



# THE TRUTH

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## EDITOR ARRESTED SOLIDARITY

Pittsburg, Kansas, Dec. 3rd.—A crew of Santa Fe railroad today refused to move a train of "volunteer" miners and soldiers, from Pittsburg to the Patton Strip mines near Frontenac.

## STEEL. WHERE?

What Wall Street Writers Say In Leading Financial Papers—Customers Desperate—Situation Getting Worse

By Edwin Newdick  
Pittsburgh, Thanksgiving Day, 1919.—Steel mills are in a bad hole. Production is way down and they know that it is going to stay down. They are openly confessing it in the newspapers and trying to explain plausibly why deliveries are impossible in any adequate quantity. The reason for these confessions is that something must be done to mollify consumers who have read in the newspapers; first, that the strike was a fizzle at the start; second, that great numbers of strikers have been returning throughout the ten weeks since it started; third, they have told a new story every few days that the strike was over. Now consumers are saying: "If this strike, which didn't amount to anything in the first place, has been so completely defeated so many times, for goodness sake give us some steel!"

But the steel mills can't deliver. They admit it. They know and admit that they can't deliver adequately for months.

So they are passing out alibis. Columns of them. A few have been collected from five New York papers which specialize in financial and industrial news. Extracts have been made from columns of material which these papers printed on the subject within a period of three days.

Reading the financial columns is something which ever-day working men have not had much training in. The financial men have a kind of a ritual all their own. They have mystic terms which they use so those not "in on the know" won't make head or tail out of the stuff and will ignore it for the sporting pages which are much better antidote for Bolshevism and all the other brands of redness which trade unionists are accused of these days.

But one can make considerable out of this financial stuff if he goes right at it. Of course, they don't call a spade a spade. Oh, no; if they wished to refer to the common garden variety of spade they would say "an agricultural implement in favor of some buyers who anticipate restricting their purchases during the radish season."

A newspaper man who has some important contacts with steel manufacturers, communicated the following to the writer after interviews with a number of independent steel manufacturers:

"The strike is injuring the independent steel manufacturers greatly and they are worried about the future labor supply. They are getting very restless. Users of steel are in many cases becoming desperate. The independents have been so hypnotized by the Steel Corporation that they believe that it would be calamitous to deal with the unions. And, of course, the Steel Corporation has tremendous power over the independents. But a number of them, as you know, have settled by quietly breaking away from Gary's

bitter-end, smash the unions policy; others would if they dared and knew just how to do it without attracting attention."

The stuff recently given out by the Steel companies can be classified along these four main lines which will be taken up in order: (Captions are our own.)

- (1) Refusal to give production figures;
- (2) Inability to deliver steel;
- (3) Labor shortage and demoralization of forces at work;
- (4) Present and prospective price advances.

**Steel Companies Don't Give Figures**  
The iron and steel strike, now ending its ninth week, has reached a stage at which the producers are not desirous that full details of the extent of their operations be published, particularly in the

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## Soviet Bureau Head Charges Libel By World and N. Y. Tribune

Action Based on Headline and News Articles — Aims to Stem "Flood of False Statements."

In order to stem "the flood of false statements and unfounded charges" against the Russian Soviet government Bureau here, counsel for L. C. A. K. Martens, head of the bureau, yesterday began two libel suits in the Supreme Court for 1,000,000 each against the publishers of the New York Tribune and of the World. Morris Hillquit, Charles Recht and I. A. Hourwich represent the Soviet Bureau in its action against the two metropolitan dailies.

The complaints, which were filed in the county clerk's office and copies of which were served upon F. A. Sutter and J. Angus Shaw, treasurer of the Tribune and of the World, respectively, grew out of news articles appearing in the two publications which, it is charged, declared that Martens had admitted before the Lusk committee investigating seditious activities that the Soviet representative was engaged here in propaganda for the overthrow of the United States government.

More specifically, the complaints are based upon a "streamer" headline printed in the Tribune on November 16 and reading "Martens Admits Lenin Sent Him to Overthrow U. S." and upon the following sentence appearing in the World of November 19: "The Russian Soviet Bureau, which according to the admission of 'Ambassador' L. C. A. K.

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## AMERICAN LEGION AND UNION MEN IN GUN BATTLE; THREE DIE, THIRTY ARE INJURED, IS REPORT

(By United Press.)

NEW ORLEANS.—Three men are reported killed and 30 or more seriously injured in a fight at Bogalusa, near here, between union labor leaders and members of the American Legion. Fighting started as a result of the "deportation" recently of a union man.

The dead are L. E. Williams, president of the branch here of the American Federation of Labor and editor of the Press, a union labor newspaper; A. Bouchillon and Thomas Gaines, union carpenters. The wounded include A. J. O'Bourke, a union official, and Jules Leblanc, former army captain and member of the Loyalty League.

## COAL COST GOES UP 44 PER CENT; SALE PRICE JUMPS 130 PER CENT

Miners' Cost of Living Meanwhile Soars 76 Per Cent—Operators Pile Up Surplus of Thirty Million Tons During War—Working Time Falls.

Washington. — Here are facts that show clearly the case for the organized coal miners. They show that while the mine owners have reaped profits by the thousands, the miners have gone on digging coal for the nation under wage conditions that were intolerable and under a fluctuating schedule of work that made mining about the most uncertain industry in the country.

The story — frankly the case of the miners — was told by Edgar Wallace, spokesman for the miners in the East, and not restrained by the court order issued in Indianapolis. Wallace recounts the miners' story from a background of long years spent in the mines and in the service of the miners.

"In the 1916 contract," said Mr. Wallace, "the miners were given 64 cents for pick mining, 52 cents for machine mining and \$2.98 per day for day labor. The average selling price of coal at the mines was \$1.25 per ton.

"By mutual agreements a raise was had in August, 1917. On October 6, 1917, the so-called Washington agreement was effected. Including the voluntary increase of August, this agreement brought the 64 cent rate up to 84 cents, the 52 cent rate up to 72 cents and the \$2.98 rate up to \$5.

"The pick men represent 33 per cent of all men engaged in mine work. Their wage increase was 29 per cent. Machine men comprise 40 per cent of the total force and their wage increase was 38 per cent. Day labor constitutes 27 per cent of the total number of men and their wage raise was 68 per cent. Forty-four per cent was the average increase.

"The same agreement fixed the average selling price of coal at \$2.45 at the mines, an increase of almost 100 per cent. In February, 1919, the fuel administration lifted the price restrictions and since then the price has gone to \$3 per ton, making the increase in price for the operators in the neighborhood of 130 per cent over the 1916 price. They have absorbed the difference between the 44 per cent enhanced labor cost and the 130 per cent enhanced selling price of coal.

Where Strike Blame Lies.

"Certain large operators in the union fields, where the mines are now idle, also are large operators in the non-union fields. These operators were largely responsible for precipitating the strike, in the hope of reaping enormous profits in their non-union properties during the strike."

Among the owners of this character Wallace named the Peabody Coal Company, the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company and the United States Steel Corporation, the latter two not being members of the operators' association.

Wallace produced figures to substantiate the miners' contention that actual wages earned are at a point that denies the miners a standard of living acceptable to American workers.

Iowa Miners Get \$850 Per Year.

"The only official figures for 1919 are those compiled by the Iowa state officials," Wallace continued. "These figures show that from September 30, 1918, to September 30, 1919, the average earnings of the Iowa miners were \$850 per year. The period on which this calculation is made contains one month and eleven days of war production, in which the rate of production ran higher than it now runs.

"Top wages for miners during the peak production year of war time were \$1,300 per year. This is the average wage of the Illinois miners during the time when production was stimulated by war demands. It is true that some men earned much more than this average, but that only emphasizes the fact that some earned much less. In Iowa the average yearly earnings during the wartime peak was \$1,250.

"But let me call particular attention to the fact that since the armistice the average working time of the miners has fallen to below 50 per cent of the possible working time. Apply that condition to any other trade, or to any profession, and contemplate the result.

"This reduction of working time is due to causes over which the mine workers have no con-

## OBSTRUCTING ENLISTMENTS

Case Will Be Fought To The End.

Last Tuesday, the U. S. Marshall informed us that we were wanted at his office. Upon our arrival we were informed to our own surprise that we were under arrest, charged as follows:—

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA  
District of Minnesota.

Before me, SAMUEL WHALEY, a United States Commissioner for the District of Minnesota comes as complainant ALFRED JACQUES United States Attorney for said district, who, being duly sworn on his oath says, that heretofore, to-wit: on the 14th day of November, 1919, the United States then and there on said date being at war, at the city of Duluth, in the County of St. Louis, in the State and District of Minnesota, one JACK CARNEY late of said district, did willfully attempt to obstruct the recruiting and enlistment service of the United States, by then and there publishing and causing to be circulated, a certain weekly newspaper known as "TRUTH" which said newspaper published on the aforesaid date was generally circulated throughout the aforesaid State of Minnesota, and the States of Michigan,

Wisconsin, North and South Dakota, and other parts of the United States, and did contain an article entitled "HANDS OFF SOVIET RUSSIA,"

At first the papers carried the story that we were to be DEPORTED. It appears that the basis of the charges for deportation were so foolish that the Government ordered our arrest, in order that they might obtain a conviction and so procure the necessary grounds for our deportation.

CASE TO BE FOUGHT

This case will be fought to the end. We are confident that our arrest is one of the most flagrant abuses of the law. Rest assured that this abuse of the law will not be allowed to pass unchallenged. Furthermore the authorities fail to realize that the issues involved in this case are not so simple as they appear to be. The case of the UNITED STATES OF AMERICA V. JACK CARNEY is going to assume an international aspect and the Government will be compelled to make known a decision regarding certain operations in the field of international diplomacy. This decision will

have far-reaching consequences. We feel confident that the Government will hedge around the issues, but nevertheless our case will serve to draw the attention of the people to some matters that they are ignorant of.

Our arrest has not discouraged us. During the time that we have been in this city we have faced more troublous times than these. We shall force the issues created by the government. Even if it means the penitentiary for us. Better by far to enter the penitentiary with the people's eyes opened, than preserve your freedom at the expense of your ignorance.

We want to thank the comrades for their splendid manner in which they attended to our needs. The simplicity of their expressions of comradeship are wonderful. They only make us feel proud to be associated with you. The world can never crush your spirit comrades! You are the people worth while. With your love and support, the acts of other people count for nothing. They may break the physical body, but they can never kill the ideas for which we stand.

ON WITH THE CLASS WAR!

## Abas L'Uniforme! Says Mam'selle; and O! So Cute!

(Stars and Stripes)

Chicago, Ill.—This from one of the fair folk from over there:

"I am fined ze American man in what you call ze 'civies' tres betair as ze American soldier, an' I am confess maybe I lose my heart before I go back. Ze soldier was what you call ze tres fresh. I do not zink ze American madamoiselle so much pretty, an' I zink she ver' bold."

Yeh, buddies, you're right. On the hotel register she signed it "Mlle. Suzanne Boitard, Paris."

Claims to be a French newspaper woman, magazine writer, and all that.

She wanted to know where she might meet some real Americans, so her interviewer steered her to 1001 West Madison Street, 1. W. W. headquarters.

Control. Lack of cars is but one of a number of causes. The miners' bread bill and clothing bill is subject to no such periods of lapse.

Raise Would Still Leave Profit.

"It will help to make the situation clear if I say that the mine operators could afford to pay the increases asked and could reduce the working day to meet our demands and on the basis of present prices make a profit larger than the profit made in 1916. When the miners charge that the operators are guilty of profiteering they are speaking by the figures.

"From the beginning of the effort to negotiate in connection with the present dispute, the operators refused to present to us any counter proposals. This was in direct contradiction of the practice that had been established for years. They insisted that the miners should continue to work indefinitely at an inadequate wage.

No Faith in Operators.

"At the last minute they agreed to negotiate, without reservations, providing the miners

## ON WITH THE FIGHT

In the rush of things we have been unable to advertise our program for next Sunday. We advise all our readers to be there, at the Woodman Hall, as usual. We will have a large mass meeting. Well-known speakers will be at that meeting and also a good musical program. Let us not slacken in the fight, but keep on going. We want all comrades to come next Sunday, attempts are to be made to stop our meetings. With all our forces organized we stand triumphant. SOLIDARITY FOR EVER!

would continue to work, but from experience the miners knew that would mean continuing indefinitely under conditions they were determined not to bear. They knew the operators never would consent to pay a higher wage rate while enjoying an abnormal profit that had absorbed the fair wage the miners are entitled to.

"Let them go further into the matter of working time in the mine. In the peak year during the war, considering transportation break-down and other emergencies, the miners were able to work only 228 days. In normal times the average of days worked per year go down to from 180 to 190.

30,000,000 Ton Surplus Piled Up.

"But, in the 228-day year we were able, not only to produce all the coal needed by industries running under was-time pressure at top speed, to fill all demands for bunker coal, to provide ships having bunker capacity with coal in our ports for the round trip, but to pile up a surplus of 30,000,000 tons.

"A great part of this surplus has been sold. None of it was

sold for less than the control price of \$2.45, and much of it has been sold at the rate of \$3 at the mine. As a matter of fact, we know that most of this surplus was sold after the control price was removed.

"Upon the unemployment shown by the figures I have just given, the miners base their claim for a shorter workday, in order that the possible amount of working time may be divided evenly throughout all districts and mines.

Profits Are Inordinately High.

"While it is a fact that the operators, in addition to paying a somewhat higher cost for mine work, also has had to pay a higher cost for all materials that went into the mines, when this is computed on a tonnage basis, the amount is infinitesimal.

"We have figured the whole situation out in percentages. To come down to simple figures we find that of the increased labor cost of a ton of coal, the miner's share has been 20 cents. The share of the day laborer has been

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DEFECTIVE PAGE

## STEEL, WHERE?

(Continued from page 1)

mediums that reach their customers. (N. Y. Eve. Post, Nov. 22)

The strike situation is working into a new phase now, as the producers are announcing their progress as enthusiastically as formerly. This is easily explained, for all the producers are far behind on deliveries, and if statements of progress get too optimistic, it is likely that consumers will come on them for deliveries. (N. Y. Commercial, Nov. 24.)

In the full text of the original articles, these extracts are preceded by statements that the strike is over—in fact, over more than it has ever been since it was first over, shortly after it failed to get started. So the story seems to boil down to this: Dear Customers: The steel strike is so absolutely and completely over that we are making huge quantities of steel—so huge, in fact, that we dare not tell you how huge lest you ask for some, which would seriously embarrass us. "Far Behind in Deliveries"

(As published this follows immediately after the extract first given. Those (producers) that have been subject to the strike are far behind in deliveries to their customers, who have been very patient during the strike, but whose patience is likely to end with the strike, while the mills will have the overdue obligations. Mills that have not been affected by the strike, or have been affected but little, also find themselves oversold, because all their contracts have been "specified" to the limit. (N. Y. Eve. Post, Nov. 22.)

Minus its false whiskers, the above gets to this: There has been a steel strike which tied up some mills so tight that, even with stocks on hand at the mills and in branch warehouses, they could not make deliveries promised, hence still have these "overdue obligations," those mills which had little or no strike (which they ever admitted) are in about the same boat and working like a pup with cottes to keep her balled out. The paragraph immediately following the above in the original explains "specified" contracts. It reads:

As a general rule a mill does not count upon its contracts being specified in full and thus they technically oversell. Many buyers make contracts with two or more mills and when one of the mills with which the buyer has contracted falls behind the buyer specifies so much the more with other mills. (N. Y. Eve. Post, Nov. 22.)

Are we to understand that "as a general rule," mills take orders for more steel than they can fill, and customers order more steel than they want; and that, if customers happen to want the steel they have ordered, they "specify" that they were in earnest when they ordered it and ask for delivery. Do the steel mills make a practice of permitting customers to order all the steel they may feel like and then take it or leave it as they choose?

**Steel Is Scarce and Will Be Scarcer**  
The prospect is that steel, moderately scarce now on the whole, will be scarcer next March and April and it is not likely to be plentiful at any time next year. (N. Y. Eve. Post, Nov. 22.)

In other words, the paper recently purchased by Mr. Lamont of the Morgan firm, says that steel is only "moderately scarce now" but "will be scarcer next March and April," when the strike (of which, the same paper says, the last vestiges will be gone by Dec. 1) will have been over four or five months.

The real explanation is that steel production to the mills are admitting, is bound to be woefully below normal as long as the strike remains unsettled and the mills mainly dependent upon strike breakers composed of negroes, drifters, etc. But (as the newspaperman quoted near the beginning stated) the independent mills are chaffing at Gary's policy of a bitter-end fight with the unions and (as the financial columns also show) customers are desperate for steel; so, by way of warding off as much as possible of the attacks against Mr. Gary, the constantly increasing steel shortage resulting from the strike is being pushed months ahead when, the steel people hope, their mill organizations can be sufficiently strengthened to get production up somewhere near demand. But their present admissions as to the strike are as far wrong as their earlier ones, and next April will be correspondingly worse than their present admissions. Consumers "Clamoring" and "More Insistent."

While many furnaces that have been closed by the strike are resuming and the out-turn is correspondingly increasing, it is not coming fast enough to satisfy the

consumers who have been clamoring for iron. The producers have been hard pressed to meet this demand and have spread their output among customers in comparatively small lots as far as it would go. They are, however, cautious about committing themselves for next year. (N. Y. Journal of Commerce, Nov. 24.)

The possibility of a rationing of coal for industrial purposes is viewed with much concern, and the uncertainty as to conditions which may govern during the first quarter prompts a policy of cautious movement. In the meantime requirements are accumulating and demand is growing more insistent. The effect is felt through all stages of production and raw, semi-finished and finished products are advancing. Demand for plates by automobile manufacturers has been particularly pronounced and has forced prices up about \$8 per ton. The shipyards are also in the market for a substantial tonnage. (N. Y. Jour. Com., Nov. 24.)

As the steel mills in the main started the strike with very considerable stocks of coal and as some of them have not normal consumption on account of the iron and steel strike, the coal strike is causing little inconvenience, and it is not likely to make trouble even if prolonged for several weeks. (N. Y. Sun, Nov. 23.)

### Strike on Two Months, Production Behind Three Months

Some of these independents have experienced such a loss of production on account of the strike that they find themselves filled with business to about April 1, although when booking the contracts they thought they were selling only through the current year. (N. Y. Post, Nov. 22.)

### Books Closed

Because of allotments falling short of estimated demand there is not the usual opening of books, as sales can be made only to regular customers and then only in restricted fashion. (N. Y. Sun, Nov. 23.)

### Tubular Goods

The strike affected the production of tubular goods more than it did the production of steel in general, and production since the beginning of the trouble has averaged less than 50 per cent of the rate just before the calling out of the men. (N. Y. Times, Nov. 24.)

### Pig Iron

The big iron market continued active last week, all classes of consumers making strenuous efforts to acquire tonnages. Leading automobile and accessory interests in the Detroit district have been in the market for probably 100,000 tons of foundry and malleable grades for first half, and are meeting with difficulty in getting the furnaces to accept business in this quantity.

The Ford Motors Corporation, which recently sought 22,000 tons, has bought partially against this requirement. The market remains extremely strong, with a higher tendency. (N. Y. Commercial, Nov. 24.)

### Wire Products "Off the Market"

A unique feature of the steel market developing clearly with the approach of the end of the current year is the heavy oversold condition of the leading lighter finished products and their active demand in face of this condition. Sheet mills are practically sold to the middle of March, without any new bookings, and tin plate mills are in some cases sold well into April, and it is next to impossible to secure any consideration of current inquiries. Wire products are off the market, save where jobbers are able to offer out of stocks that are slowly being replenished by deferred severely testing the trade. Finally, steel bars are just now being bid up by consumers, who have become anxious regarding supplies for first half of next year. (N. Y. Journal Com. Nov. 24.)

A good many scrap consumers would cover their needs some distance ahead if dealers would accept contracts, but uncertainty as to the future makes it impossible. (N. Y. Jour. Com. Nov. 24.)

### Rails, Pipe, Sheets

It was reported from Washington yesterday that further steel purchases will be made by the Railroad Administration when the mills are able to deliver in quantities sufficient to meet existing needs. Thus far it has purchased only 40,000 tons of steel rails and at least an additional 150,000 tons are required in order that steel rail stock of the railroads may be turned over to private management in the same quantity placed under Government control. (N. Y. Jour. Com., Nov. 24.)

The National (Tube Company) is sold up for months to come and can only book tonnage from regular customers, and in many cases requirements are out down. (N. Y. Sun, Nov. 23.)

There was no formal opening of books as usual (by the American

Sheet and Tin Plate Company) as offerings will fall short of requirements. (N. Y. Sun, Nov. 23.)

### Labor Situation "More serious Than During the War."

As a result of the strike the labor situation is more serious in this "Pittsburgh" district than it was during the war. Workmen going back to Europe or leaving this region to find employment elsewhere have created a shortage of almost 30,000 common laborers. The longshoremen's strike in New York has served to prevent many mill workers from returning to Europe and as soon as that difficulty is settled a rush to Europe is expected. Steel officials say the problem of insufficient laborers is being met in various ways. Many negroes, Greeks and Mexicans have been brought into the district since the strike. (N. Y. Sun, Nov. 24.)

That comes near enough to saying that 30,000 are admitted to be on strike in Pittsburgh district and that strike-breakers are being imported.

### Strike-Breakers "Far Short in Efficiency."

By December 1 there will probably be few strikers left, but the mills will not be sufficiently manned, and those in employment will in large measure fall far short in efficiency. Employment, in point of numbers, may be 85 or 90 per cent of the number required, while production may be only 75 or 80 per cent of actual capacity based on past performance, particularly in 1916 and earlier years. (N. Y. Eve. Post, Nov. 22.)

Maybe somebody may be stung by a maybe. Notice this: "Production may be only 75 or 80 per cent of actual capacity.... in 1916 and earlier." That is, 75 per cent of capacity before the United States entered the war, or capacity "earlier" than that. That statement is, obviously, the absolute truth; because, by sliding that "earlier" back far enough, you can make "75 or 80 per cent of capacity" equal to anything between 1 and 75 per cent of the prestrike capacity of the steel mills.

### The Strike "As a Strike."

In ashort time, perhaps only two or three weeks, the last vestiges of the strike, as a strike, will be gone, but production will increase only slowly. (N. Y. Post, Nov. 22.)

Suppose the strike "as a strike" is over; suppose the strike as a restriction of production is not over; since a strike is essentially a restriction of production, where is the solace? Is it the idea to establish the biography of a strike as follows? First it fizzles; then it fails; then it is over in the newspapers; then it has frequent malignant relapses of being over in the newspapers; then it's "over as a strike," then it's settled and production proceeds normally.

### "Men Not Producing as Formerly."

The workers are returning in large numbers and it looks as though the end of the strike were in sight, but the operating rate is not increasing proportionately, for these men are not producing on the same scale as in former years. (N. Y. Commercial, Nov. 24.)

When men are whisked back to work by the linotype, they don't seem to work well; nor do strike-breakers work well; nor do strikers who are driven back, temporarily defeated and harboring resentment, work well.

Mr. Gary, this strike as restriction of production will never be over until the steel industry is Americanized. And there are volumes in any big library to prove it, whether on the basis of slave versus free labor, colored versus white labor, strike-breakers versus union labor, boss-driving versus voluntary loyalty or twelve hours versus eight.

### Expect Labor Shortage

The iron and steel strike, which swayed gradually in its earlier weeks, is now crumbling rapidly, and has almost disappeared from the reckoning, its after effects being regarded now as by far the more important factor in the market and in the trade generally. So many men have shifted employment that working forces need to be realized, and when there are no strikers left there will still be a labor shortage. A few steel producers, however, believe that the wages paid are so high that sufficient men will be attracted from other lines of employment to man the mills fully. This is not the general opinion in the trade, however. (N. Y. Times, Nov. 24.)

### Export Business Lost

The United States Steel Corporation withdrew two weeks ago from the export market all of its products including tin plate, but the withdrawal is not permanent and it is assumed that the corporation will be selling export tonnages again next month hence and doubtless will then be selling tin plate, although probably in restricted fashion. (N. Y. Sun, Nov. 23.)

The loss of markets to American

manufacturers is, of course, to be blamed entirely upon labor. A few radical leaders here and there, who are told, disorganized the steel industry in which 99 44/100 per cent of the workers were absolutely delighted with conditions—10 and 14 hour shifts; 24-hour shifts once in two weeks; discharges for belonging to a union; the right to quit and go somewhere else or starve any time a man didn't like the job in the mill, and other similar conditions not enjoyed in any other large American industry.

### Who Pays the Fiddler?

Many of the smaller independents are likely to sell but sparingly, if at all, at the regular prices; but will instead wait until a premium market for delivery is fully established, whereupon they will sell for early deliveries at such prices as may be obtainable. (N. Y. Eve. Post, Nov. 22.)

### "Buyers Would Pay with Little Question."

In some branches of the finished steel trade there was a strong desire on the part of many independent producers that prices be advanced. The desire was based upon recognition of the fact that buyers would pay advanced prices with little if any question, steel being scarce and promising to remain scarce for months to come, while for justification of price advances reference might be made to advancing costs and in particular the heavy expense of producing during a strike and for some time afterwards, with working forces more or less demoralized. (N. Y. Eve. Post, Nov. 22.)

### The Net Cost

The heavy expense of producing during the strike is increased by the heavy expense of not producing and, meanwhile, making smoke and scrap; hiring deputies and guards and arming them, feeding them, bunking them, etc., by the expense of hiring inexperienced and loafing strike-breakers; of operating a press agency competent to inject the "right" idea into the minds of the American public; of re-printing Foster's old book on syndicalism and distributing it broadcast to clergymen, officials, newspapers, etc., of contributing to churches and foreign-language societies so that these will take the "right" attitude toward the strike; of dumping millions and millions into the stock market to hold steel stock up while it was "all going" out and nothing coming in," and so on.

However, the net total of these expenses is reduced by all sums which, if not spent for strike-breaking, would have been paid to the Government as excess profits taxes. Since the maximum excess profit tax rate is 60 per cent, most of the strike breaking has actually cost only 40 cents for each dollar spent, since the Steel Corporation had millions in profits stored away in this, that and the other fund and account; and, if this money had not been spent for strike-breaking, 60 per cent of it would have gone into the United States Treasury in excess profits taxes. Now the American tax payers must make up the difference. Steel profits on the war for democracy in Europe have come in handily for the war autocracy at home. And perhaps a way will be found to collect from consumers the 40 cents on the dollar, net, which the strike breaking does cost the Steel Corporation.

### "Heavily Guarded" at "Heavy Expense."

Every plant was heavily guarded during the strike. The steel companies were put to a heavy expense in maintaining order about their plants. Thousands of guards have been employed by them and extra pay given loyal workmen who remained on their jobs. It has cost the companies vast amounts of money in the form of bonuses to these men. In one of the largest plants of the United States Steel Corporation in this district 4,100 men were kept in the plant during the strike and were fed and paid for thirty-six hours a day. (N. Y. Sun, Nov. 24.)

"Millions for breaking strikes, but not one cent to prevent them," seems to be Mr. Gary's motto.

### "The Matter of Prices."

The Steel Corporation's attitude has been that the cost of the strike should be absorbed altogether by producers, and that given a normal operating rate the March 21 schedule of steel prices insures a fair if not a liberal profit to mills that are managed at all efficiently. The large independent producers have not committed themselves in the matter of prices, but it has been the common impression that as formerly they would pursue the same course as the Steel Corporation. (N. Y. Eve. Post, Nov. 22.)

There are likely to be two markets, therefore, for many months, one a deferred delivery market, on the March 21 schedule, with sales by the Steel Corporation and large

## SOVIET BUREAU TAKES ACTION

(Continued from page 1.)

Martens, is disseminating propaganda for the overthrow of governments, including the United States assumed a defiant attitude yesterday."

### Purpose Explained.

The purpose of the suits, it was explained at the Russian Bureau last night, was to bring the matter into the courts in order to make the capitalist press prove its "vicious propaganda against the honest intentions of the representatives of the Russian Soviet Government."

A statement issued by the bureau last night, which includes quotations from the complaints, follows:

"Council for L. A. K. Martens, representative in the United States of the Russian Soviet republic, today served papers in libel suits against the New York Tribune, Inc., and the Press Publishing Company, publisher of the New York World seeking to recover \$1,000,000 damages from these two papers. Both suits are based upon statements recently printed in these papers asserting that Martens had 'admitted' before a local investigation committee that he was engaged in propaganda for the overthrow of the United States government."

"The purpose of this action is to check the unscrupulous campaign of misrepresentation which certain papers have directed against Mr. Martens and the Russian Soviet government bureau. Mr. Martens' actions have at all times been open to the most rigid inspection by competent authorities."

"No evidence has ever been produced to show that Mr. Martens or the Russian Soviet government bureau has been engaged in any illegal or improper conduct. In spite of this, however, the public has been constantly deceived by a flood of false statements and unfounded charges against Mr. Martens."

### "Culminated in Statements."

"This campaign of deception and misrepresentation culminated in the recently published statements asserting that Mr. Martens had admitted before a local investigating committee that he had been sent to this country to conduct revolutionary propaganda against the United States."

"Mr. Martens never made any such admission. Mr. Martens is not engaged in political propaganda in the United States. His purpose here, as announced in his memorandum to the State Department, and as might be clearly proved by any fair investigation of his actions, is directed solely to the opening of economic relations between the United States and the Russian Soviet Republic."

"Beyond the immediate purpose of putting a stop to further malicious misrepresentation of this nature, it is Mr. Martens' hope that this action may result in bringing the whole subject of his activities before a competent court of law, thereby affording those who have brought these charges against him to prove them, if they can."

"The suit against the New York Tribune cites the following headline statement from the Tribune of November 16 as the basis for complaint: 'Martens Admits Lenin Sent Him to Overthrow U. S.'"

### Sentences Cited.

"The suit against the World cites the following sentence printed in the World, November 19: 'The Russian Soviet Bureau, which, according to the admission of Ambassador L. C. A. K. Martens, disseminating propaganda for the overthrow of governments, including the United States, assumed a defiant attitude yesterday.'"

"The language of the papers served on the Tribune and the independents, and the other livers, at various advanced prices, made by the smaller independents. (N. Y. Eve. Post, Nov. 22.)

Throughout articles published in the financial columns are numerous mentions of actual and prospective "premiums for deliveries" running as high as 50 per cent. Time will tell what happens to steel prices. Anyone who cares to prophecy is entitled to one guess.

## Larkin Wins 500 to Communism

With Gitlow, Also Out on Bail on Anarchy Charge. He Pleads for Reds.

### CHEERS FOR REVOLUTION.

Soviet Russia Applauded and Entire Audience Takes Pledge to Support Reds.

New York, Nov. 28.—"Jim" Larkin and ex-Assemblyman Gitlow, both of whom are at liberty under \$15,000 bail under an indictment for criminal anarchy, addressed a mass meeting last night at which more than 500 men and women rose to their feet and took the Communist oath to fight for and remain true to the party's tenets repeated by Larkin. The meeting, which was held in the Manhattan Lyceum, 66 East Fourth Street, under the auspices of the Communist Labor Party of America, was presided over by Dr. Morris Zucker, a Brownsville dentist, who was sentenced to fifteen years in the Federal prison for violating of the Espionage act and is now out on \$15,000 bail pending appeal. It was called to raise funds to defend Larkin and Gitlow. About \$300 was raised.

Every reference to Soviet Russia "the coming revolution in America", Trotsky, Lenin and Eugene Debs was vigorously cheered and applauded by the audience. And with equal vigor did the radicals show their hostility by hissing to Senator Lusk, Archibald Stevenson, Assistant District Attorney I. Roske, Sam-

## COAL COST GOES UP 44 PER CENT

(Continued from page 1)

larger in percentages, but inasmuch as the day laborer constitutes but 27 per cent of the total working force, it is generous to concede that the higher cost of day labor has added 20 cents to the cost of a ton of coal.

"Granting that day labor adds that much, the total added cost of getting out a ton of coal is 40 cents. Compare that with the raise in selling price of coal from the 1916 price of \$1.25 to the present price of \$3, and you have the operators' reason for wishing to continue labor costs and selling price in status quo. It is clear also why indefinite negotiation would be profitable to the operators."

### Miners Willing to Negotiate.

"In past negotiations the operators have always insisted that the price of a ton of coal on the general market must be the basis on which to negotiate wages. To this we have always agreed, and whenever the operators have been able to prove that a proposed wage raise would not enable them to operate and reap a fair profit we have considered that as conclusive and withdrawn the demands."

"On that basis the miners are willing to negotiate today without reservations. They were willing to withdraw all of their demands and negotiate on the basis of present conditions in the coal mines, both as to prices and hours."

"The miners cannot overlook the cost of living, because it is pressing basis of the lowest figure yet made to cover the increase in living costs which is 75 per cent, and which we do not accept as accurate, it will be seen that the miners are working at a reduction in wages while the operators are reaping the benefit of a clear 130 per cent gain in the income from our output."

World papers alleges that by publishing these statements they were 'wickedly conspiring, contriving and maliciously intending to injure the plaintiff in his good name, character, credit and health and to bring him into public scandal infamy disgrace, obloquy and hatred among the people of the United States and to cause it to be suspected and believed by said people that the said plaintiff had been, was and is guilty of committing and attempting to commit crimes against the United States of America, etc.'"

"Mr. Martens claims \$1,000,000 damages for the injury caused him by this libel."

uel Gompers, the King of Belgium, the Prince of Wales and one King of Italy.

Stenographers from the Police Department took down the speeches which were made by Larkin, Gitlow and Dr. Zucker. Representatives from the Police Department and the Department of Justice were present in the hall during the meeting.

Dr. Zucker, who assumed the duties of a chairman after he had made a speech. He said he had been subpoenaed to appear before the Extraordinary Grand Jury, and asserted that when he did go before that body they would not get a word out of him. The Communists wanted to act in a lawful manner in attaining their aims, he maintained, but were prevented by those who tried to disrupt their organization.

"This meeting is a conclusive answer to the Lusk Committee and Mr. Rorke (interrupted by plenty of hisses) that Communism can't be destroyed by putting Communists in jail," he said. "Every time you put one of us in prison, a thousand others spring up to take our places. Some day we will overthrow this capitalist system and establish a Soviet republic in America."

Gitlow related his recent experiences with the Lusk Committee and the authorities. The acts of the Lusk Committee in the past three weeks had clarified the revolutionary movement in the United States, and "no scissor bill like Archibald Stevenson can stop its progress," he declared. He spoke of the progress he said the workers had made in Italy and remarked that the King of Italy was looking for a home in the United States as the day approached when the Italian Parliament would meet to hear the royal message.

## A Siberian Troopship

By Miriam Allen De Ford

The sun throws a rippling pattern over the place;  
I cannot see for the sun and the sky and my tears;  
The waves are singing, but only my body hears;  
For my soul goes brooding over the western space.

Oh, what have you done with our young sister,  
Who looked to you to comfort her despair,  
Who looked to you to clear the way before her?

Your bayonet is tangled in her hair!

I can see the boys with their young eyes westward set,  
Standing in orderly rank on the windy deck—

Oh, better for them their ship should founder, a wreck,  
Than to sell their lives collecting the master's debt!

Oh, what have you said to our trusting brother,  
Who came to you in freedom's comradeship,  
Who held his hands to you in eager greeting?  
His toiling hands are bloody from your whip!

Over the waters I feel the spirit of Lincoln rise,  
And his heart is aching, because he had loved this land.

O liberator! they do not understand;  
The masters have baffled their will with cruel lies!

Oh, how have you come to our Comrade workman,  
Who dreamed you might rejoice that he was free?

You have come to fortify the foes of freedom,  
And your workman's hands are strangling liberty!

The Norwegian police have been forbidden by the Department of Justice to join any trade union or other industrial organization, either as individuals or through combination.

The Coal-miners' Federation of Australia has asked the Trade Union movement to take steps to prevent the export of necessary commodities until the high prices of these articles are reduced locally. They proposed that the export of coal to New Zealand should be prohibited, and have threatened a strike to enforce this proposal, which the coal owners have emphatically rejected.

### MRS. HICKS FUND.

Previously acknowledged \$42.55  
T. Dennett ..... \$ 1.00

Mrs. Hicks desires to thank the many comrades that wrote to her direct and sent her much assistance.

# THE COG By James Oppenheim

Molly, with her hand on the door knob, turned to the two children in the kitchen. Her voice was tender and full of pain.

"Won't you be still, children? Children, won't you?"

Then she softly opened the door and fully dressed. She leaned over and stepped noiselessly into the twilight room. Her husband lay asleep on the bed, stretched flat the breathing, living bulk of man, and brought her tender face close to his hot fevered cheeks and his rough gray hair. In the darkness he seemed so near, and so far—so real and so unsubstantial. It was at that moment of dusk when people draw close to one another.

Molly hesitated. She wanted to pray, and had forgotten how. She looked about the room as if she expected to see some great power and couldn't find it. She could only say awkwardly:

"Please—please spare him—and me. I can't lose him. I can't—I can't."

And then she murmured to herself, all bitterly and brokenly: "I've lost him already."

She felt swiftly over his soft, warm cotton shirt for his hand; it was as if she were trying to take hold of him and keep him; and then a tear slid down to her chin and fell and touched the hot, fevered cheek.

The man stirred uncomfortably. "You, Molly?" His voice was thick and husky.

"Richard!" she cried.

She suddenly pushed her arm behind the pillow and drew his head up and kissed him passionately.

"Do you love me?" she whispered. There was a deep silence.

"Richard!"

He did not answer.

"Richard!"

And then he suddenly pushed her off, struggled, and sat up. She sank back on her knees, gasping, sobbing, her mind a little wild.

"Love!" he muttered. "You've let me oversleep." He leaned close, menacingly. "You've let me oversleep!"

He gripped her arm hard and looked into her face.

"Answer me this!"

"Yes," she said, in a colorless voice. "It's time to go to work, ain't it?"

She said nothing.

"Damn you—it's time to go to work, ain't it?"

"Yes, Dick," she murmured. "It's time to go to work. But you're not fit—"

He tumbled out of bed, stood up, and then, as he was very sick and felt dizzy, he held on to the bedpost. But he spoke in a blaze of anger.

"And you know we're piling up a tonnage record, and you know the blooming mill depends on me, and you know I'll be fired if I don't mark time!"—his voice put on a cutting edge—"and you come babbling around—do I love you—shucks! Get me my supper and be quick about it!"

He added something under his breath as he went reeling into the kitchen. The two children, Nellie and Bob, playing in a corner, stopped when they saw him and slid out the back door into the evening.

"You better get out," he muttered.

Then he sank all in a lump in a kitchen chair and leaned his head on the oilcloth covered table. His fingers ran through his rough gray hair; and his lean face, with its burning blue eyes and knotty, flushed cheeks, and big lips, was half shadowy, half starting out in the gaslight above him. Behind him the shiny black stove was breathing up heat about a sputtering coffee-pot and a pan of potatoes. There were chairs and a cupboard, two windows and a door—a neat, compact room.

Molly came in quietly, her face very pale. She poured off a cup of coffee, lightened it with milk, and set it before him. Then she hesitatingly pushed some potato slices on a plate and set it beside the coffee. He roughly pushed the plate aside.

"Take it away—fool!"

He took it away quickly.

"Get me the sugar!"

She suddenly wheeled around before him, and spoke quietly: "Say please!"

He looked up at the white face a moment, and laughed harshly. "Getting notions, eh? Well, here goes!" And he began sipping the coffee slowly.

She stood silent, and then she

drew up a chair and sat at the table beside him. She made up her mind then to keep him from the mill at any cost. She spoke quietly: "You're sick; you're not going to work to-night."

"Who's going to stop me?"

"I!"

He gave her a quick glance.

"You, eh?"

She leaned toward him, and lowered her voice. "I've been silent years—now I'm going to speak."

He clenched fists, and loosed his quick temper again. "Shut up! My God, you woman—"

Then she broke in with a sharp cry: "See!—See! What an animal you're getting to be!"

He looked at her quickly then, and saw the fire in her clear gray eyes. "Animal?"

"Yes," she whispered tensely, "you're not a man any more."

He began sipping the coffee again.

In the thick, warm silence they heard the children laughing as they ran after each other.

"Richard," said Molly softly, "you're not even a decent father any more."

He sipped again at the coffee.

"And you think," she went on, "that a woman can stand for anything. Se can't—she won't. Go any farther"—she paused and spaced the words—"go—any—farther—and I'll leave you."

He went on sipping coffee, and then suddenly he took a deep breath, expanding his chest, and rested his head in his hand.

"Who does the work, eh?"

"I guess I do as much as you," said Molly.

"Well," he muttered sullenly, "who brings in the money?"

"You do."

"How much a week?"

"Thirty-five dollars a week."

"Well," he muttered, "what more do you want?"

She gave a strange, short laugh, and looked down at the floor. "It might do for a man," she breathed, "but not for a woman, and you know it."

"Know what?"

"Oh—nothing!"

He began sipping his coffee again.

And then her heart seemed to crack open, and the terrible pang shot through her throat and to her lips and she cried: "Richard—you don't love me! You don't love me any more!"

His mouth opened to speak, but he said nothing. He looked at her with a tragic sullenness, a bitter defiance.

"Richard," she cried again, "your work's come between us. You—a man of thirty-five—your hair's gray!"

He started to speak again, but said nothing. She leaned closer, and spoke her heart out, the words lashing him.

"The steel mill's killing you. It's the twelve-hour day. Twelve hours a day for a whole week—and then twelve hours for seven nights. Seven nights you don't sleep with me. I never see you more than an hour at a time, and then you're dead tired." She raised her voice to a quivering cry: "It'd be better if we'd 'a' been found dead in each other's arms the night after we married, when we knew there was a God in this world! Our children were damned, not born!"

The door opened softly then, and a little, thin girl, with tossing brown curls, ran in to her mother. "Mugger! Mugger!"

The mother drew the little one close and patted a cheek, and spoke in a low, dry voice: "Yes, Nellie."

"Mugger—come out and see what we got!"

"I can't now—please, Nellie, run along!"

"But, Mugger—"

"Run along! Please, please!"

The little girl went out slowly, stifling quick, tiny sobs.

Molly turned a face infinitely sad upon her husband, and spoke in a voice tender with pain: "This isn't a home for our children. It's no home where the man only eats and sleeps, and the woman drags all day. Don't you understand, Rick? We have no time for any pleasures—and you're too tired to even read any more—and you haven't time to have friends in the house, or call and see people—and you're not any father. And what have the children got? This mill town—soot, smoke, noise, not a patch of green, not a clear sky, not a place to play—and all the ragged children here. Oh," she paused, clenched her fists, and half closed her eyes, "when I think it's our children going to waste like

this—and they so full of things that might be turned to good—and something so sweet in them—"

She stopped, staring into a terrible future.

"It's all the twelve-hour day," she muttered. "It makes the men come in the mills."

what you are. You're not a man; you're a cog."

He cleared his throat; he shuffled his feet; he drew a little nearer, and at last his voice rose, trembling: "Anything else, eh?"

She looked suddenly straight in his eyes, and kept his gaze. Then she spoke in a voice that had lightning in it—that seemed to stab through him like a long needle.

"Yes—you and I have lived as if there weren't any God, and you've lost your soul, Richard, you've lost your soul. You can't love any more, and you don't live. You're a cog."

His face struggled violently, he opened and closed his mouth. Then he half closed his eyes and snarled. "Now, you've spoke—and what are we going to do, eh?"

She spoke intensely: "Strike!"

"Strike, eh?" He smote the table with his fist. "Didn't we strike here in Homestead in '92, and wasn't our union busted up good and thorough? And ain't they spies all through the mills, and it's worth a man's job to open his mouth or make a kick? And don't they own us on election day and it's vote with the bosses or quit? Talk's cheap!"

—he snapped his fingers. "But let me tell you, I hold down a thirty-five a week job, and I couldn't earn half that elsewhere. I'm stuck. They've got me—they've got me for life. We have a few hundred in the bank, eh? But how long would that last? Do you want me to go to a job at ten or twelve per, and live like a Hunk? A cog, eh? Well, what should I do?"

He arose one hand pressed on the table. And then the clock slowly struck five.

He staggered across the room, picked his hat and coat from a wall-hook, and put them on. Molly leaped up with a low cry, rushed to the door, and stood with an arm across it. Her face was white with agony.

"You're not going," she murmured breathlessly.

"Not?"

He advanced toward her.

"Dick," she cried, "you're not going!"

He seized her two arms and pushed her aside, opened the door, and stepped out. She gave a wild cry, that called the children home, as he slammed the door and reeled down the street.

The evening was chilly, making him shiver, and in the smoky air street-lamps burned dimly about him. He turned the corner and walked down the hill. On one side, at the end of the street, stood the black wall of the mill grounds, on the other the smoke-blackened mill houses, each set in a cinder-dead soil that never bloomed.

Richard felt sick, utterly sick. He reeled through the smoky air, turned a corner and crossed a bridge into the mill grounds. Many other men were hurrying with him. As they went on, suddenly their grim faces were splashed by far fires and strange lights. They began stepping over intricate tangles of railway tracks in the yards, and all the time their faces shone brighter. Yet not a man of them took any interest, though all about them was one of the sublime scenes of America.

They did not seem to see the shining tracks, the glistening red and green lanterns, the mills glowing through their windows like buildings eaten with fire, the tongues of flames through the roofs, the vast swirls of blaze and red-shuddering smoke clouds, and the thousand chimney pipes looking through the changing lights. Through all this, among the buildings, over the rails, in the thick of a roar of machinery, a thunder and thirr and crash of tools, a confusion of yard-engines, shrieking up and down with little flat-cars, a hurry of lanterns—through it all, the men moved silently, dully, lit on every side, their black, greasy overalls glistening as they moved.

Richard entered a large, square building where the sloping, many-boomed roof was in huge shadows. Set in the solid masonry of the floor were steel trapdoors. A man, grasping a lever, stood in front of one of these, just as an overhead crane, like a bridge running down the room came whizzing along. It stopped above the man; he at once pulled the lever, and the trapdoor at his feet opened like a huge mouth, revealing the "soaking pit."

This was a well of fire—white-hot—intolerable to the eye. Nor could the flesh come near it. But the huge steel hand never faltered. It reached down into the very hell of fire, and slowly drew out a dazzling, sizzling, white-hot ten-ton ingot of steel. This it bore down the room and shoved on to steel rollers that ran off into the adjoining room.

Richard entered this next room. At his side the rollers, one next to the other in a long path, were turning, and the ingot slid over them, and made straight for a huge "clothes wringer" that stood in its path. Suddenly it hit this steel-wringer with a loud "platt"—there was a shower of sparks, and it went through with a wild "klong-a-a!"—like the howl of a hungry lioness. The great wringer pressed the steel out, but no sooner had it emerged on the other side, longer and flatter, than it was shot back, and so, back and forth, until it was thinned into a long, wide ribbon of steel, and was rolled away to the next room to be cooled and sheared.

Laborers hovered about the immense and intricate wringer, and as the blazing ingot passed, their faces and forms came and went sharp and shadowy. Two men stood at opposite sides on a little platform above the "wringer," each with his hand on a lever. One controlled the direction of the rolls, the other the force of the pressure. Richard relieved the man at the pressure-lever, and at once his work began.

It was one of the most terrible nights of his life. He was sick; he could hardly hold his head straight; and yet he had to have a clear eye, a steady hand, and infinite patience. His gaze never left the hurrying ingot, and he had to gauge its thickness and what it would stand. Each time it drew near, it shot over him a consuming heat that burnt and smothered and made the fleshingle intolerable. Ordinarily, he would not have felt this, but to-night he was sick. The glare, too, hurt his eyes, and the steel lever got hot under his gloves.

There was no breathing spell. Ingot followed ingot without pause. He pulled the lever, and then, with the wild howl, a shower of sparks, a smell of powder, the ingot was squeezed. The speed was terrific and grew worse, for the little foreman had given out the impression that his men must pile up a record and beat the output of the other mills. And the responsibility was what made a man old—for if anything went wrong, if an ingot was spoiled or the mill stopped, the money loss to the workers, as well as to the mill, was very large, for the men were paid by the ton.

Hour followed hour, and Richard pressed the lever down or pulled it up, his face twisted with the torture of the toil, every nerve, every muscle strained and alert and in action. His head now and then went dizzy and his face paled. Whenever he winked he saw a red ingot sliding back and forth. And worst of all, his heart was in wild and new revolt. He heard the cry of his wife—her words kept beating through his brain. Sick and desperate and struggling, he could not shun the truth. He knew that everything she had said was true. Yes, bitterly true! Look at this machine—it did all the work—he, the man, merely waited on it, pulling a lever for it. That was his life. He was nothing but a cog. It was this for twelve hours, and then a bite, a sleep, and this again. What was he but an animal? Yes, Molly had told him.

And then, each time an ingot hit the wringer, some phrase went through his head and made him struggle inwardly. Bang—went an ingot!—and Molly was murmuring that he had no soul, that he did not love her. Bang!—and she was speaking of the children. Bang!—and she told him how he had stopped her reading. Bang!—and his friends. Bang!—And he didn't love Molly; how could he?—Bang!

—He was getting to be an animal!

On and on it went, the noise, the glare, the heat, the dizzying sickness. Hour followed hour through the terrible night—hour after hour and no end near. His tongue and throat grew parched, and he seemed to be toiling over a sun-stricken desert of measureless, dazzling sand, toiling, lifting, sinking, burning. Now and then a shower of sparks leaped as through his brain; now and then the whole room turned red. Now he seemed to be pushing the lever down over the floating face of Molly, and her fearful cry rang through the mill. Now by a mighty effort he saw clearly again—the hovering laborers all sharp and shadowy, the advancing ingot, the gloomy, dark wringer, the men-

acing heights above him. But Molly kept saying: "Richard, you don't love me any more—you don't love me!"

So he gave the lever a good jam. There was a weird, unusual crash, a splutter, and a dozen men roared together. The rolls stopped, and in the queer silence Richard saw clearly again. He had jammed an ingot and broken a coupling sleeve. A sickening horror went through him. It meant the loss of an hour's time. He had tied up the whole mill. And all the other workers would lose in their wages, too.

All the men of the section came rushing toward him, shouting angrily. And then suddenly the little foreman came dancing up.

The little fellow swung a fist in Richard's face, and shrieked. "Damn you—damn you! Just as we're piling up a tonnage record—I'll trim you for this—"

Then suddenly fifteen years of silent pressure blew off. Demons raged in Richard's heart, his brain went hot. With his powerful hands he gripped the little foreman by the throat.

"You damned little pusher," he snapped, "go to hell!"

The foreman choked and sputtered as he was released, and the ring of workmen stifled their smiles. Then the foreman backed away, muttering: "I suppose you know what this means?"

"Yes," said Richard, "it means good-night!"

He turned and walked off quietly. He went out into the yards. A brown dawn was searching its way through the swirling smoke, and in the vague light all the confusion and stir of the yards went on. But it never stopped, neither day nor night, through the years. The sick man, hot from the flames, trembled in the chilly air of the morning. His head, however, was acutely clear. He saw all about him. It must have been the blood in him, he reasoned. He came of old American stock—men and women who had given up the comfort and ease of home and followed their God to worship Him in the West—there

in sweat, poverty, and hardship finding a freedom for the soul. He, too, could make the sacrifice. He, too, could go West. The West still called the freeman. The mighty farmlands needed labor—the Northwest needed pioneers. There, too, was room for little children—and sun and wind and a green space for the soul.

He was astonished to find how calmly he took it all. He felt as if he had left himself in the mill, and was a different man. A world slid off his shoulders. He was free, his lips were loosed. In one stroke he had regained his manhood. For years the mills had muzzled him, worked him, sweated him, flung him out for a sleep and a bite, pulled him back into the home, his friends, his books, his machinery, taken from him his church, his leisure, his citizenship, his free speech—and wasted the man that might have been. Now he had jerked himself free.

He reached the street. The wind was blowing away, and the skies were clear above him. He looked up. He beheld the fading stars. And suddenly he stood still, and a wave of glory swept over him. Something broke within him—some crust about his heart—and like a revelation he was charged with light. The glad tears came to his eyes. He felt that he was beginning to live. He wanted to open his lips that his open heart might send its glory into words. He heard the wind singing about him, he heard the night-world laboring, the engines puffing, the mills roaring; he saw the lights of the street and human beings beneath them. His heart went out to the great world.

And then, as he went on, with fresh tides of life pouring through him, his soul went out to his own. He thought of his own children, he thought of his own wife. He marveled at the strange years he had lived through—he marveled at the miserable father and husband he had been. The father-passion, long numb, awoke and struck his heart; his man's love for this woman made him yearn with tender-

ness. And the glory bore him along like a boy in love.

He turned up the dim street—the house was a light. He stepped around to the rear and pushed open the kitchen door and entered very softly. Molly was building a fire in the stove. She paused, with a stick of kindling-wood in her hand, and looked at him.

He spoke in a queer, suppressed voice: "I want to see the children."

Her eyes grew larger, her lips parted, but she said nothing.

He pushed open his bedroom door and passed through to the room beyond. He was gone several minutes. When he came back his lips were twitching, and tears were trickling down his face.

"Molly."

"Yes."

He drew a step nearer. He tried to control himself. He spoke softly. "I've been—fired."

She started at him. "Fired?" she cried.

"Fired! And we're poor as mice."

She took a step toward him. "Fired?—Dick!"

She gave a great cry and held out her arms, and drew him close—and closer—passionately hugging him.

And as he felt her arms about him—tight, tight—her lips pressed to his—her living presence closing with his soul—suddenly, it was as if there was a rip in his heart: love made him tremble, and he murmured:

"Molly, I love you—I love you again!"

And life was sweet again, and they were poor.

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Atlanta, Ga.

Dear Comrade:—

There is a large group of our radical comrades, political prisoners, incarcerated in the Federal Prison at Atlanta, Georgia. Eugene V. Debs is there, John Randolph, Walter Hirschberg, Nicholas M. Zogg, and a host of others.

These political prisoners will be allowed to receive gifts from their friends and comrades between December 10th and December 25th. They will be allowed to receive canned food, fruits, cigars, tobacco, and, now that the cold weather is coming on, sweaters and warm underclothing.

I shall appreciate it if you will be kind enough to bring this to the attention of your readers and either have them send their donations to you, or, if you prefer, have them sent directly to me at the above address.

I shall be glad to purchase and deliver these things to our comrades. I see them frequently and learn of their needs. They will appreciate the friendship of all fellow comrades, and whatever kindness is extended to them.

Do not forget that Christmas comes but once a year and that these prisoners go through deal of suffering and that we must do all we can to minimize it.

Again I thank you for whatever publicity you may give this matter.

Yours in comradeship,  
Samuel M. Castleton.

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## Treaty Dead, Wilson's Star Goes Down; Kings and People Turn Away

World's Most Tragic Figure Sits in Wheel Chair and Views Ruins of Own Career—Broke Promise to Trusting Millions—Isolation He Dreaded Prisons Him.

By Paul Wallace Hanna.

Washington. — The hand that signed the Paris treaty and brought it to America lies idle on the arm of a wheel chair. The treaty is dead. The covenant is dead. All that Woodrow Wilson wrought in Paris, sacrificing for it the personal admiration of hundreds of old friends and the adoring faith of uncounted millions of men and women, the United States Senate has torn to shreds and thrown away.

What the Senate has done in formal session, mankind had done months before. The Wilson star that passed its zenith when the peace conference met in January, dipped to the horizon an hour before midnight, Wednesday. Because he did not trust them, the people turned away. Because he had not saved them from war's retribution, the rulers have turned away. Woodrow Wilson sits alone amid the ruin of his own words. Alone!

"Because ye are neither hot nor cold, I spit ye out!" said the Nazarene.

The story of the treaty is the story of the President. It is his political aura—the thing that emanated from his leadership when the world, in emergency, placed itself in his hands. The story of its conception, birth, brief glory and prompt rejection are the story of its author.

### President Is Tragic Figure.

Men at Washington who seek to grasp the significance of this historic tragedy do not bother to question the president's motives remain obscure, but facts stand out. And the more men emphasize Wilson's sincerity the more lurid they paint his debacle. For it is the chasm between his ambition and his present plight that screams with poignant derision at the invalid.

In every thoughtful mind the spurning Senate vote marshals in review the shilly-shally of White House theory and White House facts. As a champion of peace it went to war; as the champion of self-determination it invaded Russia; as champion of free discussion it has imprisoned its critics. And all without seeming harm to itself. But an evil trait is an evil trait, no matter how sincerely indulged. So, as the champion of compromise, the glorifier of concession, the White House has ridden to ruin in the Senate because pride would not sit down with her critics.

### Future Belongs to "Radical."

Pride is still the stuff that goes before a fall. It did for Babylon the Mighty what her critics could never accomplish. It has done for the New Democracy what pacifists, patriots, preachers and all the other persecuted were impotent to perform.

Time will doubtless confirm the belief that Woodrow Wilson loved peace and wanted to end wars. Most men did and do. Time will doubtless show that Wilson also knew that the future belongs to the "radical." Prior to April, 1917, he was at obvious pains to stay in their company, to have them acknowledge him as their leader. Many who knew him well are persuaded that his present illness dates from the hour when Wilson first saw clearly that the new world had already rejected him, consigned him to a place of disrepute in the gallery of this moribund epoch.

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### Promised to Stand or Fall.

And, if that be true, the bitterness of his reflections must reach a climax when he regards the paramount irony of his career. It dates from his first month in Paris. The old world masses acclaimed him as the idealist who would realize their dream of peace and justice. Through their chosen agencies, the labor and Socialist press and spokesmen, they brought him their praise and support. They asked his co-operation to abolish armaments, liberate peoples oppressed by the remaining empires; to release the wicked grip upon Russia and to negotiate peace in the open.

All these good things Wilson wanted to do, it may be said. But the secret diplomats and open imperialists who confronted him in conference did not want to do them. They had pledged themselves by the fourteen points to do them, but now they refused. Devoted admirers on the spot brought strong pressure on the President to defy the imperialists. At that crisis I saw a letter written and signed by Mr. Wilson in which he confessed himself aware of the intrigue and flattery directed at himself and his principles, and in which he gave his solemn promise to stand or fall on his fourteen points.

### Could Not Fare Isolation.

Stand or fall was the issue. At that juncture the President knew he must defy the imperialists and issue a public appeal to the peoples, which might fail and bring his own overthrow as a peacemaker, or submit in secret to the enemy and go on contending that he had not submitted. It must be remembered that a hostile majority had just captured the American Senate. The canker of distrust had already entered the American people and they had repudiated the man who "kept us out of war." Wilson knew an open break with the Paris imperialists would isolate him entirely—save from the toiling millions who control tomorrow, including the peasants in Italy who were burning candles before his portrait.

Wilson succumbed. He could not face that isolation, that banishment to the rough and tender masses whose company he had so long delighted to keep—at a distance. His training and political instinct told him that any treaty were better than no treaty, that time would soften the immediate chagrin of his worshippers and give its blessing to the compromise.

"Compromise, remember the word and keep it holy," had been a commandment of the Wilson creed. Sitting in the White House quiet, the President must have time to reflect upon the serpentine character of compromise. He must see that it is opium to the vain indulger, in that it fattens pride in the job retained, and fits upon egotism the mask of conviction.

The loss of the Senate in the 1918 election, like the intrigue at Paris, was a challenge to the Wilson convictions and a threat to his pride. In conforming to the situation the President compromised, but not with his pride, which was in continued leadership and acclaim. The thing he sacrificed was his promise to the world, his convictions.

### Imperialists Overdo Their Job.

He did that in order to win, and because there must be no peace at the end of the world war that did not bear his signature, his name as principal author. So he stayed on at Paris and the imperialists had their way. They had their way so freely that they overdid it. For the old order in Europe is mortally stricken, and our capitalists refuse to underwrite its future.

The treaty for which Woodrow Wilson sacrificed a supreme victory has been killed. In all the world there is no more lonely, tragic figure than the President of the United States.

## PHILOSOPHY OF A FOOL

By TOUCHSTONE.

**Persons and Patriots.**  
"Those that are Fools, let them use their Tablets." — Twelfth Night.

It is quite the fashion, in Wisconsin circles nowadays, to declare with a solemn enthusiasm that "a New World is dawning."

They say it as though they meant it, thought of course they know that they don't. I have heard pompous Wiseacres at public meetings waxing sonorously eloquent on the theme, and their big voices did not deceive me in the least. They were slaves of the Bygone. Their eyes looked backward. Their thoughts turned backward. They walked backward to their ideals. Ancient conventions and senile precedents possessed them. There was nothing "New" about them but their clothes.

I have read editorials in the Wisconsin press asserting with all the impressiveness of leaded type that "a New World is emerging from the welter of war."

But the knowledge that the editors were men grown hoary in hypocrisy completely discounted the value of their pronouncements. They were adepts in the art of seeming to forge ahead while really not moving at all, and their progressiveness on this occasion was only an optical illusion.

They hated the bare idea of a New World. Their business in life was to keep the World from developing any passion for "Newness" it might evince, and one of their favorite ways of doing that was to pretend that some side track was the destined path to the New Order, perfectly well aware all the time that it led in the opposite direction, and that the people, following it, would exhaust themselves in a vain pursuit.

The student of All Fools' College listens to these orators and reads these writers. They help him to realize the hopelessness of Wiseacredom, and they point for him the craftiness of its methods.

One thing is certain — there will be no New World till there is a new patriotism. And that is something that many members of the working class, otherwise enlightened, have yet to learn. In this country, for instance, even amongst labor men and women, there is a lot of senseless glorification of America and the Americans.

It is good to think well of one's country and one's fellow citizens; but it is silly to depreciate all other countries and all other nationalities in comparison. It is worse than silly; it is mischievous. It breeds in us a national conceit that easily becomes aggressive and a danger to the peace.

I don't mean to suggest that Americans alone are afflicted with this form of vanity. Every nation has got it, and badly. That's the trouble. If it were a disease peculiar to this continent it wouldn't matter greatly. But it's universal.

The earth is inhabited by a crowd of jostling nations, each one imbued with the belief that it is better than any of the others, and that its particular interests are of more importance than the general good.

Is it any wonder there are quarrels? Is it surprising that nations so vainglorious come to blows? They don't try to understand one another, each is convinced that, being perfect, it cannot possibly do wrong. The nation that disputes that view is therefore thoroughly vicious and undeserving of consideration.

And it gets none. It is misjudged and abused. The most dishonorable intentions are attributed to it. Its character is maligned in every conceivable way.

A New World is impossible under such conditions. An atmosphere of international fraternalism is needed first. Love of country will have to have its roots in modesty instead of boastfulness.

In short, before there can be a New World there must be a new patriotism.

At present, that which is hateful in the individual is acclaimed with delight in the nation.

A person who went swaggering round with pistols in his belt and a drawn sword in his hand would be regarded as a pestilent

nuisance, and probably as a maniac. His conduct would not be tolerated.

But when a nation parades its military and naval forces, all the patriots of that nation are immensely pleased.

They pat it proudly on the back. They sing its praises. They dilate on the size and potency of its weapons, and bid other nations beware how they presume to differ from it on any subject.

Rival nations will deliberately murder each other's citizens, while patriots on both sides applaud uproariously. Patriotic poets will write inecastic glorification of the murder, and patriotic parsons invoke the blessing of God upon it.

Theft on a national scale is similarly justified and extolled. It is decorated with the name of "imperial expansion."

Patriots declare that in stealing foreign lands the nation is carrying out a divinely-ordained mission to spread its civilization throughout the earth.

And it is easy to contract the patriotic frame of mind. Indeed, it is only by an effort, sometimes painful, that one is able to avoid doing so.

A clergyman of somewhat liberal sentiments avowed in a discourse that we ought to thank God for our national qualities.

As an individual he puts on no such airs of insufferable superiority. He does not go about proclaiming himself to be better than his neighbors, and publicly thanking God for it.

Yes as a patriot he does it with a blush. Indeed, it is quite apparent, that he believes it to be a proper and laudable thing to do.

And there's a whole heap of that sort of patriotism scattered throughout the community. No class is entirely.

Here is the psychology that makes war possible. Commercial interests draw the sword, but patriotism strikes the blow.

Men who would never dream of fighting as individuals will fall savagely upon one another as patriots, and in the passionate intensity of a hatred that is purely impersonal will betray a ruthlessness of which they would otherwise be utterly incapable.

That is why their submarine sinkings—the dooming of innocent women and children to a cruel death — were justified by German thinkers and moralists.

That is why the blockade that has brought tens of thousands of German women and children to a tortured end by starvation, has elicited no condemnation from the universities and churches of the United States.

The humanity of persons may be evoked. To patriots all such appeals are vain.

The average decent man, AS a man would not countenance the terms of peace that force and famine are to impose upon the German nation. But as a patriot he has no qualms on the matter. Vindictiveness and rapacity, having ceased to be personal, have ceased to be reprehensible; have even become tinged with the stern morality of some Olympian code.

The truth is, that while the individual has progressed, the nation has hung back. It is still the Man Ape, with prognathous jaws and the remnant of a tail, acting unabashed in accordance with brutal instincts which the civilized individual has long eliminated from the fibre of his being.

Before there can be a New World all this must be changed. I believe it will be. I believe the Labor Movement will effect the intellectual revolution that is necessary.

Labor teaches the citizen to widen the personal ethic to the bounds of human nature. It teaches him to refuse to do as a member of the nation what he would scorn to do as an individual answerable to his own conscience.

This, however, is not a swift process. It is a very slow one, and the New World, if it had to await its consummation, would be a long way off.

I am confident that it will not wait. I look forward to dramatic events quickening the revolutionary sequence to the verge of a creative miracle.

That means that I have faith. And I have faith because I am a Fool.

But what of it? The New World will never come from the Wiseacres, of that be very sure. When it materializes it will be the antithesis of all that is now accounted wisdom

## Palmer May Reveal

Att'y Gen'l Informed That English Agent Is Purposely Advising New York Raids on Russian Markets for Britain.

By Paul Wallace Hanna.

Washington, D. C.—Dissension grows among those who "see red" at every turn. The Department of Justice is reported to view with displeasure and suspicion the activities of the New York State investigators, headed by Senator Lusk.

The Lusk committee, it is held here, was sired by the Union League Club and dammed by the Republican Legislature at Albany. Attorney General Palmer is said to believe that its chief purpose in life is to further discredit the Wilson administration by making the voters believe the Department of Justice is lax in the prosecutions of Russian "plotters" within our borders.

Recalling, perhaps, the desperate efforts of the British government and of French royalists to have Benjamin Franklin exiled or executed when he served as the unrecognized envoy of our State American republic on French soil, our State Department has carefully refrained from acts of persecution against the Soviet representatives in New York.

Those representatives are cordially detested by those who direct our foreign policy, but there are a few students of history in the department to remind Mr. Lansing and others that it were wise not to blacken the republic's democratic record any more than is necessary, until the Soviet government's power of endurance shall be fully tested.

In like manner, the Department of Justice has been courteous, if cold, in its dealings with the Soviet Bureau. It has thereby invited assault by the Union League Club and the Republican Lusk committee. Senator Lusk owes nothing either to American tradition or the views of posterity. He may drag American hospitality through the mire and kick foreign governments in the face with impunity if to do so will make some votes for the G. O. P. in New York or elsewhere.

### Nathan Bobs Up Again.

To neutralize the Lusk attack, the Department of Justice may shortly issue a statement that will definitely reveal the hand of British intrigue in the Lusk committee activities. Attorney General Palmer has been informed, The Call correspondent hears, that a principal adviser of the Lusk committee is a secret British agent named Nathan, whose object s to create within Russia such hatred of the United States that English exporters will have the advantage in that market for generations to come.

Nathan s said to be operating under the close direction of the British Foreign Office, whose opinion of American intelligence has never been much above the level of contempt. Report credits Nathan with having instructions to keep alive by all means the persecution of Envoy Martens and his associates until Great Britain shall have riveted her hold upon the Russian market.

Having this mission in hand, the Lusk committee fell to Nathan to guide it, the committee has raided the Soviet Bureau and dragged its chief personnel through the newspaper columns to the accompaniment of lurid lies about their activities in America. Through s control over the cable and wireless facilities and its newspaper resources in countries bordering Russia, the British foreign office is said to have kept 160,000,000 Russians promptly and fully informed of what the New York state authorities were doing to the Russian delegation in the United States.

### Lad Before Palmer.

This whole matter, with all its implications, has been laid before Attorney General Palmer within

In other words, the New World will be the radiant realization of an enlightened Foolishness.

Get ready for that day, for no man knoweth what the morrow will demand of him.

Help lift up the nation to your own ethical level.

Give us the New Patriotism. The New World will follow.

## IN THE HEART OF THE METROPOLIS

By Joshua Kunitz

Cheerless, little baby,  
Flooding through the street,  
Shabby is her clothing,  
Frozen are her feet.

Tell me, little girlie,  
Whither do you roam?  
Haven't you a mother?  
Haven't you a home?

Tell me, pretty baby,  
Tell me where you go,  
Through this raging tempest,  
Through this falling snow?

Tell me, tell me, baby,  
With your eyes so blue  
Haven't you a father,  
Who takes care of you?

"Daddy's had consumption  
An' he died last year,"  
Lisp'd the trembling baby,  
Gulping down a tear.

"Mumsie, mo and baby  
Cried, an' cried, an' cried,  
But it wuz no use, though,  
Jus' the same he died."

"Mumsie now is walkin',  
She comes back by night;  
So I watch the baby,  
Baby's well, alright."

"Oh, I do the cooking,  
An' the washin', too;  
All that makes me worry  
Is that mum is blue."

"She, like dad, is coughin',  
Coughing all night long—  
Ma is very skinny,  
An' she ain't too strong."

"Jus' last night she kissed me,  
Looked me in the eye;  
Pressed me to her bosom  
An' begun to cry."

"An' by night I often  
Hear her pray an' sigh:  
'Jesus be your guarjun  
When your mum will die.'

"Ain't them awful woids, though,  
For us kids to hear?  
And all night I cling then  
To my mother dear."

"Well, sir, I must hurry,  
I must git some food;  
There, I got some apples,  
But they ain't much good."

Thus the baby hero  
Told her tale of woe;  
Wiped her tears and vanished  
In the falling snow.

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## CAPITALISM AND SOCIALISM

By Anton Pannekoek.

The particular form that the Darwinian struggle for existence assumes in development is determined by men's sociability and their use of tools. The struggle for existence, while it is still carried on among members of different groups, nevertheless ceases among members of the same group, and its place is taken by mutual aid and social feeling. In the struggle between groups, technical equipment decides who shall be the victor; this results in the progress of technique. These two circumstances lead to different effects under different systems. Let us see in what manner they work out under capitalism.

When the bourgeoisie gained political power and made the capitalist system the dominating one, it began by breaking the feudal bonds and freeing the people from all feudal ties. It was essential for capitalism that every one should be able to take part in the competitive struggle; that no one's movements be tied up or narrowed by corporate duties or hampered by legal statutes, for only thus was it possible for production to develop its full capacity. The workers must have free command over themselves and not be tied up by feudal or guild duties, for only as free workers can they sell their labor-power to the capitalists as a whole commodity, and only as free laborers can the capitalists use them. It is for this reason that the bourgeoisie has done away with all old ties and duties. It made the people entirely free, but at the same time left them entirely isolated and unprotected. Formerly the people were not isolated; they belonged to some corporation; they were under the protection of some lord or commune, and in this they found strength. They were a part of a social group to which they owed duties and from which they received protection. These duties the bourgeoisie abolished; it destroyed the corporations and abolished the feudal relations. The freeing of labor meant at the same time that all refuge was taken away from him and that he could no longer rely upon others. Every one had to rely upon himself. Alone, free from all ties and protection, he must struggle against all.

It is for this reason that, under capitalism, the human world resembles mostly the world of rapacious animals, and it is for this very reason that the bourgeois Darwinists looked for men's prototype among animals living isolated. To this they were led by their own experience. Their mistake, however, consisted in considering capitalist conditions as everlasting. The relation existing between our capitalist competitive system and animals living isolated, was thus expressed by Engels in his book, "Anti-Dühring" (page 293). This may also be found on page 59 of "Socialism, Utopian and Scientific" as follows:

"Finally, modern industry and the opening of the world market made the struggle universal and at the same time gave it unheard-of virulence. Advantages in natural or artificial conditions of production of individual capitalists as well as of whole industries

and countries. He that falls is remorselessly cast aside. It is the Darwinian struggle of the individual for existence transferred from Nature to society with intensified violence. The conditions of existence natural to the animal appear as the final term of human development."

What is that which carries on the struggle in this capitalist competition the perfectness of which decides the victory?

First come technical tools, machines. Here again applies the law that struggle leads to perfection. The machine that is more improved outstrips the less improved, the machines that cannot perform much, and the simple tools are exterminated and machine technique develops with gigantic strides to ever greater productivity. This is the real application of Darwinism to human society. The particular thing about is that under capitalism there is private property, and behind every machine there is a man. Behind the gigantic machine there is a big capitalist and behind the small machine there is a small capitalist. With the defeat of the small machine, the small capitalist, as capitalist, perishes with all his hopes and happiness.

At the same time the struggle is a race of capital. Large capital is better equipped; large capital is getting ever larger. This concentration of capital undermines capital itself, for it diminishes the bourgeoisie whose interest it is to maintain capitalism, and it increases that mass which seeks to abolish it. In this development, one of the characteristics of capitalism is gradually abolished. In the world where each struggles against all and all against each, a new association develops among the working class, the class organization. The working class organizations start with ending the competition existing between workers and combine their separate powers into one great power in their struggle with the outside world. Everything that applies to social groups also applies to this class organization, brought about by natural conditions. In the ranks of this class organization, social motives, moral feelings, self-sacrifice and devotion for the entire body develop in a most splendid way. This solid organization gives to the working class that great strength which it needs in order to conquer the capitalist class. The class struggle which is not a struggle with tools but for the possession of tools, a struggle for the right to direct industry, will be determined by the strength of the class organization.

Let us now look at the future system of production as carried on under Socialism. The struggle leading to the perfection of the tools does not cease. As before under capitalism, the inferior machine will be outdistanced and brushed aside by one that is superior. As before, this process will lead to greater productivity of labor. But private property having been abolished, there will no longer be a man behind each machine calling it his own and sharing its fate. Machines will be common property, and the displacement of the less developed by the better developed machinery will be carried out upon careful consideration.

With the abolition of classes the entire civilized world will become one great productive community. Within this community mutual struggle among members will cease and will be carried on with the outside world. It will no longer be a struggle against our own kind, but a struggle for subsistence, a struggle against nature. But owing to development of technique and science, this can hardly be called a struggle. Nature is subject to man and with very little exertion from his side she supplies him with abundance. Here a new career opens for man: man's rising from the animal world and carrying on his struggle for existence by the use of tools, ceases, and a new chapter of human history begins.

## PRESSMEN VOTE MONEYS TO NEW INTERNATIONAL

Delegates at St. Louis Act in Accordance With Referendum Voice of 5,000 Men.

Difficulty Confronting Formation of Separate World Organization Are Discussed.

By John T. Taylor.  
St. Louis.—Beginning December, the dues contributed in the past by more than 5,000 web pressmen to the International Printing Pressmen's and Assistants' Union, of which George L. Berry is president, will be paid to the international secretary-treasurer of the United Association of Newspaper Web Pressmen and Junior of North and South America.

This is the sense of a resolution adopted unanimously by the convention here of web pressmen from all over the United States, who voted in accordance with a resolution adopted by a referendum vote of the membership to form a new international.

The rebuff received from H. N. Kellogg, chairman of the special standing committee of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association, by a committee of three stating that the newspaper publishers would not deal with the new organization, was reported to the convention.

Resolution Hits at Obstacle.

The difficulties which confront the formation of a new international union were freely discussed. To meet one of the great obstacles, the alliance of old international officials through their connections within the American Federation of Labor, a resolution was adopted authorizing a committee of three to meet the board of directors of the International Printing Pressmen's and Assistants' union "to request their sanction for an international Newspaper Web Pressmen's charter." The resolution further states:

"In the event of failure to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion, they shall then place the proposition before the officials of the American Federation of Labor. If this committee does not come to a satisfactory agreement with either parties, they shall report accordingly to the board of directors, who shall immediately call a special convention to determine future procedure."

The following national officers were elected: Frank J. Pyle, president; Hugh Gordon, St. Louis, first vice president; W. J. Addison, Toronto, Canada, second vice president; John T. Taylor, Detroit, third vice president, and Albert B. Kreidler, New York, secretary-treasurer. These men will compose the board of directors.

Smith Is Made Chairman.  
The convention was called to order by H. Clay Smith. One of the first reports was that of John Warrington, secretary of the Franklin association and secretary of the St. Louis Allied Printing Trades Council, who told of the court action of the insurgent pressmen against the board of directors of the International Printing Pressmen's and Assistants' Union for gross neglect in office and misapplication of certain funds.

H. Clay Smith was made chairman and John T. Taylor, of Detroit, secretary of the convention. Two committees were appointed as follows:

Committee on Resolutions: Frank Pyle, Pittsburg; Albert Kreidler, New York; W. J. Moore, Toledo; William McQuirk, Cleveland; J. W. Addison, Toronto.

Committee of Law: John J. O'Hare, Boston; Andrew Armstrong, New York; Frank J. Henley, St. Louis; A. T. Quinn, Washington; John T. Taylor, Detroit.

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## SOVIET RUSSIA GUARANTEED AT LEAST YEAR YET

Mr. Milutin, Associate Chairman of Economic Council at Moscow, Makes Statement.

Skilled Labor Scarce, but 70 Per Cent of Factories Operate—Oil Found in Volga Basin.

By Isaac Don Levine.  
COPENHAGEN, Denmark, Nov. 24.—"Russia's economic condition is difficult, but even if the civil war and the blockade be continued the Soviet government's existence is economically guaranteed a year ahead at least," said Vladimir Milutin, associate chairman of the Supreme Economic Council in Moscow, in reply to my question as to how long Soviet Russia could stand the present terrific strain.

The Supreme Economic Council is in charge of the economic reconstruction of the country and is the most vital body in the Soviet government. This reconstruction is being carried out through the "trustification" of the nation's industries.

Today 50 trusts, such as the electric, textile and coal trusts, for instance, enter the Supreme Economic Council. Each trust has a government special executive commission. The highest executive council presides over all. These trusts are composed of 11 of the foremost Russian economists.

Economic Revolution Proceeds.  
The scope of the activities of the supreme council in the economic field is unlimited. Under its guidance an economic revolution is being accomplished.

The present acting chairman, Vladimir Pavlovich Milutin, 35 years old, a native of Kursk and a graduate of the Petrograd and Moscow Universities, began his revolutionary career in 1903. He was confined two years in a fortress and three years in a jail. Three years he spent in exile. He was elected a member of the constituent assembly two years ago.

"Not all our industries are nationalized," said M. Milutin. "We have nationalized nearly 8,000 factories." "How many of these establishments are working?" I asked.

70 Per Cent of Factories Operating.  
"Seventy per cent," he answered. He continued: "We have experienced an acute shortage of skilled labor, the demand exceeding the supply by 50 per cent. The mobilization as well as the back to the soil movement absorbed large numbers of industrial workers."

"However the main trouble in our economic crisis is the lack of fuel, due to the loss of Baku. The normal consumption of liquid fuel by the former Russian empire was 8,000,000 tons annually. We managed in the last year before the British occupation of Baku to transport to Soviet Russia nearly 2,000,000 tons of oil, part of which still remains available."

"The occupation of the Donetz coal basin by Krasnow Kaledin and Denikin is another great factor in our difficulties. The Donetz basin annually produced more than 300,000,000 tons of coal, half of which was consumed in the territory now forming Soviet Russia."

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Moscow Coal Basin.  
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"Before the war the coal mined yearly in the Ural section reached 2,000,000 tons. The same region, which is now in our hands, supplied 40 per cent of the metals consumed in the former Russian empire."

Oil and Lignite in Volga Basin.  
"Last year we discovered enormous deposits of oil and lignite in the basin of the river Volga, near Samara and Simbirsk. Investigations just completed show that the deposits reached 2,000,000 tons and liquid fuel can be extracted in large quantities. Work has already begun. Wells are being drilled where oil has been struck."

"One need not enlarge upon the importance to Russia's industrial life of the utilization of this new fuel wealth. The deposits are located where there is water as well as rail transport, and this, with the fertility of the soil, will make this region the foremost industrial section of the country."

Gold For External Trade.  
Asked what effect possession of the Ural gold mines would have upon the financial conditions of Soviet Russia, M. Milutin replied: "Gold is no longer required for

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internal financial purposes. We keep gold reserves only for trade with foreign countries. As soon as the blockade is raised we intend to manufacture products abroad, paying with gold and raw materials, such as lumber, wool, hemp, flax and cotton."

"Internally money has lost its former importance since we have nationalized the industries and commerce. Even now when our textile trust buys coal from the fuel trust no actual money is transferred from the treasury of the first trust to that of the second, but the value in money is entered on the books. Since both trusts are government-owned the deposits of one are equalized by the surpluses of the other in the state treasury. Money is thus used only as a measure of value."

"Under complete nationalization money would therefore disappear as a purchasing power. Gold would then be used for dental and similar purposes within Soviet Russia."

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## CRISIS IN SPAIN

According to Reuter messages from Madrid, the Spanish Employers' Federation, at a congress just held at Barcelona, have decided to declare a lock-out on November 3rd. The Congress appointed a Committee to wait upon the Minister of the Interior to communicate its decision. The latter describes it as a challenge to the working classes. The employers justify their decision on the ground that a certain group of miners is creating unrest with the sole object of destroying the social structure in Spain. The Congress approved the principle of profit-sharing.

The engine drivers and firemen on the Trans-Continental Railway in Australia have struck work for increased wages in defiance of the Arbitration Court.

Railwaymen and telegraph employees in Egypt are agitating for all-round increases of pay and shorter hours, in some cases advancing a demand for a 6-hour day. They proposed a 12-hour general strike, which proved unsuccessful.

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## TO OUR READERS.

We regret that we have been unable to furnish an editorial page this week. Our arrest and confinement interfered with our work. Bear with us until next week.

## DEBS' MESSAGE

"For countless centuries the slaves and subject classes were denied all educational advantages, the same as other domestic animals and beasts of burden. In time, however, some glimmer of light penetrated the darkness by degrees, in spite of their masters, education in its elementary stages began to spread among the masses; and to the extent that this influence has made itself felt the eyes of the toiling and exploited millions have been opened, they have begun to think, to discover their common kinship and make common cause, and today a new world spreads out before their enraptured vision."

IT IS BEYOND  
REDEMPTIONKingley Says Present System  
Cannot Possibly Be Saved.

Vancouver, B. C. — At Sunday night's F. L. P. meeting, Comrade E. T. Kingley again gave utterance to his profound conviction that the present civilization is beyond redemption; he saw no possible means by which it could be saved from complete and final collapse. Moreover, its industrial machinery must go to the scrapheap, too, as being incapable of serving any other purpose than that of human exploitation, for which it was brought into existence.

As a title to his address he suggested "The Great Joke;" the state of things existing today would appear in the future as the greatest joke ever perpetrated. They were living in a civilization based on human slavery; yet the slave believed himself free — believed all the parsons and the press told him. "We fall for practically everything they give us, and we impress it on our fellows for truth."

The speaker disputed the contention that necessary commodities are now produced with far less expenditure of human energy than in former times. "All the mechanical devices to aid man in the process of production have not increased his productive capacity one iota." The speaker cited the laws of mechanics in support of his assertion, and insisted that, when the labor of producing and maintaining the industrial machinery was taken into account, there was no saving of human energy whatever. Otherwise, the saying about "lifting themselves by their own boot straps" would not be the joke it had been.

The speaker referred to the great financial difficulties in which the various nations were now involved, and the suggestion that all was to be set right by the slogan of "Produce more and eat less." (Laughter.) By that process they could never square off one iota of their indebtedness, even if they kept it up "till time shall be no more."

Comrade Kingley next demonstrated the impossibility of the workers ever being "paid" for their work by their employers, putting himself for the time being in the position of "Man Friday" to Chairman Ernest Burns as "Robinson Crusoe." He also ridiculed the idea of "surplus value" as being anything better than piled-up promises to pay, the fact being that commodities were consumed as fast as produced. Those promises to pay were never wiped out except by the so-called "Bolshevik" method of repudiation. "That accumulation of capital has become so great that the countries are all well over the precipice into a bankruptcy which they cannot escape, though they may call on high heaven till they are black in the face."

The speaker compared the time when production was by primitive methods, and the bulk of the workers were employed in agricultural pursuits, with the age of machinery, in which an ever-increasing preponderance were diverted to the cities and engaged in carrying on industries essential only to the trade and commerce system of the ruling class — "thing which the pro-

ducing class has no use for under any circumstances whatever." Such a system was only brought into being because slaves were being exploited, and their products could only be disposed of in that way.

History was not the history of development of the human race, but development of human slavery. There was increased efficiency only in the ability of the masters to exploit their slaves. No matter who owned the machinery, whether the proletariat or anybody else, "it can be made to do no other than it does today." All the machinery had never lifted the burden from the back of anybody but the master class — "and they didn't have any burden to bear before the machinery was devised." (Hear, hear.)

The speaker enlarged on the enormous waste involved in the present system, and declared that such waste "can't be wiped out except by the destruction of this industrialism." There was, however, no need to knock it down with a club; "it will go down and out, just as all civilizations have gone that were based on human slavery."

The railway system, in particular, had become the most vital part of the system, next to the financial; the transportation figures of the U. S. last year showed an amount of 25,000 ton per family moved one mile. It's real function, however, was only to take the product away from those who produced it.

Taking wheat as an example of the high cost of living, the speaker pointed out that "all along the trail that wheat travels, there's a bunch of individuals jumping on the wheat and eating out of it." Legitimately, too, since that was the only way this civilization could dispose of it. If "that gang of parasite workers" couldn't eat at all, this system of trade and commerce would go "on the bum."

There was no organism on earth that did not feed itself, except the slave. Not a living thing worked, except the slave. "Work exterminates them, as it ought to exterminate everything that subverts it." The only hope of the race was for the farmers and city dwellers to come to some arrangement whereby the latter would withdraw to the land and sustain themselves.

ELECT CON-  
DEMNED EUGITIVE

Misano, Socialist Chosen to Italian Chamber, Under Death Sentence.

Rome, Nov. 20. — Signor Misano, a Socialist, has been elected to the Italian Chamber of Deputies from both Naples and Turin.

He was formerly a railroad worker, but was dismissed at the beginning of the war, going to Switzerland, it is alleged, to evade service in the army. Later he was expelled from Switzerland and went to Germany, where he was imprisoned six months on a charge of participating in revolutionary movements. At present he is in Vienna.

During his absence from the country, the Italian military court condemned him to be shot for desertion, and the question now arises whether he can be arrested, or whether he enjoys parliamentary immunity, even before taking the oath of office.

## PEASANT COMMUNES

(We received the following article from a Swedish correspondent, translated from the Russian. We have not had the time to rewrite it, but we feel sure our readers will be able to appreciate it just the same.—Editor.)

It was about 6 o'clock p. m. when we arrived at the "Red Town", the name given to the labour agricultural commune organized by working men, and situated 8 verst from Kalouga on Prince Gelytsine's estate.

The "Manor" has been somewhat neglected, it is clear there has been no careful hand or eye for the last two years, but that "abomination of desolation" which I expected to meet with was absent. We were met by three girl communists neatly dressed in tidy khaki blouses and akirts and not without just a touch of coquettishness about them.

"Where is the commune?" I asked them. And smiling archly at my ignorance, one of the girls replied with a touch of pride, "Why, the commune is everywhere round about here."

They went to call the chairman of the communal soviet-comrade Ratiouk, a man with a sunburnt, thin, energetic face. He approached us, limping. "I injured my leg through inexperience," he explained, "when trying to help my comrades wipe the lime off the floors after white washing the house. But the lime turned into my leg and now I can't succeed in curing it."

His simple, artless tale gave us in a second a glimpse of the work in the commune: here is the chairman of the communal soviet (a sort of manager) who scrubs the floors together with his comrades in order to give the dining-room a bright, cosy aspect.

At the gates are the liens, on the front of the house the Golytine coat-of-arms. On the upper floor of the "Manor" house a theatre and stage have been erected; common wooden benches and simple stage scenery.

In the room stands antique furniture, the varnish of which had lost its freshness, but there was no evidence of great disorder. In one of the rooms, all the family portraits of the Golytines ancestors are carefully collected in readiness for the museums. Had the communists not taken all this wealth into their hands, it would certainly have perished.

On the lower floor, the floors are pulled up; the chairman of the soviet said with conviction "Let us only get the field work off our hands then we shall set to work here. I have already got parquet for the floor, we shall renew the plaster, white-wash, paint, so then whole commune will come to live here, — we shall do everything with our own hands" ... And I feel his are not more empty words, but that he will do as he says.

The commune was formed only lately. It comprises several families, out for the most part the youths from the Bobruisk Artillery Stores (Aplouga). Many of them are refugees from the western provinces who are acquainted with the new improved systems of management. When they began to organize the commune, everything was in a state of depolation. More than 20 Oldenburg cows could hardly drag themselves along for want of fodder, and gave not more than two or three pounds of milk.

Now, on the outskirts of the forest, those cows fine and healthy are grazing and give on the average 20 to 30 pounds of milk each.

At the beginning, the villagers were somewhat hostile and derisive, saying: "You've got a rich building, plenty of land, a good forest, orchards, cows, sheep, pigs, chicken, geese—how are you going to manage it all? You will eat everything up, and when spring comes, you will run away from work" ... But the spring came, and the prophesy of the peasants did not come true. The commune did not run away; on the contrary: it became stronger. Easter came; they discussed how best to spend the holiday and finally agreed to join forces and store wood.

I asked if the comrades did not grumble; did you not overdo it? One must rest a little, have some change and amusement.

"But we do take a change when possible. No one grumbled

at having to work at Easter, everyone admitted it was to be done. You see, there are 17 communists among us, the rest are sympathisers of the party.

I remembered that com. Mitrophanov told me of another commune — "The Organizer", where, seeing how the work made such progress, the local peasants whispered among each other that the devil himself helped the commune for having taken off their crosses.

But devil or not, the work prospered favourably. They sowed a huge field with oats and clover, also beetroots and 100 poods of buckwheat. But best of all where the potatoes. The department of Agriculture promised to give them potatoes seed, but did not fulfill their promise. Sowing-time neared its end, but the 400 cart-loads promised by the Kalouga government had not yet arrived. As if they had foreseen this, the commune saved their potatoes ration, collecting over 100 poods for sowing-time. And here they are, returning from the field where they have been harrowing, so happy and friendly. Com. Ratiouk introduces me; one of the members of the communal council slyly points to 13 dessjatines of rye, sown by the late overseer of Gelytsine's estate since last autumn: "thanks for such sowing", he said ironically, "we can do it better, our rye will not look like that."

Of course not: I only had to look at their work, listen to these lads and lasses singing merrily, to understand that they would till and manure the land, harrow it over and over again and do all on earth to make a good harvest. In the vegetable gardens the work is infallible. They are planting onions. There is a water piping not quite in order, it needs repair, but there is no one to do it. Almost all the agricultural machines are out of order, many are broken, but they hope to be able to repair them soon. After the sowing, they are going to put the hot-houses in order, where plums and peaches are in full bloom, nothing will be allowed to perish: everything will be put straight.

The women leave us, to go and milk the cows: water is laid on in the cow sheds which are kept very clean. The quantity of milk every cow gives is weighed and the amount recorded in order to follow up the work of each milk-maid and follow the improvement in the supply. Young girls help with the calves, feed them with new milk. The commune now supplies the town with three poods of milk daily. There will also be a children's colony which the commune will also supply with milk.

"Time for supper says one comrade, and we enter the common diningroom. On the way we are attracted by a tall, barefooted figure with a high forehead: this is the cultivator of wood, formerly a man of science. Fate led him to the commune and he now dreams of building an apiary in the lime thicket. The communes have already obtained beehives.

The clean supper table is as plates on it, two dishes of cut bread. We eat salad with radishes and cream and sour milk with bread, the women serving and refilling our plates. The children partake of the meal with us. What nice, friendly, large new family this commune.

Now it gets time to be off, preparing for home. On the way, comrade Ratiouk tells of their educational work and how the peasants are completely changing their attitude towards them. He and the other communards dream of justifying the expenditure made by the state this year, and in future they will have their own cloth from their own sheep for homeweaving in short, they will have everything they want by their own labour, and the surplus will be given to their comrades at the loom.

Assistance must be given them and it is not difficult to assist such communards. They live in friendship. Each one fulfills the work appointed him by the council of the commune, after it has been preliminarily discussed and agreed to at a general meeting. When mobilization was declared, they immediately have brave communists for the east front.

We drive through the village in the direction of Kolouga amidst the silence of night. And from out of the stillness, the deep sighs of our driver — a peasant — are borne to our ears, saying with conviction: "Yes, it is only a fool who would not go to such communes."

A late journeyman, Oginsky by name, stands at the head of the labouring commune "Red Town" and executed his work efficiently. But the organizer of another commune in the Trotzky volost, Kalouga ned, com. Dolgov, is not less original. Com. Ratiouk has told me that during the day he works as a journeyman on the estate and in the evening prepares himself for the examination as a cultivator of forests. Com. Dolgov is a local peasant, joiner and sailor on war service. Together with several other comrades, he organized the labouring commune which was afterwards called "The Organizer". I think it deserves its title, for it organizes into one group all the district villagers. In Kalouga and the government of Kalouga, all the streets, squares, volosts and villages have been re-named: near Kalouga there is a village called Verlen, Bebel and Rosa Luxemburg volosts. The Trotzky volost is considered one of the best organized. It is near Kalouga and can better supplied. And here, among a peasantry which is disunited, such establishments as Red Town and Organizer may play an important role.

Com. Mitrofanov exchanging opinions with me with regard to the revenue of the communes and soviet estates was right in saying that the groups could not be expected to realise all the expenses made by them in the first year. The only thing one can demand of them is efficient organisation to ensure success in the following years, and not to allow the valuable plant of the estates to perish and become dilapidated.

This task the "Organizer" has already carried out. Towards the end of 1917, the Janovsky estate occupied by the commune, was of comparatively small cultivation value. During the war and the first revolution, it fell into decay. The owner, as if foreseeing the end, made no repairs. The hot-beds were destroyed, the railfence rotted, the court yard filled with dirt. The communards received good land, a handsome old birch grove leading to the house, a good forest and bad garden. This garden has to be rooted up, as on such a low lying spot it will never be possible to make a good garden. The buildings remain whole, there were few cattle, but there were sufficient agricultural machines. Amongst the communists there are several families: the principle of communal life is strictly adhered to, but this does not cause any misunderstanding between the communists with or without families. Ploughing and sowing is done with united forces in spite of scarcity of horses.

And when side by side with these model fields and meadows is seen the narrow, badly-laid rows of peasant sowing, it becomes clear that the "Organizer" will be victorious, the one fine day, perhaps in a year or two, the peasants will gather together and organize a commune, unite these strips of land into one field and till it together. The Organizer does everything in its power to help the villagers towards this. Next to the ploughed land of the commune stretches the land of the peasants and the difference is already noticeable. The Organizer organizes meetings for the villagers and discusses the question of the new order. In reality the victory is with us, although the peasants do not form communes for themselves (there are some however who have done so), they have ceased being hostile towards us. The communes deprive them of nothing, on the contrary, they give them something.

The peasants readily organize co-operative arts. Several of those however are merely fictitious, as when seeds were distributed in these arts: the cunning moujiks thought to themselves: why should we not get seeds first? Everything was in order for the formation of the arts, and after having received the seeds, they divided them, and each peasants took to sowing his own strip of land. But this does not exist everywhere. There are many firmly established labouring arts. We are only at the beginning of the immense process of construction. We must be more thoughtful, more observant, pay more attention to the smaller needs of unity, and we shall master the instinct of ownership and build up a life on the basis of unity, collectives and communes.

(Pravda)

E. Yaroslavsky.

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