

IF YOU DID NOT VOTE IN THE JUNE PRIMARIES DO NOT FAIL TO REGISTER SATURDAY, OCT. 26

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 meet upon recovering in practice those ideals which she has always professed, upon securing a government devoted to the general interests and not the special interests.—Woodrow Wilson in the New Freedom.

THE TRUTH

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

VOLUME II. No. 44

DULUTH, MINN., OCTOBER 25 1918

WHOLE NO. 71

Battle-Wrecked Structures of Central Europe Now Crumble Before Rising Tide of Liberty

Socialist Candidate for Governor



L. P. BEROT

"Political Democracy without industrial democracy makes of capitalism a hideous farce full of screaming contradictions". — E. V. Debs.

Berot is the only candidate who stands for a genuine industrial democracy.

REMEMBER

THIS ON NOVEMBER 5

Central Powers Sway Toward Melting Pot

As Bolshevik Russia and Moderate America

Crapple for Advantage at Remodeling

WASHINGTON.—Europe is in the rapids. The race is on between a Wilson peace and a Lenine peace.

Every transatlantic cable is heavy with official dispatches describing the battle-wrecked structure of dynasties which may crumble before another sun rises, which cannot possibly endure another six months of war.

The formal disintegration of Austria-Hungary is confidently looked for by men in the state department within the next 48 hours. Hungary may declare its independence of the Hapsburgs at any hour.

Similar action by the Poles, Czechs and South Slavs will not then be delayed a day longer. The government at Vienna knows its last hour has come, and is fumbling in feeble bewilderment at the loose strings of futile reforms.

Powerful allied armies and nearly a million cases of influenza are shaking the once mighty German military machine to pieces. Its best men were grouped into shock battalions last spring and completely wiped out in the offensive which collapsed in July.

That was the last desperate throw of Prussian dice. The Hohenzollern dynasty wrecked, a push from within may overturn it tomorrow. Blows from the outside will do it, if the internal push is delayed.

The streets of Berlin are filled with men and women crying "Peace is here! The war is over!" The grand council of German sovereigns, great and small, must yield to that fierce hope of the masses.

William II may attempt a military dictatorship to prolong his reign. Washington believes it will be overthrown in a month.

ODDS FAVOR SOCIALISTS.

When the kaiser goes, three factions in Germany will assert their separate claims to govern—the Socialists, the Liberals and the junker-princelings. Betting odds favor the Socialists.

Central Europe sways toward the melting pot, and two rival forces from without are grappling for advantage in the remodeling that must follow. They are Bolshevik Russia and moderate America.

Bolshevism is abroad in the Hapsburg empire and counts that region as good as won. Moderation stands a better change in Germany if western Europe and America help it when the crash comes.

President Wilson is wholly alive to the situation and feels a heavy responsibility for the outcome. He is committed to the destruction of Prussian militarism and will not pause until that is accomplished. But his aim is not the erection of an extremist proletarian regime in its place.

Bolshevism is a contagion. Within a few months it has remade Russia and helped drive Bulgaria out of the war. It springs up as hope dies down in the hearts of a people.

America is determined to beat the central empires, but it would accomplish this without driving the German people to that desperation which makes them turn toward Soviet Russia for an example to follow.

DOWNFALL SETS IN.

The Prussian motto of "world power or downfall" has reached the brink of the second alternative, and is seen to threaten the downfall of institutions beyond the borders of imperial Germany.

Extremist labor groups exist in all the countries of Europe and no man can say how widespread will be the social reverberations of a German collapse wrought by internal convulsions.

Germany stands today where imperial Russia stood a month before the czar fell. The monarch is doomed. Rival successors to the monarchy—proletarian, bourgeois and royalist—stretch out their hands to seize the inheritance.

What happened in Russia may happen in Germany, vastly complicated by its simultaneous occurrence in Austria-Hungary.

What I have written here is not the reflection of any man's hopes or fears. It is the anxious conclusion of men who are appalled by the rapidity with which events are moving in Europe, as reflected in scores of daily reports from the warring continent.

One grave problem surmounts all others in the minds of those who know the facts. Shall kaiserism be supplanted by a whirlwind of proletarian passion or by the process of orderly peace making? Between these two forces the race is desperate, and near to an end.

CANDIDATE FOR REPRESENTATIVE

FOR 59th DISTRICT



JOHN ESSEN.

**I HAVE NOT BEEN INDORSED
BY THE SQUARE DEAL COMMITTEE**

I WANT A SYSTEM IN WHICH THE WORKER
SHALL GET WHAT HE PRODUCES AND THE
CAPITALIST SHALL PRODUCE WHAT HE
GETS THAT IS THE SQUARE DEAL THAT
IS A SQUARE DEAL.

VOTE FOR

John Essen

NOVEMBER 5th



CHILD LABOR LAW UNCONSTITUTIONAL

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Your Place was Burnt out**

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INTENTIONAL DUPLICATE EXPOSURE

DEFECTIVE PAGE

If You Fail to Vote for BEROT -- Socialist Candidate for Governor -- Your Vote is Wasted

In the Realms of Literature

Ireland. A Study in Nationalism. By Francis Hackett. Published by R. W. Huebsch, New York, \$2.00 net.

Desmond Ryan writing in the Voice of Labor, Dublin, Ireland, states:

"In a country which long political and social struggles have distracted, it is inevitable the calm of the library should be absent. That explains, no doubt, why until lately we have had no very clear ideas upon history. We seemed to have a fatal choice between a nightmare and a legend. Too frequently our historical method was merely to blend nightmares and fairy tales into a somewhat morbid and sorrowful legend. Even when we sought refuge in past glories our case was little better, except when the memory of an ancient glory kindled a dreamer to action. But, generally speaking, refuge in emotionalism means ultimately a cynical reaction, which may destroy with laughter far more precious things than sunbursts and tin-pikemen. The Lord knows we had sufficient temptation to fall into either excess. Today we have no excuse. Mrs. Green, 'A. E.', James Connolly, and Darrel Figgis have shown us a better way."

Along with those names, mentioned by Desmond Ryan, must go the name of Francis Hackett. The great stumbling block to a clear understanding of what is known as the "Irish Question", has been the works of men who claimed to have mastered the Irish Question. Some have written histories of Ireland, which after all were nothing less than third rate fairy tales. Others have written of Ireland and due to the snobishness, born of a contempt for anything that was Irish, they have only bored their readers and their readers in turn have become disgusted with Ireland. Hackett's book will aid the cause of Irish freedom far more than any book we know of.

The author hits the mark when he states: "Outrage has served one great purpose for the Irish. It has made them self-conscious. It has burned into their memory and imagination the title to their desires. But if they direct these desires against an historic enemy rather than towards a social goal, they will stand in that very light of that reconciliation to which their heroic resistance has begun to educate their foe." The fault as the author states is a grievous one. Many of the Irish employers have used the Anti-English cry, in order to sweat their employees. Their employees believing that because a man was Anti-English, it necessarily followed that they were good Irishmen. Evidence of this can be found in Belfast and Dublin. The cry of labor agitators being in the pay of the Unionists, is sometimes sufficient to break a strike and vice-versa in Dublin. So with the author we are of the opinion that the freedom of Ireland will never be gained, if Irish men and women in their hatred for England, forget those at home who are ever ready to exploit them.

The book is one that will appeal to all Irishmen, who are big enough to admit the faults they see so clearly portrayed by the author. Such a book as this, if read by the Orangemen and Catholics of Belfast would go far to crush Carsonism. If the British Government desires to bridge the chasm between the North and South of Ireland, we strongly recommend them to purchase a copy of "Ireland" and compel every one in Ireland to read it. It will show to the Sinn Feiner the fallacy of his own position, it will also expose the hollowness of the Imperialist cry of the Ulster Unionists and will most certainly inspire the labor element to go on and push forward their propaganda. Hackett knows Ireland, and fortunately he is possessed of a broadness that must be the envy of all those who ever sought to write of Ireland. There is none of the bitterness, so prevalent in the writings of many of those who have written for or against Ireland. We would have liked Mr. Hamilton, the author of the Soul of Ulster to have read this book, it would have been to his advantage.

To all those who are extreme internationalists, we strongly urge upon them the necessity of reading this book. Hackett has analyzed Nationalism in such a way that the most ardent internationalist cannot help but stop and consider his views anew. If you have a friend who wants something to read, then send him a copy of Ireland. The work is well written, and the author has a style that sets an example to many of America's foremost writers. There is no harshness in Hackett's writings. Hackett has written a work that is dignified and forceful. His work will compel all those who have studied Ireland, to reconsider their views. He has struck the happy medium between the extremist and the Ulster Unionist. If ever the people in Ireland become united, it will be the result of the work of men like Hackett.

Cornhuskers, by Carl Sandburg (Henry Holt & Co., New York, \$1.30).

Tolstoy was of the opinion that the test of a writer lay in his being able to write in such a way, that those who had read his writings felt like the writer himself. If that is so, then Sandburg has stood the test. The beauty of Sandburg's poetry lies in his being able to so play upon one's imagination and to lead them to the scenes of his poems. Who can resist picturing those merry negro dock-walkers of New Orleans, after reading the following:

You bony head, Jasbo, O dock-walker,
Those grabbling hooks, those wheelbarrow handles,
The dome and the wings of you, nigger,
I know where your songs came from:
I know why God listens to you,
"Walk All over God's Heaven."
I heard you shooting craps, "My babies going to have a new dress."
I heard you in the cinders, "I'm going to live anyhow until I die."
I saw five of you with a can of beer on a summer night and listened to the five of you harmonizing six ways to sing, "Way down Yonder in the Cornfield."
I went away asking where I come from.

A week ago there was a terrible fire in our community, everyone was upset over the havoc wrought by such a fire. Today, except for the tired faces of the refugees, there is very little to remind us of the fire of but a week ago. It only goes to show how many are the events that crowd one's life and how soon they are forgotten. You will appreciate our viewpoint more after reading the following:

GRASS.
Pile the bodies high at Austerlitz and Waterloo.
Shovel them under and let me work—
I am the grass; I cover all.

And pile them high at Gettysburg
And pile them high at Ypres and Verdun.
Shovel them under and let me work.
Two years, ten years, and passengers will ask the conductor:
What place is this?
Where are we now?

I am the grass.
Let me work.

Louis Untermeyer ably reviews the recent work of Sandburg and we take great pleasure in reprinting an extract from his review in the Dial:

I was born on the prairie, and the milk of its wheat, the red of its clover, the eyes of its women, gave me a song and a slogan.
Here the water went down, the icebergs slid with gravel, the gaps and the valleys hissed, and the black loam came.

Here between the sheds of the Rocky Mountains and the Appalachians, here now a morning star fixes a fire sign over the timber claims and cow-pastures, the corn-belt, the cotton-belt, the cattle ranches.
Here the grey geese go five hundred miles and back with a wind under their wings honking the cry for a new home.
Here I know I will hanker after nothing so much as one more sunrise or a sky moon of fire doubled to a river moon of water.

The prairie sings to me in the forenoon and I know in the night I rest easy in the prairie arms, on the prairie heart.

These are the opening lines of Prairie, a wider and more confident rhythm than Sandburg has yet attempted. The gain in power is evident at once and grows with each section of this new collection. The tone in Cornhuskers has more depth and dignity; the note is not louder, but it is larger. In Chicago Poems there were times when the poet was so determined to worship ruggedness that one could hear his adjectives strain to achieve a physical strength of their own. One occasionally was put in mind of the professional strongman in front of a mirror, of virility basking in the spotlight, of an epithet exhibiting its muscle. Here the accent is less vociferous, more vitalizing; it is a summing-up of strong things rather than the mere stereotypes of strength. Observe the musical athletic beauty of Leather Leggings, Always the Mob, The Four Brothers, and this muscular Prayers of Steel:

Lay me on an anvil, O God.
Beat me and hammer me into a crowbar.
Let me pry loose old walls.
Let me lift and loosen old foundations.

Lay me on an anvil, O God.
Beat and hammer me into a steel spike.
Drive me into the girders that hold a skyscraper together.
Take red-hot rivets and fasten me into the central girders.
Let me be the great rail holding a skyscraper through blue nights into white stars.

These and a dozen others seem a direct answer to Whitman's hope of a democratic poetry that would express itself in a democratic and even a distinctively American speech. He maintained that before America could have a powerful poetry our poets would have to learn the use of hard and powerful words; the greatest artists, he insisted, were simple and direct, never merely "polite or obscure." "Words are magic . . . limber, lasting, fierce words," he wrote in an unfinished sketch for a projected lecture. "Do you suppose the liberties and the brawn of these States have to do only with delicate lady words? with gloved gentlemen-words?" Later he said, "American writers will show far more freedom in the use of names. Ten thousand common and idiomatic words are growing, or are today already grown out of which vast numbers could be used by American writers—words that would be welcomed by the nation, being of the national blood."

No contemporary is so responsive to these limber and idiomatic phrases as Sandburg. His language lives almost as fervidly as the life from which it is taken. And yet his intensity is not always raucous; it would be a great mistake to believe that Sandburg excels in verse that is heavy-lifted and sententious. What could be quieter and yet more vigorous than the suggestive Interior, the calm irony in Malice to None, the solemn simplicity of Grass, or the strange requiem note in Cool Tombs?

When Abraham Lincoln was shovelled into the tomb, he forgot the copperheads and the assassin . . . in the dust, in the cool tombs.
And Ulysses Grant lost all thought of con men and Wall Street, cash and collateral turned ashes . . . in the dust, in the cool tombs.
Pocahontas' body, lovely as a poplar, sweet as a red haw in November or a paw-paw in May, did she wonder? does she remember? . . . in the dust, in the cool tombs?

Take any streetful of people buying clothes and groceries, cheering a hero or throwing confetti and blowing tin horns . . . tell me if the lovers are jokers . . . tell me if any get more than the lovers . . . in the dust . . . in the cool tombs.

This creative use of proper names and slang (which would so have delighted Whitman), this interlarding of cheapness and nobility is Sandburg's most characteristic idiom as well as his greatest gift. And it is this mingling that enriches his heritage of mingled blood; the racial practical voice of the American speaks through a strain of ruder Swedish symbolism. Beneath the slang, one is aware of the mystic; Cornhuskers shows a cosmic use of penetrating patois; it is Swedenborg in terms of

State Street. This mysticism shines out of Caboose Thoughts, Wilderness, Southern Pacific, Old Timers. And it is always a more extended and musical spirituality than the earlier volume; the new collection may not be more dynamic, but it is more lyric.

The struggles, the social criticism, the concentrated anger, and the protests are here as prominently as in Chicago Poems, but they assert themselves with less effort. The war has temporarily harmonized them; they are still rebellious, but somehow resigned. The chants of revolt are seldom out of tune with Sandburg's pictorial pieces. Both are the product of a strength that drives its inspiration from the earth; they are made of tough timber; they have "strong roots in the clay and worms."

Louis Untermeyer.

It will repay our readers to purchase a copy of Cornhuskers. It is a book that will drive away an attack of the "blues" as you sit at the fireside and hear the howling winds whistling through the key-hole. To those of our readers who are Scandinavian, this book will give cause to feel proud of having such a poet as Sandburg in their race.

M. S.

All books reviewed in this column can be obtained through Truth.

THE AMERICAN SOCIALIST "MISSION."

Evidently the Socialist mission to Europe, sent abroad under the auspices of the Social Democratic League, came home with its work not quite accomplished. Its members have reported to President Wilson the need of establishing at Milan and Paris permanent headquarters from which information should be spread among the workers of Europe concerning the true attitude toward the war of the working class of the United States. Mr. Charles Edward Russell, head of the Social Democratic League, who discussed the matter with the president, has announced the full consent of the administration to the scheme. The sincerity and patriotism of Mr. Russell and the other members of the mission are beyond question. It seems fair, however, to raise a doubt as to their qualifications and credentials as official interpreters of the American labor movement. Since their secession from the Socialist party there is little evidence to show that they have been in intimate touch with the working people of this country. Their activities have been rather in the nature of propaganda than inquiry or participation in working-class affairs, and the Social Democratic League has hardly established itself as a body representative of even a small section of American labor. Mr. John Spargo, who remained in Europe to carry on the educational work undertaken by the mission, has sent to the American press occasional reports on the temper of the labor and Socialist movements abroad. Even his most enthusiastic friends have been forced to admit that his interpretations have erred on the side of optimism. From his reports it is hard to distinguish the exponents of an immediate interbelligerent labor conference from the bitter-enders and enemy boycotters of the Merchant Seamen's league in Great Britain. Is there any reason to suppose that Mr. Spargo and his associate would do better in interpreting to European workers the temper of the labor movement here?

The Nation.

A BOURGEOISE RED PARADE

If an organization of agnostics paraded in favor of the Catholic Church, or the latter paraded for the former, either exhibition would be a source of wonder and amusement, wouldn't it? If a group of bankers formed a section in a Labor day parade under a banner with the inscription, "Down With Capital," that, too, would strike us as positively the last thing in humor. If this was followed by a section of millionaires displaying the red flag and demanding a "dictatorship of the proletariat," it would be impossible to restrain our mirth.

Yet stranger things have happened in the strange world ushered in during the past five years. During the struggle between the partisans of the Constituent Assembly and the Soviet

lets in Russia something like this happened. Madeline Z. Doty writes of it in the London Nation as follows:

On December 11 there was a parade as a demonstration for the Assembly. I was out early and wandered about the street. At 10 the line began to form. Riots were expected. But, except for a few bullets fired by an over-excited man, I saw no violence. There were 10,000 in line. A Bolshevik demonstration would have brought out 50,000 to 70,000. The marchers were all well-dressed. They walked and talked quietly. They sang solemnly and sincerely. They were the bourgeois and intellectuals, with an occasional capitalist. None of the proletariat, and only a few well-dressed soldiers joined. The crowd lacked passion. They moved to the Tauride palace, the meeting place of the Assembly. They swept up to the doors. But Bolshevik soldiers guarded the entrance, and they turned back. They marched down a side street. They had no plan. I watched three men with particular interest. They were lawyers and bankers. They wore fur coats and caps. They and others were singing the "Marseillaise." Over their heads waved a red flag on which was written "Land to the Peasants." On the sidewalk factory workers and unshaven soldiers stood and jeered. Surely I had gone crazy. It wasn't possible that the moneyed class were marching in the middle of the street under a red flag, singing the "Marseillaise," demonstrating against the government and shouting for freedom.

It is a strange world, indeed; a world turned upside down. We in America could not think of anything like this taking place even in wartime, to say nothing of peace. But, hold on. Are we quite sure of this? What of that band of "guardian angels" consisting of "lame duck" politicians, a sprinkling of millionaires and soft bourgeois who in the peace period of 1912 gathered in Chicago and offered a caricature of the Socialist program under the banner of the Progressive party? Remember the "red bandana" that was used as a suggestion of the red flag, and the hosts that were to destroy "privilege," and the speakers who mouthed Socialist phrases, and the 4,000,000 voters who were "taken in" by this national parade? There was no war on to upset men's judgment and thus make possible the staging of this grotesque thing. Yet a larger percentage of this country sincerely followed this thing than could be induced to wallow in Russia. Four years later they allowed themselves to be led back to the very camps they had deserted.

That was a very funny parade in Petrograd, to be sure; but when it comes to this kind of humor we believe in the old motto, "America First."

—N. Y. Call.

AN EVER PRESENT MENACE.

It is generally accepted that there are two classes in society; the workers, those who fulfill some useful function, and those who live on the labor of others, who return nothing of value to the community.

The careless observer is fond of saying, with the dogmatic assurance characteristic of the uninformed, that the capitalist is the only individual who is not exploited; he fails to consider the immense numbers of the hangers-on of the capitalist system and forgets that if the capitalist proper was the only individual with whom the workers had to contend, they would very soon overcome him by sheer force of numbers.

Unfortunately for the immediate success of the workers' cause, the capitalist system, through its very form, through the injustice upon which it thrives, must of necessity create a class or classes that depend upon the system for their livelihood.

In these classes are included professional men of all callings, members of the servile trades, those occupations whose followers cater to the idle rich, and, most important and menacing from the standpoint of the workers, that depraved element of society called by Kautsky the "slum proletariat."

ments, not excepting the opposition of the capitalists themselves, and it is from the ranks of these degenerates who live on the bounty of the wealthy, that the strikebreaker, the stool pigeon and the gunman are recruited.

This class, composed of men who have failed in their chosen callings, of workers tired or disgusted with the continued struggle for existence, of congenial criminals, of the subnormal product of the slums, constitute today the greatest danger to the further progress of the workers, or to any other movement involving the use of intelligence.

Absolutely servile, without hope, and with no scruples, the slum proletariat forms a ready weapon for the offensive and defensive purposes of capitalism. The great majority of this extremely useless section of society are incapable of performing any productive labor, and except in times like the present are the willing recipients of the charity doled out by the various philanthropic organizations, so-called. I maintained for just such purposes by a portion of the surplus value extracted from the workers.

Being what they are, unintelligent, vicious and willing tools of the wily agents of the present system, the slum proletariat are one of the bulwarks of capital.—Butte Daily Bulletin.

HIST! TROTSKY DISCOVERED!!

Didja ever read those nickel terrors of our youth where the exploits of the great detective made us dream o' nights? Remember Nick Carter, Old Sluth, Kerry Blair and Fritz Hones, the heroes of a thousand hair-breadth escapes and adventures? Those were the days that made every hour a joy and the morrow one of anticipation.

Never knew that Trotsky figured in a thrilling adventure of the same kind in this country, didja? Well, the Tribune prints a thriller about it in a dispatch from Newark. Scene: The good pastor of a Russian orthodox church is disturbed by attendants, who inform him that a "stranger of dubious aspect" is trying the doors of the parish house. Parish house in darkness. Thrills! Pastor bravely descends the stairs and confronts the intruder, who dramatically exclaims: "I'm Trotsky. I've come to talk things over." Lights are turned on. Tableau!

Stranger is five feet tall; emaciated, nervous; clad in a shabby summer suit, dirty shirt, red bow tie, grimy collar, which fails to conceal even the brass collar button; a triangular lynx-like face, with a black mustache and a tiny goatee. Trotsky, of course! We all recognize him, even the brass collar button. Revolutionists are not complete without dirty shirts and brass collar buttons.

Having identified the miscreant, we read on. He speaks. We presume he has a deep, guttural voice, though the dispatch does not say so. "You know," he says, "we have chased the czar out of Russia, and all property now belongs to the people. . . . I want you to hand over the keys to this building, including those of the bank on the ground floor; also the combination of the safe in that bank."

Heavens! No policeman in sight, and the brave pastor must face this night prowler alone. There is no time to think. He must act. Seizing Leon Trotsky by the ear, the pastor kicked him down the steep stairs to the street.

Trotsky picked himself up, snarling like a vicious cat. His teeth gleamed in the light of a street lamp. (The teeth are suggestive of Mr. Roosevelt, but we are sure of our identification, and will not be swerved from our thrilling narrative.) As the crest-fallen Trotsky departed he hissed through his gleaming teeth: "I will be the ruler of Russia soon, and I can wait for my revenge." The next time the priest was reminded of this villain was when the news came that he was the ruler of Russia. Curtain!

Ah, that is the dope! It is tonic for us of an older generation. It is a revival of a "literature" that has almost become a lost art, and our thanks go out to the Tribune for leading this literary renaissance. Who will be the next to take this up on the score of "art for art's sake," if for no other?

GARBER BROS.

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International Government.—Woolf
Revolution Absolute.—Pergens
Political Ideals.—Bett. Russell

War & the Coming Peace.—Jastrow
Choice Before Us.—Dieckinson
League of Nations.—Brailsford
Democracy After the War.—Hobson
Internationalism.—L. St. J. Tucker
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SOCIALIST REPUBLIC DEMANDED IN BERLIN.

London, Oct. 14.—A proclamation demanding a Socialist republic has been published in Berlin, but the papers which printed it have been seized, according to dispatches reaching here from Germany, which say also that thousands of men and women thronged the center of Berlin for hours waiting for the German reply to President Wilson.

When workers quitted the factories in the suburbs of Berlin on Sunday night, many thousands of men and women thronged to the center of the city and waited for hours for the German reply to President Wilson, according to an Exchange Telegraph Copenhagen dispatch.

Extra editions with the text were issued at 10 o'clock, and were received with enthusiasm, many women bursting into tears.

The Berlin Vorwarts publishes an article warning the pan-Germans, who are preparing counteractions to secure the continuance of the old system, that they are pursuing a dangerous course, and should beware of exhausting the people's patience.

It declares that every conspiracy will be stopped with a strong hand.

I, THE CHILD.

A little child shall lead them.

I, the child, greet you on every road and path. I smile at you. I love you. I fill your hearts with love and kindness. I, the child that whispers words of love to you in the twilight hour. My hands, that are soft as velvet, cling to your neck in confidence. I, the child that joins my laughter with the song of the birds.

The future of the world depends upon me. If I grow great and good the world will be better.

If I am neglected, warped and twisted, future society must suffer for it. I, the child, who should have no mission but that of affection and love, am being sacrificed on the altar of capitalist greed.

I curse you in terrible tones from the dark alleys. My face is wrinkled as the parchment upon which the fathers wrote the constitution and declaration which you use to uphold your mastership and slavery.

From joyous freedom and life in the open I am forever denied. I am blunted and deformed from the long hours of work in the cotton mills, textile factories and sweat shops. My lungs are full of lint and my system poisoned beyond recall.

From my bed of rags I call you to account. My blood is upon your hands. My misery and suffering lies at your door. You, who believe in profits, who believe in exploitation, who believe in robbing of little children of their right to play and make the world happy by the light of laughter in their eyes, I say you are guilty against this great wrong and deprivation you have brought upon me—the child must work, and starve while working.

I speak in the voice of millions who are being forced to give up every shred of that to which childhood is entitled.

Before I have reached manhood or womanhood, I reached the senile decay of old age. You who must reckon for this, take warning. Your child may be with us, or the child of your child.

Hear my voice as I cry for hunger. Hear my voice when I cry for one glimpse of fresh air and green grass. Hear my voice as I cry to run and play as lambs of the meadow.

Hear my groans that go up in the black smoke of the factories; see my blood stains as you wear the shoddy results of my ceaseless toil. Every thread bears a heart-ache. Hold it to your heart and say, "Poor little children whose lives lie entombed here in this garment."

I stand in the battle-scarred ranks of labor with father, mother, brother and sister to fight for our freedom.

I, the child of work, can only be free when the workers of the world own the means of life.

I, THE CHILD SLAVE OF CAPITALISM.

YOUR VOTE IS WASTED IF YOU FAIL TO VOTE FOR BEROT FOR GOVERNOR.

OUT OF WHITE LIPS.

Out of white lips a question: Shall seven million dead ask for their blood a little land for the living wives and children, a little land for the living brothers and sisters?

Out of white lips:—Shall they have only air that sweeps round the earth for breath of their nostrils and no footing on the dirt of the earth for their battle-drenched, battle-soaked shoes?

Out of white lips:—Is the red in the flag the blood of a free man on a piece of land his own or is it the red of a sheep slit in the throat for mutton?

Out of white lips:—A white pain mutters: Who shall have land? Him who has stood ankle deep in the blood of his comrades, in the red trenches dug in the land?

IS ROOSEVELT IMMUNE?

All of the great powers seem to be closer to the preliminaries that will bring them to the peace table. One "power" alone stands out like adamant, uncompromising and determined to have its own way. It has its seat at Oyster Bay, the capital of the moralities and virtues of politics and statesmanship. This "power" has sent a note to the world warning us against being the victim of a Kaiser trick or the "mischievous" activity of the President.

We never have been in favor of the espionage act, as we believe it violates the fundamental rights of citizenship. But it is a part of the federal legislation and many citizens have been brought to trial under its provisions. There is no clause excepting Theodore Roosevelt from its penalties, though he apparently seems to think so. In his statement appearing in the papers yesterday he violates the spirit and letter of this act, accompanied with a venomous spirit directed at the presidential policies.

"I earnestly hope that the president will instantly send back word that we demand an unconditional surrender, and that we refuse to compound a felony by discussing terms with the felons," says Roosevelt. The inference is, that if Roosevelt's advice is not taken the President will be "compounding a felony." When he passes on to discussion of the President's 14 points he is within his legal rights as a citizen to criticize and discuss, but this is prefaced with the implication of criminal intent and concluded with this final judgment:

To sum up, let us remember that we and our allies should all act in concert and with the fullest knowledge in advance of any important

step by any of us (for to do as the President has done in this case is much worse than any of the things of secret diplomacy, because it becomes dangerously near to being treacherous diplomacy).

For honest and legitimate criticism of policies and for nobler reasons than ever inspired Theodore Roosevelt other men are today serving terms in the penitentiary. Publications that represent and have for years represented genuine democracy have had their mailing rights cancelled for printing such criticisms. They cannot by any stretch of logic be compared to this statement of Roosevelt's. He questions the motives of the President. He makes the direct charge that the President's handling of the present negotiations with the German government is "dangerously near to being treacherous diplomacy."

Theodore Roosevelt, ex-President, now recognized leader of an important group of imperialist Americans, has given utterance to a statement the legality of which only indictment and trial can determine. Is Roosevelt immune from the law, and Debs, Nearing, Eastman, Reed and many other Socialists not? It every man "equal before the law," or is the law unequal in its application to Mr. Roosevelt?

We do not say that Roosevelt is guilty. We do say that his statement offers a more sound basis for indictment than anything ascribed to any man or woman who has been indicted or convicted under the espionage act. The real test is whether Roosevelt will be called into court to face a federal prosecutor and a jury. If so, and he should be acquitted, what remains of the espionage act? How reconcile such acquittal with the imprisonment of many men and women and the indictments that still hang over others who have merely indulged in honest criticism of policies, without questioning of motives?

We have no desire to see Roosevelt go to jail, much as we always have disagreed with his political and social philosophy. In fact, we would not advocate adoption of a federal act to bar him from saying what he has said, even though we disagree with his statement. But the espionage act is a fact. It has been invoked frequently since its enactment. Impartial justice demands that Mr. Roosevelt should be haled into court. If not, all pending indictments under this act should be quashed, and those who have been convicted should be pardoned and the act itself repealed.

BLEEDING FOR OTHERS.

The Alexander Hamilton Institute presents a rosy aspect of the future for investors and traders of this country. It reviews the credits granted by the government to Allied governments—\$3,700,000,000 to Great Britain, \$2,000,000,000 to France and nearly a billions to Italy—the total to all Allies exceeding \$7,000,000,000. As foreign countries are buying over \$250,000,000 a month more from us than they are selling to us, the institute concludes that our loans must continue at nearly \$300,000,000 per month during the coming year. If the loans continue until next summer, they will amount to \$100,000,000, which at 4½ per cent, would mean a net interest balance of over \$400,000,000 per year during the first years of peace. This situation presents a problem which is stated as follows:

"How shall we accept the interest during the first years of peace? If we desire merchandise, we can receive the products of France, England and Italy. But this would mean a relative decrease in our productive power and a decline in our balance of trade. An alternative would be to lend this money to undeveloped countries in South America, Asia and Europe and encourage them to use it in the purchase of products of American factories. This would tend to solve the after-war labor problem and keep our expanded manufacturing capacity in operation; meanwhile the government and our bankers should recognize that an enlarged purchasing of foreign securities after the war will be necessary in the national interest, and that investors should be educated to that end."

Very interesting, indeed. But how will England, France and Italy be able to send their products to this country when they will need practically all of them at home? Even the alternative of paying the interest charges, to say nothing of the principal, will prove a large drain. But, if this indebtedness is met promptly, it is suggested that the money be lent to undeveloped countries and used to purchase the products of American factories. It is all very nice. The investor bleeds for the sorrows of Europe, and will help those in distress providing it pays.

SPANISH INFLUENZA.

The authorities are beginning to realize now that, after all, the battlefield does not possess a monopoly, when it comes to the destruction of human life. Today we are witnessing the deaths of many people and only a medicine man of primitive days would have us to believe that it is the will of God. The plague that is claiming its victims by the thousands is a result of the criminal negligence of the people who are constantly telling us, that it is the divine wisdom of God that gave them their wealth and power. The Spanish influenza is but another indictment placed against society.

Fancy the brilliance of mind that conceived of the idea of gas-masks and please do not go in crowds. It is like a doctor advising sticking plasters when our heart is affected. The cause of Spanish influenza lies right here in Duluth and every big city in America. Go down

Lake Avenue South and look around that district. See the dilapidated houses, not fit for pigs, never mind human habitation. See the refuse and dirt that is allowed to congregate and also see the children compelled to play amongst it.

Duluth's standard of cleanliness stands on a par with that of the average city. Prosperity we must have. We must have a big financial reserve fund, but for the love of Mike please do not spend any of it and also please do not ask the Steel Trust and the rest of the capitalists any more taxes. It will drive trade away from the city. What does it matter that people die? What would we do if Judge Gary refused to give us a steel plant? Why, our real estate would depreciate in value and we business men would go out of business. But still the people die.

You who possess the vote just wake up and ask yourselves as to whether or no some one is not taking you for a dam fool. They are feeding you on nice phrases and you allow your children to die because you are so foolish. A famous writer once said, "A nod from a duke is a breakfast for a fool." This applies to some of you here in Duluth. You call yourselves fathers and you bring children into the world and allow them to be killed off by unnecessary plagues! Ask yourselves frankly what kind of fathers and mothers are you anyway? If you are not fit to look after your children and the fact that you are prepared to live in dilapidated dwellings proves that you are not, then there is only one place for you and that is the bughouse. That is where all people go who cannot look after themselves.

Be clean, do not spit, etc. Sure we agree with all that. But why not clean up the city also? Pull down your slums and if there are people who are so fortunate as to be able to keep houses in two places, compel them to live in one and forego the other. It is a lasting disgrace and a rotten shame, that those who work must live in slums and those who do not work can afford to keep a house empty in the East End, whilst they have tango dinners and midnight frolics in New York and Palm Beach. The telegram that one of this set sent to Mayor Magney was one that should educate some of you; she wired: "Is my house alright?" Not a word about the people who created the profits and gave her the house.

Well, if a man or woman lacks the necessary manhood and womanhood to look after themselves, WHO CAN YOU BLAME?

JUST A LINE O' TYPE.

Germany will choke trying to swallow Russia. Hatred of the Germans is growing all the time in Russia.—(Max Zippin, correspondent of the Day, a Jewish Daily.)

WHAT ABOUT THE CARPENTERS AND THE SHIPWRIGHTS?

I believe that the concrete ship can be made as permanent as steel, if not more so.—(R. F. Wig, Chief of the Concrete Ship Division.)

BECAUSE WE NEED MEN!

Lift the ban on married women who are teachers which operates as an unnatural deterrent to natural recreation and to marrying by women teachers.—(Institute of Public Service.)

Better to be the dreamer of dreams than the destroyer of the future of little children.

Throw yourselves upon the altar of some great cause. Enthusiasm is the life of the world.—Wendell Phillips.

Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains of slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but, as me, give me liberty or give me death.—Patrick Henry.

"Workers of the world, unite, you have nothing to lose but your brains and you haven't got any." The comrade who so far forgot himself, nearly said the truth.

The law is a sort of hocu-pocus science, that smiles in yer face while it picks yer pocket; and the glorious uncertainty of it is of more use to the professors than the justice of it.—Macklin.

Must have been Safety Commissions in Macklin's day, too.

But an honest peasantry, a country's pride, When once destroyed, can never be supplied. —Goldsmith.

Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labor until the evening—Old Testament. Where was the I. W. W. in those days?

No. Freedom has a thousand charms to show, That slaves however contented never know. —Cowper.

Statesman, yet friend to truth! oh soul sincere, In action faithful, and in honor clear; Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end, Who gained no title, and who lost no friend. —Pope.

In those days they had no Burnquists or Tammany Halls.

Earth's noblest thing, a woman perfected.—Lowell. Tell that to the U. S. Senate!

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EDITORIAL PAGE OF THE TRUTH

(EDITOR-RESPONSIBLE FOR ALL UNSIGNED ARTICLES)

EDITOR & BUSINESS MANAGER JACK CARNEY

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

WEST END LABOR ASSCN.

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TRADE UNION POLITICS.

A short while ago we received a visit from a comrade from St. Paul. It happened by chance, that there was a meeting of the English branch, and due to the remarks of our good comrade a lively discussion on trade union politics took place. The comrade was of the opinion that if there ever came a time for him to choose between standing by his union and the party, he would find himself compelled to stand by his union. This is the attitude of many members of the Socialist party and it is one that is not due to any desire to play politics, in the sense that they stand to gain by being offered a job, but one that must be placed to their lack of understanding of the aims and philosophy of Socialism. To say that the craft unions are out-of-date, and that these organizations as such have ceased to function is quite true and is admitted by all Socialists, and then to turn around and admit that there is something worth while in a political fight engaged in by these same craft unions, is a feat of intellectual gymnastics we cannot understand and what is more we cannot stretch our imagination that far, to even imagine it can be so, as Irish as we are, and possessed of the usual amount of imagination attributed the Irish.

LET US EXAMINE THE WHOLE QUESTION OF LABOR POLITICS.

Craft unions were once established with a view to preserving what they (the craft unionists) called their "human rights." Their organizations had but one object in view, and that was to safeguard the interests of their members. What were their interests? They were the restricting of the number of persons who could engage in their particular craft; this was done by limiting the number of apprentices. In their contracts with the employers they stipulated that only a certain number of boys could be apprenticed to their craft. The object was plain to be seen. They limited the number of craftsmen, in order that those who now carried on that particular craft could have sufficient work and also raise their wages, believing that the fewer the men and the more jobs there were, the better their chances for obtaining an increase in wages. That was the basis of their organization in 1832 and it is today. The craft unionists believe that his craft is to him, what the factory is to his employer. In other words, the craft unionist regards his craft as so much capital. This can be evidenced in the fights that have taken place upon the industrial field. They have all been fights for higher wages and shorter hours, but not one fight as a protest against the unsafe conditions they have been forced to work under. Did you ever know of a craft union striking against the absence of safety devices in a workshop? Of course not. There can be little question that the craft unionist thinks in the same terms as his master. The idea of the interests of capital and labor are as firmly planted in his mind as is in the mind of Samuel Gompers.

The craft unions played a great part when they were first formed and were able to wrest many advantages from the employers. Their history, especially in the years following 1832, are years that will ever rebound to their credit. The work they did in those years was fine and merits the approval of all sane thinking men. BUT THE CRAFT UNIONISTS FORGET THAT THE WORLD DOES NOT STAND STILL, IT MOVES ON. The laws of biology inform us that stagnation means death and action counts for progress. This is true, and the truth of it is seen in the craft union movement of today. Today we live in the days of the machine age, and not in the days of handiwork, when craft unions were first formed. Today the skill of the individual craftsman is being destroyed and the work he formerly did is being done by the machine with the assistance of UNSKILLED labor. Go into the machine shop, the bakeries, motor-car factories, etc., and notice the revolution that has taken place! Go into the shipyards and watch the building of concrete ships, you carpenters and shipwrights! All these things have had their effect upon the craftsman and because of his leaders and his own crass stupidity he has failed to appreciate them. The craftsman has failed to adopt himself to the changes that have taken place and like the ostrich who buried his head in the sand, he thinks that because he does not see them, nobody else does. The craft union movement of today is a colossal tragedy and its victims pile up each year. Strike after strike, with their usual periods of hunger and privation are the lot of a craftsman who rebels and in his rebellion he refuses to recognize the logic of events. The machine that he has created stands staring him in the face and Nero-like laughs at him in his present tragic condition. The craftsman has seen the unskilled man taking his place, but with a snobishness born of his craft union he has thought that by fighting or ignoring the unskilled man he could solve the problem. He has failed to realize that the changes produced by the machine, amongst his masters, has had its reflex in his own class. The machine has compelled the capitalist class to come together, more and more. Down into the dust went the small business man of the handiwork days, a victim of the machine. Many saved themselves by selling out to the big business man. The craft unionist, if he had kept pace with the march of events, would have welcomed the unskilled man and organized with him. In other words he would have scrapped his craft union, like an employer scraps

and old machine, and taken up industrial unionism. But no, led by leaders who were afraid of losing their jobs, he stands today the victim of his own ignorance. To try and get out of the mess, his own ignorance has created, he goes into politics. What is he demanding when he does go into politics? Is he demanding more of the good things he has produced? Certainly not, all that he is asking for is that his chains of slavery be gilded, they look much better. Please, kind masters, make the conditions more soothing and we will still allow you to exploit us!

Until labor revolutionizes its present form of organization, all excursions that it may take into politics are wasted. They are so much wasted energy and they might as well play the old game, it does not cost so much, that is of "rewarding your friends and punishing your enemies."

To those Socialists who are assisting the Labor candidates let us remind them of two important facts that man believes in the old ideas, and the teachings of his labor are identical. The Socialist believes, or is supposed to believe, that the interests of capital and labor are NOT identical. How is it possible to reconcile the two views and still maintain that you are a Socialist?

How often have the Socialists, who are now working for the Labor ticket, ridiculed the poor scissorbill for believing in the "good man" theory? Have they not said that it is a matter of principles, and not men, and still today they are advocating the same thing that they condemned so much! It plainly shows that the war has been of some good, it has weeded out those in our movement, who were not firmly planted in the ideas that are the basis of our movement. Of course it is not so uncomfortable to be on the winning side and it is hard, damned hard, to be on the side that seems to be the hopeless minority. But a few more excursions into politics and a few more regrets and sad disappointments and they will ALL return. Experience is a hard teacher, but a good one. What we fail to learn of ourselves, the world will teach us.

The argument has been put forward that if we as a Socialist Party stand alone and do NOT compromise with the Labor crowd, that we shall lose our right to be on the ballot as a political party. Better by far to be off the ballot and know that you can count on a sure thousand stalwarts, than to be on the ticket and know that you are there because of the votes of twenty thousand will-o'-wisps.

Read the program of the Labor crowd and then write to William Thompson, Republican candidate for United States Senate, in Illinois, and you will realize how pitiable is the Labor program. The Democrats AFTER listening to Mr. Carrs, give him their indorsement. Ye Gods! Where are you heading for comrades? Have you suddenly taken leave of your sense or what is the matter with you? Pause for one moment and think over the whole position and then ask yourselves are REALLY true to the Cause you have so nobly fought for in the past? Comrades, today you are wanted and you will shortly be asked to take your stand for something bigger than mere silly excursions into politics. Excursions that are foolish attempts to camouflage those who have long since forgotten the art of camouflage, forgotten it before you ever dreamed of it.

We know that we shall miss you and your support and we do not condemn you, we only pity you. Someday you are going to have your eyes opened and THEN you will come back. The rest of the comrades are going to stand by the party, that has weathered one of the biggest storms of its career. They are not going to desert the party, like rats deserting a sinking ship. Oh no! They are made of firmer stuff. Time is fast approaching, when the men and women who go to make up the working-class will demand a saner system of society. They will demand this when they are educated. In the meantime the comrades who are standing by the party, will bear all ridicule and abuse and go on with the work of educating. You can go on with your vote-catching. The society wherein womanhood and manhood will be enthroned will soon be ushered in and the comrades today who are standing firm will have the satisfaction of knowing that they were possessed of the womanhood and manhood to stick to the party, even though hell let lose its fury and friends deserted them. Far away across the waters of the Atlantic the shells are falling and men are giving up their lives in the BIG way. They are going to come back and they are going to fight again in a BIG way for big things. Soon the trembles will all be emptied and the vultures that fly overhead will have retired to their nests. Then in the days to come, the boys "over there" will be "over here" and they will listen to our voice and not to yours, our comrades of yesterday. The Socialist Party is going to be the party of the future, it will gather to its side all of the boys over there. We shall then fight as hard as we will now. When the boys over there find their forces weakened through temporary disaster, their spirits are stronger. Same with us, we shall fight the fight of November 5th with the same true spirit that we have fought all of our fights. We may not win, the victory may be put off. But as sure as the night follows the day, WE WILL WIN. Until then we will go on spreading our message UNTIL THE GOOD DAYS BRING THE BEST.

YOUR VOTE IS WASTED IF YOU FAIL TO VOTE FOR BEROT FOR GOVERNOR.

SOON THERE WILL BE PEACE.

Peace is going to come sooner than we expect, it will come because the ruling classes are so afraid of the rising spirit of discontent, so plentiful in all countries, that they fear that it is better to have patched-up peace, than a destroyed social system.

Peace will come and it will mean peace only for our masters and NOT for the workers. When this war ends, our fight will just begin. We are in a fight, in which no medals will be presented and no loans will be floated in billions to assist it. It will be a fight of men and women, who can no longer stand the economic pressure that is becoming more unbearable day after day. For all the "confessions" of statesmen, diplomats, millionaires and others who live off our toil, our war is going to be fought. Amidst all the negligence in which it exists, our war will go on. Capitalists may arbitrate with capitalists, but one thing is sure, they will never give one inch or arbitrate with the workers. Always living upon our backs and knowing that if they ever make one move to get off, that it will be their last and final move, they ride on our backs, even unto death.

No matter if armies return and the drums cease to beat, our war must go on. The wolf is not like the vulture. When war is over, the vulture goes to other climes, but the wolf is ever at our door. Our armies will come back, flushed with military victory, but underneath all the trappings of a successful army, whether it be of autocracies or democracies, our war remains the same sad necessity. The hopes, the fears, the cruelties and barbarities of our social life are not made more bearable by the strains of martial music. No soothing speeches of enlightened statesmen can ever hide the fact that today we are but slaves, the slaves of other days are but a burlesque upon the slaves of today.

Staring us in the face are the memories of the Belgian women outraged by German soldiers, but here at home, side by side with us, meeting us beneath the bright lights of the city, are our own outraged sisters, outraged by our own sordid exploiters. Here at home are our children starving and denied the right to live. Here at home are our men driven to premature deaths, because they are too old for work. Here these facts stand staring us in the face, staring at us in living form. No writer can dispute them, because they are here in flesh and blood.

Peace, what a hollow sound it has! Peace to you, my scarlet sister. Peace to you, my starving child. Peace to you, my dear old mother. Peace to you, my dear old dad. Peace, it comes and we laugh with the laugh of a harlot who tries to fool the world she is happy as she sells her body and soul. Peace, did you say?

Peace will come to us, when the workers stand together and act like members of one human family. When they will not allow editors with their lying editorials to lead them astray. Peace will come, when America and all countries will hand the hand of fellowship to Russia and say, at last we are possessed of your courage and can see your vision in your light. Peace will come when brothels are no more and hunger is but a memory of a sordid past. Peace will come when the sleepy giant of Labor wakes up and stands erect and takes his rightful place, master of the world, fearing none.

YOUR VOTE IS WASTED IF YOU FAIL TO VOTE FOR BEROT FOR GOVERNOR.

THE NONPARTISAN LEAGUE.

The Nonpartisan League has joined forces with the worker, so some of our good comrades tell us, and with their combined strength things are going to hum in the State of Minnesota.

The aim and object of the Nonpartisan League is to obtain for the farmer a higher price for his wheat. It is true that their program is full of high-sounding phrases and contain attacks upon the profiteer, but to what end? Why is the farmer attacking the profiteer? Simply because the profiteers is competing with the farmer. How in the name of common sense can a Socialist work in conjunction with the farmer, when the aims of the Socialist and the farmer are so diametrically opposed to each other? The Socialist is out for the abolition of the wage-system and the farmer is out for its continuance. The truth of this assertion may be denied by some so-called Socialists, but nevertheless it is true. The Socialists want the laborers to receive the full product of their toil and the farmer wants to receive more of the profits created by the laborers. What was the main demand put forward by the Nonpartisan League Congressman? What was the demand made by thousands of farmers in their wires to Congress? Was it not a demand for a higher price for wheat? Sure it was. Then where is the consistency of the Socialist who is wanting the party to co-operate with the Nonpartisan League?

The Nonpartisan League is the political expression of the small farmer, and like all political parties that are the expression of small business, they pass away like froth upon the waves of the ocean. The Socialist today who really believes that the Nonpartisan League and the out-of-date trade unionist are going to alter the position as it exists here in Minnesota, himself must pause and take stock. We seriously advise him, between now and November 5th, to study the First Volume of

Capital, and if he has any more time to spare, to go on continuing his studies and take in Vols. 2 and 3. Study the theory of value as laid down by Marx and if he can refute the arguments set forth by Marx, then we will immediately join in with him and push forward the Nonpartisan League program.

Of course many Socialists will vote the combined ticket, because their sporting instinct dominates their reason. They love to be in the winning side. They are like a bunch of men shooting crap, who talk to lifeless dice and think that that helps them to win in their gambling. The Socialist admits that you are right when you tackle him about his working with the Nonpartisan League, but like the crap-shooter who cannot explain why he talks to the dice, the Socialist just votes anyhow. It feels better to know that your man just got beat, instead of being far down the list of those who were defeated. Some day the Socialists who have gone astray will come back, until then those of us who have stood firm, will have to put forward more energy.

YOUR VOTE IS WASTED IF YOU FAIL TO VOTE FOR BEROT FOR GOVERNOR.

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

"After the war of armies is over, a WAR for the conquest of the World's markets will begin, AND FOR THIS WE MUST PREPARE."—Mass Republican Platform 1917.

Read that section of the Mass Republican Party Platform, read it again and as you read, try if you can imagine the real truth of that section of the platform. It means in other words that according to the Republican party this is NOT the last war, that there are other wars to follow. The need for preparedness is only the demand of the capitalists for more armies, so that they can take those foreign markets, into which entry has been refused. To make the argument simpler, it is like one business man going into other business man's place and by holding him up with a gun, so force him to give up his place and give the other business man his trade. This is no exaggeration. The Republican party, ever the party of the BIG CAPITALISTS, tells the truth in that one section. The tragedy of it all is, that the average worker does not stop to think and so when the eventful time arrives, he becomes a willing tool in the hands of the Imperialists.

When Russia went to war with Japan in 1905, Russia unconsciously made Japan the "danger nation" of the East. Aroused from her misnamed lethargy, Japan became Westernized and by the education that the American capitalists and the capitalists of other nations forced upon her, Japan today is fast becoming a nation of imperialists. Japan sees in China a country that is in possession of vast fields of resources. She sees also a field for industrial development. The way was shown to Japan by Russia, also by Commodore Perry. The right of way will be fought for and hence the reason for the above section in the Republican platform.

Not by mere voting against the Republicans will the position be solved, but by the workers organizing in the factories, mines, fields, etc., and by their organized economic strength, together with an understanding of capitalist production and how it develops can the workers render such political planks useless when it comes to putting them into practice.

Man, the conqueror of all things. Man, the creator of all that stands today as a monument to human progress, is but a slave. Arise from your slavery, comrades and fellow-workers, and assert yourselves as men and when you do, neither Republican nor Democrat can use you as tools for the carrying out of their imperialistic designs.

A MILLION YOUNG WORKMEN 1915.

A million young workmen straight and strong lay stiff on the grass and roads, And a million are now under the soil and their rotting flesh will in the years feed roots of blood-red roses. Yes, this million of young workmen slaughtered one another and never saw their red hands.

And oh, it would have been a great job of killing and a new beautiful thing under the sun if the million knew why they hacked and tore each other to death. The kings are grinning, the kaiser and the czar—they are alive riding in leather-cased motor-cars, and they have their women and roses for ease, and they eat fresh-poached eggs for breakfast, new butter on toast, sitting in tall water-tight houses reading the news of war.

I dreamed a million ghosts of the young workmen rose in their shirts all soaked in crimson . . . and yelled: God damn the grinning kings, God damn the kaiser and the czar.

BANKER ON PUBLIC OWNERSHIP.

The Government's taking over the telephone and telegraph lines for war purposes is a step which ought to prove very satisfactory to holders of securities in the companies in question.—(T. W. Lamont of J. P. Morgan & Co.)