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TRUTH

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FIVE CENTS

ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO—

"TRUTH"

DULUTH, MINN.

THE DISARMAMENT INTRIGUE

We are familiar with the rules of War under which the Allies are collecting a huge indemnity from beaten Germany. But the American people realize that unless they take active steps to prevent it, victorious America may soon be paying a similar tribute to the Allies whom she rescued from overwhelming disaster at the most critical period in their history?

The machinery designed to bring this about is already in motion, and it is high time to tell the truth about the Disarmament Conference, in which the people as a whole are vitally concerned, and to determine what instructions the American people desire given to Messrs. Lodge, Hughes, Root, and Underwood, whom President Harding has appointed as their official representatives.

Called for the purpose of bringing about Disarmament and World peace, and forced upon a reluctant and unsympathetic Administration in response to popular sentiment, the Conference is fast being transformed into a sordid effort to further the interests of the international banking syndicate at the expense of our already overburdened taxpayers.

How is this being accomplished? The situation is clear—the process is simple.

The European nations owe America billions of dollars extracted from American taxpayers under stress of war, on which they have never paid one dollar either of interest or principal.

The English, French, Belgian and Italian delegates frankly admit that they are seeking to utilize this occasion to obtain a release from their debts.

Realizing that the public discussion of this subject before the Disarmament Conference would arouse a whirlwind of indignation, President Harding announces that he is opposed to any such course, but demands that Congress without delay specifically confer upon Secretary Mellon full power to privately settle these obligations upon any terms he may deem advisable. And Secretary Mellon has personally appeared before the Ways and Means Committee demanding immediate action.

Coinciding with this demand comes a suggestion from the Banking Group (to which Secretary Mellon formerly belonged) that a concurrent conference with the European delegates be held, while the Disarmament Conference is in session, to adjust the financial situation.

Every angle of the situation bristles with deceit and secret diplomacy, — every indication points to a betrayal of the just demands of the American public who "paid until it hurt" to assist our Allies in their extremity and are now in imminent danger of being told that the money they generously loaned to England, France, Italy, and Belgium in good faith will never be returned, and that for years to come they will be taxed to make up these vast sums, which the European nations with an almost unbelievable affrontery are now seeking to repudiate.

And it is proposed to bring this about through a separate secret conference, under carte blanche authority, in which the American people will have no voice and of whose decision they will know nothing until too late.

—J. A. HOPKINS.

RADICALISM AND REVOLUTION

By M. DE WAL.

(The man without a country.)

The kept Press and its writers, to secure themselves in the good graces of their masters, have so besmirched and misrepresented these two words, so as to embue the general public with an absolutely erroneous impression as to their true meaning, incidentally also to vilify all progressives or liberals, not to mention radicals, in the different workingmen's organizations.

We will endeavor to enlighten those still laboring under this delusion.

Radicalism, according to standard dictionaries, derived from the word Radical, meaning: pertaining to the root, original, thorough going. It mentions nothing about bombs, arson, murder or rape. The latter must then be pure invention by those penpushers to beguile the people into the belief that to be a Radical on must endorse one or all of the above mentioned. The reverse is just the truth as the true meaning of the word denotes.

A Radical is an original through going man or woman who is not satisfied with superficialities but goes to the root of all things; in fact a perfectly natural human being. Pertaining to the root is the fundamental meaning of the word and the most appropriate. The working class are the root and basis of present day society. On their productivity rests the whole structure of society of which in turn they are part and parcel. It is but natural that they should be radical under prevailing conditions. If they are not then it is proof that the present civilization tends too far away from nature. That they are original and thorough going, at least in productivity, is a forgone conclusion.

Were they not, Society could not have continued on the basis it did for such a long time.

The peculiar contradiction to the whole is: That if the working people are ready Natural, that is, Radical, they are persecuted by the unnatural. In fact, these days, it is dangerous to be safe. No wonder Bernard Shaw wrote: "This world seems to be the crazy asylum for the rest of the planets."

These gentry also ascribe to the world Revolution several strange and bizarre meanings all hitched to bombs, and the like.

Yet is added to it, a penpicture is drawn of a longhaired wild-eyed creature with bombs hidden about his person, knives stick into his belt and for good measure a few phials of poison gas, not forgetting a poison powder or two for himself in case of emergency, always ready to bomb, knife asphyxiate or poison and sunder all on the slightest protest.

These pipe-dreamers are wasting their time missing their real creation. They ought to have continued their worth in writing Deadwood-Dick stories and the like to divert the younger generation and thoroughly teach them the ways of civilization.

To arrive at the truth we will again resort to the dictionary. Revolution means, rotation, turn, circuit, a radical change.

The world for instance makes a complete revolution once every 365 days. It seems perfectly natural and perforce satisfies all humanity. In fact this complete revolution is a scientific necessity. We could not inhabit this planet without it.

The two words radical and revolutionist are closely related interwoven in meaning as well as in actuality. A Revolutionist is a perfectly natural person, who talks of revolution in a natural way. The same as would any professor of astronomy.

Will somebody please inform us what is wrong with being natural or radical, if it pleases better?

Is it not better to be a radical or revolutionist than to be walking the streets as a hungry dollar or question mark, with no purpose in view above that of continued wageslavery and intermittent starvation? Surely yes, be Natural then!

COURT OF APPEALS UPHOLDS VERDICT AGAINST J. O. BENTALL

EDITOR OF TRUTH MUST SERVE 2 YEARS IN LEAVENWORTH FOR SPEECH DELIVERED FOUR YEARS AGO.

A letter from the Clerk of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals has just reached the attorneys for J. O. Bentall in the case that was started against him over four years ago, advising that he must surrender himself within thirty days to serve out a sentence of two years in prison at Leavenworth, Kansas.

The letter is as follows:

"J. O. Bentall,
"Duluth, Minn.

"Dear Sir:

"We have just received a letter from the Clerk of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals to the effect that the judgment and sentence of the District Court was affirmed and the defendant directed to surrender himself within thirty days from and after the filing of the mandate of the Circuit Court in the District Court. The clerk will notify us when the mandate is filed and we will notify you immediately on receiving such notice.

"Latimer & Latimer, Attorneys."
This is the outcome of a case brought against Bentall for a speech delivered at Hutchinson, Minn., July 31st, 1917, to a crowd assembled in the park numbering upwards of ten thousand people.

A request was made that Bentall speak and explain the matter of a petition to be made to congress asking for the repeal of the Draft Act that provided for drafting American soldiers against their will to fight overseas. The speaker introduced the lecture with an explanation of the causes of all wars and showed that as long as the private owners of the industries are in power there will arise conditions

that lead them to open conflict and that these wars are always fought by the workers for the masters. That the Kaiser and the German Junkers were in the war for the profit it would bring to the great interests and that the interests of the other countries had entered to rake in more profits for themselves at the expense of the masses.

He then explained the only way the drafted soldiers could get out of the service overseas, which was to petition congress to repeal the Draft Act. He stated specifically that the act was a law and that the government would enforce obedience and make the boys go to war unless this act was repealed. There was no quibbling about that. No one would be foolish enough to think that there could be any successful resistance by the drafted soldiers.

A few days later Bentall was arrested and taken from the harvest field 70 miles West of Minneapolis, and lodged in the County Jail in Minneapolis. An indictment was later voted by the federal grand jury and the case tried before Judge Morris.

The patriot witnesses swore that Bentall had said the boys didn't need to go, but persistently omitted to add the condition of the repeal of the draft act by congress which Bentall pointed out. On this omission by the government witnesses the government hung its case and the jury, picked as usual by the prosecution, returned a verdict of guilty. Judge Morris sentenced Bentall to 5 years in the federal prison.

The case was appealed. The Court of Appeals reversed Judge Morris. In any ordinary case this would have been the end of it.

In the meantime Bentall served a year in the Crow Wing County Jail on a trumped-up charge of having aided a young man in evading the draft. A case as rotten as was ever pulled over by a war mad court.

On having finished the year in jail, Bentall was tried again on the first charge, promptly found guilty and this time given two years instead of five for the same offense.

The case was appealed and has been hanging fire till now, when the lower court is sustained.

An appeal will be taken to the Supreme Court. But there is little hope that the Supreme Court will hear the case. It refused to hear the I. W. W. case and may turn this one down also.

It is now four years and three months since the speech for which Bentall must now go to prison was given. In the meantime every word that was spoken at the meeting has been supported by events. No decent man will deny that this war was the rawest that has ever been pulled across by a profit mad gang of brigands. It upset the peace of all the world and plunged civilization into the abyss of despair. And still the government keeps hundreds of war objectors in prison and is sending others to join them.

Only an awakened working class will be able to put a stop to the infamy perpetrated by the insane and bloodthirsty tyrants that are now in power.

THE KIND OF MEN THIS GOVERNMENT KILLS

By EUGENE LYONS.

To realize the full horror of the Sacco-Vanzetti verdict you must meet the men. They grip your hand as comrades and look squarely into your eyes and talk sanely, penetratingly, of the dreams closest to your heart. Idealism has a contagious element which is re-enforced by the contrast of an ugly prison. The words of men awaiting death by electrocution have an almost oracular sound.

By no stretch of imagination can you at such a time think of them in connection with a hideous robbery and murder, sordid in its brutality, its uselessness. Men have been known to sacrifice even their sense of humanity upon the altar of some cause which for them transcended human life. Brutus found it easier to throw himself upon a dagger than to plunge one into another's body. The Russian terrorists under the old regime were actuated by a hope by the side of which everything else, including assassination, counted as nothing.

But the murder at Braintree on April 15, 1920, was an ordinary, cold-blooded atrocity. For its perpetrators there can be no excuse. They are criminals of unequivocal dye. To place the condemned Italians in such a category is an impossible mental feat; although a simple enough physical feat, as the Massachusetts authorities have demonstrated.

A consideration, which many—namely twelve Norfolk County jurors—have overlooked completely is that the crime fastened upon Sacco and Vanzetti was expertly planned and expertly executed. It was not amateur work. Who but a gang of trained robbers would plan an audacious attack upon heavily armed payroll guards in broad daylight? And who but a trained bandit crew could carry out those plans with scores of people looking on, without so much as the precaution of a mask, killing the guards when they resisted, evading the police in a sensational automobile chase?

It is inconceivable that two whose gravest breach of the law was to

run away from the draft because they hated war and killing should have had a hand in a cold-blooded professional "job" of that kind.

Both of the imprisoned men are hard-working, big-hearted fellows. Sacco's employer himself took the stand during the trial and testified to his fine craftsmanship as an edge-trimmer in the shoe factory and to his reputation as an honest, respected worker. For many months Sacco was watchman of the factory, with many times the amount which the robbery netted its perpetrators under his personal care. His family life was unique in its peace and beauty. His interests ran to economics and literature. Among the Italians in the New England towns he was looked up to as a community leader. Among the workers in the shoe factories he was regarded as a fearless spokesman.

Vanzetti's life in America is typical of the industrious foreigner, because of the deep strain of philosophy and fervent social awareness in his psychological make-up, however, his life has been more emphatic than most. The present climax is proof enough. Ten years he worked at odd trades, ranging from cook to ditch-digger. He subsisted on miserable wages, tasting the dregs of poverty and loneliness. But through it all he continued to dream and scheme a better world for men to live in. Black-listed in the mill as a result of his prominence in the Plymouth Cordage strike, impaired in health by his many privations, he took to peddling fish in the Italian colony. His customers grew to love and admire him. The flocked to the court-room during the trial to testify to his excellent character.

Only the stomach of a boy on Nick Carter can digest the story that such men, one day decided, for no particular reason, to turn desperadoes, to rob, to kill. Only a jury to whom the term "radical" and "labor agitator" are synonymous with "criminal" can believe that such men killed two workers for a handful of coins.

Highway robbery on a bright afternoon and in the streets of a

busy little town calls for an immense store of cold courage and "professional training". It is as specialized an undertaking as dentistry or surgery. Even granting, for the sake of driving home this point, that the "red" by the very fact of his "redness" is capable of undertaking such blood-curdling crimes, is it likely that utter novices in such a dangerous game would have gone through with it successfully as the guilty persons did? No one has been bold enough among the enemies of Sacco and Vanzetti to accuse them of a "criminal record," aside from their transgressions in conducting labor struggles.

The South Braintree robbery, and more particularly the get-away, had all the earmarks of expert work. It was in that respect similar to other daring hold-ups in New England since the end of the war. In point of fact it was the gathering threat of frequent robberies, especially payroll robberies, that made the police so keen for a few arrests in self-justification. What is more, the favorite form of hold-up in these rich New England manufacturing towns, attacks upon payroll carriers, is still going on. There is every reason to suppose that if not actually conducted by the same group of criminals, these various robberies are at least creditable to the same type of men. Every now and then the police succeeds in making a haul, and of course the apprehended men never have anything in common with Sacco and Vanzetti; they neither know nor care about those soul-stirring hopes for a more equitable social arrangement which are the inspiration of the condemned men's lives.

Only a few weeks ago a bandit outfit in Rhode Island set a trap for payroll guards and themselves were caught in another set by the police. Half a dozen desperadoes were arrested, and riot guns were used to do it. These gunmen happen to be Italians, but right there the resemblance to Sacco and Vanzetti ends with emphatic abrupt-

(Continued on page 3)

ONE OF UNCLE SAM'S INSTITUTIONS

Among the more or less interesting institutions to be found in the domain of this glorious country is that of hobodom.

Like all other institutions, that of the hobo issues a magazine telling the waiting public what progress it is making and the experiences of the populace that compose the hobo tribe.

"The Hobo Tribe". That was a slip of the typewriter — almost. For the hobo is rapidly developing from the narrow confines of the tribe to the more respectable proportions of a nation. The rest of the people will soon come within the category of a tribe. A sort of free trade, so to speak.

It is necessary for the readers of TRUTH to know all things — among them the life of the hobo. It is mighty important to get a glimpse of the future state in which many of the dignified workers will find themselves. So you will enjoy reading about your coming pleasures which are partly described in the following article taken from the last issue of "Hobo News."

Fruit glomming in this section of the Northwest starts about May; strawberries in Wood River, Oregon, then the Dalles for cherries, along the Snake River from Lewiston, down through Cove and prunes in Cove and Freewater. Apples, pears, peaches in Yakima Valley, Wenatchee, Hood River and through Oregon and Washington. Choke berries through Salem and Eugene. Starting in May picking lasts right into December.

As there is a long interval between the different fruits, the glommers just make enough to get by, by juggling up and flopping in the open, and seldom, if ever, make a winter stake.

Professional fruit glommers seldom do any rough work; fast picking depends on taking care of the hands.

This year has seen a big exodus of auto tramps into the fruit belt. They are ousting the Hobo stiff as they work cheaper, can cover more territory looking for jobs, being mostly stump ranchers and town workers. They are easier handled by the farmers than the regular stiff.

This year the sentiment against the Wobbi movement among the stiff in this territory is quite noticeable, especially as during the past several years these workers were quite strong for and enthusiastic over that organization.

From La Grande, Oregon, we got into Freewater-Milton for the prune picking job.

Milton went dry a few years ago and a few feet over the town limit a few saloons started up and soon a new town, Freewater, came into existence. The cop here is street cleaner, City Hall janitor, electrician, dog catcher, librarian and camp watchman.

During prune picking a carnival opened up with a pseudo dance hall and booze bottles. Prostitutes and gamblers were as thick as fleas on a dog's back.

In the auto camps here the Hoboes made a jungle; the auto tramps tried to get them ousted, but the city cop sided with the Boes.

From Freewater there was a wait of three weeks after prune picking until the apple knocking started. We hiked to Walla Walla and caught an empty to Pasco. The police in Pasco brought us down and put us on a train for Yakima, which we made next morning. The free Employment Office here had a sign up: "Hop picking, \$1.25 for 100 pounds," and hiring none but Indians. At the packing house the foreman said he had got orders to take on no floaters — home guards only.

Yakima had a bread line. Floaters had to register and were then sent on odd jobs, wood splitting, cellar cleaning, etc. Another official collected 40 cents an hour or thereabouts for their labor and they got a soup lunch for their work. The town workers were supplied with food, cloths, coal, etc., out of the profits made off the floaters' work. As we got in too late for the pear picking, we caught the U. P. to Kennewick after taking in the Moxie Natchez and Trenton Valleys.

At Kennewick we were resting in a corn patch when the farmer's wife tried to put us off. We just kidded her and she came back with her husband. He had a money star and told us he was the city cop, his wife calling him "Mr. Policeman" at every other word. He said: "Don't you know you are trespassing when you cross this fence? You fellows are running around in hundreds lately stealing our foodstuffs and we won't have anything to eat ourselves." We told him: "If you're a regular guy you'd hand us a package; you'd better be careful with that Sears-Roebuck badge. Don't you know it's a crime to impersonate an officer?" He said we guys were getting out of hand. Before the war they never had any trouble with the wage question. "The war put a lot of foolish notions into your heads. You think other people's property is not sacred and now you are telling the farmers what wage they must pay and you know the farmers won't stand for that." So we hiked over the Columbia Bridge into Pasco. The Boes beat up and made a hospital case of a few of the railroad bulls there who were sloughing the boys, so we got into a box car partly filled with coal; she pulled out during the night but it did not make any difference to us where we were headed. By morning we found we were bound for Spokane.

By daybreak, on a siding, we piled out as she started to pull out again. The Con hollered, "All aboard. We might as well make it a passenger." As some started to climb back into the coal car the Con says, "Get out of the sleeping cars now. Pull up front into the observation cars" (gondolas). The Con and Shack made a bet. The Con said there were a hundred Boes on the train; the Shack, who bet there were fifty, went over the train and counted seventy-five!

The fruit pickers are up against the gyppos here too. Some wise floaters make a contract with the farmer to pick his orchard, hard and supvise. These hire pickers at say five cents a box, contract for six cents and make their profits off the pickers instead of the farmers.

Outside Spokane the cops raided the jungles and shot holes in the cooking cans and ordered the bunch out of town, so we pulled out for Wenatchee. As this fruit section is midway between Spokane and Seattle, it was crowded with prospective fruit harvesters; the auto camps full of auto tramps, broke, living on what winfalls they could sequester during the night time.

As we had a ten-day job apple knocking in Freewater, we retraced our steps. We met on the train four partners who had been out of their pay on the last two jobs.

They picked and packed cantaloupes below the Dalles for a gyppo who disappeared without paying them. They found the farmer who owned the patch, but he told them he could do nothing; he did not hire them; they were working for the contractor.

Their next job was picking cherries. The farmer hired twenty for the cherry orchard. As he did not come around after the pickers got through, and as they couldn't find his farmhouse, they hiked to Portland. The fruit buyer told them he had already paid John Farmer. Coming back, they took the north side of the Columbia River and met the farmer with his two sons riding in an auto. They stopped him and demanded their money. He said: "I can't pay you. I just paid my debts in town and it have only \$4 left, so I can't pay you." They have nothing to show for six weeks' work!

Liberal Thought On The Disarmament Conference

The above is the heading to a long editorial in the Chicago Daily News. It is of extreme importance to the workers to understand the attitude of the capitalists on this question. It is for that reason we print the editorial as it appeared:

Something of the anxiety felt by informed liberal opinion throughout the world lest the impending conference at Washington on the limitation of armaments and on grave problems of the Pacific should fall to relieve existing war perils due to international suspicions and misunderstandings is indicated by the contents of two letters, written in confidence, but of which parts may be quoted. Both letters are by leaders of liberal thought, this leadership being exercised through their published writings. One is an Englishman and the other is an American. The letters were written to a friend in Chicago whose opinions respecting the conference were sought by the writers.

The Englishman expresses fear that the Washington conference come to nothing because of complications thought to be mistakenly invited by the American government in setting forth its plans. He writes:

"I do think that the true idea would have been to hold a conference specifically restricted to the Pacific, because that might have led to a genuine reduction in the naval armaments of the world. America, Japan on Great Britain are the only naval powers of any consequence; the Pacific ocean is rapidly becoming one of the principal political regions in the world; and if those who are mainly interested in it could arrive at an agreement on certain broad principles, not only would it be possible to predict an era of fruitful co-operation among them, but we should probably be in sight of a reasonable limitation of our armed fleets.

"President Harding in issuing his invitation seems to me to have paid too little heed to the doctrine that armaments are not ends in them-

selves, but are the off spring of policy; and disarmament could never be achieved apart from fundamental agreement on questions of policy. Hence the importance of an unrestricted round-table discussion in which all three powers could put their cards on the table and from which, if thus frankly conducted, I should confidently expect substantial results. Dragging in France and Italy may only mean a futile and premature attempt to drag America back into the European tangle from which she professes to have just cleared her feet.

"Behind this part of the matter is of course, the Anglo-Japanese alliance. My reason for supporting the renewal of the alliance is, first, that I do not believe that Great Britain would be in a better position to assist China if she were to denounce the alliance than she is at present in partnership with Japan; and, second, because, with international relations in their present state, I foresee that Japan, if she were thrust out of association with the western and more liberal powers, would seek an understanding with Russia and Germany preparatory to an aggressive alliance, which a generation hence would probably lead to a war infinitely more dreadful than the war we have just fought."

The American, who writes from a leading European city, expresses his fears and apprehensions as follows:

"I am much impressed with Secretary Hughes' statesmanship, so far as it has thus far unveiled itself; but it seems a pity that he has to compromise continually between what he really thinks best and the actual possibilities as shaped by the intransigence of our irrecconcilables. The result is that we are tactically badly engaged in the whole business.

"I am convinced that the chief business of the conference at Washington is neither disarmament nor the establishment of an association of nations, but the forcing of a showdown on the far-eastern question. The United States means to try really to establish the open door

and a real independence for China. To accomplish this, we must get both Japan and British out of China. Britain's Asiatic policy is in exact contradiction to our own; in asking Britain to reverse this traditional policy, we shall be asking a great deal, and no man can now foresee the outcome. In some ways, it ought to be easier to get Japan to side with us than Britain; for Japan is so near to China that the establishment of the open door would give Japan a clear field economically, and nobody could really compete; but Britain's China trade, which seems to be able to exist only by means of exclusive concessions, would be ruined. Having in view the end which we have quite properly proposed to ourselves, I personally should have gone about the preparation of the conference in a much less swashbuckling way than that we have actually chosen. However, it is too late now. Britain is sore as a boil, Japan is scared and anxious and France is greatly worried. All realize that this may lead straight into war between ourselves and Japan, for if the conference fails we shall have not disarmament, but armament, and plenty of it.

"On the other hand, it is impossible—without attributing any sinister motives to the British people—to escape the conclusion that a war limited to the United States and Japan, in which Britain would remain neutral and would sell to one or both sides, might not be contrary to Britain's present interests, and might do much to pull it out of its position of economic inferiority. * * * It is clear, of course, that the real struggle is going to be between Japan, Britain and ourselves; France, Italy and the others will be reduced to secondary roles. And if the conference succeeds—as we must all devoutly hope—so that it can really go on to discuss disarmament, I think our whole foreign policy may be expected suddenly to broaden out, and we can take up again the interrupted threads of our international co-operation."

"Let Christianity Knock Itself"

By C. H. CORNELL.

Editor of "Truth".—In your issue of Sept. 30th, 1921, page 4, last column, "Knocking Christianity", the letter from "Fairdale, N. Dak. of Sept. 24th, 1921", appears (name omitted). We wonder at the credulous tendencies of those, brought up under the influences of superstition, in this case "Christianity", is mentioned. Whatever, one can find, to admire and choose, or select, for his "children" to read, in what follows; in preference to what is in this copy of "TRUTH" (or I venture to say any other copy), is incomprehensible to one with a comparatively unswayed mind.

Let us quote some "Christianity" (genuine and unadulterated). "Cursed be he that keepeth back his sword from blood." Jer. chap. 48: verse 10.

"And the brother shall deliver up the brother to death, and the father the child; and the children shall rise up against their parents and cause them to be put to death." Matt. chap. 10: v. 20—21.

"Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, put every man his sword by his side, and go in and out from gate to gate throughout the camp, and slay every man his brother, and every man his companion, and every man his neighbour." Exod. chap. 32: v. 27.

"But of the cities of these people, which the Lord thy God doth give thee for an inheritance, thou shalt save alive nothing that breatheth. But thou shalt utterly destroy them," etc. Deut. 20: v. 16—17.

"Happy shall he be that taketh and dasheth the little ones against the stones." Ps. 137: v. 9. See also Is. 13:16.

Was not God a white-slaver? (Your God, Mr. —?) of Fairdale, N. Dak.? See Numbers 31:40 etc. How about "David"? 2 Sam. 12: 1—9. Also 2 Sam. 12:7—8?

"All scripture is given by inspiration of God." Tim. 3:16.

Now how about Moses? Gods(?) favorite mouthpiece, the founder of the "Mosaic religion"? The "inspired" prophet of God?

"Moses kills a man and hid him in the sand." Ex. 2:11—12.

Well Mr. Editor the parasites who live on the sweat of the workers brow, may have enough of the above exposure of murder; but let us ask the capitalists, who combine with

the churches, if the present unemployment move, after getting a monopoly on all, or nearly all, the necessities of life; is to enhance surplus values (profits) by driving "the believers" in Christianity, from "make-believe", cannibal feasts: (i. e. the so called "Holy Communion," which is nothing more nor less than a perpetuation of the cannibal feasts) to the real article? We believe; some "believers", even, will draw a line and quit "believing", when it comes to this sort of Christianity. Quoting: "The fathers shall eat the sons in the midst of thee and the sons shall eat the fathers." Ezek. 5:10.

"And ye shall eat the flesh of your sons, and the flesh of your daughters shall ye eat." Lev. 26:29.

"Except ye eat the flesh of the son of man and drink his blood, ye have no life in you. John 6:53.

(More cases, if wanted?) Witches: "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live." Ex. 22:18. For more see "The Blue Laws of Conn." or "History of Salem, Mass.", "The Spanish Inquisition" etc.

Children are given a "Santa Clause," an impossible one, who is credited with performing impossibilities, giving Xmas presents (which friends give). When the children grow up, learn of the deception, and at some future time, practice deception to escape a whipping; may not escape, the "romance" (?) fades, then and there. Grown up children (men and women) through the kindness (?) of the "exploiters" of labor, are furnished with a "hand picked" impossible Santa Clause also, named by them "Almighty God," etc., and the "present" in this case, promised; if one is good, and "believes", is a future life in heaven—after death. So this present does not have to be delivered, and is not, says the Holy Bible of Christianity, as we see: "The dead know not anything, neither have they any more reward" etc. Eccl. 9:5—6.

He who goes down to the grave, "shall rise no more." Job 7:9.

"For that which befalleth the sons of men befalleth beasts; even one thing befalleth them; as the one dieth, so dieth the other; yea, they have one breath; so that a man hath no pre-eminence above a beast; for all is vanity.

All go unto one place; all are of the dust, and all return to dust

again." Eccl. 3:19—20.

"God of living, not of the dead." Mark 13:27.

"The reward of Priests same as others." Is. 24:1—2.

"Almighty," and yet, "failed to drive a few people out of valley because they had chariots of iron." Jud. 1:19. (Wonder how one of our present day "Tanks" would look to him?).

"Love of Christ." "But those mine enemies which would not that I should reign over them, bring hither, and slay them before me." Luke 19:27.

"Unless a man hate his own father, mother, wife and children, sister and brother, yea, and his own life; he cannot be my disciple." St. Luke, 14:26.

"Slavery." A man allowed to sell his own daughter, see Exo. 21:1—16. Also Ex. 21:2—8; Lev. 25:44—46, etc. too numerous to mention.

How can any intelligent person prefer such detestable stuff, and worse yet, to be found, in "the Christian Bible." It is beyond comprehension; the use of the mail would be denied one, to copy some of it, and apply for mailing privileges, but the Bible is allowed to be sent by mail.

Religious have been very useful in "exploiting" the people. This country pays about \$1,000,000,000 a year, we are told, to support religion. Add the billions in the churches and church property (exempt from taxation), and our expenditure for useful schools and education, sink into insignificance, whereas it should be foremost.

They make free speech an outlaw in religious meetings, smother and hide the truth, for "superstition and despotism" cannot stand the "TRUTH." Therefore the choice made for his children. So long as we retain a society organized and founded on fraud, deception, superstition and injustice; we need not expect any improvement. The "TRUTH" about Christianity once known, and fully realized: would prove an end of superstition and the exploiting of the working class, and parasites might become useful numbers of society.

Truth; more and more truth, until the light of science and peace shines on our land and no trace of superstition to be found. Long live the "TRUTH"; as long as you print the truth.

THE LEGACY

BY JAMES CONNOLLY.

Commander-in-Chief of the Irish Republican Army

Come here my son, and for a time put up your childish play, Draw nearer to your father's bed, and lay your games away. No sick man's plaint is this of mine, ill-tempered at your noise. No carping at your eagerness to romp with childish toys. Thou'rt but a boy, and I, a man outworn with care and strife, Would not deprive you of one joy thou canst extract from life; But o'er my soul comes creeping on death's shadow and my lips Must give to you a message now ere life meets that eclipse. Slow runs my blood, my nether limbs I feel not, and my eyes Can scarce discern, here in this room that childish form I prize.

Aye, death's grim hand is on my frame, and helpless it lies here, But to my mental vision comes the power of the seer. And time and space are now as nought as with majestic sweep, I feel my mind traverse the land and encompass the deep; Search backward over history's course, or with prophetic view And sounding line of hope and fear, gauge man's great destiny, too. The chasm deep 'twixt life and death, I bridge at last tonight, And with a foot on either side absorb their truth and light, And thus, my son, though reft of strength my limbs slow turn to clay, Fired by this light I call you here to hear my Legacy.

"My Legacy!" Ah, son of mine! Wert thou a rich man's pride, He'd crown thee with his property, possessions far and wide, And golden store to purchase slaves, whose aching brain and limb Would toil to bring you luxury as such had toiled for him. But thy father is a poor man and glancing round you here, Thou canst see all this property—our humble household gear, No will we need by lawyers drawn, no witnesses attest, To guard for you your legacy, your father's last bequest.

"Thy father is a poor man", mark well what that may mean, On the tablets of thy memory that truth write bright and clean, Thy father's lot it was to toil from earliest boyhood on, And know his latent energies for a master's profit drawn; Or else, ill-starred, to wander round and huster-like to vend His precious store of brain and brawn to all whom fate may send Across his path with gold enough to purchase Labor's power, To turn it into gold again, and fructify the hour With sweat and blood of toiling slaves unto us my son; Aye, through our veins since the earliest days, 'tis poor man's blood has run.

Yes son of mine, since History's dawn two classes stand revealed, The Rich and Poor, in bitterest war by deadliest hatred steeled, The one, incarnate greed and crime disdaining honest toil Had grasped man's common birthright and treasure house, the soil. And standing 'twixt their fellow men and all that earth could give, Had bade them render tribute if they would hope to live. And building crime on top of crime had pushed their conquests on, Till, arbiters of life and death, they stood with weapons drawn And blades athirst to drink the blood, on land and over sea, Of him who dared for human right to stem his tyranny. They held our lands, our bodies ruled, and strove to rule the mind, And Hell itself could not surpass their evil to mankind, And all who strove for human rights to break their cursed yoke—The noblest of our race, my child—went down beneath their stroke And over all earth's sweetest spots, in nature's loveliest haunt, Each built his fort or castle grim the poor of earth to daunt.

And issuing forth from walls of stone, high over cliff and pass, With sword in hand would gather in the tribute for his class. And grimmest emblems of their rule flaunting to human ken, The pit to drown our women, the gibbet for our men. Stood, aye, beside their fortresses; and underneath the moat Tier upon tier of noisome cells for those the tyrant smote. Thumbscrew and rack and branding rod, and each device of Hell Perverted genius could devise to torture men to sell (For brief respite from anguish dire to end their wretched lives) The secrets of their comradeship, the honor of their wives.

As fabled as the tree of old, by ancient poets sung, Consumed with blight each living thing that 'neath its branches sprang;

The rich man's power o'er all the earth had spread its baleful blight, Respecting neither age nor sex to save it lust for might. It stole the harvest from the field, the product from the loom, Struck down the old man in his age, the young man in his bloom, It robbed the carrier on the road, the sailor on the tide, And from the bridegroom of an hour it took the new-made bride. Such crime it wrought—not Hell itself and its Satanic school Could fashion crimes to equal those wrought by the rich man's rule, And robbery is robbery yet, though cloaked in gentler name. Our means of life are still usurped, the rich man still is lord, And prayers and cries for justice still meet one reply—the sword! Though hypocrites for rich men's gold may tell us we are free, And oft extol in speech and print our vaunted liberty. But freedom lies not in a name he who lacks for bread, Must have that bread tho' he should give his soul for it instead. And we, who live by Labor, know that while they rule we must Sell Freedom, brain, and limb to win for us and ours a crust.

The robbers made our fathers slaves, then chained them to the soil For a little longer chain—a wage—we must exchange our toil. But open force gives way to fraud, and force again behind. Prepares to strike if fraud should fail to keep man deaf and blind. Our mothers see their children's limbs they fondled as they grew, And doted on, caught up to make for rich men profits new. Whilst strong men die for lack of work, and cries of misery swell, And women's souls in cieies creep shuddering to hell. These things belong not to the past, but to the present day, And they shall last till in our wrath we sweep them all away.

"We sweep them!" Ah, too, well I know my work on earth is done, E'n as I speak my chilling blood tells me my race is run. But you, my last born child, take now the legacy I give, And do as did your fathers whilst he yet was spared to live. Treasure ye in your heart this legacy of hate, For those who on the poor man's back have climbed to high estate, The lords of land and capital, the slave lords of our age, Who of this smiling earth of ours have made for us a cage. Where golden bars fetter men's souls, and noble thoughts do flame To burn us with their vain desires, and virtue yields to shame. Each is your foe, foe of your class, of human rights, the foe, Be it your thought by day and night to work their overthrow; And howsoever you earn your wage, and wheresoever you go, Be it beneath the tropic heat or mid the northern snow, Or closely pent in factory walls or burrowing in the mine, Or scorching in the furnace hell of steamers 'cross the brine, Or on the railroad's shining track you guide the flying wheel, Or clambering up on buildings high to weld their frames of steel, Or use the needle or the type, the hammer or the pen, Have you one thought, one speech alone to all your fellow-men. The men and women of your class, tell them their wrongs and yours; Plant in their hearts that hatred deep that suffers and endures, And treasuring up each deed of wrong, each scornful word and look, Inscribe it in the memory, as others in a book. And wait and watch through toiling years the ripening of time, Yet deem to strike before that hour were worse than folly—crime.

This be your task, oh, son of mine, the rich man's hate to brave, And consecrate your noblest part to rouse each fellow-slave To speed the day the world awaits when Labor long oppress Shall rise and strike from Freedom true, and from the tyrants wrest The power they have abused so long. Oh, ever-glorious deed! The crowningpoint of history, yet, child, of bitterest need.

Ah, woe is me, thy father's eyes shall not behold that day. I faint and die: child, hold my hand— Keep—thou—my—Leg-a-cy!

BIG OPPORTUNITY SALE

---We Want To Tell The Town that Here's a Sale that Is a Sale---
---This Is How We Can Do It---

We purchased the entire stock of Nick Christoffer formerly at First Ave. East and also saved thousand dollars worth of merchandise from the Western Sales Company at—

40c ON THE DOLLAR!

We're going to give the people the benefit of these lucky purchases at this sale. These purchases consist of mens and boys winter clothing-suits, overcoats, shoes, shirts, underwear, hats, caps, socks, gloves, mittens, mackinaws etc. — We know that a lot of workmen will appreciate our efforts to serve them. This is the big opportunity for you to buy needed thing for the winter at real bargain prices. A real honest-to-goodness sale such as Duluth has not had for a long long time. — REMEMBER THE PLACE.

A. Y. LITMAN,

"The Store Where the Working Men Trade"

1831 West Superior Street, Duluth

AS ALWAYS

By GALLINA GALLIO

The present social system is on the verge of international collapse. Right here in the land of the free and the home of the brave the people are starving. Thousand of workers are walking the streets jobless and penniless. Thousands of children are growing up to be thin sickly and undeveloped men and women, because of poor living conditions and under nourishment.

But, on the other hand, we find the "masters" are living as well as ever and in most cases, better. We know that during the war the millionaire population has been increased 17,000 besides an addition of many multi-millionaires.

When we voice our discontent the plutes say, "the war is responsible for all these things."

Sure, that's it, blame the war, fellows, and lay down your heads and die. They don't want you any more anyway, and besides you're getting too wise. There's the new generation to make up an army for the next war!

We would expect that in these hard times the rich would be more conservative. No! not in the least. They are content to let us poor fools starve. They have the money and they are going to spend it. For example: The Chicago Herald and Examiner gives a full page story about a certain "Miss Neville" who bought a Pekinese puppy for \$250 besides spending a good sum for the dog's care, etc. But the miserable pampered little cur, was possessed of a bad disease and while undergoing treatment—he died! A skilled veterinary surgeon was called who performed an autopsy such as is held to determine the cause of death of (some) human beings. The verdict disclosed the fact that the dog had been placed in a pen with two other dogs and had in some way been hurt so as to cause death.

The sorrowing (!) mistress has now filed suit for \$10,000 for the loss of the dog's life and love!

Naturally, the courts are giving a great deal of thought to this case, while Miss Neville is getting a lot of publicity. The "big" question is: What is the love and life of a dog worth?

Yes, what is the worth of a dog, a tiny pup who has never been of any use to people, who is only raised for the sole purpose of being sold at a high price as a pet? Why is it that the rich are so generous with their money, while the poor are dying from starvation??

Why are we discontented and radical?

School-Book Trust Robs Poor Worker

A year ago last spring I sent my two oldest girls to Junior High School when they brought home a list for different books and a list for an athletic outfit. I expended about \$25 that time besides providing my other three children with books. Last fall I bought additional new books.

We moved outside the city limits this spring and I thought my book troubles were ended but when I sent the children to the school nearby they sent me another list, so I dug down into my jeans and spent another \$25.

This fall at the beginning of school I said, "Wife, we will not have to buy books this time, since all our kiddies are in the same grades they were when they left school". But to my amazement the children came home saying that the books they had mere no longer to be used and presented a list amounting to \$30. I made inquiries about changing the books, of the township trustee. He informed me that the school books are changed every 5th year, accordingly to the law.

Upon making an investigation of prices at the book store I learned that the prices had been increased 15 to 20 per cent. There is only one book store in our town where school books can be secured but this store is under the management of our big school book trust, which accounts for itself as it did this fall.

I can endure being robbed to a certain point, I must endure being ostracized from society. But it gets my "goat" when the kiddies come home with a card marked poor because they lack a certain book. It kills their little ambition, and blights them for life.

How would the book trust magnate feel, if their children were treated that way?

—Percy Waterer.

Peace Increases England's War Cost

London. — "We are spending for the current financial year on the army, navy and air force, 207,794,000 pound", writes E. D. Morel, editor, Foreign Affairs. "We can only spare 20,000 pound to patch up slum property in the whole of Scotland, but we can spare \$24,960,000 upon the military occupation of Mesopotamia. We have cut down a building program recognized as indispensable by about one-half, but we are presenting a dove of peace to the Washington conference in the shape of four new dreadnoughts, whose initial cost is to be from eight to ten million pounds apiece (a pound equals \$3.75, present exchange)."

"In the ten years before the great war we spent 684,000,000 pounds on armaments, which we would ensure peace. The result was war, and our national debt stands today at 8,000,000,000 pounds. We have added a million square miles to our empire, and added two millions to our unemployed as the result of it. Today we are spending four times more on armaments than we were in 1913."

RECOGNITION

By SCOTT NEARING

The police of Japan must be a happy lot! Neither subterfuge nor concealment are imposed upon them after they have participated in a demonstration against striking workmen. On the contrary, they are publicly commended and duly compensated for their pains.

The Japan Chronicle of September devotes some space to the recent labor troubles at Kobe. The article is concluded with the following paragraph:

Gratuity to the Police

The Prefectural Council has con-

sidered a proposal to distribute 111,945 yen among the police for their work during the recent labor disputes in Kobe. The average sum of money to be granted is 50 yen. A few members opposed this in view of the severe criticism which is now being made in some quarters on the doings of the police during the recent trouble, and urged reducing the grants, if they must be given at all. The governor was, however, very emphatic in his contention that it was not proper for this sum to be reduced. The opposition was finally overruled and the proposal was approved.

Here, in the United States, the police must be more circumspect. When the New York officials help to break strikes they are given an inside tip on stock deals or helped in some other indirect way, and when the facts of such transactions come to light there is talk of 'grat' and 'corruption'. How the American police must envy the public recognition accorded to their confreres by the grateful rulers of Japan!

Greasy Press Wants Tar And Feathers

Los Angeles, Cal. — The Oil Age, a magazine published in this city, incites to violence in the following words: "If it were not for the fact that tar and feathers are quite plentiful commodities in some of the mid-continent and Gulf fields, there is a possibility that there might be a union and some well-paid leaders among the oil workers of those districts. Apparently California is one of the few, if not the only State in the Union, where there was a shortage of tar and feathers." The oil companies whose organ The Oil Age is, are, of course, the same ones who have been putting up a big howl about the strikers' armed deputies who, without bloodshed, have made this the quietest strike in American industrial history.

The Fall Of Bill

By NELS ANDERSON.

"No you can't! Why don't you go to work? If you bums'd spend as much time looking for a job as you do for something to eat, you'd be better off."

And the door slammed in the face of the party of the second part.

The party of the second part was Bill. He had just finished a speech, which began, "Madam, will you please?"—and Madam pleased, but she pleased to lecture. She didn't please to hear his story, nor did Bill essay to tell it, for it would have gone over her head. So Bill walked away.

He walked out to the street and stopped. He looked up and down the street as if to determine which way to go, then turned to his left and walked perhaps a hundred yards. He was in the small residence district. On his left was an estate of some prosperous man. It was surrounded by a high hedge. On his right was a strip of lawn, then curb and then the street.

Bill crossed to the curb, sat down and hung his feet in the gutter. This was a quiet street; few people passed, so he would not attract much attention. Bill wanted to think. Bill wanted to think; at least he thought he did, but once seated he found himself in a mood that would not tolerate much mind action. So he gave up the attempt and just stared at the ground.

Down the street to his right some children played. The sounds of their merriment penetrated the shell Bill had drawn about him. Bill loved children and he thought how grateful he was that he had none. To be out of money and work was bad but it would be unbearable if he were married. Bill quit his last job so the sociologist would say he was unstable. There was a lay-off pending and Bill was safe. He was one of the oldest men on the job. But Bill quit.

Bill and Jim had been friends for years. They were friends before the war and they had soldiered together in France. Bill quit in Jim's favor. Jim had two youngsters.

That was only a passing thought. Bill shut out the world once more. A car whirled by. It was a "Denise" and so more thoughts. Bill had worked in the "Denise" factory. They had told him to come back as soon as business picked up. He took a week's vacation, but business did not pick up. At the end of a month his clothes began to look shabby and he was ashamed to meet his friends who were working. The factory laid off some more men and among them his friend Jim. Bill left town.

Since then he had travelled more than a thousand miles and he asked for work a thousand times. At first he paid his fare; but at last his money got low, so he rode freights and saved his money to eat on. He was broke and had been broke for two days.

He looked at his shoes; they were about finished. His pants were threadbare and torn in several places and his coat was torn, too. He had been chased by the railroad bulls back in Iowa. His hands and face were clean; so was his shirt, but his other clothes looked bad. How could he expect work in such a garb when he had failed in good clothes? What's the use of thinking about it? So Bill drooped his head and the world was again shut out.

Something touched his knees. A dog! Bill looked him over. He surveyed Bill. Bill saw in his eye a wistful pleading and his hand was striking the animal's head before he was aware. He felt a lump come into his throat and his eyes dimmed, but that was quickly stopped. Bill wasn't sentimental.

"Yes, dog. I understand. I'm in the same fix."

The dog wagged his appreciation and Bill's spirits took a new lease on life. He sprang to his feet, for here was a friend and one he could depend on.

"I'll tell you, dog. I've done my best and now I'm going to eat. I've got some matches and I can cook green corn and potatoes. If you can eat potatoes, let's go to the country and feed."

So Bill and his shaggy friend started for the country.

Now you know where "hoboes" and tramps come from.

THE KIND OF MEN THIS GOVERNMENT KILLS

(Continued from page 1.)

ness. The Rhode Island payroll robbers are out-and-out criminals whose only ideal is booty. How much of the following, excerpted from the autobiographical notes written by Vanzetti for his friends, would endear him to the hearts of those arrested payroll bandits into whose class the State of Massachusetts insists upon putting him?

"Arrived in America, I underwent all the sufferings, the disillusion, the privations that come inevitably to one who lands at the age of twenty, ignorant of life and something of a dreamer. Here I saw all the brutalities of life, all the injustice, the corruption in which humanity struggles tragically.

"But despite everything I succeeded in fortifying myself physically and intellectually. Here I studied the works of Peter Kropotkin, Gorki, Merlino, Malatesta, Reclus. I read Marx's 'Capital', and the works of Leone di Labriola, the political 'Testament' of Carlo Pisacane, Mazzini's 'Duties of Man', and many other writings of social import. Here I read the journals of every socialist, patriotic and religious faction. Here I studied the Bible, the 'Life of Jesus' by Renan, and 'Jesus Christ Has Never Existed' by Miseslo. Here I read Greek and Roman history, and the history of these United States, of the French Revolution and of the Italian Revolution. I studied Darwin and Spencer, Laplace and Flammariion. I returned to the 'Divine Comedy' and 'Jerusalem Liberated', sighing with Leopardi. I read the works of Hugo, of Tolstol, of Zola, of Cantu; the poetry of Giusti, Guerini, Rapisardi, and Carducci.

"But there is the book of life; that is indeed the book of books. The purpose of all others is but to teach how to read this one."

And where is the point of contact between the payroll gangsters, ordinary rascals devoid of any social consciousness, and a Sacco who concludes a passionate message to his comrades with these words:

"And I shall die content to add my obscure name to the glorious list of martyred believers in a social rejuvenation and in human redemption."

To those of us who know the jailed organizers personally, even if it is only an acquaintance made after their imprisonment, the horror of the drama lies not so much in the incredible verdict—juries have condemned innocent men often enough—as in the accusation itself. A revolting anti-social act blamed upon men so poignantly aware and responsive to social considerations! There seems to be an element of the absurd in every tragedy.

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TRUTH

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

"Entered as second-class matter November 12, 1920, at the post office at Duluth, Minnesota, under the Act of March 3, 1879."
Subscription: 1 year \$2.00, — 6 months \$1.00.



MUST GO TO PRISON.

The humble editor of TRUTH has been notified that he must go to Leavenworth and serve out his allotted sentence of two years.

This looks a little awkward at first sight, but after sobering down we admit that he may deserve it. At least let us hope he does.

This case is a bit raw. Most cases against the workers are. But it appears that the boys who have had this case in charge have been a little embarrassed or something. At any rate they have taken four years and three months to bring us the final verdict.

We possess the quite enviable distinction of having been the first one in this country honored with indictment under the artistic Espionage Act. That ought to soothe any ruffled feelings against the Americanized Americanism under which it has operated. In addition thereto we have been honored with two topnotch capitalist trials so as to make sure that we were properly tried.

Good and well.

And the crime we have committed is some crime. We came right out in meeting — speaking to upwards of ten thousand souls — and told the anxious boys that unless they could petition Congress and get Congress to repeal the Draft Act they would have to go to war according to law and order.

It is for revealing the constitutional provision of the right to petition Congress that the war lords got peeved. They felt that the boys had no business to know that it was their right to petition Congress on such trivial matters as their own lives. The war lords had decided that the boys should die for their country and for a double dose of democracy and anyone who fell back on the constitution for guidance should be pulled out and slung into the dungeon.

If this were a case against J. O. Bentall we would hang our head and feel lonely. As it is we are happy in the great company of the finest men and women in our fair land who are already in prison or on their way.

Only one thing brings pain to us. It is to leave the work among the comrades. We hate to sit idly by while others are working. Here in Duluth we have a big work at present. It is developing splendidly. It has been our joy to help along for one good, happy year. We hate to leave now. We have just gotten acquainted with the comrades and become attached to them and the work they are so faithfully carrying out.

Then we hate to leave TRUTH. We have had a chance to hit the capitalist system between the eyes with this fine weapon. We have enjoyed this battle. We are not so sure but that the capitalists have felt the other way. It is almost certain they have.

We had started a study class and had hoped to carry on the publication of the course in TRUTH. This has to be interrupted till we get some definite settlement.

But while there may be an interruption of the particular work we have had a hand in the comrades are going right ahead and the class will go on and TRUTH will be published just as it is and much better by some new worker who is loyal and true and intelligent. So whether we have another chance to have a hand in it the work will go on and on more enthusiastically every day.

The one big thing that will cheer our heart now is a doubling up in all the activities of the workers. We want to see the subscriptions doubled. You have already set out to get 2,000 new subs by Christmas and if you send us the good news to our cell in Leavenworth that you have faithfully carried that out we shall consider it the finest Christmas gift you can cheer our heart with.

We are making an attempt to take this case to the supreme court, but have slight hopes that this court will take it up. At best it means only a little delay. If the supreme court refuses to take up the case we leave here about the 10th of November.

One of the obstacles in the way is to get money to carry the case up. The defense treasury is empty. We cannot go any further without funds. We must have them within another week or two. We are not going to beg. The workers know best what they want to do. If you want to help every dollar will go far to fight this battle out. You can send your contribution to TRUTH, Duluth, Minn. The comrades who are in charge of the defense will appreciate every lift you give.

And let us work earnestly for the great cause of full freedom, not for the prisoners alone, but for the working class, for all of the oppressed of the world.

THE FRAME-UP HABIT

If you were in jail and the days were slipping and the time of hanging or electrocution was getting closer and closer for you, what would you think of the comrades on the outside if they didn't give a rip, but just went along in their daily sleepiness and never raised a finger to get justice for you?

If you were in jail — you would care.

There is an article this week about two men as innocent as you. Read it. It you were in their position you would appreciate what it means to get people interested in your case.

The capitalists have gotten into the habit of framing men and women who are prominent in the undertaking of organizing the workers and spreading economic light. It seems easier for the government to get rid of "agitators" and "radicals" by classifying them as "criminals" and killing them than by simply putting them in the pen.

The capitalists are in charge of the state and can do as they please with the workers. Now they seem to feel that killing them is the best policy.

They will have to get over this habit. It will not do for us to let the state or anybody else take innocent men and put a charge against them and then railroad them thru to the per or the gallows or the electric chair. That game must be stopped and stopped soon. Are you going to make your feeling on this point known in such definite terms as to put the fear of god into the carcasses of the brutes who are maneuvering this outrageous business?

Read about the plot in the Sacco-Vanzetti case. These men must not lie at the hands of legalized brigands.

THE RUSSIAN PRINCESS

We met a Russian princess the other day. She is now earning her living. In order to get a better job she is attending night school. She also talks a bit once in a while.

Among the things she is saying now days are gems something like this:

"I do not blame the workers for starting a revolution. If I had been a worker in Russia I would have been with them and done my share in overthrowing the old government."

Then she goes on to tell how she never understood what it meant to work for a living. That she never knew the hardships of the workers till she was forced to get out and hunt for a job.

This woman is honest about it. She realizes that there are two classes — one that does the work and the other that does not work.

The class that does not work wants things to go on as they are. The fellows who can live on the labor of others do not want a revolution.

This princess has come to the conclusion that it is not right for the masters to force the masses to support them. She claims it is wrong to have one work and the other idle. She claims that if she had known what she knows now she would have helped in the revolution instead of trying to hinder it.

Moreover she argues that she never would go back to the undignified position of letting someone else support her. Her new idea is that it is only the weak characters that allow others to do all the work. Selfrespect is impossible for the drones. They have no standing with her.

She admitted that she was very ignorant and that her knowledge was only of the superficial and useless kind. All that would make her efficient has now to be learned.

So it is. If the idle masters who get a rich living out of the toil of the workers were in our place they would cry loudly for the revolution.

What would Gary of the steel trust say if he had to work for 20 cents an hour for twelve hours a day, year in a year out till his body was worn out? Would he join a union?

What would J. P. Morgan do if he had to punch the clock and wait for his pay envelope and find \$18 for his week's pay? Would he be a Bolshevik?

What would Harding do if he had to live in a shack in West Virginia and earn his living by digging coal under the tyranny of the company's thugs? Guess if Harding would get a gun and aim it at the thugs and pull the trigger good and snappy.

If Judge Landis had to get up at four o'clock in the morning and cut logs for Weyerhaeuser ten hours a day and get two dollars a day for the job, would Landis send the boys to Leavenworth for twenty years for wanting a little better conditions?

And so all around.

The princess changed her mind when her position was changed. The tyrants will change their minds when their condition is changed. We will change it for them. But we will not make it hard for any worker when we have succeeded in the adjustment. It will be more comfortable for all and they will all be getting more nearly what they are entitled to than they get now.

We want the revolution because it is forced upon us.

HUGE PROFITS

Everywhere in the profiteering world there are huge profits. Everything has been cut except the profits of the profiteers.

In Chicago the workers and the poor who have to use the street cars are still paying ten cents on the elevated and eight cents on the surface lines.

Each of Chicago's battery of 2,100 active street cars rolls up a total of 75.9 cash fares every hour, according to testimony brought out before the Illinois Commerce Commission in the hearing on the city's petition for a restoration of a 5-cent fare.

Innocuous in itself, the application of a little multiplication revealed the fact that 8 cents 75.9 times an hour runs into money like a snowball going downhill.

It means each car takes in \$6.07 an hour and that 2,100 cars take in \$12,751. Working an average of sixteen hours a day, that totals \$204,016 a day for the 2,100 cars. Multiplied by 365 days, it reveals a total of \$74,465,840 as the gross receipts of the Chicago Surface Lines for a year on the basis of an 8-cent fare.

At a 5 cent fare the receipts would be \$3.79 an hour a car, or \$7,959 an hour for 2,100 cars, or \$127,335 a day of sixteen hours for 2,100 cars, or a grand total of \$46,467,075 in a year.

This is interesting to the workers, not so much because they have to pay the extra amount which is nothing to speak of in comparison to other items they are robbed in, but because it shows how perfectly the capitalist class is taking care of its own interests.

It is useless for the workers to expect relief by reform measures. They must get the government into their own hands and the industries as well. The workers must become the rulers.

Or pay tribute to the present class that now owns and rules while the workers slave and are ruled.

LEADERS AND MISLEADERS.

The national convention of the United Mine Workers, in session for the last two weeks at Indianapolis, is one of deep significance for the whole labor movement of the United States. The struggle between John L. Lewis and Alexander Howat is the outward sign of a deeper conflict which is stirring the ranks of labor to their core. Present conditions are forcing the remodeling of trade unions from bargaining groups into fighting organizations. Collective bargaining itself cannot be maintained in the face of the open shop drive. American trade unionism is fighting with its back to the wall for existence against injunctions, lockouts, wage reductions, constabulary and administrative orders. It is a question of going on or going under. John L. Lewis and others of his kind are ready for a consideration to lead the unions down the "easy descent to Avernus." Alexander Howat and his kind can lead them forward through battles and bulldozings to final victory. It is not now a question whether great leaders can be found to lead forth the American unions from the land of Gompers, but whether the labor movement has advanced to the point where it is determined, courageous and unified enough to follow the new leaders. Are the miners ready for Alexander Howat? Are the steel workers ready for William Z. Foster? If not, they soon must be. For the issue is now victory—or death.

—The Toiler.

DISCONTENT

What is it and where does it come from?

The capitalists tell us that it is a sin. The workers say it is a virtue. The preachers call it wicked and the bolsheviks call it good.

Of course, discontent is present in all the elements of living nature. It is found in every atom of dead nature. It is even found in the dead republicans. For they are discontented because the slaves are not contented with the slim chances in life that the present ruling power is affording.

So if the newspapers and the bosses were not themselves discontented they would never kick against the radicals and the progressive rebels.

Can you blame the farmer for feeling peeved when he takes his best steer to the market and gets 7 cents a pound for him? When he goes to the eat house to get a bite of food so he may be able to make his way home without falling in a faint he pays 50 cents for a tough steak that weighs one fourth pound and wakes up to the fact that according to the price he pays for beef he should have gotten about a dollar and seventy cents a pound for his steer and he got only seven.

The next Sunday when he goes to church and is told to be content with his seven cents the farmer gets out of kilter with the preacher. And when he picks up the newspaper he finds that "the farmers are getting rich."

So with the workers in all lines. They get out to the bone in wages and get long hours and hard labor. They are thrown out of employment and are made to walk the streets in quest of a job. And they become discontented. Bad fellows, these jobless, starving humans! And add to their wickedness the sin of listening to agitators.

These agitators do not make the workers discontent — they simply point out to them the reason for the misery the people have fallen heir to.

Discontent is in proportion to the misery people are called upon to endure by the oppressive class, and in proportion to the understanding of the cause of that misery.

Ignorant slaves are perfectly satisfied with mere crumbs. Intelligent slaves are not satisfied with less than all they are entitled to.

If you help the slaves to become intelligent you become the target of the gun practice of the ruling class. If you keep still or help the slaves to keep still and if you soothe them and tell them that their misery has come from god and is a fine and glorious thing you will get patted on the back and invited to a banquet once in a while by the robbers.

Discontent is one of the greatest forces in the world to drive the people forward and to win freedom from all the fetters of nature as well as from the fetters of tyrants.

Only the discontented. If you are contented you are either a fool or a slave. Living beings want to go on to better and later things.

MONKEYS

The particular characteristic that is applied to monkeys is that of imitation.

The monkey feels best when he can grin like a dude that throws him a peanut.

Then he hops around and tries to kid himself into thinking that he is somebody and that makes him feel quite happy and self satisfied.

We have several of his kind outside the cage. They are in a larger cage. And outside their cage come big dudes and throw peanuts with the nut taken out.

You have seen them. They try to kid themselves into thinking that at some future date they will be outside throwing peanut shells to the caged ones.

That is the ambition of the ordinary working stiff. He tries to imitate the millionaire and puckers up his important lip as tho he owned the bigger part of Wall Street, sets his hat at an inclination of twenty nine degrees and tilts his cigarette ninety degrees in the direction of his empty noodle and walks off to collect his "salary" of thirteen bucks a week.

Talk to him about organization! You insult his intelligence. He knows better than to organize. He doesn't have to. He is independent as a caddie.

Talk to him about the revolution! You bring the wrath of a patriot upon you. He is an American, he is. He has heard Hoover and Gary say they were Americans and he isn't going to be less of the real stuff than they.

So he hops around like a monkey and is happy when he can pick a peanut shell from the masters who rob him.

Real monkeys try to scratch you if you hand them a fake peanut. They will not put out their hand to take a shell the second time. The real monkey won't.

The working-stiff monkey will take a shell a thousand times and look to see if it hasn't a kernel in it. He will listen to the politician and vote for him a hundred times after being fooled ninety nine times. He will read a capitalist paper morning, noon and night and believe it as he does the bible.

All in the effort to imitate the plug hat, swallowtail lords who wallow in the wealth that the working stiff has produced.

No wonder the monkeys agree with us that we have descended from them. Descended is right. They would be mighty huffy if we intimated that we had ascended from them.

De don't blame them.

Lloyd George says he wont give Ireland peace. Cant blame him. He hasn't got it.

If North Dakota farmers elect a capitalist bunch it will certainly serve them right

If hogs are going down much further they will be where it is hot enuf to get scalded.

This government is getting to be run pretty much by Baldwin thugs and moonshine mugs.

It appears that the capitalist press is somewhat peered at the Bolsheviks. Funny Lenin doesn't obey the brain fagged editors and abdicate.

If the railroad workers strike, who is to blame? The Bolsheviks, you Mutt.

If the coal trust robs you, who is to blame? The radicals, you silly.

ON STRIKE

Inscribed to the Miners of West Virginia.

By J. C. SCHWALM.

Henceforth I was to be a man, the greatest, conscious, personal being who has anything to do with this world; and as a man, I put away the things of a child, and especially the most childish of all things, fear, the fear of God, the fear of devil and the fear of man. Bishop William Montgomery Brown, in Communism and Christianity.

Is this a freeman's fate
To toil and sweat and drudge
From early youth until old age?
Day after day, year after year
Groaning under the burden of a master's load,
Shuffling and squirming in the heat and cold
With the lash of want upon my back?
Ha! What stalking forms are these,
That stoop and grunt
Down in those pits of smoke and slime!
For twenty years each day I've grunted
And must as many more, or till
At last I'm crushed.

Is this the fate reserved for things of sense?
Is this the life designed for men of reason?
A life! What is it worth? What thanks
Or what rewards do everlasting burdens bring?
A life! What platitudes can turn the growing years
Of fears and terrors and scorn
Into a day of joy? What promise or what prize
Can hope conjure from vanished dreams?
The hard, cold world and grim despair
Stares at me now. I ache and tremble.
My spirit faints from greater ills to come—
Sickness, pain, disgrace,
Uncared for in old age;
Distressed and despised.

I approach the potter's field.
What beast fares like the man of toil!
What demon is so lonely, so accursed!
What other thing created delves on an on
For days and months and years?
What imp or reptile spends its life with work?
The dog and wolf have time to play,
The insects sport and have their day;
But I, a man, am bound and gagged
Until the day of doom.
My days of toil and night of gloom
Are chains and racks.
The past holds scarce a smile;
The future holds a poor man's fate—
A wreck discarded, snarled, stooped, maimed,
Wheeling and hacking, ragged and seared
Feeding on crusts and bones, kicked and cuffed.
This is my fate! This is my doom!

Oh Men! Is this the deal that's square?
Is this the play that's fair?
Is this the great prosperity?
Is this the prize of life?
But I'll be balked no more. I'll have my day,
I'll hurl my imprecations, I'll hurl my fond invectives,
I'll hang a loaded curse on every master's head
And damn their souls. I am no beast,
But since I fare so ill,
And since my days are sick with grief,
I'll curse my life and woo my sure relief.
I'll ask for what is mine! I'll rave and rant,
And by the spirits of the brave I'll have my day.
This is my battle cry: I die! I die!
But not like dumb four-footed things,
But like a man, strong souled and armored
By abuse and taunt. A man
Whose hopes are in the grave
And not in pits of toil—
A man whose breast is bared to death!
Come, let me look upon thy face;
Come, let me woo thy fond embrace!
Come, be my friend, be my success.

Thus I dismiss my gloom;
Thus, thus, I'll win my goal!
Thus, thus, I mend my soul!
Thus, thus, I am a man once more!
Once more faith has her warpaint on;
Now woe to him who meets my wrath;
Come, let me curse my fond tormentors;
Come, let me crush you to my equal;
Come let me tear your stocks and bonds
And make you share my curse
Or me and mine your board.
The hour has struck and I am out on strike
For Liberty or death.
Thus, I devote myself to level living up!
Thus, I devote myself to level bondage down
And turn my curse to universal good.
Thus, thus I breathe a freeman's breath
And bannish all my fears—
Thus, thus I'll hitch me to a star.

2,000 NEW ONES.

This seems to be a big task and some of you have stubbed your toe against the corner of it.

But listen a bit. There are a number of good hustlers who have taken up this work and they are doing fine.

And we want to tell you a secret: the comrades who are hustling outside Duluth are four subs ahead of our war horses in town. That's something to look into. It would not surprise us if the farmers got busy and showed the city people that there is a lot of spunk out in the country when it is concentrated.

Of course we have no idea that the folks here are going to let the outsiders have a walk-away in this little race. It may be that our comrades are holding some subs and will spring a surprise. This is not unlikely altho we hope they turn the subs in as soon as they get them so the new subscriber may have a chance to get in on the job too.

A little later on we will tell you how well you have done. This week has brot nearly a hundred new ones. So you see we have only a little over nineteen hundred more to get. And then we'll eat turkey or goose for Christmas, with that grand and glorious feeling.

Come along, all of you and do your best this week, wont you?

If we had a hundred thousand circulation of TRUTH, and of the other labor papers not a soul from our ranks would need to remain in the pen. We could stir up such public sentiment that the war lords would have to take to the woods.

We are looking eagerly for your bunch of subs.

If its should ever get into the noodle of the unemployment conference that the best way to solve the question at issue is to employ the unemployed some of the radicals would have a notion that it pays.