

FORCED TO BURN CORN WHILE WORLD STARVES

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TRUTH

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ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO—

"TRUTH"

DULUTH, MINN.

COAL BARONS ROB PEOPLE WHILE FARMERS BURN CORN

(By The Federated Press)
CHICAGO.—Facts and figures from government sources and from the mouths of coal operators were presented in a speech before the Public Ownership League here by John Brophy, president of District No. 2, U. M. W. A., which forms one of the most convincing arguments yet made for the nationalization of the coal mines of the country. Brophy, who is chairman of the Nationalization Research Committee of the mine workers' organization, outlined not only the official program of the miners adopted at the last convention, but sketched the case for nationalization in simple, authentic manner which was the more impressive because of its close adherence to admitted facts.

"The coal industry is in a chaotic condition," he said, "more chaotic than that of any other industry. The coal industry is sick. But it refuses to let the doctor make an examination. You are asked to give an opinion about coal, and when the miners ask that all the facts be put at your disposal the operators start a publicity campaign against facts through paid advertisements in the newspapers."

"We miners, as a first step in our larger program, demand that you be given centralized, continuous and compulsory information. We demand a fact-finding agency. I said that the coal industry is sick. Secretary of Commerce Hoover says 'This industry (the soft coal industry), considered as a whole, is one of the worst functioning industries in the United States. It is equipped with capital, with machinery, plants and labor for a peak load at least 20 per cent above the average necessity.'"

"Eugene McAuliff, president of the Union Colliery Company, says: 'This unstable condition that now surrounds the industry is costing the country not less than \$1 per

ton, or \$500,000,000 annually.' That is \$5 a year for every person in the United States—the cost of bad management in these times."

"C. E. Leshner, editor of the 'Coal Age,' says of the bituminous industry that it is 'as unorganized as the retail grocery business.' Is it not surprising that the supreme commodity of the age should be run on such a basis? The annual loss of coal, due to loss in pillars, whether willfully or through accident, is at least 150 million tons."

"The waste in transportation is appalling. Coal violates every principle of transportation and there is no solution of the problem until coal is wisely organized. And with distribution it is just the same. The LaFollette Committee found that 'no cause constituted either justification or legitimate excuse for the great advance in prices which occurred, most largely in the spot markets, which the evidence clearly shows was participated in by operators, wholesalers, and retailers, aggravated by the entrance into this field of quick and easy profits of a horde of speculators, who have had no defenders before the committee.'"

"We charge the operators with profiteering. I shall now quote an operator, T. H. Watkins, president of a large coal company, the Pennsylvania Coal and Coke Corporation. Mr. Watkins said before the LaFollette Committee, when questioned as to who caused the increase in price of coal from \$1.55, for which it was sold in 1916, to \$2.71 in 1917:

"Well, I should say that it was affected by the market, it was affected by the abnormal demand, which came into the situation caused by the European war orders."

"The chairman: 'What do you mean by market conditions?'"

"Watkins: 'Demand.'"

(Continued on page 3)

NEW WORKERS' PARTY TO BE ORGANIZED

NEW YORK CITY.—More than a dozen organizations, representing approximately 50,000 members, will meet together in convention during the Christmas holidays, in this city, to organize the Workers' Party of America.

This gathering will be the result of several months of negotiations between the representatives of the various organizations involved, and constitutes the first big effort to unite all the elements that have left of been expelled from the Socialist Party during the past three years.

The leading elements in the negotiations were the American Labor Alliance, Elmer T. Allison, Secretary, 201 W. 13th St., New York City, and the Workers' Council of the United States, Louis J. Engdahl, Secretary 80 E. 11th St., New York City.

Representing the American Labor Alliance in the negotiations were James P. Cannon, Jay Lovestone and A. Bittleman; for the Workers' Council in addition to Engdahl, Alexander Trachtenberg and J. B. Salutsky, and for its affiliated organizations, the Jewish Socialist Federation, George Wishnak, Paul Juditz and I. B. Bailin, and for the German Workers' Educational Society, Ludwig Lore, editor of the Volkszeitung, and Louis F. Wolf.

Among the organizations affiliated with the American Labor Alliance, in addition to its English membership, that will participate in the Christmas convention are the Finnish Socialist Federation, the Jewish Workers' Federation, the Scandinavian Socialist Federation, the Creek Socialist Union, the Irish American Labor League, the Hungarian Workers' Federation, the Italian Workers' Federation and others.

Invitations to the convention are being sent to the Proletarian Party, with headquarters at Detroit, Mich., to the Bohemian Socialist Federation, at Chicago, Ill., that recently withdrew from the Socialist Party, while special appeals will be made to the left wing elements remaining in the Italian Socialist Federation, the Socialist Labor Party, the Jugo-Slav Socialist Federation and other similar organizations.

The call for the convention in full follows:

THE AMERICAN LEGION AT PLAY

News dispatches from Kansas City gave the impression that the national convention of the American Legion occupied itself chiefly with greeting Marshal Foch and considering the interests of former service men. The Nation learns that this was not all that took place; that the assembly was a medley of rum, rowdiness and riot. A communication to The Nation and articles in the Kansas City Post and the St. Joseph Gazette give some of the details. The first is as follows:

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In its issue of November 1, the Kansas City Times (the morning Kansas City Star) greeted the throngs of incoming American Legionnaires with the following editorial:

Greetings for Today

Hello, bo! Have a cigarette. Take another one. Take anything you see around the place.

The town is yours. Take it into camp with you. Scruff it up to your heart's content. Order it about. Let it carry grub to you. Have it shine your shoes. Hand it your coat and tell it to hold it until the show is over.

We are all waiting your orders.

Convention Call To Organize The Workers' Party Of America.

A fierce class war is raging throughout the world. All capitalist governments are openly fighting the battles of the exploiters.

The struggle of the workers, even for the most elementary needs, is today meet with merciless suppression, and develops into a fight for political power.

Inspired by the proletarian revolution in Russia, and impelled by the cowardly and traitorous conduct of their leaders, the workers of the world have organized the Communist International, as an answer to the unholy alliance of their capitalist oppressors. Despite the bitter opposition of the capitalists and their labor lieutenants, the Communist International is growing rapidly. It has become a world power.

The American capitalists are using the present economic crisis to increase their power of exploitation and oppression. The whole working class is being crushed under the iron heel of a brutal capitalist dictatorship.

At this critical moment we must have an organization that will not only valiantly defend the workers, but will also wage an aggressive struggle for the abolition of capitalism. Only a revolutionary workers political party can fulfill this task.

Such a party will and must grow out of all political groups which stand on the platform of the militant class struggle. It is not necessary to create this desire for unity. It is already a living reality, grown out of the very struggle of the masses during the years since the ending of the world war and the inauguration of Soviet Rule in Russia.

With a full realization of these facts, the undersigned join in issuing this call for the organization of the Workers' Party of America, pledged to the following principles:

1. THE WORKERS' REPUBLIC: To lead the working masses in the struggle for the abolition of capitalism, thru the establishment of a government by the working class and for the working class—A WORKERS' REPUBLIC IN AMERICA.

2. POLITICAL ACTION: To participate in all political activities, including electoral campaigns, in

order to utilize them for the purpose of carrying our message to the masses. The elected representatives of the Workers' Party will unmask the fraudulent capitalist democracy and help mobilize the workers for the final struggle against their common enemy.

3. THE LABOR UNIONS: To develop the labor organizations into organs of militant struggle against capitalism, expose the reactionary labor bureaucrats, and educate the workers to militant unionism.

4. A FIGHTING PARTY: It shall be a party of militant, class-conscious workers, bound by discipline and organized on the basis of democratic centralization, with full power in the hands of the Central Executive Committee between conventions. The Central Executive Committee of the party shall have control over all activities of public officials. It shall also co-ordinate and direct the work of the party members in trade unions.

5. PARTY PRESS: The party's press shall be owned by the party, and all of its activities shall be under the control of the Central Executive Committee.

All working-class bodies that accept the above program are invited to join in the first national convention of the Workers' Party to be held in New York City, December 23—26, 1921.

Working men and women! Help build the political party that will lead the oppressed masses to achieve their own complete emancipation! Let us raise the banner of the militant workers of the world with the immortal rallying cry of

"WORKERS OF THE WORLD, UNITE! YOU HAVE NOTHING TO LOSE BUT YOUR CHAINS! YOU HAVE A WORLD TO GAIN!"

Signed by:

AMERICAN LABOR ALLIANCE.

Affiliated organizations:
Finnish Socialist Federation,
Hungarian Workers' Federation,
Italian Workers' Federation,
Jewish Workers' Federation,
The Workers' Council of the U. S. A.

The Jewish Socialist Federation,
Workers' Educational Association (Arbeiter Bildungs Verein).

Address all communications and requests for further information to: Workers' Party Convention Committee, Elmer T. Allison, Secretary, 201 West 13th St., New York City.

BISHOP BROWN WRITES ABOUT ARMS CONFERENCE

Mr. Alexander Friedman,
78 MacDougal St.,
New York City, N. Y.

Greeting:

You ask me to say why I do or do not center hope for the peace of the world in the Washington disarmament conference.

The Christian Bible contains some very good and some very bad advice. "Put not your trust in princes." This is as good as it can be. "Put your trust in God." This is as bad as it can be.

The living gods of all the orthodox interpretations of supernaturalistic religion—Jesus, Jehovah, Allah, Buddha, not to speak of the dead gods—are so many symbols of the real god of this world, Capitalism. He is the god of robbers, liars and murderers. Paradoxical as it may seem, he created them and then they created him. They worship this wicked idol which they have made in their own image and likeness and placed in a heaven of their own creation, putting their ideals into his mouth as revelations.

Owners, those who possess the means and machines of production and distribution, are the terrestrial princes of this robbing, lying, murdering king of heaven and earth; and workers, those who make and operate these machines, are his slaves. He robs the slaves of at least four-fifths of what rightfully belongs to them and gives all the booty to the princes. Hence his favorites who are few can and most of them do live surfeitously and his victims who are many must live starvantly.

The greatest of all lies is this lie of the celestial liar which his terrestrial makers have put into his mouth—"If any man will not work, neither shall he eat." The princes do nothing, and yet they surfeit. The slaves do everything, and yet they starve.

Politicians constitute, so to speak, the murdering right arm and hand by which this divine king coerces the makers and operators of the machines of production into submission to the outrageous robberies by which they are deprived of everything except the scraps which are necessary to the preservation of life, and often many are left half or altogether dead by the wayside for the want of even the crumbs which fall from the tables of the rich.

Preachers constitute, so to speak, the lying left arm and hand by which this divine king persuades the makers and operators of the machines into submission to the outrageous robberies which are the direct or indirect cause of all the unnecessary sufferings of the world, especially the most poignant among them, those arising from the great trinity of evils—war, poverty and slavery. The great lie by which these terrestrial servants of the celestial liar deceive the working victims of the owning robbers is that submissive contentment with scraps for food, rags for clothing and shacks for shelter on earth will go far towards securing ples and silks and mansions in the sky.

The gods of the greater nations, those who won the last war, are now assembled in the persons of their representatives, especially the politicians, for conference in Washington. As I cannot believe that these have come together for the purpose of banishing their gods from the skies and his princes from the earth, I cannot hope that the issue will be peace. Anyhow

as the I. W. W's teach in their Preamble:

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life. Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

If some saviour-god could relieve the wage slaves and their dependents from present want for adequate food, clothing and shelter and guarantee them against future suffering for the lack of them, what a great and heavy burden of sorrow would be lifted from the workers world, and what a great but light burden of happiness would be placed upon it.

Labor is the only god who can ever bring this salvation to earth by ringing out the hell of want and ringing in the heaven of plenty. The star of this saviour is rising. Indeed it is now dominating the sky of Russia and it is destined to do this in the case of every nation.

When throughout the world the capitalist democracies have been supplanted by the workers republics then, and not before, will there be an end to the three wars in which the god of this world, Capitalism, lives, moves and has his being—war for cheap labor; war for raw materials, and war for markets.

The workers republic of Russia is the Christ in which I center my hope for peace on earth and good will among men. The Washington conference is chiefly for the purpose of agreeing upon a scheme for crucifying this christ. Down with the Washington conference. Long life to the Russian republic.

Wm. M. Brown.

Editors Eat Turkey On Boiler Plate

Every newspaper in the state ran Thanksgiving editorials last week pointing out why those of us fortunate enough to live in splendid old Minnesota had special reasons for thankfulness—and proving it. They also proved that the state is surprisingly full of thankful editors.—Duluth Herald.

RUSSIA'S TRADE NEEDED

LONDON.—A great trade revival in Russia was described in a press interview with A. G. Marshall, managing director of the Becos Trades, just returned to London from that country. It is essential, he said, that Russia should receive support from outside; agricultural machinery, tools and materials must be imported on a large scale from abroad, which means the granting of credits to Russia. It was his opinion that it would be much better and safer if these credits were granted direct to the Russian government, and not to private individual undertakings.

AFTER SEVEN YEARS OF WAR AND STRUGGLE COMES FAMINE

In the past seven years the people of Russia have undergone more suffering than any other people on the face of the earth.

For more than three years, Russian blood was spilt on the field of battle in the aid of imperialism. Nine million Russian workers and peasants, the best that the country possessed at the time, were led into the slaughter, never to return, or to come back maimed and broken for life. Russia's sacrifice in the World War was as great as that of all the other nations together. Her soil was ploughed up by the cannon and shells of the enemy. Villages were destroyed as in France. Fields disappeared under the feet of tramping men and horses. For nearly three years this slaughter and devastation continued, till in March 1917, demanding peace and bread, the Russian soldiers left the trenches and went home. They wanted peace and bread. For decades, the Russian worker has been asking for bread. The cry did not cease when he was in the trenches, fighting and dying for the masters. Even then no care was taken of him. Hence his insistent demand which rose into a single clamor—bread. And bread could only be obtained through peace, when, together with the peasant he would return home and begin production once more.

The treachery of Kerenski, who promised peace, only to traffic with the Allies about the return of the Russian army to the field, finally drove the Russian workers and peasants to the Revolution, the fourth anniversary of which was celebrated on November 7th.

But even then the Russian workers and peasants got no peace. The Allies were determined to drive Russia into the war—Soviet Russia that saw in the war only the conflict of capitalist governments for spoils. When the Allied plan failed and when at last the war came to a close, the enemies of Russia harried her with vicious attacks of every kind.

First came the blockade, which deprived Soviet Russia of the machinery which she so sorely needed to build up the industries which had suffered so much during the war. It kept out the agricultural implements and tools that the peasants needed and that hitherto had been obtained from Germany, America and England. It kept out the medicines and medical supplies for want of which ex-soldiers were dying of the wounds received in the war; for want of which children were perishing; for want of which disease and epidemics were springing up and devastating the country like a scourge.

Then followed the villainous attacks on Soviet Russia from within and without. The counter-revolutionary armies of Denikin, Kolchak, Yudenitch, Wrangel, Petlura; finally the invasion of the Polish army at the behest of France and England—these bled the Russian people to its soul and let hunger and disease lay their heavy hands on the whole population. For nearly four years the Russian workers and peasants have been forced to defend their country on twenty-one fronts. For four years, all industry has been turned to the production of material of destruction. Guns, shells, ammunition, airplanes, army supplies—these were the products that were turned out in all Russian industry.

Meantime, agriculture suffered. The young, healthy peasants were at the front. The fields were destroyed by the incursions of the counter-revolutionary armies which were led by nobles and generals of

the former czaristic regime and were made up of mercenaries, adventurers and impressed troops, aided by forces from France, Czechoslovakia, Rumania, Hungary. Bridges were blown up, trains destroyed, rails pulled up—the whole transport system, which began to break down during the time of the czar, during the four years of civil war almost completely collapsed.

Surrounded on all sides by enemies, her best and most virile sons at the front fighting and dying in defense of their country, want began to raise its head in Russia maliciously, persistently. The people, united in this struggle against the allied capitalist world, were held together in a common bond of suffering and hunger. They were determined to fight out this battle in maintenance of their government.

For nearly four years this battle raged—for four years the flower of Russia has been blasted—and eighty per cent of the men who fought for the preservation of the Workers' and Peasants' Republic of Soviet Russia now lie under the soil!

The heroism of this struggle has not induced the capitalist governments to relent in their destructive policy of starving out Soviet Russia, of organizing predatory bands in the country and of sending in paid troops from without. Detesting and fearing Soviet Russia because she put an end to capitalist power, the capitalist governments have continued their vicious attacks on the Soviet Government. But they lost.

The Government of the Workers, Peasants and Soldiers triumphed! Then came the drought.

Then came the drought—the greatest enemy that Russia has ever known. It came, as in 1891, when the workers and peasants died like flies—though the czar denied the severity of the famine. The drought came once more—and the Russian people, drained of their strength and food reserves, faced a bitter famine.

But unlike the czar, the Soviet Government proclaimed the sufferings of the Russian people to the world. The Soviet Government has always practised the policy of telling the truth, knowing that it is its weapon against the hordes of enemies plotting and working for Soviet Russia's destruction. Soviet Russia bared all the horror of the famine that came on top of the drought. Millions of people were facing hunger—hunger that would destroy 30,000,000 men, women and children pitilessly, remorselessly.

Soviet Russia appealed to the world to help her. The Allies remained silent. America, through Hoover, made certain conditions, which were rejected and finally modified. Dr. Nansen, appealing in the name of humanity, asked the Allies for a credit of \$50,000,000 to help Russia fight starvation. The Allies refused—the Russian people must first remove their government, then the Allies would talk business! That was their reply.

France, once more interested, since England was ready to start commercial relations, demanded that the Supreme Council appoint Noulens as an investigator of conditions in Russia. Noulens, who plotted the overthrow of the Soviet Government when he was a French representative in Petrograd, who organized the counter-revolutionary Czechoslovakian army that pushed its way with murder and annihilation through Russia and Siberia to the East! But the Soviet Government refused him admittance—rather starvation than the presence of that man who would use his

position in Russia for but one purpose—to organize for the overthrow of the Soviet Government.

But the bare idea that \$50,000,000 would save Soviet Russia, and the Allies refused! The Allies who spent \$50,000,000 in destruction every day of the war!

But the workers all over the world have responded to the call of Soviet Russia. They have organized their relief committees in every country and are gathering funds and supplies for their suffering brothers and sisters and their children in Russia. Switzerland was the first to answer. Then followed Czechoslovakia, France, Germany, Italy, Spain, the Scandinavian states. America has followed and is probably the leader in the collection of funds.

The Friends of Soviet Russia was the first and is the foremost in the relief work in this country. There is a branch of The Friends of Soviet Russia in every large town in the country. Contributions come in from little villages in the West and the South. Unions, fraternal organizations, workers' societies and educational associations have responded most liberally. Up to November 15, The Friends of Soviet Russia collected \$200,000.

On The High Seas Toward Soviet Russia.

The following shipments have been made by the F. S. R.:

Via S. S. "Elzasier" from New York on October 27, 1921, bound for Petrograd:

1800 sacks, 252,000 lbs. gross Corn Flour
20 cases, 2,900 lbs. gross, Narcossan
1020 cases, 56,000 lbs. gross, Condensed Milk
100 tes., 43,879 lbs. gross, Lard
50 tes., 20,910 lbs. gross, Lard
52 cases, 35,624 lbs. gross, Fat Backs
55 cases, 36,015 lbs. gross, Fat Backs
20 tes., 13,235 lbs. gross, Oleo-margarine
112 bbls., 40,880 lbs. gross, Corned Beef
550 bbls. and cases, 134,206 lbs. gross, Cocoa
1600 sacks, 224,000 lbs. gross, Corn Grit
2036 sacks, 223,960 lbs. gross, Rolled Oats
2400 sacks, 240,000 lbs. gross Corn Meal
470 cases, 47,000 lbs. gross, Bacon
2802 sacks, 226,667 lbs. gross Beans
8 cases, 1,108 lbs. gross, Drugs and Clothing

Via S. S. "Margus" from Philadelphia on October 15th, 1921, bound for Petrograd:

8056 sacks, 113,184 lbs. net, Wheat Flour
8000 sacks, 112,000 lbs. net, Corn Flour
200 cases, 40,000 lbs. net Corn Flour
44 cases, 9,856 lbs. net, Cocoa
2040 cases Condensed Milk
60 cases 6,720 lbs. net, Chocolate

Via S. S. "East Port" scheduled to sail from New York on November 20th for Riga:

40 long tons Pure Refined Lard
15 long tons Pork Sides
20 long tons Smoked Butts
2000 cases Condensed Milk
400 cases Condensed Milk
50 long tons Beans (still loading)

Via S. S. "Floridian" sailed from San Francisco for Hamburg, to be transhipped to Petrograd:

1 ton Clothing
3332 lbs. Prunes
1160 lbs. Beans
320 lbs. Soap
150 lbs. Miscellaneous Supplies

powder works. The democratic character of the convention is forcibly illustrated by the vote on the resolution demanding the continued incarceration of Eugene V. Debs and the other political prisoners. A rising vote was taken of those who approved this resolution. Then Commander John G. Emery said, according to the press: "Any one who dares to vote No, stand up!" Evidently nobody dared. Thus was the denunciation of Debs made "unanimous."

Kansas City Missouri, November 4
John W. Gunn.

Mr. Gunn's letter is borne out by an article in the Kansas City Post of November 3, printed under the caption "100 Police Battle Mob but Fail to Make Arrest." The article reads in part:

The lobby of the Baltimore hotel presented a scene of ruin at the end of a two-hour riot at 2:30 o'clock Thursday morning in which several hundred convention guests and hoodlums fought with a detail of over 100 policemen. . . . The fighting started inside the Baltimore, where a gang of hoodlums had taken possession of the lobby and launched crap games on the floor. . . .

William Shreeve, secretary to Chief Charles Edwards, led a squad of 25 men to the scene. As the police drew up in front of the hotel a crowd charged them. The officers drew guns and fired a volley of 100 shots into the air in an effort to frighten the fighting men. The crowd outside pulled back and the police rushed into the lobby. Five men sprang on Shreeve, and were kicking and beating him when A. M. Blakely, motorcycle officer, drew his revolver, saying Shreeve. The detail of 25 men were ordered to retreat and another call was sent to headquarters. Men were ordered in from outlying stations. Every man at headquarters, with the exception of a clerk, was rushed to the scene. The 100 policemen then charged the lobby. Their entrance was a signal for the hurling of bottles, the throwing of furniture, and new attacks with fists. The police eventually succeeded in driving the fighting mob to the street. The entire party then turned on the policemen. Boards were torn from a fence about the K. C. A. C. building at Eleventh Street and Baltimore Avenue, and used as weapons. Trash cans were hurled at policemen. Police fired more shots, and with drawn clubs and blackjacks waded into the mob. It took two hours to disperse the

fighters. Not an arrest was made, police fearing to take any of the men into custody. . . .

The fighters were, for the most part, drunk. Liquor had flowed like water during the three nights of the convention. Crap games were in progress in the lobby of the Baltimore and the length of Eleventh Street every night. Bottles of "white mule" and "moonshine" were set up in the center of each group of crap shooters. Appeals to police by those who feared trouble fell on dead ears. The authorities admitted themselves afraid to make arrest. . . .

Matt Foster, police commissioner, attempted to cover up the report of the riot, and the causes which led up to it Thursday.

Further particulars are given in the St. Joseph Gazette of November 6, as follows:

Illustrative of the hoodlum spirit at times present, all the clothing was torn from a young woman who emerged from an office-building near Eleventh Street and Grand Avenue, in the very heart of the business section, early Tuesday evening. When the young woman finally made her escape she had naught of her clothing except a few torn shreds of undergarments and her shoes and stockings.

Two huge plate glass windows in a big department store were shattered by a crowd forced against them when a delegation from a southwestern State made an "attack."

A pawn-shop dealer on Main Street near the union depot reported that a number of men wearing feathers in their caps and painted to resemble Indians entered his store and after circling the aisles took from the show cases every article and threw the entire stock into the street. Opera glasses, revolvers, and other merchandise rained out over the heads of passers-by.

The performances at all the theaters were obliged to abandon any idea of order as lines of men would suddenly enter from the stage entrances and interrupt the performances by marching lock step across the stage. No objection was raised until the men seized instruments used in the orchestra, and proceeded to carry them into the street, to be used in a parade.

When a manager of one of the downtown hotels told a number of men to stop "shooting craps" on the floor of the lobby, he was told, "Oh, go to hell, we're running this joint now."

SNOW WHITE CRIME FACTORY

Chicago is to be made lily-white and cleansed of her crime. States Attorney Crowe and the Chief of police are vying with one another as to whom the honor belongs of cleaning the city. The row between them over this question is threatening to disrupt the city hall gang where disputes are often settled by the use of fists by the pugnacious aldermen. The threatened war may end, however, with the statement by Crowe, after several weeks raiding of resorts, that the city is now clean. The only difficulty now is, who is to maintain the lily-whiteness of the city from crime.

On the day of the announcement that the city was shorn of its crime, seven bandits robbed a mail train and shot two persons and killed a negro porter. While the raids were in process and gambling was momentarily halted along the levee and the black belt, the gambling on the board of trade was unmolesed. The petty grain gamblers outside the main building operated their stock curb gamble under the name of OPEN board of trade. None of the North Shore clubs was molested, though some of them are known to be like miniature Monte Caloes. Two large loop hotels that have been characterized by "men-about-town" as being "fashionable house of prostitution" and "high class booze dispensers", were also notably free from raids. The usual numbers of robberies and hold-ups and petty crimes seem not diminished despite the states attorney's boast. Chicago is well on her way to maintain her record on a murder a day and even increase the record over last year, while the number of suicides were nearly two day for the month of September.

A humble street speaker, like the first rose of autumn, was heard to make these remarks to a small audience: "Crime is mostly the result of poverty. Until a system is maintained that will reduce poverty, raids against criminals are both foolish and futile and can only fill the already crowded jails which are after all schools that turn out more efficient criminals."

He was arrested by the efficient police and taken to the psychopathic ward where the examining psychologist stated that even if the prisoner was sane, his visionary ideas make him a menace to society. The humble speaker was subsequently arraigned on the charge of advocacy of the overthrow of organized government by force and criminal anarchy.

Rostan Quillan.

"MY GOVERNMENT", SAYS GEORGIE

Jolly King George of England, who won recognition in the daily press a short time ago by his timely prayer for the unemployed, now creeps forth again with some more beautiful words, platitudes and hopes devine about the disarmament conference. He has gotten into his noodle some where that he is part of a great empire, for My, look how he uses the word "MY": "I have followed with great satisfaction the steps taken by the president of the United States to promote reduction of armaments, an object that commands the fullest sympathy of my government." (He should ring off here but he doesn't).

"It is my sincere hope that the labors of the conference will be crowned with success" (The feeling persists that George should be crowned with a beer bottle) "It is in this spirit (The spirit of the beer bottle)—It is in this spirit that My government gladly accepts the invitation to the disarmament conference."

An old timer who read this, remarked, "Yes, the British delegates will bring two kinds of spirit to the conference. One may be banned by the prohibition officers; the other is like Lloyd George carried with him to Versailles that won for the British empire most of the loot of the war. King George does not know of this spirit, though he may have a cellar of the other brand."

—ROSTAN QUILLAN.

NEXT SUNDAY

There is no doubt that the question of Bolshevism is the most perplexing problem at the war table in Washington during the Arms Conference. It is also a big scarecrow among the common people and many are worrying about it.

J. O. BENTALL

will take up this matter in the lecture next Sunday evening and tell you some of the conditions we would have

"If We Had Bolshevism"

Bring your unconverted friend to hear this lecture. It will open your eyes and instruct your mind.

Violin solo by Prof. Emil Loff

Workers Hall, Sunday, December 4th

19th Avenue West and First Street.

Admission free till 8 o'clock. Thereafter 15 and 35 cents.

HARRY LAUDER SINGS

"It's nice to get up in the morning, but it's nicer to lie in bed." But a hardware dealer says, "One of our daylight saving alarm clocks will cost you less than the price of oversleeping."

MARTIN ERICKSON HARDWARE,

REX HOTEL BLDG.

2005 W. Superior St.,

Duluth, Minn.

GIVE YOUR FRIENDS A LASTING GIFT FOR

CHRISTMAS

Your photograph will help to solve the problem of your gift list. Make an appointment now, with

VICTOR CARLSON — PHOTOGRAPHER,

2022 WEST SUPERIOR STREET,

DULUTH, MINNESOTA

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EXPERT SHOE REPAIRING

CHRISTIANSEN & ADLER,

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THE AMERICAN LEGION AT PLAY

(Continued from page 1)

a Texas steer into the lobby, thus interrupting the numerous crap games in progress on the floor. A squad of twenty-five policemen was unable to subdue the rioters and was forced to retreat. One hundred policemen were required to restore a semblance of order. The police fought with the crowd through the lobby and the struggle continued in the street. Boards were torn from a nearby inclosure and used by the crowd to club the police. Not an arrest was made.

The great parade on Tuesday was the occasion of a very beligerent display of the new patriotism. Down the line of march the paraders, many of whom were one hundred per cent intoxicated, knocked the hats off civilians in

the rank of spectators. One parader drew his gun on a spectator who was not sufficiently prompt in removing his hat. This parade was an impressive demonstration of the power and methods of militarism.

The Kansas City Post made a naive confession on the closing day of the convention. Just before the convention the Post engaged in a bitter attack upon its rival, the Star (leading militarist organ of the Middle West), whose business manager, August Seested, was for a time barred from his own offices by the alien zoning rule in the midst of the war and was forced to make belated application for naturalization. Chief among the grievances of the Post was a furious objection to the building of the grand reviewing stand on the vacant

lot in front of the Star building. Explaining, on the afternoon of the closing day of the convention, why it had refrained from its bitter attack on Seested during the convention, the Post declared that it did not wish to ruin the convention and incite to riot, adding tersely that "Anybody who knows the Legion knows its explosive character."

During the convention the steam roller seemed to be perfectly lubricated. The official program went through with only one hitch. The resolution approving the use of chemicals was dropped without a struggle when a member of the committee threatened to expose the committee's chairman as a son-in-law of Du Pont, connected with the chemical department of the famous

THE SITUATION IN ITALY

By "SPARTACUS."

In my last article I gave reasons for believing that the workers' movement is beginning to crystallize in Germany round the Communist Party. This is only part of a general recrudescence of the revolutionary movement. The first wave of 1919 receded and was followed by a period of successful capitalist counter-attack. Now that period is ending and the second revolutionary wave beginning. In particular is this visible in Italy.

Italy has suffered most from the absence of a united party controlling the whole mass of the revolutionaries, with a strong policy and strong organization. Till the last Moscow Congress the Italian Communist Party suffered just as the German Party did—it had an extremely aggressive policy without the organization to back it up. In addition, there was a definite tactical mistake made at Leghorn, where the split was forced with the Socialist Party before the mass of revolutionary, if slow, workers had seen through the pretensions of Serrati and his group. This handicap is gradually disappearing as Serrati's true character cannot be concealed, and the Communist Party has become much more "realist" as is shown by its active work outside the Unions.

The disintegration and retrogression of its rival, the Socialist Party, was shown most notably at its Milan Congress which is just over. The active debate was almost exclusively on a subject which might have stepped out of a pre-war agenda—the collaboration or non-collaboration with a bourgeois government. Collaboration was rejected by a decreased majority (47,000 out of 79,000) in a most confused and evasive resolution. That it should have been raised seriously at all is a sign of deplorable retrogression. Then this resolution, which rejects collaboration with the bourgeoisie, insists on collabora-

tion with the Turati group, whose sole object is to secure collaboration with the government. It urges the Trade Unions to join the Red T. U. International, but without leaving Amsterdam. It declares its own adherence to the Third International while rejecting the conditions of membership. A comic enough resolution, but not quite so comic when one realizes that the revolutionary gestures remain gestures only, while the reactionary excepting clauses are carried out all right. On the very day on which a resolution was carried affirming the severest revolutionary discipline, the Turati group set up a "Minority Correspondence Bureau" to form an organized reformist party within the Party! Serrati writes regularly about the incompetence of Zinovieff and others in the Third International, but on this point he has said nothing except that Turati must be kept in the Party.

The drift of the Italian Socialist Party towards the weak and ineffectual position occupied by the German Independents is being accentuated by the growth of the Communist Party, particularly in the trade unions. In the textile, metal and chemical industries sharp conflicts are certain in the very near future. The Communist Party alone has urged and is urging the workers to fight. The official leaders are compromising and afraid to fight. At the best they wage a postponement of the battle (until the bosses are ready, in effect) at the worst they hope for surrender. The Communist resolution at the metal workers' Congress polled 44,740 votes against 66,121, and would have been carried but for a perfectly irrelevant incident cleverly exploited by the other side. The natural depression following on the failure to hold the seized metal factories is being rapidly overcome, and the Communist Party will very soon be at the head of a militant proletariat again.

UNEMPLOYMENT MEETING IS HELD AT CHISHOLM

Over 500 men, most of them unemployed gathered on Thanksgiving day in a protest meeting against the intolerable conditions that obtain in this country among the masses of the Workers and called for action to relieve the distress among the jobless.

In Chisholm alone there are multitudes of workers out of a job. Only a few in the whole city are employed. The rest walk the streets looking toward the sky wondering when Spring and sunshine will come and hoping that with them will come a change to work and live.

At the meeting, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

Nature has given us enormous quantities of riches such as lands, forests, coal, iron, copper, gold, etc.

Labor has turned the land into fruitful fields, grown orchards, felled the forests, manufactured these into building materials, has dug the coal, iron, copper, gold and other metals from the bowels of the earth and formed these into articles necessary to the sustenance of life.

This work has been done by the working class, but the capitalist class has deprived labor of these essentials of life and gathered them into their warehouses, and now when these warehouses are fuller than ever before, the working class is in want of lives most needed articles, therefore:

Be it resolved:

That because the laboring class has manufactured commodities of life in plenty for all mankind, that they must also have the right to live, and because we laborers of Chisholm are a part of the working class, we at this mass meeting,

DEMAND, that in all the mines, factories and in all branches of labor a 4 hour working day with full pay be taken into force, and that villages, cities, counties, states and the U. S. government will at once arrange work of public benefit with 4 hour day with enough wages to allow a decent living. This way we can at least partly do away with the distress and misery that reigns over the land.

Committee of Unemployed. We encourage workers in other places to hold mass meetings and make resolutions. As a class we win, alone we fail.

COAL BARONS ROB PEOPLE WHILE FARMERS BURN CORN

(Continued from page 1)

"The Chairman: 'You mean the opportunity to sell at the higher prices?'"

"Watkins: 'Yes, the marked conditions.'"

"Here is a plain answer of what higher finance means to the president of a large coal mining concern: to get whatever he can from the people. When thousands of miners were in the trenches, and thousands of others were bending every energy to sustain them, operators were accumulating profits; and now they are getting ready for a campaign to reduce wages."

Mr. Brophy then quoted Albert G. Wilson & Co., 198 Broadway, New York City, a stock and bond firm, as saying: "It is common repute that one West Virginia coal corporation with a capital of \$175,000 made a profit of \$478,000 for the first nine months of 1920."

Then he continued:

"Profits and only profits is the motto. But when we wish to find out more about profits we are stopped. Information is not available. In 1917 the Treasury Department issued a report on 'Corporate Earnings and Government Revenue,' published as a Senate document. That document is not available for public distribution. You all understand why. It deals with profits. The report lists 404 bituminous coal companies and six anthracite companies and shows instances of scandalous profits. The companies are referred to by numbers. Divulging of names is considered a breach of business ethics; 'No, the facts are not available to the public. We miners demand

that they be made available. The operators have good reason for secrecy. Coal is not mined today for use—coal is mined with an eye to profits and the stock market."

Mr. Brophy then gave the figures of the Pittsburgh Coal Company, which refers to itself as the largest bituminous coal producing company in the world—the figures submitted by the Federal Trade Commission: "It started with a capitalization of \$1,000, which was afterwards increased to \$30,000,000; \$20,000,000 preferred and \$20,000,000 of common stock. Twenty million dollars of this stock was 'water,' for which nothing of value was paid."

He then turned to the element of "human waste" in the coal industry.

"Each year," he said, "out of the men employed in the coal industry about 2500 are killed; about 30,000 are injured. Approximately, with every 262,000 tons of coal mined in the year 1918 a human life was sacrificed."

"During a period of 30 years the average working year of a miner was 219 days. Some years

there were far less than this. This year, during the first six months, the bituminous miners had opportunity to work less than half-time. The mental effect of this is fear, reduced efficiency. This wrecks morale. It is bad for the mines, bad for the miners, bad for the public. There is nothing being done by the employers as a group to remedy it."

"When the price of coal rises you will hear about the high wages the miners receive. The papers flash big headlines: 'High wages responsible for high price of coal.' Do you know what those high wages are? Under the present scale this year's average annual income for a miner in the United States will probably be less than \$1000. How many of you could live on such wages? And still the miners are held responsible for the high price of coal!"

"Our remedy against this criminal waste of our coal deposits and of our human resources is Nationalization of the mines. The miners stand for nationalization and democratic management of the mines: 'Because the mines nationalized

will be worked more economically. 'Because nationalization will mean coal to the people at a reasonable price."

"Because only in this way can coal resources of the nation be conserved for the future."

"Because only under nationalization, freed from the profit motive, can the industry call out to the full the skill, the interest and the experience of the mine worker."

"Because only in this way can the miner feel that he has a share in the industry and that his work is for the service of the people."

"The operators oppose nationalization. In order to discover who is advocating the right remedy, we ask all to stop theoretical squabbles and cooperate with us in making all the facts available to the public. We ask immediate legislation for centralized, continuous and compulsory fact-finding in the coal industry. If nationalization would be detrimental to the public interest, as the operators maintain, we do not see why they should fear to give the public all the statistics at their disposal."

THE STORY OF A PROLETARIAN LIFE

By BARTOLOMEO VANZETTI.

III.

WORK! WORK! WORK!

Almost by force I took my fellow-wanderer into town, where both of us secured work at the furnaces, one of the most exacting jobs I know. He did not stand the test. In two weeks he gave up the work. I remained there for ten months. The work was indeed above my strength, but there were many joys after the day's labor. We had quite a colony of natives from Piedmont, Tuscany and Venice, and the little colony became almost a family. In the evenings, the sordidness of the day was forgotten. Grimy and tired, we would get together. Someone would strike up a tune on the mandolin, the accordion or some other instrument. Some of us would dance—I, unfortunately, was never inclined towards this art and sat aside watching. I have always watched and joyed in other folks' happiness.

There was considerable sickness in the little colony. I recall, with fevers attacking one after the other. Scarcely a day passed without someone's teeth beginning to tremble.

From now on I was a little more fortunate. I went to Meridan, Connecticut, where I worked in the stone pits. Two years in the stone pits, doing the hardest unskilled labor... but I was living with an aged couple, both Tuscans, and took a great deal of joy in learning the beautiful Tuscan language.

During these years in Springfield and in Meridan I learned a great deal besides the dialect of Tuscany. I learned to love and sympathize with those others who, like myself, were ready to accept any miserable wage in order to keep body and soul together. I learned that class-consciousness was not a phrase invented by propagandists, but was a real, vital force, and that those who felt its significance were no longer beasts of burden, but human beings.

I made many friends everywhere, never by throwing myself at them, never consciously. Perhaps the men who worked beside me in the pits and at the furnaces saw in my eyes the great pity I had for their lot, and the great dreams that already were in my imagination for a world where all of us would live a cleaner, less animal existence.

My friends counseled me to get back to my profession as pastry cook. The unskilled worker, they insisted, was the lowest animal there was in the social system. I would have neither respect nor food if I remained such. A countryman in New York added his plea to theirs. So I went back to New York and quickly found employment as assistant pastry chef in Sovarin's Restaurant on Broadway. In six or eight months I was discharged. At the time I did not know why. I immediately got relocated in a hotel on Seventh Avenue, in the theatre district. In five months I was discharged from there, too. Then I learned the reason for these strange discharges. The chefs were at that time in league with the employment agencies and got a divvy on every man they placed. The more often they sacked men, the more often they could get new ones and their commission...

The countrymen with whom I was boarding begged me not to despair. "Stick to your trade," they urged, "and so long as we have a house and bed and food to offer you, don't worry. And when

you need cash, don't hesitate to tell us."

Great hearts among the masses, O ye Pharisees!

For five months I now trod the sidewalks of New York, not only unable to get work at my trade, but even as a dish-washer. Finally I fell into a agency on Mulberry Street, which looked for men to work with a pick and shovel. I offered myself and was accepted. I was conducted, together with a herd of other ragged men to a barracks in the woods near Springfield, Massachusetts where a railroad was in construction. Here I worked until I had repaid the debt of one hundred dollars I had built up during my idle months, and had saved a little bit besides. Then with a comrade I went to another barracks near Worcester. In this vicinity I stayed more than a year, working in several of the factories. Here I made many friends, whom I remember with the strongest emotion, with a love unaltered and unalterable. A few American workers were among these.

From Worcester I transferred to Plymouth, (that was about seven years ago) which remained my home until the time I was arrested. I learned to look upon the place with a real affection, because as time went on it held more and more of the people dear to my heart, the folks I boarded with, the men who worked by my side, the women who later bought the wares I had to offer as a peddler.

In parenthesis, let me say how gratifying it was to realize that my compatriots in Plymouth reciprocated the love I feel for them. Not only have they supported my defense—money is a slight thing after all—but they have expressed to me directly and indirectly their faith in my innocence. Those who rallied around my good friends of the defense committee, were not only workers, but businessmen who knew me; not only Italians, but Jews, Poles, Americans.

Well, I worked in the Stone establishment for more than a year, and then for the Cordage Company for about eighteen months. My active participation in the Plymouth cordage strike made it certain that I could never get a job here... As a matter of fact, because of my more frequent appearance on the speaker's platform in working class groups of every kind, it became increasingly difficult to get work anywhere. So far as certain factories were concerned I was definitely "blacklisted." Yet, every one of many employers could testify that I was an industrious dependable workman, that my chief fault was in trying so hard to bring a little light of understanding into the dark lives of my fellow-workers. For some time I did manual work of the hardest kind in the construction undertakings of Sampson & Doulard, for the city. I can almost say that I have participated in all the principal public works of Plymouth. Almost any Italian in the town or any of my foremen on the various jobs can attest to my industry and modesty of life during this period.

I was deeply interested by this time in the things of the intellect, in the great hope that animates me even here in the dark cell of a prison while I wait death for a crime I did not commit. My health was not very good. The years of toil and the more terrible periods of unemployment had robbed me of much of my

original vitality. I was casting about for some more salutary means of eking out my livelihood. About eight months before my arrest a friend of mine who was planning to return to the home country said to me, "Why don't you buy my cart, my knives, my scales, and go selling fish instead of remaining under the yoke of the bosses?" I grasped the opportunity, and so became a fishvender, largely out of a love for independence.

At that time—1919—the desire to see once more my dear ones at home, the nostalgia for my native land had entered my heart. My father who never wrote a letter without inviting me home, insisted more than ever, and my good sister Luigia joined in his pleas. Business was none too fat, but I worked like a beast of burden, without halt or stay, day after day.

December 24, the day before Christmas, was the last day I sold fish that year. A brisk day of business I had, since all Italians buy eels that day for the Christmas Eve feasts. Readers may recall that it was a bitter-cold Christmas, and the harsh weather did not let up after the holidays. Pushing a cart along is not warming work. I went for a short period to more vigorous, even if no less freezing, work. I got a job a few days after Christmas cutting ice for Mr. Petersani. One day, when he hadn't work enough to go round, I shoveled coal for the Electric House. When the ice job was finished I got employment with Mr. Howland, ditch-digging, until a snow storm made me a man of leisure again. Not for longer than a few hours. I hired myself out to the town, cleaning the streets of the snow, and this work done, I helped clean the snow from the railroad tracks. Then I was taken in again by the Sampson Construction people who were laying a water main for the Puritan Woolen Company. I stayed on the job until it was finished.

Again I found no job. The railroad strike difficulties had cut off the cement supply, so that there was no more construction work going on. I went back to my fish-selling, when I could get fish, because the supply of that was also limited. When I could get none, I dug for clams, but the profit on these was Lilliputian, the expenses being so high that they left no margin. In April I reached an agreement with a fisherman for a

partnership. It never materialized. Because on May 5, while I was preparing a mass meeting to protest against the death of Salsedo at the hands of the Department of Justice, I was arrested. My good friend and comrade Nicola Sacco was with me.

"Another deportation case," we said to one another.

But it wasn't. The horrible charges of which the whole world now knows were brought against us. I was accused of crime in Bridgewater and convicted after eleven days of the most farcical trial I have ever witnessed to fifteen years imprisonment. Judge Webster Thayer, the same man who later presided at the murder trial, imposed the sentence.

There was not a vibration of sympathy in his tone when he did so. I wondered as I listened to him, why he hated me so. Was it not his function to be impartial? But now I think I know—I must have looked like a strange animal to him, being a plain worker, an alien, and a radical to boot. And why was it that all my witnesses, simple people who were anxious to tell the simple truth, were laughed at and disregarded? No credence was given their words because they, too, were merely aliens... The testimony of human beings is acceptable, but aliens... pooh!

(To be continued)

THE SEWING CIRCLE

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Issued Weekly By The West End Labor Association.

J. O. BENTALL, Editor.

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WHAT SHE OWES THIS COUNTRY

One of our none too brilliant morning sparklers in commenting on the dismissal of the case against Rose Pastor Stokes concludes with the exceptionally new question: "Does she think she owes nothing to the United States?"

As most of our readers know Rose Pastor Stokes is the wife of a millionaire. She came from Russia in her childhood while the pretty government of the czar was still in full bloom.

She found a job in New York City as a cigar maker. While working as cigar maker she also worked among the poor and tried to help the unfortunates in the slums of the largest city in our quite questionably just country.

While working in the slums a student from one of the great millionaire families of New York met her. He was interested in this child merely as an investigator and she gave him a lot of information which the university he attended put as a task for him to get.

There were enuf brains in the young fellow to appreciate the fact that this girl who could speak only broken English was still more brilliant and more intelligent than he, the university man, ever dreamed of becoming in the high institution of learning he was attending. It soon became clear to him that she could give him more for education than all his millions and all the universities in America could give.

So he offered the little mite he possessed, which our morning sparkler thinks was so great, and begged that she might accept it as a token of appreciation for her great help. The young man knew that he could never pay her for the gift of a new life that she had given him. There wasn't enuf money in this world to pay her, and the young student never attempted to try it. Only a dull sleepy head like the morning sparkler aforesaid could run into such lofty realms of thot.

Why the young Stokes fell in love with young Rose, the cigar maker, remains for romance to divulge. But he did and the two were married and the relatives of the groom were angry, and for a time the bride had to keep her spouse in food and shelter as he had no more any visible means of support and had not learned to support himself, being the product of the millionaire environment and its higher institutions of learning.

But Rose fed him and shared her room with him and told him many facts in regard to this great country and the blessed government that didn't give a whoop for him since he did not marry the girl his millionaire clique picked for him.

J. G. Phelps Stokes learned many lessons from his young wife and became quite a revolutionist. Plain grub and cotton blankets and straw mattresses helped some. A bite by a rat at his small toes in the middle of the night and in the middle of the slum district also helped some. Rose explained all this and that helped, too.

In the long run it became clear that Phelps had acquired a jewel. His folks repented and took the young couple into their mansions and gave them money—plenty of it. Money that had been wrung out of the lives of the slum people—out of the life of Rose herself while she was making cigars.

This was explained to the elder Stokeses. They saw it and became "revolutionists." His sister Helen became a "revolutionist." They all talked "revolution." Only Rose was calm and moderate. She understood. She understood that these new "revolutionists" wanted revolution because the idea gave them a new thrill. It was more exciting than society balls and naked dancers and yacht races and motor drives.

So they became "revolutionists." You betcha.

Then came the war and with it a new alignment. The whole thing didn't puzzle Rose. It puzzled the others. What position should they take? They never hesitated. They took the stand with the government that had allowed them to get their millions by sweating and exploiting the slum population. By squeezing the blood out of Rose while she was a cigar maker. Phelps had forgotten all about the poor grub and the coarse bed that Rose had shared with him when they were first married. He had forgotten that any rat had ever bitten his little toe.

But Rose had not forgotten. She was never swayed from the path of real knowledge. She knew that the war was wrong and she said so openly. Her husband and all his folks went back on her. The government grabbed her—the same government that never gave a damn for Phelps when his folks threw him out because he married Rose. The government told Rose that she was obstructing the war, that she was un-American, that she was a foreigner and an anarchist and a Communist and that this was no government to tolerate such trash.

After Rose had given this government all she had—more than any ordinary native born billionaire ever gave—she is told by our morning sparkler that she is in debt to the United States. The sparkler feels a deep wound in its blubber because she was not put into the pen for twenty years so she might learn to become as wise as the sparkler in its own modesty estimates itself to be.

WHAT HAS CHINA GOT TO DO WITH IT?

In our innocence we read that the arms conference was for the purpose of dropping the killing tools generally used to provoke war and to carry on war.

We read but did not believe. We were criticised for our lack of faith. We were told that when now at last the powers had come to see the war business as we have always seen it we should join them and have one big joyfest and sing "Blessed be the tie that binds," and "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," and "Onward Christian Soldiers," etc., and so forth. Yes.

We are glad we didn't join the faithful in these songs for it would be necessary to unsing them now and we are busy and can not spare the time.

It has developed that the arms conference was for the apparent purpose of having a talkfest about dividing China. Now if China should be willing to be chopped up and if she should assure the choppers that she will not so much as let out a peep while she is being chopped up or afterward, and if Japan should promise not to run away with all the pieces and if France should be satisfied with what is now called Europe, and if England should be content with Asia and Africa, and if America would quiet down after she had gobbled up this little earth with Mexico and North Dakota thrown in for good measure, and if Italy and Spain and Ireland would guarantee not to go Bol-

shevik, and if Lenine would commit suicide and Trotzky join the Baptist church — well then there might be some chance that the arms conference might revert to the subject of golf links and booze orgies, as it started out with.

After all it was not the desire to disarm that drew the barons of the world together. Only the blind ones thot so. And they are too blind to see that they are fooled. They will not see that till the next draft begins to operate and the next bullets begin to fly.

The utter insincerity and hypocrisy is seen in every move by the plunderbund at the arms table. The only thing that is sincere in the whole affair is that they have dropped the "dis" and do not any more call it the disarmament conference, but simply the ARMS conference. Let us be thankful for this little measure of sincerity.

Now China is one of the bones of contention. If it can be parcelled out to the satisfaction of the French, British, Japanese and American wolves there would be a little shorter session. That would be a big gain. But there would be no disarmament. Don't fool yourself.

For the problem of China is after all only incidental. It would not matter much if China should remain as it is for a while. It has been so unChristian that it has refused to join in several wars of late and while that is against her this fault might have to be tolerated another year or two.

But what must not be tolerated is the growth of Bolshevism. Russia is its hotbed. Russia is going to recuperate after the deathblow that the czar, the allies and God gave her. That seems to be the evident fact. Russia is going to get onto her feet and when she does she will outrun every other nation in the world in commerce and social development and become the inevitable example of a new civilization. There will be no stopping the rest of the world from following. There will be no chance to hold the slaves in subjection after seeing the freedom enjoyed under the rule of the Workers Republic.

To leave Russia alone would be fatal to capitalism. That is pretty well agreed upon.

It is also dawning upon the dull minds of the diplomats that China is probably going Bolshevik in the near future. That would be a serious handicap. She is too near to Russia geographically. It would be a big job to attack Russia from the south and east right now without full control of China.

These are the things that are worrying the arms crew at the fight table in Washington. There is not a great deal of talk about warships and guns. Even the gas bags of future wars are not being seriously considered. It is the coming world revolution that is worrying the fat ones in their deliberations.

China and battleships are incidental.

OUR FREE TRADE FRIENDS

Our free trade friends seem to think that if the doors were thrown open and the products of Europe could come in it would cut the high cost of living to a considerable extent. Those friends feel that the tariff is to blame for our many ills. So they pour out their indignation in the following paragraphs:

The home folks wouldn't stand for the tariff long if they knew how their patriotic, home-made, costly protective goods were sold so much cheaper to the poor of other countries, while denied to their own poor because of their prohibitive high prices.

Think of the outrage upon us, COMPELLED BY LAW, to pay \$28.00 per ton for steel when a foreigner can buy that same steel delivered to his door at \$22.00; to pay \$8.00 to \$12.00 for shoes sold to foreigners at \$2.25; to see our ten cent tin cups sold for five cents elsewhere; etc., etc., ad infinitum.

Why do we stand for such inebecility! A glove made in America at \$2.00 a pair affords neither more comfort nor beauty than one made in Paris that we could buy for \$1.00 if we had no tariff to keep these gloves out.

What would happen to our patriotism if these equally beautiful gloves were placed in adequate quantities side by side on the same counter and marked "Made in the U. S., \$2.00," and "Made in France, \$1.00"? Why, nobody would have a sick conscience and buy a home made glove, or anything else for that matter, as long as the imported goods held out. Cabbage from Denmark at 1 ct. a pound is just as good as 10 ct. home grown cabbage for one of our 6,000,000 unemployed or one of another 6,000,000 employed not able to buy any "protected" cabbage.

Of course this dumping of foreign cheap goods into our country would cut down the income of the millionaire manufacturer or producer of protected goods. But who cares? It is the PEOPLE that we want to feed and clothe and house and educate and make well. And it is the business of the patriotic millionaire to help us do that, and without any charity.

The above is written by a very sincere woman, Dr. Viola Mizell Kimmel. She means well. She thinks that the tariff has something to do with the prices we pay for our necessities. Poor doctor! She has many things to learn yet and we hope she will learn them soon. And the first thing she must learn is that the tariff is a bugaboo to fool people with and that it has nothing to do with the living conditions of the people. It is only an excuse for the masters to play politics. High tariff or low tariff or no tariff means nothing.

Let our doctor remember that capitalism is international and that no goods will be sold in this or any other country for any less than all that the traffic will bear. No European producers could sell in this country at a less price than the organized capitalists decide. The good old scout called competition is laid to rest with his fathers. Our doctor should know that.

Just now there is a lot of goods sent in from Germany. Go to the ten-cent and department stores and try to buy a toy for you baby. It is marked plainly and boldly—every piece on the large counters—"Made in Germany."

It is known perfectly well that goods made in Germany are made very cheap. They are not very cheap. They cost the dealers very little. But that means nothing. You pay the same for this toy as if it were imported under a tariff of 100 percent.

Take our coal. It is mined and placed in the car at the mine for less than \$2 a ton. You pay \$12 to \$18 a ton for it. If there was no tariff on coal and it could be unloaded from a Welsh boat at the docks in Duluth at \$2.50 a ton as our domestic coal is, would we buy it any cheaper than we can buy the coal mined in Iowa?

Forget it. The tariff has nothing to do with prices. It never had. Name one commodity that can be sold cheaper here because the tariff on it is low. Are the bosses so idiotic that they allow anybody to undersell them?

Should we be so naive as to think that as long as they have the power of government in their hands they will listen to free traders and workers?

No. The thing to do is to take the government out of their hands not ask them to give us justice at the expence of their profits. We are foolish if we beg of them.

HEAR THEM CRY

Listen to the wailing and gnash: of teeth. Hear the war lords whine about the horrors of armed conflict. Shut not your heart to the moanings and bitter cries of the unhung murderers and world assassins. Let the voice of the dragons who stabbed your mother's heart and who rent your body with shapnel appeal to you.

But while you read remember, that for crimes like those committed by the editor of the Duluth Herald in the article herewith quoted, Debs is in prison, Jim Larkin is in prison, Gitlow is in prison, a hundred of our finest workers are in prison, the editor of TRUTH must soon go to prison.

Remember that, while you read the following from the Duluth Herald:

WHY DISARMAMENT MUST COME

There are instincts of humanity that cry out against war and give substance to the demand for peace and disarmament.

And there are common sense business considerations that cry out as loudly against war and give additional substance to this universal demand.

Humanity cries out against war because it is folly to continue wasting precious lives and heaping mountains of woe upon mankind.

Business sense cries out against war and armament because it sees that society cannot continue carrying the increasing burden of preparedness without breaking down.

This is not a militaristic country. It is as near a pacifist country as any on earth. Yet the figures on its military expenditures are appalling.

Dr. Sidney L. Gulik, secretary of the commission on international justice and good will of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, has been doing some figuring. Here are some of the results:

Last year the average tax paid by each person to the Federal government was \$43.64. Of this 92.5 per cent was spent for past and future wars—63.1 per cent for past wars, 29.4 per cent for future wars — and the meager balance was divided as follows: civil departments, 4.8 per cent, public works, 1.4 per cent; research, public health, education and development, 1.3 per cent! Ninety-two and a half per cent for war. One and three-tenths per cent for everything that comes under the head of "research, public health, education and development!"

If the need of mankind were the governing motive, if anything at all were spent for war the percentages would be reversed.

More figures: The average man, woman and child in the United States was taxed last year twelve cents a day, and of that eleven cents went for wars past and future!

The average individual tax last year, \$43.64, was divided as follows: \$10.37 for war; \$2.09 for the civil government, including courts and congress; 61 cents for public work; and 57 cents for education, public health, research and like developments.

These figures are simply preposterous. A madman, given the task of distributing a nation's expenditures, could not devise a more absurd system.

The situation is impossible. Humanity has too many needs to think of continuing to spend 92.2 per cent for war, and only 1.3 per cent for education, health, research and development.

We opposed the deeds of "madmen." We told the people that there was no need of the crime of war. We held the same opinion as the Duluth Herald holds now.

Then why not send the editor of the Duluth Herald to prison with us? Why send us to prison for what we agree on? Doesn't the editor of the Duluth Herald want good company? Either let us stay out or come with us into the dungeon. Be a good sport and don't be a piker.

THE AMERICAN LEGION

We want you to read the article in another column about the American Legion taken from "The Nation."

You will notice that Nation has quoted to a great extent from the ultra percenters. We can account for that only by supposing that the Nation feared that its story might be doubted as colored because of the policy and liberal tendency of the Nation.

For the same reason TRUTH feels that if it had simply written up this orgy with the closest adherence to fact the great masses of our readers would have said that we had overdrawn the picture.

Now we do not want to find any particular fault with the antics of the American Legion, but we hate to have an outfit like that rule this country. It does not look good to us. We are not pruders nor very touchy when it comes to giving freedom of thot and action, but we would hate to have that bunch compel us to toe the mark that they draw.

It must be remembered that this crew drew up resolutions and made up programs that were sent to Harding for his guidance as the president of a great nation. It must also be remembered that he did not chuck these recommendations into his waste basket. He keeps them at his right hand and refers to them in all important decisions. When he takes up the question of war he looks at the chart furnished him by the boys at the Kansas City convention. When he considers amnesty for political prisoners he consults the authority of the legion edict.

One hundred and ten million people are more effectively ruled by the edict of that drunken mob at Kansas City than by the decision of the supreme court at Washington.

The fact that this mob sent forth its opposition to the release of Debs had more weight with Harding and the administration than the petition of millions and the desire of a whole nation on this subject.

And yet let us remember that the whole program was cooked up long before the Kansas City orgy, not by the humble and deluded drunks that attended the convention, but by the heads of the controlling interests among bankers and captains of industry. These simply used the drunks who had been degraded by war and the spirit of war to the extent portrayed in the Nation article.

We have said before that the Legion is not representative of the boys who were driven to war. Most of them hate the whole outfit. The great masses of the returned boys are clean and decent fellows—as clean as a war allows them to be. But the ruling pirates are not able to use the decent boys, so they fill a bunch up on poison and order them to dictate to the government the policies of oppression.

We only want you to use your imagination to the extent of picturing what the capitalist press would have to say if the Bolsheviks and the Communists and the I. W. W. were to tear loose like that. Come to think of it we will admit that then we would have the full support of the government and the whole Christian civilization. For then we would be harmless to the master class and of no use to the workers.

Isn't it a funny system we are living under?

A NEW STAR

She is in her early teens. Yet she shines upon this firmament in a brilliancy that dulls many of those formerly considered of the first magnitude.

Among the astronomers in music she is known under the thrilling name of Minnette Warren.

New York and Chicago and Boston and London know her. Only last week she graced Duluth with her art. Her single piano solo was the feature at the New Garrick for a week.

Nobody had heard of Minnette Warren in our town till she came here. But her recital at the Methodist church put her on the pedestal and made the people flock to the New Garrick the rest of the time she stayed here.

So far she has hardly seventeen summers behind her — and no winters. Yet she holds her place with the foremost pianists in America. Her little body has so mastered the technique and her big soul so fills each strain that one forgets both instrument and performer and drowns in an ocean of music.

It is the same old story of the struggle of a working girl whose mind has been liberated and whose heart has been touched with the divine hand of human sympathy. It is the vision of the great world of suffering and hope and the inspiration that comes thru faith in the final liberation of the whole race.

What Feodor Chaliapin and Isadora Duncan are to Russia, Minnette Warren bids fair to be to America.

THE BOOSTER

Among other things that interest and surprize us is the dignity with which the local royalty parades the streets and enters our homes.

We do not want to be severe on children for after all there must be a period of very foolish play with dolls and fuzzy bears and square blocks with letters on each side and little pop guns and hobby horses and such apparently childish toys. For all this is proper among children. But you would hardly propose this as a means of entertaining a gathering of fullgrown men and women—farmers and merchants and college professors.

It is therefore somewhat amusing as well as pathetic that right in our own dignified city we should have an apparently fullgrown newspaper come forth every morning with its little toys and make believe that it is the all-highest of our good city.

This small-town booster has carried on a campaign to get pennies to the home town with articles under the caption "Buy at Home." Thinking, of course, that there could be no smaller peanut in the small town booster crowd. When all at once the small-town booster gets a reprimand that sears its ears as follows:

Boost Duluth

To the Editor of the Forum:

My attention has recently been called to a series of articles headed "Buy at Home." As a business man in Duluth for the last 25 years, and one who derives considerable patronage from out-of-town persons, I wish to register an objection to this form of advertising.

It seems to me it would be far more advantageous to advertise "Buy in Duluth" than buy at home; for the reason that there are thousands of persons living in small towns near this city, who come here to make purchases. They buy things which the small town merchants do not carry. If they are urged to "buy at home" they only embarrass their local merchant.

Duluth retailers gain much trade from out-of-town buyers. They don't want these buyers to stop coming here. Certainly not. Yet if these same customers are deterred from coming here by such propaganda Duluth merchants will suffer. So let's make it "Buy in Duluth."

A Booster For The City.

Duluth.

Broad brotherhood like that is so heavenly that it takes the breath away from ordinary people who had dreamed that the big idea was to live and let live. The one gracious kernel of consolation planted in the middle of the effusion of our booster lies in the pathetic sympathy he oozes out for the outside fellow by telling us that "if they are urged to 'buy at home' they only embarrass their local merchant."

We are sure this booster must belong to church and to the kindergarten class in Sundayschool. Ditto the mbrning small-town booster.

All the above shows the dignity of the capitalist high-brows, who would throw fits if the Bolsheviks should make that kind of monkeys of themselves.

A TASTE OF ART

Among the good things that Duluth is fortunate to share in is the course of entertainments arranged each year by the enterprising Mrs. George S. Richards.

It is her custom to get only the very best of talent that can be secured in this country, and frequently she is able to engage masters from abroad.

This week she is presenting the world famed bearer of the mantle of Jenny Lind, Frieda Hempel. She sings at the Armory tonight (Friday) and will thrill every heart in the audience.

Frieda Hempel is of the common people and has acquired her wonderful sweetness and sympathetic tone thru contact with the masses of the working class. It is only pity that all the people in Duluth may not have the means to hear her.

Mrs. Richards is performing a most refining service among the people of this city in her splendid efforts to bring such talent here, and the results will be far greater than we are able to estimate.

Some day we hope that such support may be given these undertakings that the large masses may have the uplifting influence of the astists who so wonderfully thrill and inspire.

THAT VACATION

The Capitalists are very nice to Mr. War. He has been busy for several thousand years and now the tenderhearted employers are telling him he may have a vacation for ten years if he is very good about it.

Of course, he is not given this vacation without reservations. It is only a matter of an uncertain promise. He may be called back from his golfinks at any moment and grab the sword instead of the stick.

Moreover he is not to leave off all his tigs that adorn him in his honorable labors. He is simply told that he may, unless the bosses change their minds, lay off a few of his charms that dangle about his legs in the form of battleships. They say that, unless something should make the bosses change their minds he may unhitch a few of these and toss them into the creek and leave them there for ten years. Unless the bosses make other plans.

Ten years!

It sounded so big—almost as big as the fine promise that this last war was to end all war—till the next one.

Hell! What's the use! A fellow cannot write about these idiotic, insincere, hypocritical, rotten, contemptible claptrops of the crazy outfit that runs this world at present.