MR. BLOCK
AND THE PROFITEERS
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Published by
ALL-AMERICAN PUBLISHING CO.
Not Inc.
412 Standard Bank Bldg.
105 West Monroe St.
CHICAGO.
The Mr. Block species of workingman is found in every country of the globe. He varies only in the quality of the wood. A wonderful kind of hardwood is found in America. The American Block believes in a system of society in which the means of life are controlled by a group of men known as the profiteers. He may occasionally kick against individual profiteers but never against the profiteer system. Under the rule of the profiteers millions have to live in a state of semi-starvation.

Mr. Block's whole life is occupied with the task of making billionaires out of millionaires. He himself has only the bare necessities of life and sometimes not even that much. A willing slave of the profiteers he defends the system under which he himself has to suffer. Owing to the extraordinary quality of the wood it is almost impossible to make an impression on Mr. Block.
Our present system of society should not be changed.
There is quite a difference in the standards of life of the profiteer and Mr. Block. The nonproducing profiteer lives in splendor and luxury, Mr. Block, however, is a cheapskate. He works, eats and sleeps. As a human being he is only an imitation, a nature faker. Nature never intended that a man should live like that. There should be work and pleasure. The miserable pervert only works, eats and sleeps. For his recreation he meekly accepts imitations of the good things of life. They are as rank as his tobacco and consist of rotten movies, punk music and filthy literature, such as the lying daily newspapers. Even at so-called high wages Mr. Block remains a cheapskate. Everything about him is cheap, his food, his clothing, his so-called home, his education and his ideas. Block's ideas are those of a mule—oats, enough to eat—that's all. The accomplishments of civilization, such as art, and science, are barred to him and worst of all he has no desire for them. The emancipation of the working class is a joke to him. His contentment keeps the intelligent, progressive workers down in the pit of merciless drudgery.
I've got a job and I am satisfied.
The mule psychology of the oats-aspiring animal is clearly demonstrated when Block meets Block. Whenever two of the species meet after being separated for some time you can always bet your life that the first question is about a job. They make a great Hallelujah when they have one. These working animals accept degradation with a satisfied grin. Not only are they satisfied with a job, but they are also thankful for the privilege of slaving their lives away to make a heaven on earth for profiteers. A job means everything to Mr. Block. It looks so valuable to him, because it is so uncertain. He may get fired any minute. When this happens it is a big calamity. The happy grin disappears because the oats are cut short, the stomach starts preaching a serious sermon. Give to a Block the privilege to slave and he is in heaven. He doesn't ask for the good things of life and of civilization. He is satisfied with belly-stuffing. This is practically all that the millions of workers receive in return for the creation of all wealth. Progressive workers demand the full product of their labor, the fruits of civilization.
GOT A JOB?

YES, I AM WORKING
After all the Hallelujah over a job, what does it amount to. In nine cases out of ten the wages are not even enough to buy decent food. Mr. Block is always compelled to scheme how “to get by,” how to invent some new kind of hash or some new kind of soup thinner than the last one. Watch Mr. Block in a butcher shop. He has his eyes on some meat but after fumbling his money for awhile, he decides to buy Hamburger (beg pardon, Liberty Steak). And when he comes home he has to scheme some more to overcome the mysteries of said Liberty Steak. He solves this cleverly by closing his eyes, dreaming about meat and swallowing quickly. Mr. Block is a regular Napoleon when it comes to strategy in beating the highcost of living. Once in a great while he buys an honest to goodness hunk of meat. When this happens he marks it down as a red letter day. His friends are told about it. The bones are kept to prove his prosperity. Mr. Block has a certain pride in denying his poverty. Very seldom will he admit how cheap he lives and how low his wages are. Our present profiteer system exists partly by the fact that millions of Liberty Steak victims lie to each other by talking Porterhouse.
SOME NICE PORTERHOUSE, MR. BLOCK.

LIBERTY STEAK

I GUESS I LIKE LIBERTY BEST.
Poverty and semi-starvation is becoming more general in America from day to day. The so-called "Newspapers" as a rule suppress the truth about it but sometimes a few facts slip in by accident. Here are some interesting clippings:

3,000,000 YOUNG SHY OF FOOD.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 3.—From three to six million American children are not getting enough to eat because their parents are unable on their present incomes to buy sufficient food, said a statement issued today by the children's bureau of the Department of Labor. These are the children, the statement said, who are often pronounced by parents and teachers to be "delicate," "failing," "lazy," or just "plain ornery," although their true affliction is malnutrition.

"Thousands of American families," the statement said, "are today living on an income which does not permit an adequate diet."

SENATOR CAPPAR OF KANSAS DISCUSSES PROBLEM.

"More than 14,000 stunted babies have been found recently in Boston. These babies are shorter in stature and lighter in weight than they ought to be by three years' growth. All the starved children are not in Europe, it seems."
PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Aug. 12.—America's first need is well-fed families, is a summary of the North American's editorial on malnutrition in this country.

"The truth is," says this paper, "that this nation today faces, in malnutrition, a more dangerous foe than any armed force the world could muster. This truth showed its ugly head when one-third of the men called in the drafts were rejected for physical defects due chiefly to nutritional lacks in childhood. Now its equally ugly body is being bared to public gaze by a government which is waking up to the menace of malnutrition.

"The draft revelations led to further investigation. It seemed strange that so large a percentage of our young men should be physically unfit at a time of life when they ought to be fittest. In the early twenties one is less than 10 years beyond childhood. And childhood—in theory, at least—is the health-building time of life. Yet American childhood is not that in anything like the measure it should be."

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STARVATION INCREASES.

The New York City health department has shown that there has been a marked increase the last three years in the undernourishment of school children. In 1914 there were 5 per cent. of the children undernourished; in 1915, 6 per cent.; in 1918, 19 per cent.
At the present time everybody talks about the high cost of living. Life has become so difficult to maintain that even Mr. Block, the notorious nature faking cheapskate, is kicking. Of course, he is not protesting against the system. He dares to kick only against a few of the profiteers who play the game too raw. It is a common sight nowadays to see a Block shoving his fist into empty space and raising hell. The profiteers care nothing about such antics. They know that every Block is a staunch supporter of the system. If Block goes on strike for more wages the profiteers may give him a little raise. Then they raise the necessities of life still higher and blame the increased cost of living on Mr. Block himself. The newspapers promptly absolve the profiteers. Of course it is needless to say, that whenever Mr. Block kicks, he is doing it in a careful way. This clever strategist generally winds up his tirade by saying that he is not a crazy Bolshevik or an I. W. W. and that he hates the socialists.

Little Napoleon knows how to protect himself.
THIS HIGH COST OF LIVING IS AN OUTRAGE!
Mr. Block has all the instincts and peculiarities of a dog. He tries to please his master. Altho treated with contempt by the masters he shows no resentment; on the contrary, he admires them. A generous smile from a prominent man, especially from his boss, throws him into a fit and fires him on to greater effort to produce more profits. A little dose of cheap flattery will work wonders with this two-legged dog. He forgets all about his hard work and long hours. A pleasant “Good morning, Mr. Block,” from a member of the master class will be gratefully remembered by Mr. Block for the rest of his life. The dog will do anything to please his master. If he hears his boss raising hell about the agitators endangering the profit-system, he promptly supports him. If he has an extra master-loving splinter in his block he lets out a yell like this: “To hell with the agitators! Hang them!” He knows this is pleasant music to his master’s ears. Perhaps he will get another smile, perhaps he will not get fired next week. The soul of Mr. Block belongs to the profiteer.
GOOD MORNING,
MR. BLOCK.
In glaring contrast to Block's slimy masterlove is his attitude towards his fellow-
Block on the job. In most cases Mr. Block treats him like a cur with meanness and trickery. There is no fellowship amongst Blocks in a workshop. Here they live like cats and dogs. Every Block tries to slave harder than his fellow Block. To kill a fellow Block by setting the pace is the highest ambition of a "A Number One" Block. As a rule the older Blocks are killed off by the younger pacesetting Blocks and they in turn get killed by a younger set of Blocks. So Block kills Block and the profiteer gets the benefit. He gets his work done cheap. Profiteers realize the blessing of the antagonism between Block and Block and they stimulate it by mixing Blocks of different woods and races in their slavepens. There is nothing more beneficial for the profiteers than race-agonism amongst the workingmen. For this reason the agitators for workingclass solidarity are hated by all profiteers. Mr. Block is solemnly warned by them to have nothing to do with the idea of one big union of all the workers, and not to listen to the "dangerous" appeal: "Workingmen of all countries unite you have nothing to lose but your chains; you have a world to gain."
The greatest factor in controlling Mr. Block and making him a docile object of exploitation is the profiteer press. The profiteers tend to all of Mr. Block’s needs. They not only manufacture his cheap clothes and his liberty steak, they also furnish the stuffing for his block. They use shrewd methods to deceive their victim. All profiteer newspapers pose as anti-profiteer papers. Every one of them condemns profiteering in strong language. But they are careful not to advocate the control of labor’s product by labor itself. They advocate reform. Mr. Block is promised relief in the near future. Owing to his blessed hard-wood memory he is kept in hope from day to day and year to year. Hired writers glorify the deeds of the great industrial masters, as the benefactors of mankind, to whom God in His infinite wisdom has entrusted the wealth of the nations. The greediness, the insufficiency of these “stewards,” is explained away. All the dark deeds committed against the workers are carefully concealed. The assassination of peaceful strikers and labor leaders is promptly apologized for. Mr. Block takes everything in the newspapers as gospel truth, especially if the lies are labelled by big headlines.
GEE! THIS PAPER IS ALL RIGHT. IT GIVES THEM PROFITEERS HELL.

DOWN WITH PROFITEERING

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The profiteers, knowing their rule to be absolutely rotten, fear that even Mr. Block will get wise if the truth is allowed to be hammered into his wood. Therefore a regular standing army of expert newspaper liars is kept to inflame the Block mind against the anti-profiteers. They are charged with every crime under the sun and manufactured bombplots are a standing feature in all profiteer papers. Altho it is well known that anti-profiteers do not advocate such silly violence, and depend entirely on education, the bombplot propaganda is kept going. It has been proven that the profiteers themselves and their tools have planted bombs to implicate labor-leaders. There are too many instances to be mentioned here. Many innocent men are kept in jail for years on flimsy, trumped-up charges. Some anti-profiteers have even been lynched by organized mobs. A lawyer, who dared to defend anti-profiteers, was tarred and feathered at the instigation of profiteer agents. The history of the profiteers is black with the massacres of innocent men, women and children. Many have been thrown in jail, kidnapped, starved and even beaten to death because they were anti-profiteers.
At regular intervals the profiteers administer some soothing syrup. This helps Mr. Block overcome the agonies of hopeless misery. The profiteers announce in their newspapers that the high cost of living will be investigated by some distinguished, public-spirited, high-minded gentlemen. The best kind of politicians are usually picked for this job. The fakers make a wonderful splash and squirt all kinds of bunk. Some babble about the New Freedom when in reality they are scheming up some new kind of graft for their masters. After a few months of “investigation” the result is published. The high cost of living is blamed on almost anything except the private ownership of the industries. It is more likely blamed on the spots on the sun or the pro-German. Sometimes a few petty profiteers are prosecuted or new laws are made to bust the trusts. In most cases the laws are busted by the trust. This is easy. All you need is a supreme court, a band of corporation lawyers, and the law becomes unconstitutional. They did this with the child labor law intended to protect the lives of millions of child slaves in America. The profiteers have a snap running Mr. Block.
THEY'RE GOING AFTER THE PROFITEERS NOW.
The profiteers are very resourceful in buncoing Mr. Block. Election day is dedicated especially to Mr. Block and his family. They put up a bunch of foxy spell binders, label them democrats, republicans, or what not. Then the Block-show is pulled off. The different fakers call each other all kinds of bad names; they have no honor. After election they wine and dine together. The show lasts for months and Mr. Block and his relation enjoy it immensely. The politicians promise meat and the Blocks forget all about liberty steak. If a spellbinder wishes to make a special hit he calls Mr. Block an intelligent sovereign citizen. The dunce almost croaks; he's tickled to death at this. After election he finds out that the wonderful promises are not kept. Election promises are made to be broken. The politician out of office informs Mr. Block that he elected the wrong kind of a fellow. Mr. Block swears revenge to be taken next election when the traitor will be thrown out. Next election it is the same old sham-battle again. Only the faces of the fakers are different and some have a bigger belly than others. The assortment of lies and fake issues are also different, to fool Mr. Block more easily.
MR. BLOCK KNOWS WHAT HE WANTS. HE IS AN INTELLIGENT SOVEREIGN CITIZEN.

THAT'S THE DOPE!
The profiteers always go the limit raising the price of Mr. Block's necessities of life. The only question to them is how much he will stand. They have a shrewd way of ascertaining this. It is said that whenever they feel like raising the price they lynch or tar an I. W. W. agitator, or put a socialist in jail, and they watch Mr. Block taking in the news. If he takes it in a pleasant way it means that he still believes in the profiteer system; that he has no sympathy for those advocating its overthrow. The fact that the profiteer can destroy the anti-profiteer without the protest of millions of workers is certainly a good indication. This shows that Mr. Block can stand another raise in prices. The price to be paid for ignorance is always high and Mr. Block always pays for his ignorance.

It is no wonder that the profiteer has no respect for Mr. Block. This imitation in human form has neither a mind or a soul. In fact, the most vicious profiteer is a more superior being than this miserable counterfeit.
SERVES HIM RIGHT.

AGITATOR IS LYNCHED.
That the profiteers advocate murder and violence and brag about it is a well known fact. They do it openly. The profiteers certainly enjoy freedom of press. Read these clippings:

Among the most vociferous leaders of this society appears to be one Dr. William T. Hornaday. This gentleman and "patriot" has recently written a book, "America," published by the American Defense Society.

From this we produce a sample:

"The people of the United States are bowing down in besotted worship to the ridiculous fetich idol called Free Speech."

"One night a few Butte Men of Sand decided that at least one of the I. W. W. leaders should literally reach the end of his rope. Taking the rope with them, six of them called at leader Little's hotel, took him from his bed, and in a most quiet and orderly way imaginable hanged him to a railroad bridge in the suburbs of Butte until he was dead."

THE TREAT THEM ROUGH MAGAZINE. This magazine, entered, according to its own statement, as second-class matter at the post office of New York, tho no publisher's name is given, continued in one of its issues the following advice to returned soldiers:

'Some will have to wait longer than others for that job: If you are one of
the unlucky ones, show the stuff in you and grin and bear it. It won’t be for long. Do not become a Bolshevist. If you feel like fighting go out and smash a Red—it is a great sport knocking them off soap boxes. If you are up against it real hard, sit down and write your troubles to ‘Treat ’Em Rough.’ It is your magazine and we are for you. You know, the whole staff of this outfit is composed of soldiers, sailors and marines. We will get you a job and perhaps tide you over financially in exchange for a Bolshevist scalp.

“If you cannot, after very patient endeavor, sell him (a Liberty bond), then show him what it means to get a good Yankee wallop in the nose. When he sees his own blood and finds out that it is not blue he will not be hard to convince.

“There is only one way of handling this disturber. Ask him what he is driving at. Find out his object. If you are up against it financially, ask him to lend you some money; test out his sympathy—see if it is real. If you are looking for work ask him if he can give you a job, or direct you to where you can secure employment. You will find by his evasive answers that he is not there to help you; that he is simply trying to make you more discontented and unhappy. Then, back him into a corner (there is no danger in this—he won’t fight—none of them will), take him by the throat with your left hand, haul back that good Yankee fist of yours
and preach to him True Americanism. He will squeal like a pig. But don’t listen to his squealing, just let him have it between the eyes.”

Mr. Block’s gullibility towards the profiteer press is beautifully demonstrated in the way he accepts the profiteer lies against the Bolsheviki. The profiteers have inaugurated a campaign of lies against them, because Bolshevik rule is abolishing profiteer rule in Russia. The American profiteers sympathize with their Russian pals. They are sending ammunition and supplies to help kill off the emancipated workers of Russia. The profiteers cannot admit the dirty purpose of their intervention in Russia and so they tell the Blocks of the U. S. A. that the fight against the Bolsheviki is a fight for humanity. The anti-Bolshevik atrocity propaganda reached its limit in the well known Bolshevik wholesale rape fairy tale. It is the greatest monument ever erected to hardwood intelligence. We re-publish here a page from the booklet, “Crimes of the Bolsheviki.” At the time the rape sensation was published it was a common sight to see groups of Blocks discussing, with gnashing teeth, their hatred against the terrible rapers. The Blocks took the story as the truth for several reasons. It was interesting reading; it was printed in all “respectable” papers, and it was labelled by big headlines.
Here's a sample of profiteer propaganda. Bolsheviki erimes, that's what sells the extras. Make it interesting for the "intelligent" reader and put it on thick. The above rape story was published all over the country and swallowed by millions. It is ridiculous that a great body of men, comprising uncounted millions like the bolsheviki, should condemn their own mothers, sisters and children to slavery. Furthermore, the bolsheviki are not short on women. The latter outnumber the men in Russia by many millions. The Blocks should also know that the Bolsheviki have given equal suffrage to their women.
The private ownership of the industries enables the profiteers to keep most of the workers' earnings. If Mr. Block had listened to the explanations of the so-called crazy agitators, he would know that he is robbed at the point of production and that he never will be able to buy back with his wages what he produced. The time must inevitably come when the profiteers have too much goods on hand and then they have to close the factories. Mr. Block, having produced too much by working long hours, must wait till the goods are disposed of in foreign markets. The profiteer lets his faithful servant starve while he ships the goods to foreigners, who in most cases get the goods cheaper than Mr. Block can buy them. It is a huge joke, and at the same time a grim tragedy, to see the hungry desperado looking for a job when he himself has killed the job. You can see these job-bums standing around the factories, or employment agencies, every one of them a miserable monument of the profiteer system. The profiteer can afford to grin. He knows that the hunger-cure is good training. When the factories open again, Mr. Block will be more humble, docile and pliable than ever.
NO HELP WANTED
The hopelessness of a better future, which stares the average workingman in the face, is sometimes also realized by Mr. Block. But the profiteers have provided him with all kinds of medicine to overcome his blues. The hope for better times, for independence, and comfort, are kept alive by the promise of “Success.” This is done in books, newspapers, magazines and moving pictures. The profiteers tell their victim to keep on working hard and some day he will succeed as Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Carnegie did. The lives of the great profiteers are held up to him as an example. “All rich men started poor,” he is told. They worked cheap, without grumbling, do the same, Mr. Block, and you will succeed too.” The great thieves themselves write books, explaining how they got their money. Needless to say they never mention their acts of rascality and their cutthroat business methods. Mr. Block reads that kind of stuff and, no matter how blue the future looks, he makes up his mind he’s going to succeed. Perhaps success will come to him in the simple way as shown him by the profiteers in the moving pictures. Some day he may save a rich man’s life and collect a big reward.
Success doesn't come. It isn't Block's fault. He certainly looked hard for it. It seems that lately he expects to find it nearer the ground. His nose is getting closer to it every day. He thinks he ought to find that roll of money laying around somewhere. By gosh! It looked so easy in the moving pictures. Mr. Block doesn't give up. He feels kind of shaky but he crawls on till he finally tumbles into his grave. He has fulfilled the purpose of his life. He made billionaires out of millionaires and perpetuated his own kind. A crop of young Blocks is ready to take his place. So one generation of Blocks comes and goes. They work, eat and sleep. They dream about making a living but they only exist. Only a few working-men succeed in getting out of the hell of brutal, miserable, hopeless toil. The majority never gain independence,—they die in wage-slavery. They cannot succeed, they are condemned by our present system before they are born. The unlimited wealth of our earth is not used for the benefit of the toiling majority but for the enjoyment of a small minority, the profiteers.
The history of the human race bears testimony that a certain Block type of slave has always been in existence. We see the master-loving, cringing cur, fighting with tooth and nail those who try to liberate him from cruel slavery. The most interesting and not so well known record of the ancient Mr. Block is found in Chinese history. His story takes us back about three thousand years. During the reign of Emperor CHIEN (1818-1766 Before Christ) the province of CHENSI was invested with a ghastly breed of snakes, who made life unbearable for the inhabitants. The pests invaded the dwellings from roof to cellar and everybody was suffering from snake bites. Yet the killing of snakes was prohibited by law. This law was made and strongly defended by a group of men, who sold a certain kind of snake plaster for the treatment of snake bites. The profiteers themselves did not suffer. They lived on a beautiful island in the middle of a lake in comfort and luxury. Their wealth increased from day to day while the horrors and misery of the people became more terrible.
Finally a movement started to kill off the snakes. The profiteers, seeing their graft endangered, began the persecution of the agitators at once. Special laws similar to our espionage and anti-syndicalist laws were passed and the jails were filled with innocent men. The "Department of Justice" got busy in the same manner as in most profiteer countries of our times. The charges made were the same as the charges of the 20th century profiteers: anarchism, disloyalty, murder and free love. Hired writers and artists with barrels of paint produced prejudice against the anti-snakers. Prostituted learned men of the Standard Oil college professor type proved in scientific, well-put language that snake bites were necessary for the progress of the human race. Those who could invent the vilest names for the anti-snakers and tell the biggest lies became prominent in society. The whole country was lousy with secret service men and stool pigeons. Everybody was afraid to express his opinion. Anybody was liable to arrest if he was caught looking cross at a snake. Patriotic organizations such as the "Snake Security League" and the "Snake Protective Association" became very numerous. The profiteers also encouraged the populace to riot and lynching in the same bold manner as the modern profiteers of the United States teach the murder of anti-profiteers.
Through well-paid, persistent propaganda and merciless persecution of agitators a great number of snake victims became converted to the sanctity and practicability of snakeism. They became in fact enthusiastic about it. They called themselves patriots, organized "hurrah societies" and held meetings for the propagation of loyalty and patriotism. Mr. Block was there in all his glory, screaming for the blood of the agitators. To advertise his patriotism he resorted to the use of flags. He adorned himself all over with them and decorated his snake-ridden home. The disease of "flagonmania" spread all over the country and if some of the modern flagomaniacs think they pulled off something original during our war for "democracy" when they had vaudeville dogs trained to wave the flag, they are very much mistaken. This old patriotic stunt was pulled off almost four thousand years ago. Of course the Chinese profiteers did not go so far as our modern profiteers, who forced anti-profiteers to kiss the flag. Just like the modern flag, the flag of the ancient province of Chensi was originally used to lead brave men against a foreign enemy, but the profiteers took the sacred emblem, and, like all profiteers, made a dirty rag of it. It is well known that profiteers of all countries hide their rascality behind the flag. Any man who endangers their graft is called an enemy of the flag. The profiteers of America produce whole trainloads of patriotic literature about their "beloved flag" and you can be sure that the most unscrupulous profiteer is always
KILL THE AGITATORS. CUT THEM UP FOR CHOP SUEY.
the most slimy flagomaniac. Thanks to the stupidity of the Chinese Blocks the profiteers kept their graft and snakeism lasted quite a while. The profiteers enjoyed themselves splendidly till a volcanic eruption took place and dried out the lake. The snakes invaded the island, which had been declared sacred ground. As soon as the profiteers had to suffer they schemed to have the snakes killed off. But to declare the snake laws unconstitutional would have aroused the suspicion of Mr. Block. So the profiteers simply laid low and refrained from the persecution of the anti-profiteer agitators. The press of the country was tipped off to discontinue the publication of manufactured lies about anarchistic plots and other fakes. A few months of free speech and press was sufficient to switch the minds of the Blocks and the snakes were killed off. The Blocks, seeing that snakes were not necessary, became at last conscious of the fact that the snake doctors were fakers and a general clean-up of all profiteers and their hirings took place. Altho the profiteers had always practiced assassination, they let out an awful wail about atrocities. They sent messengers to all Chinese governors and to the Emperor CHIEN asking for help. The Chinese profiteers acted exactly like the profiteer assassins in Russia when payday came in that country.
The profiteers of Russia had enjoyed a period of unrestricted riots of blood and murder; but they failed to act like sports when some of their victims, not under the control of the Bolsheviks gave some of their oppressors a taste of their own medicine. The profiteers of Russia should thank the Bolsheviks on hands and knees for the generous treatment they have received. Instead of that the profiteers continue the falsehoods about Bolshevik atrocities. The profiteer system in all countries of the world will be overthrown in the near future. There will be many who will demand vengeance for the massacre of innocent strikers, labor-leaders and others who fought the cause of labor. Revolutionists do not want a holiday for cowards. They do not want a carnage of revenge. The revolutionists will be compelled by the principles of their cause to protect the dirty hide of their present oppressors, and they will have their hands full restraining from violence those very Blocks who are now receiving lynching lessons from their masters. This Mr. Block, the servile, cringing slave, has always proven dangerous in past history. There is a limit to the bearing capacity of a camel and also a last straw for Mr. Block. As sure as the snake system of CHENSI was wiped out, the time will come when the profiteer system will be overthrown.
Every working Block on God's green earth has a scheme how to get rich some day and escape the terrors of wage slavery. Listen to the talk of a bunch of slaves in any workshop. Every one of them will tell about some pipe-dream of his. None of them expects to remain a wage slave. Some of them are working on inventions; and even if the inventions should turn out to be successful, they are promptly robbed by some profiteer. Another bunch of Blocks are playing the races or the stock exchange. Some of them talk about going into business for themselves; yet we know that 90 PER CENT of petty business ventures are failures. In spite of this every single Block believes that he will be an exception. In this way millions of Blocks pipe-dream along and continue their lives of drudgery. If you talk to them about a new industrial system, in which the workers control the industries, they get sore and tell you they have no time for theories. They are practical men, you know; they will some day succeed. But there is a ray of hope. Thanks to the ever increasing oppression of the profiteers and a little anti-Block propaganda, even Mr. Block is noticing something. A small impression has been made. You rebels, keep up the good work. It hurts a little but it lets in the day light.
Crimes of the Bolsheviki
By Ernest Riebe

10 Cents a Copy.

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