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MINNESOTA
HISTORICAL
SOCIETY

New times demand new measures and new men;
The world advances, and in time outgrows
The laws that in our father's days were best,
And, doubtless, after us, some purer scheme
Will be shaped out by wiser men than we,
Made wiser by the steady growth of TRUTH.

Truth

The time is ripe, and rotten ripe, for change;
Then let it come; I have no dread of what
Is called for by the instinct of mankind;
Let us call tyrants tyrants, * * *
For men in earnest have no time to waste
In patching fig leaves for the naked TRUTH.

VOLUME I NUMBER 2

DULUTH, MINNESOTA. FRIDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1917

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Socialists everywhere have ever decried violence, have preached against it and have sought to prevent what they have called its abortive action while they spread their propaganda of peaceful revolution. They have been met and will be met with resistance from men, individuals, who ought to know and do know, but who reject the truth of Socialist teachings.

These men are exploiters of the people; landlords, employers, capitalists and parasites who will cling, leechlike, until the last. But they will pay the toll when the storm shall break.

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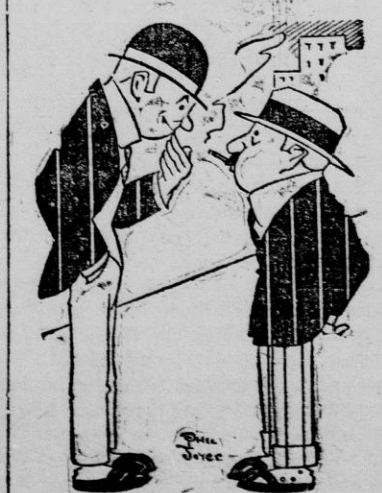
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SCARLET PLAGUE

JACK LONDON

"I was fooling, Granser. They ain't no crabs. I never found one."

The boys were overwhelmed with delight at sight of the tears of senile disappointment that dribbled down the old man's cheeks. Then, unnoticed, Hoo-Hoo replaced the empty shell with a fresh cooked crab. Already dismembered from the cracked legs the white meat sent forth a small cloud of savory steam. This attracted the old man's nostrils, and he looked down in amazement. The change of his mood to one of joy was immediate. He sniffed and muttered and mumbled, making almost a croon of delight, as he began to eat. Of this the boys took little notice, for it was an accustomed spectacle. Nor did they notice his occasional exclamations and utterances of phrases which meant nothing to them, as, for instance, when he smacked his lips and champed his gums while muttering: "Mayonnaise! Just think—mayonnaise! And it's sixty years since the last was ever made! Two generations and never a smell of it! Why, in those days it was served in every restaurant with crab."

When he could eat no more, the old man sighed, wiped his hands on his naked legs, and gazed out over the sea. With the content of a full stomach, he waxed reminiscent.

"To think of it! I've seen this beach alive with men, women and children on a pleasant Sunday. And there weren't any crabs to eat them up, either. And right up there on the cliff was a big restaurant where you could get anything you wanted to eat. Four million people lived in San Francisco then. And now, in the whole city and county there aren't forty all told. And out there on the sea were ships and ships always to be seen, going in for the Golden Gate or coming out. And airships in the air—dirigibles and flying machines. They could travel two hundred miles an hour. Mail contracts with the New York and San Francisco Limited demanded that for the minimum. There was a chap, a Frenchman, I forget his name, who succeeded in making three hundred; but the thing was too risky for conservative persons. But he was on the right clue, and he would have managed it if it hadn't been for the great plague. When I was a boy there were men who remembered the coming of the first aeroplanes, and now I have lived to see the last of them, and that sixty years ago."

"But there weren't many crabs in those days," the old man wandered on. "They were fished out, and they were great delicacies. The open season was only a month long, too. And now crabs are accessible the whole year around. This—of it—catching all the crabs you want, any time you want, in the surf of the Cliff house beach!"

A sudden commotion among the goats brought the boys to their feet. The dogs about the fire rushed to join their snarling fellow who guarded the goats, while the goats themselves stampeded in the direction of their human protectors. A half dozen forms, lean and gray, glided about on the sand hillocks or faced the bristling dogs. Edwin arched an arrow that fell short. But Hare-Lip, with a sling, such as David carried into battle against Goliath, hurled a stone through the air that whistled from the speed of its flight. It fell squarely among the wolves and caused them to slink away toward the dark depths of the eucalyptus forest.

The boys laughed and lay down again in the sand, while Granser sighed ponderously. He had eaten too much, and with hands clasped on his paunch, the fingers interlaced, he resumed his manderings.

"The feeble systems lapse like foam," he mumbled what was evidently a quotation. "That's it—foam, and floating. All man's toil upon the planet was just so much foam. He domesticated the servicable animals, destroyed the hostile ones, and cleared the land of its wild vegetation. And then he passed, the flood of primordial life rolled back again, sweeping his handiwork away—the weeds and the forest inundated his fields, the beasts of prey swept over his flocks, and now there are wolves on the Cliff house beach." He was appalled by his thought. "Where four million people disported themselves, the wild wolves roam today, and the savage progeny of our loins, with prehistoric weapons, defend themselves against the fanged despoilers. Think of it! And all because of the Scarlet Death—"

The adjective had caught Hare-Lip's ear.

"He's always saying that," he said to Edwin. "What is scarlet?"

"The scarlet of the maples can shake me like the cry of bugles going by," the old man quoted.

"It's red," Edwin answered the question. "And you don't know it because you come from the Chauffeur tribe. They never did know nothing, none of them. Scarlet is red—I know that."

"Red is red, ain't it?" Hare-Lip grumbled. "Then what's the good of gettin' cocky and calling it scarlet?"

"Red is not the right word," was the reply. "The plague was scarlet. The



Hare-Lip With a Sling Hurling a Stone Through the Air That Whistled From the Speed of Its Flight.

whole face and body turned scarlet in an hour's time. Don't I know? Didn't I see enough of it? And I am telling you it was scarlet because—well, because it was scarlet. There is no other word for it."

"Red is good enough for me," Hare-Lip muttered obstinately. "My dad calls red red, and he ought to know. He says everybody died of the Red Death."

"Your dad is a common fellow, descended from a common fellow," Granser retorted heatedly. "Don't I know the beginnings of the Chauffeurs? Your grandpa was a chauffeur, a servant, and without education. He worked for other persons. But your grandmother was of good stock, only the children did not take after her. Don't I remember when I first met them, catching fish at Lake Temescal?"

"What is education?" Edwin asked. "Calling red scarlet," Hare-Lip sneered, then returned to the attack on Granser. "My dad told me, and he got it from his dad afore he croaked, that your wife was a Santa Rosa, and that she was sure no account. He said she was a hash-slinger before the Red Death, though I don't know what a hash-slinger is. You can tell me, Edwin."

But Edwin shook his head in token of ignorance.

"It is true, she was a waitress," Granser acknowledged. "But she was a good woman, and your mother was her daughter. Women were very scarce in the days after the Plague. She was the only wife I could find, even if she was a hash-slinger, as your father calls it. But it is not nice to talk about our progenitors that way."

"Dad says that the wife of the first chauffeur was a lady—"

"What's a lady?" Hoo-Hoo demanded.

"A lady's a chauffeur squaw," was the quick reply of Hare-Lip. "The first chauffeur was Bill, a common fellow, as I said before, the old man expounded; but his wife was a lady, a great lady. Before the Scarlet Death she was the wife of Van Warden. He was president of the board of industrial magnates, and was one of the dozen men who ruled America. He was worth one billion, eight hundred millions of dollars—coins like you have there in your pouch, Edwin. And then came the Scarlet Death, and his wife became the wife of Bill, the first chauffeur. He used to beat her, too. I have seen it myself."

Hoo-Hoo, lying on his stomach and idly digging his toes in the sand, cried out and investigated, first, his toenail, and next, the small hole he had dug. The other two boys joined him, excavating the sand rapidly with their hands till there lay three skeletons exposed. Two were adults, the third being that of a part-grown child.

The old man nudged along on the ground and peered at the find.

"Plague victims," he pronounced. "That's the way they died every where in the last days. This must have been a family, running away from the contagion and perishing here on the Cliff house beach. They—what are you doing, Edwin?"

This question was asked in sudden dismay, as Edwin, using the back of his hunting knife, began to knock out the teeth from the jaws of one of the skulls.

"Going to string 'em," was the response.

The three boys were now hard at it; and quite a knocking and hammering arose in which Granser babbled on unnoticed.

"You are true savages. Already has begun the custom of wearing human teeth. In another generation you will be performing your noses and ears and wearing ornaments of bone and shell. I know. The human race is doomed to sink back—farther and farther into the primitive night as again it begins its bloody climb upward to civilization. When we increase and feel the lack of room, we shall proceed to kill one another. And then I suppose, you will wear human scalp locks at your waist, as well—as you, Edwin, who are the gentlest of my grandsons, have already begun with that vile pigtail. Throw it away, Edwin, boy; throw it away."

"What a gabble the old geezer makes," Hare-Lip remarked, when, the teeth all extracted, they began an attempt at equal division.

They were very quick and abrupt in their actions, and their speech, in moments of hot discussion over the alchemy of the choicer teeth, was truly a gabble. They spoke in monosyllables and short, jerky sentences that were more a gibberish than a language. And yet, through it ran hints of grammatical construction, and appeared vestiges of the conjugation of some superior culture. Even the speech of Granser was so corrupt that were it put down literally it would be almost so much nonsense to the reader. This, however, was when he talked with the boys. When he got into the full swing of babbling to himself, it slowly purged itself into pure English. The sentences grew longer and were enunciated with a rhythm and ease that were reminiscent of the lecture platform.

"Tell us about the Red Death, Granser," Hare-Lip demanded, when the teeth affair had been satisfactorily concluded.

"The Scarlet Death," Edwin corrected.

"An' don't work all that funny lingo on us," Hare-Lip went on. "Talk sensible, Granser, like a Santa Rosa ought to talk. Other Santa Rosas don't talk like you."

The old man showed pleasure in being thus called upon, and his throat began:

"Twenty or thirty years ago my story was in great demand. But in these days nobody seems interested—"

"There you go!" Hare-Lip cried hotly. "Cut out the funny stuff and talk sensible. What's interested? You talk like a baby that don't know how."

"Let him alone," Edwin urged, "or he'll get mad and won't talk at all. Skip the funny places. We'll catch on to some of what he tells us."

"Let her go, Granser," Hoo-Hoo encouraged; for the old man was already maundering about the disrespect for elders and the reversion to cruelty of all humans that fell from high culture to primitive conditions.

CHAPTER II.

The Beginning of the End. The tale began.

"There were very many people in the world in those days. San Francisco alone held four millions—"

"What is millions?" Edwin interrupted.

Granser looked at him kindly. "I know you cannot count beyond ten, so I will tell you. Hold up your two hands. On both of them you have altogether ten fingers and thumbs. Very well. I now take this grain of sand—you hold it, Hoo-Hoo." He dropped the grain of sand into the lad's palm and went on: "Now that grain of sand stands for the ten fingers of Edwin. I add another grain. That's ten more fingers. And I add another, another, and another, until I have added as many grains as Edwin has fingers and thumbs. That makes what I call one hundred. Remember that word—one hundred. Now I put this pebble in Hare-Lip's hand. It stands for ten grains of sand, of ten tens of fingers, or one hundred fingers. I put this pebble in Hare-Lip's hand. It stands for ten grains. Take a mussel shell, and it stands for ten pebbles, or one hundred grains of sand, or one thousand fingers."

And so on, laboriously, and with much reiteration, he strove to build up in their minds a crude conception of numbers. As the quantities increased, he had the boys holding different magnitudes in each of their hands. For still higher sums, he laid the symbols on the log of driftwood; and for symbols he was hard put, being compelled to use the teeth from the skull for millions, and the crab shells for billions. It was here that he stopped, for the boys were showing signs of becoming tired.

(To be continued.)

Widen Unable to Form Ministry in Sweden

STOCKHOLM.—H. J. Widen, president of the second chamber and former minister of the interior, who was charged by King Gustave with the formation of a cabinet has replied that he is unable to accomplish the task. The king now are invited the liberal leader, Professor Eden, to organize a ministry.

The used to drown the daughters of the poor in India. They had no sweatshops or bawdy-houses.

AFTER THE WAR—WHAT?

According to a dispatch from Washington, D. C., dated Oct. 6, America must save food "for war after the war" as well as for the present conflict, for the reason that after the war "the United States will be pitted in trade and industry against a Europe with a reduced standard of living with a people greatly disciplined in all directions."

This means that the standard of living of workers in the United States must be reduced to the European level in order to enable the capitalists of this country to compete in the world market against the capitalists of Europe. That is, the workers in this country must live "cheaper" so that they can work for less money wages.

Wages is the money-price of the commodity labor power, and is not a part or a "share" of the values created by the applied labor power of the workers. The cost of the workers to reproduce their commodity the cheaper they can sell that commodity. The value of commodities is determined by the socially necessary labor entering into their reproduction; the less social labor necessary to the production of subsistence commodities used in the reproduction of labor power the less value contained in that commodity. Prices of commodities are determined by conditions in the market when commodities appear for circulation or exchange; the "law" of supply and demand explains the fluctuation of prices. If there is a big supply and a short demand the price of a commodity may fall to or below its value; if the supply is short and demand great, prices may go above value. But in either case capitalists realize profits, due to the fact that all commodities contain unpaid labor—surplus value—with the exception of labor power, which produces all value. Capitalist "cost of production" and real cost of production are two different things. Under capitalist "cost," "wages of labor" is listed as an "overhead expense" which all capitalists seek at all times to reduce to a minimum.

After the war, when millions of men are released from the great armies and return to the labor market, what will they find? They will discover that while they have been under arms, even in the countries where the battles have been fought, new and more efficient means of production have developed, cheaper forms of labor power, including women, young girls, children and importations of workers from countries with lower standards of living, have been forced into industries—and they are there to remain if the capitalists can have their way. They will find an overcrowded labor market with fierce competition for jobs, and those workers who can live the cheapest—all other factors being equal—will set the price of the labor power commodity. Wages, the money price of labor power, under free competition in the labor market, always tend to the minimum of subsistence.

The statement quoted above, alleged to have been sent out by the food administration at Washington, proves the correctness of what revolutionists have been endeavoring for years to set the workers to realize. Will there be industrial conscription after the war—that is government ownership, the correct term for which is "state capitalism"—wherein the workers will be prohibited from organizing and prosecuted or called to the colors if they strike, as was done in France by the Political Socialist, Aristide Briand, when he held office in the French cabinet during the strike of the French railway workers?

What will the workers of the world do after the war? The capitalists of all countries are preparing for after the war.

The workers must do likewise thru agitation, education and industrial ORGANIZATION.—T. P. G. Dougherty.

The Two Treatments. Philadelphia Bulletin: President Wilson, an ardent advocate of social reform, in fond of telling a story about an old teamster.

This old fellow said to the treasurer of the concern one day: "Me and that old horse has been workin' for the company seventeen years, sir."

The old teamster looked dubious. "Wall," he said, "we was both taken down sick last ment, and they got a doctor for the hoss, while they docked my pay."

MOONEY CASE STIRRING THE WORLD

SAN FRANCISCO.—It is a ponderous job to get public opinion started either one way or the other on ordinary questions, and when labor is involved, there is an immense weight of prejudice to be swept away before a miscarriage of justice can be rightened. But finally, after the farcical acquittal of Oxnman on self-evident charges of perjury, public opinion in the United States has become indignant that such a travesty on justice should be countenanced in a country which has entered upon a crusade for democracy. The New York World, extremely conservative in its views of the rights of labor, declares that the Mooney case "has been so involved in a web of fraud and perjury that the public has not been able to make up its mind where the truth lies." Mooney's case asserts the World, "raises the question whether the criminal law and the courts of California can be misused with corrupt purposes in labor wars and whether anybody's life or liberty is safe." The Philadelphia Public Ledger, the most conservative newspaper of the East, asserts that "the hanging would be the judicial murder of an innocent man" and urges a new trial. The New York Evening Mail, one of the strongest metropolitan dailies, commends the investigation ordered by the President and says that "There must be no lingering doubt left in the mind of the entire American people or the world that America stands for justice at home as well as in the world."

The glaring injustice of the frame-up has stirred up the Russian people as no other case of international importance ever has. It is now known that a gigantic mob, on hearing of the incorrect report that Mooney had been hanged several months ago, threatened the American embassy in Petrograd and were going to kill the American ambassador. Only a speedy denial of the charge over the cables, and a promise that Mooney should not hang by the president saved the ambassador's life. The many Americans who have returned to Russia have all used the Mooney frame-up as an example of America's courts and America's treatment of its workers, and have thereby stirred up an intense hatred of the American ruling class, which the late mission to Russia was completely unable to counteract.

Socialism is not trying to give the worker a new code of morals, it is trying to get something for him to eat.

HUSH A-BYE-BABY

THE REVISED VERSION

"Hush a bye, baby, on the tree top. When you grow up you shall work in a shop."

And when you get married your wife shall work, too.

That the rich may grow richer, with nothing to do.

Hush a bye, baby, on the tree top. When unemployed your wages will stop.

And when grown old your wage will stop, too.

That the rich may grow richer with nothing to do.

We hush a bye babies, hear what you say.

We are calling new music for the industrial hop.

And wealth without work must shut up its shop."

—B. C. Federationist.

Do the rich who are preaching to the workers the ideal of service really mean it to be serve-us?

TOO HEAVY



That QUACK Alliance

By Mary Q. Laughlin.

The "Alliance for Labor and Democracy" was formed under the leadership of the POWERS that have so BRAZENLY DENIED the right of FREE SPEECH to millions of law-abiding American citizens!

The "Alliance for Labor and Democracy" is a MERE "blind-duck"—a "decoy duck"—thrown into the turbulent waters of economic determinism. Those who are STUPID enough to follow the TRAIL of the DUCK, will surely get STUCK in the swamp of dismal DEFEAT.

Why such a prediction? Because of the evidence at hand. The American Federation of Labor, which foolishly allows Samuel Gompers to MISREPRESENT it, represents only about 20 per cent. of organized labor, and organized labor, in total, represents only 20 per cent. of American labor. Yet Gompers has the UNEQUALLED GALL to send a cablegram to the workers of Russia, stating that he, (GOMPERS) has been "called on by American labor" to ADVISE the Russians what to do politically and economically. Ninety per cent. of American labor are shouting at this very moment, "The brazen old liar! We have NO DESIRE to interfere in the internal affairs of war-ridden Russia."

Russia has already demonstrated to the world that she will accept none but the Russian BRAND of democracy. Yet Root, Russell and the doughty Gompers (under the advice of Big Business) have had the effrontery to tell the Russians what BRAND of democracy would be "BEST for Russia."

When the Czar was dethroned, statistics showed that the Romanoff family CLAIMED OWNERSHIP to 650,000,000 acres, about 70 per cent. of the whole area of Russia. The annual SALARY allowance of the Czar was a mere \$12,000,000. With the \$30,000,000 or more from his mines and estates, the Czar could not get along without BORROWING vast sums from France, England and America!

(He is now a potato-grower in exile. That is what Labor can do when it gets ready.—Ed. L. L.)

The Russians want back the natural wealth of their country. They are bound to get it back and they do not want any outside advice about how they CHOOSE to possess themselves of their natural rights. Honest American labor rejoices at the Russian aim of a socially owned and controlled republic, for THAT is the goal of all honest men of every nation in the world.

Life is a BIRTHRIGHT which nature alone should have the privilege of taking away. Land is the natural inheritance of every creature born on this planet, yet because the "RADICALS" of the world are fighting for the restitution of the land to the people; because these radicals claim that life and land are the NATURAL rights of all people, black, white, yellow, red and brown; they are, of course, the "enemies" of "law and order"—the law and order that permits the czars and the kings, and the moneyed-powers of the world to disinherit the people—to ROB the people of their birthright.

The people of Russia are pitted against the robber class that has stripped them of their natural rights. The people of every land INSTINCTIVELY feel that they are ROBBED and disinherited. In every corner of the world they are in revolt against their despoilers. The whole social structure is rocking and rolling like a badly mined ship on a storm-swept ocean because of its rottenness and inhumanity, that social STRUCTURE will go down, never to rise again. And in its place will RISE the cooperative commonwealth, a social system in which human LIFE will be held the most sacred of all "natural gifts;" in which justice will rule and freedom will live.

And this, despite the despicable trickery of the several "groups" that are fighting against it, including the "Alliance for Labor and Democracy." Buffalo New Age.

TO LIVE PROPERLY

By J. Holmin

Do you, gentle reader, grasp the meaning of the word "properly"? No, you don't! You thought you did, but it can't be done, because it means one thing in Buffalo and another thing in Philadelphia; or it must be interpreted differently for the producing class than for the class that only consumes. Yes, it sounds strange, but it is a fact which you will grasp by reading the following clippings from some of our blessed newspapers.

Down east, last year, there was a commission of investigation whose duty was to find out how much the laborer earned and how much it was necessary for a man to earn in order to support his family properly. At that investigation they took an aver-

age family of five members.

In Buffalo a survey was made under the supervision of the state factory investigation commission. It said, "The commission concluded that a man in Buffalo must earn at least \$722 a year to support his family properly." Notice, \$722 annually in spite of that "The children's bureau of the department of labor," in the same city and at the very same time, made an investigation of the cost of living with particular reference to its effect on infant mortality, came to the conclusion "that families having an annual income of less than \$900, the death rate of babies is considerably above normal."

This was in Buffalo, and concerned those who produce all the necessities of life. Here is another view on proper living, at another city and another kind of people, for whom the adverb properly has not a synonymous meaning at all with that "properly" which modifies the factory workers' living in Buffalo.

"Three can't live on \$30,000." "Philadelphia, Pa., April 12.—An annual allowance of \$30,000 is not sufficient properly to support the three children of Percelee Frazer Jr., according to testimony before the orphan court here yesterday, and the court upon the petition of the guardians increased the amount to \$45,000 a year..."

The children were respectively 15, 14 and 10 years old. A specified list over different expenses shows that those children required yearly for travelling and automobile expenses a sum equivalent with your income of three and a half years.

How long shall you workmen stand for the joke of the capitalist? He compels you to support your family properly on \$722 a year. 144 dollars and 40 cents for each member of your family, if you are five. Not quite 40 cents a day, while they who determine that you shall live properly on that 40 cents a day, need for one of their children 40, not cents, but, with the \$ mark as a prefix to the 40 or in other words and other figures: This sum—\$15,000—that one of those children needs yearly in order to live properly, shall be sufficient for 103 persons of the working class, to live properly on. Not only children but two out of every five have to be grown up persons.

This comparison is only made with what we call the middle class. These children are paupers compared with baby Astor or the Busch heir, not to mention the children of Morgan, Rockefeller and the like.

Fellow worker, how soon will you realize that you are doing injustice to yourself, your wife and your children. You produce all the food, make all the clothes and build all the houses; but without the slightest resistance you let others decide that you shall eat the cheapest food, wear the cheapest clothes and live in the smallest and darkest huts. You build the automobiles for the rich and their children, while your own are running astray on the streets to be run over by the same machine you built.

Wake up, toilers, don't stand for the joke of your master any longer; throw off the yoke from your shoulders and give them their share to carry who now are riding on your back. Give them a chance to stand on their own feet and carry their own burdens.

ESSEN WOMEN ROIT AT THE CHANCELLOR'S REFUSAL TO STATE PEACE TERMS

A demonstration against the German government at Essen, home of the Krupp works, in consequence of the decision of Chancellor Michaelis not to state Germany's peace terms, is reported today in a dispatch from Amsterdam. Fifty thousand persons were in the crowd.

Women formed a majority of the demonstrators, says the dispatch, breaking windows of the town hall and shouting demands for more food, for peace and for the return of their menfolk.

The police and military were called out to quell the riot. Two women were injured and several were arrested.

The whole of Essen is reported to be in a state of ferment.

A DARK PROSPECT.

Grace McKinstry in New York Times. They said we should try "meatless meals."

A year ago: They say we should try "wheatless meals."

Just now, you know; And, O dear me, I greatly fear That Congress in another year Will tell us to try "eatless meals" Each week or so.

In this country the classes say and the masses pay.

Federal Court Upholds Socialist Literature

(Continued from page 1)

SECOND—It means that the great gathering of serious and sincere men and women who gathered in the St. Louis Socialist Convention to do their bit for humanity, can no longer have their honest motives impugned by a conscienceless jingo press. The legal machinery of the land has given the lie to their false cry of "Traitor!"

THIRD—The Socialist Party "Proclamation and War Program" is not a treasonable document as hysterical editors, ably supported by renegade and ostracized Socialists, would have the people of the land believe. A jury has declared that its circulation violates no law of the nation passed since the declaration of the war.

FOURTH—It is not a crime to circulate the leaflet, "The Price We Pay," altho the post office censorship and local authorities who recognize no law except that of the club, have so declared and caused many Socialists to suffer as a result.

FIFTH—This means that a federal jury has found, practically, that it is perfectly legal to distribute Socialist literature, since if the two leaflets attacked at Grand Rapids are alleged to be the worst, other Socialist literature would certainly pass muster.

SIXTH—Freedom of speech, freedom of press, freedom of assembly, constitutional rights outrageously abused since the inauguration of the war, have found an abiding place at last in a federal court, and there are justifiable grounds for the ardent hope that the reaction will now set in that will enthrone these liberties, never again to be overturned.

SEVENTH—If the post office censorship of the press can be placed on trial in a similar manner it is hoped that this gag may be removed in the not distant future.

The persecution of the Socialist Party, its members and its press, went to a referendum of the people in that federal court room at Grand Rapids and it was unanimously repudiated. Socialists will now be enabled to face the terrorists everywhere and beat back prejudice, ignorance, hysteria and misrepresentation with this court verdict of "Not Guilty."

It cannot be too strongly emphasized that the indictments were originally secured as the result of a well planned anti-Socialist campaign conducted by the daily press of Grand Rapids, during which the government prosecutor came in for his share of cudgeling for not responding quickly enough and doing his share to carry out the carefully conceived and diabolical program.

The verdict was a heavy wallop in the face for every organ of reaction that sets itself up as the mouthpiece of the established order and the spokesman for things as they claim they should be.

That verdict left in its wake a crowd of sickly, plutocracy-inspired editors in Grand Rapids, Mich., who could not possibly have felt worse if the Socialists had carried the city overwhelmingly in a duel contest. The Associated Press carried the sad news in as few words as possible to every sheet in the land, and these all promptly buried what the masses of the people were waiting to learn, either in the back pages or in the waste basket.

The verdict, "Not Guilty!" of conspiring against the government of the land, was greeted with tears of joy by the wives, sisters and sweet and loud applause from the faithful hearts of the defendants; by cheers from the gathering of friends and relatives of those on trial, who did not waver for an instant during the ten days of the trying inquisition.

When Adolph Germer was declared "Not Guilty" the charge of conspiracy against the St. Louis Socialist Convention was wiped out and the charge, of sending out "treasonable" literature, against the National Socialist Party was effectively hit on the head.

When Rev. Daniel Roy Freeman, pastor of the Grand Rapids All Souls' Church was declared "Not Guilty!" the right of a non-Socialist to distribute Socialist literature for educational purposes was upheld. Rev. Freeman's only crime was getting 100 copies of the Socialist "War Proclamation" and placing them at the disposal of the members of his church.

When Miss Viva Flaherty, social and church worker, was declared "Not Guilty!" the right to co-operate with Socialists in the distribution of literature was upheld. Her only crime was preparing and having printed 15,000 copies of a leaflet containing extracts of the speeches of Sherwood of Ohio; Huddleston of Alabama; Vardaman of Mississippi, and others in the U. S. Senate, against conscription, and getting members of the Grand Rapids Socialist local to distribute it.

Rev. Klaas Oosterhuis, pastor of the Holland Unitarian Church, and Vernon Kilpatrick, an advertising solicitor for a local newspaper, had been dismissed before the jury returned its verdict, their only crime being that they had joined the Socialist Party since the beginning of the war. It was evident that no attempt should be made to punish them for this, altho the regrets of the government attorney and the courts did not restore to them the jobs they had taken from them and the persecution they had suffered.

When the members of the Socialist local, eight of them, heard the verdict of "Not Guilty!" returned, they knew that it had been made safe and declared legal in war time, for Socialists everywhere over the land to stand by their party and carry on its propaganda and build up its organization.

There was Charles G. Taylor, former Socialist member of the Grand Rapids school board; Dr. Martin H. Elzinga, a veterinary surgeon, who takes his children out in an automobile when they go distributing Socialist literature; James W. Clement, Sr., a manufacturer, who talks Socialism in his shop and is bringing up his son to be a Socialist; Charles J. Callaghan, a mail carrier; Benjamin Faulkner, employed by the Grand Rapids board of public works; Glen H. Pangborn, former Secretary of the Socialist local; Benjamin Blumenberg, lecturer and organizer; and Glen G. Flester, Stenographer.

The human element entered big into the trial on the second day when Mrs. Flester brought a little baby girl into the world, the first to arrive in this Socialist home. Flester is of registration age, 26 years old. One of the charges against him was that he had stated he would not register. He did register and escaped the draft. The verdict of "Not Guilty!" sent him back to his wife and baby girl; resolved more than ever to struggle valiantly in the cause of Socialism.

All thru the trial the prospects of a "Guilty!" verdict and its consequences seemed to have no terrors for the indicted Socialists. They knew they had done no wrong, committed no crime, and they were ready to suffer for their cause.

Upon his return to Chicago, National Secretary Adolph Germer received many telegrams of congratulations from every section of the country.

"Just read of the acquittal of yourself and co-defendants in the morning's press dispatches," is the message that came from Theodore Debs, brother of "Our Gene". "Hurrah with a vengeance! 'Tis a glorious victory and we all share in it even if you had to be the chief goat."

This will be of incalculable benefit to our movement.

"Hearty congratulations upon the outcome of your trial which is of tremendous importance to our entire movement," wired Morris Hillquit, Socialist candidate for mayor of New York City, and member of the Socialist National Executive Committee.

"Congratulations upon your vindication," wired Duncan McDonald, from the convention of the Illinois Federation of Labor at Joliet. "We may yet establish democracy in America."

John R. Schaefer, Enoch Martin, Ed. A. Wieck, and Albert Doak, other delegates of the Illinois Mine Workers' Union to the Federation Convention, joined McDonald in sending their congratulations.

The Grand Rapids trial depleted the treasury of the Liberty Defense Fund and an immediate campaign will be started by the National Office of the Socialist Party to rehabilitate it in order to furnish the proper defense for Socialists who are still in danger of suffering for their convictions. Send all contributions to the Liberty Defense Fund, National Office, Socialist Party, 803 W. Madison St., Chicago, Illinois.

VICTORY AT BAY CITY, MICHIGAN

Bay City, Mich.—Another victory for our constitutional liberties was won here when the indictment against J. D. Warner, a Socialist, charged with distributing the Socialist Party leaflet, "War Proclamation and Program", was quashed.

MURDERERS ET AL BY CECIL MONTAQUE

From aeons of agony has sprung what we are pleased to call the Anglo-Saxon system of jurisprudence. But the foundation of that system was being gingerly laid long before any fair-haired man of north Europe had anything to say about progress. The fabric was built piece by piece, and some of the smallest pieces were added only after long wars and terrible loss of life.

It was at this cost that humanity began to find its way toward an expression of liberty and a power to accomplish liberty.

There is only one excuse for law,

and that is to have it applied generally and for the good of all the people who must obey it. The law is in such disrepute and lawyers are again considered "immateral persons of inferior character," as they were in the reign of Queen Mary, for no other reason than that the law and lawyers have often surrendered to the forces of special privilege—the barons, the church and gambling capitalists. We no longer have a common law, equally binding upon you and me. If I am an I. W. W. I cannot even ask that men of my class organize, but if I am a mine owner I have the right to organize a group of murderers to lynch a Frank Little.

Society has a law against murder. Why isn't it obeyed? Why do murderers dare to boast of their crime if it is not because we are no longer ruled by the law of experience but by the law of might?

We must respect the machinery by which we shall again bring about a common law. That machinery is the Constitution of the United States, in which is contained all the wisdom of the ages. The rights guaranteed therein are rights which humanity has earned. Humanity may be entitled to additional rights, but that is not the question here; the present proposition is that the Constitution expresses certain rights, which, after many experiences, have been found fundamental to life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness. Those rights must be protected; any invasion upon them for any purpose whatever is freebootery and all the forces of government should be concentrated upon bringing the criminals to justice. Until that is done, until all of us are made to acknowledge the Common Law, it is absurd to speak of patriotism and a united country.

You say, our Congress is representative; that it has declared a state of war to exist with a European power; that it has created a draft army; that it is enacting laws to push the war with vigor and that any one who agitates against these things is a traitor to the people and gives aid and comfort to the enemy.

But, my dear patriots, in your hypocrisy, some of you deny the right of the people to discuss the most important problems of the day, you deny them the right to choose the way toward Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness.

You are afraid of your own case. You have an excellent argument, but damned poor advocates; and your method of arguing is not one likely to enhance the opportunities of democracy nor is it likely to make the people want to die for what you preach. You are tongue-tied men of Egypt.

In a democracy, law is not the command of the state—it is the wish of the people. In a democracy, the state is created by the people and it is no more sacred than the people make it. A state can easily enough be out of touch with the people and wherever there is a suspicion that this is the case, in the interests of law and order, a quick submission to the people of a bothersome question should be made. Then, if you don't carry your point it isn't because the people can't decide, but because you have been too incompetent to present it properly.

The general government has only those rights granted to it by the Constitution. It has the right to declare war, to raise a draft army and to send that army to France, but where does it get the right to say that the people shall not discuss the expediency of these acts, since it is the people who are supposed to be benefiting? Who made the government custodian of our minds? Upon what foundation does the government stand, except the foundation of our expressed opinions, which we, as a democracy, have the right to change whenever we see fit. As a democracy, we have even the right, if we chose, to be ruled by Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, Wilhelm Hohenzollern, Charles Edward Russell, John D. Rockefeller, Nicholas Romanoff, Billy Sunday, Eva Tanguay or the Sultan of Zulu, BUT WE MUST CHOOSE—that privilege we shall not delegate to an aggregation composed of half-educated editorial nincompoops, cheap politicians and shyster lawyers. "The people reign in the American political world, as the deity does in the universe," said President Tyler to the governor of Rhode Island. "They are the cause and the aim of all things; everything comes from them and everything is absolutely in them."

If that part of the Constitution relative to free speech and the right of the people peaceably to assemble to discuss any grievances that they think they may have, is obsolete and dangerous then, out with it, but do it in legal fashion, in ways and means which, by experience, have proved to be the safest.

Until that time comes the Constitution remains the supreme law of the land—and only an aggregation of rotting mentalities will dare to urge that it be violated.

HELP HILLQUIT WIN MAYORITTY

New York, Oct. 26

This city, always prompt to respond to political agitation, is in a whirl of a municipal campaign such as it has never witnessed before. Stung with the wave of fast rising prices for food, and eager for peace, the immense body of the working people, who cast the "silent vote" that is always a source of anxiety to the politician, are drifting in a solid mass to the Socialist party.

Straw votes taken in shops and in the thickly populated districts show Socialist majorities that stagger the Republican and Democratic leaders, and give promise of an avalanche for Morris Hillquit, the Socialist nominee, on election day, Nov. 6.

A poll of the jewelry workers, for example, taken by the New York Herald, a Fusion organ, showed 398 votes for Hillquit out of a total of 494, with 47 for Hylan, the Tammany nominee, and 39 for Mitchell, the present mayor, candidate for renomination on the Fusion ticket. It is indicative of the swing to the Socialist side that the same group cast on 73 Socialist votes in the last Mayor's election.

The street meetings of the Socialists are attended by crowds numbering as many as eight and ten thousand persons, while their opponents can scarcely gather a corporal's guard. Hillquit's first appearance on the East Side in the present campaign was the occasion of a demonstration that reached the proportions of a triumphal march.

The live issues of the campaign are the war and high prices, with the infringement of the freedom of the press a close third since the Russian, Hungarian and German Socialist dailies were deprived of their mailing privilege and the great Jewish and English Socialist dailies, the Forward and the Call, threatened with similar punishment.

A meeting held in Madison Square Garden Oct. 14 to protest against the expected suppression of the last-named paper broke all records, with an attendance of 15,000 and at least 20,000 more turned away. In one week alone the circulation of the paper leaped 20,000 thanks to the government attack.

To cope with the situation and make the most of it a special committee has been organized, with Eugene Schoen as chairman and Dr. Frederick A. Blossom, vice chairman, and including such representative men as Eugene V. Debs, James H. Maurer, Seymour Steadman, Scott Nearing, Algernon Lee and Victor L. Berger. This committee has sent out a ringing appeal to Socialists and the friends of liberty throughout the country to help in raising a fund of \$100,000 in order to "elect a Socialist mayor of New York."

"A Socialist elected mayor of the largest city in the world—think what that will mean to humanity at this crucial moment when the people of the whole earth are longing for the war to end!" says the committee in its appeal. "The election of Morris Hillquit would echo round the world with a ringing challenge to the foes of true democracy."

"Give as you have never given before! This is the chance of our lives to deliver a mighty blow in defense of humanity."

Contributions to the fund are coming in from all parts of the United States and even from Canada and Mexico.

"The people everywhere understand that this is more than a local fight, that the question of peace or war is the real issue," says Chairman Schoen.

Contributions should be sent to the Socialist party, 7 East 15th St., New York and will be acknowledged promptly.



(Copyright by McElroy-Syndicate)

The Constitution does not say that the right of free speech shall be guaranteed except in times of war—it says expressly that CONGRESS SHALL MAKE NO LAW ABRIDGING THE FREEDOM OF SPEECH OR THE RIGHT OF THE PEOPLE PEACEABLY TO ASSEMBLE AND TO PETITION FOR A REDRESS OF GRIEVANCES. This is the fundamental of any democracy, for only in that way can the people perfect the machinery by which they may make known what they want. When that opportunity is violated, then the very essence of democracy is violated.

BUSINESS MEET FOLLOWED BY STUDY CLASS

Commencing next Tuesday evening at the Scandinavian Socialist Club the regular business meeting will be followed by a class in working class science. This is not to take the place of the regular Sunday afternoon classes. Those classes will also be held as usual. The Tuesday Evening classes will be in addition and will enable some who would like to attend classes who can not attend on Sunday. There will be no charges for attendance and all who wish to attend are welcome.

THE SENTENCE

By Charlotte Perkins Gilman

The court was open. It was always open. The judge worked overtime and were never through with the docket, the criminals came so fast. They came and came steadily, swiftly, in a continuous procession, now faster, now slower, but always about so many every day; dozens and scores and hundreds of them.

Most of them came unwillingly, making feeble efforts of resistance, and crying out; but they were brought in just the same. They all looked strangely alike, having no distinction in costume, and they behaved in much the same way so that one wondered that the judges knew how to discriminate among them, and deal out their sentences to swiftly. Some divine instinct of justice must have inspired them, for they handed down their opinions and decisions without losing a meal or a night's sleep. Yet one would think the severity of the sentences in the majority of cases would have touched their hearts.

A very few of those before them were set free, and given great rewards; the few were given comparatively light punishments; but to the vast majority of these criminals the weary judges, with businesslike swiftness and calm severity, meted out the same sentence—life imprisonment with hard labor. By dozens, by scores, by hundreds daily they went to their punishment; by accumulating thousands upon thousands they bore it.

I was curious enough to follow, to inquire, to satisfy myself if this terrible sentence was carried out. I found that on account of the immense number of the criminals, they were allowed considerable liberty of motion in going from their cells to their work, but that there was no possible escape from the prison limits—except by suicide—a way often chosen. Their cells were small, dark and unclean; their food poor and scanty, their clothing ugly and incomplete; and there was much sickness among them, owing to these conditions and their long hours of exhausting toil in surroundings which made health impossible.

Confinement with hard labor for life—a heavy sentence! And they were so young when they received it—only just born!

That was their offense.

OH, SAY CAN YOU SEE? Or Getting Them Both Ways. (From McKesson & Robbins' 'Drug Topics').

Two Suggestions That Will Win You the Business of a Soldier's Family.

A brace of sales-stimulators that will hitch your store to the popular interest in the soldiers of your neighborhood called to war.

Where A Good Woman's Heart Is, So Is Her Pocketbook.

From now until the end of the war, the heart of your community will be wrapped up in the boys and men of your neighborhood who have offered their services, their lives and their all to their country's cause in this war.

Practically everybody will have some relative or friend in the fighting lines in whom they are interested. To every latchstring and heart string there will be some tie that will place the soul of every man and woman at home in spiritual communion with the soul of some lonely lad in the trench or under canvas.

Hitch your business to this popular interest in "the boys from home" and you will make thousands of dollars in extra sales. You just can't help it.

Make your store the center of military interest for the neighborhood. Here are two suggestions that will help you etc. etc.

From the Gullotine Column N. Y. Daily Call.

"Bobbie, run over to the next door neighbor and take what eggs and butter you find in the refrigerator." "But isn't that stealing?" "Certainly not. They are pacifists and expect it."—Life.

The liberty bell has been replaced by the six o'clock whistle.

THE RIGHT TO BEAR ARMS

We have a little target pistol with which we sometimes amuse ourselves on a Sunday when we take a walk out in the hills. Anticipating a Sunday ramble, we went into a hardware store a short time ago and asked for a couple of boxes of 22 short cartridges.

"Have you a permit?" said the clerk.

"Do you mean a hunting license?" we asked. "We have that."

"No," he replied, "to buy ammunition or firearms now you must have a permit from the chief of police."

And then we fell a-thinking. We remembered reading in an old document that father used to have in the house (and of which he was a great admirer) something about "the right of the citizens to bear arms shall not be infringed."

We hunted up a lawyer friend and asked him if that right had ever been repealed by the Congress of the United States. He replied that it had not. And he showed it to us right there in the book—just the same as it used to be in father's book—"the right of the citizens to bear arms shall not be infringed."

How comes it then, that a chief of police in a small town can infringe this constitutional right and say who shall and who shall not bear arms? Where does the authority come from? Does the chief of police assume this authority himself or does he get instructions from some one higher up, and if so, who?

It has become the custom of the papers lately to try to raise a scare whenever they hear of a workman buying a gun or a box of ammunition. The newspapers made much of the fact that when the officers raided the headquarters of the electrical workers last Wednesday they found some guns and ammunition there. What of it? Were the members of the electrical workers violating any law by having guns in their possession. Have not the electrical workers as good a right to have guns in their office as the A. C. M. company? Are not workmen citizens? What is meant, anyway, by that constitutional guarantee that "the right of the citizens to bear arms shall not be infringed?"—Socialist Weekly of Butte, Mont.



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Happiest is he who is happily dressed. Give your collection of clothes a treat. Add to your possession some warm underwear, some heavy shirts and a good mackinaw.

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Truth

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EDITORIAL



THE PROBLEM OF TRYING TO KEEP IDEAS FIXED WHEN INDUSTRY CHANGES.

Grandfather's industries are gone. Grandfather's ideas are still with us. Within the last sixty years the productive powers of the workers have increased one hundred fold. One hundred loaves of bread can now be made as easily as one loaf could have been made sixty years ago. One hundred pairs of shoes to-day, to one pair sixty years ago. One hundred suits of clothes can be made today in the same time and with no more expenditure of labor power than one suit in the sixties. Yet with all this marvelous increase of the productive power of the worker, the worker today, has no more shoes, no more clothes, no more bread than he had sixty years ago. There is a reason. The reason is not to be found in the stupidity of the workers, but the cupidity of those masters of bread who work the workers and who control the information, in the interest of the class which robs the worker of all but a bare existence.

Whenever a party, an Industrial Union group, or a paper endeavors to explain to the workers the reason why labor always has to skimp along with a bare existence, the paid prostitute sheets of the master class shriek "traitor", "treason" Pro-German and such choice arguments. Of course villification is the only argument they have. We are not Pro-German, but we ARE Pro-progressive and pro-working class. If this be treason,—Make the most of it.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT CREATED TO CARRY MAIL NOT TO REGULATE POLITICAL OPINIONS.

This was the opinion editorially expressed by the New York World in commenting upon the recent usurpation of power by the Post Office Department at Washington. It says:

Judge Learned Hand of the United States District Court decides that the Post Office Department has not shown sufficient reason for excluding "The Masses" from the mails. He accordingly lifts the ban placed upon that radical publication by the Post Office Department. "The Masses" has been either violating the law or it has not been violating the law. If there is a charge of treasonable offense, it is for the public prosecutor to accuse, for a Grand Jury to indict, for a trial jury to render a finding of fact and for a judge to punish under the law. It is not for the Post Office to combine all these executive and judicial functions in itself. If there is no alleged violation of Federal law, then the Post Office in excluding from the mails arrogates to itself a legislative power to create offenses as well as an executive power to deal with them within its own activities. On any theory of the postal service as a public institution, which is the fact, such a bureaucratic assumption of power ought to be unthinkable. It is plain usurpation, and in so far as Judge Hand's decision goes toward reminding the postal authorities of the fact it is greatly welcome. The Post Office Department was created to carry mails, not to regulate political opinions.

WHICH DO YOU DO?

Some people live and learn. Others merely live, but the most of us put in the most of our time just sticking around to pay the rent!

MARY UP-TO-DATE.

Mary's wages bot her bread,
But wouldn't buy her butter.
And Mary, so her neighbors said
Began to growl and mutter.

NEWS AS SHE IS MADE.

Fifty trade Unions wanted La Follette to speak for them. The news hunters, with their nose for news never heard of it. ONE trade union voted down a proposition to have La Follette. It is immediately telegraphed all over the country! Don't blame the reporter. The paper will not print news even if he does find it and bring it in—unless it can be twisted to bolster up the outworn and rotten present senseless system. Thank whatever Gods may be, most of the reading public is by this time wise to their game of news suppression.

CROSSES

By Arthur Brooks Baker.

I met a worthy working man, with muscles hard as stone; with callous places on his hands, with head of solid bone; and as he wiped his tears upon his coatsleeve coarse and cheap, I said, "My friend, what's eating you, and wherefore do you weep?" He answered me despondently. "The harsh and heartless boss declines to pin upon my breast a simple eastiron cross.

"I've bridged his creeks and cataracts with spiderwebs of wire; I've forged a mountain's skeleton to humor his desire; I've carried ease and luxury across the burning plain; I've stopped at no exertion that would amplify his gain. But though I sweat and hump myself in hopefulness and zest, he gives me nary little cross to ornament my chest."

SAFE TALK ABOUT THE WAR

We may not say that this is a capitalist war, a Wall Street war, or that it is kept going by and for munition makers and profiteers. Also, that the United States government was wrong in entering it. Mr. Burleson says he won't stand for any such talk, and what he says goes.

So we will make a virtue of necessity, and not only not say it, but insist that we never said it, and never had any intention of saying it. Besides, it's nonsense.

How could this be a capitalist war, anyhow, when every capitalist in the world solemnly insists that it isn't his, and that he doesn't want it, and never did?

It's proletarian war, that's what it is. They started it, and they are keeping it going. They fired the first shot; that can be positively proven; as positively proven as that they were fools for doing it and fools for still keeping it going. They ought to stop. But we mustn't ask why the capitalists don't make 'em stop, for that might be construed as sedition.

It is not a Wall Street war, either. It was started long before Wall Street had any knowledge that it was going to start. If it started in any street at all, perhaps it was Lombard street, or Downing street, though public opinion inclines to favor Wilhelm street, or "strasse," as it is called in the vernacular.

And the munition makers are trying their very best to stop it, as they did from the very start. They began making munitions to put an end to it, to shoot it out of existence, and for no other purpose. Profits being entirely minor, incidental and, above all, customary.

Same with the other profiteers. The war made no difference to them; they were making profits before it started, and the cost of living was constantly rising, anyhow.

So our opinion is that either it was the proletariat that started it or else nobody started it; like Topsy, it "just grewed."

As for the United States being "wrong" in entering it, that is the sheerest nonsense; and we are not allowed to talk nonsense, and would not if we were.

The one thing that is certain about it is that some time or other it will stop, but when that time will be we don't know. The only time we do know is the time for us to stop, and that is right now, while we're—comparatively speaking—safe, or thinking we are.

Editorial in N. Y. Daily Call.

SOME TRUTH.

If Truth, crushed to earth could not rise again, we'd be in an awful fix from this on.

COMMERCIAL COMPETITION

In a pamphlet entitled "Big Business and War", published in 1915, Charles Edward Russell wrote as follows:

"The rest of the world stands horrified and baffled by the hideous spectacle of the European war. The Socialists alone are entitled to say:

"This cataclysm was the inevitable product of the system that we have denounced to you incessantly all these years. You would not heed us when we warned you that you were walking a perilous road. We told you that the economic system you maintained could lead only to destruction and disaster. The lure of profits deafened your ears to our appeal and blinded your eyes. This, then, is the result. You have sowed the wind; you are reaping the whirlwind."

"The greatest catastrophe of all human history did not come unheralded. It did not drop out of a clear sky, as some shallow observers perhaps believe. To warn of the steady, relentless approach of the world's climax of horror a stalking specter went before, which Socialists could clearly see and to which they pointed in desperate attempt to show the world what was impending.

"The name of the specter to which they have pointed again and again in repeated, earnest, agonized warning is commercial competition."

Just so.

Therein, Russell tells the truth boldly and clearly.

He had a right to change his mind. Everyone has that right, even though he changed from a correct opinion to an incorrect one.

But, his changing his mind does not affect the truthfulness of the statement we have quoted. It was true when he wrote it, and it still remains true, regardless of his change of heart.

It was commercial competition that brought on the war. The Socialists had for years tried to impress truth upon the various nations and to persuade them to establish Socialism, which will abolish commercial competition and thereby abolish war.

The great need is to work for Socialism, so as to bring the war to an end, and so as to abolish the cause of war and thus prevent any repetition of the catastrophe.

MENTAL TICKLERS

By John Dequer.

A worker: A human bee who is so busy producing that he does not notice that he is being robbed. When he does catch on—Look out!

Faith: A firm belief in that which you do not know.

Preacher: A disseminator of mental anesthesia to the working class. Bribed with half fare railroad tickets, and an income directly coming from the masters; he is bound to do the master's bidding or come down from the high estate. Pity the dominie.

Trinity Church owns the tenements of New York. Fancy Christ in such a place. He would not be there with a secourge of little ropes; he would use a ball bat.

An honest man in capitalist business: A man in a wolf's den.

Tax: A thing that the capitalists put on the small owner to throw him in the working class. Keep it up Pluties, we need them and the sooner the better.

Chivalry: A manly attitude of the male to the female of the species. Among the genus homo this feeling is often times perverted as virtue is more profitable than vice. Cut it, vice brings the coin, and virtue costs money.

Right: Any thing you have the power to make it. Wage slavery is right because the capitalists have the power to enforce it. When the workers have control, wage slavery becomes wrong, because we will have the money there is in production. Wages are right to those who profit by them. Take away profit and your morals will cease to be a sham.

Proletariat: A species of stingless bee, until he wakes up.

THE H-LL BOX

BOOSTS, BRICKBAWS and BOKAYS
Open to all. Limit 300 Words.
Contributions Invited.



Denver, Colo.

October 18, 1917.

Dear Comrades:

Am out now trying to sell my Laborpower as soon as I can get hold of a boss that can make profit enough on my labor power, so he will give me steady employment, I will let you know, so you can send me my best and dearest of all friends Truth. I can give up and miss anything, but I can't miss Truth.

I was sorry to leave Duluth because I wanted very much to attend the lectures Comrade Reynold was to deliver and to be a member in the study club too. But my boss thought a different way, so he set me free, or he told me to go to h—ll. I answered him that I was in h—ll, so if I was going to go anywhere I had to leave hell, but one person can't do that. If we are going to get rid of this hellish system, then we have to leave it in mass.

Fraternally yours
Herman Carlson.

From Author of Shop Talks.
CHICAGO, ILL.

Dear Laura:—

Last night, for the first time in a week, I had leisure to look over some papers that come to us at the house and I read the last number of the paper of which Walter is editor. I just wanted to drop you and him a line to tell you that that issue is the very best piece of socialist literature I have read in a long, long time. If that is not EDUCATION of the best and snappiest kind, I don't know what education is.

So glad to see the paper is doing so well. It must keep you all hustling to get out such a good copy EVERY week. Congratulations again!
Fraternally yours,
Mary Marcy.

INEXCUSABLE.

Some folks have electric lights and houses with warm floors, and money enough to buy all the best books, and all the things and leisure that go to provide comfort and happiness, and it grinds my wife and me when we think how hard we have worked, and see that the workers are intellectually too much undeveloped to demand and take over the mines, and railroads and factories and all things necessary to enable our children and all children to be happy and to assure them a happy, broad-minded manhood and womanhood.

But there is one thing that grinds us harder in the busy thoughts and life of "right now" than that does, and that is this: We have something like two million revolutionists in this country, and every last, individual, revolutionary one of them COULD analyze and learn the Communist Manifesto and Value Price and Profit in two months, and by teaching the thoughts, the science, the knowledge therein contained, they COULD multiply the intellectual power of the movement from ten to twenty times before the 1918 lecture, and they WON'T do it. Comrades, what shall we do? It's enough to make a man turn wrong side out with rage.

They can't afford 10c for the Communist Manifesto but they can afford five or six \$ a year for some prostitute sheet outside the movement to tell them lies. They can't afford the time to study Value, Price, & Profit, but they have hours every week and every Sunday to chew over the nonsense handed out by prostitute sheets which are printed for nothing in the world only to sell advertising space to enrich the publisher and his rhetorical thunder-workers.

Dr. Frank S. Hennen.

Argentine Railroad Strikers Win Victory

BUENOS AIRES.—The railroad strike, which threatened to involve every union in Argentina, has been settled.

The strikers have won the victory. The railroad officials conceded all points to the men.

WANTED.

Two or three modern well heated rooms for housekeeping. Must have gas range, and all conveniences and priced reasonable. Steady Tenant. Phone Mel. 5583 or Grand 1221 A ask for Mr. Reynolds.

In Jail and on Strike

The miners of Butte and Bisbee are still striking even tho all the capitalist papers are ignoring this biggest strike in the history of the miners. The lumber workers are putting up a fight that means victory. They have been out for months and their families needed assistance so a new scheme was tried out, that of striking on the job. The men quit work at the end of eight hours. The bosses fired the first crews but the regularity with which the new crews always struck has thrown the work in such a chaotic state that the bosses are granting the eight hour day. Several more lumber camps and mines were shut down this week and the men are beginning to learn the meaning of solidarity.

PROGRESS.

New occasions teach new duties.
Time makes ancient good uncouth.
They must upward still and onward who would keep abreast of Truth.
Lo, before us gleam her campfires.
We ourselves must pilgrims be.
Launch our Mayflower and steer boldly through the desperate winter sea.
Nor attempt the future's portal with the past's blood rusted key.

—Lowell

Socialism is scientific, not sentimental.

Zenith Phone, Lin. 117-A

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EDUCATIONAL LECTURES

Which are being given in

Woodmen Hall

Every Sunday at 2:30 P.M.

by W. E. REYNOLDS

Editor of Truth.

THIRD LECTURE Sunday Oct. 28. Please do be there ON TIME so we may start the lecture promptly at 2:30. Lectures will last one hour followed by a class in workingclass science.

Admission to Lectures will be 25c. Ladies Free.

Study Classes begin at 3:30. No charge for admission.

THESE LECTURES will be under the auspices of the board of directors of the Duluth Co-Operative Society.

Partial list of lecture subjects,

Sunday Oct. 28 "Evolution, What is it?"

Sunday Nov. 4 "The Origin of Ideas"

There will be twenty lectures. Watch for Announcements of future titles. Be SURE to attend these lectures and STAY for the STUDY Class.

Synopsis of Sunday's Lecture

YOU ARE INVITED

EVOLUTION, WHAT IS IT?

Definition of the term. History of early struggle for recognition. Opposed by church as long as possible churches now accept evolution as a fact but evade the real meaning.

FOUR BIG LAWS OF EVOLUTION.

LAW OF HEREDITY.

LAW OF MULTIPLICITY.

LAW OF VARIATION.

LAW OF ADAPTABILITY.

WANTED!

EVERY ENGLISH SPEAKING SOCIALIST in Duluth to BE SURE to attend the

MEETING

of the English Local in

TARMO HALL,
Lake Ave. and 1st St. **Wed. Eve. Oct. 31**
Business of Great Importance. **BE THERE.**

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