

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

Minnesota Historical Society



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.

DULUTH, MINN. FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1917

PUBLISHED TO TELL IT

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PRESSURE FROM THE INDUSTRIAL IRON HEEL

During the past month many stories have floated into this office regarding the industrial pressure which is being brought by the big industrial barons to crush out any and all semblance of opposition to the profiteering plans of the profiteers.

The latest is the story of the N. P. Company having fired a man because of his inability to purchase a bond. The cause given was "incompetence and insubordination" but inasmuch as he had been employed by that corporation for fourteen months prior to this dismissal it would seem that it takes that corporation a long, long time to discover the incompetence of an employee.

At Taconite, Minn., the A. Guthrie mining company discharged all of their carpenter gang on account of an alleged refusal to contribute to their trench fund. A man came to our office reporting this who made the statement that he was willing and would have liked to have given but he has six children, the oldest fourteen and with the present cost of food shoes and stockings and necessities he just couldn't give. But he was given—his time.

SOME ALLEGATIONS BY THE ALLIGATOR

It is alleged that the man who is rumored to be the pussyfoot-in-chief for America, Colonel House, who has been around some and not around the house all the time either, has recently been entertained by England's King. It is further alleged that "Kernel" House interviewed the "kink" on "How to make the world safe for Democracy".

It is alleged by the alligator that Kings are dempnoor timber to get advice from, on the subject of Democracy.

It is alleged that Police Chief McKeracher of Duluth is getting a bit touchy on the subject of "who owns that Marmon Car?" Rumor has it that City Officials are barred from receiving gifts from the Steal Trust or other outside influences and Heap Big Chief (avardupoisly speaking) is going to claim that he was only LOANED the USE of the car! Of course after the next election, when it is alleged the Chief will be returned to private life, the Steal Trust may (if it chooses to do so) tell the Chief who is rumored to have always been loyal to their interests, to keep the car as it is about worn out anyhow, by over speeding!

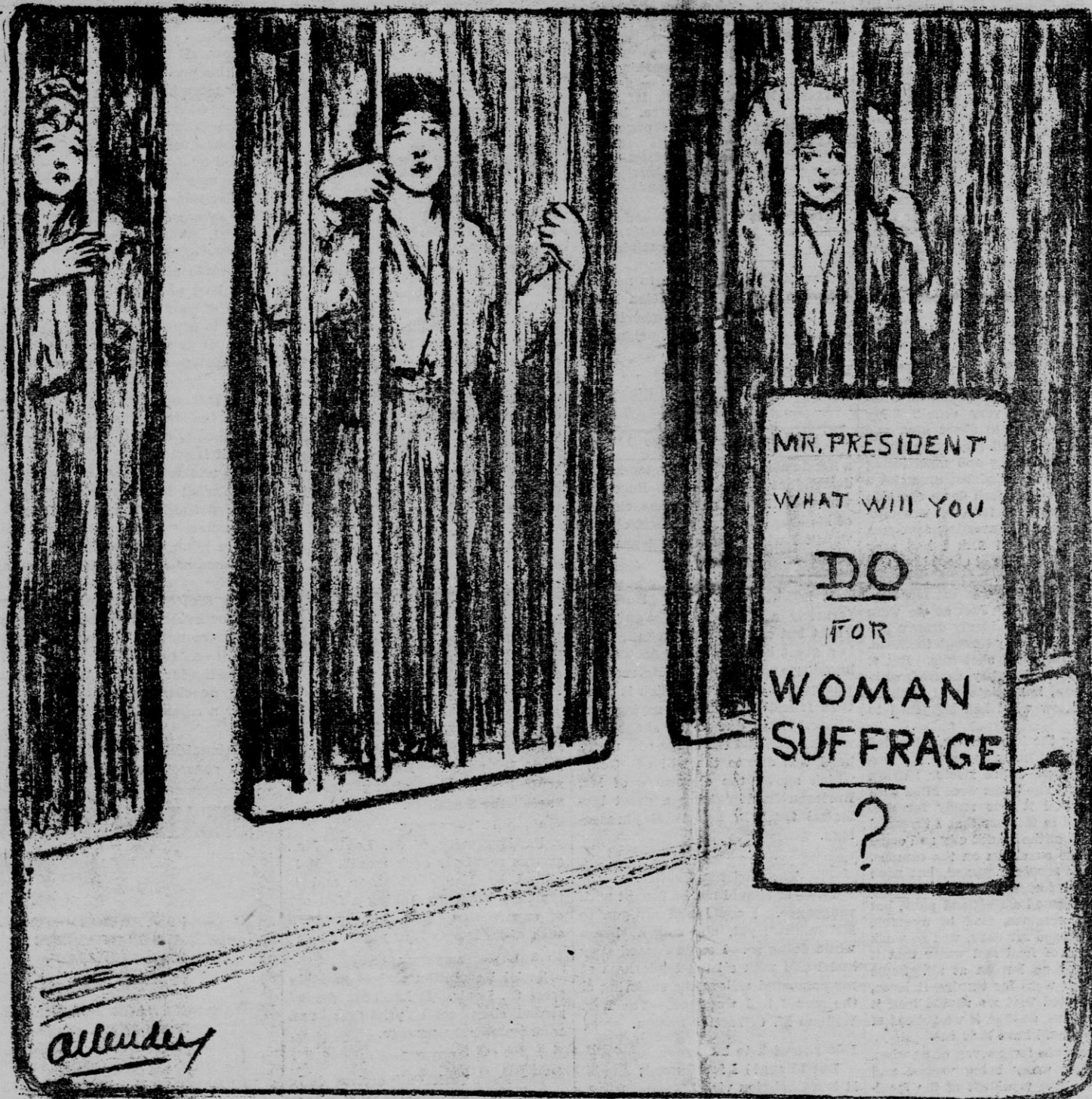
It is alleged, by some people prominent in the labor circles of America that President Wilson started something at the Buffalo Convention, when he said "While we are fighting for freedom we must see among other things that labor is free. It means not only that we must do what we have declared to be our purpose, to do, see that the conditions of labor are not rendered more onerous by the war, but also that we shall see to it that the instrumentalities by which the conditions of labor are improved are not blocked and checked."

What DOES he mean?

"Tee-hee, tee-hee, chuckle, chuckle, chuckle, 'e-hee," said commissioner Silberstine after the illera and unjust, unwarranted and unconstitutional raid upon the Woodman Hall the night of Nov. 12th. There is

(Continued on page 2)

President Wilson Says: "Godspeed to the Cause"



SUFFRAGISTS GET TASTE OF ADMINISTRATION DEMOCRACY

WASHINGTON, D. C. — Notes made by Miss Rose Winslow, hunger striker in the District of Columbia jail, smuggled out of that institution reveals frightful conditions in this bastille in which the Democratic administration imprisons women who picket the White House as a method of directing attention to the president's refusal to use his party influence to secure the enactment of a federal amendment enfranchising women.

"I never supposed that American men would tolerate such brutality as we are enduring," said Miss Winslow to her sister and brother, Miss Catherine and Peter Winslow, who spent half an hour with her here Sunday.

Miss Winslow's notes show that the hunger strikers are resisting the forcible feeding with all their strength, and that they have collapsed on several occasions after battles with the guards. They charge the existence of revolting insanitation in the hospital, and show that, when it comes to bathing facilities, no distinction is made between sufferers from dreadful diseases and persons whose bodies are healthy.

The torture undergone by the two

women when the forcible feeding operation is in progress is described in detail in the note. The women are held prone, a pipe is forced down the throat of the "patient" and the food is pumped down. Proper clothing is denied them, and the prisoners in the jail who are not on the hunger strike are denied all privileges, even those accorded to the 17 murderers in the institution and to the others serving terms for criminal offenses.

Miss Winslow and Miss Alice Paul, chairman of the National Woman's party, are the hunger strikers. They demand that the suffrage prisoners in the district jail, of whom there are seven at present, be accorded rights commensurate with the status of political offenders. Until these rights are granted them, they declare they will continue to strike.

Both women are ill and weak, and Miss Winslow, in the smuggled notes, constantly expresses fear for Miss Paul, whom she cannot see or speak to.

For Political Prisoners.

The first note brought out by Miss Winslow's brother and sister, written two days ago on a scrap of wrinkled, yellow paper, read:

"Alice Paul is in the psychopathic ward. She dreaded forcible feeding frightfully, and I hate to think how she must be feeling. I had a nervous time of it, gasping a long time afterward, and stomach rejecting during the process. Spent a bad, restless night, but otherwise all right. Be sure you say the strike is for political prisoners. We have told that to the Socialists, and God knows we do not want to do this again. We are denied food from outside, visitors, clothes, books, many things. Please make that clear.

"All of the prisoners have most of the demands we are making, as you know. The poor souls who fed me got liberally besprinkled with the liquid, and during the process I heard myself making the most hideous sounds, like an animal in pain, and thought how dreadful it was to make such horrible sounds. Strange experience. Hope it will not happen very often.

"How I wish some word could be got to Alice Paul. One feels so forsaken when one lies prone and people shove a pipe down one's stomach. It is hard for her to believe that anything is being done. I feel more cheer-

ful, being ever so much stronger. Love to you, Lucy Burns, and to you all. Please wire Phil that I am all right, and to please not worry."

The Syphilitic Child.

The second note was addressed to Miss Lucy Burns, and was written more recently. It follows:

"You'll be interested in this choice bit: Dr. Gannon is of course in charge here. Alice Paul and I have been taking baths in the only tub and a syphilitic child, who is incurable and has his eyes bandaged all the time, bathes there too. He has been here over a year and into his room yesterday came two children to be operated on for tonsils and they were bathed in his tub too.

"A woman who had her leg amputated a week ago, also syphilitic, one of whose legs is alive with maggots while her other leg is getting like it, has been in that same room seven months.

"I have learned all this in a way I can't tell. Cheerful mixing, isn't it? The place is alive with roaches, crawling over the wall everywhere. Found one in my bed the other day.

(Turn to page three)

INTERNATIONAL NOTES

By MARVIN SANFORD.

CHINA ANSWERING CALL OF GREATER CAPITALISM; REFORM INEVITABLE; REVOLUTION NECESSARY.

Two loungers, just to pass the time away, decided to toss a coin to see whether China is republic or a monarchy.

Judging by newspaper reports, this is as good a way as any to determine the political status of that nation. If one were to accept all these reports, he would have new administrations more often than our own occupant of the presidential chair changes his views on "Peace without victory" and like matters.

But one thing is certain. That is that the Orient is succumbing to the inevitable. It is hearing the Call of the Greater Capitalism. It is being invaded by the Machine Process. Its ancient feudalism is becoming less and less formidable before the oncoming all-powerful Capitalist State.

Marxian theory demonstrates that political and social changes follow in the wake of economic changes. So here is explained the move toward "democracy" and a republican government in the Orient. Monarchy and feudal laws are incompatible with the needs of modern capitalist industry. Therefore, as the economic system changes, the political order changes to meet the demands of the new situation. Government must be

made responsive to the will of the trading class. The wage workers must be enfranchised to aid in this political revolution. Reforms must be granted to keep the wage workers in line with the capitalist program.

But once the workers have raked the coals from the fire for its masters, the service is forgotten and the masters have no further use for the democratic forms that now become, in fact, a menace to capitalist supremacy, for the reason that the wage workers may use them to further their own class interests and become a formidable competitor with their employers, for industrial and political masters.

The democratic forms would be wiped out, slowly but surely, if it merely depended upon the will of the new ruling class. But it may be possible that the Oriental workers will have learned the lesson of history and refuse to permit those privileges to be annulled, and make the mastery of the employing class only a stepping stone to the complete emancipation of the whole people from the fear of want and poverty, by making themselves the masters and controllers of the means whereby the population is fed, clothed, housed, and given safety and happiness.

SOLDIERS AND WORKMENS' COUNCIL HERALD OF SUBJECT-CLASS SOLIDARITY

Think for a moment of the significance of the very name: **Workmen and Soldiers' Council.**

The existence of a master class without a soldier class is unthinkable; the reverse is equally true.

Both were born of the same upheaval in world progress; both were reared in the ethics of Divine Right and the Prerogative of Property; both have ever fed at the expense of the plebeian underling. It is but natural to think of them as partners in this world scheme of things, and but natural therefore to think that they will perish together.

But what of this new alignment as foretold by the Russian council?

What is to become of Obedience? What is to become of Law an Order if its upholders are to take their stand with the class who make the goods of the world but have nothing but their chains? The death of the soldier on the field of battle in defense of his masters country has been made glorious. But the master's body was never found on that field. Is it possible that the master must leave his coupon clipping to discipline his age-long partner and defender, or else defend with his own hands his ill-gotten plunder? It is possible that the soldier is at last becoming a MAN and that the DAWN is not far from this darkness.

LAND AND LIBERTY FIGHT MUST WIN TO FREE SOUTHERN NATION

Merely because we do not find the columns of the kept press full of Mexico every day, is no evidence that things are not doing in that unfortunate country.

Just now the American capitalists have bigger fish to fry than the Mexican. But the economic situation is the same now as last year and the year before, the same as it will be until the Mexican slave gets his due: land and liberty.

Land and liberty is the only thing that will solve the problem. Land and liberty is the thing that is still being fought for. The fight goes on whether we are permitted to hear of it or not. It can only end when Mexico is free and it can only be free when its people are self-governing and self-employing. "Land and liberty the issue land and liberty the goal!"

MUST PACIFY FAR EAST BEFORE PEACE IS PERMANENT

The war for WORLD democracy doesn't seem to take into account the people of the Far East, comprising a goodly majority of the world's population. The permanent peace plans to not appear to provide for self-employment and self-government of the Chinese, Indians, and other peoples of great numbers.

If the world is to be made safe for

democracy with three-quarters of the world left out, another world-scourge vaster by far than the present would seem imminent. In fact, Indian nationalists have assured the West that if Chinese and Indian peoples are not provided with self-autonomy and a chance at least for self-respect, a permanent peace is impossible.

PEOPLE CAN SOLVE PROBLEM OF WORK AND WAR.

The people of each nation are themselves best fitted to solve the problems of that nation. "Democracy" imposed upon one people by another, especially by one who has none to spare, is a farce.

The outstanding feature of the national problem in any quarter is

that of doing away with "special privilege", monopoly and exploitation and the reorganization of the economic life upon the basis of collective self-equipment, self-employment, and self-government. Anarchy in production and distribution produces

(TURN TO PAGE 2)

THE SCARLET PLAGUE

JACK LONDON

"It was here that I saw for the first time what I was soon to see so often. One of the marching men had suddenly shown the unmistakable mark of the plague. Immediately those about him drew away, and he, without a remonstrance, stepped out of his



Fleeing Out of the City of Death.

place to let them pass on. A woman, most probably his wife, attempted to follow him. She was leading a little boy by the hand. But the husband commanded her sternly to go on, while others laid hands on her and restrained her from following him. This I saw, and I saw the man also, with his scarlet blaze of face, step into a doorway on the opposite side of the street. I heard the report of his pistol, and saw him sink lifeless to the ground.

"After being turned aside twice again by advancing fires, I succeeded in getting through to the university. On the edge of the campus I came upon a party of university folk who were going in the direction of the Chemistry building. They were all family men, and their families were with them, including the nurses and the servants. Professor Badminton greeted me, and I had difficulty in recognizing him. Somewhere he had gone through flames, and his beard was singed off. About his head was a bloody bandage, and his clothes were filthy. He told me he had been cruelly beaten by provokers, and that his brother had been killed the previous night, in the defense of their dwelling.

"Midway across the campus, he pointed suddenly to Mrs. Swinton's face. The unmistakable scarlet was there. Immediately all the other women set up a screaming and began to run away from her. Her two children were with a nurse, and these also ran with the women. But her husband, Doctor Swinton, remained with her.

"Go on, Smith," he told me. "Keep an eye on the children. As for me, I shall stay with my wife. I know she is as already dead, but I can't leave her. Afterward, if I escape, I shall come to the Chemistry building, and do you watch for me and let me in."

"I left him bending over his wife and soothing her last moments, while I ran to overtake the party. We were the last to be admitted to the Chemistry building. After that, with our automatic rifles we maintained our isolation. By our plan we had arranged for a company of sixty to be in this refuge. Instead, every one of the number originally planned had added relatives and friends and whole families until there were over four hundred souls. But the Chemistry building was large, and standing by itself, was in no danger of being burned by the great fires that raged everywhere in the city.

"A large quantity of provisions had been gathered, and a food committee took charge of it, issuing rations daily to the various families and groups that arranged themselves into messes. A number of committees were appointed, and we developed a very efficient organization. I was on the committee of defense, though for the first day no provokers came near. We could see them in the distance, however, and by the smoke of their fires knew that several camps of them were occupying the far edge of the campus. Drunkenness was rife, and often we heard them singing ribald songs or insanely shouting. While the world crashed to ruin about them and all the air was filled with the smoke of its burning, these low creatures gave rein to their bestiality and fought and drank and died. And after all, what did it matter? Everybody died anyway, the

good and the bad, the efficient and the weak, those that loved to live and those that scorned to live. They passed. Everything passed.

"When twenty-four hours had gone by and no signs of the plague were apparent, we congratulated ourselves and set about digging a well. You have seen the great iron pipes which in those days carried water to all the city dwellers. We feared that the fires in the city would burst the pipes and empty the reservoirs. So we tore up the cement floor of the central court of the Chemistry building and dug a well. There were many young men, undergraduates, with us, and we worked night and day on the well. And our fears were confirmed. Three hours before we reached water, the pipes went dry.

"A second twenty-four hours passed, and still the plague did not appear among us. We thought we were saved. But we did not know what I afterward decided to be true, namely, that the period of the incubation of the plague germs in a human body was a matter of a number of days. It slew so swiftly when once it manifested itself that we were led to believe that the period of incubation was equally swift. So, when two days had left us unscathed, we were elated with the idea that we were free of the contagion.

"But the third day disillusioned us. I can never forget the night preceding it. I had charge of the night guards from eight to twelve, and from the roof of the building I watched the passing of his glorious works. So terrible were the local conflagrations that all the sky was lighted up. One could read the finest print in the red glare. All the world seemed wrapped in flames. San Francisco spouted smoke and fire from a score of vast conflagrations that were like so many active volcanoes. Oakland, San Leandro, Hayward—all were burning; and to the northward, clear to Point Richmond, other fires were at work. It was an awe-inspiring spectacle. Civilization, my grandsons, civilization was passing in a sheet of flame and a breath of death. At ten o'clock that night, the great powder magazines at Point Pinole exploded in rapid succession. So terrific were the concussion that the strong building rocked as in an earthquake, while every pane of glass was broken. It was then that I left the roof and went down the long corridors, from room to room, quieting the alarmed women and telling them what had happened.

"An hour later, at a window on the ground floor, I heard pandemonium break out in the camps of the provokers. There were cries and screams, and shots from many pistols. As we afterward conjectured, this fight had been precipitated by an attempt on the part of those that were well to drive out those that were sick. At any rate, a number of the plague-stricken provokers escaped across the campus and drifted against our doors. We warned them back, but they cursed us and discharged a fusillade from their pistols. Professor Merryweather, at one of the windows, was instantly killed, the bullet striking him squarely between the eyes. We opened fire in turn, and all the provokers fled away with the exception of three. One was a woman. The plague was on them and they were reckless. Like foul fiends, there in the red glare from the skies, with faces blazing, they continued to curse us and fire at us. One of the men I shot with my own hand. After that the other man and the woman, still cursing us, lay down under our windows, where we were compelled to watch them die of the plague.

"The situation was critical. The explosions of the powder magazines had broken all the windows of the Chemistry building, so that we were exposed to the germs from the corpses. The sanitary committee was called upon to act, and it responded nobly. Two men were required to go out and remove the corpses, and this meant the probable sacrifice of their own lives, for, having performed the task, they were not to be permitted to re-enter the building. One of the professors, who was a bachelor, and one of the undergraduates volunteered. They bade good-by to us and went forth. They were heroes. They gave up their lives that four hundred others might live. After they had performed their work, they stood for a moment, at a distance, looking at us wistfully. They waved their hands in farewell and went away slowly across the campus toward the burning city.

"And yet it was all useless. The next morning the first one of us was smitten with the plague—a little nurse girl in the family of Professor Stout. It was no time for weak-kneed, sentimental policies. On the chance that she might be the only one, we thrust her forth from the building and commanded her to be gone. She went away slowly across the campus writhing her hands and crying piteously. We felt like brutes, but what were we to do? There were four hundred of us, and individuals had to be sacrificed.

"In one of the laboratories three families had domiciled themselves, and that afternoon we found among them no less than four corpses and seven cases of the plague in all its different stages.

"Then it was that the horror began. Leaving the dead lie, we forced the living ones to segregate themselves in another room. The plague began to break out among the rest of us, and as fast as the symptoms appeared, we sent the stricken ones to these segregated rooms. We compelled them to walk there by themselves, so as to avoid laying hands on them. It was heartrending. But still the plague raged among us, and room after room was filled with the dead and dying. And so we who were yet clean retreated to the next floor, and to the next, before this sea of the dead, that room by room and floor by floor, inundated the building.

"The place became a charnel house, and in the middle of the night the survivors fled forth, taking nothing with them except arms and ammunition and a heavy store of tinned foods. We camped on the opposite side of the campus from the provokers, and, while some stood guard, others of us volunteered to scout into the city in quest of horses, motor cars, carts and wagons, or anything that would carry out provisions and enable us to emulate the banded workmen I had seen fighting their way out to the open country.

"I was one of these scouts, and Doctor Hoyle, remembering that his motor car had been left behind in his home garage, told me to look for it. We scouted in pairs, and Dombey, a young undergraduate, accompanied me. We had to cross half a mile of the residence portion of the city to get to Doctor Hoyle's home. Here the buildings stood apart, in the midst of trees and grassy lawns, and here the fires had played freaks, burning whole blocks, skipping blocks, and often skipping a single house in a block. And here, too, the provokers were still at their work. We carried our automatic pistols openly in our hands, and looked desperate enough, forsooth, to keep them from attacking us. But at Doctor Hoyle's house the thing happened. Untouched by fire, even as we came to it the smoke and flames burst forth.

"The miscreant who had set fire to it staggered down the steps and out along the driveway. Slipping out of his coat pockets were bottles of whiskey, and he was very drunk. My first impulse was to shoot him, and I have never ceased regretting that I did not. Staggering and maddening to himself, with bloodshot eyes and a raw and bleeding slash down one side of his bewhiskered face, he was altogether the most nauseating specimen of degradation and filth I had ever encountered. I did not shoot him, and he leaned against a tree on the lawn to let us go by. It was the most absolute, wanton act. Just as we were opposite him, he suddenly drew a pistol and shot Dombey through the head. The next instant I shot him. But it was too late. Dombey expired without a groan, immediately. I doubt if he ever knew what had happened to him.

"Leaving the two corpses, I hurried on past the burning house to the garage, and there found Doctor Hoyle's motor car. The tanks were filled with gasoline, and it was ready for use. And it was in this car that I threaded the streets of the ruined city and came back to the survivors on the campus. The other scouts returned, but none had been so fortunate. Professor Fairmead had found a Shetland pony, but the poor creature, tied in a stable and abandoned for days, was so weak from want of food and water that it could carry no burden at all. Some of the men were for turning it loose, but I insisted that we should lead it along with us, so that, if we got out of food, we would have it to eat.

"There were forty-seven of us when we started, many being women and children. The president of the faculty, an old man to begin with, and now hopelessly broken by the awful happenings of the past week, rode in the motor car with several young children and the aged mother of Professor Fairmead. Wathope, a young professor of English, who had a grievous bullet wound in his leg, drove the car. The rest of us walked, Professor Fairmead leading the pony.

"Our progress was painfully slow. The women and children could not walk fast. They did not dream of walking, my grandsons, in the way all people walk today. In truth, none of us knew how to walk. It was not until after the plague that I learned really to walk. So it was that the pace of the slowest was the pace of all, for we dared not separate on account of the provokers. There were not so many now of these human beasts of prey. The plague had already well diminished their numbers, but enough still lived to be a constant menace to us. Many of the beautiful residences were untouched by fire, yet smoking ruins were everywhere. The provokers, too, seemed to have got over their insensate desire to burn, and it was more rarely that we saw houses freshly on fire.

"Several of us scouted among the private garages in search of motor cars and gasoline. But in this we were unsuccessful. The first great flights from the cities had swept all such utilities away. Calgan, a fine young man, was lost in this work. He was shot by provokers while crossing a lawn. Yet this was our only casualty, though once a drunken brute deliberately opened fire on all of us. Luckily, he fired wildly, and we shot him before he had done any hurt.

(Continued next week.)

Advertise in the TRUTH.

TREASON.

(Magistrate.)—What is the charge?
(Capt.)—Sedition and treason!
(Mag.)—Prisoner! Do you plead guilty or not guilty?
(Prisoner)—Not guilty.
(Mag.)—Mr. Clerk, put him down not guilty. We must try this man.
(Mag. now turns to Capt.) What do you know about this case?
(Capt.)—Sir, I heard him reading treasonable utterances.
(Mag. to Capt.) What is your testimony?
(Capt.)—I heard him say from the book, "this is the worst managed government on earth."
(Mag. to Lieutenant.)—What do you know about it?
(Lieutenant.)—I saw the name of the book.

(Mag. with ears pricked up.)—What was the name?
(Capt.)—The New Freedom.
(Chief.)—I don't know.
(Mag.)—Who wrote it?
(Mag. looking around fiercely.)—Does anybody know?
Everybody except prisoner shakes head wearily. Prisoner smiles.

(Mag. to Prisoner)—You traitor you! Did Karl Marx write that book?
(Prisoner.)—No, sir, Your Honor.
(Mag.)—Did Scott Nearing write it?
Pris.—I don't think so.

(Mag.)—Did that outcast of heaven that scum of the earth, that hater of governments, that destroyer of law's order, that goat, that bum, that—that!—that!—that!—
(Vagrant, whispered a lick-spittle.)
(Mag. with jaw working inaudibly.) Did that d—d—d—d—vagrant, Reynolds, write it?
(Pris.)—He might have, but his name wasn't on the title page.
(2nd. Licksp., who has found a copy hands it to Mag. Mag.—wondering why pris. mentions "title page" turns curiously, and sees—
By Woodrow Wilson.
Court falls over backwards in a dead faint.

The plute press forget to mention that the famous blind Helen Keller was one of the strong supporters of Hillquit in the recent campaign.

SOME ALLEGATIONS BY THE ALLEGATOR

(Continued from page 1)

a hand rubbing, chuckling, tee-heeing descendant of the Hebrew Race that will soon have the tee-hee chuckle of his changed to a "boo-hoo, oh why wasn't I wiser tune," alleges the Allegator.

It is alleged that Mr. Burleson, formerly a large land owner of Texas but now of Washington, D. C. is a great believer in the doctrine of heredity and evolution. He recently was quoted in a press which is more than friendly to him, as saying that "Poverty was due to the shape of a man's head, and the shape of a man's head was due to the will of God," which shows the cleverness of Mr. Burleson in disguising a great biological truth in Scriptural phraseology.

The Christian Soldier.

The war should not be fought with vengeance. I could aim my gun to kill in the fight, and sing a hymn while doing so. I could immediately kneel and with all the tenderness at my command relieve the suffering of the man I had wounded.—The Rev. William M. Gilbert of Boston.

I do not wish to hurt you, But (Bang!) I feel I must; It is a Christian virtue To lay you in the dust.

You—(Zip! That bullet got you!) You're really better dead. (I'm sorry that I shot you—Pray, let me hold your head.)

But do not think I hate you (Crack! Bang!) because I kill; Though (Biff!) I lacerate you I bear you no ill will.

If (Kick! Kick! Kick!) I choke you, A bandage I will roll; And, trusting this will croak you, I'll pray for (Boom!) your soul.

—K. B. Lewis in Life.

We clipped the above from the Duluth Herald of 11-19-17.

We hope the National Thought Controller will note the credit.

They Have the Vote

The suffragists of New York had a big celebration and it turned out to be a Socialist meeting.

The women say they don't need the president's help. They are going to the ballot box now.

Lon Rogers, the famous cartoonist, was among the speakers and she said, "I don't mind saying I am a Socialist."

Some of the released pickets spoke.

Mrs. Clarence Smith said that unless Wilson endorsed the Susan B. Anthony amendment the women of the state would not permit the election of one democratic congressman in the next congressional election.

Our front page cartoon is from The Suffragist of Washington, D. C.

SCOTT NEARING IN SAN FRANCISCO

The people who gathered at Dreamland Rink to listen to Scott Nearing had to gather at the rink, not in it. They locked the doors on the People's Council. Nearing is reported in the plute press to have attempted to Socialist delegates to single out Post speak from the steps, and as a result three were arrested, charged with "unlawful assemblage".

Nearing is reported to have issued a signed statement attempting to explain his plea of guilty to a charge of disorderly conduct while here in Duluth.

ATTEMPT TO ATTACK POST-OFFICE DEPARTMENT SQUELCHED AT CONVENTION

Buffalo, N. Y.—An attempt by Socialist delegates to single out Postmaster General Burleson for attack in connection with the suppression of certain newspapers has been blocked by the resolutions committee of the American Federation of Labor, although the committee has gone on record as stating that the section of the espionage law threatens unduly the restriction of a free press.

Two resolutions protesting against the suppression of newspapers by the postmaster general's department have been before the committee. One of them was adversely reported day and similar action will be taken on the other today, it was said.

With Our Exchanges

The Citizen, from Schenectady, N. Y., arrives regularly and is a bright and readable sheet. It is an eight-page paper and carries considerable advertising.

The Non-Partisan Leader, official organ of the Non-Partisan League, a twenty or more page weekly paper for farmers, radicals, and progressive people everywhere. Always carries a multicolor cartoon on the cover page and is filled with cartoons that are snappy and contain a punch. It is admirably illustrated and ably edited. We appreciate its weekly visit very much.

The Tri-City Labor Review, official of Alameda County, California, brings us up to date news of the celebrated frame-up case and Oakland and San Francisco labor news. It is a four-page seven column weekly, well supported in its advertising columns.

Chicago Labor News the official organ of the Chicago Trades Council and eight-page news, well edited, A. F. of L. paper. Editorially it is neutral with a strong leaning "agin" the Socialists.

Pro-Humanity of St. Louis, Mo., arrives regularly each month. It is edited by Henry Tichenor and is typically Tichenor, taking a fall out of superstition and hypocrisy on each of its twenty-four pages.

Social Revolution arrives monthly from St. Louis. It has been denied second class mail privileges and comes under 1c postage.

The New York Call arrives daily and there is a regular scramble here in the office to get it first. It is America's biggest and finest daily socialist paper published in the English language. It, too, has been barred from the second class and comes with a one cent stamp.

The American Issue, an organ of the drys, is an eight-page six column weekly packed full of news and views of interest to the prohibitionists and dry forces in America. Its last issue was literally packed with news of states, counties and communities which had entered the dry column at the last election. It begins to look as if it was good bye John Barleycorn.

We get the Duluth Labor World, but only because we are located in the same building and can chase up a flight of stairs and get one. They keep forgetting to put us on the X list. Last weeks issue of the L. W. was a particularly interesting issue by reason of its writup and editorial concerning the arrest of Scott Nearing and four others.

The war of the classes is not confined to any particular place or any one craft. In every country where capitalism is developed, regardless of governments, races or religions, there the militiamen's rifle cracks and the corporation judge binds and gags the workers with injunctions and opens the prison doors to all that hold such actions in contempt.—Robt. M. Knight.

HEARD AT THE STUDY CLASS. BY TWO LISTENERS

"What is a product?" was the question. One of the class answered. "The result of applying labor power to natural resources or raw materials." Correct.

How many kinds of products are there? After serious deliberation and several convulsions of the gray cells, one brave comrade volunteered this answer, "There are—there are two kinds, use and waste products". Whereupon the teacher agreed.

Then came the question, "If you are a wage earner how much of your product does the boss allow you to keep?"

This question brought many and varied responses. One of the members of the English local thought he could retain about one third of his product and one from the Swedish local arose and said one fifth, and then a lone woman piped out in a weak, little voice, "We are not allowed to keep any."

Some were in one side and some on the other. Finally, the umpire to settle the question lined them up on their respective sides, by asking all those who think the wage earner gets a third, a fifth or some other fractional portion of his product, raise your hands. Many hands went up.

"Now, all those who do not agree with this position, raise your hands." A few more hands were raised. There were some who were not willing to commit themselves on this momentous question and discreetly remained neutral.

The umpire gave the minority vote the decision which was, "that the wage earner does not get ANY of his product. What he does get is wages, the price of his labor power." If the boss would allow the worker to take home part of his product, the letter would quickly see how little he received in proportion to what the boss kept. It is the money wage in the pay envelope that fools the workers."

Another question was discussed during the study class period. "Does a commodity cease to be a commodity after it is sold?"

"To understand this we must first decide what is a commodity." The definition that the class accepted was, "A commodity is a product of labor that is for sale."

It remains a commodity as long as it is "for sale" even though it stays on the shelves for a long period of time, or even if it spoils. A whole-sale house buys a commodity and it is still a commodity as it still retains the for sale tag. When a commodity reaches the consumer it is no longer a commodity but a product.

Distinguishing the difference between concrete and abstract labor

"UNSATISFACTORY WORKING CONDITIONS IMPOSED BY AN AUTOCRAT"

SUPPRESSION OF PRO-GERMAN NEWSPAPERS HAD BEEN SIDETRACKED IN THIS WAY.

The resolution condemning the postmaster general for his attitude toward federal employees was introduced by Thomas E. Flaherty of the National Federation of Postal Employees and Edward J. Gainer of the National Association of Letter Carriers. Approximately one-quarter of a million workers in the postal service, the resolution stated, are forced to accept without protest the "unsatisfactory working conditions imposed by an autocrat."

The committee on resolutions favorably reported a resolution on woman suffrage. It read:

"That we hereby affirm our previous declaration in behalf of woman suffrage and the principle of equal pay for equal work regardless of sex."

The convention unanimously approved the committee's report.

Do you want to help Truth and at the same time do some very effective work in your locality? Why not send in an order for a bundle of TRUTH and distribute them weekly to a picked list of prospective readers. Try this for ten weeks and watch results.

A dollar will pay for a bundle of 5 for ten weeks, and you will know that in addition to the propaganda you are doing with the papers you are aiding us over the hardest ten weeks of our existence. If you like the paper and want it to continue you must act. Fill out the following blank:

PUBLISHERS OF TRUTH—
510 Manhattan Bldg. Duluth, Minn.
Dear Comrades—Enclosed find.....for which please send me.....copies of TRUTH for.....weeks.

Name.....
Address.....
Bundle rates, 2 cents a copy; 5 copies 10 weeks for.....\$1.00
Over 100 copies at \$7.50 per thousand.
Single subscriptions \$1.00 per year.

SUFFRAGISTS GET TASTE OF ADMINISTRATIVE DEMOCRACY

(Continued From Page One)

"The same doctor feeds Alice Paul and me, and he told me Miss Paul vomits much."

Atrocities at Home.

"I wrote the note yesterday about my first feeding. Yesterday at noon I committed it all during the process. Gannon came at eleven and insisted on taking my pulse, though the other doctor had taken it at ten. I had on only a gauze shirt, for my union suit was soiled, and I refuse to wear the hideous rough gown that comes above your knees they give you here."

"He knew how my pulse was running, and he knew I would struggle if he tried to come near me, and he knew what I had on. But in spite of that, he made me struggle before the other doctors."

"The feeding has given me a severe headache. My throat aches, afterwards, and I always weep and sob, to my great disgust, because I try to be less feeble. It is a nervous reaction I can't control much. We think of the coming feeding all day. It is horrible. The doctor thinks I take it well. I hate to think of Alice Paul if I take it well."

When Will the Men Rise.

"Of course we get no mail—at least I don't. We are insubordinate—if you ask for food, you are insubordinate; and if you refuse it, you are insubordinate. Amusing, isn't it?"

"I am really all right. Of course, if this continues very long, I perhaps won't be, but just now, though feeble, I'm standing it."

"I am interested in seeing how long our so-called splendid American men will stand for this form of discipline. Any news cheers one marvelously, because it is hard to feel anything but a bit desolate and forgotten when you lie prone three times a day and some one shoves a tube down your insides to even their great indignation. Love to you, Lucy, and to all of you."

ARE WOMEN PEOPLE?

The women are determined that the president shall ask congress in his message to pass the Susan B. Anthony amendment. Mrs. Harvey Wiley, the food expert's wife sentenced to fifteen days imprisonment for picketing. Her husband's attorney ordered the case appealed but she insists on going to jail and serving time. Dr. Wiley knows the terrible unsanitary and syphilitic conditions of the District of Columbia jail.

Ex-congressman Kent of California paid \$25 for his wife's fine. Mrs. Kent has decided that she has a right to pay or not to pay her fine. She insists on being sent to jail.

Thirty suffragists are on hunger strike in the jail at Occoquan, Va. Miss Morey of Massachusetts was not allowed to see her mother who led the picket lines. Mrs. Morey and the others with her are "in punishment cells, which are unheated, with flat mats for beds, and without bedding."

Dudely Field Malone, who campaigned for Wilson in the west and with his eloquence won the vote of the women of those states on the strength that this would mean the getting of the Susan B. Anthony amendment, has won the fight to get Alice Paul out of the insane ward where the brutality of those in charge lodged her.

The forcible feeding is most horrible and cruel. There were three windows in the part where she was and two were boarded up and other was opened but a tiny bit from the top, the lower part being nailed.

A split in the suffrage party in Wisconsin is expected because the delegates voted at the state convention to condemn the pickets. The rank and file will not take this very gracefully as they realize that those women in Washington are fighting for woman's emancipation.

This is no time to fight women who are brave enough to endure the horrors of jails.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES

(Continued From Page One)

competition, and competition produces war. The world market is the breeding place of the germs of world destruction. Take away the profit in production, the trader, gambler, and the market, leave the people in control of the means of wealth supply, with liberty to operate and supply their needs without interference, dictation, or exploitation by a powerful few, and you have made possible a permanent and lasting peace that shall take in all the peoples of the earth and know no breaking.

RUBBER WORKERS' WAGES REDUCED

Another Industrial Revolt.

Akron, Ohio, Nov.—Investigators in the rubber factories for the American Federation of Labor report untold hardship in the city caused by a reduction in the working force of the Goodyear Rubber company, and notice that the wages will be cut from \$19 a week to \$13 as a measure of war economy.

Labor men declare that this move is made to intimidate the workers who are being organized by the American Federation of Labor with the assent of the government, which has supervision over the immense factories, which are the main industry in this city.

If the same ratio of wage reduction is applied to all the 60,000 rubber workers employed in Akron, the loss will reach nearly \$10,000,000 a year, and then the much advertised "City of Opportunities" will be a thing of the past. Can it be that these reductions are being enforced to establish a low wage rate previous to the general introduction of women to supplant the men on the plea of releasing them to join the army? If a permanent check is secured, it can only be accomplished by the men uniting in a strong, vigorous union.

Norfolk, Va.—Two thousand railroad clerks refuse to return to work until their demands are met. All railroads here are affected.

Negro longshoremen have called a sympathetic strike, and loading and unloading of freight boats has stopped.

Quincy, Mass.—Men liable to the draft who are on strike from the Fore River Shipbuilding works will have their exemptions cancelled unless they return to work.

Illinois Central Telegraphers reached a settlement with the company by which their work hours were adjusted and an increase of wages \$9.75 a month.

Muddled stuff is no good for propaganda.—Anna Maley.

Hope springs eternal in the human breast but the pressure varies considerably.—John Dequer.

What you take you have.—Kate Sadler.

It is not only necessary, but it is a highly desirable matter, that we continue to resist and attack in our daily struggle with the capitalists.

For it is through present defeats and victories that we learn our fight by FIGHTING. New tactics are often evolved in struggles that seem to be total failures. And class solidarity becomes a living thing, a resistless weapon, when we are acting and fighting as a class.—Mary Marcy.

Not the right to work—but more of the things their work creates, with LEISURE to enjoy them—this is what intelligent wage workers demand.—Paul Lafargue.

YOU ARE DRAFTED FINAL NOTICE

You are interested in the life of the worker's press are you? You know of the official orders of the pretender to the throne of the Thought Controller to the Nation? We refer to the P. M. G. with the stoneage ideas and the autocrat instinct. We have heard from him too. But we don't intend to quit. Fact is we are just now getting our second wind and are getting ready to fight. And WE'RE going to fight and fight HARD. Want to help?

Our postage bill is a serious drain upon our resources. (You have noticed that there is a 1c stamp on every paper you receive.)

Here is HOW YOU CAN HELP. RIGHT NOW send us an amount of money or stamps equal to the number of weeks you have paid for the paper. If you are a yearly subscriber send us \$2c either cash or stamps, thus paying YOUR OWN postage and helping us give the press censorship the black eye it deserves. If all our readers will ONLY DO THIS SMALL FAVOR it will ease the burden for us tremendously. If you are able and can afford it send us a dollar or more to be used to meet the postage bill from those who are not able or who neglect this important matter. But above all please SEND US the necessary postage for YOUR OWN PAPER!

P. S. While you are at it why not try to send us at least ONE new subscriber?

YOU'LL FIND IT HERE THE LADY OYSTER

I. B. Bailin the translator secretary of the Jewish Socialist Federation with headquarters in the National Office of the Socialist Party at Chicago, spent the last Sunday and Monday and Tuesday with local comrades addressing an audience of two hundred Sunday in Came's Hall. A collection of \$24.00 was taken for the benefit of the Federation.

Monday Night he lectured in Superior in the Finnish Hall. Tuesday night at Jewish Headquarters in Duluth there was held an educational meeting followed by a banquet. A full report of the work of the federation was given. Five new members were taken into the local as a result of his visit. He left for Madison Wisconsin Tuesday evening at eleven o'clock.

The audiences for the afternoon lectures and study classes keep growing nicely. The classes are reported to be of much interest to those who follow them. We could accommodate more people at the lectures but the study class is now about as large as can well be managed.

Scandinavian local reports very successful and largely attended business meetings each Tuesday evening at Woodman Hall. Business meet is followed by study circle. All are welcome.

The trials of the "vagrants" ye ed, Mrs. ye ed, Miss Baxter and the "disorderly Kondukt" trial of Joel Lichten have been postponed until Tuesday of next week.

Sombody evident! threw a monkey wrench into the plans of Commissioner Silbertin to pass the new safety commissions order number 14 regarding the closing of dance and pool halls at ten o'clock. It was seemingly planned to rush the matter through as an "emergency" ordinance, but upon finding the opposition, it was left to take the regular course.

Plans are on foot for establishing another study class in the near future. In addition to the class of Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock in Woodman Hall, and the one Tuesday evenings at 9 o'clock, editor Reynolds has offered his services for another class any evening the members of the new class desires. It has tentatively been suggested to have the classes Monday nights at the reading room, Stack Building. If you are interested in and leave your name and address and we will notify you of its beginning. No admission charges. No collection. Absolutely Free. Everybody welcome.

Scandinavian Club will give an entertainment Sunday evening which will be up to the standard.

Tuesday and Thursday night dancing. Finnish Local will give a grand entertainment and big feed Thanksgiving. Program begins at three o'clock in the afternoon. Make arrangement to be there.

Dancing at Tarmo Hall Tuesday and Saturday. The City Central Committee met at Tarmo Hall and decided to get a good, live committee that will get active. Meetings will be held first and third Wednesday nights at Tarmo Hall. It is proposed to have eight members of the Scandinavian Club, eight from the Finnish Local and three from the Jewish Local. English East End, English West End and Lake Side are also to have representatives.

Do not fail to plan attending that big international Thanksgiving get-together meeting on Thanksgiving day. See ad in another part of the paper. The program will be followed by a dinner of big game. Big Eats and Big time. Admission Ladies 50c, Men 75c and children Free.

All Jewish comrades are requested to be at headquarters Saturday night, Nov. 24th. Important meeting. Don't forget that Benefit Dance at Woodman Hall Thanksgiving Eve.

"A good name is more to be chosen than great riches," say the well-fed preachers when exhorting exploited laborers to be content with their lot. "A good name" is something that is to be desired, but it is well to remember that in this commercial age—it requires something more than "a good name" to buy meal tickets.

Who will dare to throw a stone at the modern proletarian Magdalene? Did we not as members of the present society deliberately drive her to her fate? Is the prostitute not punished enough in that she stands in need of our pharisaic compassion and charity? Proletarians, are your sisters, daughters and sweethearts in danger under the present economic system? Save them from sexual-slavery by abolishing the system enslaving your own class.—Isador Ladoff.

The lady oyster sat tight where she had sat before fastened down. Nothing ever moved her, and she herself had no means of locomotion; but she felt, as far as she could feel an ineffable, a transcendent satisfaction.

Through her pulsed the forces of the universe. She lived, and she gave life. She could not see nor hear nor taste nor smell, but she could feel—when anything touched her. She could not speak nor move; she could not creep, walk, run, jump, climb nor fly; float, or swim nor dive; nor even wriggle into the mud like a clam.

Still she could and did produce, Three Million Eggs.

She had fulfilled the law of her being, the process of maternity. She was an oyster, and she had made more oysters.

"But," said a Captious Crab, which could at least move, albeit sideways, "what good does it do you, or them? They won't live—your three millions. Things will eat them—all of them, if one lives you have done well."

"Yes," said the Lady Oyster, "I have done well! It is nothing to me what happens to them afterward. I have done my duty. I have produced eggs, Three Million Eggs. I am a Mother."

And she remained a happy Oyster. The Lady Mud-Wasp was very busy. She was no oyster. She was stimulated to complex industry, and performed amazing deeds. She made a hole, a neat, deep little hole, and lined it with her dainty eggs, fine handsome, numerous eggs. She secured a caterpillar, a particular kind of a caterpillar, fat and healthy. She stung him, with delicate precision, in exactly the right spot, so that he was paralyzed but not dead.

She covered up the neat hole, the elegant eggs, the crippled caterpillar, and pranced in pride and satisfaction, flitting her shining-slim body about, quite happy. She had fulfilled the law of her being, the process of maternity. She was a Mud-Wasp, and she had made more Mud-Wasps.

"But," said a Benevolent Bee, who was quite an authority on feeding children though not herself a mother, "what good does it do you, or them? Look, a bird has eaten your caterpillar—your little larvae will all starve."

She failed to jar the lady's complacency.

"It is nothing to me," said Mrs. Mud-Wasp, "what happens to them after the hole is filled—and closed. I have done my duty, I made the hole made the eggs, I captured the caterpillar, paralyzed it, and buried it properly for my children to eat. I have fulfilled the law of my being, the marvelous process of nature. I am a mother."

And she remained a Merry Mud-Wasp.

The Lady Sheep was almost excited, for it was lambing time. She had recognized it and undertaken its maintenance. It wobbled on its long little legs, it wagged its long little tail, it butted and nuzzled its mamma and she fed it with sweet milk. She was very happy. Her lamb was visibly superior to all other lambs, and she had produced this wonder. She had fulfilled the law of her being the process of maternity. She was a sheep and she had made another Sheep.

"But," said the Skeptical Skunk, "what good does it do you, or him? Presently they will cut his waggle tail off. Continually they will cut his curly wool off. Ultimately they will cut his helpless throat."

"That," said the Lady Sheep, "is nothing to me. I have done my duty. I have fulfilled the processes of nature, the law of my being. I have produced a lamb. A living lamb. I have nourished it from my own body, a miracle of nature. I am a Mother."

And she remained a Satisfied Sheep.

The Lovely Lady lay in her bed, as so often described in fiction, "pale but proud, exhausted but happy." She had achieved a Husband, established a Home, brought forth a child. With her human intellect, she considered the child, its years of infancy, and all that she was still to do for it. Her heart swelled with joy and thanksgiving in what she had done, and what she was about to do. With her human intellect, she was able to see and to venerate the long majestic interplay of vital forces which had resulted in this consummate act. With all the allied processes, social, civil and domestic, she had fulfilled the law of her being, the process of maternity. She was Human Creature, and she had brought forth another Human creature.

"But," said an Audacious Aunt, who was also a trained nurse, a skilled kindergarten, and a student of sociology, "what good does it do you or him? Women have done this in Africa, in China, in India, for thousands upon thousands of years, with no progress. Merely to repeat the type does not necessarily improve it. Merely to put more people into the

world does not make them safer, stronger, wiser, happier. Your child will grow up among deserts of ignorance, forests of prejudice; surrounded by dangers and temptations, he may be poor, he may be sick, he may be vicious, he may suffer abominably; he may find life a burden and a puzzle, confusion and despair. He may be rich and successful, and oppress the people. He may be a genius, with no opportunity, a Worker with no work.

"Wake up, sister, and consider what humanity needs, besides being born and reared. Think of the world your children have to live in. Think of the diseases we die under, unnecessarily, the sins we suffer under, unnecessarily; the poverty that degrades us all, the riches that corrupt us all, the wasteful, foolish, wicked way we all live. Rouse up and do something for your children, after they are reared—and for other people's children. Do something to make life better!"

"That," said the Lovely Lady, "is nothing to me. I have done my duty. I have a Layette, a Bassinet, and a baby. I have fulfilled the processes of nature, the law of my being. With love and care and patient toil, religiously and legally and with perfect propriety I have brought forth: with good health if possible, and with clean clothes and good manners in any event, I now will rear, a child. I am a Mother."

And she remained a mother, and poets made verses in her honor.

But the Audacious Aunt said, "Huh! So is an Oyster!"—Charlotte Perkins Gilman.

MASS PUBLISHER UNDER INDICTMENT

NEW YORK. — Max Eastman, publisher of The Masses, a magazine recently denied second-class mail privileges, was indicted here with six others connected with the publication on a charge of conspiracy in violation of the espionage act by the Federal grand jury. Bench warrants were immediately issued for their arrest.

Those named with Eastman were Floyd Dell, managing editor; C. Merrill Rogers, Jr., business manager; Henry R. Glintenkamp, cartoonist; Arthur Young, artist; John Reed, writer, and Josephine Bell, writer.

Two indictments for attempting to use the mails for non-mailable matter also were returned against The Masses Publishing company as a corporation and C. Merrill Rogers, Jr., as an individual.

LABOR SAVING MACHINE REVOLUTIONIZES INDUSTRY Rogers City, Mich.—A stone breaking machine of notable size and capacity has been installed at Rogers City. It will hold 68 tons of material at one time, and will handle 1,250 tons an hour.

"DRY" NOTES.

Ohio Drys gain 53,000 votes since 1915.

Cincinnati goes wet by 1,800 votes. Drys have already started campaign to convert that city for the next election.

New Mexico has the honor of being state number 27 in the dry column. Will Minnesota be 28?

Gone are the cow boy and frontier saloon dance halls of Albuquerque, Santa Fe and Las Cruces.

Kentucky put in men in the state legislature who are for prohibition. Drys now have three-fifths in both houses.

New York adds 122 towns and a county.

Drys increased their vote in Delaware.

The Drys still have a hard fight in Pennsylvania.

700 saloons have quit business in Chicago, 1,000 or more in New York, 200 in St. Louis 3 in Boonville, Mo., and some in Kansas City.

New York launches a state wide dry fight.

In Ohio it is estimated that 60 per cent of the drafted soldiers voted dry.

Sedalia, Mo., voted wet by 700 majority Oct. 26.

Vote cast in Ohio. Wet majority in 1914 84,152 Wet majority in 1915 55,408 Wet majority in 1917 1,787

The Anti-Saloon league convention at Washington, D. C. December 10-13 will ask the House to pass a nation wide dry amendment.

THE BOOSTER BUNCH

O. P. Langdahl landed with a yearly this week.

Gust Johnson lands a half yearly. Carl Person gets to bat with a yearly.

John D. Nelson brings home the bacon and one yearly.

O. P. Langdahl scores again. Half yearly this time.

Carl Haglund tally one, three months.

Carl Haglund tally another three months.

Carl Ditto Haglund tally another three months, and then to show a burst of speed brings in a six months scalp.

Extra, extra, Haglund, Carl just landed with two more subs.

O. P. Langdahl found another stray dollar and brought it in for a yearly sub. And then he played a repeater bringing in a half yearly.

Tom Fosson speared a half grown one. O. P. Langdahl again bobs up to bat with three more subs all for six months. Tom Fosson scored again with a yearly sub this time.

Gust Johnson landed with a half yearly.

O. P. L tally a half.

Louis Fosson lands a half yearly. Victor Nordin brings in one whole yearly this trip.

Henry Rane of McIntosh landed us five new ones this week.

From Far off Louisiana comes two for a course of Truth.

Butte, Montana goes on the mail list this week the result of the hustling of the comrades who recently moved to Idaho.

Superior gets a weekly bundle of five hundred copies and distributes them each week. As a result of this work, the subs are rolling in from there quite regularly.

Who said Truth was not growing?

Mrs. Jim read proof on the above and said "here, Mr. Man you've left out a lot. I got two subs last week. Then there was Mike O'Rourke, and McKinnon and all the rest of them." To which we replied, "when you are in a snow storm you can not count each individual flake."

Harold Lindman brought in two and took a sub book back with him in order to be loaded for the next prospect.

Raymond Rowe sends in a nice fat list from up country.

Waino Sodervik failed to report this week. Bet he lands with a whoppin bunch next week.

Victor Nordin just landed with a whole carload. Some which he corralled and some which others landed and handed over to him for sale's delivery.

"Every little movement has a meaning of its own," goes a popular song. Yes, the socialist movement has one of its own, too, and that meaning is one that no other radical or progressive party can take over. That meaning is to transfer the ownership of the means of wealth production and distribution from private to co-operative ownership. By private ownership the owners of these things are able to ride the backs of the workers and keep them in poverty. All the reform parties uphold the private ownership of the land and machinery and their little reforms are only palliatives. Marx said the supporters of capitalism will offer the workers anything but get off their backs."

Socialism is another name for justice.

The dear pee-pul—over whom so many newspaper tears are shed—what of them? Poor political and economic runts that they are; slaves of the pay envelope and mother Grundy; job worshippers, cringing servile defenders of their equally servile bosses, white collared sissies failing to understand the position of the miners, snivel and grunt about the high cost of living and steady increase in the price of coal. Damn them for a measly pack of would-be's, may the price of coal, beef, soup, pudding and salvation continue to soar. These human July bugs, impotently buzzing against the strong wall of capitalism, are getting that for which they vote from year to year.—Geo. N. Falconer in Int. Soc. Review.

The ballot as a weapon can not conceivably fall us so long as we do not demand from the ballot what the ballot can never give. The ballot can only fall those who trust to the ballot alone. The proletarian revolutionist will not devote his whole energy, now to the economic field and now to the political field but will constantly fight with equal energy upon BOTH fields and neither his political organization nor his economic organization will ever prove a failure, so long as each has the loyal support of the other and so long as the workingman does not demand of the one what it is the province of the other to furnish.—Robt. Rives La Monte.

Queen Liliuokalani, composer of "Aloha Oe," has passed away but her song will live. The queen had a varied life which the newspapers recorded these past twenty years. Her song is destined to be remembered.

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Bell Phone, Mel. 2349
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Meat Market.
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A new shipment of Velour Coats convertible fur collar and cuffs, the kind that so many has been asking for—just unpacked.

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W. E. REYNOLDS, Editor and Business Manager.

EDITORIAL



TEASPOON VERSUS CARLOAD.

The campaign is on in full swing to force housewives to sign cards promising to save all the waste and omit all the unnecessary use of foods by the frugal minded housewives of the country. The ones who are back of this "Save the Waste and Win the War" campaign have evidently overlooked a big bet. Of what use is it to get the housewife to save the infinitesimal portion (in the very nature of things, she cannot waste much, the weekly wage does not allow it) while at the same time the newspapers are carrying reports of the wastage of food by the carload, held by the food hog in hopes of reaping a still higher profit? Why does not the government go after the food hog? The answer is easy. The government today is a government of by and for the profiteers, and food hogs are profiteers! To go after the food hogs and cut their profit would establish a very bad precedent as next in order would be to cut the profit of the steel hog, the fuel hog and all the various hogs which are erroneously supposed to be the pe-e-e-p-u-l-s representatives in the halls of the various governments. Only ONE party, the Socialist Party, has a remedy for these ills. Only one union, the One Big Union has a remedy and these two are branded by the mouthpieces of the food-hog profit-hog Government officials as traitorous and seditious organizations.

WHAT IS THE USE?

The working classes have stolen the fire of Heaven, harnessed the lightning to a motor and made it run the varied machines of industries. The Workers of Industry have learned the art of printing; of engraving; of book making; they have garnered the store of knowledge which consists of all of the experiences of the past; they have learned to read the story of the rocks; they have solved the riddle of the universe insofar as the PRODUCTION of wealth is concerned. But in the ENJOYMENT of the wealth produced, the very class which produced it are no better off now than they were in the middle ages. You of the static brain and the patriotic spirit, will you please answer. WHY?

Today 85 people out of every 100 are destitute. Why? Simply that before they were born SOMEBODY pre-empted the earth. Will present generations stand for this barefaced robbery? History holds the answer.

EDUCATION, AS IT IS TAUGHT, OR IS IT REVEALED?

It takes some people a long time to catch up with the procession. Dr. Lyman Abbott some time ago circularized about five thousand of the leading scholars of America, asking them what book or what man had contributed most to the advancement of the century. Darwin, and his "Descent of Man" lead all the rest by more than double the votes of all the rest put together.

Darwin's book was written in 1859. Now in 1917, one of the leading pulpit pounders in Duluth, in a published interview says that heredity and environment, two of the basic laws of evolution, are only so many excuses for the wrongdoers! Tut, tut, that is dangerous ground for even the re-actionary thought controller from Texas, says that poverty is due to the shape of a man's head and the shape of a man's head is due to the will of God!

With pulpit pounders and will of God in control of the education of men is it any wonder that the old world runs amuck once in a while?

ARE SECRETARY MCADOO'S REMARKS SEDITIOUS?

Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo, in a statement given to the press on the occasion of the launching of the second Liberty loan, has this to say:

"We fight, first of all, for America's vital rights, the right to the unmolested and unobstructed use of the high seas, so that the surplus products of our farms, our mines, our factories, may be carried into the harbors of every friendly nation in the world."

McAdoo thus plainly states that America's main reason for engaging in war is a commercial one. There can be no other interpretation of his remarks. Will Postmaster-General Burleson take action in the cases of radical editors who have declared the present war to be capitalistic? Does Burleson recognize official sedition?

The secretary of the treasury has stated a profound truth, which by the way is based on sound Socialist economics. Surplus products are the basis of all modern wars. Surplus products are the part of his product the worker does not get back in the form of wages, and the workers would not willingly send the surplus away from home if they were allowed to consume it themselves. Those who take the surplus from the workers are capitalists. Those who send it abroad are capitalists. Those who want the use of the high seas to carry it to foreign harbors are capitalists.

But it does not do to be too logical these days so here is a good place to stop.—Seattle Call.

There are some workers who never miss a meal—but the meals oftentimes come a long way apart.

CITIES VERSUS CORPORATIONS.

A maxim of law reads something like this; The principal is responsible for the acts of its agents. If a firm or corporation hires a man and that man through negligent or unlawful acts hurts, harms or injures another party the injured party may sue the firm or corporation and recover damages. This rule however does not hold good in the case of cities who hire police chiefs, captains and officers. A chief of police may be a veritable bully and wrongfully arrest innocent people, illegally break up legal and lawful meetings and be immune from punishment. The only recourse the injured party or parties may have in a case of this kind would be to sue the individual. Of course cities are for the people who inhabit them but from the above you can see how cleverly the common people have been barred from any chance of recovery of damages!

THE VERY LOWEST

If you were asked to state what type of humanity stood lowest on your scale of merit or, to put it another way, what type you despised most, what would you say?

Would you say the thief?

I would not. For while the thief may be pretty low down, he must be given credit for at least giving his victims a chance to ferret him out by following clues.

Would you say the harlot?

I would not, for I know that the great bulk of her class are to be pitied rather than blamed, for they are only the victims of our wolfish economic system which profits by low wages and forces starving women into the streets.

Would you say the murderer?

I would not, for all of us have murder in our hearts more or less frequently and Christ has said, "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." The streets are full of people whose hearts are as black as the average murderer's. Also the man who pays starvation wages is as surely a murderer as the man who blows another's brains out.

Well, you ask, what type am I going to say represents the bottom-most level of the dregs of human depravity?

I'm afraid I shall surprise you.

Without hesitation I place in that position the typical editors of our capitalist newspapers.

You are surprised, aren't you, that I should place below thief, harlot and murderer a recognized "leading citizen". But I'm in earnest, very much in earnest. Let me show you.

A thief steals money and goes to jail. He pays the price.

A harlot prostitutes her body and, in suffering an exile, pays the price.

A murderer kills his fellowman and, in kind, pays the price.

But that intellectual prostitute called a newspaper editor steals the truth from his readers who pay for it, prostitutes his brain to the service of the master who rents him, and helps to murder millions of innocent men, women and children who are the victims of the hellish industrial system which he tells them is perfect, and the diabolical wars which he tells them are holy.

Yes, you editors of these capitalist-owned misinforming sheets, you are the most contemptible creatures that afflict this sordid and corrupt old world, because you never pay the price but pass for that which you are not—respectable citizens.—Erie Pa. Truth.

WHERE THERE IS HOPE.

A good friend of mine is losing hope in mankind. He told me yesterday of a bitter experience, typical, he said, of what he is seeing these days.

He was talking with two men who had been his friends for years. A high type of men, he said, clean Christian men, who had always been interested in things that seemed good for the community. He had always thought highly of them.

"Horrible thing, this beating-up of Bigelow," he said.

"Oh, I don't know," said one of his friends, one of these fine, clean Christian men, "I guess he got about what was coming to him."

"But you don't understand," he answered. "I know Bigelow personally. First class man, a true lover of his fellow-men, a man with a real conscience on civic matters. And they stripped and lashed him."

"Well," said the clean, Christian friend, "he was a pacifist, and pacifists had better shut up these days, or take what Bigelow got."

So my friend is losing hope, because the fine, good men whom he has always admired, are so full of intolerance and hate, I feel for him, and for all who are going through the bitter experience of his disillusion.

But he is not looking in the right place for hope. He should look, not among the good men, but among the bad men.

Some of our jail-birds, for instance. He should read some of the letters that come into The Call office from men and women in jail. The tenderness, the high resolve, and willingness to suffer for the cause of freedom—he might see what beauty is in human beings if he could read these letters. We are planning to print a collection in a day or two.

Or, omitting those who are leaders in the fight for freedom, let him take just one plain man, with a prison record,—a man we told about in The Call last week, John Meehan. No great leader, merely an I. W. W., picked up for violating a bill-board ordinance, and held now for five months as an undesirable alien.

But you should have seen him when he spoke of the changed order coming in the world,—an order of justice for all men. You should have seen the unselfish spirit with which he said,—after five months in jail awaiting the decision of the authorities: "Now don't do anything about me, if it's going to get you in bad."

No, my friend is not looking for hope in the right place. Not among the "best people," but among the men who are down and out, the lowest, those who have tasted life's bitterness,—he will find it. But if he wants to discover ability to hate, with unreasoning, continuous hatred, he will find that—in the upright men of business. Their life has been one long competition; they have had so little to do with the healing, constructive processes of life and growth, through which every man who works on the soil, or constructs things with his hands; every woman who watches the development of children, learns somewhat of tolerance and patience.

Some years ago Lincoln Steffens held a famous debate in New York "Resolved, That there is good in good people." He said that there was so much good in bad people that there must be some good in good people, but not very much.—Seattle Daily Call.



THE H-LL BOX

BOOSTS, BRICKBATS and BOKAYS

Open to all. Limit 300 Words.
Contributions Invited.

Ashland, La.

Comrades:

Thanks for "How the Farmer Can Get His." It has settled my doubt about commodities tending to exchange at their value. Before I read, "How the Farmer Can Get His" I couldn't believe that commodities exchange at their value even if a whole host of Karl Marx and W. E. Reynolds had said so.

I have enjoyed and appreciated Dr. Hannen's course. There is more opportunity to acquire power latent in one of his articles than in several terms work at the La. Normal School.

Your comrade,

Kitty Hammer.

ECONOMICS.

Buy cheap and sell dear. The bed-rock of all capitalist political economy.

Do not all sellers have to be buyers? If you are robbed when you buy, do you not offset that robbery when you sell? Wouldn't you constantly lose as a buyer, what you had gained as a seller? Would not any merchant? If ALL buy CHEAP who could sell DEAR? If all sell dear, COULD you buy cheap?

What a merchant charges you over his cost price is in reality a poor payment for SERVICES he renders. Under our present lack of system many motions are made that are unnecessary—but remember that so far society has never made preparations to feed itself. It has left that to the initiative of some enterprising individual and then hollered its head off because that individual has asked and received payment for services rendered.

The scientific socialists contend that on the whole all commodities tend to exchange at their value. That profits are made by exchanging commodities at their value.

Seems impossible, does it not? But then it SEEMS that the world is standing still and the sun is going around it. "All things are not as they seem."

Let us take a concrete example and see where we will be at. A wage worker goes into the department store looking for a "bargain." He has some money. This money is the EQUIVALENT of the bacon, beans and bread necessary to keep him alive. He exchanges this money for the equivalents; i. e., the things necessary for his existence. If he buys shoes their value was determined by the average amount of human labor socially necessary under normal conditions to produce shoes and put them in his hands. The value of all the other things were determined in the same way. He simply pays for the necessary labor to get them to him. Where does the department store's profit come in? This owner does not pay the girls in the store for the labor power they expend, he merely pays for the value of their labor (see definition of value above), which does not require all day to produce its equivalent. The girls can not quit when they have worked long enough to produce value the equivalent of their wages. All the rest of the day they work for the boss for nothing. Department store profits are wrung out of the lives of the clerks. Patrons of department stores are directly responsible for this forcing of the girls below the line. Very respectable institutions. Do not the heads of these institutions go to church? Give to charity? Pose as model citizens? They are not. They are white slave makers. They live at the expense of the misery of the toiling girls.

Who Does Your Family Washing?

Why not try our service this coming week?

We will wash your white clothes clean and sweet. We'll wash the colored clothes clean, without fading them. We'll starch all the pieces that need it, and dry them and the other clothing.

We'll iron all the flat pieces; the bed and table linen, towels, etc., and give them a smooth even finish that no hand ironer could equal.

We'll call for this work on any day you request, launder it and deliver it quickly and promptly.

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