerted opposition of opinion to Conscription. . . .

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In order that there should be no opportunity of sentimentality, the prosecution dismissed all indictments against women defendants; in order that the I. W. W. should not be able to testify about the worst outrages perpetrated against the workers, not one of the Bisbee deportees was put on trial, and not one of the Butte strikers who might testify to the "Speculator" mine fire. . . . But because of the latitude allowed by Judge Landis, and the skill of Vanderveer and Cleary, the defense has been one bloody pageant of industrial wrong: Couer d'Alene, San Diego, Everett, Yakimo Valley, Paterson, Mesaba Range, Bisbee, Tulsa. . . .

From the very beginning, behind shallow legal pretenses loomed the Class Struggle, stark and implacable. The first battle was in the choice of a jury, which dramatically revealed the position of both sides. In examining talesmen, the attorneys for the prosecution asked such questions as these:

"Can you conceive of a system of society in which the workers own and manage industry themselves?"

"Do you believe in the right of individuals to acquire property?"

"You believe, do you not, that all children should be taught respect for other people's property?"

"You believe, do you not, that the founders of the American Constitution were divinely inspired?"

"Don't you think that the owner of an industry ought to have more say-so in the management of it than all his employees put together?"

Any prospective juror who admitted a familiarity with Labor history, with economics, or with the



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evolution of social movements, was peremptorily challenged by the prosecution. The questions of the defense were invariably objected to, and the prosecution made a series of extraordinary speeches to the court, in which were remarks such as the following:

"Karl Marx, father of that vicious doctrine—the cesspool into which the roots of the I. W. W. have gone for much nourishment."

"This case is an ordinary criminal case, in which a number of men conspired to break the law. . . . Their crime consists in the fact that they conspired to take from the employer what is constitutionally his, and in the ownership of which the law supports him."

"The wage system," said Mr. Clyne, of the prosecution, "is established by law, and all opposition to it is opposition to law."

Another time Attorney Nebeker delivered himself of the following: "A man has no right to revolution under the law." To which Judge Landis himself made the remark, "Well, that depends on how many men he can get to go in with him—in other words, whether he can put it over."

The defense sternly held to the Class War issue. Among questions asked the jurors by Vanderveer and Cleary were:

"You told Mr. Nebeker that you had never read any revolutionary literature. Have you never read any revolutionary literature. Have you never read, in school, about the American Revolution of 1776? Or the French Revolution which deposed the king and made France a republic? Or the Russian Revolution that overthrew the autocracy and the Tsar?"

"Do you recognize the right of people to revolt?"

"Do you recognize the idea of revolution as one of the principles of the Declaration of Independence?"

"You have told Mr. Nebeker that you don't think it is right to take away property from those who own it. In our own Civil War, do you think it was right for Congress to pass a law which took away from the people of the South several million dollars' worth of property in the form of chattel slaves—without compensation?"

"You don't believe then that property interests are greater than human interests?"

"Suppose these defendants believed that a majority of the people would be right in abolishing modern property rights in the great industries in order to free a great number of working-men from industrial slavery—would that prejudice you against them?"

"Do you believe workers have the right to strike?"

"Do you believe they have the right to strike even in war times?"

"Which side usually starts violence in a labor dispute?"

"Would you be opposed to the application to industry of the un-

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WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?

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

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

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

Do you remember, Sweetheart, when we went to
the Zoo?

And we saw that big bear with a grouch
And the tigers and lions and that tall kangaroo,
Who carries her babes in a pouch?

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

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

AMERICA AND CHILD POVERTY.

Child poverty is the only sort of poverty that matters. The adult who has been poor as a child will never get the chill of poverty out of his bones; but he will make room for a better nourished generation.

There are no doubt property-owners in America who tell Judge Henry Neil that it is confiscation to tax one man's property to pay for the education of another man's children. We have scoundrels of that sort in England, too. Some day they will, perhaps, have the opportunity of saying it to a higher judge than Henry Neil. He will send them to the place he reserves for those who have learned to say "Our Father," but have not learned to say "Our Children." The one without the other is a blasphemy. Also it is unbusinesslike folly. Neglected children cost more than well nourished ones to everybody except their immediate parents.

The principal business of a

policeman at present is to prevent hungry children from obtaining food. The proper primary business of a policeman is to seize every hungry child and feed it, to collar every ragged child and clothe it, to hand every illiterate child over to those who will teach it how to read and write.

If America cannot see this, there is no future for America. And it is because she has been slow to see this that so much of her past is shameful and so much of her present miserable.

—George Bernard Shaw.

H. G. Wells fails to appreciate the tirade of the Bishop of London, "himself a healthy bachelor," upon the fall of the birth-rate and the duty of all married people, from paupers upward, to have children persistently.

Here lieth Herbert Kitchener Jones,
A little bundle of skin and bones,
Who went back to heaven at six weeks old,

When the winds of winter blew keen and cold;
For Herbert's mother had no control
Over the rise in the price of coal,
Nor over the price of milk and meat;
In fact, she had hardly enough to eat,
And to pay for Herbert she went out sewing,
Both when he was coming and when he was going.
Now she says: "Catch me having another!"
So we ought to be shocked at Herbert's mother.

THE REPORT OF THE CANVASSING BOARD.

The Canvassing Board having met on September 7, at the State Office, canvassed the vote for State Secretary, and found the following vote:

For Dirba . . . 1074
For Maley . . . 953

The Board in accordance with the above hereby declares Chas. Dirba elected.

Fraternally submitted,
CANVASSING BOARD.
By B. M. Gordon, Sec.

THE DRAMA OF A DYNAMITE BOMB

"No threats of any kind, either written or verbal, have been made. I have no reason to suspect an I. W. W. plot or blame the organization or any of its members for the outrage." Judge Landis.

Wednesday, September 5th, some person placed a dynamite bomb on the ground floor of the Federal Building in Chicago, and as a result, four persons were killed and seventy-five injured.

Two members of the I. W. W. are being held, with a view to discovering the culprit. The press are of the opinion that the disaster is the work of the I. W. W. The press never make mistakes, they always know who commits the crime. Long before a prisoner has been tried, the press have already analysed the evidence and sentenced the prisoner, that is, if the unfortunate prisoner is a member of the working-class. When Marshal Field was shot, George Creel, the chairman of the Committee of Public Information, was a reporter, for a Chicago daily, and he got hold of the story about the shooting of Marshal Field. It made a fine story, full of "pep", plenty of sensation; think of it, Marshal Field, one of our leading (?) citizens caught in a sporting house and shot by a scarlet woman. What a fine front page story! But it was never printed. Of course not, Marshal Field was a member of the capitalist class, the class that you and all of us are supposed to look up to and revere. It would not be nice to shake the faith of the workers. Fancy our masters going to sporting houses, we should say not. Did they not rise to their positions of wealth and fame on account of their noble characters, etc.? When Roosevelt was President of America, he gave his daughter's hand in marriage to one Nicholas Longworth. Now "Nick" is one of the "big" men in Congress. In fact, when he talks, the electric fans hold their breath, so that the world might hear of the wonderful things that Nick has to say. Longworth is one of the leading (?) citizens of America, he is the son-in-law of Teddy Roosevelt. How do we know this? Because the papers told us so. Did we not read about it in the society column of our Sunday editions? What the newspapers did not tell you was the fact that when Longworth married Miss Roosevelt, he was drawing a huge income from houses of prostitution. In fact, the street where these houses are is called Longworth Street and is in Cincinnati. It was lately closed under the War Regulations Act.

Remember the above facts, when next you read the Herald and the News Tribune. Remember when you read a story of members of your own class, remember that your own class is the only class that merits your support. The I. W. W. have been charged with the crime of placing a bomb in the Federal Building. We cannot say it was not an I. W. W., neither can we say it was. Until we get more definite evidence, we shall continue to believe that the I. W. W. ARE INNOCENT.

It will be as well to go back to the Haymarket tragedy, when many people were killed by a dynamite bomb. The Haymarket tragedy cost the Labor movement of America the lives of eight of its best members. These men were hung, and afterwards it was proven they were innocent. But what did it matter to the capitalist class at that time, the mere lives of eight workers! The Labor movement was becoming discontented. Men and women who were working ten, twelve and sixteen hours per day were being aroused by those eight men. The capitalist class sent out the cry that these men must be silenced and so DEATH was the silence. The eight men were not hung because they were anarchists, they were hung because they were the most aggressive members of the Labor movement. That is the ONLY reason for their death.

Charles Edward Russell was in Chicago at the time, chief reporter for one of the big New York Dailies. He went to every person connected with the crime and obtained all the information that was possible to obtain. In his story of the Chicago tragedy, Russell sheds some light on the work of some policemen. He writes of the work of Michael J. Schaack, a police captain.

"He was," says Mr. Russell, "a man of restless and unregulated energy and, let us say, of small discretion. I have often wondered whether his delusions resulted from a kind of self-hypnosis or from mere mania; but certainly he saw more anarchists than vast hell could hold. Bombs, dynamite, daggers, guns, and pistols danced ever across his excited vision; in the end there was among the foreign-born population no society no association, however innocent or even laudable, that was not to his mind engaged in devilry. The labor unions, he knew, were composed solely of anarchists; the Turner societies met to plan treason, stratagems and spoils; the literary guilds contrived murder; the Sunday schools taught destruction. Every man that spoke broken English and went out at nights was a fearsome creature whose secret purpose was to blow up the Board of Trade or loot Marshall Field's store."

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And we saw that big bear with a grouch
And the tigers and lions and that tall kangaroo,
Who carries her babes in a pouch?

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From the cold and the wind till they grew
Big enough to take care of themselves, and Dear
Heart

That's just how I first cared for you.
I carried you under my heart, my Sweet
And I sheltered you safe from alarms
Till one wonderful day I, your Mother, looked
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And, my Darling, you lay in my arms.

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INTENTIONAL DUPLICATE EXPOSURE

DEFECTIVE PAGE

NEW HOME OF GARBER BROS.

FASHIONABLE CLEANERS AND DYERS

1925 WEST SUPERIOR STREET

Attention, Ladies!

It pleases us to please you and we will endeavor to turn out the best work possible at all times.

No gowns are too delicate or too fancy for us to properly clean—in fact we delight in turning out that class of work.

You can trust your most fancy and expensive gowns and party dresses to our care without danger of being injured in the least.

Do not hesitate to call us up on either phone. We will quickly call for that suit or gown and return it in due time looking like new and in fact almost good as new.

Our charge for service rendered will surprise you as to the low cost for the high class work we turn out.

OPEN FROM 7 A. M. TO
7 P. M. SATURDAYS FROM
7 A. M. TO 9 P. M.

A Few Interesting Facts Regarding New Plant

New building—140 feet long, strictly fireproof in every respect—20 people employed the year round—all experts in their particular line.

New up-to-the-minute machinery installed for dry-cleaning, finishing work and pressing.

Two auto delivery trucks—good called for and delivered daily to any part of the city. Quick service.

We are not the best because we are the biggest. But we are the biggest because we are the best.

Fashionable Cleaners

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SOCIAL REVOLUTION IN COURT

(Continued from Page One)

derlying principles of American democracy?"

"Do you consider that one individual has an inalienable right to exploit 200 or 300 men and make protected profits off their labor?"

"Don't you know that 2 per cent of the people of this country control 60 per cent of the nation's wealth? That two-thirds of the people own less than 5 per cent of the country's wealth?"

"Do you know that one man had a greater income last year than the combined income of 2,500,000 other Americans?"

"Do you know what effect the wage system has had upon infant mortality?"

"Do you know that prostitution is largely caused by the fact that women in industry do not receive living wages?"

"Do you believe in slavery—whether it be chattel slavery, where the master owned the worker body and soul, or whether it be industrial slavery?"

And so on, for a whole month. What an education that jury had; and what an education the whole country would have had, except that the "backlash press has hushed up" or perverted utterly the story of the I. W. W. trial. Publicity could not help but win the case for the "wobblies"; and so the great prostituted newspapers ignore the most dramatic battle since Dred Scott—one whose implications are as serious, and whose sky is banked with thunder-heads.

Day after day, all summer, witness after witness from the frontline of the Class Struggle has taken the stand, and helped to shape the great labor epic; strike-leaders, gunmen, rank and file workers, agitators, deputies, police, stool-pigeons, Secret Service operatives.

I heard Frank Rogers, a youth grown black and bitter, with eyes full of vengeance, tell briefly and drily of the Speculator mine fire, and how hundreds of men burned to death because the company would not put doors in the bulkheads. He spoke of the assassination of Frank Little, who was hung by "vigilantes" in Montana, and how the miners of Butte swore to remember. . . . (In the General Headquarters of the I. W. W. there is a death mask of Frank Little, blind, disdainful, set in a savage sneer.)

Oklahoma, the tar-and-feathering of the workers at Tulsa; Everett, and the five graves of Sheriff McRae's victims on the hill behind Seattle . . . all this has come out, day by day, shocking story on story. I sat for the better part of two days listening to A. S. Embree telling over again the astounding narrative of the Arizona deportations; and as I listened, looked at photographs of the miners being marched across the arid country, between rows of men who carried rifles in the hollow of their arms,

and wore white handkerchiefs about their wrists.

Everyone knows how the deportees were loaded on cattle cars, how the engineer, protesting, was forced to pull the train out, and how finally, arriving at Columbus, Nw Mexico, the train was ordered back and finally halted in the desert, where United States troops saved the wretched people from exposure and starvation. Many of the deportees had wives, families and property in Bisbee, some were not I. W. W.'s at all, and others had no connection with the labor movement in any way; a large number of the men owned Liberty Bonds, and many were registered in the Draft.

At first the committee of the deportees telegraphed to Wiley E. Jones, Attorney General of the State of Arizona, as follows:

"Sentiment of the men deported from Bisbee is that they wish to return to their homes immediately, but they are aware that their arrival may cause act similar to those of July 12th. We wish to avoid any breach of the peace, and so respectfully suggest that you incorporate in your report some method by which we will be enabled to return to our homes with adequate protection. We feel that we are not justified in longer accepting alms from the Federal Government so freely offered us in the situation forced upon the Government by the action of a lawless mob."

And to Thos. Campbell, Acting Governor of Arizona:

"On account of the troublesome times in the nation and the state, our men do not wish to be the means of causing any breach of the peace. We respectfully demand protection for return to our homes."

To the Hon. Wm. B. Wilson, Secretary of Labor:

"Will the Federal Government restore and make secure the constitutional rights of the men deported from Bisbee? . . . Or does the Federal Government join hands with the state of Arizona in thus notifying the people of America that its common citizens have no rights worthy of consideration by men elected and sworn to uphold the constitution?"

And again, to the Secretary of Labor and the President:

"Federal Constitution was violated when striking miners were deported from Bisbee. We are remaining here not because we want to be idle at Government expense, but because we believe that the Federal Government will return us to our homes and give us protection. Please say what the Government intends to do."

After a few weeks the blankets issued to the deportees were withdrawn, and a notice was posted in the camp, saying briefly that beginning on the morrow the food allowance would be cut down, and would continue to be reduced until at last nothing would be given. All telegraphic protests and queries about this brought no answer.

And so it was done, until the

deportees were driven out of camp, to crawl home, without protection, the best way they could.

They telegraphed to the President, the Secretary of Labor, the Department of Justice, to Senator La Follette, Congressman Meyer London, Congresswoman Jeanette Rankin

"The deportees intend to remain here insisting upon the restoration of their rights as citizens. If the Federal Government withdraws its support now, the deportees will be in the same position as when the Government first came to their aid in Hermans. Does a delay of two months nullify the rights guaranteed us by the Constitution? A definite answer is requested. . . . To all these telegrams there were just three replies. Tumultuously answered that the matter would be brought to the attention of the President; Jeanette Rankin answered encouragingly; Meyer London was silent; but the bitterest irony of all was a letter from the Department of Justice in Washington:

September 29th, 1917.

"Mr. A. S. Embree.

Sir:

Your letter of the tenth inst. with reference to the deportation of yourself and other persons from the state of Arizona to Columbus, New Mexico, has been referred to this department, and the statements and arguments made by you therein have received careful consideration. This department does not believe, however, that there is any Federal law referred to by you which would justify action by the Department of Justice.

Respectfully,

"For the Attorney General,

"William C. Fitts,

"Asst. Attorney General."

There is no law, then, which can be invoked to prevent the interstate deportation of workmen by private persons with guns! I believe that this letter will take its place in history beside that other great utterance of irresponsibility, "Let the people eat grass!"

I sat listening to a very simple fellow, an agricultural worker named Engel, who was telling how the "vigilance committees" and the gunmen from the towns of the Northwest hunted the I. W. W. farm-hands. Without emotion Engel described how he and others were taken off a train at Aberdeen, South Dakota, and beaten up.

"One man would sit on your neck, and two men on your arms, and two men on your legs, while a detective, Price I think was his name, beat us up with a 2-by-4, and it was criss-crossed, notches made on it, this way and that way, so it would raise welts on a man . . . beat you over the back and your hips. . . .

"So they took me away in one automobile, and they took Smith in another, and then they gave me another beating. So after that third beating I came back to Aberdeen, and a junk in at night, and I slept

beneath a livery barn, and the next day I crept down to the depot and took a train for North Dakota." Listen to the scriptural simplicity of this:

"Well, they grabbed us. And the deputy says, 'Are you a member of the I. W. W.?' I says, 'Yes'; so he asked for my card, and I gave it to him, and he tore it up. He tore the other cards up that the fellow-members along with me had, so this fellow-member says, 'There is no use tearing that card up, we can get duplicates.' 'Well,' the deputy says, 'we can tear the duplicates up too.'"

"And this fellow-worker says, he says, 'Yes, but you can't tear it out of my heart.'"

The humility of the workers is almost infinite, and their gentleness miraculous. They still believe in constitutions, and the phrases of government—yes, in spite of their preamble, the I. W. W. still have faith in the goodness of mankind, and the possibility of justice for the righteous.

Take care they do not lose this valuable quality. Take care, most arrogant master-class in the history of the world—call off your Vigilantes, and all of your hypocritical flim-flam which is invented in wartime to enslave the workers.

It will be an evil day for you if Tom Mooney hangs; it will be an evil day for you if the I. W. W. goes to jail—singing in a deeper tone, as one of its young poets, M. Robbins Lampson, is singing:

"Justice became a harlot long ago
And sold herself to every master's use.

Though some declare she died still pure, I know

She compromised with Death, and signed a truce

With Shame, who took her to his splendid house . . .

John Reed in the Liberator

W. C. Anderson, an English Labor M. P., writing in a London contemporary, says: "In newspapers, clubs, railway carriages, in the city," one hears today the whisper of revolution. Listening to these tremulous or expectant rumors, one might suppose that some mysterious underground plot was being hatched for a coup d'etat which, tumbling down throne and aristocracy and Capitalism, would establish in their place a social democratic republic."

Better guide well the young than reclaim them when old,
For the voice of true wisdom is calling:

"To rescue the fallen is good, but 'tis best

To prevent other people from falling."

—Joseph Malines.

THE DRAMA OF DYNAMITE BOMB

(Continued from Page One)

fear he would drive the public as mad as he was. The chief of police later described the situation in a newspaper interview:

"It was my policy to quiet matters down as soon as possible after the fourth of May. The general unsettled state of things was an injury to Chicago.

"On the other hand, Captain Schaack wanted to keep things stirring. He wanted bombs to be found here, there, all around, everywhere. I thought people would lie down and sleep better if they were not afraid that their homes would be blown to pieces any minute. But this man Schaack, this little boy who must have glory or his heart would be broken, wanted none of that policy. Now, here is something the public does not know. After we got the Anarchist societies broken up, Schaack

wanted to send out men to organize new societies right away. You see what this would do. He wanted to keep things boiling—kept himself prominent before the public. Well, I sat down on that; I didn't believe in such work, and of course Schaack didn't like it.

"After I heard all that I began to think there was, perhaps, not so much to all this Anarchist business as they had claimed, and I believe I was right."

There is another aspect of the Chicago Haymarket tragedy that would be well worth re-telling at this time. They generally say that history repeats itself, in the sense that certain incidents take place exactly parallel with previous incidents. Mrs. Parsons, the wife of Albert Parsons, one of the Haymarket martyrs, states that whilst she was down in St. Louis obtaining publicity and support for the men who were to be hung, Lingg blew off his head with a stick of dynamite. What happened after Lingg blew off his head? Why, every newspaper said the men were guilty, they did believe in the destruction of human life. The blowing off of the head of Lingg was the main reason for the men being railroaded. Previous to that public sympathy was all on the side of the men. The dynamite in Lingg's cell caused the people to be turned against the men. Now no person has yet come forward and told of ever knowing Lingg to use dynamite. Lingg was in prison, surrounded by heavy guards. He was searched, He was given a bath and his clothes searched. His cell was

searched. How did the dynamite get to Lingg? Nobody has yet come forward and stated how Lingg got the dynamite. Please remember that the Government had no case against the men and also remember that the dynamite in Lingg's cell caused the public to turn against the men.

Now let us come back to the I. W. W. trial. Let us examine the trial and see whether it is a case of history repeating itself. The Industrial Workers of the World, as every radical will admit, are the most aggressive members of the labor movement. They have been arrested and after a long trial they have been found guilty. No one can say that the I. W. W. were guilty according to the evidence submitted by the Government. Nebeker stated that the I. W. W. were to be charged with committing specific offences. Yet no evidence as to these specific offences was furnished. Instead Nebeker makes a rambling appeal to the jury on the work, pamphlets, organs, etc., of the I. W. W. No mention of any offences being committed by the I. W. W. The changes for a new trial for the I. W. W. were rosy. Labor journals, the organs of the conservative unions of the American Federation of Labor had not attacked the I. W. W. The only opposition to the I. W. W. came from the "yellow" press. That was the position up to last Wednesday.

THEN A BOMB WAS PLACED IN THE FEDERAL BUILDING IN CHICAGO.

We now learn that all hope of the I. W. W. being granted bail or a new trial is given up.

Turn back and read the account of the Haymarket tragedy, and the blowing off of the head of Lingg.

LET THERE BE LIGHT.

As we view the bewildering spectacle that modern life presents, and compare it with the different conditions under which the human race has existed since the dawn of civilization, we are forced to the conclusion that the mind of man was never before in such a state of darkness with regard to his own material welfare.

For, in spite of the fact that human society was never so well equipped with the means necessary to maintain itself in health and happiness, the gaunt spectre of famine and pestilence is abroad in the world, and man, kind find themselves engaged in the struggle which in point of cruelty and viciousness has no equal in history.

Calamity and sensation have now become a part of our daily life. A haunting dread of the future possesses the mind; and there seems to be nothing left but blank despair in the face of overwhelming circumstances.

What a tragedy! Aye! and what a tribute to the teachings of those who sit in high places, and who guide and control the destinies of the world!

Surely the time has come for a change, if the human race would be saved from a miserable doom.

The limitations against which we chafe and struggle are not imposed by nature and are capable of being removed by human action, when once they are understood. Looking back over the career of the human race, we come to an age in which the uncontrolled forces of nature appeared as mysterious powers, ruthless and destructive.

But through the discovery of natural laws and under the impulse of a growing civilization, men learned to control and utilize these forces. And in the same way shall we, by an investigation into the social laws, which now operate within human society, come to a new understanding with regard to the problems of modern life.

The mad orgy of bloodshed and destruction which now convulses the world, will then appear not as a result of the human mind depraved, but as the inevitable consequence of a social system wherein all things are produced for sale. The existence of wealth and arrogance side by side with poverty and despair will then be seen as the direct result of a social arrangement whereby one section of society is allowed to own and control the means necessary to maintain the life of the whole.

In the light of a new understanding, old ideas and timeworn shibboleths will be cast aside. For the mental darkness which now surrounds us can only be dispelled by the same science which teaches us to understand the social forces which now oppose us.

This is the science of Socialism. And it is only by the application of this science, that modern society will ever free itself from a social system which does not harmonize with the requirements of modern civilization. These requirements are the social ownership of the means of life and the production of all things for use.

Let us then spread a knowledge of Socialism, the light of a new age; the hope of the world!—Western Clarion.

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NO RELIEF FROM THE CAPITALIST CLASS.

By Mark Fisher.

Suppose a capitalist should desire to quit exploiting his workers by a spirit of brotherhood and should refuse to exact a profit from his workers; he would simply succumb to competition. Suppose he should be actual and another capitalist who was willing to exploit the workers would take his place. We have seen that victory is for the capitalist who can produce most cheaply; to produce as cheaply as possible a capitalist must secure the cheapest labor available. Otherwise, as a capitalist, he cannot exist. It is not within his power to stop the robbery of the workers. It is not within the power of the capitalist class to readapt society to the new conditions of life.

Even if the capitalist class could end the exploitation of the workers, there is a formidable obstacle in the way; they do not want to do so. They are selfish and naturally wish to continue to ride the workers. It's far pleasanter than working. Moreover, their environment and the conditions of life under which they live are such that they believe that they are doing right. They believe that they are the saviors of society and that if the "mob" once got control of the government and the industries, civilization would perish from the face of the earth. On the other hand, the conditions under which the workers live are not such as to cause them to regard the capitalists as the saviors of society. The workers must accomplish the overthrow of the profit system.

There are people who admit that the profit system must go before the ideal of human brotherhood can be realized, but they disagree with the Socialists as to how the profit system will end. They believe that class lines will gradually be obliterated as the workers consume more and more of their product. They believe that the change from the profit system to the co-operative commonwealth will be gradual, by a

step at a time, instead of suddenly and by revolutionary methods. There is a certain kind of people who cannot bear the thought of any sudden change; these believe that the change will be gradual instead of revolutionary because a gradual change sounds nicer to them. There is absolutely nothing to justify this belief.

To show that the abolition of the profit system will be gradual they must first show that he workers are consuming more and more of their product. This, however, is not true. Every year the workers consume a smaller part of what they produce. Every new invention increases the productivity of labor and still the workers receive only enough to exist upon. All the rest goes to the capitalist class. In 1885 the workers consumed fifty per cent. of what they produced, according to governmental figures. According to United States Census Bulletin 150, seventeen per cent. of what the workers produced in 1910 sufficed for them to exist upon. Eighty-three per cent. was retained by their capitalist masters. Labor-saving machinery is continually being introduced; therefore within a few years the workers will consume only ten per cent. of what they produce and the masters will be able to keep the other ninety per cent.

When this fact is taken into consideration it is easy to see that the profit system is not gradually passing, and cannot gradually pass away because there is a continually increasing rate of exploitation. The gulf which separates the master class and the working class is growing wider and class antagonisms are increasing. As the class lines become more pronounced, agitation and class feeling will also increase. This growing agitation is the result and not the cause of the growing class antagonisms.

Neither the workers nor the capitalists are responsible for this growing antagonism between the classes. The increasing class feeling is coincident with the in-

crease rate of exploitation and both are the result of the changing methods of production. They are the result of an economic evolution that all the platitudes ever uttered cannot check. The struggle between the working class or the other must be victorious approaching a crisis. Either one class of the other must be victorious.—From Evolution and Revolution

I spent an evening lately in a certain celebrated Legislature, and heard the pot lecturing the kettle for its blackness, and Ministers answering questions. When I left I chalked up on the door the old nursery saying, "Ask no questions and you will be told no lies." I bought a six-penny family magazine, and found it full of pictures of young men shooting and stabbing one another. I saw a man die; he was a London bricklayer's laborer with seven children. He left seventeen pounds club money; and his wife spent it all on his funeral and went into the workhouse with the children the next day. She would not have spent sevenpence on her children's schooling; the law had to force her to let them be taught gratuitously; but on death she spent all she had. Their imagination glows, their energies rise up at the idea of death, these people; they love it; and the more horrible it is the more they enjoy it. Hell is a place far above their comprehension: they derive their energy of it from two of the greatest fools that ever lived, an Italian and an Englishman. The Italian described it as a place of mud, frost, filth, fire, and venomous serpents; all torture: This ass, when he was not lying about me, was maudering about some woman whom he saw once in the street. The Englishman described as being expelled from heaven by cannons and gunpowder; and to this day every Briton believes that the whole of his silly story is in the Bible. What else he says I do not know; for it is all in a long poem which neither I nor anyone else ever succeeded in wading through. It is the same in everything. The highest form of literature is the tragedy, a play in which everybody is murdered at the end. In the old chronicles you read of earthquakes and pestilences, and are told that these showed the power and majesty of God and the littleness of man. Nowadays the chronicles describe battles. In a battle two bodies of men shoot at one another with bullets and explosive shells until one body runs away, when the others chase the fugitives on horseback and cut them to pieces as they fly. And this, the chronicle concludes, shows the greatness and majesty of empires, and the littleness of the vanquished. Over such battles the people run about the streets, yelling with delight, and egg their Governments on to spend hundreds of millions of money in the slaughter, whilst the strongest ministers dare not spend an extra penny in the pound against the poverty and pestilence through which they themselves daily walk. I could give you a thousand instances; but they all come to the same thing: the power that governs the earth is not the power of life but of death; and the inner need that has nerved life to the effort of organizing itself into the human being is not the need for higher life but for a more efficient engine of destruction. The plague, the famine, the earthquake, the tempest were too spasmodic in their action; the tiger and the crocodile were too easily satiated and not cruel enough; something more constantly, more ruthlessly, more ingeniously destructive was needed; and that something was man, the inventor of the rack, the stake, the gallows, and the electrocutor; of the sword and gun; above all, of justice, duty, by which even those who are clever enough to be humanely disposed are persuaded to become the most destructive of all the destroyers.—Man and Superman, by Bernard Shaw.

Increased rate of exploitation and both are the result of the changing methods of production. They are the result of an economic evolution that all the platitudes ever uttered cannot check. The struggle between the working class or the other must be victorious approaching a crisis. Either one class of the other must be victorious.—From Evolution and Revolution

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DISCUSSION ON INDUSTRIAL UNIONISM

KARL DANNENBERG
Editor Radical Review

This struggle has, however, purely a destructive function, because a general political victory of Socialism spells the downfall of political government and the advent of the Industrial Republic, a society without classes and political antagonisms. The possibility of such a decisive Socialist victory, however, presupposes the existence of certain industrial organizations of the proletariat necessary, first, to impart power to the political demand and, second, to perform the act of socialization. And this leads us to the function played by industrial action in the class struggle." (The Radical Review, pp. 395-396.)

2. The Socialist Industrial Union, as the organized expression of proletarian economic indispensability on the industrial field, fulfills two functions in the present struggle. Aside from waging the everyday struggle of the workers against exploitation, a struggle that is waged distinctly with the view of abolishing exploitation, and which is, similar to the Socialist political struggle, purely destructive, the Socialist Industrial Union also performs a constructive function of great importance. (This constructive function consists in organizing the productive faculties of the workers not only in line with the requirements of highly socialized capitalist production, but also in line with the requirements of Socialist production in the making. It is an axiom of Historical Materialism that he shell of every new society develops within the womb of the old. We also know that the social elements in capitalist production symbolize the formative stages of a new economic order. However, a class-conscious organization along the lines of highly centralized social production, and truly manifesting the economic power of the workers, does more than give social expression to these formative stages—it really symbolizes the future structure of the Industrial Republic in the process of formation. Therefore, in the same proportion as the Socialist Industrial Union Movement develops, in just that degree does the economic and political power of the capitalist class diminish, and the economic and political power of the workers increase. The growth of the Socialist Industrial Union Movement signifies the ever quicker approaching destruction of capitalist production on the one hand, and the ever more efficient organization of Socialist production on the other. Upon the economic power vested within the Socialist Industrial Union, historical evolution has, consequently, conferred two duties: the first, to stand as

the organized economic might behind the revolutionary objective of the proletariat—to serve as the buckler and sword of the social revolution; the second, to insure and organize the fruits of the revolution—to take and hold the industries in the interest of the Industrial Republic. In the first capacity, it serves as the agent and executor of the Socialist political party, and in the second it functions as the organized productive administration of the Industrial Republic." (The Radical Review, pp. 397-398.)

In the above two quotations we have laid down in a condensed form the tactical programme of the Radical Review, i. e., we have set forth the deductions resulting from our application of the Materialist Conception of History to the present capitalist social organism. As is to be expected from such an examination, these deductions also contain a system of tactics which the working-class must employ for the destruction of the capitalist economy and the construction of the Socialist system of production. In this respect our programme of Socialist activity is not only revolutionary in the destructive sense, but also revolutionary in pointing out the constructive phases of the social revolution in the making. Below we quote certain tactical recommendations contained in the essay of comrade Harrington. A comparison of these with the tactical programme of the Radical Review will, we believe, lead to an intelligent appraisal of the merits and deficiencies, of any, of both.

3. "We know that when a sufficient number of our class realize their position, they will no longer serve as turnkeys of their own economic bondage, and the day of slavery will have passed, we trust, for ever. Unions, industrial or craft, have their roots in the economic conditions of capitalism, to gain a footing and continue to expand they must fulfill a requirement within capitalism and function therein. This, no union which meets the requirement of Comrade Dannenberg's Socialist Industrial Union can do."

4. "For it is folly to suppose any class of men endowed with enlightened class interest and fully conscious of its tremendous strength would submit to the conditions under which the modern wage workers live. They being supreme in every department of real power exerted by the modern state it seems to us, therefore, that the dispelling of working-class ignorance and the making of class-conscious Socialists is the task appointed to the revolutionary proletariat. For the rest we are content not only to let the dead past bury its dead but to let the unborn future produce its own midwife."

5. "The source of all power, however, rests in the state apart from the fact that the capitalist method of production is proving itself totally inadequate to the task of maintaining society, and must, if civilization remains, give place to a new social order. Apart from that fact, in the last analysis the capitalist class remains in control of "every form of capitalist power" through the ignorance of the oppressed class.

When comparing the position of the Radical Review with that of the Socialist Party of Canada, we can not prevent our thoughts from taking a flight into the past of the Socialist and Labor movement. For the two positions laid down above find their analogy, of course only considering the tactical phase of the question, in the positions occupied by the International Workingmen's Association and the Lassalleans in the seventies of the last century. In stating the position of these movements John R. Commons and Associates in their remarkable "History of Labour in the United States," pages 205-206, set forth: "The philosophy of the International at the period of its ascendancy was based on the economic organization of the working-class in trade unions and co-operative societies. These must precede the political seizure of the government by labor. Then when the workingman's party should achieve control, it would be able to build up successfully the socialist state on the foundation of a sufficient number of existing trade unions and co-operative societies."

"This conception differed widely from the teaching of Ferdinand Lassalle. Lassalle's socialism was born in 1863 with Lassalle's "Open Letter" to a workingmen's committee in Leipzig. It sprang from his antagonism to Schulze-Delitzsch's system of voluntary co-operation. In Lassalle's eagerness to condemn the idea of the harmony of capital and labor which lay as the basis of Schulze's scheme for co-operation he struck at the same time a blow against all forms of economic organization of wage-earners. Perhaps the fact that he was ignorant both of the British trade unions and of workingmen's co-operation in England accounts for his insufficient appreciation of the economic organization of wage-earners. But no matter what the cause may have been, to Lassalle there was but one means of solving the labor problem—political action. When political control was finally achieved, the labor party, with the aid of the State credit, would build up a network of co-operative societies into which eventually all industry would pass.

(To be continued.)

Are the Packers Profiteers?

For a few days past the daily press has been ornamented with a large-sized "spread" naively asking the question, "Are the Packers Profiteers?" Now, the knowing ones will smile and wink at the apparently brazen gall involved in such a question, but as a matter of fact, there is nothing to smile at, and a great deal to feel alarmed over. The cunning of the serpent is being exercised in order to cover up or stifle age-old grievances under the glowing subterfuge of colorful terminology.

Observe, for instance, how by this device, by the newspaper castigation of those who reap above the average rate of profit, it is made to appear that the great social crime is not the wringing out of profits from society generally, or, for that matter, that before it is possible to arm and equip a people to resist invasion, or even to feed them, there is allowed to stand across the way a group of people who must have their toll, but it is merely the accumulation of more than a just share of this tribute patriotism and all the other isms by certain individuals which we

are to regard with rage and indignation. A new core is being set up under the cover of patriotism, there is being imprinted upon the minds of the worker the utter false idea that the blessed average rate of profit is necessary and just and that only when a certain margin is overstepped, only when the thief is gored with plunder to the point of overshadowing his rivals, does he become "a threat to the successful prosecution of the war," or words to that effect.

It is to beware! These are false slogans, carefully designed to mislead, altogether opposed to the facts in the case, they are deadly morphia stealing into our minds and blunting the edges of our sharpest intellects.

There has been profiteering since the process of accumulating profits emerged from the ever-changing social turmoil, for, as we see the thing, profiteering is the making of profit.

And how are profits made? The process is exceedingly simple and correspondingly easy to understand, although many of our friends insist that the common worker should not be harassed with statements of the truth. It is this: group one, being small in number, but exceedingly powerful through their ownership of land, machinery and money, dictate the terms upon which group

two—a very large but helpless body—shall live and have their being. These terms are as follows: That the weak ones shall sell their energy day by day for as much as it takes to keep them going, to group two's product and at the end of a week or a month, as the case may be, hand back enough of their own product to make their continued existence possible. The portion handed back—the "living wage"—is just fuel to enable the human machine to go on with its work: what is retained by group one—about eight-tenths of the total—is surplus value. This surplus finds its way into various channels and only on rare occasions to any of the workers. It is mostly consumed in rent, interest and profit, and those who receive the profit are profiteers, our-time exploiters of wage-labor, who have been more lucky than their fellow-exploiters. So far as the workers are concerned, it is not matter of vital importance whether the packers are profiteers, since all those who hire labor are in the same boat. Would we abolish profiteering, we must abolish profit-making. In the meantime, we are not surely going to be fooled into making a hullabaloo for the little exploiter and against the great. Let them do their own dirty work and look after their own troubles. They are none of ours.—The Butte Miner.

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EDITOR & BUSINESS MANAGER JACK CARNEY

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INSTEAD OF AN EDITORIAL

Dear Comrades:

We will have to apologize to you all this week, because we have been lying down on the job.

Last week-end the I. W. W. boys were sent to Leavenworth prison. Some of them are consumptive and before many months have rolled by they will have been released from the pain and torture of the disease that now grips them. These boys are some of our very best friends. We did not agree with them in all what they did, but one thing we are sure of, and that is, they are men of high ideals and sterling character. They did not use dynamite, they were too brave. Only cowards and weaklings use dynamite. Somebody planted that bomb in the building and that bomb was the factor that prompted the government to send the men to prison at once. Well, they are in prison and we are unable to realize it is so. We had hoped that Judge Landis would have set these boys free, but the Judge is like the rest of his ilk.

The I. W. W. are in prison and what can we do to help them? We have tried to think of some way to assist them and so we have forgot all about you and the Truth. If you know of any way in which we can assist these gallant fighters for human freedom, then we trust you will let us know.

Eugene Debs is also being tried and what is going to be his fate no one can really tell. What are you going to do about it all? You will not let Eugene go to prison, you will send along that dollar.

Well, comrades, do not get downhearted about things, the day is with the capitalists, but tomorrow is ours. Not one master or set of masters can stay the coming of that day. Let you and all of us get together, and work as we have never worked before. We shall then by the strength of our economic power bring in the new day. When the dawn of that day appears, when the rays of the sun spread out from the horizon, then you, my I. W. W. friends, you Eugene Debs, Scott Nearing, Germer, Kruse, and all you and you Tom Mooney, will rise and we shall then sing the International, because then the International will be a reality and not the dream of the future.

Yours for industrial freedom,
THE EDITOR.

Someone is Going to Fall

In addition to his unremitting and fruitful patriotic labors at home, Mr. Samuel Gompers has done the United States invaluable service abroad. He is for "a dictated peace" as strongly as Mr. Lodge and the rest of us, outside of the Socialist Little Germany and the imitation intellectuals of American pacifism, few but unfit.

Mr. Gompers has blocked once the little game of Arthur Henderson and the other gods of what is now the Independent Labor party, which consists in large part of "middle class" people. He has sailed for Europe to block Mr. Henderson's game again.

Wherever pacifism sticks up its sleek, malignant head, Mr. Gompers will whack it.—New York Times.

It can hardly be believed that there is any change of the Henderson plan of peace by negotiation succeeding among British workers, but, just the same, every American will wish godspeed to Samuel Gompers, who is on his way to England to break up the movement. The plan of Arthur Henderson is to elect 400 members of parliament from among his labor followers and obtain the premiership. Then will follow, according to his scheme, peace by negotiation. It is the scheme of a pacifist and it must be fought to a finish, just as the German monster must be fought to a finish. Mr. Gompers is going to England to lay the matter again before the British workers of the Henderson stripe. He is going to try to turn them to the clearly marked path of duty to themselves and to the world.—Buffalo Express.

Debs is on Trial at Cleveland

Cleveland, Ohio, Sept. 9.—The court room was crowded to capacity today when Eugene V. Debs was placed on trial before Federal Judge D. C. Westenhaver, charged with violation of the espionage act.

In the audience was Mrs. Rose Pastor Stokes of New York, who was sentenced to ten years imprisonment by a Federal grand jury in Kansas City on a similar charge. She is out on bail pending an appeal.

Debs was indicted here on June 29 on ten counts for remarks alleged to have been made in an address before the state convention of the Ohio Socialist party at Canton, Ohio, June 16 last.

In denying a motion by attorneys for Debs to quash the indictment on the ground that the espionage law is unconstitutional, Judge Westenhaver on Sept. 3, disregarded four of the ten counts as the government's brief announced its intention to enter a nolle in each of the four counts and reserved decision regarding three of the remaining six.

These three counts—Nos. 3, 4 and 10—were allowed to stand:

3—Attempting to cause insubordination, disloyalty, mutiny or refusal of duty in the military or naval forces.

4—Attempting to obstruct the recruiting or enlistment service of the United States.

10—Opposing the cause of the United States by words.

United States District Attorney Edwin S. Werch will conduct the government's case, assisted by

Joseph C. Breitenstein and Frank B. Kavanagh, assistant United States district attorneys.

Seymour Stedman, who defended Mrs. Stokes, and William A. Cunniff of Chicago; Joseph Shantz of Dayton, and Morris Wolf of Cleveland, are named as attorneys for Debs.

If convicted, Debs faces a sentence of twenty years imprisonment and a \$10,000 fine on each count.

APPLAUDED IN COURT;
ROSE P. STOKES FINED.

Cleveland, Ohio, Sept. 10.—Judge D. C. Westenhaver administered fines at the opening of the Debs trial today to the seven persons who applauded in court yesterday. Rose Pastor Stokes, Mrs. Margaret Prevey and J. J. Fried were fined \$25 and the others \$10. Mrs. Stokes and Mrs. Prevey at first insisted they would go to jail as a matter of principle but friends argued them out of it.

The government then began the introduction of evidence in its attempt to prove that Eugene V. Debs violated the espionage act in a speech at Canton, Ohio, June 16.

Misery begets the largest part of humanity, Ignorance rears it, Humbug educates it, Tradition enslaves it, Fashion cripples it, Ambition governs it, Greed despoils it, Need kills it, Hypocrisy buries it.

PHILOSOPHY
OF A FOOL

By TOUCHSTONE.
The Power of Faith.

"Those that are Fools, let them use their Talents."—Twelfth Night.

Taking it on the whole, this World is awfully nice. I am very fond of it.

Allowances have to be made, of course. There are things you must not inquire too closely into. There are times when you must pretend you do not see, and be deaf in one ear at least.

The World is not always ready to be looked at, and it often makes remarks it would not be polite to hear. It has its squalid hours, and its bad moods, and tactful Fools take care to keep away from it at these periods.

Even so, I like the World right well. And the World, I think, likes me.

We have our bites of tiffs, to be sure. And then I tell the World a lot of things it doesn't want to be told, and the World tells me a lot of 'twere better to have left unsaid.

Yet such little exchanges only serve to introduce a pleasant freedom into the intercourse of friends. Speaking generally, I can say with great heartiness that the World and I agree quite well together.

There is, however, one aspect of its character that causes me to mention it at some length. It is unprogressive.

It doesn't get on as fast as it should. It lingers along in a rather shabby fashion, and has a trick—very provoking to one of my urgent temperament—of continually harking back to the spot it started from.

You will remember that I threatened to consult my Master Fool on the subject, and ask him to explain, if he could, how this tantalizing backwardness on the World's part was to be reconciled with Man's passion for pushing on.

With that object I called upon him a couple of days ago.

"There is nothing to reconcile," said he; "there is only a fault to be cured."

"I agree with that," said I. "But the World, though obliging enough in some respects, does not enjoy discussing its faults."

"Then," said my Master Fool, "why not discuss your own?"

We were in his little private garden, and as he uttered these astounding words the roses began to dance wildly around me, and the cosmos to carry on in the maddest manner.

"My faults!" I cried indignantly. "What have MY faults to do with it?"

"Well," said my Master coolly, looking at me over the top of his spectacles, "as a matter of fact your faults have EVERYTHING to do with it."

"Absurd!" I snapped, and the roses and cosmos went on careering about me giddily.

"You are growing skeptical," he continued. "Every day finds you harder and harder of belief. You doubt this; you pooh-pooh that. You demand impossible proofs. You sneer at faith."

"Does my lack of faith explain why the World lags on the way?"

My Master pointed to a rustic bench.

"Be seated," he said, "and I'll tell you one of the secrets handed to us by the Great Fool who founded All Fools' College."

I sank into the seat. The roses and cosmos steadied down, and tried to look as if nothing unusual had happened. My Master sat beside me, took off his glasses, wiped them carefully, and putting them on again, let these words drip slowly from his lips:

"Faith and Progress are one and the same thing!"

"Oh, that's Ridiculous," said I. "We are governed by the Ridiculous," said my Master gravely. "The Ridiculous, operating in conjunction with the Impossible, is the greatest factor in the forward movement of the human race."

"If I didn't understand your method of teaching by seeming to outrage reason I should be in doubt as to whether you were trying to insult me, or were merely indulging an undeveloped taste for humor," I said with ponderous sarcasm.

"As to that," said he, "it is the privilege of a Fool to use his own discretion. But it is written in the Book of Fools, 'Every great Truth is at first Ridiculous.'"

"Well, anyhow," said I, "it seems over the odds to expect me to believe that Faith and Progress are one."

My Master leaned back in the seat, and for some moments watched in silence a wisp of cloud float like a silver leaf on the blue lake overhead.

"You think the World is unprogressive," he said at last.

"I am sure of it," said I.

"It is BECAUSE you are sure of it," said he, "that it is so."

"Is there no principle of Progress, acting in and by the mass of humanity, independent of the individual?"

It was a straight question, and my Master accordingly shied away from it.

"He who fastens his hopes upon the Dawn gets there," he muttered enigmatically.

"And what if there should be no Dawn, but Darkness everywhere?" said I.

"The true Dawn is within you," he answered. "Have faith in yourself, if not in the World, and the blackness will be flushed with rose and gold, and Light will some leaping from the caverns of gloom."

His eyes were fixed so intently on the floating silver leaf left above that I too became fascinated by it, and for a brief space did not speak. Then I changed my plan of attack.

"I like the World," said I. "It has many good points about it. But it has also many faults, and it doesn't appear to be in any hurry to get rid of them. In fact, it rather seems to fancy them."

"It is associated with the most awful injustices, and it permits them to persist from age to age. Suffering and Sorrow are its daily companions, and instead of being ashamed of such company the World makes much of men and lets them carry on just as they please."

"It is perfectly plain there is no spirit or reformation in the World. It makes no genuine attempt to improve itself. Indeed, it is with the greatest difficulty it can be persuaded not to go from bad to worse."

"Don't put it on to the World," said my Master. "The remedy is in your own hands; or, rather, it is in your own heart. Faith is Progress. Believe that there is something ahead that is greatly to be desired, and you'll get there. Be skeptical, and you'll present the unedifying spectacle of a Fool stuck in the dirt of Today, protesting there is no tomorrow."

"See visions in the sunrise, and you'll be filled with creative impulses, and begin to realize on earth the splendors of the sky." I shook my head impatiently.

"But what of the World? The World will be doing nothing!"

"Does it matter, so long as something gets done? The World is more accommodating than you

ANTI-WEALTH RIOTS
SWEEP OVER JAPAN

Mobs are Stoning Capitalists and Destroying Property.

Tokio, Japan.—There was serious rioting in Tokio. Mobs attacked and damaged property in the business and theatre districts. The rioters also entered and pillaged houses in Asakusa, the great recreation resort of the middle and lower classes.

A number of the disturbers were wounded by the swords of the police.

The newspaper current here seems to indicate that the food riots throughout the country are an expression of growing social unrest among the people and to reflect the belief that the empire is advancing toward a social crisis. The riots are spreading like wildfire, involving alike the poor and the middle classes, who feel impelled to protest against economic conditions.

It is remarkable that the uprisings often are an anti-capitalistic in nature, the mobs attacking and destroying the property of the wealthy and voicing anger at evidences of luxury. Geisha girls have been stoned as they have driven through the streets in automobiles and the

A GENERAL PARTY MEETING

Several Comrades have expressed a desire to attend a general meeting of the party. We therefore call to all Comrades to attend a meeting to be held at the Radical Labor Lyceum, 23 East First Street, Sunday, September 12, at 2:30 P. M.

We trust every member will attend. The meeting will be addressed by the editor D. M. Crocker and others.

Dear Comrades:

We have had brought to our attention a genuine case of poverty. The couple are getting on in years and as the weather is getting cold, they are both starving.

If any of our readers have any clothes, womens' and mens' they will be much appreciated by this couple.

Kindly let us know where you are and we will send for them.

Fraternal yours,
Jack Carney.

suppose. It takes things just as it finds them. If it is on good terms with tyrants and tigers, it is only because they are in possession. Destroy tyrants and tigers and the World will shed no tears for them, and will be perfectly nice to free men and unfearing antelopes."

The silver leaf floating in the heavens appeared to be undergoing a transformation. I watched it as one bewitched, and the words I spoke came automatically, as sounds with no volition behind them.

"It is true, then, that there is no such thing as a principle of progress shaping and directing the course of events—no such thing as destiny, no such thing in the World as a Purpose of Existence, controlling and transcending the actions of men."

Never for an instant did my Master take his eyes from the wonderful leaf, that now had ceased to be a cloud and was becoming something else, as yet I scarce knew what. But in HIS words there was the breath of a living Will.

"The World has no infallible instinct in its heart, no irresistible urge in its veins. It is the creature of the powerfuller influences surrounding it. Have faith, and it is yours. Believe, and it is a slave genie, ready to do your bidding, though you ask it to perform marvels. This is Faith; Faith is Progress."

I uttered an exclamation of amazement.

houses of the rich have been assaulted.

Low Wages the Cause.
While the war has created millionaires and increased the luxuries of the rich, it also has increased the misery of the poor because of insufficient wages being paid. Factory hands especially are stirred up by the ringleaders of the riots, which are the first of the kind to occur since Japan was opened to Western civilization.

Disorders broke out in Tokio on Tuesday night. A crowd of 5,000 which was prevented from congregating in the park, marched to the Ginza, the great retail thoroughfare of the city, where they stoned and damaged 200 stores and restaurants, raided rice depots and unsuccessfully attacked the Ministry of the Interior. Ninety arrests were made and twenty policemen were injured.

Tokio last night was occupied by heavy detachments of police and infantry. The newspapers are forbidden to publish news of any kind relative to the rice riots.

Troops have been called out in nearly every important city in Japan. Even the naval station at Maizuru is affected by the unrest. Two thousand workmen there are rioting in conjunction with the populace.

At Nagoya, noted for its manufactures of porcelains, a mob estimated to aggregate 30,000 persons rioted. At several places the soldiers fired on the disturbers. At Kobe the soldiers and police also were obliged to use sabres and bayonets against the rioters.

Five Hundred Arrested at Saka.

The food disturbances are increasing in violence. At Saka during a demonstration, telephone wires were cut and several tramways were forced to suspend service after passengers had been wounded. Troops, including cavalry, were called out to suppress the rioting, and twenty-five policemen and many rioters were hurt. Five hundred persons were arrested. In outlying towns the people attacked the police with bamboo spears.

The disturbances at Kobe resulted in the burning of a great rice warehouse and several factories and houses and a large number of rice stores.

The seriousness of the situation led to a special meeting of the Cabinet, which decided to appropriate \$5,000,000 for purchasing stores of rice for distribution among the people at a moderate price. The emperor, moved by the distress, has contributed 3,000,000 yen to the national rice fund. Street cars are being utilized in Tokio by soldiers who distribute rice in districts where suffering is reported.

The press joins in a tribute to the emperor for his generous contribution indicating the spirit of the ruler and the wealthier classes. But the newspapers generally blame the government for its tardy remedies. The conservative newspaper "Jiji Shimbun" especially criticizes the government, saying that as a result of its policy the nation finds itself in the throes of insurrection.

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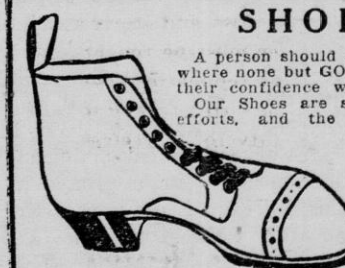
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