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INCREASE OF UNEMPLOYMENT STAGGERS NATION

REVIEW OF INDUSTRIES SHOWS BREAKDOWN

WASHINGTON.—Unemployment marched relentlessly across the country during June the net decrease of jobs that month over May in the 1,428 big establishments canvassed by the department of labor being 2.9 per cent. During the past five months, in these establishments, the decrease in the number of persons employed has been 6.2 per cent. All the places canvassed are in the class normally employing more than 500 persons.

While officially the United States employment service seeks to take a hopeful view of the situation, its own figures show that the working class in the United States is in desperate plight.

"Detailed examination of the present returns," says Director General Francis I. Jones, "indicates clearly the fundamental causes of the protracted industrial depression and the mounting tide of unemployment. Continued unsatisfactory conditions of transportation, with freight rates in many instances considered almost prohibitive; lack of anything like a normal foreign market; the present low value of farm produce; stagnation in iron and steel; high costs of construction, and general dullness of the retail trade stand out prominently as leading factors in the situation."

Thirty-nine cities report decreases of employment over the May figures. Peoria leads with 33.9 per cent decrease; San Francisco has 25 per cent; Syracuse, 17.4 per cent; Cleveland, 12.6 per cent; Grand Rapids, 10.7 per cent; Louisville, 10.2 per cent; Indianapolis 9.6 per cent; Next come Bridgeport,

Baltimore, Bayonne, Newark, New York City, Memphis, Pittsburgh, Chicago, St. Paul, Detroit, and Buffalo.

New England reports that "continued unemployment and part-time prevail throughout the district."

The Chicago district is hopeful, but "there is no indication of improvement in building operations, that the depression will end during the summer."

Kansas City reports for the trans-Mississippi region that many ex-service men and skilled artisans are seeking work in the wheat harvest, while manufacturing and building are quiet.

Textile and metal industries in the South Atlantic district fail to show improvement except in small areas. Recent optimism has cooled.

South of the Ohio river the lumber, coal and manufacturing plants have few orders and great numbers of men are unemployed. Building roads and bridges, thus relieving part of the unemployment.

The Rocky mountain region is in pressure. Harvest is under way. On the Pacific coast a campaign of drastic price-cutting by merchants is under way, while harvest offers employment to men thrown out of work in factories. Building activities are slowly being resumed.

In general, the wage workers of the United States are probably worse off for means of maintaining their families than at any time since the panic of 1893-4 and the degree of their misery due to the breakdown of the machinery of private business is steadily increasing.

THE THIRD CONGRESS OF THE COMMUNIST INTERNATIONAL

The review of the Red Soldiers in honor of the opening ceremonies of the third congress of the Communist International was attended by all delegates to the congress, the representatives of party and trade union organizations. Also the representatives of the foreign missions in Moscow were present. After the parade Trotzki held the following address.

"Here on the Red Place, on this modest platform sit the representatives of the working men and women of Europe, America, Asia, Africa and Australia. There is no land in the whole world that has not sent its representative here, its battle tried leader of the revolutionary proletariat. To-day, swear the Russian workers and peasants, in the presence of their brothers from abroad, to defend the red banner of international brotherhood against the bourgeois of the world. If we are forced to continue the struggle for the liberation of the workers we will shrink from no step and pledge our lives upon the mighty watchword. Long live the brotherhood of the workers! Long live the Communist International!"

The Red Soldiers and workers thanked Trotzki with a storm of applause.

After the speech of Trotzki Comturiel declared in the name of the French Communist Party that the French Communists and the revolutionary youth of France were ready for battle and waited impatiently for the reckoning with capitalism. In the name of the German Communists Schneider said: "If the Red Army of Russian Soviet Republic has understood how to defeat the enemies of the workers on Russian ground so will the army of workers of all lands also understand how to settle the bourgeois of all lands."

In the name of the Italian Revolutionary Youth Catagnano, in an enthusiastic speech, said that the Italians were ready when necessary to shed the last drop of their blood for the defence of the world revolution. Gifski, the representative of the Polish Communist Party declared that the Polish workers were only waiting for the moment to come when they could reach their hands in brotherhood to the Russian proletariat. The representative of the English Communist Party said that the Communists in England would work with all their energy, so that it would be possible to hold the next congress in England.

Speeches were also given by the representatives of the women of the East, the secretary of the Central Council of Red Trade Unions, representatives of the Parties from Spain, Persia, Czechoslovakia and the German Young Communists. After the speeches a huge procession of workers took place.

In the evening great ceremonies took place in honor of the heroes of labour at which the delegates were present. In the public places of Moscow kino performances took place in which the pictures of the review which had taken place in the morning were shown. In the course of the evening "Rosta Moscow" issued its information in the public squares and streets by means of sound increasing telephones so that the reports were heard by crowds numbering thousands.

Numerous mass meetings took place at which the delegates spoke in every tongue known. A festive crowd filled the streets till late in the night. The delegates from the orient in their native dress gave a very bright tone to the whole picture.

The members of the Lettish delegation to the congress held a

memorial gathering in honor of the Communists who had been shot by the hirelings of capitalism. Numerous speeches were given by the representatives of Lettland, Russia, Germany, Finland and Poland.

In consideration of the importance of the congress the Moscow papers have issued enlarged editions. "Pravda" says: "About 1000 delegates have come from all zones to the international congress in Red Moscow. Soviet Russia is the destination of hundreds and thousands of proletarian pilgrims who following the example of Soviet Russia have sworn henceforth to conduct war against capitalism and exploitation. That should spur on the victorious Russian proletariat to great efforts in order to create in its social existence a pattern of economic prosperity."

"Gudok" the organ of the transport workers says: "This holiday is the most significant victory of the Russian proletariat for it proclaims the winning of the sympathies and the close understanding of the great mass of the proletariat of all lands, their belief and full conscious support. From the land of the Hindus to Italy from the English to the Tartars all lands are represented to which all hindrance and difficulty was offered that they should not find the way to Red Moscow for they declare themselves in harmony with the great revolution. The number of participants in the congress shows that we have captured the mass of workers in many lands who have lost their trust in their untrustworthy leaders and who are ready to follow our example."

Sinoviev has written the following article: "The opening of the congress of the Communist International is a festival of the international proletariat."

(Continued on page 3)

ORGANIZED LABOR FOLLOWS RED MOSCOW

NEW YORK.—Seventeen million organized workers throughout the world have been gained as adherents to the International Trade Union Council according to a cablegram from the Russian Telegraph Agency at Moscow received here by the office of "Soviet Russia." The dispatch states that the council has fixed the opening date of the International Trade Union Congress for the beginning of July. The cablegram continues:

"The chairman of the Supreme Council of Public Economy, Bogdanov, in an interview explains that the reorganization of the council into the People's Commissariat of Industry will facilitate the following tasks:

"The realization of a statewide industrial plan; the management of the centralized industries; the reorganization of petty private industries; the storing, manufacturing and distribution and the elaboration of plans

for concessions to foreigners.

"Small industrial concessions will be given both to co-operators and to individuals, and will be controlled by the local economic councils. Larger concessions will be controlled by the central council.

"The returns from the provincial soviet elections throughout the country show the election of 70 per cent of Communists, with the remainder non-partisans and very few of other parties.

"The All-Russian Conference of University and College Delegates has opened at Moscow. The Presidium elected includes Lunacharsky, Pokrovsky, Preobrazhensky, and Gredeskul.

"New rich soil deposits have been discovered in Irkutsk province estimated at upward of 73,770,491 tons. The Irkutsk economic council is taking measures to start mining."

GERMAN YELLOWS FIGHT REDS IN REICHSTAG

Reactionaries Still Hope To Rule By Suppressing Live Ideas

BERLIN.—For the first time in its history the Reichstag witnessed a general free-for-all between the Left and Right. The debate was supposed to deal with the Garies murder and the whole question of demobilizing the Bavarian Orgesch and Einwohnerwehr (private armies numbering over 400,000 men, maintained by Bavarian militarist-monarchists officered openly by Escherich and under cover by Ludendorff).

Unterleitner of the Independent Socialists, a nephew of Kurt Eisner, was given the floor, to demand on behalf of the Independent Socialists, of whose party Garies had been delegate to the Bavarian legislature, the retirement of the Bavarian administration under President Kahr and the immediate demobilization of the Orgesch and Einwohnerwehr, the provocateur of these murders of workers' leaders.

At the beginning of the session both the Reichstag floor and the press galleries were poorly attended. Unterleitner interspersed his speech with excerpts from the inflammatory incitements to murder which the Bavarian reactionary press had been carrying right along. As he read the choice bits, Mittleman of the Deutsch-Nationale Partei, the farthest to the Right there is, interrupted constantly with such comments as: "Served them right! The Communists ought to be stood up against the wall and shot." The Communists aren't Germans anyway," Unterleitner read on: "The best remedy for the Communists is to lay 'em out cold." Mittleman says, "Hear, hear, I agree."

Suddenly Remmele of the Communists, from the other side of the house, where the Left sits, made a leap past the speaker's platform and sprang on Mittleman, who is four times his size. He repeatedly struck Mittleman. The latter, white as a sheet, tugged at his necktie, vainly arguing with Remmele to

stop but not hitting back.

For a moment no one could believe his eyes. Then the entire Left, Majority Socialists, Independent Socialists, and Communists, jumped over on the Right and "a good time was had by all." The women members of the Reichstag tried to separate the combatants.

The president of the Reichstag, Loebe, vainly rang his bell for order. Then he adjourned the session and called an immediate meeting of the Aeltesten Ausschuss (Committee of the Oldest Members) to deal with the situation. For hours excited groups argued.

Since the collapse of the Red Republic in Catholic Bavaria all the Terrorists and counter-revolutionaries, not alone of Germany but of all Europe, find asylum in Bavaria. There dwells Ludendorff, ostensibly engaged in the gentle pursuit of writing books, but in reality organizing counter-revolutions for Germany and all Europe. Von Hindenberg, too, finds Bavarian atmosphere suitable for his health.

Visitors seeking to enter Bavaria's gates are carefully examined as to their business and their opinions. Passports are required to go there. Yet the Congress of Russian Counter-Revolutionists seemed to have no difficulty in entering Bavaria several weeks ago. Escherich, for whom the Orgesch is named (an abbreviation of Organization Escherich) directs the recruiting and organization of the private armies of Bavaria from Munich.

Garies was shot in front of his own home as he returned from a late meeting. As the Socialists predicted, the Munich police have been unable to find a trace of the murderer. But the echoes of the Garies murder are still resounding, adding themselves to the echoes of the murder of Kurt Eisner, of Haase; of Rosa Luxemburg, of Karl Liebknecht of Wilhelm Syll and others.

GIRL WITH BRAINS OUSTED FROM COLLEGE

Hard To Get Education In America Unless You Swallow War Program.

HIGHLAND, N. Y.—This is the story of a girl who defied the thought-controlling processes in three American universities and, as a result, was banded from one to another like a hot potato. She is Miss Frances Powell Fineman and came here to address the conference of the Intercollegiate Socialist Society just ended.

At the outbreak of the war she was a student at Barnard College. She is petite. She wasn't regarded as any kind of menace until she began objecting to militarism and speaking and writing her ideas freely. The dean called her in. He was as nice as possible, but she would understand, of course, that denouncing militarism in Germany was one thing and denouncing militarism in America was quite another. So, wouldn't it be a good idea for her to try some less prominent college where her pacifist ideas wouldn't cause so much rumpus.

She went to Rice College, Houston, Texas where she talked and wrote just as she did at Barnard. Pretty soon there were some uncomfortable satiric plays and articles published in the college magazine, over her name. Again she was called into the holy presence.

The student body was being contaminated, she was told. Her colleagues were getting heretical ideas. She was invited to leave.

Then Miss Fineman went to Radcliffe. Once more the inevitable came to pass. This time it was a question of petty, pompous regulations. She was punished in a way which, she observes, is characteristic of American universities. With the consent of Prof George P. Baker she had joined the Harvard Workshop in playwriting. The dean caused her to be barred from attending the course, for the reason, apparently, that she liked it so much. There was a note of dry humor in her voice when she explained:

"American college theory seems to be that students should be prevented, if possible, on general principles from taking the courses for which they have a natural liking and aptitude. If they seem to be enjoying their work the inference seems to be that they can't be getting education."

But she got through Radcliff. Now she is leaving for the west in search of a newspaper job, expecting to write plays and stories and articles in her spare moments.

DO YOU AND J. P. MORGAN WANT WAR WITH MEXICO?

The War-bund of the United States is again on the job. Have you noticed the dispatches about the "terrific" situation in Mexico? Do you know what these dispatches mean? Listen!

The house of J. P. Morgan & Company, with the assistance of England, forced France to continue in the late European war in order to grind out profits from millions of human lives. Three men, Robert Bacon of the house of Morgan, former ambassador to France; Myron T. Herrick, retiring ambassador, and William G. Sharp, the new ambassador, in August, 1914, made an actual contract with France that if she would remain in the war they would see that America came in at once. "THERE ARE AT PRESENT ONLY 50,000 'INFLUENTIAL' MEN IN THE UNITED STATES WHO WANT WAR," they said, "BUT GIVE US A LITTLE TIME AND THERE WILL BE 100,000,000 DEAD SET FOR IT."

I suppose some of the War-With-Mexico-Patriots will declare that the above is a malicious falsehood. Maybe so, but listen again:

It is taken almost word for word from the first volume of a history written by Gabriel Hanatoux. Surely Gabriel ought to know because he was French minister of foreign affairs from 1892 to 1898, and is considered even by the war patriots as an eminent historian. He declared that the American financiers, to keep France fighting their war, promised in the fall of 1914 to bring the United States immediately into the conflict. HANATOUX SAYS THAT THE SUM WHICH WAS PROVIDED TO AROUSE THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES TO WAR, THROUGH THE KEPT PRESS AND OTHERWISE, IS TOO LARGE EVEN FOR AMERICAN COMPREHENSION.

So you see how wars are produced. Hanatoux tells you. The same forces are at work in an effort to produce a war with Mexico and the same Kept Press is busy circulating their lying propaganda.

Are you interested in the truth in the news about the Mexican situation? If so you ought to be in the movement that is making The Federated Press the greatest single truth-telling news agency in the world. And if you really want to get in let me tell you how.

Join The Federated Press League—that rapidly growing body which is behind the Federated Press movement. Send \$5.00 for a regular membership to Clark H. Getts, Secretary, 511 North Peoria street, Chicago, Ill.

E. J. COSTELLO,

Managing Editor, The Federated Press.

DEFECTIVE PAGE

HELEN KELLER'S PHILOSOPHY

Sometimes, it is true, a sense of isolation enfolds me like a cold mist as I sit alone and wait at life's shut gate. Beyond there is light and music and sweet companionship; but I may not enter. Fate, silent, pitiless, bars the way. Fain would I question his imperious decree; for my heart is still undisciplined; but my tongue will not utter the bitter, futile words that rise on my lips, and they fall back into my soul like unshed tears. Silence sits immense upon my soul. Then comes hope with a smile and whisper, "There is joy in self-forgetfulness." So I try to make the light in others' eyes my sun, the music in others' ears my symphony, the smile on others' lips my happiness.—Helen Keller.

HOW OLD ARMY FAILED; RED GUARD ORGANIZED

(Editor's Note: This is the fifth of Mr. Foster's specially written articles for the Federated Press on conditions in Russia as he finds them. Earlier dispatches recounted the rejuvenation in society which the revolution brought about.)

By WILLIAM Z. FOSTER
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MOSCOW—In order to convey an idea of the events and forces leading up to the formation of the famous Russian revolutionary red army, it may be well for us to start at the breakup of the czar's army. Already, before the February, 1917, or "first" revolution, this enormous machine was disintegrating. Rebellious and weary of the ruinous imperialist war, the workers and peasants were deserting by tens of thousands. And with the downfall of the czar's government this disintegration was tremendously hastened. Although Kerensky's government attempted to hold it together and to make it fight, the old army melted away like snow before an April sun.

Millions of soldiers quit it taking with them what equipment they could carry. This collapse ended Kerensky's ambitious war plans and finally sealed his doom.

The journey homeward of these many millions of soldiers suddenly freed from the army was one of the most striking events in history. Multitudes of them had to walk as much as 4000 or 5,000 miles back to their villages, living on the way, no man knows how. The railroads were choked beyond relief with them. When a train departed it would be literally packed with humanity, inside, outside, top and bottom; every place where a human being could hang on had its occupants. Large numbers were killed, often the overcrowded car roofs caved in and crushed those packed like sardines below, hundreds were swept off the trains by the bridges and tunnels. The whole thing was a terrible nightmare.

The Red Guard

With the old army rapidly dissolving a pressing need arose for a defense force to preserve order and

to protect the revolution from imperialistic counter-revolutionists. Consequently the famous red guard sprang into existence. This was a loosely constructed organization, consisting for the most part of detachments of workers recruited in the various shops and factories of the big industrial centers, together with a few remnants of the old army.

Despite its lack of numbers, organizations, equipment and discipline, the red guard served its purpose well, covering itself with glory in many a hard-fought fight. Its sympathies were altogether with the working class and it went hand in hand with the bolsheviks in overthrowing the Kerensky government in the "second" revolution in October, 1917.

Hardly was the present soviet government in power when it perceived and set about remedying the inadequacy of the weak Red Guard. The whole capitalist world was arrayed against Russia. Terrific struggles were surely ahead; and in order to survive them a great, powerful military machine had to be created. Plans were made for the Red Army—an organization entirely distinct from the old Red Guard—and their carrying out entrusted to the remarkable Peoples' Commissioner of War, Leon Trotsky.

Compulsory Service

Tremendous problems confronted the organizers of the new Red army—military experts the world over declared the whole proposition impossible. We can mention only a very few of these problems. One was the question of compulsory military service. Due to their bitter experiences with imperialistic militarism, the Russian people had gained a deep hatred of conscription. Hence the Red Guard was founded upon the volunteer system. But this did not work well. The war-weary people were tired of fighting and the burden of the struggle fell upon the best and most militant elements of the city workers. Russia was slaughtering off her most precious mechanics and industrial workers (a loss from which she is now suffering severely), while the slacker elements either

stayed aloof from the army altogether, or, having joined it would leave in a few weeks time, fed up with good clothes on their backs, and rifles in their hands.

Under such conditions it was manifestly impossible to build a real fighting force. Nor did the Russian leaders hesitate before the obvious remedy. Even as American trades unionists, by setting up compulsory systems of dues, obedience to strike votes, etc., (our movement upon the volunteer system in these matters), practically compel the ignorant and indifferent workers to fight intelligently and vigorously in their own behalf so that Russian worker military organizers, proceeding upon identical principles, found it necessary to institute discipline in order to enlist the backward masses in the vital task of defending the revolution. With the united support of the trade unions they introduced compulsory military service. They recognized and so did the great mass of workers, that there is a world of difference between conscription to defend your master's interests and conscription to defend your own. Hence the Red army was founded upon compulsory service. Only workers and poor peasants are allowed to become real soldiers; the sons of rich peasants and of doubtful city elements are kept at laboring work about the camps.

Another grave problem which the Red Army had to face was the system of army control and command. In the czar's army extreme bitterness existed between the officers and the rank and file. The former, who were exclusively aristocrats and bourgeois, lost no occasion to tyrannize over the common soldier. Hence, when the revolution came, a natural demand of the soldiers was for the right to elect their own officers. This was granted and the system introduced into the old army, and later on into the Red Guard after the former had disintegrated.

The effect was chaos and general demoralization. Discipline vanished and the military units degenerated into debating societies. Elections of officers and commanding commit-

tees followed each other in swift succession. There was no head or tail to anything. Orders would be given to a regiment and then maybe a week later word would be sent to headquarters that after long consideration the regiment had decided that the orders were impractical and should not be obeyed. The efficiency of the armed forces as a fighting organization was reduced almost to zero.

The officers of the Red Army met this issue where the ruling powers were against the soldiers, tary service. They pointed out the weaknesses of the system of electing the officers by popular vote, and declared that although this measure was a perfectly natural demand in an imperialistic army where the ruling powers were against the soldiers it was altogether out of place in a democratic army, where the government was composed of workers and bound to give the rank and file a square deal. Surely such a government could be entrusted to select the officers of the army. This view prevailed and the system of electing officers by the common soldiers was let out of the Red Army.

But where could the government secure the necessary officers? The workers themselves knew little or nothing of the complicated business of modern war. Large numbers of ex-Czarist officers were at hand, and many of them wanted to join the new army. But they could not be trusted and a violent prejudice existed against them. Finally however, many of them were accepted and put at the heads of the troops. But their authority was limited to purely military matters. Side by side with them were placed Soviet Commissaries, who looked after the political work of the army. They attended to the education of the soldiers and made them understand what the revolution meant. They also saw to it that the decrees of the government were carried out and that the army was not used against the interests of the revolution. Ill fared the officers indeed, who ventured to engage in treasonable activities.

The general plan was to exploit the knowledge of the old time officers, but not to let them secure any real power. And so well was this done that the government has been able to educate large numbers of worker officers and to build up a

BITING ITS OWN TAIL

European capitalism today is like a trustful monkey—it hopes to live by eating its own tail. The Allies hope to eat up Germany and have her too. They proposed (1) to ruin her absolutely (2) to live for ever on her annual tribute—forgetting that if she were ruined there might be no tribute.

Now, St. Peter Rylands, of the Federation of British Industries has for one, become tired of the taste of his own tail. He proposes in the Evening Standard that since the Germans cannot pay in money, and no one wants them to, and cannot pay in manufactured goods, because the Allied manufacturers would be ruined, and cannot pay in raw materials, because the Allied importers and owners of raw material would go bankrupt—that therefore British Business should turn its attention to restoring the value of the German mark.

Tails down! Hunhating, Unlimited has gone into liquidation. What did you do in the great hate, Uncle Peter? "I put up the value of the German mark."—English Communist.

class monopoly of military knowledge has been finally broken. Military experts declare that if this had not been done the workers could not have constructed an up-to-date army and carried on modern warfare.

And so it was with a whole maze of problems, many of them unique in military experience. The Red Army triumphed over all of them and was able to crushingly defeat Russia's multitudinous enemies. In the United States we make much ado over the difficulties of the army in the American revolution, but, compared with the overwhelming obstacles that confronted the Red Army, its troubles were negligible. As it now stands the Red Army is enormous in size and power. Just what its numbers are is not to be learned but it is generally conceded to be the most powerful military organization in the world.

There is a studied effort being made by enemies of Russia to make it appear that the Red Army is the same as other armies and has all their ailments. But this is decidedly not the case. The Red Army is just as different from capitalistic armies as the Soviet government is different from capitalistic governments. It is pervaded throughout with a democratic spirit totally unknown in other military organizations. Between the officers and soldiers a feeling of brotherhood prevails they dress exactly alike and

address each other as "comrade." The Red Army is a people's army, defending the people's interest.

The Red Army is an organized crusade for the revolution. So militant and contagious is its proletarian spirit that its leaders can truthfully boast that "While European troops cannot be used successfully against it. When faced by such soldiers the Red Army, in addition to its iron resistance, sets its great propaganda machine in operation. The prisoners captured are fed, entertained, educated and taken about the country to see the proletarian institutions of Russia. Then they are returned to their own lines. Besides this, large quantities of literature are published and distributed to the enemy troops, pointing out to them how they are being duped by their masters and why they have no interest to carry on the war. Usually the result is not long in showing itself. Soon the enemy soldiers, most of whom, of course, are working men, wake up to the true situation and refuse to fight their Russian brothers. This has been the case time after time. Not even American troops could withstand the Red Army propaganda, as their revolt in Siberia proves. All told the Red Army is a remarkable institution and a fitting instrument to defend the great Russian revolution.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE TRUTH

IDEALS OF A COMMUNIST

T. A. JACKSON

I have been to Oxford. You may think this a thing of no moment, and in truth there seems little enough in the fact to make a song about. Yet to me even as I write there is a light as of magic about the bare statement of the fact. For in Oxford there was revealed unto me the goal for which we strive.

Do not for the love of charity imagine that Oxford just as it is—"without one plea!"—represents in one street or stone or man or beast anything like what the world will be under a communist regime. Far from it. In fact I am undecided whether to put a tight fence around it with turnstiles, and preserve it, undergrads, dons and all, for the amusement and instruction of our Communist youth—a sort of super-zoo—or whether to clear it of its present occupants and turn the whole show into a home of rest for tired workers.

N! What Oxford did for me was to make clear by its utter detachment from all grim and earthly reality just what I hope to get from the attainment of a Communist republic.

The starting point of all Communist speculation is a grasp of the elementary truth that men working in organized co-operation can produce far more than the same men working in independent isolation. The greater number of co-operating workers, the more complete can be the sub-division and coordination of the labour process. The more manifold and complex the productive mechanism, the wider area from which to draw raw and incidental materials, and the more complete the technical realization of natural potentialities the greater will be the power of self-disposal of the community so equipped, and so cooperating.

Interposed between us we stand, and that enormously amplified power of self-disposal, are all sorts of social obstacles—property rights, economic institutions, legal relations, frontiers, states, traditions and superstitions. Against all these an instinctive, an incidental, and a half-conscious way the world's proletariat is constantly driven to fight, by the pressure of practical circumstances. Some day—such is our faith—they will become so much the more clearly a conscious one as to make victory inevitable; an end hastened by the inner contradictions and unmanageable complications of the out-worn capitalist system itself. And with the victory, this power—of control over the forces of nature—multiplied, and realized, because the possession of the working mass consciously freed from inherited obstructions—will pass into organized form, its capture and employment.

A Communist system of production will by its superior efficiency make available for its co-operating units not only a greater bulk and variety of ordinary consumables but (what is of infinitely greater importance) an infinitely greater wealth of leisure, enriched by the accessibility of all the cultural achievements of the race.

It is upon these things that my imagination tends to dwell with never-failing eagerness. Not that I mean by "leisure" merely loafing (in a canoe, say, under the shady bank, all the cooler by contrast with the sunlight blazing on the meadows) or mere dabbling in the things that Oxford would denote by the blessed word "culture." Not that, nor anything like it.

It is my belief, that everyone in his innermost soul cherishes, and would be sub-human if he did not cherish a desire to—if it were but for an hour—do something, or be something. It is this hunger for accomplishment that makes the artist starve in his garret rather than surrender his soul to commercial exploitation, and the rebel die on a barricade across the slum into which he has been sent rather than surrender his dream. It is the desire of a soul in prison to break out and enjoy, if only for a moment, the sensations of a man triumphant.

We say, and it is true, grimly and literally, that Communism will be a state of society in which everybody will be forced to work whether he wants to or not. This is the chief reason why only the Proletariat can be expected to persevere in the struggle for its attainment. Many, if not most, of the cultured middle-class can see the abstract possibility at least of escape from the ugliness and squalor inevitably attending the bourgeois regime. But speak to them of compulsion to work and all the ugliness of the Bourgeoisie system seem as nothing beside this appalling and tyrannically sounding realism. The proletariat for their part, never having known freedom from compulsion to work—and the worst sort of compulsion, that of iron necessity indifferent alike to the revolt and the docility for its victim—will accept this as a matter of course. For them the essential point will not be the enforced work but the splendid security and the freedom from compulsion to starve. And

above and beyond that the possibility that when their minds are no longer burdened with the need to fret over the matters of farthings they can begin to think of enjoying all that there is in the works of nature and the achievements of man to excite either admiration or joy.

And there lies the secret. Give me a sporting chance to be myself—to do those things for which my nature craves—and to find out those things that I am hungry to know and I will pay the price—so many hours per day of compulsory task work—with the joy that ever accompanied the payment of ransom for a captive.

They took me into the chapel of Magdalen and showed me the mason's work. Tracery as delicate as fine lace—a vine carved over the doorway, moulding all under-cut and tooled so that in certain lights it would seem to sway as though it lived and stirred in the wind. Here was no work designed by a college-bred man who thought in terms of pencil marks upon a paper sheet, nor work executed by a wage-worker, prodded on by a gaffer concerned mainly with keeping down the costs lest he lose his job from the inadequacy of the net profit resulting. The very stones seemed to cry out with a proud voice like echoes from every ancient tower and quadrangle in Oxford—"A master of his craft wrought me; better his work if you can!"

They are very proud of their fine architecture in Oxford, and delicate minded done will rhapsodize for you as long as you please over its artistic excellence. There is no industrial unrest in Oxford and if they read of it in their newspapers they will feel just as they would if a naughty child were to run screaming and kicking up the turf in their placid quadrangles. It would argue gross neglect on the part of somebody and the need for some sort of prohibition. They admire their treasures of craftsman's-work but they have not, and cannot have any glimmer of a notion of the craftsman's joy in his mastery over his tools and intractable material he has learned to subdue to his will. They will tell you, if you let them, but these craft-arts are lost; and they will devise ingenious theories to account for both their coming and their departure. Above everything they will fear—if they know enough even to fear—that a Communist revolution will drive out from the world all capacity for reverencing the few master relics that they treasure. They have no conception of the fact that the system which keeps them in cultured security and supplies them with a constant stream of affluence already for their polishing is on that cuts off from the proletarian mass anything beyond the rudiments of such a craftsman's pride in tool-mastery.

For there a blight of leprosy upon everything upon which the bourgeoisie sets its hands. If we in their workshops have any craft skill it is either thwarted by time begrudged and necessary auxiliaries withheld; or rendered vapid by the mechanical monotony inseparable from a commercial objective. Worst of all, it is prostituted to the basest ends of their brutal social system. We are forced to put forth our skill in order that there shall appear either things of beauty to manifest the pride and ostentation of successful exploiters or things dubious or harmful for the consumption of our fellows of the exploited mass. We are all prostitutes—and prostitute for bread—from the weaver of shoddy to the shop-assistant selling deleterious and adulterated food-stuff; from the mechanic fabricating weapons for exploiters' wars to the manufacturer of chemicals to make endurable the intolerable stench and poison of the slum; from the journalist who for pay suppresses an ugly truth to the printer who for bread helps to promulgate a fair-smiling lie. All prostitutes—as surely and more terribly than the poor painted harlot of the streets; and the same has festered in the marrow of our souls.

It is from this that Communism will save us. It will save the craftsman who loves his craft from any fear of seeming to pander meanly to a brutal boss if he lets his craft-love have full scope. It will open up to the half-astrophied eyes of all the splendid sheen and green of this greyness and smutted world. It will recapture for the souls of men all the joy of living which will come when we taste the sense of mastery over our fate.

Noblest and best is the fact that this mastery can be won in solidarity with our kind and in solidarity alone.

Power, which is freedom, individuality; solidarity, craftsman's joy—these are the ingredients, combine them howsoever variously you may, of our Communist Ideal. And if you ask how to reach it, I answer in the words of William Morris: "Give us Imagination enough to conceive; courage enough to will; power enough to compel; and then, I say, the thing will be done."

BIG INTERNATIONAL

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VICE-PRESIDENT SHOOTSOFF MOUTH WITH LIES

Coolidge Degrades His Office By "False and Libelous" Statements.

WASHINGTON.— Vice-President Calvin Coolidge, has felt compelled to reply by telegraph to the protest of the North Dakota state board of administration against his "false and libelous" statements concerning the state of North Dakota and its educational system, in a recent magazine article. He broke into a woman's magazine with an attack

on radical teachers and radical students in the schools of the country, under the heading "Enemies of the Republic." He charged the North Dakota officials with circulating books on free love.

Secretary Liesman of the board of administration promised to send Coolidge sworn testimony taken by a legislative committee showing that the charge were utterly false.

LAW AID ORDER RAMPANT AMONG SUPER PATRIOTS

1. TEXAS.—L. Collins, a Negro, was lashed by a mob of masked men, said to be members of the Ku Klux Klan, at Belton, on June following the failure of the grand jury to indict him on the charge of insulting a white woman.

2. The Goose Creek Ku Klux Klan tarred and feathered B. L. Bloodworth and Olin Jones, "reputed bad characters," on June 19, and deported them from town.

3. Four unidentified men tarred and feathered Henry Schultz at Wharton on June 21st.

4. CALIFORNIA.—James Price, secretary of California District Defense Committee already under federal sentence in the Sacramento case, was convicted under the criminal syndicalism law at Los Angeles, on June 6th.

5. OKLAHOMA.—Sixty-four indictments have been returned by the special grand jury investigating the Tulsa race riots. Among those indicted are the Chiefs of Police of Tulsa and Sand Springs a suburb of Tulsa.

6. WASHINGTON.—Following affirmation of sentence by the state Supreme Court, the seven I. W. W. convicted in the Centralia murder trial in November, 1919 were taken to Walla Walla penitentiary on June 22nd to begin sentences of from 25 to 40 years.

7. OHIO.—Because of his refusal to bear arms an alien named Franz Student's Association, was denied citizenship by U. S. District Judge J. W. Peck at Cincinnati on June 3rd.

8. WEST VIRGINIA.—A resolution authorizing an investigation of the industrial warfare in the Mingo County coal fields was adopted by the Senate on June 24th.

WAR VETERANS TO FIGHT KU KLUXERS AND MOBS

Returned Soldiers Join Radicals In Stand For Internationalism

CHICAGO.—Delegates from the ty states participated in the deliberations of the first national convention of the World War Veterans held July 1 to July 3 in this city. Much of the time was spent in formulating plans for the expansion of the organization and in defining the stand of returned soldiers of a progressive turn of mind on industrial and political problems.

Throughout the deliberations there were many references to the prevailing disregard of civil liberties guaranteed by the constitution and the fervent desire of ex-soldiers to restore those liberties. The Ku Klux Klan was denounced in a resolution as "setting itself up in defiance of all constituted authority as judge, jury and executioners of law of their own making," and the organization went on record as opposing the Klan and "all other organizations parading themselves under the camouflage of 100 per cent law and order leagues."

Race riots and lynchings were likewise condemned and Congress was asked to make an investigation into the situation. The civil war in West Virginia was laid at the door of the mine operators in another resolution and the authorities were

urged to grant the same rights to the workers that they grant to the operators. Alexander Howat's defiance of the Kansas Industrial Court was commended and the increasing use of injunctions in labor troubles denounced.

Solidarity of the veterans with organized workers was voiced in a number of resolutions upholding the right to strike and denouncing the "open shop" drive. Each post of the W. W. V. was urged to send a delegate to the local central trades council and all members were instructed to purchase union label goods. The sale of prison made goods was condemned.

Disarmament was advocated and it was decided to create in the World War Veterans a department to promote international friendship. The delegates went on record as favoring intervention in Mexico only after a referendum of the American people. Propaganda tending to encourage war between the United States and Japan was denounced and removal of all barriers to trade with Russia advocated. The North Dakota state industrial program was commended and the Hare system of proportional representation adopted for elections of the World War Veterans.

American Legion Guilty Of Violence

NEW YORK.—The American Legion, according to the first of a series of articles in the Nation, "never was, and now is less than ever, representative of former service men." The articles charge that the Legion is guilty of violence, of extra-legal political activities, of autocratic suppression, and of "attempting to perpetuate the war psychology as its contribution to peace."

The Legion, the articles set forth, has a present membership of about 500,000 and its attitude constitutes "a curious and dangerous situation, peculiar to America. In Europe the ex-soldiers are found, generally, with the progressive, not to say radical forces."

MORE ILLEGAL ARRESTS
WILLIAMSON, W. Va.—David

The Third Congress of the Communist International

(Continued from page 1)

tariat. There is no land in the world whose proletariat has not sent its representative to the congress of the Communist International. This fact means that even in the most out of the way places there is already a Communist movement and that the working masses of the West no longer hold any belief in their class treacherous leaders who are seeking compromise. In many lands the workers are already so far that they have broken with their class treacherous leaders and many a knowledge themselves openly and freely on our side. The opening of the congress of the Communist International is a victory over the old capitalist world. Upon this victory will follow the victory of the International proletariat. The storming of the strongholds of capitalism has begun and it will end in our complete triumph. We hear already the cracking of the falling walls of the edifice of capitalism. The revolution of the proletariat will victoriously capture land after land.

Statue To John Reed Unveiled In Moscow

RIGA.—A statue in memory of John Reed, the American communist who died from typhus in Russia in 1920, was unveiled in Red Square, Moscow, July 4, says a wireless dispatch from that city. Imposing ceremonies were held, in which the delegates to the Congress of the Third Internationale participated, making a pilgrimage to his grave near the walls of the Kremlin.

25,000 JOBLESS
BRIDGEPORT, Conn.—(United Press).—An army of 25,000 unemployed mobilized here today for a demonstration in the streets of this factory city.

Veterans of the war joined hands with ragged "foreigners" to impress on the onlookers the need of thousands of penniless men out of work. Women carrying babies joined in the demonstration. "It must stop here—it cannot go on," Minor Treat, head of the Central Labor union and commander of the Veterans of the World War told the United Press. "The thousands of men out of work in this town are in need of immediate assistance. The world makes no move to assist them in getting work and saving them from starvation. This is our only way of protest."

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Issued Weekly By The West End Labor Association.
J. O. BENTALL, Editor.

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WHAT THE BOYS ARE GETTING

The antics of Congress are so obviously rotten that there is little or nothing to say about that profiteer serving body.

For some time a soldiers' bonus bill has been before the senate and then shuffled to the house and then laid aside and then taken up and then pigeonholed and then talked to death and now buried till the great resurrection day when Gabriel will toot his basso to see how many of the senators have had their full sleep.

To add to the security of the locked up bonus bill the president had to step into the chamber just as the bill was to come up for consideration. The fatlings gave him a whole minute's applause which itself cost the country about two thousand dollars. For minutes are expensive in congress, mind you.

Harding had the good grace to follow the instructions from the profiteers and gave the weight of his "high" office to weigh down the bill. He told the solons how the taxpayers were burdened and how the "merest prudence calls out in warning." He also declared that "overburdening of the treasury now means positive disaster in the years immediately before us."

Then after drolling out some platitudes the president walked off and the senate fought for hours as to the best method of killing the bill. That cost the country another ten thousand dollars for which it got nothing but wind.

We do not spoil this valuable space to show merely the defeat of the bonus bill, but rather to show how differently the capitalist jumpjacks act, when something is to be done for the boys who laid down their lives on the altar of the country as they shot, from what they did when they drafted the boys into the trenches to give the profiteers an opportunity to rob the country while our eyes were on the dying soldiers in the hell of war. At that time there was no "overburdening of the treasury." There was no question of retrenchment and of considering the taxpayers. Not then. Then was the great time of harvest, the richest ever reaped by a brigand crew in any period of the world's history.

The boys were promised glory and honor and jobs and liberty and democracy and prosperity and a great old time in general. All they got was a pair of crutches if they were fortunate enuf to have a friend to borrow them from.

And poor crutches at that. So that after the boys, leaning a little too hard found the profiteermade crutch break and run the splinters up between their ribs into their heart so that the returned soldier, after all, could have the glory of dying for his country.

No. There isn't much to say. When conditions have gotten so bad that the very men who offered life to save the country get nothing but a kick for their reward while billions are ruthlessly appropriated for warships and militarism in order that the profiteers may further filch the nation, it does not take a prophet to see the end of the present system.

Will the boys go again if the yare called? Will they be fooled a second time by pretty phrases of "loyalty" and "democracy" and "our country" and all the lies that were told? Or will they be slackers and objectors, and proud of it?

WHEN THEY ARE DEAD

Yes, and this is what they get when they are dead. Not that they worry about it, but it looks like sin to some of us who in addition have to endure the prattle about one hundred per cent Americanism. Doesn't it make you feel good to read about the funerals of pet poodles of a billionaire who buries the dog in a thousand dollar coffin and rears a monument over it and then read the following, which, by the way, is taken from our good capitalist News Tribune, this Wednesday:

Deceased Soldiers Are Buried Three In Grave

NEW YORK, July 12.—State Senator Meyer today made public a letter to Cornelius Weikensham, chairman of the American Legion committee investigating the care of soldiers in hospitals, in which he charges that bodies of soldiers who die in hospitals are buried two and three in one grave.

The fault, he declared, lies with the United States public health service, which gives a contract to an undertaker and makes no further supervision.

Wouldn't you like to be a dog. And don't you see that there are no classes in America—only soldiers and dogs? And don't you think it is about time we do away with the upper class and give the people a chance?

COULDN'T FOOL HER

The last vestige of doubt as to the attitude of the old reactionary Socialist party is forever dispelled. At its last convention the party went on record as fighting everyone of the twenty-one points made by the Third International as conditions for affiliation.

In addition tereto the delegates poured out their hatred for the workers republic in such words as "bloody Russia," Soviet "murderers," "Wreckers," "imperialists," "autocrats," and so on.

The bitterness exhibited was more intense than that shown by the most vicious of the capitalists. It seems that when the mask of hypocrisy was torn and there was nothing to hide behind the venom oosed out in the greenest colors.

Moscow evidently knew what it did when it spurned all relationship with this reactionary and traitorous aggregation. It simply sent word back that this old bunch was not welcome as a member of a family that had already put up a high standard of workingclass ethics and loyalty.

The counterrevolutionaries still in Russia and all the camouflaged "friends" of labor in other countries have been spotted and they are all considered alike. They are alike. The Ebert government which killed Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg had in its blood the same hatred for true workingclass rule as the Kerenskys and the murderous servants of the former czar.

The infamous Schwartz who went with credentials of the Socialist party was of the same stripe. But he couldn't fool the Communists. The only mistake they made was in letting him off too easily.

CHINA TRIED IT

The Saturday Evening Post continues to be a marvel of brains and knowledge. And it spreads its knowledge so willingly.

Only recently it reported a doing in China, where a New Yorker sat down with the Chinese president at a banquet and had a confab about Bolshevism.

The important thing about it was that the New Yorker was told that nobody was worrying about Bolshevism in China. They had tried this thing in that country twice—once in the third century and again in the eleventh century. The Post does not say whether it was B. C. or A. D., but that does not matter.

What does matter is that by expelling Bolshevism China has made wonderful strides along the bright road of civilization. After having sluffed off the monster evil which threatened it and infested it China has blossomed out in the manner of New York's prettiest slums and the famous Christian tenements of glorious London.

China is a fine country to point to as an example of Bolshevickless splendor. She's a dandy. She has gotten clear back to normalcy, as is shown by the following recent report that we just found in this morning's paper.

Chinese Children Sold For Food

PEKING, June 2 (delayed).—Statistics on the sale of children, wives and daughters-in-law in the South Chihli famine district prepared by the international famine relief committee, though covering but a fraction of the entire famine area, indicate the extent of the traffic carried on. Between deaths and sales, many villages are completely stripped of children. The prices appear to have ranged from \$1 to \$150, with one instance reported of a girl bringing \$350.

Although the traffic was due primarily to poverty it appears from the investigation made that dealers worked upon the supidity of fathers and husbands in many cases and resorted to adroit measures to evade the law and recruit victims for various questionable purposes. There were instances of regular marriage papers being executed; others used contracts of sale, either for life or for a term of years.

No, you bet you, they wouldn't have Bolshevism in China. They have too much normalcy for that. They have tried it twice and it didn't work, so the wise Chinese have become the wonderful example of the world and come back to good, old, capitalism.

To which the Post points with pride.

POOR MANAGEMENT

Nature or some other forces have laid out a strip of land only a couple of blocks wide but several miles long from Lake Avenue, Duluth to the Wisconsin headland, at Superior. It seems to be a freak ribbon strung across the bay to shut out the wrath of the stormy waters of the lake and provide a harbor almost unparalleled in this country.

At the same time this strip affords a most convenient bathing beach. For a summer resort it has no equal. And naturally people have secured rights and built cottages. This territory is called Park Point and is one of the attractions of the city of Duluth. Here the Boat Club has its home and here is the great grand stand for the water sports.

Now there is plenty of room for all the people of this city to bathe in the outer water of Lake Superior on this point. Thousands flock there during the hot weather. Multitudes of workers go there after their day's labor and find the waves refreshing and the air invigorating.

But to get there—that is a horse of another color. There is the famous Aerial Bridge. It is a fine contrivance if there are only a few who want to use it. But when the thousands come in droves from their work they have to stand there for hours waiting for this carriage to make the trips forth and back.

And at night these same crowds have to stand there for two or three hours waiting their turn. And not only the bridge is a fullfledged nuisance but the little grasshopper car on the single track along the point carries only dozen while it should carry thousands.

So if you are going to get a little of the life that a good nature has invited you to you first have to conquer the contraptions of a fool management that takes no such a hing as the comfort and welfare of the people into consideration. You go once but you swear "never again."

Thus one of the finest places for recreation and health is made practically useless to the masses of the city while a few are able to have what all could so easily have if there were intelligent management.

We want to point out that when the bolsheviks get into power they will provide a decent bridge and proper transportation and convenient buildings all along the point for the people who want to take advantage of this wonderful beach. We need the revolution if only to show that we have sense to give the people a chance to have a bath in the lake when they want it without spending ten hours waiting for a bungsomestreetcar company and a foolish bridge to get that pleasure.

Duluth needs the revolution so as to be able to make proper use of Park Point.

Ave Adams, the celebrated transcontinental hiker, who sets out for a seventy-five mile stroll in the morning and winds up with a swim across the English Channel in the evening, is on the trail of the artists and students and housewives and farmers and all other workers to give them the inspiration of a lifetime by putting The Liberator and Good Morning and Soviet Russia and TRUTH into their hands for a year or so. Miss Adams has the reputation of having gotten more subscriptions for these publications than any other living bolshevik in captivity. When you see her you will be sure to subscribe. This rebel girl is successful for the one reason that she knows what to select that is worth reading. She is in Duluth just now and while here she invites you into the select reading circle of the most advanced intellects in this country.

THE DEATHBLOW

The world can go just so far—and then it has to stop. It is about to stop right now. So is Socialism and Communism and the I. W. W.

While we had only the police and the sheriffs and the department of justice and the jails and penitentiaries and the militia and state legislatures and safety commissions and governor Burnquist and Knut Nelson, assisted by congress, Woody Wilson and the Ku Kluxers and the mobbers and hundred percenters and patriotic profiteers and Schwab, we felt that our lease of life might be extended for at least another fortnight.

But now comes the omnipotent, omniscient and omnipresent Duluth Tribune and tells us that one David E. Pretzch, whoever he is, has resigned from the Socialist Party and gone back on the I. W. W. and the whole radical bunch and that he says that Socialism is "the enemy of democracy."

This comes from his holy lips, mind you, after "he has been observing the trend of conditions both in this country and in Russia."

Now so far as we know nobody knows who this observing observer is or has been. Pretzch? Who is Pretzch?

Only the Tribune seems to know. And all it knows is that this Pretzch was once the editor of "Solidarity," the I. W. W. paper.

But the Tribune is sure that his statement is the greatest ever published. This Pretzch says that he will now join the Government of the United States and support democracy. He is just wonderful. He is the new Messiah of the capitalists and will root out the whole wicked business of Communism, Bolshevism and the I. W. W.

It'll go hard on us, b'gosh. It seems our time has arrived and that we must give up the ghost. Pretzch and the Trib seem to have it in for us and we cannot enuf courage to whistle, even. Dammit, what a fix we are in! And here we were thinking all the time that we were about to have smooth sailing, with Pontius Palmer and Burly Burleson out of the way, and the workers all determined to knock the block off the capitalist system. With Russia deying all the allied powers in the East and millions of workers getting wise and organized for a huge effort to throw off the tyranny of the present rulers and put the world in shape for people to live in; we were in a mood to sing songs of joy at the dawn of the new day.

Now all our hopes are blasted. We have hung our harps on the weeping widows who are looking for husbands and meal tickets and absolutely refuse to sing. The red has faded out of our hats and there is no courage left in our hearts. Socialism is going to the morgue of the congressional records and Bolshevism is dying its steenth death.

Such is our fate. Such is the deathblow we have received. All on account of one Pretzch, whom nobody knows—except the sleepy editor of the Trib.

WHAT THE GIRL GOT

"For Noteworthy Service," reads an editorial headline in the morning paper of this city, and under it is the boilerplate stuff that goes the rounds of all the capitalist press of the country and is copied thruout Europe and other uncivilized parts of the world.

It is about a girl. She was a heroine and saved the telephone company thousands of dollars in money and service by beating back some robber.

In introducing the story the name of Theodore Newton Vail had to come in for a eulogy. Evidently Vail was a pretty fair man and the press is shrewd enuf to hide a lot of the telephone and telegraph piracy under his virtues. Also it hides the holdup game of the company under the crime of the masked bandits who attempted to rob the exchange of the payday money. This could at the most not have been more than a few hundred dollars. The company keeps robbing the workers all the time of millions.

But to the girl. We must let the editorial itself tell you of her bravery and of her reward:

A Minneapolis girl, chief operator of the Kenwood Exchange, has evidence of how her employers feel over an exploit, in the language of Congress, when voting a medal, was outside and beyond her line of duty. The chief operator, Miss Julia Dickinson, battled with two arme dthieves last December when they walked into the Kenwood Exchange and demanded the pay envelopes of the employees of the exchange. Obviously, they knew they had just been delivered.

Miss Dickinson armed with only courage and determination attacked the gunmen and according to the citation of the board of award of the telephone company "prevented a stampede which would have interfered with the service." For her brave act, she now wears the Vail bronze medal "for noteworthy service." Three other employees have received similar recognition: Mrs. Norma Newman, chief operator at Merrill, Iowa; Mrs. Millie Lothrop, chief operator at Homer, Neb; Frank Forrest, manager at Dakota City, Neb.

Not only has the telephone company inscribed Miss Dickinson's name as the holder of a Vail medal but it will remember her if opportunity should offer to show special consideration. It is a way broadvisioned business organizations have.

We are told that seasickness gave this kind of sensation. And if it does there is no wonder people love it so. It is worth a lot to have the experience.

But to be fed on this kind of dope right along gets monotonous. There we had the Carnegie hero medals. A sum of several millions dollars were set aside to give hero medals to men and women who rescued children or wrecked seamen. The medal costs upwards of nineteen cents to manufacture by seab moulders in some brass foundry and up to date we know of only a bakers half dozen who have been decorated.

The Vail medal seems to be getting under way in proportion to attempted robberies by bandits. So far there seem to be four persons honored with the Vail medal.

We can suggest a deed that will swell the number of deserving heroes to five. Let some lass with curly tresses shove a firm fist into the face of the brigand company when it digs down into the payenvelopes of the employed and robs them of their millions of dollars. That would show courage beyond any that the capitalist press has yet bee able to discover.

In the meantime we advise the heroes who now wear Vail medals to remember that these medals cost about nineteen cents—two for thirty seven—and that they are hard to digest in case the heroes and heroines should ever get hungry.

The returned soldiers will tell you that.

MADE A HIT

Walter Harris of the Brownella Book Shop, Toledo, hands us the following after having had a bundle come to his town for only a couple of weeks:

"Will you increase my order of TRUTH to ten copies a week. TRUTH has made a hit here. I think we will work it up to twenty-five a week before long."

In the same mail came this bokay from our poet Fellow Worker, J. E. Nordquist, whose splendid contributions have helped TRUTH to become a real working-class paper:

"You are getting out a great paper. Your editorials are btter each issue. Too bad the sub are not coming in faster. I am enclosing a dollar's worth of stamps to extend my sub, although it is far from expired yet."

Another comrade tells us that he has succeeded in getting the local news dealer to puth TRUTH on the stand and that the call for TRUTH is constantly on the increase.

And that leads us to suggest that every comrade in this country should see to it that the news dealers are put next to the selling qualities of TRUTH. They can all make money handling it—and you know that means that a lot of the workers will be reading and getting wise. It's our business to get them wised up.

Some of you have been getting notices to renew. That notice means that you are behind and that we want you to catch up. Don't lay that notice to the side. Just fill in the blank space and send in at least a half year's renewal. These are slack months and TRUTH must have money to be able to go on. If your number on the address label after your name is less than 211 you are in arrears. We need you and you need TRUTH.

WHEN THINGS YOU NEED RUN OUT

By JOHN E. NORDQUIST.

If poverty is no disgrace

It's a bother, you'll allow;

For when you reach the lowest place

There's bound to be a row

When wealth is slipping by degrees

And you're on a luckless route;

It's then you suffer, starve and freeze—

When the things you need run out.

A crust of bread that's butterless,

And black unsweetened tea;

'Stead of enuf—just half a mess

Of everything, you see.

Your Sunday suit is worn threadbare,

And people jeer and flout,

For society don't know or care

When the things you need run out.

When poverty begins to bite,

The coal bin's never full;

There's neither soft nor anthracite,

When you haven't got a pull.

You can sit and freeze and shiver;

You can pray and plead or shout,

But the chances are no giver

Knows just when your coal runs out.

Your wife may need a better hat;

Her dress is shabby too,

But remember, when your purse is flat

Your mind's on beans and stew.

If poverty is no disgrace,

Go try it ere you spout;

Just try existing on your face

When the things you need run out.

The Big International Picnic is coming off next Sunday. The stage is all set. The program has been arranged and plans for a great time have been made by lively committees. Every reader of TUTH will, of course, come, and every member of the club will bring friends—many of them. Let this day be a landmark in Duluth and in the big workingclass movement. Come early and have the time of your life. There is no cooler spot in the state and there is no place where you can learn more and spend a more profitable day. We're all going and we'll all have piles of fun. And we know you'll be there. You bet.

When the brainy boob has exhausted his wisdom by asking you "Is that hot enuf for you?" he generally reverts to his deeper philosophical postulates that "Socialism means dividing up."

The next war will have to be fought by those who want war, by God!

We met a sensible soldier the other night who declared he would rather have been shot with dum-dums than half shot with moonshine.

The capitalist press says that the Wrangel soldiers were shot when captured by the Russians. Which is true—shot full of Bolshevism.

One thing we can never get over; the plutes have to work in Russia. "Aint it a grand and glorious feeling?"

We are moved to remark that T-bone Slim has not gone back on the Bible but to it.

If the plutes make a hundred wobs for each one they put in prison, how long will it be before all the wobs are exterminated?

Now, what animal except a donkey would ever think of such a lofty ideal as "Back to Normalcy?" And a balky one at that.

The picnic next Sunday will celebrate the strides made by labor since we found out that the czar was not a good union man.

One day we met a preacher who was quite sober and quite impatient with the low morals of Russia, and asked him in all humbleness how he would like to swap prohibition with that whiskylless country. That's why we are wearing a black eye.