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FIVE CENTS

ROCKEFELLER CUTS HIS SLAVES 30 PER CENT

If the Government wants to show that it is sincere let it pull off its thugs and gun men from the slave districts of Colorado and West Virginia. In those industrial centers there is today a worse condition than has existed in this country before. There is no semblance of decency on the part of the government toward the workers. It goes forth ruthlessly to mow down the workers who try to gain even the least chance to live..

In West Virginia there is still war, with no sign of peace in sight. Even the most hardened of the capitalists have admitted that the miners cannot get along on the wages they are getting. Their hovels are a scandal to our country.

In Colorado the richest man in the world has driven the workers to desperation by cutting their wages 30 percent. This leaves the slaves absolutely helpless and there is nothing for them to do but to strike.

In these coal fields the thugs and gunmen have the backing of the government and the soldiers are told to shoot the workers if they do not obey the companies and either go to work or leave their hovels.

While these conditions obtain in our own great country the government at Washington has no business to prate about the division of China and ooze out its palaver about disarmament. The place to make decent is this country. After that is done it is time to try to help the rest of the world.

First of all let our government quit its hypocrisy and play square with the people.

GOVERNOR BACKS GUN MEN IN ASSAULT ON COAL DIGGERS

(By Associated Press.)

Walsenburg, Colo., Nov. 21 — Rumor to the effect that Governor Shoup would suspend martial law in Huerfano county, where miners employed by the Colorado Fuel & Iron company are on strike against wage reductions in thirteen of the company's mines, was denied unequivocally last night by Adjt.-Gen. Patrick Hamrock of the Colorado rangers upon his return from an inspection of conditions at the Oakview mine.

Hamrock said that martial law would remain in effect "for a long time to come" in Huerfano county.

He also stated that conditions at the Oakview mine were quiet and "no disturbances were anticipated" there.

Adj.-Gen. Hamrock, it was said at ranger headquarters last night, intends to institute a search of the miners' homes in the Walsenburg district soon for arms and ammunition. The miners, it was said, would be advised before the search to turn in to ranger headquarters all firearms they have in their possession.

Reports received here from mines in all parts of the Huerfano district showed the usual quiet.

Without Justification.
Denver, Colo., Nov. 21. — In response to a telegram of inquiry,

John P. McClellan, district president of the United Mine Workers of America, last night telegraphed the American Civil Liberties union, New York city, that "martial law was declared by the governor of Colorado" in Huerfano county "without any justification, before the miners suspended work."

Huerfano county is in the Southern Colorado coal fields, where miners employed by the Colorado Fuel & Iron company are on strike in protest against a 30 per cent cut in wages.

Associate of Rockefeller.
"There was not and is not now any cause for suspension of the civil rights of the people in the mining districts and there has been no disturbance actual or threatened," read Mr. McClellan's telegram.

"Governor Shoup, who is an associate of Rockefeller in the oil business, has placed the forces of the state behind the Rockefeller interests here in their attempt to set aside the award of the Federal government."

"The state industrial commission which is considered an adjunct of the Rockefeller plan, now is threatening with wholesale arrest the miners who quit work in protest against the Colorado Fuel & Iron company's defiance of the United States government."

—Duluth H. Hall.

the building an express wagon drove up, the driver dumped some small canvas sacks on the pavement and drove off, leaving the sacks without a guard. Many people were standing around or walking past, yet no one paid any attention to the sacks.

I knew the sacks, having had them flaunted in my face for days, but to my American friend they were a novelty.

"What is in those sacks?" he asked me.

"Gold," I replied.

"The hell you say!" he retorted, breaking at once into the American.

"Well," I said, "if you don't believe me, go over and see for yourself."

He walked over incredulously, gave one of the bags a kick, heard the jingle of the gold, and came back convinced.

"Well," he said, "I—the remainder of his remark need not be repeated."

So this was Mexico! The land of terror and revolution; the land where neither life, liberty nor property were respected. I passed in review the many tales that I had read in the columns of the New York Times and the Chicago Tribune. Then I glanced back at the sacks of bullion lying unguarded on the pavement.

After a time a clerk came out and began to collect the sacks. Meanwhile I ruminated. Apparently I had been misinformed! Even the American press must occasionally depart from the truth. At any rate, observation had convinced me that gold bullion was safer in bandit-ridden Mexico than were Liberty Bonds in law-abiding New York with its 10,000 policemen.

The Strike Breaker

A prominent clergyman once gave the following statement as version of scabs or strikebreakers after having been compelled to associate with them for a short time:

"After God had finished the rattlesnake, the toad, the vampire, He had some awful substance left, with which He made a scab. A scab is a two-legged animal with a corkscrew soul—a waterlogged brain, a combination backbone made of jelly and glue. Where others have their hearts he carries a tumor of rotten principle. When the scab comes down the street men turn their backs and the angles weep tears in heaven, and the devil shuts the gates of hell to keep him out. No man has a right to scab as long as there is a pool of water deep enough to drown his body in, or a rope long enough to hang his carcass with. Judas Iscariot was a gentleman compared with a scab, for after betraying his Master he had enough character to hang himself — and a scab has not. Esau sold his birthright for a mess of pottage. Judas Iscariot sold his Savior for thirty pieces of silver. Benedict Arnold sold his country for the promise of a commission in the English army. The modern strikebreaker sells his birthright, his country, his wife, his children and his fellow man for an unfilled promise from a trust or a corporation. Esau was a traitor to himself, Judas Iscariot was a traitor to his God, Benedict Arnold was a traitor to his country. A strikebreaker is a traitor to his God, his country, his family, and his class. A real man is never a strikebreaker."

completed a letter to Governor Stephens, outlining his findings in the case, to serve as a basis for a pardon.

To a representative of several Eastern dailies which have been prominent in exposing the frame-up of the two unionists, Brady asserted that he would present his letter to the Governor, including affidavits by prosecution witnesses admitting perjury, immediately after the Arbuttle trial.

"Will you make any recommendation when you submit your report?" Brady was asked.

The District Attorney halted for a moment and then said slowly: "I'd better not."

Although expressing the firm conviction that Mooney and Billings had served unjustifiably five years of their life term, Brady explained that he would prefer to let Governor Stephens judge from the "merits of the case."

Brady was frank enough to admit that the general official feeling favors the continued incarceration of the two men who had been "railroaded," and that because of their labor activity, they were the "right men," convicted, however, on the wrong evidence.

Right To Kill Says Bishop Of Exeter

We take it that the Bishop of Exeter is classed as a good kind Christian gentleman. He is at least a minister of the gospel, and is supposed to be a follower of the "man of peace" who is credited with feeding the hungry multitude. The bishop, however, is very much concerned about the lack of humility everywhere. Everywhere, we suppose, except in ruling class circles, as he states in a "message":

"Many of our politicians and perhaps ministers of religion are always saying we must not put on the brake, and when a maddened crowd of halfstarved people threatens to destroy the order of the country we must not maintain order by strong measures. These strong measures apparently include, if need be, the right to kill."

"We should be clear as to the principle of our Christian religion. With regard to rebellion, one of these principles is that it is 'right to kill the men who destroy order.'"

Evidently the worthy ecclesiastic has different views to the lowly Nazarene who was credited with giving the hungry loaves and fishes; the bishop evidently prefers lead. Such ideas are at least enlightening. It is also well to know what Christianity stands for as laid down by a Christian.

Beat Way to Plead For War Prisoners

Washington, Nov. 11.—Fifty ex-service men from Chicago are here to ask President Harding to set a date for releasing political prisoners. They beat their way on trains.

COAL MINERS FIGHT LEWIS ON HIS AUTOCRACY IN KANSAS

Delegates listened for two hours Monday to the story of the Kansas Industrial Court and Alexander Howat's fight against it. The speaker was Chief Counsel Brennan of the Kansas Mine Workers.

President Frank Farrington of the Illinois miners told the delegates International President John L. Lewis "deliberately lied" about Alexander Howat to the Indianapolis convention of the U. M. W. of A., and misrepresented the Kansas situation so that the support of the International Union would be withdrawn from Howat. He declared Howat's enemies desired his defeat lest victory over the Industrial Court give Howat more prestige in the miners' union than those who had been arrayed against him in the many fights in Kansas.

Had the Kansas situation been correctly portrayed to the Indianapolis convention, Farrington said, the rank and file of the miners would today be behind Howat. Brennan was brought to Peoria to tell Howat's story. After his address the secretary was instructed to have it printed and sent to every local union in the International Union and a copy sent to every delegate to the recent Indianapolis convention.

Attorney Brennan said that the Industrial Court Law was enacted after the idea of one Huggins, an "open shop" corporation lawyer, who has since become the chairman of the court. Governor Allen picked it up, said Brennan, because he is a clever politician, and thought that after such a law in

Kansas big business would enact it in other States and as a reward he would be elected President of the United States.

Brennan called the attention of the convention to the fact that Allen had spoken before twenty legislatures and that in each of them a bill had been submitted and would in all probability have been enacted had it not been for the fact that while Allen and the press were telling the world that this law would settle the industrial question in America, Howat and the Kansas miners were at the same time proving the contrary by defying the law, and using their constitutional right to strike in Kansas.

The fact that the Kansas Industrial Court Law has not been written into our Federal Constitution is due to this fight put up against it by Howat and his men, declared Brennan.

Speaking of Howat as "spending his time indoors these days," Brennan said that there would yet come a day when those who are now "paying" will come into their own.

A telegram was received by the convention from W. A. Wood, general chairman of the Federated Shop Crafts, Pittsburg, Kans., congratulating the Illinois miners on their stand on the Kansas fight and expressing the hope that the action of the convention will cause the resignation of International President Lewis for "attempting to do what the Southwestern Coal Operators' Association have failed to do—that is, to remove Alex Howat from the head of the U. M. W. of A. of District 14."

BOOZE SHIPPED IN CARLOADS TO ARMS CONFERENCE FEAST

Washington.—Instead of gathering in a prayerful mood with the determination to end forever the menace of militarism, delegates to the so-called disarmament conference are arriving in Washington with the evident intention of making the conference a social event.

Several delegations of foreign diplomats arrived at the Washington depot this week with special baggage cars filled with liquors. One contingent had four armed and uniformed soldiers stationed on the steps of the baggage car to protect their booze. Lifting of the lid has been winked at officially by the United States treasury officials and the capital promises to be the wettest place in America during the conference.

Modistes and milliners of Washington report the biggest business of years. Despite the depression and unemployment, members of foreign diplomatic corps are decking

their wives out in new gowns for the festive occasions and Washington society is expecting the biggest "season" in years. Those with political influence and social position already are intriguing to get invitations to the scores of receptions that will mark the conference.

No one in official Washington takes the disarmament limitation seriously. It is frankly conceded here that the real purpose of the gathering is to form a new balance of power with the United States, Great Britain and Japan the leading factors. This combination will "act as trustees for Russia and China" and endeavor to parcel out the markets of the world. This explains why the demand for open sessions is so stubbornly resisted. The diplomats know that the hopes of the world will be shattered again, but they want to shroud the proceedings in secrecy to preserve the illusion as long as possible.

WHERE THE U. S. IS SO ANXIOUS TO RESTORE LAW AND ORDER

By Max Worth

Mexico City.—I came to Mexico with certain misgivings about the safety of my personal belongings. The fact that I did not have much to lose made me all the more anxious to take it back with me into the States.

What was my horror on reaching the border to discover that the Mexicans use no paper money (which can be hidden so readily about the person) but only gold and silver. Coming from a community where even registered bonds are not safe unless they are kept under lock and key in a safe deposit vault, I felt that this jingling bulging metal would attract the solicitous attention of every thief in Mexico.

I traveled in a leisurely fashion to Mexico City without being robbed myself, or, indeed, without seeing any one else robbed. As a matter of fact, I did not hear of anyone being robbed, nor could I find a single robbery being headlined in the papers.

This excited my wonder. "Was robbery so common here," I asked

myself, "that, like crapshooting and bootlegging at home, it has ceased to be a matter of news?"

In the course of my wanderings through the capital, and particularly in the business section of the city, I noticed men carrying small canvas sacks on their backs. These sacks looked heavy, but it was several days before I had my curiosity sufficiently aroused to ask what was in them. Then to my infinite astonishment, I learned that they contained silver and gold. Here were men walking the streets of Mexico City carrying thousands of dollars worth of bullion without any guard. If such a thing had happened in my home city the street would have been blocked with highwaymen and their high powered cars. The competition among them would have been so keen that the victim might have escaped in the melee with his gold.

"Was this bandit-ridden Mexico?" I asked myself.

But the end was not yet. I visited the general offices of the National Railways of Mexico. While I was standing in front of

NO PILFERING IN RUSSIA

London.—In an interview, Walter Lyman Brown of the American Relief Committee has denied the statement that one of the relief cargoes was looted at Petrograd, as the sworn return of the cargo was in his hands. "During the two and one-half years of child feeding in 23 countries of Central Europe," he said, "we have suffered loss through shortage, pilfering and other causes, of not more than three-tenths of one per cent. During the almost incredibly difficult work of transporting over a million pounds of foodstuffs from the quays at Hamburg to our sheds at Petrograd less than one-half of one per cent of the cargo was lost."

BOMBAY WORKERS READY TO FIGHT

Bombay.—At the conclusion of the trial of the Ali brothers, when Mohamed Ali addressed the court for three hours, he said: "Our people are ready to suffer, to go to extremes, but we have warned them to keep strictly to non-violence, being pledged till the end

of December. We want the Koran respected. We want to avoid another Ireland. Knowing that the people throughout the country are ready to put up a fight, we are checking them. As long as there is hope of peace we shall avoid battle. Ghandi will lead India through any crisis safely. With Ghandi we remain non-violent. If he gives the order to obtain Swaraj by any means we shall not take long to uphold this government."

BRADY OUTLINES CASE FOR GOVERNOR

San Francisco, Nov. 21.—Reiterating his belief, expressed on several occasions, since he assumed office in 1915, that Tom Mooney and Warren K. Billings were innocent of complicity in the 1916 Preparedness Day bomb outrage and that the two labor leaders now serving life terms in California penitentiaries were given trials he would not accord "even a yellow dog," District Attorney Matthew I. Brady declared today that he has

HELP SOVIET RUSSIA!

AN APPEAL BY HELEN KELLER

Dear Friends and Comrades:

I love Russia and all who stand loyally by her in her mighty wrestlings with the giant powers of ignorance and imperialistic greed. When I first heard of the glorious words, "Soviet Republic of Russia," it was as if a new light shone through my darkness. I felt that the sun of a better day had risen upon the world. Those glowing, hope-inspiring words, "Soviet Republic of Russia," meant that at last the principles of truth, justice and brotherhood had gained a foothold upon earth, and this thought has run like a shining furrow through the dark years that have intervened. We have witnessed Russia's superhuman struggle in a world blinded by avarice and calumny. But, despite intrigues and blockades and the wicked misinterpretations of a stupid, dishonest press, she stands to-day firmly entrenched in her just cause, while the old social order is collapsing at her feet.

Oh, why cannot the workers see that the cause of Russia is their cause? Her struggle for economic freedom is their struggle, her perishing children are their children, and her dreams, her aspirations, her martyrdom and victories are an integral part of the workers' campaign for a better, saner world. Why can they not understand that their own best instincts are in revolt against a social order which entralls masses of men and leads inevitably to poverty, suffering and war? How spiritually blind are men, that they fail to see that we are all bound together! We rise or fall together, we are dwarfed or godlike, free or chained together.

If the workers would only use their minds a little, instead of letting others do their thinking for them, they would see quickly through the flimsy arguments of the newspapers they read. They are told that the famine in Russia is caused by "Marxian socialism," and that four years of Bolshevism have brought Russia to the doors of the world begging for bread. If that is true, what has caused the famine in China? What is the cause of under-nourishment in some of our Southern States? And what is the cause of unemployment throughout this great, rich land? Begging for bread is not uncommon within the capitalist nations, and these days we hear a great deal of soup kitchens and the bread line. These phenomena occur even in times which the newspapers are accustomed to speak of as "prosperous."

The famine in Russia is the result of a drought following years of war and a long imperialistic blockade of Russian ports, preventing entrance to them of all necessary supplies. This is the plain truth. Yet millions of sensible men and women have been deceived about conditions in Russia. But I trust that the good sense of the American people will soon surmount the wall of calumnies and prejudices which now prevent friendly relations between the two countries.

Through the mist of tears and sweat and blood of struggling men I salute her and wish for her the love of an awakened and grateful humanity.

With warmest greetings, I am

Cordially yours,
HELEN KELLER.

STOCKYARD SLAVES FACE REDUCTION IN LOW WAGES

Treachery Has Destroyed Power of Unionism In
Nation's Meat Industry

By Jurgis

A fine and flourishing form of company unionism exists in the great Union Stockyards of Chicago. All the workers in the "Big Five" plants are organized by their bosses into "plant assemblies" for the purpose of giving the employers "co-operation," as Packer Swift calls it. Now these plant assemblies are being asked to consent to a twelve to twenty per cent reduction in wages, for the good of the stockholders and the business generally.

"We have held off on this matter as long as we possibly can," writes Swift to his workers—"longer than our business warranted—but having established a system of cooperation through plant assemblies, we want to feel that we can consult with our employees through these assemblies on every vital matter that concerns them."

And a vital matter it is for the workers in the Chicago stockyards and in Kansas City, Sioux City, South Omaha, St. Paul, Denver, St. Joseph, East St. Louis, Fort Worth and all the other cattle, sheep and hog killing centers of the "Big Five." It deeply concerns men getting only eighteen and twenty dollars a week to know that they will soon be making fifteen or sixteen.

"Eighteen dollars a week; impossible!" the incredulous reader may say. But let such a one multiply thirty-seven and a half cents an hour by forty-eight and he will get eighteen dollars. Since the last official wage cut in the industry—last spring—laborer's wages have averaged forty cents an hour till recently when a policy of quietly discharging the forty cent men and hiring thirty-seven and a half cent men went into effect.

Of course mechanics and the expert men in the killing rooms and some others get princely salaries of sixty and sixty-five cents an hour, and more in some cases, but they are in a minority, and set over against their wages are the twenty-five cent an hour girls, whose weekly earnings amount to only twelve dollars—before the coming wage cut goes into effect.

What are the packing house workers going to do about it now? It were better to ask what they can do? The company unions are the only organizations taking in more than a small fraction of them.

Hardly three thousand A. F. of L. men are enrolled in the Union Stockyards of Chicago out of the 42,000 holding cards during and just after the war, and most of those still staying in have lost faith in their organization because of the nasty internal fighting and union wrecking in 1919 and 1920. They represent a scattering of men, a ragged remnant who continue paying dues through traditional loyalty or for sick or death benefits.

Seldom has the rank and file of labor been more grossly betrayed than it was in 1919 and 1920 when the Stockyards Council, representing nearly one hundred per cent of the men in the larger yards, was deliberately destroyed, and unionism with it, by the executives of the Amalgamated Meat Cutters and Butcher Workmen of America.

The story can be briefly summarized as follows: Organization began in 1917 by organizers from crafts affiliated with the Chicago Federation of Labor, the U. S. government giving partial co-operation as a war emergency measure. Stockyard workers were lined up in the various crafts and in several new race and national locals; such as Negro and Polish. Each new stockyard craft local sent delegates to the Stockyards Council which was affiliated with the Chicago Federation of Labor and also with the international organization of the Amalgamated Meat Cutters and Butcher Workmen.

All paid per capita into the international but the control of local policy was in the hands of the Council. It was a curious arrangement for the American Federation of Labor to make and though in somewhat clumsy fashion, like the Seattle Metal Trades Council, it brought nearly all the workers in the local industry together. Though far from the real thing, yet it began to look too much like industrial unionism to please the orthodox A. F. of L. international. Still, so long as the dues kept coming in and no attempt was made to control the international, the officials of the union made little protest.

The hitch came in 1919. War toleration towards unionism had gone. Government and employer no longer wanted organization for the other fellow. By 1919 a union had to put its fighting clothes on if it

wanted to live. The Stockyards Council began to talk and think fight. As a preliminary to a real fight it prepared to control the coming convention of the Amalgamated Meat Cutters and Butcher Workmen. The fact that its Chicago membership was a majority of the entire organization made it practically certain that they would gain this control. That would mean a change of officers, and, if the wishes of the radicals prevailed, changes in the structure of the union towards industrialism.

The international officials becoming alarmed at the prospect set up a local council of their own with 7,000 members of the butchers' locals (in violation of promises) and ordered the dissolution of the Stockyards Council. But the Stockyards Council refused to die and got the support of the Chicago Federation of Labor. Warfare began between the two councils. Two men were killed in gun battles and many quit both the organizations. By the time that Frank Morrison, the big mogul in Washington, had passed on the case and decided in favor of the international, that is decided that the Stockyards Council must die, unionism had already been badly weakened. The final blow of the Stockyards Council came in 1920, the local Federation of Labor becoming timid and withdrawing its support and refusing to accept delegates from the old council at the Federation sittings.

Last spring the A. F. of L. lost what little prestige remained. The workers—union and non-union—had voted almost unanimously against accepting the eight per cent cut which the companies proposed. But the officials of the international promising to straighten things out, went to Washington, parleyed with Secretary of Labor Davis and accepted the entire eight per cent cut which the packers had asked. Now the same union is talking strike but the majority of the stockyard employees are not taking its talk seriously. If a strike comes, they say, the A. F. of L. will not call it. It will be a walkout like the 1904 revolt, when unorganized men rebelled against unbearable conditions.

Meanwhile some progress has been made by the Amalgamated Foodstuffs Workers, an independent industrial union. It recently took in what was left of a Polish laborers' local, that had been outlawed from the A. F. of L. for refusing to recognize the usurping council. The Amalgamated Foodstuffs Workers' movement is a healthy one so far as it goes. Its progress is impeded by the distrust of all unionism which many stockyard workers feel as a result of the A. F. of L. failure and treachery. Patient, hard educational work is needed to undo the harm which the Separation of Labor has done. Real organization by shops, that uses the natural solidarity of the workers, must be explained and built up. And it must be shown that industrial unionism does not mean merely the job solidarity of the packing-house workers by themselves but it means the direct support of the railroad workers who switch in the live stock and carry out the refrigerated and tinned meat.

—Industrial Worker.

DINNER PAIL EPICS

By Bill Lloyd.

I see the Legion in convention has come out strong with the contention that radicals shall be taboo—and that means me and also you. The trouble with the Legion folk is that they are inclined to poke into things they don't understand, and through their ignorance run the land. The soldiers over there in France aren't doing any quick-step dance along the lines reactionary, but they are quite inclined to bury all thought of war as being glorious, and now set out to be victorious over the crew that are stand-pat and are swelled up with profits fat.

Take Henri Barbusse, for example in "Under Fire" he gives a sample of way young France will take the lead, instead of going all to seed. The Legion seems to take delight in posing as the Guard that's White. At new ideas it's sure to shy. It don't propose to let get by a single idea up to date, but sits and nourishes its hate.

As conscripts they were dragged to battle, and shipped off like a bunch of cattle. They know they didn't want to go; recruiting showed that it was so. But having been there and got back, they show little sense they lack, by setting up to sing the song of those who pushed them right along.

The Legion loves to kiss the hand of our great profiteering band. Let's hope some day it will awake and do something for its own sake.

GIVE THANKS, FOR WHAT?

By J. G. SCHWALM.

Thanksgiving day is preeminently a Christian institution. It is a vehicle for the promotion of a feeling of subjection and dependence. If you are alive and have a crust and some patches to cover your nakedness you ought to be thankful and satisfied.

I can imagine a man with a crust for food, patches for clothes and no place to lay his head as highly elated, but it is not natural. The chances are that such a man is deplorably ignorant or suffering from mental weakness.

I can also imagine how people can revel and feast in the sight of half-starved and neglected little children, but it is not natural. The chance are that such people are either drunk, irresponsible or suffering under a serious delusion.

I have nothing to be thankful for. I am not amusing myself with declarations of great satisfaction. I am not satisfied. I am desperately anxious and worried.

I am not sick or starving. My own are not in any great distress and there are thousands in worse conditions than I have ever experienced. But I am not in smiling mood. During the year I have seen scores of good industrious people lose everything they had. I have seen the hardened savings from years of underpaid toils—farms, homes, everything swept away in the grab-game where the dice were loaded. Under the secret code of ambushed bandits posing as saviors, the gospel of "deflation" and "back to normalcy" has ruined millions and enriched the bankers and bondholders immensely.

No, I am not elated. I am sad. On the other side of the street a friend and neighbor abandoned his partly-paid-for home and moved into a shack. I feel for him and his good wife. I am worried about their sweet, innocent little ones. I have a heart. I am sad.

This world is not a pleasant place for people with a heart. I want to see a better world. A world a little more human and not quite so many beasts of prey and beasts of burden.

I am not thinking of myself. I am thinking of the struggling masses, unemployed, worrying, despairing, homeless, friendless, helpless, fathers and mothers and I am thinking of little babes bankrupt in their cradles. I am thinking of these. It seems everybody would be thinking of them.

But I am willing to do more than just thinking. I am willing to exert myself in every way and discover, if possible, how the world might contain something better than beasts of prey and beasts of burden—how human beings might learn to act as intelligent and admirable men and women—how they might worship an ideal of unselfishness, moderation and helpfulness so that no father would suffer enforced idleness, no mother deprived of a home and no children unfed or uneducated.

Present life as millions live it, is just a very little above the jungle life. The wolf leaves his den and mayhap he finds a carcass and gorges, or he wears out his life trying to catch a jackrabbit that gets away. There is no security. There is no provision for the security of any one. The wolf and the man are on the same level. Each must gamble for a life. If he is lucky he may find a carcass and gorge. Ninety percent of men wear out their lives trying to catch jackrabbits and are dependents and paupers in their old age. I have "Babsonic" statistics to prove this statement.

But we are living in a Christian country and the Christian model is not to have a place to lay your head. Or like Lazarus who went to glory because he was deceased, lived with the dogs and fed on the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table, that is, on garbage. In this extreme poverty Christianity finds its aims and objects accomplished. And I find that the true christian will feel elated and give thanks and make no protest against his dog and wolf manner of living.

The reason that so many are feeding on garbage is because they have been told that to be satisfied with garbage is the supreme virtue. "The poor ye shall always have with you." "Blessed be ye poor." "Take no thought for the morrow." Have no place to lay your head and be Christ-like. Live on garbage and go to glory. "God will take care of you."

So while on the one hand we have the fools, on the other hand we have the hypocrites, scoundrels and imposters. The proud selfish hypocrite who sits in the front pew, shouting Amen, Amen, when the rich are consigned to the flames or when he is told that he should sell everything and give to the poor, but has no scruples to sit down on a million loaves of bread while mothers and babes are suffering and starving all around him. These are the ones who generally write our thanksgiving proclamations. They want people to feel satisfied so that they can continue in their own great possessions without danger from the common herd.

And out of these perverted ideals and instructions has come the division of society into classes—the hypocrite and the fool, capital and labor. Is the tool seeing things? Is labor awakening?

Ninety percent of the inmates of our prisons come from the churches. Six million men unemployed.

Six million mothers without income.

Twenty million children without proper food or education.

Ninety percent of old people paupers.

No. I am not elated. I am not feeling proud.

Count me as one celebrating Thanksgiving day in sackcloth and ashes.

Count me as one whose head is bent; whose heart is broken, and whose lips utter words of pity and compassion for the suffering millions and hurl imprecations upon their despoilers.

O, for a knowledge and power to co-ordinate the wastes and wants of humanity—to drain the swamps of wealth and irrigate the deserts of poverty and so make a garden of the whole earth.

But it is coming. The unrest and travail is already abroad. The Communist with his industrial revolution and the Socialist with his fraternal brotherhood have arrived.

The pauper will be leveled up. The millionaire will be leveled down and the equilibrium of universal well being will be struck.

Thereafter the thankful mood will not have to be ordered by Hypocritical proclamations.

BEATING THEIR PLOWSHARES INTO GREATER BATTLESHIPS

Washington. — In a statement setting forth the fact that the United States government is setting the pace—both financially and in naval construction—in the race of the three great powers, the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America quotes these figures on army and navy appropriations:

	1912	1921
Great Britain	\$351,044,000	\$1,121,318,000
Japan	93,576,000	282,357,000
United States	244,177,000	1,422,752,000

"In 1924," says the council, "under the present building programs the United States will have a total of 21 battleships against 14 by Great Britain—18 if the 4 authorized ships are built—and 8 by Japan."

This refers to new battleships. The new building programs, when completed in 1924, will leave the United States with 531 vessels, including 21 battleships with guns of 14 inches and upward, 6 battle cruisers, 8 smaller battleships, 13 light cruisers, 317 destroyers and 166 submarines. Great Britain will have a total of 403 vessels, an increase of 7 over her present number in these classes. If Japan carries out her building program she will have 142 new ships.

NEXT SUNDAY

Two men are about to be electrocuted in Massachusetts. They are charged with the crime of murder. The capitalist court has convicted them, but the procedure was so shady that workers of two continents have risen up and declared that these two men shall not die.

SHALL SACCO-VANZETTI DIE?

Is the great question before this nation right now. There will be a big demonstration in ten thousand cities of America and fifty million people will help answer the question. The people of Duluth will have a hand in this

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JAPAN MUST WITHDRAW FROM SIBERIA

AN APPEAL TO THE ORGANIZED WORKERS OF GREAT BRITAIN AND THE BRITISH DOMINIONS.

By "Hands off Soviet Russia" Committee.

AUGUST 1920 AND TO-DAY

(1) On August 13, 1920, Organized Labour prevented the British Government from declaring war on Soviet Russia.

(2) To-day the workers and peasants of the Far Eastern Republic are appealing to British Labour against the occupation and blockade of their country by Japan.

WHAT IS THE FAR EASTERN REPUBLIC?

(1) The Far Eastern Republic is part of the Russian Empire, extending from Lake Baikal in central Siberia to the Pacific Ocean.

(2) It is on the friendliest terms with the Russian Soviet Republic.

(3) Its central organ of government is a constituent assembly, elected by adult suffrage on a territorial basis.

(4) Every elector has the right to introduce a Bill into the National Assembly.

(5) The sovereign power is in the hands of the people.

FORM OF THE GOVERNMENT IN JAPAN

(1) The Government of Japan, nominally democratic, in reality is an autocracy, tempered by an oligarchy drawn from a feudal aristocracy, and is in practice largely independent of popular institutions.

FAR EASTERN REPUBLIC OCCUPIED AND BLOCKADED

(1) The Japanese Ambassador in London, in the course of a letter to the above committee, dated June 29, 1921, stated: "I quite agree with your opinion that the Far Eastern Republic has never attacked Japanese territory, and cannot possibly be a menace to Japanese independence."

(2) Yet, Japan to-day occupies the Pacific ports of the Far Eastern Republic, thus cutting off its vast territory from access to the sea.

SIBERIA AND KOREA

(1) The Japanese Government advances, as a justification for its conduct, the geographical proximity of Siberia to Korea.

(2) It would be difficult to imagine a more damning indictment of Japanese rule in Korea.

(3) Some authorities have reckoned that since the Japanese annexation of Korea 30,000 of its inhabitants have been executed or otherwise killed; one in thirty of its whole population (women and children included) has been imprisoned; and one in sixty flogged.

(4) The Japanese Government admits that there is no military menace from the Far Eastern Republic; therefore, the conclusion is obvious. Japan fears the establishment of a democratic and prosperous State on the borders of Korea, apprehending that the contrast in conditions between it and suppressed Korea would be a constant source of inspiration to the Koreans in their struggle against the yoke of Japan.

(5) The hostility of the autocratic Japanese Government to the democratic government of the Far Eastern Republic is the strongest recommendation that the latter could receive for sympathy and support from Organized Labour both in Great Britain and in the British dominions.

JAPANESE OCCUPATION PREVENTS PEACEFUL DEVELOPMENT.

(1) The Japanese Government alleges, as an additional reason for maintaining its troops in Siberia, that that country is in an unsettled state.

(2) The foreign minister of the Far Eastern Republic, in a recent pronouncement, stated that the one menace to the peaceful development of the republic was the presence of Japanese troops.

(3) It is obvious that nothing would be more calculated to keep a democratic republic, which had thrown off the shackles of Tsardom, in an unsettled state than the occupation of its territory by troops of an autocratic and militarist power.

(4) Japanese Government aids and incites the counterrevolutionaries to take up arms against the Republican Government, and points to the resultant disorder as a justification for its policy.

(5) The Japanese people passionately claim before the civilized world equality with the white races, but the Japanese Government seizes the first opportunity of denying that claim and of suppressing a white race which numbers one twenty-fourth of Japan's population.

JUSTICE FOR THE FAR EASTERN REPUBLIC

We, place on record our emphatic protest against the Japanese Government's policy in Siberia, and, in view of Japan's refusal to withdraw her troops immediately and unconditionally, we call on the British Government:

- Not to renew the Anglo-Japanese Alliance in any form whatever.
- To lay down as conditions of the Washington Conference:—
 - That the Far Eastern Republic shall be represented on equal terms with Japan.
 - That prior to the date of the conference, Japan shall have withdrawn unconditionally from Siberia.

THANK GOD THE RAILSTRIKE IS OVER! HALLELUJAH! AMEN!

(By The Federated Press)

Chicago.—Following closely upon the solemn assurances given the chiefs of the Railway Brotherhoods that no more wage cuts were in prospect—for at a time at least—the United States Railway Labor Board on Wednesday did what many union labor leaders expected: started another wage slashing process that must inevitably revive nation wide strike plans.

Over the protest of A. O. Wharton and W. L. McMenimen, labor members, the board cut rates of pay for virtually all classes of railroad employees of the New Orleans & Great Northern Railroad Company of Mississippi. The announcement camouflaged the decision by declaring that this particular road was not a party to the case involving the wage increase of July 1 last.

Simultaneously with the announcement of the wage cut the National Industrial Traffic League, composed of the big shipping interests of the country, in convention here, adopted a resolution urging the railroads to press their claims for further wage reduction as a basis for freight rate readjustment.

This action is expected to make it possible for the railroad executives to barnstorm the Railway Labor Board with demands for further hilarious wage cutting, and at the same time plead, "It ain't us as wants it, but ye gods! what would you do? Blame the ship-pers!" The resolution of the shippers urges that "all employees of carriers be reduced in wages to a point corresponding to the salaries and wages in other lines of work," whatever that may mean.

Under the Railway Board's train

and engine service employees were returned without qualification to the rates of pay in effect March 1, 1920, but rates for shop crafts and roundhouse laborers were specified by the board class by class and station agents were similarly rated.

The decision said the road's representatives testified to an operating deficit of \$500,000 for 1920, and a further operating deficit of \$95,000 for the first half of 1921, together with deferred maintenance of \$400,000, accumulated since the ending of Federal Control.

All classes of employees on the road, the decision said, except maintenance of way forces, declined to accept the reductions of July last or rates proposed by the roads. The dissenting opinion filed by Wharton differed from the majority decision "with particular reference to the manifestly unjust and unreasonable treatment accorded shop employees in the decision and the indefensible low rate established for laborers."

"By this decision the board has decreed that a laborer who has heretofore generally received a rate higher than that paid a section laborer shall now be paid a wage of \$9.30 for a full time week," Wharton's dissenting opinion said. "A wage that is below the minimum established by various agencies as being sufficient to support one worker and many of these are men of families."

"Is it just or reasonable that a journeyman mechanic who is required to serve a four-year apprenticeship shall have his earnings for a full month's service cut from \$174.40 to \$122.40, while certain other classes of employees, some of whom are unquestionably less skill-

ed, retain all of the increases granted them during the period of Federal Control?"

He presented a table of rates of pay in passenger service showing reductions of \$1.80 a day by this decision and declared that other classes of shop crafts "are likewise the subject of discrimination as compared with the treatment accorded station and train forces."

The Guggenheims To Grab Alaska

Washington.—Sale of the Government's railroad in Alaska to private interests, just as it is about to be completed and opened to through traffic which will break the private monopoly on traffic to the Yukon Valley, is advocated by Secretary of the Interior Fall.

This is the first move made by Fall to destroy the Alaska conservation program which overthrew the rule of the Guggenheims in that territory. Senator New of Indiana is in charge of a bill in Congress which opens the way to the Guggenheim restoration by placing all of Alaska's national interests in the hands of a bureau under the Interior Department.

Beside grabbing the railroads, the Guggenheim and allied interests seek to get control of the vast national forest resources in Alaska. The bill provides that these forests shall be transferred from the Bureau of Forestry, which is in the Department of Agriculture, to the Interior Department.

The Ballinger-Pinchot fight of ten years ago resulted in the construction of the Government railway and the protection of the raw materials from private monopoly. The present administration is in sympathy with the Ballinger side of the controversy, and will go as far to reverse the Roosevelt policies as it can safely go. As the country is now watching the Arms Limitation Conference, conditions in Congress are favorable to effective action on the program.

Bosses Fire Worker Refusing to Testify

If proof were needed to denounce the Sacco-Vanzetti case as one of victimization, the recent action of the management of the States and Merrill Shoe Factory, Braintree, Massachusetts, provides it. It was outside this factory that Sacco is alleged to have committed the crime, and Louis D. Wade, a workman at the firm, professed to having seen him in the act. Later, he began to reconsider the position in the light of the fact that many Italians look rather like Sacco, his hairdresser most of all; this discovery determined him to refuse to identify Sacco when called as a witness. His employers resented this action, and now Wade has been dismissed after a term of seventeen years employment at the States and Merrill factory, no reason having been given. Reports of dismissals of other workers who gave favorable evidence at the court are numerous.

"Smile, Damn You! Smile!" Says Y.M.C.A.

Minneapolis, Minn.—Because he did not smile when he asked one of the directors to comply with a "no smoking" rule, the janitor at the Central Y. M. C. A. has been discharged. "A salary of \$80 a month doesn't give a man much to smile about," was the only comment the discharged janitor made.

Plenty of Time

Colombia, S. C. State: First Little Girl—What's your last name, Annie?

Second Little Girl—Don't know yet; I ain't married.

"Ethel, can't you tell us the shape of the world?" asked teacher dear, encouragingly.

"Yessum: it's in a pretty bad shape just now."

NOTICE!

Duluth Scand. Local meet every Tuesday Night at Workers Hall, Cor. 19th Ave. W. & 1st St. —New Members welcome!!

THE STORY OF A PROLETARIAN LIFE

(Autobiographical notes written in the State Prison, Charlestown, Massachusetts, and translated from the Italian by Eugene Lyons. The conviction of Vanzetti and his friend Nicola Sacco on a murder charge has roused the greatest international protest since the Mooney-Billings conviction.)

II.

In the Promised Land.

After a two-day railway train ride across France and more than seven days on the ocean, I arrived in the Promised Land. New York loomed on the horizon in all its grandness and illusion of happiness. I strained my eyes from the steerage deck, trying to see through this mass of masonry that was at once inviting and threatening the huddled men and women in the third class.

In the immigration station I had my first great surprise. I saw the steerage passengers handled by the officials like so many animals. Not a word of kindness, of encouragement, to lighten the burden of fears that rest heavily upon the newly-arrived on American shores. Hope, which lured these immigrants to the new land, withers under the touch of harsh officials. Little children who should be alert with expectancy, cling instead to their mothers' skirts, weeping with fright, such is the unfriendly spirit that exists in the immigration barracks.

How well I remember standing at the Battery, in lower New York, upon my arrival, alone, with a few poor belongings in the way of clothes and very little money. Until yesterday I was among folks who understood. This morning I seem to have awakened in a land where my language means little more to the native (so far as meaning is concerned) than the pitiful noises of a dumb animal. Where was I to go? What was I to do? Here was the promised land. The elevated rattled by and did not answer. The automobiles and the trolleys sped by, heedless of me.

I had note of one address, and thither a fellow-passenger conducted me. It was the house of a countryman of mine, on 25th Street near Seventh Avenue. I remained there a while, but it became all too evident that there was no room for me in his house, which was overstocked with human beings, like all workmen's houses. In deep melancholy I left the place towards eight that evening to look for a place to sleep. I retraced my steps to the Battery, where I took a bed for the night in a suspicious-looking establishment, the best I could afford. Three days after my arrival the countryman, already mentioned, who was head cook in a rich club on West 86th Street overlooking the Hudson river, found me a post in his kitchen as dishwasher. I worked there three months. The hours were long; the garret where we slept was suffocatingly hot; and the vermin did not permit me to close an eye. Almost every night I sought escape in the park.

Leaving this place, I found the same kind of employment in the Mougin restaurant. What the conditions there are at present I do not know. But at that time 13 years ago, the pantry was horrible. There was not a single window in it. When the electric light for some reason was out, it was totally dark, so that one couldn't move without running into things. The vapor of the boiling water where the plates, pans and silver were washed formed great drops of water on the ceiling, took up all the dust and grime there, then fell slowly one by one upon my head, as I worked below. During working hours the heat was terrific. The table linens amassed in barrels near the pantry gave out nauseating exhalation. The sinks had no direct sewerage connection. Instead, the water was permitted to overflow to the floor. In the center of the room there was a drain. Every night the pipe was clogged and the greasy water rose higher and higher and we trudged in the slime.

We worked 12 hours one day and 14 hours the next, with "five hours" off every other Sunday. Damp food hardly fit for dogs and 5 or 6 dollars a week was the pay. After eight months I left the place for fear of contracting consumption.

That was a sad year. What toiler does not remember it? The poor slept outdoors and rummaged the garbage barrels to find a cabbage leaf or a rotten potato. For three months I searched New York its length and breadth without finding work. One morning, in an employment agency, I met a young man more forlorn and unfortunate even than I. He had gone without food the day before and was still fasting. I took him to a restaurant, investing almost all that remained to me of my savings in a meal

which he ate with wolfish voracity. His hunger stilled, my new friend declared it was stupid to remain in New York. If he had the money, he said, he would go to the country, where there was more chance of work, without counting the pure air and the sun which could be had for nothing. With the money remaining in my possession we took the steamboat for Hartford, Connecticut, the same day.

From Hartford we struck out for a small town where my companion had been once before, the name of which I forget. We tramped along the road, and finally got up courage enough to knock at a cottage door. An American farmer opened to our knock. We asked for work. He had none to give us, but he was touched by our poverty and our all too evident hunger. He gave food, then went through the whole town with us, inquiring whether there was work. Not a stroke was to be found. Then, out of pity for us he took us on his farm, although he had no need for our assistance. He kept us there two weeks. I shall always treasure the memory of that American family — the first Americans who treated us as human despite the fact that we came from the land of Dante and of Garibaldi.

Space limitations do not permit me to trace in detail our subsequent wanderings in search of someone who would give us bread and water in return for our labor. From town to town, village to village, farm to farm we went. We knocked at factory doors and were sent away. "Nothing doing... nothing doing." We were literally without a penny between the two of us, with hunger gnawing at our insides. We were lucky when we found an abandoned stable where we could pass the night in an effort to sleep.

One morning we were fortunate. —In South Stanstonberry a countryman from Piedmont treated us to breakfast. Need I tell how grateful we were to him? But then we had to keep going in the disheartening search. About three in the afternoon we arrived in Middletown, Connecticut, tired, bruised, hungry, and dripping from three hours' walk in a rain.

Of the first person that we met we inquired for some North-Italian (my illustrious companion was excessively partial toward the land of the campanelle) and were directed to a nearby house. We knocked and were received by two Sicilian women, mother and daughter. We asked to be permitted to dry our clothes at the stove, and this they did most readily, despite the fact that they were Southerners. And while we sat there getting dried we asked about the chances for obtaining work in that vicinity. They told us there was not a stitch to be had, and advised trying in Springfield, where there are brick furnaces.

Observing the pallor of our faces and the audible trembling of our bodies, the good women inquired whether we were hungry. We confessed that we had not eaten since six in the morning. Whereupon the younger of them handed us a short loaf of bread and a long knife.

"I can give you nothing else," she said, and her eyes filled with honest tears. "I have five children and my old mother to feed. My husband works on the railroad and earns no more than \$1.35 a day, and to make things worse, I have been sick for a long time."

While I cut the bread, she rummaged round the house and finally discovered several apples, which she insisted upon our eating. Refreshed we set out in the direction of the furnaces.

"What can that be over there

where the chimney is?" asked my companion.

"It is the brick factory, no doubt. Let us go and ask for a job."

"Oh, it is much too late now," he demurred.

"Well, then, let us go to the home of the owner," was my suggestion.

"No, no, let's go on elsewhere. Work of that kind would kill you. You're not built that way," he countered.

It became evident enough that in the long period of fruitless searching for work, the fellow had lost his taste for labor. It is a state of mind that is not at all unusual. In the repeated impact of disappointment and insult, hunger and deprivation, the unemployed victim develops a certain indifference to his own fate. A terrible state of mind it is and one that makes vagabonds forever of the weaker individuals among the unfortunate.

As I stood there trying to swing him back to a healthy view of our predicament, I thought of the house we had left a little while ago. I thought with a pang of their slim evening meal, made slimmer because of the bread we had devoured. The thought of my own troubles blotted them out for a while. The memory of the last night, the cold sleepless night, made me tremble. I took at look at myself; I was almost in rags. Another night coming on...

(To be continued)

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TRUTH

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J. O. BENTALL, Editor.

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COLORADO AGAIN

When something real raw is to be pulled off it has to be done in Colorado, and by the Rockefeller crowd.

Cuts in wages from five to twenty-five per cent have been made all along the line in many industries, but it was up to the Rockefeller interests to go the 30 per cent limit.

Miners who have been getting the most miserable wages of all the slaves in the world in the Rockefeller fields are not going to let the new cut be made without resistance. It is a matter of compulsion on their part.

The mines have been working only part time as usual. The average has been less than \$5 a day—and about four days a week. This means an average income of less than \$20 a week.

It must also be remembered that the food stuffs and clothing has to be purchased in the company stores at prices twice those in ordinary town stores.

Now when you chop off 30 percent you reduce the weekly income to \$14 a week for many of the miners and to much less for a great number, probably half of the miners.

It isn't a question of wanting to work at those wages. All the miners want to work at any wages that make it possible to live. The miners never figure on luxuries. They never expect any. They expect some beefs steak and potatoes, and a shack to keep their body while they gain new strength to go another shift.

There are no such things as carpets on their floors. In fact the great majority have no floor. They have no dressers or chiffoniers. The supreme luxury in the miner's house or tent is an old rocker tied together with hay wire. There is no tablecloth and no silverplated knives and forks. Only the plain iron utensils. Only the bare room with no soft spot.

It is not possible to have comforts on \$14 a week. The miner does not figure on it. His children do not expect it. They do not know what it means.

All the miner expects is a mere existence. When that is attacked he rebels. Only a brute system like the present one can go so far as it goes in reducing the workers to starving slaves. Only the Rockefeller interests are able to drive the slaves to the extremes that the Colorado miners are driven.

If a farmer or a small business man should put people into such a condition there isn't a community in all this degraded land that would not rise up and drive out the tyrant. But Rockefeller has power. He has influence. He has the state in his grip. He has the church and the schools and the universities and the press under his thumb. He has power. Power is the word.

Now the troops are out in Huerfano county. The soldiers are told to shoot the miners. Not because the miners have done any harm but because they refuse to work while starving. The government does not care for the miners. It cares for only the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company. It cares for Rockefeller.

Now the workers must not think that they can win by a strike alone. They can educate themselves thru a strike. They can learn how weak they are and also how strong they are.

But they must learn the supreme thing — the necessity of concerted action, intelligent concerted action. They must learn that this action must be in the direction of the destruction of the present system of exploitation. They can get by with nothing less. They must prepare to do what the workers in Russia did. They must get the industries and the government into their own hands. They must get power. They must get the power that Rockefeller has now. Not for the purpose of benefiting any one class but for the welfare of all.

This is a simple thing. But it is the big thing. There is nothing more important in the wide world today. And it is because it is so important that the workers will bring it about.

ON THE SQUARE

There is no disgrace in being poor, is the old saying. But there is disgrace in being dishonest.

John Anderson was a farmer, and like all farmers he was badly in debt. In fact he was not so sure he could ever pay his debts.

John was compelled to borrow money from the bank. To begin with the bank required that he furnish some one to go on the note with him. But as the years went by this request by the banker was omitted. There were notes running into several thousand dollars, and the banker knew John was not worth it, but still he loaned John the money.

The reason for this was that John was on the square and never tried to fool anybody. His word was good. He told the banker the condition and promised to pay down all he could, but never promised more than he felt sure he could keep. If bad luck hit him he would go to the banker and tell him the truth. In the long run John paid out. The banker lost nothing.

But the banker had another fellow to deal with. He came with a lot of money which he deposited and made a great impression. Later he needed money and got it. His promises to pay were many and loud. He would pay some at times, just enough to keep the banker worried. For he could never quite make up his mind whether to extend more credit or not. This fellow Crow—well call him Crow as it fits him so well—got more and more reckless and finally he became so unreliable that he could not borrow a cent and could not get a neighbor to go on a note big enough to buy a wheelbarrow with. Crow was the laughingstock of the community wherever he made his vows that he would pay his debts and make good his word. He had proven to the satisfaction of everybody except an old half-wit that he was nothing but a blow. The old half-wit had loaned him his last penny and was always trying to get more to loan him, for he said he was sure Crow would come around all right with the dough.

Now we are not particularly interested in those two farmers. Nor are we anxious to perpetuate a system in which there shall be debtors and creditors. In fact we are trying to do away with that system that makes a crook of Crow and a pauper of John Anderson.

But we feel that there is something of very great value in being on the square. It is the greatest among the prerequisites for success in real life.

And the reason we bring this forward just now is to call your attention to the bad faith the government has made itself guilty of.

The government has not been on the square with the people of this country. At first it was pretty fair. It made good some of its promises. But for nearly a century

it has slipped into the habit of playing the gambler's and the crook's game. It has made some very important promises and broken them.

It promised to set the Negroes free. It has not made good. Several million negroes are in worse than slavery in the South today. They have been disfranchised and beaten at every turn. So badly have they been treated that Harding had to go down South and make a speech and more promises to keep them from rising up in revolt.

The government has promised freedom of speech and of the press. It was a good promise and for some time the people were enjoying these rights to a degree. But during the last four years those have been dead rights. The government is closing down more and more and breaking its pledge in a criminally reckless manner.

We were promised peace by the government. It has not come. In several portions of our country there is war. In West Virginia there is war. In Colorado there is war. In every strike region there is war—war carried on by the government against the workers. The government has not been on the square with the people.

The people wanted peace in 1917. They voted for it and elected a president who promised peace. He and the rest of the government played false and went back on their word.

Now we are promised disarmament. Already while the delegates are in session they let it leak out that there was no intention to disarm. Already they are giving the ha ha to the people.

No. Our government has not played square with the people. It has lied and broken its promises. It has done it so flagrantly that there is no chance to deny it. It cannot come into court with clean hands any more.

The people are therefore beginning to refuse credit. Just as the banker refused credit to Crow when he had become unworthy of it.

That is the beginning of the end of any person or government. There is nothing to do. The whole thing is unreliable and tyrannical. Its word is no good. Only its word of oppression is good.

Let the people get wise on this and take matters into their own hands. Let them set aside the government that has played false to them and put up a government of their own.

The people did this in Russia. They will do it in all other countries.

CUTTING THEIR OWN WAGES

Eclipsing the glory of the Arms Conference at Washington last week came the joyinspiring news in four inch cross page black lines that "Packing Workers Cut Own Pay."

Since the Armistice day three years ago there has been no such rejoicing. The papers simply went wild. There has been much joy when the bosses have beat the workers in strikes. There was much joy when the rail strike was called off and the workers had lost out, but nothing like this.

For in this instance the workers themselves cut their own pay.

It is something almost new. It certainly is something strange.

You see, in the stockyards in Chicago and Kansas City and Omaha the workers got it into their heads that they couldn't possibly lug the fat pay envelopes that they were getting away from the plants to their shacks. They were getting all the way from \$7 to \$17 a week. This was tremendous.

There had come some suggestions that the Armour and Swifts and Nelsons and Cudahys and Morrisseys were getting low on oats and on the brink of starvation. They had made only \$73,000,000 during the year and it was not enough to keep the wolf from their door.

This touched the hearts of the workers, so they just goodnaturedly picked up their smiles and told the bosses they were willing to do their bit as they had been taught during the war.

Among the more tenderhearted of the workers were the representatives of the "plant assemblies."

For the benefit of the public at large we would relate that as far back as 1919 there was a move on foot to get the workers organized into company unions, for the purpose of making the employees think that they actually had an organization of their own. These company unions crystallized into "plant assemblies." These plant assemblies have been the power to keep the men in check. They have dictated to the workers what they should do. They have worked as if they were composed of workers and directed by workers but in reality they were controlled by specially appointed agents of the packers themselves.

In the long run the packers decided to make the cut in wages. This was brot before the company spies in the plant assemblies and the assemblies were told that this cut must be agreed to by the assemblies which were entirely in the hands of the company machinery.

It was in this way the "Packing Workers Cut Their Own Pay."

Now it is very important that the workers be patted on their back and told that they have such fine judgement as to even cut their own wages before the bosses have to mention it. Nay, even before the bosses so much as dream of such a thing. In the name of great America and for her welfare these workers have set an example that should make the whole world vibrate with new life. Will not the workers in other industries immitate the sensible workers in the packing plants and surprise their masters by announcing that for god and country they have decided to make the supreme sacrifice—for that is what it means.

If anyone had the fool notion that we are running low on the supply of heroes let him have that fool notion no more. There are over 200,000 packing house workers who have laid their lives upon the altar of American prosperity who stand no more chance of pulling thru on their wages than the drafted soldier stood when he surrendered his life to go to war. And all such selfsacrificing souls must be placed in the ever growing column of heroes or idiots—just as you may have it.

There seems to be no end to the good fortunes that come to this country almost unsolicited.

THE CLINCHER

We beg a thousand or more pardons for having omitted to mention the keynote to the speeches on armistice day.

One of the speakers had made a wonderful discovery which the audience did not seem to appreciate, but which the weak minded Tribune thrilled at as if it had been a baby's first "da, da."

Coming to the red heat of the oration the speaker made the peace clincher by Delsarting the heroic assertion that "the world is capable of peace."

This poor earth has had to struggle along for many years in dull monotony till this exhilarating inspiration struck us like some new message from Gabriel. Not since Columbus discovered America and the sheriff discovered the moonshine still in the East End has so overwhelming a glory been deserved by men who spurn such hazards as our armistice day clincher.

"The world is capable of peace!"

Capable! Why, we have been capable of many great things.

We have dug the Panama canal and spanned the Hudson river with a three deck bridge two miles long. We have plowed up ten million acres of virgin land and made it yield glorious crops of golden grain. We have put up factories that convert iron ore into rails and engines that provide transportation for the merchandise of two continents. We were capable of building the pyramids of Egypt and of spreading out the hanging gardens of Babylon. We were capable of investing wireless telegraphy and the flying machine. We are capable of putting forty million soldiers in the field and kill half of them in a day. We are capable of digging trenches a thousand miles long and blowing holes in the ground that destroy a million acres of land.

O, shucks! We can tear the guts out of the inside of the whole earth and put them back again and make her swallow capitalist peace dope and hold it down.

And then come the orators of the armistice day and try to excite us by telling us that "we are capable of peace." And the Tribune goes into hysterics about it as if it had found one of its editors in possession of a new idea.

"That is the final, clinching argument for peace—the capability of peace."

It doesn't take much to excite some people, now does it?

OUR HUMANE PRESIDENT

The Kansas City Star has won recent fame by showing how humane our president is. It takes its text from the speech Harding made when he helped to bury the "unknown" soldier on armistice day. In that speech Harding is quoted as having said that he did not speak for the government, "but for the men and women who had sent out their sons to fight, or who in the future might be called on to send out their sons."

Commenting on this the Star says: "The president is a very humane man. He enters into the life of his neighbors, the plain people, because he feels as they feel."

Isn't it very humane to speak to those who "might be called upon to send out their sons?" How nice it is to tell the mothers that there will be more war and that the president wants to feel like a neighbor to the mothers and fathers who have to let their sons get killed.

We would like to know what could be more brutal and inhuman than to remind these brokenhearted parents of their terrible loss. Only one thing surpassed it in brutality and that was the suggestion that there would be more wars and the invitation to the mothers and fathers to sacrifice more sons.

But it is the habit of the press to turn the most horrid threat into a bright promise. It did so when the war came. It told the people that this was a righteous and glorious war and that it would end all wars. It told the people that the peace conference would get peace for the world. It got war. It told the people that the disarmament conference would do away with the instruments of war. It is only fixing the best proportions in which the nations may arm themselves.

And so all around. The press says without a smile just the opposite to what is intended by the master class. It is the hypocrite incarnate. It is the liar and the son of the father of lies. It is not made to tell the truth. It could not tell the truth without breaking away from all its habits. It is bound to its craving even as the drunkard is fettered with the desire for strong drink. It cannot live without lying, even as the drunkard cannot live without drinking. It will die lying, even as the drunkard will die drinking. It will be buried in a liar's grave even as a drunkard will be buried in a drunkard's grave.

The press knew that it lied when it said that Harding is humane. The system does not allow a president to be humane. It killed Lincoln because he was humane. It converted many of the other presidents into brutes. It converted Wilson into a brute. It is doing its best to convert Harding into a brute.

Servants of capitalism cannot remain humane. The system itself is not humane. It is brutal. It fights and rends and rapes and murders. It tolerates none who is humane. It puts such into the dungeon. It puts them to death.

It put John Brown to death. It put Lovejoy and Garrison to death. It put Jaures and Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg to death. It is putting Tom Mooney and Jim Larkin and Ben Gitlow and Gene Debs and Charles Ashleigh and Ralph Chaplin to death.

No. The system would not let Harding live if he became humane. It would make a great man of him as it made great men of Lincoln and Jesus.

MORAL DISARMAMENT

That is the latest in the development at the arms conference.

It took Briand of France to come across with the real insides of the outfit at Washington. Hughes was more astute and more careful. He went right after the material part of the business and made it appear that there was some sincerity in the minds of the ruling elements of the assembled delegates.

But now all that is gone. Briand declares that he cannot consent to put away his guns. He claims he is afraid of his old enemy. He recites some old speeches of Ludendorf where he finds that the only way to have peace is to have war.

So Briand has hit upon the ingenious idea of moral disarmament. Cute, isn't it?

Now no one needs to worry about losing the jobs of making cannon and machine guns and battleships. There is a lot of profit in all this and there is no loss of profit in moral disarmament.

It seems, however, that Briand should have been a little more careful. Taken in the ordinary sense this moral disarmament would mean that the nations should not be armed morally. The question naturally arises: Have they any morals worth scrapping? Are not the nations quite bankrupt in morals as far as any of the decent kind is concerned?

May be there wont be any morals to scrup. It may be disappointing to Briand to find this, but not surprising to people with a bit of sense.

REMAIN DAZED

"Arms Conference Delegates Remain Dazed by Blunt U. S. Proposals to scrap Powerful Navy Fleets."

This is the real statement made by the press at the opening of the arms conference.

It appears that the very suggestion that some of the warships and some of the other killing equipment be laid aside was such an unexpected shock to the delegates that they couldn't believe their own ears. Lucky for them that they had taken with them several carloads of brandy and wines and whisky to use as restoratives. Any doctor should have possessed sufficient humanitarian instinct to write out a fat prescription for such victims of superimposed sickness.

We have been criticised for calling this an aggregation of hypocrites. We are not listening to this criticism. We simply want to ask: If these delegates had come in good faith for the purpose of doing away with war machinery

why did they faint away when such a thing was mentioned? Tell us that, will you.

It is later reported that with the timely help of preachers and booze the delegates have recovered enuf to go into secret sessions to fix up the mess, or as Taft would say, "unscramble the eggs."

But the workers should remember that it costs money to keep that gang in their secret parlors. It cost money to keep our president at the peace table in Paris. It cost money to repair the hotel that was almost ruined during the nightly brawl that this president arranged for—cost us some \$275,000 to repair that hotel. And don't forget that this was a "peace conference." The one in Washington is an "arms conference."

And don't be so hard on Fatty Arbuckle.

OUR CONGRESSWOMAN

No, we do not mean Knute Nelson. We mean that skirtified specimen that was honored above all other snobs in this country by being invited to wield the gavel for seven minutes while the speaker got a sip of water or moonshine, or whatever it was.

There has been before Congress for some time a measure that purports to give relief to the motherhood and childhood of this country. It provides for some education of women who have the high calling of being the mothers of our coming generation. Also facilities in form of appropriate hospitals for mothers at child birth.

It is quite well known that the great masses of mothers have to go thru the valley of the shadow in worse than hovel homes and that much mortality results from the unsanitary surroundings and lack of care that mothers should have when they most need it.

So some of the progressive elements among the people in this country have suggested to Congress that it would be a fine thing to pass a bill that makes for better conditions for mothers. Also that gives a chance to the newborn to start life in a decent place.

Among about 38 fossils of the petrified bones in Congress Miss Alice M. Robertson voted against this bill, because she thot that any aid to make motherhood and childhood more tolerate smacked of Bolshevism. She seemed to have no other great reason. And let us admit that she was right about the smacking. For it is a horrible fact that the Bolsheviks actually think of mothers and children as very important beings both in Russia and in other countries. It is one of those bad thots that distinguish the Bolsheviks from respectable people like the dried up old Congresswoman and her 37 pals who voted against the maternity bill.

What gives us the shudders is the growing tendency toward Bolshevism as evidenced by the way the other 270 members of the house voted. They seemed to have forgotten their patriotic duty toward the mothers of the country and let them die in their agonies while giving life to a race. Miss Robertson did not so forget herself as to slip on this matter. She stood fast to her post as a defender of the traditions of our country and the inviolability of our institutions and the sacredness of our homes.

For which the capitalist press gives her special mention and much praise.

SOB SCHWAB

Isn't it fine of Sob Schwab to come around and tell us that he would be so glad to have all the building of war ships ended even tho this takes away from him most of the graft?

You have not forgotten how Schwab worked for \$1 a year during the war, and how his monthly personal expenses reached the tidy sum of some sixty thousand dollars and how he pulled down for his own pocket several hundred thousand dollars, say nothing about the millions he made in the steel deals by being able to give contracts to himself and charge the government all he pleased.

Then when this mess was brot to the attention of the people of this country poor Schwab just broke down and wept big round tears, just like the tears of a fat baby.

It is so remarkable that this sobber didn't cry before he was found out. It did not seem to hurt him that he played the hypocrite while he was pilfering the treasury of the country. Not before he was pictured to the people in the true light of his sneaky deals. Then his little heart broke and he wept.

Poor, dear! It made such an impression on the judge and the whole committee that they let him go to wipe his nose, and they forgot to call him back.

Now we are told that this big hearted man, who has so gloriously maintained unspotted Americanism in his steel mills by skinning his slaves by working them 12 hours a day at starvation wages comes along with the humanitarian proposition that he is willing to let the ship building go to hades if we can only have peace.

This sincere hypocrite is of the true American blood that is so satisfactory to the fooling professionals of this country.

He is typical of the sincerity of the master class, and it is well to get next to all these fellows so we may know them and also their pedigree.

Of course it might be remembered that if Schwab should have to quit making battleships he can console himself with the fact that he has some \$200,000,000 laid up for a rainy day and that he might wiggle along on this for a few years without more than common care and economy.

And if worst should come to worst he might apply for another job at \$1 a year. That would help some.

GARY WANTS PEACE

Just like old Carnegie Gary comes along and talks in favor of peace.

You have not forgotten the millions that Gary gave to prevent war, how he went to the Hague conference and was lauded for his donation to the great edifice that was supposed to spell peace for the world.

The press gave Carnegie the same patting on the back that it now gives Gary. It oozed out its hypocrisy in the same nauseating style.

If Gary wants peace let him begin by restoring peace in his steel mills where more workers are killed in accident than in any other industry, and where conditions are so rotten that even the Inter Church organization came out with deadly condemnation of it. Should you count the hundreds of thousands of women and children who suffer hunger and privation because of the unspeakable tyranny of Gary you would multiply the horrors till the whole world might justly rise up in protest and wrath.

Look at the action of Gary during the steel strike! Fine peace man this fellow!

Look at his slave pens in Pittsburgh and the steel cities of Pennsylvania, where not an organizer of the workers is allowed to come within a mile of the camps.

Look at Gary, Indiana, and Gary, in West Duluth. Police guard these places so not as much as a leaflet may come to the workers to enlighten them. Not a speech is allowed without a fight. Not a hall can be rented without a threat by this peace man.

If the world is to have the sort of peace that Gary does out we hope it will make up its mind to get along without it.