

can not make as big profits as they greedily desire.

But you can act now to organize the power of the workers to meet the situation. If the working masses are united and can express their power through one organized body, the capitalists will listen when they demand the opportunity to earn a living.

Now is the time to organize to meet the crisis. Organize in your shop if you are still at work. Elect a committee to represent your shop. Send delegates to meet the workers from other shops.

The unemployed must be organized in the same way. Let each group of workers as they are discharged, organize a committee and elect delegates. Unite the shop committees and the unemployed committees in a Workers Council for your industrial centre.

With such an organization the workers will be prepared to meet the threat of hard times. They will be able to dictate their own terms to the masters of society who are now shouting gleefully because of the prospect of their suffering.

Organize the Workers Councils and their will be no starvation for the workers while the capitalists wallow in wealth and luxury.

Lying on a bed at the county hospital, penniless, friendless and 81 years old, Carl Raymond, song writer, repeated the words of one of his songs written years ago. Here is the verse he applied to himself.

As we walk down the street.  
O, how often do we meet  
Some poor old man whose life is  
naught but woe;  
And with age his form is bent.  
In his pockets not a cent.  
And for shelter he knows not  
where to go.  
With relations by the score  
Who turn him from their door  
And sneering, in the street just  
pass him by;  
If you ask him why 'tis done.  
He'll answer you and say:  
"I'm poor and old and only in  
the way."

"That's my life in a nutshell," he said.

Raymond was born 81 years ago in the shadow of Bunker Hill Monument. He fought in the Mexican and Civil wars. As a reward for a usefully spent life capitalism gives him a pauper's bed in a Chicago hospital and after that—a pauper's grave.

Miranda Steele, age 84, has held down the same job in a mill at Clarepoint, N. H., for 67 years. The report fails to record the number of millions Miranda accumulated in this 67 years of honest toil.

When Miranda was a little school girl, capitalism deprived her of the right to an education, it also robbed her of her childhood and turned her into a machine for making profits. She has been working at it ever since.

67 years of toil in the same mill.

67 years of unremitting monotony.

67 years of wasted life.

No wifehood, no motherhood. No sons to be proud of, no daughters to love. No grandchildren to fondle. Just work, 67 years of it at one stretch. Same surroundings, same job over and over. Same jog to and from the mill day after day and year after year.

At last old age has overtaken Miranda, but still it is the same. No change, no cozy corner, no security, no quiet days in which to reverie over the events of those 84 years of life for Miranda. Perhaps she wouldn't want to recall them anyway, those 67 years of ceaseless toil.

With the end in sight, Miranda is still following the thorn strewn path of the mill slave, but how many beds of roses has her labor provided for her masters—in 67 years?

Uncle Sam prepared to distribute 35,000 "Victory Medals" a day to his World War veterans. The distribution started June 21, so far 50,936 medals have been applied for. Now, Uncle is wondering why the light demand. Maybe it is because the boys haven't been able to figure out wherein their victory lay.

House rents of Altoona railway workers have raised \$10.00 per month since the famous award. Now they are wondering how much they would have been raised had they received all they asked. The rent hogs are apparently striving to lay the foundation for another R. R. strike. Let us hope.

#### COMMUNISM AND FAMILY.

(Continued from page 7.)

will pass the greater part of the day and where intelligent education will make of him a Communist who is conscious of the greatness of this sacred motto; solidarity, comradeship, mutual aid, devotion to the collective life.

(Continued next week.)