

When You Muzzle the Expression of Discontent You Have NOT Lessened the Discontent; You Have Only Created a Favorable Environment For the Continued Spread of Discontent. A Free Press Is Democracy's Best Safeguard. Fight For It

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

MINNESOTA
HISTORICAL
SOCIETY

The time is ripe, and rotten ripe, for change;
The place is ripe; 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 9

DULUTH, MINNESOTA. FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1917

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There is a man in New York City by name of Morris Hillquit who has won the confidence of the socialist party members of New York and America by his straightforward stand in behalf of the down trodden toiler and on the question of peace. He was nominated by the socialists for Mayor of New York.

Mr. Mitchell, the present Mayor, who presumably was elected by this same bunch of ignorant voters the Star mentioned, failed to get enough votes in the primary to land a place on the ticket. So he is on the ticket by petition! Then there is a judge named Hylan and also some unknown quantity named Bennett.

The powers that prey are trembling today for fear that that awful peace advocate, and socialist, will gather more votes than all the rest of them put together, and as a result, there is great activity on the part of the said powers that hope to profit by the continuation of the Capitalist regime. The great and Loyal Patriot T. R. (See article on his LOYALTY in another part of this paper) has been appealed to come to the rescue and save the darling pet of the Millionaires and the Munition Makers from extinction by those horrid Socialists.

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The letter bristles with denials of the claims by cheap-labor advocates, who are charged with attempting to lower working standards and destroy the American labor movement. Director Jones says:

"For the past several years, up to the years 1917, employers of labor in this territory have simply had to say, we want a given number of men at a certain price and under certain conditions, and their order could have been readily filled. This condition was brought about by the scarcity of work and the dread of unemployment, and its attendant train of evils, and not at all due to the fact that there was any very great amount of available labor, more than at the present time.

"We have at this time, and, in fact during all of the present year, as many men applying for employment as in any of the years since 1914, but we do notice this change in the condition of the men: They use a great deal more discrimination in the selection of the job. Owing to the fact that work is more plentiful, men will not sign up for employment unless the wages and other conditions are reasonably satisfactory, but will wait until something better offers.

"During the early part of the present year, certain associations in this territory, having in mind the possibility of an upward trend of wages, raised the hue and cry of labor shortage with the object of attracting workers from other districts to this territory.

"My experience has taught me that the average large employer of labor figures that in order that wages may be maintained to the point of his satisfaction, that there should be two workers for every job. This condition is to him, ideal, as the

50 per cent, unemployed can be used to keep down the wages of the 50 who are in employment, and can be made to bid against their more fortunate brothers for the right to work and live. Whenever the percentage of unemployed, for any reason, becomes less than 50 per cent and the worker refuses to bid against his fellow in already underpaid positions, the employer cries 'labor shortage', as he is not accustomed to a condition where men may dare to refuse work at whatever price may be offered them.

"We can positively state that at no time this year have we been unable to fill any position offered where the wages and working conditions were at all reasonable. We, however, had considerable difficulty in filling positions at the 1914 wage scale in view of the cost of 1917 living conditions.

"To our mind there has been shown absolutely no reason why the

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Kittie—What's the use? It wouldn't hurt to pull her hair, and I'd only have to hand it back to her.

ten-hour work day law, protecting women, should be set aside. On the contrary, we think that better service might be given were this reduced to eight hours.

"We have seen no reason why the age limit protecting school children should be reduced.

"We have seen no time, regardless of the tremendous activity in ship building on this coast, where plenty of mechanics could not be secured. As an illustration we will call your attention to the fact that no particular difficulty was experienced in securing several thousand mechanics for temporary employment in the erection of the army cantonment at American Lake during the very height of the shipbuilding season. Hence, we fail to see the necessity of the dilution of skilled labor by unskilled.

"Summing up, I agree with you fully that there is no labor shortage. There is, however, a shortage of men willing to work under unjust, un-American, and improper conditions and for wages less than will produce and maintain a decent standard of living.

"I agree with you, that this movement to create the idea that a shortage of labor exists is a movement on the part of those who would destroy the American labor movement, from the A. F. of L. down, and would welcome a return of the old conditions from which these bulwarks of modern democracy have served to rescue us."

The final election return from Sweden gives the socialists 98; Liberals 62; Conservatives 58 and Peasants 12 members in parliament.

"The rich are at a loss to know what to do with their old dress suits. Give them to the poor, to be buried in.

Did you ever stop to think, that how much you may hunt for a job, some master has it "tucked" up his sleeve waiting for the lowest bidder.

Have you subscribed for Truth? If not, please do so immediately.

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SCARLET PLAGUE

JACK LONDON

"There were four million people in San Francisco—four teeth."

The boys' eyes ranged along from the teeth and from hand to hand, down through the pebbles and sand grains to Edwin's fingers. And back again they ranged along the ascending series in the effort to grasp such inconceivable numbers.

"That was a lot of folks, Granzer," Edwin at last hazarded.

"Like sand on the beach here, like sand on the beach, each grain of sand a man, or woman, or child. Yes, my boy, all those people lived right here in San Francisco. And at one time or another all those people came out on this very beach—more people than there are grains of sand. More—more—more. And San Francisco was a noble city. And across the bay—where we camped last year, even more people lived, clear from Point Richmond, on the level ground and on the hills, all the way around to San Leandro—one great city of seven million people. Seven teeth."

Again the boys' eyes ranged up and down from Edwin's fingers to the teeth on the log.

"The world was full of people. The census of 1910 gave eight billion for the whole world—eight crab shells, yes, eight billions. It was not like today. Mankind knew a great deal more about getting food. And the more food there was, the more people there were. In the year 1800, there were of sand, Hoo-Hoo—one hundred and seventy millions in Europe alone. One hundred years later—a grain of sand, Hoo-Hoo—one hundred million. In 1900, there were five hundred millions in Europe—five grains of sand, Hoo-Hoo, and this one tooth. This shows how easy was the getting of food, and how men increased. And in the year 2000, there were fifteen hundred millions in Europe. And it was the same all over the rest of the world. Eight crab shells there, yes, eight billion people were alive on the earth when the Scarlet Death began."

"I was a young man when the Plague came—twenty-seven years old; and I lived on the other side of San Francisco bay, in Berkeley. You remember those stone houses, Edwin, when we came down the hills from Contra Costa? That was where I lived, in those stone houses. I was a professor of English literature."

Much of this was over the heads of the boys, but they strove to comprehend dimly this tale of the past.

"What was those stone houses for?" Hare-Lip queried.

"You remember when your dad taught you to swim?" The boy nodded. "Well, in the University of California—that is the name we had for the houses—we taught young men and women how to think, just as I have taught you now, by sand and pebbles and shells, to know how many people lived in those days. There was very much to teach. The young men and women we taught were called students. We had large rooms in which we taught. I talked to them, forty or fifty at a time, just as I am talking to you now. I told them about the books other men had written before their time, and even, sometimes, in their time."

"Was that all you did?—just talk, talk, talk?" Hoo-Hoo demanded. "Who hunted your meat for you, and milked the goats, and caught the fish?"

"A sensible question, Hoo-Hoo, a sensible question. As I have told you, in those days food-getting was very easy. We were very wise. A few men got the food for many men. The other men did other things. As you say, I talked. I talked all the time, and for this food was given me—much food, fine food, beautiful food, food that I have not tasted in sixty years, and shall never taste again. I sometimes think the most wonderful achievement of our tremendous civilization was food—its inconceivable abundance, its infinite variety, its marvelous delicacy. Oh, my grandsons, life was life in those days, when we had such wonderful things to eat."

This was beyond the boys, and they let it slip by, words and thoughts, as a mere senile wandering in the narrative.

"Our food-getters were called freemen. This was a joke. We of the ruling classes owned all the land, all the machines, everything. These food-getters were our slaves. We took almost all the food they got, and left them a little so that they might eat, and work, and get us more food."

"I'd have gone into the forest and got food for myself," Hare-Lip announced; "and if any man tried to take it away from me I'd have killed him."

The old man laughed.

"Did I not tell you that we of the ruling class owned all the land, all the forest, everything? Any food-getter who would not get food for us, him we punished or compelled to starve to death. And very few did that. They preferred to get food for us, and make clothes for us, and prepare and administer to us a thousand—a mussel shell, Hoo-Hoo—a thousand satisfactions and delights. And I was Professor Smith in those days—"

Prof. James Howard Smith. And my lecture courses were very popular—that is, very many of the young men and women liked to hear me talk about the books other men had written.

"And I was very happy, and I had beautiful things to eat, and my hands were soft, because I did not work with them, and my body was clean all over."



"That's What I Want to Know. How Do You Know Anything You Can't See?"

and dressed in the softest garments. He surveyed his many goatskin with disgust. "We did not wear such things in those days. Even the slaves had better garments. And we were most clean. We washed our faces and hands often every day. You boys never wash unless you fall into the water or go in swimming."

"Neither do you, Granzer," Hoo-Hoo retorted.

"I know, I know. I am a filthy old man. But times have changed. No body washes these days, and there are no conveniences. It is sixty years since I have seen a piece of soap. You do not know what soap is, and I shall not tell you, for I am telling the story of the Scarlet Death. You know what sickness is. We called it a disease. Very many of the diseases came from what we called germs. Remember that word—germs. A germ is a very small thing. It is like a wood tick, such as you find on the dogs in the spring of the year when they run in the forest. Only the germ is very small. It is so small that you cannot see it."

Hoo-Hoo began to laugh.

"You're a queer un, Granzer, talking about things you can't see. If you can't see 'em, how do you know they are? That's what I want to know. How do you know anything you can't see?"

"A good question, a very good question, Hoo-Hoo. But we did see—some of them. We had what we called microscopes and ultramicroscopes, and we put them to our eyes and looked through them, so that we saw things larger than they really were, and many things we could not see without the microscopes at all. Our best ultramicroscopes could make a germ look forty thousand times larger. A mussel shell is a thousand times larger. A mussel shell is a thousand fingers like Edwin's. Take forty mussel shells, and by as many times larger was the germ when we looked at it through a microscope. And after that, we had other ways, by using what we called moving pictures, of making the forty-thousand-times germ many, many thousand times larger still. And thus we saw all these things which our eyes of themselves could not see. Take a grain of sand. Break it into ten pieces. Break one of those pieces into ten, and one of those into ten, and one of those into ten, and do it all day, and maybe, by sunset, you will have a place as small as one of the germs."

The boys were openly incredulous. Hare-Lip sniffed and sneered and Hoo-Hoo snickered, until Edwin nudged them to be silent.

"The woodtick sucks the blood of the dog, but the germ, being so very small, goes right into the blood of the body, and there it has many children. In those days there would be as many as a billion—a crab shell, please—as many as that crab shell in one man's body. We called germs microorganisms. When a few million, or a billion, of them were in a man, in all the blood of a man, he was sick. These

germs were a disease. There were many different kinds of them—more different kinds than there are grains of sand on this beach. We knew only a few of the kinds. The micro-organism world was an invisible world, a world we could not see, and we knew very little about it. Yet, we did know something. There was the bacillus anthracis; there was the micrococcus; there was the bacterium termo, and the bacterium lactis—that's what turns the goat milk sour even to this day, Hare-Lip; and there were schizomycetes without end. And there were many others.

"But the Scarlet Death, Granzer," Edwin at last suggested.

"Yes, yes, Edwin; I had forgotten. Sometimes the memory of the past is very strong upon me, and I forget that I am a dirty old man, clad in goatskin, wandering with my savage grandsons who are goatherds in the primeval wilderness. The fleeting systems lapse like foam, and so lapsed our glorious, colossal civilization. I am Granzer, a tired old man. I belong to the tribe of Santa Rosas. I married into that tribe. My sons and daughters married into the Chautauks, the Sacramentos, and the Palo Altos. You, Hare-Lip, are of the Chautauks. You, Edwin, are of the Sacramentos. And you, Hoo-Hoo, are of the Palo Altos. Your tribe takes its name from a town that was near the seat of another great institution of learning. I was called Stanford university. Yes, I remember now. It is perfectly clear. I was telling you of the Scarlet Death. Where was I in my story?"

"You was telling about germs, the things you can't see, but which make men sick," Edwin prompted.

"Yes, that's where I was. A man did not notice at first when only a few of these germs got into his body. But each germ broke in half and became two germs, and they kept doing this very rapidly so that in a short time there were many millions of them in the body. Then the man was sick. He had a disease, and the disease was named after the kind of a germ that was in him. It might be measles, it might be influenza, it might be yellow fever; it might be any of thousands and thousands of kinds of disease."

"Now, this is the strange thing about these germs. There were always new ones coming to live in men's bodies. Long and long ago, when there were only a few men in the world, there were few diseases. But as men increased and lived closely together in great cities and civilizations, new diseases arose, new kinds of germs entered their bodies. Thus were countless millions and billions of human beings killed. And the more thickly men packed together, the more terrible were the new diseases that came to be. Long before my time, in the middle ages, there was the black plague that swept across Europe. It swept across Europe many times. There was tuberculosis, that entered into men wherever they were thickly packed. A hundred years before my time there was the bubonic plague. And in Africa was the sleeping sickness. The bacteriologists fought all these sicknesses and destroyed them, just as you boys fight the wolves away from your goats, or squash the mosquitoes that light on you. The bacteriologists—"

"But, Granzer, what is a what-you-call-it?" Edwin interrupted.

"You, Edwin, are a goatherd. Your task is to watch the goats. You know a great deal about goats. A bacteriologist watches germs. That's his task, and he knows a great deal about them. So as I was saying, the bacteriologists fought with the germs and destroyed them—sometimes. There was leprosy, a horrible disease. A hundred years before I was born, the bacteriologists discovered the germ of leprosy. They knew all about it. They made pictures of it. I have seen those pictures. But they never found a way to kill it. But in 1894, there was the pantoblast plague, a disease that broke out in a country called Brazil and that killed millions of people. But the bacteriologists found it out, and found the way to kill it, so that the pantoblast plague went no farther. They made what they called a serum, which they put into a man's body and which killed the pantoblast germs without killing the man. And in 1910, there was relapsa, and also the hookworm. These were easily killed by the bacteriologists. But in 1947 there arose a new disease that had never been seen before. It got into the bodies of babies of only ten months old or less, and it made them unable to move their hands and feet, or to eat, or anything; and the bacteriologists were eleven years in discovering how to kill that particular germ and save the babies."

"In spite of all these diseases, and of all the new ones that continued to arise, there were more and more men in the world. This was because it was easy to get food. The easier it was to get food the more men there were; the more men there were, the more thickly they were packed together on the earth; and the more thickly they were packed, the more new kinds of germs became diseases. There were warnings. Solderetzky, as early as 1929, told the bacteriologists that they had no guaranty against some new disease, a thousand times more deadly than any they knew, arising and killing by the hundreds of millions and even by the billion."

It was at this point that Hare-Lip rose to his feet, an expression of huge contempt on his face.

"Granzer," he announced, "you make me sick with your gabble. Why don't you tell about the Red Death? If you ain't going to, say so, and we'll start back for camp."

AN ELECTION OF WORLDWIDE IMPORTANCE

(Continued from page 1)

Chas Edward Russel, John Spargo, and a host of lesser lights who used to aspire to the intellectual leadership of the Socialist Party have been imported in the hope of getting votes away from Hillquit to one of the representatives of the Capitalist System. The N. Y. Call reports that when one or more of these "renegade" speakers are billed to appear they are met by empty seats and vacant halls but wherever Hillquit appears there is a storm of cheers, ten thousand in the hall and forty thousand who are outside hurrahing for Hillquit—even if they can't get into the meeting hall.

Even the newsboys and the school-children are whooping it up for Hillquit and peace. It is generally admitted that if Hillquit wins in New York the National Aspirant to the position of Thought Controller-in-extraordinary-to-the-universe will see the handwriting upon the wall and back up on his autocratic decisions. The administration has its ear mightily close to the New York Ground these days, hoping thereby to see JUST HOW MUCH UNWARRANTED AUTOCRACY Americans will stand for before they will revolt. Hillquit has better than a 50-50 chance if he can get an honest count (Imagine an honest count with so much at stake!) Heres hopin' And incidentally hustling all we can to help Hillquit win!

The old man looked at him and silently began to cry. The weak tears of age rolled down his cheeks, and all the feebleness of his eighty-seven years showed in his grief-stricken countenance.

"Sit down," Edwin counseled soothingly. "Granzer's all right. He's just gettin' to the Scarlet Death, ain't you, Granzer? He's just goin' to tell us about it right now. Sit down, Hare-Lip. Go ahead, Granzer."

The old man wiped the tears away on his grimy knuckles and took up the tale in a tremulous, piping voice that soon strengthened as he got the swing of the narrative.

"It was in the summer of 1913 that the plague came. I was twenty-seven years old, and well do I remember it. Wireless dispatches—"

Hare-Lip spat loudly his disgust, and Granzer hastened to make amends.

"We talked through the air in those days, thousands and thousands of miles. And the word came of a strange disease that had broken out in New York. There were seventeen millions of people living then in that noblest city of America. Nobody thought anything about the news. It was only a small thing. There had been only a few deaths. It seemed, though, that they had died very quickly, and that one of the first signs of the disease was the turning red of the face and all the body. Within twenty-four hours came the report of the first case in Chicago. And on the same day, it was made public that London, the greatest city in the world next to Chicago, had been secretly fighting the plague for two weeks and censoring the news dispatches—that is, not permitting the word to go forth to the rest of the world that London had the plague."

"I looked serious, but we in California, like everywhere else, were not alarmed. We were sure that the bacteriologists would find a way to overcome this new germ just as they had overcome other germs in the past. But the trouble was the astonishing quickness with which this germ destroyed human beings, and the fact that it inevitably killed any human body it entered. No one ever recovered. There was the old Asiatic cholera, when you might eat dinner with a well man in the evening, and the next morning, if you got up early enough, you would see him being hauled by your window in the death cart. But this new plague was quicker than that—much quicker. From the moment of the first signs of it, a man would be dead in an hour. Some lasted for several hours. Many died within ten or fifteen minutes of the appearance of the first signs."

"The heart began to beat faster and the heat of the body to increase. Then came the scarlet rash, spreading like wildfire over the face and body. Most persons, never noticed the increase in heat and heart-beat, and the first they knew was when the scarlet rash came out. Usually, they had convulsions at the time of the appearance of the rash. But these convulsions did not last long and were not very severe. If one lived through them, he became perfectly quiet, and only did he feel a numbness swiftly creeping up his body from the feet. The heels became numb first, then the legs and hips, and when the numbness reached as high as his heart he died. They did not rave or sleep. Their minds always remained cool and calm up to the moment their hearts numbed and stopped. And another strange thing was the rapidity of decomposition. No sooner was a person dead than the body seemed to fall to pieces, to fly apart, to melt away even as you looked at it. That was one of the reasons the plague spread so rapidly. All the billions of germs in a corpse were so immediately released."

SENATE SUBCOMMITTEE STRIKES A SNAG

(Continued From Page One)

At its first session the committee seems to have reached the conclusion that the St. Paul speech, despite the fervid rhetoric of the Minnesota State Council of Defense, furnished no grounds for action against the senator for sedition or treason. The committee was unanimous on this point and said so formally in response to direct inquiry from La Follette. But the administration did not like the reference in the St. Paul speech to the alleged conversation between Bryan and the President over the fact that the Lusitania, when she sailed, carried munitions aboard. So the committee decided to hold hearings and to quiz La Follette "informally" about his statement. What they wanted was to get him before them. They figured that by heckling him sufficiently they could arouse his wrath and provoke him to extreme statements which would afford a basis for a report to the senate recommending his expulsion.

But La Follette refused to walk into the trap. He declared that the charge of "disloyalty" made against him by the Minnesota State Council of Defense and referred for action to the senate committee on privileges and elections, was a matter of the very highest moment to him personally, to the people of his state and to the senate itself. He demanded that the proceedings should be formal, that the charges should be specific and vouched for by some responsible person. He demanded the right to subpoena witnesses and to produce records in his defense. If the subcommittee lacked power to conduct a formal investigation, then he demanded that it go back and get that power before proceeding further. On top of this he declared significantly in his letter of October 13 that he was himself prepared to present "verified records and the testimony of witnesses under oath" to support the truth of every statement made in his St. Paul speech.

In other words, he was prepared to prove, not only that the Lusitania carried munitions of war as reported in the newspapers at the time, but that Bryan told the President so four days before the ill-fated steamer sailed.

The flat-footed reiteration of this statement by the senator has set the papers guessing as to the evidence in his possession. The New York Tribune surmises that the Wisconsin senator has in his possession letters from Bryan the production of which may "refresh the memory" of the Nebraska statesman. But this is only a surmise; the Wisconsin senator has refused systematically to be interviewed on any aspect of the case.

Somebody has dug up a federal statute which ought to furnish some comfort of mind, if not actual defense, to the embattled "pacifist" who is being man-handled these days by volunteer "defense councils" as well as bureaucratic officials.

You can find it in Section 5505 of the Revised Statutes; it is a part of the Criminal Code of the United States. It reads in part as follows:

"If two or more persons conspire to injure, oppress, threaten, or intimidate any citizen in the free exercise or enjoyment of any right or privilege secured to him by the Constitution of the United States of the laws thereof, or because of his having so exercised the same, they shall be fined not more than five thousand dollars and imprisoned not more than ten years; and shall, moreover, be thereafter ineligible to any office, or place of honor, profit, or trust created by the Constitution or laws of the United States."

We commend this statute to the attention of the Lawyers who have been marshalled by the National Civil Liberties Bureau. Here is a chance to force the fighting a little, to substitute an "offensive" against some of the bullies who are roaming about, for the eternal "defensive" under which the radicals and liberals have had to do their fighting.

So many stand on the back of labor because labor has bowed his back to permit it.



THE REAL AND THE IDEAL.

"We have seen a good many singular things happen recently. We have been told that it is unpatriotic to criticize public action. Well, if it is, then there is a deep disgrace resting upon the origin of this nation. This nation originated in the sharpest sort of criticism of public policy. We originated, to put it in the vernacular, in a kick; and if it be unpatriotic to kick, why, then, the grown man is unlike the child. We have forgotten the very principle of our origin if we have forgotten how to object, how to resist, how to agitate, how to pull down and build up, even to the extent of revolutionary practices, if it be necessary to readjust matters. I have forgotten my history if this be not true history."

Who said that? Why, President Woodrow Wilson.

And he's all wrong. That idea has been superseded by apparently a greater than he. Listen to this:

"There is a limit. And that limit is reached when it begins to say that the government got in the war wrong, that it is in for wrong purposes, or anything that will impugn the motives of the government for going into the war. They cannot say that this government is the tool of Wall Street or the munition makers. That kind of thing makes for insubordination in the army and navy and breeds a spirit of disloyalty through the country. It is a false statement, a lie, and it will not be permitted. And nothing can be said inciting people to resist the law. There can be no campaign against conscription and the draft law—nothing that will interfere with enlistments or the raising of an army. There can be nothing said to hamper and obstruct the government in the prosecution of the war."

Who said that? Postmaster-General Burleson. And it supersedes what President Wilson said. Wilson is wrong—now; though he might have been right before.

And he is also wrong in saying we have "forgotten." We have not. We remember, all right. The trouble is, we are not allowed to say the things that the president declares are inseparably connected with the principle of our origin. But we have not forgotten them. It is not a fault of memory—it is the wearing of a muzzle.

President Wilson is speaking of what "ought" to be. Burleson is speaking of what "is". The first is merely an "abstract right"; the second a concrete edict.

What Burleson says goes; what President Wilson says doesn't go.

Let us clear our minds of cant. The first expression is applicable only in time of peace; in time of war it is superseded by the second. There is a limit to freedom of speech or press in war time. Why should we pretend there "is" not, because we imagine there "ought" not to be? Let us face the fact. Let us see the world as it is—the real, material world; the world that actually exists, instead of an ideal world that has no existence. We shall lose nothing by doing so, except certain self-deceptions, which we are far better off without.—By Joshua Wanhope.

Editorial in N. York Sunday Call.

THE SORDID LIFE.

To gather chink, to eat and drink, still grasping, seldom giving; to get more rocks and bonds and stocks—we call this process living! And when we brag about the flag, and warble "Yankee Doodle", and when we talk of Plymouth Rock, our thoughts are still of boodle. We twang our lyres and sing our syres, this mighty nation's builders, but as we raise our song of praise, our thoughts are all of guilders. We think him great who has a crate of bullion in his attic; with bow and beck we bend the neck to all things plutocratic. To nail the dust we strive and bust our galluses and collar; to swell a roll we'd soak a soul, our one delight is dollars. And so we miss a lot of bliss, and life is far from funny; we dream of plunks when in our bunks, and waking rave of money. We talk of art but in our heart it has no place abiding; the money weight, by day and night, upon our back is riding. Man talks of books and, talking, looks around as in a pickle; he fears he'll fail perhaps, to nail another dime or nickel. To yearn and dream, to plan and scheme for dollars in the distance, to get more rocks, more bonds and stocks—we call this thing existence!

GET OVER THE TOP ONCE IN A WHILE.

Are you on the firing line of the great class struggle which is now going on all over the world? If so, go over the top once in a while, and bring in a few subscribers for TRUTH, and help us to educate the workers in order to unite them.

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WAGES

By W. E. Reynolds.

What determines the wages you receive? What do we mean by wages? Wages have been described as the sugar-coating that makes a job endurable.

Four-fifths of the men, women and children of this country are depending upon daily wages for their existence. Four-fifths of all the people, with the exception of the farmers, are wage-workers or depending upon the wage workers. With so many people depending upon wages for their very lives you would naturally expect to find the public schools teaching what wages are and what determines whether they are "high" or "low"; wouldn't you?

The more you know of a problem and the principle involved, the easier you can solve it. We all have the problem of life to solve. With so many of us depending upon wages for life, the things or conditions that determine wages are of vital importance to us.

It should be the business of a public school to equip the child to better meet and solve the problems of life. If this is not the function of the public school, it is omitting the most important thing in the world.

Somebody defined wages as "that portion of the products of labor which the employer allows the worker to keep." But this is not true. Any wage worker knows that he is not allowed to keep even the smallest bit of what he produces. Should he be caught keeping back even the tiniest portion of the things he makes his boss would have him arrested for stealing company's property.

Imagine a diamond digger keeping a part of the diamonds! Or a shoemaker keeping a part of the shoes! Right here is the first Colored Gentleman in the capitalist woodpile; the first joker in the stacked deck of the wage system. Wage workers, whether they know it or not, have to AGREE to give up title to all the product of their labor, before they can get permission to go to work. They have to agree to take something different from the things they produce.

The employers know that if you got a part of what you produce, you would be apt to size up the SMALLNESS of the part you received and the BIGNESS of the pile left the company and you MIGHT start something!

The modern wage system, as a flim-flam game, has the old three shells and a pea buncie game backed clear off the boards. With the shell game you had an occasional chance to win! Never yet has any man been known to beat the wages game and become a millionaire!

Suppose that you got a ration. So many pounds of flour, salt hog, beans and a clothing allowance in exchange for what you did in the factory! NO SIR! That would never do. Why would you feel like a slave working all the time for your board and clothes.

Foxy Bosses! They do not give you rations. They translate it into money terms and pay you off in money. By the time you get the money changed into the food and clothes and necessities you have to have, the operation has become so complicated that you don't know just where you are at. You know that the best you can do is to keep even. You feel that there is something wrong; that you are cheated somewhere.

What determines the amount of money you get for your labor? You compete with your fellow workers for the job. They offer to do the work for three dollars a day. You offer to do it for two seventy-five. They make it two and a half and so it goes, down, down, until finally it gets to a place where you decide—"I can't live on that." There! There is the rock that competition breaks upon. It is the standard of living the worker will accept. Here is the proof of that.

Go to any country you choose. Find out what it cost the workers to maintain their standard of living and that will be the wages they are receiving. In China it costs about 20 cents a day to live and wages are about 20 cents. In Alaska it costs about six dollars a day to live and wages are around six dollars. Here, in the states, it cost about two dollars a day to live and wages average two dollars.

What you do has nothing to do with the wages you get. Your wages are determined not by what you do, but by what it costs to keep you able to do. As a class, no matter what your cost of living, remember this—the employer always has to give the employee enough to live on and get back on the job.

Here is a little problem that shows up wages in their true light. If it costs you two dollars to buy the necessities, etc., how long will you have to work in order to save enough to buy a home?

One more little problem to apply the principle. You have been told from childhood, to save your money and become independent. Now the standard of living which you, as a class, are willing to accept, determines your wages. You have been getting two dollars a day (because it cost you two dollars a day to maintain your standard of living). Now you decide that you will each save fifty cents a day. How will you do it? By going without butter, tobacco, new clothes or some such thing? But when you do that you cut down your standard of living. And if the standard of living is the thing which determines your wages, then you have cut your wages and have nothing to save and are worse off than when you started!

Know what determines wages and avoid being misled into a lot of foolish by-paths which do not better your condition!

We are sick of the wages system. What we really want is a system in which the working class receive the value of the things it makes—for the working class.

TRUTH

By John DeQuier

Behold you rose tinted glow above the Eastern hills! It is dawn. The heraldry that precedes the sun. Note how it robes you distant peak with glory. See how the stars pale and sink into the radiant sea. The night is dying at the approach of the sun. Black Night. She had our souls grasped in her hand of mystery. She gave to all that is, a grotesque, inane and distorted look. She hid from us the reality of things! She gave us shadows instead of substance! She starved the teacher and gave us the priest! She destroyed the school and gave us the cathedral! The Night! Waylayer of reality and breeder of ignorance!

It is the dawn! The day breaks and reveals Reality! Reality is TRUTH. TRUTH can not abide in darkness. Like the eagle TRUTH loves the light. Like the flowers she fears the night. TRUTH hates. Hates the children of darkness. Hates hate, ignorance, superstition, injustice! Hates the whole vile brood of power darkness. TRUTH must hate error. TRUTH cannot compromise. TRUTH cannot bend the knee! TRUTH is relative, therefore immortal. To seek and find the TRUTH is the noblest work of TRUTH. To find TRUTH is to come in harmony with Natural Forces. To come in accord with Nature is to be master of TRUTH. For Nature IS TRUTH. Anger at its worst is but TRUTH, misused.

WHAT IS DOING AND WHERE TO GO. IN DULUTH

On Sunday afternoon at half past two in Woodman Hall Lecture "The Origin Of Ideas" by W. E. Reynolds, followed by study circle. Admission to lecture 25c.

Sunday Evening Nov. 4th in Woodman Hall, a one act play will be given. An excellent program has been arranged. Refreshments. Admission 25c and 10c.

Tuesday Evening, Woodman Hall, November 6th will be Comrade Meeting at the Scandinavian Socialist Local.

Dancing at Woodman Hall every Thursday and Saturday night. Dancing at Tarmo Hall Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday night.

Scott Nearing is to speak in Duluth Monday Night November 12th.

Sunday night Tarmo Hall Play—"Egyptin Pimeys". IN SUPERIOR.

SUNDAY EVENING November 4th a benefit will be given for the Milwaukee Leader by the Superior Comrades, in the Finnish Socialist Labor Hall at 422 Cummings Avenue. The committee in charge have made arrangements for several speakers, Ye Ed is to speak on the Subject of "The Radical Press".

CONSCRIPT THE SUPPLUS WEALTH!

In other countries than the United States of America there may easily be habits of mind, conditions of the workers, lack of democracy or lack of means that excuse continued bond issues to pay for the war.

There is no such excuse here. The essence of war bond issues is that we sidestep our duty and pass up to our grandchildren the thing we ought to do ourselves. That we put dollars before duty and profits before patriotism.

That isn't American. The essence of it is that we shall send our sons to die for our cause, but will not risk our money.

That isn't American. The essence of it is that we shall land upon our country a huge device that always afterward will be working to make the poor poorer and the rich richer.—Conscript The Surplus Wealth!

THAT 'OPPORTUNITY FOR ALL' BUGABOO.

We recently had an opportunity to view another practical demonstration of the fallacy or untruthfulness of that "opportunity for all" belief which is taught in most every school and believed most implicitly by most all of the apologists of the present order.

A girl in her teens, recently came to the City of Virtue, full of the false ideas which had been implanted in her susceptible brain during her visits to the small town high school. She had visions of an early and an easy rise to prominence. True, she was poor as the proverbial church mouse. True, there was no opportunity for her to rise in her small town, but she had been told she had brains, she had ambition, and perseverance. In fact she all the things which she had been told were essential to success.

The only thing which was lacking in order to fit her for the particular field of endeavor which she had chosen for her life work was some special training, which she was informed she could get in the City of Virtue at a cost of about three hundred dollars. She didn't have the money. But she had been taught that the door of opportunity was always ready to swing open upon well oiled hinges to those who were faithful employees, who had grit, determination, honesty, a good moral record and all the trimmings, that there were plenty of people who would let her work for her board, while she was getting the needed special training. She believed that there were plenty of "the better classes" who would gladly lend her the necessary amount of money to pay for her schooling, same to be repaid after she had mounted a round or two of the ladder of success. Her beliefs and the bitter Truth are two different things however.

Her banker friends refused her the loan of the money. Her acquaintances "from the better classes" likewise turned a deaf ear to her entreaties. She came to the city of Virtue. Same story. We do not know her whereabouts now, but last week she was chambermaid in a local boarding house at the princely wage of six dollars a week and found. After paying dental and doctor bills, buying clothing, and paying laundry bills, and all the incidentals which just will arrive and have to be met, she still hopes to be able to save that three hundred dollars to make the first round of the ladder of \$\$\$uccess. How many years will it take, gentle reader?

The doors of opportunity open easily to the tinkle of silver, or the glitter of gold, but to the disinherited they stick mighty tight on the hinges.

CLEAR HEADED THINKERS IN GREAT DEMAND.

There is a great demand at the present time, more so than at any time in the past, for men and women who know how to use their brains, in trying to arrive at the correct solution of all the ills with which we are at the present time afflicted. Are you doing anything to help end the miseries of suffering humanity? Join a study class. Begin now to fill your mind with the truths of proletarian science, which is only big words for the truth of working class conditions, plans and aims. Understand the real answer to economic questions. Prepare yourself to help better the conditions of your fellow wage workers.

BILLIONAIRES, AND THE REST OF US.

The billions owned by the few, is merely proof that millions have been robbed of their all, and now the billionaires and their state servants want the millions of exploited and robbed humanity to go and struggle to perpetuate the billionaire's rights to rob. My we almost incurred the wrath of the mighty would-be thought controller that time. We almost wrote "fight" in place of the word "struggle", but just in the nick of time we remembered that the thought controller—who would like to be had passed an autocratic Thou Shalt Not order, and said we must not say that this is a capitalist war.

Suffragists are chuckling softly in their sleep over the excited scoldings the New York Times has given to registration slackers in New York City. Its anti-suffrage Editorial writers must have forgotten how they have labored to prove that it is women who wouldn't vote if they had the chance. So it seems that non-registration is a human failing, not a feminine failing. Women in suffrage states have so far no record of being goaded to the registration booth by editorial runners in.

Perhaps the registration slackers of New York need a few women voters to do the "Battalion of Death" act and shame them to it.—The Woman Citizen.

If there were fewer slaving children there could be fewer idling parasites who live at the expense of child labor.

PEACE ADVOCATE HORSEWHIPPED

CINCINNATI, O. — Herbert S. Bigelow, head of the People's Church of this city, one of the leaders of the People's Council for Democracy and Terms of Peace, Socialist and Pacifist, was taken into a dense wood near Florence, Ky., tied to a tree and horsewhipped by men "who wore long robes and hoods, similar to those described as worn by the renowned Ku Klux Klan," according to a report received from Florence.

This report stated that the party, with Bigelow as a prisoner, gagged and handcuffed, worked its way to the center of the wood. Here they removed the handcuffs long enough to disrobe him, and then tied him to a tree. One of the leaders of the party then read from a piece of paper by the light of a lantern held by one of his associates. The reader said: "In the name of the poor women and children of Belgium this man should be whipped."

At a given signal another man, clad from head to foot in white, stepped out of a circle that had been formed, and, with a "blacksnake" whip, delivered 12 lashes upon the back of Bigelow. The ropes were then cut, Bigelow was warned to stay away from Cincinnati and he was released while the party made their way back to their waiting automobiles and disappeared.

Bigelow wandered an hour in the woods and seeing a church spire in the distance, he made his way toward it and found himself in Florence, Ky., about twenty miles from this city. He was taken to the home of Dr. H. K. Grant where he received medical attention, and then, according to his own statement, he stayed up the remainder of the night writing in details his experiences of the evening. It was not until late in the morning that he notified his friends in this city where he was.

Bigelow was taken into custody by five men as he was entering a hall in Newport, Ky., shortly before 8 o'clock last night. He was scheduled to address a meeting of socialists. At the time of his apprehension handcuffs were put on him and he was hurriedly thrust into a waiting automobile and spirited away.

Recently federal authorities conducted a raid on Bigelow's office in Cincinnati, where documents concerning the activities of the local people's council were seized.

Bigelow's own statement, written last night, at Florence, Ky., bears out the earlier story of the abduction and whipping. He added, however, that oil was poured over his head after the lashes were administered.

In a statement this morning, Bigelow stated that, owing to the men "wearing long white robes", he was unable to recognize any of his abductors, and that because of darkness, he could not give an accurate guess as to how many made up the party.

Residents along the Lexington pike state that they noticed a line of twenty-two automobiles pass on the way to Florence, Ky., last night, some were carrying men upon the running boards.

Bigelow was democratic candidate for secretary of state of Ohio in 1902 and was a delegate from Hamilton county to the constitutional convention in 1912. He was elected by this convention as its president. For the last four years, however, he has been actively associated with the socialist party.

EVERETT SOCIALIST EDITOR HELD FOR INVESTIGATION

H. W. Watts, editor of the Everett Cooperative News, formerly the Northwest Worker, socialist weekly, was arrested in Everett Friday afternoon and brought to Seattle to be held in the immigration detention station for further investigation. Secretary of Labor William B. Wilson ordered his arrest according to John H. Sargent, assistant commissioner. Watts has been editor of the Northwest Worker for two years and is a member of the Socialist Party. He is deeply interested in the co-operative movement and was instrumental in developing a co-operative in Everett.

There is no charge lodged against him, but it is said that he is being held for investigation on the count of "urging resistance to the draft law," and being a sympathizer with the I. W. W. He is a Canadian and efforts will probably be made to deport him.

A reporter was refused permission to see Mr. Watts, editor of the Everett Cooperative News, now detained on charges at the U. S. detention station. No one seemed to know why he is so detained anyway, none of his friends can see him until after he has had a "hearing".

THE THINKER

Yes! He begins to think!
A thousand doubts are bred
Behind that puzzled brow.
Within that hand-propped head.

"Why do I spin the silk
A thousand idlers wear?
Why do I tend the loom
And yet myself go bare?"

Why do I till the fields
And sow the corn and wheat;
Then, when a panic comes
Myself get naught to eat?

With grainaries stuffed full
They turn me out to die—
God never meant it thus,
And they who say so, lie!"

Yes! He begins to think!
His sour grows with the Thought,
"All things belong to me
For ALL these hands have wrought!"
—Harry Kemp on seeing Robin's statue "The Thinker."

RAILROADS WILL SEEK RAISE IN RAILROAD RATES

ST. PAUL.— Railroads centering in St. Paul are soon to ask for an increase in freight rates, it was said here today by railroad officials. W. P. Kenney, vice president of the Great Northern in charge of traffic, said the roads "must have relief."

If, as a great many ministers of the Gospel of Christ claim: "Crime is in violation of the laws and commandments of God and man," why do so many of them, uphold their hands in abject Horror at it, and then, go to the polls and cast their little ballot in favor of the very object they abhor? They do this when they vote for either of the old parties.

"Of all the miserable, unprofitable, inglorious wars in the world, the worst is the war against words. Let men say just what they like. We have nothing to do with a man's words or a man's thoughts, except to put against them better words and thoughts, and so to win in the great moral and intellectual duel that is always going on, and on which all progress depends."—Jersey Justice.

Professor Charles Zubelin, of the University of Chicago says: "You may disprove of Socialism or not, as you please, but it is here to be reckoned with and you ought to know about it at least. Most college men are Socialists—and most of the really intelligent people everywhere. You may not believe that, but if you will take pains to investigate you will be convinced. People who never read books are not Socialists."

STREET CAR MEN MAKE HUGE GAINS

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—A total of 82 new carmen's unions were formed during the past two years, in the United States and Canada, according to President Mahon's report to the recent biennial convention at Providence, R. I. Seven old divisions were reorganized and a total of 56,120 new members enrolled.

These figures tell a big story, to any one who will study them carefully. It is a story of steady effort and solidarity on the part of the union carmen of this country.

Wage Increase.
A total wage increase of \$10,900,000 was secured by union carmen during this two year period.

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