

WE stand in the presence of a revolution—not a bloody revolution; America is not given to the spilling of blood—but a silent revolution, whereby America will insist upon recovering in practice those ideals which she has always professed, upon securing a government devoted to the general interests and not the special interests.—Woodrow Wilson in the New Freedom.

THE TRUTH



MINNESOTA
HISTORICAL
SOCIETY

Permit No. 40
Duluth, Minn. 1c. Paid

VOL. III. No. 15.

14

APRIL 11, 1919

WHOLE NO. 95. FIVE CENTS

AU REVOIR 'GENE BUT NOT GOODBYE!

SOON the prison doors will close behind 'Gene Debs. The clang of the closing prison door is a call to action for every one of you. Your resolutions send out a ray of hope, but we need you to act, besides talk. Let us quit all foolish squabbling. Either we are comrades, working together in the same cause or we are not! So let us unite for the dictatorship of the proletariat and the release of ALL political prisoners.

LENINE PROPOSES ALLIES STOP FIGHTING RUSSIA AND LIFT THE FOOD BLOCKADE

Can Recognize Soviets Then, If They Wish, Says Premier.—Believed Powers Cannot Afford To Ignore Offer.

By FRED S. FERGUSON.

PARIS, April 3.—The Russian Soviet government is not asking for recognition by the associated powers, it was learned from authoritative sources today. The proposition recently submitted to the peace conference by Premier Lenin, summed up, is substantially:

"Make peace with us, enabling us to end the numerous little wars that are being waged on Russian territory.

"Lift the blockade, so as to permit us to get food and materials.

"Then we will 'make good,' and you can recognize us—if you care to."

The Russians, it is understood, are also willing to make a separate peace with the associated powers—that is, without including the new Hungarian Soviet government in the pact. By making peace with the Russians is naturally meant withdrawal of all Allied forces from Russia and cessation of participation in such campaigns as that in the Odessa district.

Lenine agrees to cease fighting, it is declared, and stop propaganda work in other countries, applying his governmental machinery to purely national affairs, in which he expects to show it is possible for a system to succeed in which a rich man cannot get anything merely because he is rich.

The Russians' attitude is that such military operations that they are now carrying on are in self-defense. It is known the peace conference is giving extensive consideration to the latest reports from Russia, and is becoming more impressed with accumulative evidence that violence and bloodshed are not stopping Bolshevism.

An instance of this is contained in reports reaching here from Copenhagen regarding the reception accorded General Mannerheim in neutral countries. Mannerheim crushed the Bolshevik movement in Finland by killing hundreds. When he went to Stockholm recently, a huge crowd, awaiting him on the pier, hissed and hooted. Mannerheim did not leave the boat. In Copenhagen he was stoned while riding through the streets with the king. He intended to visit Norway, but his visit was cancelled.

In view of reports of serious food conditions, as well as the spread of typhus in Russia, coupled with danger of a Russo-German alliance, the peace conference is said to be considering whether the associated powers can afford to ignore the present opportunity to effect an immediate agreement with the Lenine government.

THE BACKWASH OF ARMAGEDDEN

Impressions of Warsaw—by our Special Correspondent London Herald.

WARSAW, March 1.

The traveller who enters Poland after a stay in German Austria moves into an atmosphere of relative plenty and unbounded hopes. Vienna is on the edge of starvation. Warsaw is better supplied, though prices reveal an orgy of profiteering. Austria is perishing of cold for lack of fuel: Poland has her thousands of superfluous tons of coal, which she would export if wagons could be found for her. Vienna, amid the magnificence of the past, contemplates her future as a German provincial town. Warsaw blots out from its memory the bad dream of its servitude, and gives way to limitless prospects of expansion and renaissance. It is a symbol of its mood that gangs of the unemployed are demolishing the Russian fortress, in order to build wharves with its bricks.

I have tried to think these impressions away, and to imagine how I should feel if I were one of the 700,000 Polish migratory labour-

ers returning from bondage in Germany. Weary from his long journey, hungry and cold, he too feels something of the general elation, for at the frontier he buys himself a Polish cockade to stick in his hat. I saw some hundreds of these returning labourers in the clearing station outside Warsaw. The men were ragged, the women dejected, and most of the children looked sickly and undernourished. Some had spent five years in Germany since that distant summer of 1914, when they went as usual to reap the Junkers' harvest. Others had gone freely, when the Polish mills closed down for lack of cotton, to work in German munition factories.

Bond-Slaves of Militarism

Others again had been snatched by German pressgangs from village fair or cinema show, and herded away as bondsmen to work on Prussian farms. They had lived as gangs of foreign drudges, and one gathered something of the isolation in which they lived from the fact that only one of the hundreds whom

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PARIS WORKERS BEAR RED FLAG ON "JAURES DAY"

AFTERGLOW OF COMMUNE GOES UNCHALLENGED IN BIG PARADE.

By SPEARMAN LEWIS.

PARIS, April 7.—The red flag of revolution—unrest, soviet, socialism—anything of protest that you may wish to call it—made its 'unchallenged appearance on the streets of Paris yesterday.

Behind it, beside it, in front of it, marched men and women by tens of thousands. From the curbs of many boulevards and lesser lanes of travel other hundreds of thousands of Frenchmen and French women openly approved the marchers or gave them passive smiles of sympathy.

Rolling free and hearty from the throats of the marchers rose "The Internationale", the world famous song of the communist—the man who proclaims all workers brothers and defies the boundaries of states and nations. When they tired of the song they hooted Clemenceau, "the tiger" savior of France.

Gendarmes Are Silent.

With the silent gendarmes looking on, chained to the curbs by the higherups, who were quick to pulse the temper of the throng, these thousands traversed unmolested a great section of Paris Sunday afternoon. Wise men sat in many corners Sunday night and Monday and tried their best to put a microscopic glass upon it all and hunt the source whence it came. The inspiration was a casual matter to the Americans in Paris, but to the Frenchman, in whose heart smolders a protest of many weary years, the occasion centered in Jaures, the martyred leader of socialism. His slayer was recently acquitted. Many marchers on Sunday undoubtedly believed that Villain escaped the guillotine because the jury was of the hated "bourgeois" or 'middle class of wealth and influence.

Believe It Anyhow.

It is quite probable that there is not a lick of truth in such an assumption, but the workers under the red banners have believed it more or less. Sunday's parade had as its announced purpose the delivery to Jaures' home of floral wreaths, and of a red bannered demonstration to his monument farther down the Avenue Henry Martin. Both were accomplished. And in so doing for the first time in long forgotten years the red flag of the commune was flaunted proudly and fearlessly in Paris.

For the first time in long forgotten years soldiers of France in uniform—privates, captains, commandants, colonels—marched openly through the streets of Paris arm in arm with civilians, and in ranks above which floated no tricolor. The one flag was a red flag—and no police dared to raise a hand.

No Cavalry Charge.

For the first time since years not forgotten—for it was 1870—there echoed down the streets of Paris the unbroken verses of the "Internationale." It has been tried before and just as surely came charging cavalry and broken heads and sabered backs. But Sunday the marchers sang it, every line—and then they hooted Clemenceau.

This in Paris, where sits the peace conference. This in a nation were built to the "Tiger of France".

BAIL FOR I. W. W. ENTENTE CONSIDERS FOOD CONCESSIONS TO RUSSIANS

\$274,000 NEEDED TO RELEASE HAYWOOD AND HIS COMPANIONS IN LEAVENWORTH.

"BIG BILL" BLAMES GOMPERS FOR PEOPLES FALSE IDEAS ABOUT HIM AND ORGANIZATION.

CHICAGO, April 3.—Attorneys Clarence Darrow and George E. Vandever today endeavored to obtain the \$274,000 bail necessary for release of William D. Haywood and 36 other I. W. W. leaders now serving terms in the Leavenworth Federal prison.

The men were ordered admitted to bail, pending a hearing on their appeal by the United States District Court of Appeals, late yesterday on motion of Darrow. Bail in the case of Haywood was fixed at \$15,000 with sums of from \$1,000 to \$10,000 in the cases of the other men.

The men admitted are among the 93 leaders given prison terms by Federal Judge Landis nearly a year ago. They have been in prison since September 2, 1918.

LEAVENWORTH, Kan., April 3.—"Big Bill" Haywood and 36 less conspicuous members of the I. W. W. were elated today over the prospect of freedom within the next few days, as the result of the order to admit them to bail issued at Chicago yesterday.

Haywood, according to his statement, intends to "center his efforts upon educating the people of this country to recognize the I. W. W. as a worthy organization."

Haywood blamed Samuel Gompers, head of the American Federation of Labor, for his present circumstances.

"In 1916, for instance, I was in Washington, a citizen of good standing," Haywood said, in charging misunderstanding of I. W. W. principles. "Then Gompers began circulating his propaganda against me and my labor views, and as a result I am in the penitentiary, and the I. W. W. is reviled from one end of the nation to the other."

They do not know just what it means or how to answer it. Statesmen at Sea.

They frankly ask: "Does it mean merely a protest against the verdict in the trial? Does it mean the first rumble of open discontent with the delay in peace proceedings? Does it presage a fall of the ministry that was great in war, but has lost the workers' confidence in peace? Does it go deeper to the foundation of the state?"

All feel the answer will soon be written. The red flag has been unfurled in the capital of the world. Whether it was to mark a passing protest or to warn of tomorrow is for the wise men to guess.

My most vivid recollection of the parade was at its close. Behind us for miles stretched a black river of marchers.

"See," shouted a man who leaped on the curb for a better look, "today we show ourselves, our strength; next time we shall use it."

Understanding With Soviets Deemed as Necessary as Peace With Germany—Hungary Looked Upon as Already Stable.

By CARL D. GROAT.

PARIS, April 3.—Important economic concessions to the Soviet government in Russia and Hungary were being considered by the "Big Four" today.

The Allies, it was understood, practically are convinced that the situation in those two countries demand immediate attention and that some sort of understanding with those governments is as urgent as peace with Germany.

Food shipments to Russia and Hungary, and coal exportation to the latter country, probably will constitute the Allies' initial move to check the westward spread of Bolshevism.

Official advices from American representatives in Hungary indicate that country would make large concessions to the Allies in return for food and fuel. The new government, according to these advices, is consolidating its position and giving every evidence of permanency. Good order prevails. Hungarian leaders are still stressing the fact their government is "communist," as distinguished from the Russian Bolshevik system. Property sequestration, it was said, does not apply to Americans.

Smuts May Find Agreement.

Considerable significance has been attached to the order for General Smuts, South African leader, to proceed immediately to Hungary. It was announced that Smuts would investigate "certain problems arising out of the armistice on which the Supreme Council desire further information." Unofficially, it is understood Smuts will open negotiations which will provide the basis for an agreement between Hungary and the Allies.

Premier Lloyd George is reported to favor giving Russia food.

Last night's official communique regarding yesterday's meeting of the "Big Four" announced that "progress was made". It is known, however, that those close to President Wilson were not so optimistic as they were Tuesday. The only subject on which the "Big Four" appeared to be making real progress was that of reparations, which was taken up again today, along with other matters. The conferees is was learned, are still inclined to favor the scheme for establishing a special permanent reparations commission, which would collect indemnities as the Germans were able to pay, leaving the exact amount undefined, as exclusively outlined by the United Press yesterday.

Wilson was scheduled to confer with King Albert some time today regarding Belgium's general claims.

EUGENE DEBS' STIRRING TALK

YOUNGSTOWN, O.—When Debs came into the hall, some thirty minutes later, a demonstration broke out anew. It lasted for fully five minutes and during that time a spray of red carnations was presented him as he mounted the stage. There was a small spray that bore the words, "From a Russian peasant who is a bolshevik," also for Debs. A tiny miss, six years of age, threw her arms about Debs' neck and said: "I love you, Comrade Debs." Debs was visibly affected. He hung his head, while tears sprang to his eyes and when he raised his head to speak, for a moment, he could not find words. Tears glistened in his eyes and then began:

Debs Visibly Affected.

"If only words could speak my love for all of you. But, comrades, my heart is full and words are cold and purposeless. The warm greeting has touched every red drop of blood in my body. If it were not for you working people, you proletarians, I would be unknown. The little I have I grew from your hearts. The little I have belongs to you. Long I have listened to your proletarian heart beats. All that I have and can give, I lay on the altar of the revolution for you. It was my good fortune to have a good mother. At a tender age she was pushed into wage slavery and in wage slavery I was born. From her bosom, I grew to what I am. I know where bolshevism sprang from and if you don't know I can tell you. I am not going to attempt to excite your passions tonight—but—possibly, possibly later.

Will Go Together.

"And when I do we'll go together, I shall not say to you, go, but come on, for I'll be at the head of you. I know what is wrong in Europe, in down trodden Europe. I know why the people of Russia have come in to their own. Isn't strange, that there is so much concern about Russia now that they, the peasants, have worked out a successful government, have thrown off the yoke

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THE BACKWASH OF ARMAGEDDON

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I saw had learned to speak any German at all. He had built U-boats at Kiel until the armistice was signed. Their story was usually the same. The wages were low—two marks a day with lodging and potato supply. The treatment was usually kindly on small peasant farms, and almost always harsh on the big estates. Their indictment lay against the governing class, and not against the people. A paternal Government provided elaborate sick insurance, but the stewards of the big landowners would drive even the women with blows to work in the fields when they were ill. So they stood and talked, and then moved off in files to the soup-kitchen. In another building, erected by the Germans during the occupation, clothes were being disinfected and human beings subjected to a process which destroys even the most subtle of insects.

On the walls of the cooling room were moral sentences and couplets from "Faust," strange relics of the mind of the army of occupation. Is there another people in the world which would have called poetry in aid to banish vermin?

The Wave of Pestilence

The epidemic of typhus is steadily advancing from the Russian frontier across Poland. Already in Warsaw, which alone in all Poland has an adequate sanitary service, there are over three hundred cases in the hospital. Soap there is none, and the poor, none too clean in these regions at the best of times, are doomed to endure the hopeless dirt of their homes, their clothes and their persons. Back and forward these hundreds of thousands of prisoners and bond-slaves are swept by the tides of war, items in the general misery of Eastern Europe. Across the Russian lines a quarter of a million or more of Polish and Jewish peasants, driven in 1915 from the villages which the Russians systematically burned, are now waiting in Bolshevik camps to return to homes which no longer exist. From Germany the stream of Russian prisoners of war is being diverted by the sedulous care of the French military authorities to camps in Rumania, where counter-revolutionary officers will embody them, willing or unwilling, in the armies that are to meet the Red Guards in spring. The end is not yet in this surge of misery and bloodshed.

To what land do the returning bondsmen return when the fires have purged them of their peste? To a land which can offer the workmen no work, to a land which is waging war in its fashion on four fronts at once. Germans and Czechs, Ukrainians and Bolsheviks are all of them in arms along its borders. Warsaw streets are thronged with officers awaiting the new conscript levies.

A Mockery of Peace

While we in the West have seen the end of our war, the Polish papers are filled with news of bloody battles against the Germans on the Posen front waged without quarter, of a general advance by the Czechs against all the Entente's decrees in the disputed borderland of Teschen, of a doubtful armistice at Lemberg, of the dreaded Bolshevik offensive from the East. For hours on end the Military Commission of the Constituent Assembly pauses in the work of construction to discuss the pros and cons of a war with the Soviet Government. Sober men shake their heads and ask by what means can a country without transport, without factories, with raw, untrained conscript lads make war on the formidable armies of the Russian Soviets. The Censor suppresses Tschetserine's recent offer of negotiations with the Polish Government. The Socialists struggle to bring it to light. The average middle-class man, half-dreading this war, half-coveting its fruits of conquest, shrugs his shoulders and answers every argument with the sentence, "The Entente expects it of us, we must do its bidding. It is the price we have to pay for our independence."

The Inevitable Unemployed

Up the street march the Waacs, and the conscripts, and those incredible Polish blue-jackets. Down the street, with savalry to "move them on," comes a band of the unemployed, fresh from demonstrating under M. Paderewski's windows. There are over 70,000 of them in Warsaw. Count their wives and children in the sum, and they make more than a fourth of Warsaw's population. There are in "Russian" Poland alone, in the urban population alone, over 200,000 unemployed. To them are being rapidly added the 700,000 returning workers (men and women) from Germany. Po-

land with its dense population, and its backward agriculture, was overpopulated. It contrived to live by sending annually its 300,000 seasoned workers to Germany. That overflow is blocked. Closed, too, is the road of escape to America, which for four years will refuse all immigrants from Europe. The factories lived by exporting their cotton goods to Russia. Who knows what markets in the chaos of rival peoples will be open in the future?

The Coming of the Soviets

The administrative world, looking abroad for food, for raw materials, for a loan, waits for that distant Providence, the Entente, to solve its problem. Below its comfortable deliberations, the masses scheme to face their own needs in their own way. A net-work of Soviets (the Poles use the word "Rada") formed on the Russian model already covers all the industrial and a few of the rural districts. They are by no means Bolshevik as yet, but the Left has the energy, the ideas, and the logic of events on its side. The Bolshevik (or, as it called, Communist) element numbers twelve members on the Organising Council. Only this Communist minority is prepared as yet for the full theoretical programme, "All Power to the Soviets."

The Moderates propose merely an organization for class agitation. It is already at work. Agrarian strikers, organized both by the Socialists and by the peasant "Populists," are spreading methodically from district to district, and they end in the partial acceptance by the landlords of a large programme of demands, which cover housing, and the right of association, as well as wages.

Paderewski Provocation

The Moderates move on, under the provocative policy of the Paderewski Government. It struck at first only at the Communists. It has arrested 150 leaders. The rest rarely sleep under their own roofs. It suppressed first the daily and then the weekly organ of the party. It has begun to attempt searches in the most advanced districts, and has even arrested a few orthodox Socialists. The result is that the orthodox, at first opposed to a "demonstration" general strike, is now committed to it, as a means of protest.

EUGENE DEBS' STIRRING TALK

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of the czar, are able to realize a real democracy, are able to think and act with freedom without being thrown into jail to rot, without being sent to Siberia to die a slow and miserable death? There was no concern in Russia by England or other countries when atrocities worse than death were committed by the czar. No armies were sent into Russia then! Probably you think I am talking rather plain tonight? I am.

Doesn't Fear Courts.

"Do you think I fear the courts? They can go to hell with their courts."

A demonstration of several minutes followed the statement. And then Debs continued: "I'm not skidding along the edge tonight, I am speaking my heart. Some capitalist has said, I was worth \$150,000. Comrades, if I wanted to sell out this cause for which I stand, I wouldn't fool with a paltry and detestable \$150,000; I could get \$150,000,000—I could sell out your cause for that amount easily."

"If bolshevism were what they tell you it is, I would be as much opposed to it as they are, and as you are, who do not understand it. But it is the uncompromising rise of the form and figure of the working man, who, battling for his rights through all the ages, has arisen upon the horizon of the world and said: 'I created this world and I propose to make it a fit place for human beings to live in. They say poor Russia is anarchistic, that her passions and greed are running away with her. I tell you, comrades, they're liars and hypocrites. When the czar lived it was a crime to whisper freedom. They rotted in jail, they died in Siberia when they thought against despotism. They're illiterate, yes. But they can think. The Soviet government is a government of, by and for the people. For sixteen months they have stood without a quiver. There is no prospect of their government failing. They have stood their ground."

Wants No Bloodshed.

"But in what I have to say, I do not want to excite or incite you. I am opposed to bloodshed in any form. A revolution is coming, but it must be peaceful. That is the reason I am opposed to war, to making men soldiers. A soldier is a human being trained to kill other human beings. I don't believe in killing, I am opposed to it. I met

TO MY COMRADES OUT THERE

By J. O. Bentall

(County Bastile, Brainerd, Minn.) They slid me in here the first of February. So I must have been here a week or more, haven't I? Well, I don't remember. It doesn't seem long. I have been so busy. Time must be flying awfully fast—almost as fast as the fur is flying off the backs of the capitalists.

You see I took with me a bundle of books when I started in the direction of these Egyptian Pyramids—no, I mean this twentieth century monument to Christian Civilization (cap c not intentional). I also took a few thousand sheets of "copy" paper with me—and some lead pencils.

That gave me a start, and a good one, too. Then just as I got seated comfortably in my big office chair before that smooth mahogany desk, clink-clang the key in the massive iron door, and in comes the jailer puffing and tugging at a gigantic package, trying to work it thru the hole in the steel gate. But nothing doing. It was a bunch of books from my comrades in Duluth and that meant that it was a big one. You are right it was, and such books—the finest assortment that ever entered the sanctuary of a felon's den. And my tugging friend was stuck. He had to open the prison door to get those books in. Books—good books will some day open all prison doors.

Now you can see that I have had something to do since I came here. There are ten fine volumes of George Bernard Shaw, that clever Englishman who is busy dodging supper invitations from the king; there are his colleagues, Oscar Wilde and H. G. Wells. Look at some of these here: Strindberg, Ruskin, Emerson, Howells, Hugo, Dryden, Moore, Spencer, Maeterlinck, Mark Twain, Gorki, Shakespeare, Heine (in German) and a bunch of others along the same line. Then I am reading Lester F. Ward, Scott Nearing, Herman Cahn and others along the line of sociology. I vary these studies with some sciences as psychology, biology,

mathematics and astronomy. Then I have some good fiction and books on the war and revolution. I also read TRUTH. And you bet I like it.

So there you are. Do you think I get lonesome? And do you think I am lazy? Guess again.

No, this is no time to loaf on the job. Not on the job of the Revolution. It's big one and we got to hurry or the capitalists will make it bigger. Do you understand what I mean? I guess you do.

I know you on the outside are working tooth and toenail to open the gates of hell so the victims of democracy may secure their freedom. If there were enuf of you none of us would be picnicing in jail during these balmy summer days.

The supreme court is doing fine. So is Debs. And the working class. It's worth something to have a ticket to this big prizefight. I am betting on the winner. Ten to one. Yes sir and ma'am. And you? The same? Thot so.

Well you tell 'Gene that we have organized a union and that when we go out we go out together. Not a one will we leave in when we go out. And we will promise the plutes that we will be good and not picket. The scabs can take our jobs. Serves 'em right.

As I look out the grating and thru TRUTH I see the world is moving pretty fast. Ye gods how it is moving! The astronomers tell us that the earth moves in its orbit at the rate of eighteen and a half miles a second, which is fifty times as fast as the swiftest rifle bullet. I never could quite believe that until I saw the Russian Revolution and the way it is spreading.

Do I think it is going to be easy sledding to ride the capitalists to the dumping off pit? I don't. I think we have the toughest, stinkiest job we ever set our minds on

to tackle. But we are not going to sit down nor lie down nor stoop down. We are going to stick a crowbar thru our spinal column and stand up like men. We are going to fight like men and win like men and run this world like men.

The devil has run it long enuf (even the preachers will agree with me on that). I mean the devil of capitalism (there I spoilt it all). But it's just the same.

Yes, we have a heavy lift to do. But we have begun to laugh. And when the working class begins to laugh the capitalists might as well run along with the kaiser and hide in some hen house. The jig is up anyhow, so why prolong the agony?

I think of you, my comrades—of your hard work—your efforts in our behalf. I think of you often. It cheers my heart and takes away the hurt of separation and confinement.

Here is what one of our comrades at Leavenworth passes out from his dungeon:

When the "screws" had made their last round
And the lights of the cell were out,
I rose and peered out of the window.
And just over the edge of the prison wall
I saw a tiny, twinkling, yellow star,
Furtively winking at me—
Like thee ye of the Infinite—
Mischievously happy
Because it had slipped me a bit of joy
Ov the wall, from outside.

So you too, thru your courage and sacrifices in this great movement, and thru your words of devotion and cheer, are "slipping us a bit of joy, over the wall, from the outside."

ON HIS MAJESTY'S SERVICE.

By PAUL WALLACE HANNA.

For an hour we sat before the open fire, our shoulders touching, yet I did not know he was there. The room filled fast. Men came in shivering out of the London drizzle, tossed off their great coats and pulled their chairs toward the blazng coal. We were trying to forget the fog in our beds on the dark floors above.

The American Red Cross man came in.

"Cheer up, Bombay; they've got the armored cars out. Nothing like a whiff of the grape to bring the opium-eaters out of their trance. Nest-ce-pas?"

"Right you are," admits the man from Bombay. "When a Tommy gets his hand on the crank of a machine gun, it's hard to make him let loose. Especially when there are niggers in front of him. All the same, I wish my wife was out of it."

"Nitchewo!" grins the Red Cross man. He kicks my foot: "Nest-ce-pas?"

I know one Russian word, and use it in response. The shoulder pressing against mine stirs, and a soft voice asks:

"You have been in that cold country?"

"No; and you?"

"I come from Narva."

"My wife was born in Kremen-chug. An instant of silence, then I add: "But she is sorry the Ukraine has seceded from Russia."

"Tell your wife not to worry. The Ukraine will go back to Russia."

My feet are sprawled between those of a man who curses the jam in his pipstem. The jailer gives way and the man spits squarely into the red coals to express his relief. Then his mind clouds again. He has been reading the cable news of ten thousand Malays rioting for food in India, near where his wife lives with the baby that will be born in April.

I shift in my chair and look at the man from Narva. His face is smooth and tanned, and a sad tranquility looks out from his clear, gray eyes. He is a sailing master in the service of His Majesty King George V. Next week he leaves for—to bring back a ship through troubled waters.

The Red Cross man is repeating the story of a colleague who was in Petrograd last year. "And if the hotel manager didn't open the door the Red Guard hammered it in with their guns. That was the cue for any one with a clean collar or a new pair of shoes to beat it, unless he wanted a bayonet in his belly."

The sailing master from Narva nods. "The Bolsheviks have murdered some people in Russia," he adds. But the Red Cross man keeps the floor to himself. He wants to repeat his latest gossip. So I am left alone to hear what the sailing master says.

"In 1912 there was a grand maneuver of the Russian Baltic fleet, under command of Admiral D.," he goes on. "I was in charge of a transport which the admiral boarded to inspect. He crossed in a launch which rocked in a heavy sea."

"When the launch neared us the sailors stood at attention on her swaying deck. A heavy sea swept against the launch. One sailor lost his balance, dropped his rifle and

grasped the rope rail to keep from going overboard."

"Admiral D's sword flashed out and fell straight across the sailor's face. The sailor's face was split from brow to chin, and a stream of blood gushed onto the deck. The admiral sheathed his sword."

"Take care, you swine, you are dirtying the ship!" he shouted.

"Last year the Lettish sailors murdered Admiral D. in Kronstad," said the sailing master from Narva. I nodded in wicked assent.

"The Russian sailor is an ignorant man, and sometimes rude," the master seaman continues. "When my sailors are rude I say to myself: 'They are rude because they are ignorant, and they are ignorant because—Well, it is my fault that they are ignorant.'"

"Many times when I was an under officer, the master of the ship tied rude sailors to a line and dragged them for thirty minutes in the sea, in 25 degrees of frost. When a sailor survived that treatment, he became a Bolshevik."

The old man, waiting for a ship to New Zealand, disputes mildly the agnosticism of a Digger, private from Adelaide.

"I am not a Bolshevik," the man from Narva is saying. "I support the independent government of Esthonia. But it will not last. Esthonia will go to the Soviets. So will the other parts of Russia. Poland will melt into the Soviet union of Russia and Germany. Yes, Germany will be Bolshevik. The Allies and hunger. They are making all Europe turn to the Soviets."

"Let me tell you: For three years I and my men sail the seas and serve the Allies, guarding their dearest secrets. Then we are driven from our ship at the point of bayonets and herded in a pen like criminals."

"Russia has betrayed the Allies and made peace," they tell us.

"But we have not betrayed you," we say. They do not answer that.

"We are in Bordeaux when Trotsky goes to Brest-Litovsk. Our ship is surrounded by machine guns. The men are not allowed to go ashore. I appeal to the French admiral."

"You men are Bolsheviks, are they not?" he asks.

"I don't know what they are," I reply, "but they have served the Allies for three years, and now they want to go ashore and buy things at the stores."

"They cannot go," he answers. "I plead with him. 'Give the men just two hours ashore, from 6 to 8 o'clock. They will be back at 8 o'clock. I make myself responsible.'"

"At last the admiral agrees, and I go back to my men. While I am away they have formed a Soviet on the ship, and I am only their servant now. But they trust me."

"We are helpless," I tell them. "We can do nothing to help Russia here. But patience breaks steel. Let us be patient. Go ashore, do not mingle with the French sailors, and be back at 8 o'clock."

"They all go ashore. At 8 o'clock the French come aboard and search the ship. All of my men are in their places."

The Adelaide soldier is defending his favorite poet. "This man's idea," he says, "is simply this; Australia for the Australians."

"That is not a very big idea," says the old man, whose face is fearfully wrinkled, and whose overcoat falls open across the arm of his chair and trails along the floor.

The seaman from Narva goes on at my shoulder.

"The peace is signed at Brest-Litovsk, and the bayonets drive us ashore at Camden. In the English prison camp we have plenty of time to think. I remember Narva in the old days, and my sister who came home from college with nothing to engage her time. We have a big house in Narva, with large, warm, empty rooms. And all about us are the little children of fishermen, playing in the cold with no schools to go to."

"My sister opens a school in our house, and a hundred little children come. They love the warm rooms, and are greedy to learn their lessons. Then comes a agent from the czar."

"You must not have a school here," he says. My sister is in dismay. "Why not?" she asks.

"It is against the law," the officer answers.

"But I teach the children only what I have learned in the czar's schools," my sister says. "And the children want to learn."

"You must not teach," the officer repeats.

"So, my sister drives the fishermen's children out into the snow and darkness, to wait for the revolution to bring them schools."

"In the prison camp my men are thinking, too. English workmen who saw us driven from our ship, come to us and say: 'Why need we go to Germany; there is so much injustice here?'"

"My men are remembering the long voyages to Archangel in mid-winter—74 degrees north, sailing through darkness night and day, with snow and hail sweeping our decks day after day."

"Near Archangel there is an island. You have read in the papers, it was a place for convalescent soldiers. We found them there, sick and crippled men, walking through the snow and darkness in their bare feet, loading and unloading ships. When one complained, he was sent to Siberia."

"In a rude shed I come upon a hundred men, numb and haggard with cold, standing before a clock. One of them touches my arm."

"What time is it?" he asks.

"There is the clock," I reply.

The men are ashamed. Some of them drop their eyes, and draw apart among themselves.

"We have never been taught to tell the time from a clock," they say. "At home we can tell by the sun when the day's work is done."

"In the prison camp my men discuss their troubles. Some think they must be themselves to blame, or that a great mistake has been made. What have the Bolsheviks done to be so hated and feared, and to have all their friends abused? The Czar was cruel and foolish, and should have been driven away much sooner, they believe. In 1914 he mobilized 20,000,000 men from their farms and shops, though he had clothing and fighting only for 5,000,000. The other 15,000,000 were kept barefooted and unfed in miserable concentration camps year

after year. Thousands of men were sent to this place or that; then, when many of them were dead from privation, some one remembered to send food and clothing to that place."

"My men remember the 3,000 cattle which were driven through the snow for 100 miles to Archangel for shipment to England; but no hay was thought of, so there were only 300 left alive to go aboard our ship. And there was not provided hay for the cattle aboard ship, so we had to sail without hay. And my men remember that only 75 cattle were alive when we reached England, and they all died when they were taken ashore and given food."

"We are many weeks in the English prison camp, and my men recall many other things. We sailed with coal from Newcastle to Gibraltar in the summer of 1916, when the submarines were sinking 50 ships a week. We reached Gibraltar, and the officer in charge asked:

"What are you doing here; we don't want that coal." With shipping very scarce, we lay at Gibraltar a week, idle.

"Go to Corfu," they say. We ask for an escort, and they say we can have none. At Corfu the officer in charge asks:

"What are you doing here? We can't use Newcastle coal; we must have Cardiff coal for the warships."

"My men are whispering together. 'It is like Russia,' they say. 'Nobody knows, but everybody gives orders, and the poor people go about like geese with their eyes out.'"

"After many days the officer at Corfu tells us to sail to Malta. We ask for a convoy, but they say we will not need one. My men are sad, and some are angry. They know that ships and time and coal and sailors must not be wasted so, or Germany will surely win the war."

"Be patient," I tell them again. "Patience breaks steel."

"At Malta it is the same. They want only Cardiff coal. They are going to send us now to—to. They cannot think where to send us next. 'It is just like Russia,' my men whisper to each other. 'All governments are foolish.'"

"At Malta I demanded the privilege to unload my coal to other merchant ships, when the port master would not let me put it ashore. He consented at last, and after three weeks enough merchant steamers had called to take off all but 300 tons of my coal."

"You must sail tomorrow," the port master says.

"But there are 300 tons of coal in my hold."

"You must sail tomorrow, nevertheless," he repeats.

"I refuse stoutly, and the port master at last allows me to put the coal ashore."

The Mariner from Narva is silent a moment.

"In the prison camp my men make up their minds," he resumes. "They and 2,500 other sailors whom the English have concentrated from other Russian ships. And then comes word that we are all being shipped next day to Archangel, to join the army fighting against the Bolsheviks."

"My men won't believe it. 'No; you are deceiving us,' they say to me when I bring the word. Next

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day we go aboard a transport. It sails north, and around Norway, so the men believe. And they smile and whisper to each other. 'All governments are foolish,' they repeat.

"At Archangel we go ashore in the afternoon. Within a week the 2,500 sailors have made their way, silent and fleet as rabbits, through the Allied lines, and are among the Bolsheviks, telling them about the prison camp in England.

"They go to Petrograd and tell bad stories everywhere about the British. The English Ambassador cables quickly: 'Don't send any more sailors back to Russia.'"

It is after midnight now, and we go off to bed. Perhaps, I tell myself as I fall asleep, the future will not seem so dark in the morning. At breakfast I encounter the man from Narva. His skin is still smooth and tanned, his clear, gray eyes still sadly tranquil.

"Bolshevism comes from hunger," he remarks. "And Europe will be very hungry all this year, and longer. When the people are hungry, they are irresistible. There is no force so terrible as men and women in motion. Against the heaviest German artillery the Grand Duke Nicholas held Warsaw for weeks with the unarmed masses of his patient troops. They must remember that who talk of killing Bolshevism with cannon.

"My own government of Estonia has won victories over the Soviets on the battlefield. It means little. Not the Baltic provinces, but Poland and a union with the German Spartans is the present goal of the Bolsheviks.

"Watch that effort at union, an effort conducted by men and women eager to make the last sacrifice to achieve victory. I have tried to foresee where Bolshevism will stop. The future is obscure, and I can see no peace concluded at Paris. One strong conviction I have—before the year ends both Russia and Germany will demand negotiations exclusively with Wilson, and on the basis of the 14 points.

"Between the new democracies and the old imperialism Wilson must arbitrate, or the war will go on, with spreading famine at hand to insure victory to the Soviets."

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"SEWER RATS"

Chicago, Ill. During the last two or three weeks, the atmosphere has been filled with politics, mingled with the odor of the stockyards, smoke from the thousand and one smoke stacks and the dust of the streets. The result being that it has been very difficult for a person to breathe. But the elections are over and the atmosphere is somewhat clearer and the relief afforded to one's lung, is keenly appreciated.

The Mayorality campaign this year, has been of more than passing interest. There were not less than six candidates applying for the "job". Only one could be elected and it occurred to me that the theories as advocated by the Socialists were all wrong. We have all said time and time again, that when there were more men than jobs, that wages would go down, but despite the fact that there six men for the Mayor's job, wages are just the same.

William Hale, Thompson was seeking re-election. Every newspaper, except Thompson's own paper The Republican, threw mud at Thompson. They called him Pro-Kaiser, pro-german and pro-everything that was likely to lose him votes. In fact I really thought that if what the papers stated were true, then Chicago would immediately descend to the level of the lower regions. But nevertheless, Thompson was given his old job back at the same salary, by a majority of 17,000 votes. The papers insist that Thompson is a minority candidate.

Thompson represents a certain political outfit that has no sympathy for labor, but nevertheless labor elected him. Two of the other candidates were the representatives of high finance and THEY also got the workers' votes. Mind you the three candidates, who were not in sympathy with labor, got the votes of labor and the three that were directly representing labor, got left. The Socialist Party, the Socialist Labor Party and Labor Party were the three labor candidates.

There were two good socialists in the old city council, who fought fearlessly for the workers, but their work was not appreciated and so they lost out. The majority of the city council, loved our two comrades. They even petted them and called them nice names, "sewer rats". Of course we were told that it would be a blessing for the country to get rid of them etc. They got rid of them from the council, thus leaving

ECONOMIC AND SOCIAL STUDIES

By SCOTT NEARING,
Of the Rand School, New York City.

Efforts and Sacrifices.
Milton Sheridan Sharp, Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Bradford Dyers Association, Ltd., (England) opened the annual meeting of the stockholders on February 22, 1919, with these words:—"After four years of the most terrible war in the history of the world... we meet today after complete victory has crowned our efforts and our sacrifices." The chairman then gives in detail the "efforts and sacrifices" of his company. These include net profits for the year of \$3,200,000; 10 per cent. regular dividends on the common stock; 7 1/2 per cent. bonus on the common stock and a surplus, carried forward of \$1,440,000. Mr. Sharp predicts that with the German dye industry destroyed, a future of the greatest prosperity is in store for his concern.

The Higher the Fewer.
There are more than one hundred millions of people in the United States. The last complete returns from the Treasury Department, (1916) show that less than 500,000 of these persons paid income taxes. 121,691 had incomes over \$ 10,000 17,085 had incomes over \$ 50,000 6,633 had incomes over 100,000 582 had incomes over 500,000 206 had incomes over 1,000,000

The higher the fewer. Among the families of the tens of millions upon whose tiny incomes no tax was assessed, men, women and even little children rose by the factory whistle and gave the best part of their days and the best part of their lives to the work of feeding, clothing, housing and in other ways providing for the human race. The whole family, by its labor gained a bare subsistence.

Among the families with five and ten thousand a year, the men went to the offices; the women remained in their homes; the children attended school. The incomes were adequate and they were earned by the father alone.

Among the families with fifty, a hundred and five hundred thousand, sometimes one member worked; sometimes no one worked. The figures show that from two thirds to ninety-nine hundredths of these incomes consisted of rent, interest, dividends and profits—the return paid to those who own the tools, with which the men, women and children of the toilers must work in order to live.

Among the toilers, the whole family works and often starves. Among the wealthy owners frequently no one works—yet all live in abundance.

The higher the fewer. This crazy, economic patchwork is the foundation of the "civilization" about which we hear so much from the Chicago Tribune and the New York Times. It is the handiwork of parasites and plunderers. Day after day it cries aloud to heaven for mechanics and artisans who will take it in hand and rebuild it from the bottom.

They Cannot Resume!
The wheels of industry have stopped turning in Europe. For the present, at least, they cannot resume.

The European world is at a standstill. Ten millions of men still are in the armies—using without producing Commerce has been interrupted; railroads have been destroyed; factories are crippled; fruit trees have been cut down; the seed grain has been eaten; homes have been burned; millions of workers are dead or crippled; other millions are out of work; those who have work are so hungry that they are no longer efficient; above their heads tower mountains of debts, and week by week slips by without any promise of peace.

The old world has come to an end. Its machinery is worn out; its methods have failed to make men happy and free; its race has been run.

the "sewer rats" without any representatives. But the sewers still have to be dug and we will dig them even in the new society. We shall also drag those who call our representatives, "sewer rats", down from off their pedestals and we shall hand out to them the same treatment they hand out to us. We shall laugh them to scorn. But we will not be able to do it, by simply voting, we must get down on the job and organize industrially, and TAKE OUR RIGHTS.

J. HOLMIN.
SUPPORT SEATTLE RESOLUTION.

Yonder is the new world. A world of bread, peace, enlightenment and liberty. Already the peoples of Russia, Hungary and Bohemia have entered in to possess it. How much longer will it be before the workers of Italy, France and Great Britain leave capitalism to bury its dead and join their comrades?

Exports
Judge Elbert H. Gary, Chairman of the Board of the United States Steel Corporation, said in a public interview on March 21st, "If the other lines of industry show the same disposition as the iron and steel industry, as they undoubtedly will, we have nothing but an era of wonderful prosperity ahead of us." The Judge and the other prophets of coming prosperity base their predictions on the outlook for exports. "Our enormous export trade for January and February" writes one such authority, "record breaking though it is, is sure to continue to grow by leaps and bounds."

The exports of the United States have been higher during the past eight months than ever before in the history of American commerce. The total for the current fiscal year will be around 6 1/2 billions. For January alone the export total was over 622 millions. These records are high, but unless another war breaks out in Europe they will fall off heavily during the next six months.

Note how the exports are divided. Asia and South America together received a little over 13 per cent of the total exports. Nearly one third of the exports were to Great Britain, while Belgium, France and Italy received a quarter of the exports. Great Britain has already established an embargo on the importation of certain foreign manufactures. Belgium, France and Italy are borrowing money from the United States with which to pay for the goods that they purchase. None of these countries is at the present time on a sound credit basis. They can continue to buy from us while we continue to lend to them.

Within six months the American Army of Occupation will probably have returned to American soil. The British embargo will have cut off hundreds of millions of American exports. Belgium, France and Italy will no longer be borrowing from the United States. All of the commercial nations of Europe will be competing bitterly with America for the markets of Asia, South America, Africa and Australia. Prosperity cannot be built on exports in any case. Still less can it be founded on exports to a shrinking foreign market.



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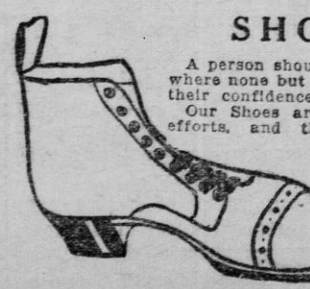
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INTERNATIONAL LABOR NEWS SERVICE

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FOREIGN

CANADA

Persecution Continues Unabated.

(From our Special Correspondent)

TORONTO.—Although the peace conference has been in session at Paris for several months, the pernicious Order in Council declaring certain organizations to be unlawful in character still continues in force. Among these organizations the following may be mentioned: the I. W. W., the Social Democratic Party, the Social Labor Party, the W. I. U., various Russian socialist and workers' groups, the Ukrainian Social Democratic Party, and two Chinese associations of workers.

It follows as a natural consequence that the organs of these various bodies fall under the ban of the postal authorities. Thus the Canadian Forward, the fighting organ of the Canadian socialists, has been downed for the last five months, and is now likely to be resurrected while the present Union (people call it Union) government continues.

The ban on publications has also been extended to papers and magazines issued in the United States. It includes "The World Tomorrow," organ of the religious fellowship of Reconciliation, numerous publications issued by the house of Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago, and anything and everything written in defense of the Bolsheviks.

More than that. According to an order of the postmaster-general, "no person in Canada is now permitted to be in possession of these publications or of any issue thereof already published or hereafter to be published, and any person in possession of such publications is liable to a fine not exceeding \$5000 or imprisonment for a term not exceeding five years, or to both fine and imprisonment."

When a person is caught with forbidden literature on his person, the authorities seem first to determine how big a labor following will rally behind him. If he is a "big gun," the government fears to make a martyr of him. He is permitted to go on "suspended sentence." This form of "justice" is meted out in the hope that the victim will be "good" and will refrain from doing any more talking or agitating.

Thirty-six Hour Week Demanded. HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA.—In its new constitution the provincial Federation of Labor declares for a 36-hour work week for this province. It also favors a system of taxation whereby land held for speculative purposes will be assessed at the owner's selling price.

The first preamble of the constitution declares for free and compulsory education.

ENGLAND

The Blood on the Coal.

LONDON.—In a remarkable article under the caption, "The Blood on the Coal," G. E. Slocombe in the Herald for March 15, reports the findings of the Royal Coal Commission to date. The gist of his article is contained in the two opening paragraphs:

"It is possible that the industrial history of England will be changed forever by the disclosures made before the Coal Commission. Whatever evil things were done in the name of profit in the mining industry during the war, and before it, it is unthinkable that they can be done with impunity again. We have now learnt at what a cost in life and labor the coal is got from the mine. If the mine-owners have sunk their capital, the miners have sunk their lives. Three men are killed in the mines for every day of the year. A third of the miners are injured every year more or less seriously. There is blood on all the coal we burn.

"There is more than history in the Coal Commission. There is in it drama of the intensest, the whole tragic drama of a million men who spend a third of their lives shut out in more senses than one from the light of the sun. It is a drama worthy of a great tragic actor, and fortunately for us all, he has been found in Robert Smillie."

Robert Smillie, head of the Miners' Federation, makes the following impression upon Mr. Slocombe:

"When he speaks it is if the inarticulate millions spoke through him. Anger rises in your throat at the horror of perils unaverted and the shame of reward unpaid. He insists not on the profit or loss of high wages, but on the shame of not paying them; not on the wisdom or unwisdom of good conditions, but on the crime of not conceding them. He does not argue; he states, and

each statement stabs like a sword-point. He asks no mercy and shows none. I think his eyes have always before them the sordid lives and heartbreaking labor of those men in the dark underground who breathe the foetid air in which horses may not live and men must."

From the records produced before the commission, it appears that the profits from the mine-owners during the war were three times as great as they had been before war. Even then, in 1913, the net profit had been one shilling (about 25 cents) per ton.

HOLLAND

Communism is Imminent

ROTTERDAM.—With four avowed bolsheviks in the national parliament, and with communist committees organized in practically every town of Holland, the threat of David Wynkoop, who is called "Holland's Little Liebknecht," that a general strike will soon be declared appears to be backed by more than mere words. In fact, the three biggest trade unionist groups in Holland are in active relation with the four deputies. These groups are affiliated with the National Workmen's Secretariat, of which Bernard Lansink is the directing head. Lansink works hand in glove with Wynkoop and arranges for labor demonstrations whenever Wynkoop desires this reinforcement. The head of the communist group is Engeldor Bouwman, an ultra radical who maintains close relations with the soviet leaders at Moscow, and with the Spartacists of Germany.

Aid to Returning Soldiers

AMSTERDAM.—Soldiers returning to civil life in Holland are provided for in the following manner: The Government gives to each soldier as he leaves the service, one new pair of shoes and one new suit of underclothing. Sixty days' full pay is to be given to those soldiers who have others dependent upon them for support. When necessary, soldiers will receive reimbursement for expenses incurred in moving their families and household effects back to original homes.

Furthermore, financial support is to be extended to members of the class of smaller tradesmen to tide them over the transition period, through the same national Relief Committee, the state furnishing the necessary funds. The government is urging employers to take back soldiers on full pay. Where this is financially impossible, the employee will secure financial assistance from the National Relief Committee if the employer will give a petition to the soldier.

Clergy Tries to Stem Socialist Tide.

THE HAGUE, HOLLAND.—How menacing to the established order is the amazing spread of socialism, appears from the fact that the Dutch Roman Catholic bishops have issued a joint pastoral enjoining all Catholics not to become members of a socialist organization, or to give active support to it, or to read socialist publications, or to accept the teachings of socialists. The letter states that those who are socialists or support socialist doctrine must renounce their membership in the church, and those who continue to read socialist publications must be restrained from receiving any sacrament.

SPAIN

Workers Gain All Along Line

MADRID.—Concessions all along the line to the workers have resulted in the calling off of the general strike in Barcelona. The workers were successful in having a minimum wage established, in compelling the government to demobilize immediately all strikers called to the colors, and in securing a pledge that employers will adopt no reprisals.

SWEDEN

Organized Labor Shows Gratifying Increase

GÖTEBORG.—A gain of 38,000 members within one year is the proud achievement of the Swedish Federation of Labor, according to its report for 1918 recently published. This increase brings the total membership up to 217,000 organized workers.

Of these, the metal workers constitute the best organized group. Their membership increased from 59,000 to 65,000. Equally remarkable is the increase in the number of the organized communal employees. Their number rose during 1918 from 5,700 to 12,000.

Göteborg boasts of having over 25,000 organized workers. Of these, 19,000 are members of the Socialist Party and belong to the Workingmen's Commune.

DENMARK

Unemployment Reaches Alarming Proportions

Copenhagen.—Unemployment during the year 1918 was bad enough, but since the beginning of this year has steadily increased to such alarming proportions as to overshadow all other questions and problems. The maximum of unemployed during difficult periods before this was 50,000. Now the number has gone beyond 63,000, and the end is not yet. The government is frantically trying to meet the situation. Laws have been passed for subsidizing labor union benefit funds, for establishing governmental employment bureaus, for loaning money to various communities to enable them to undertake public works, etc. Conferences have been summoned at the ministry of the interior between representatives of the trades unions and the employers' associations in the hope of relieving the situation. No one will venture to predict what it will all lead to.

CHINA

The Worm Turns Even Here

PEKING.—No little consternation has been caused in government circles by the report from Petrograd that a Chinese labor organization, 60,000 members strong, has been formed for the purpose of carrying the propaganda of revolution into China and organizing Soviets throughout the country. The government has adopted the expedient which other capitalistic governments are helplessly embracing as bolshevism invades their territory—it has appointed an investigating committee to see what can be done about it!

INDIA

Natives of India Starving.

ST. LOUIS.—"After 162 years of British Christian rule, the Indian nation is in a starving condition," was the startling assertion made by Dr. N. S. Hardiker, associate editor of "Young India," in an address before the Friends of Irish Freedom here. Only one per cent of the 315 million people in India are able to speak English, he declared, and all demands of the Indians that universal and compulsory education be introduced has been met with the rejoinder that there is not enough money available. Yet \$100,000,000 is taken each year by Great Britain from India to "protect" the Indian people by arms and ammunition!

"Over 150,000,000 people in India do not know what it means to have a square meal," was another comment of Dr. Hardiker on the conditions prevailing in his country. In October, 1917, India offered Great Britain 10,000,000 soldiers in return for Home Rule, he asserted.

DOMESTIC

No Fall in Prices Expected.

WASHINGTON.—Popular expectation of a decided reduction in prices is not justified, according to the conclusions reached by economists of the Department of Labor. The war has therefore been issued that the re-establishment of pre-war prices is not to be looked for.

The Department of Labor and the Department of Commerce, working independently, have reached the conclusion that the country is on a new price level, and that delay in establishing new business or in enlarging old, or in undertaking construction work of any kind because the return of pre-war prices is hoped for, can only lead to disappointment. The new Industrial Board is finding the same condition.

Russian Workers Anxious to Leave.

LAWRENCE, MASS.—Here is the answer of the Russian workers of Lawrence to the cry for deportation of aliens: "we demand the immediate opening of the frontiers, so that we may return to our homes, to our country, where the glorious sun of freedom shines brightly, where the working class is the master of its own destiny, and where the songs of the working class freedom reverberate in the air. We are not afraid to be deported, but would rather welcome the opportunity to leave immediately."

INDIA

Clothing Workers Show Solidarity with Textile Workers.

NEW YORK.—To show their solidarity with the 35,000 textile workers on strike in Lawrence, Mass., the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America are assisting the strikers with financial contributions to maintain their food supply and with a staff of organizers to help the strike committee. New York members of the A. C. W. A. are contributing a minimum of one hour's pay per week for their Lawrence fellow workers. The general

executive board is about to announce its decision regarding the application of the textile workers for incorporation in the Amalgamated.

To Stop Strikes by Law.

OLYMPIA, WASH.—A bill before the Washington legislature shows a new wrinkle in the campaign to stop strikes by law. The latest is that no strike shall be called until after a vote by the organizations involved is taken under the direction of the public election officials after thirty days notice.

An employer is not interfered with in his right to close down his plant for any reason or no reason, but if his employees would suspend work to enforce their demands, the employer under the term of the proposed bill is given thirty days notice, with public officials controlling the election before employees can quit work.

Tacoma Newsies Win Demands.

TACOMA.—As an aftermath of the general strike in Seattle the newsboys of Tacoma have just won their fight for recognition for their union; for "full returns" which means the return of unsold papers to the publishers without loss to the boys; and the return to their regular street corners of the striking newsboys.

The newsies have been on strike since the general strike of last February in a clean, fair battle for the principle of unionism.

The publishers, Frank Baker and Roy Pinkerton, stipulated that only Tacoma daily papers be handled by the boys. This would cut out the Seattle Union Record, which the executive committee of the Central Labor Council and the Allied Printing Trades felt bound to support. A compromise was effected according to which this publication is to be sold exclusively by certain boys and not sold in connection with Tacoma papers.

"Union Conditions or Quit," Say Machinists.

SEATTLE.—The slogan "50-40 or fight" of earlier days is not in it with "union conditions or quit," say the machinists as loyal members of their union in their attitude toward the shopowners who have announced that they are to endorse the 44-hour week existing before the strike to 48-hours and also to decrease the minimum pay from 90c to 80c an hour.

A number of shops were reported to the Union as having made these announcements. They are: The Marine Pipe and Machine Works, Pacific Machine Works, Kilbourne & Clarke, Pacific Derrick & Hoist Co., Goulowson & Grey, Hendricks Mfg. Co., Joe Bigert's Machine Shop. Machinists' Hope Lodge has set as a special order of business for an early meeting, the question of continuing or discontinuing the one-day-pay strike fund.

If the rumblings caused by the virtual lockout of unionists are indications of another storm, Hope Lodge is likely to vote to continue the strike fund on the old basis.

A SIDELIGHT ON THE WAR.

The following item of information coming to us from France has a value which intelligent readers will readily appreciate:

The Comité des Forges with German and French directors who met in Switzerland during the war, arranged that no bombardment should take place between Verdun and the Swiss Frontier so that no damage should be done to their mining properties. They are said to be a part of the Harvey Steel Trust which was mysteriously dissolved early in the spring of 1914, and whose stock was held in the following proportions: Schneider (French) 14 shares; Vickers-Maxim (British) 10 shares; Essen (German) 7 shares; Dupont and Bethlehem (American) 4 shares; and Belgium, Russia and other small countries 1 share each. And still there are people to be found who are in doubt as to who made the war.



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Our Short-cut Method of Study makes each hour of study-time count a real step in advance. The materials of this course on How to Study are selected from the works and the methods of the world's ablest scientists and educators, and adapted especially to the needs of the proletarian whose time is limited. If interested address FRANK S. HANNEN, R. D. 1, BELLE PLAINE, IOWA.

British Labor Demanding Full Share in Running of Industry

THROUGH WITH DESPOTISM OF CAPITAL, BENEVOLENT OR GRINDING — LORD GEORGE ENDORCES MOVE.

By Harold E. Bechtol, European Manager of N. E. A.

London.—Dig into the widespread unrest and strikes in Britain, and you get down to this:

The British workers demand industrial "citizenship"!

They were promised a "new deal" after the war. That is the "new deal" they want.

They are through with the despotism of capital, grinding or benevolent.

They demand a status in industrial life comparable to their status in political life—a full share in the policies, management and responsibilities of business, just as they have a full share by right of citizenship in running the country politically.

If the workers of Great Britain don't get what they want, there may be real trouble. But it looks as though they are going to get it.

I say it looks that way, because the government, the workers, the capitalist, the majority of industry in the new House of Commons and detached leaders of public thought all show signs of a realization that the thing is deeper—this time—than questions of wages and working conditions, merely as such.

The British workers want no dictatorship, but an era of co-operation. They want an industrial democracy in which they shall have full rights of citizenship.

What Britain regards as one of the most important documents in British industrial history appeared the other day in the columns of the London Times—an unsolicited letter from Lord Robert Cecil.

Formerly Conservative

On a trip back to London during a "breathing spell" at the peace conference recently he wrote the letter to the Times, from which these excerpts are taken:

"I believe that a large part of the more extreme section of the labor world consists of men who a few

Miners' Chief and High Official Speak for 'Industrial Citizenship'

By Robert Smillie, Leader of the British Miners.

"The mine owners say: 'We invested our money in these mines, and they are ours; you are merely our hands.'"

"Now, I say we invest our lives in these mines, which is of greater importance than the capital of the employer, and to that extent have a right to say as to what the conditions shall be, not merely the working conditions, but we are entitled to have some information on the commercial side of the thing also."

By Lord Robert Cecil, Chief of Supreme Economic Council.

"What these men (the British workers) complain of is not so much that the conditions of their work are bad, as that they have no say in what those conditions should be."

"A man's labor is part of himself, and not a mere commodity to be bought and sold in the market. He has a right to be consulted as to its disposal and cannot give to another uncontrolled power over it without injury to his self-respect."

years ago were the backbone of working class conservatism—men who have done well in their trades and have the respect of their fellow workmen.

"What these men complain of is, not so much that the conditions of their work are bad as that they have no say in what those conditions should be."

"Even where, as is very often the case, the employers are excellent, where they take great trouble to meet the wants and desires of their employees, where they pay good wages for moderate hours and provide them with various amenities as well, all this is done for the men as a voluntary act of benevolence, or as the consequence of the law of supply and demand."

Has Right to Be Consulted.

"A man's labor is a part of himself and not a mere commodity to be bought and sold in the market. He has a right to be consulted as to its disposal and cannot give to another uncontrolled power over it without injury to his self-respect."

"It will, no doubt, be said that, if the employees are to have a share in the management of industry, it will mean a loss in efficiency; and, since the real cure for industrial

difficulties is increase of output such a change would be a retrograde measure."

"The same argument has often been applied in the political world; indeed, it is the mainstay of the defense of Kaiserism."

"The world has decided against autocracy, and for good reasons."

Good Despotism Rare.

"In the first place history shows that really good despots are rare, and I suspect that same is equally true of captains of industry; and in the second place the argument leaves out of sight the passion of mankind for liberty."

"Over and over again we have seen men prefer a bad government for which they are responsible, and in which they have a share to a good government imposed upon them from above."

"To my mind it is unreasonable to ask the workingman to accept his employer's view as to what is a fair wage and what are fair conditions of labor unless he is given, not only full opportunity for asserting himself of all the relevant facts in the case, but also some share in the management of these matters which are of even greater importance to labor than to capital."

DOWN GO PRICES

Saturday Specials

\$2.75 Trousers \$1.95
\$1.25 Shirts 95c
25c Canvas
Gloves 11c

R. WEINBERG

1913 W. Superior St.

SPRING IS COMING



O. P. LANGDAHL, the Tailor,
18 N. 21st Ave. West
Duluth, Minn.

The weather will be fine. You will enjoy the warm days of Spring, when you are wearing the best of clothes.

SEE

SPRING OPENING AND EASTER SALE

SALE COMMENCES FRIDAY, APRIL 11th, 10:30 A. M.

at 2011 West Superior St.

15c Canvas Gloves, Easter Sale Price—9c
25c Gaudet Gloves, Easter Sale Price—19c
50c Leather-Faced Gloves, Easter Sale Price—39c
25c Mens' Black Sox, Easter Sale Price—17c
50c Mens' Black Hose, Easter Sale Price—39c
75c Mens' Silk Hose in all colors Easter Sale Price—50c
50c Mens' Suspenders, Easter Sale Price—39c
100c Mens' Suspenders, Easter Sale Price—75c
22.25 Mens' Khaki Pants, Easter Sale Price—\$1.79
25.00 Mens' Work Pants, dark collars, Easter Sale Price—\$1.89
30.00 Mens' Work Pants, Easter Sale Price—\$2.48
100c Mens' Blue Shambray Work Shirts, Easter Sale Price—79c
15.00 Mens' Work Shirts in all colors, black, dark blue, light blue, Easter Sale Price—\$1.29
17.75 Khaki Work Shirts, Easter Sale Price—\$1.39
All \$2.00 Dress Shirts, Laundered and Soft Cuffs, Easter Sale Price—\$1.45

All \$3.00 Dress Shirts, soft cuffs the newest things out, Easter Sale Price—\$2.45
All \$6.00 Silk Shirts, the latest patterns; while they last, our Easter Sale Price—\$4.50
All \$2.50 Dress Shirts, latest patterns, Easter Sale Price—\$1.95
\$12.00 Mens' Spring Coats, Easter Sale Price—\$9.95
Mens' Cotton Ribbed Shirts and Drawers, \$1.00 values; our Easter Sale Price—79c
\$22.25 Mens' Cotton Ribbed Union Suits, our Easter Sale Price—\$1.89
\$3.00 Ritefit Mens' Union Suits, Easter Sale Price—\$2.29
\$4.50 Mens' Light Wool Union Suits, Easter Sale Price—\$3.45
\$5.00 Mens' All-Wool Union Suits, Easter Sale Price—\$3.95
Reduction on all Men's Summer Union Suits, long or short sleeves; Easter Sale Price, upwards from—98c and Up
Men's \$3.00 Hats, Easter Sale Price—\$1.98
\$1.50 Men's Leather Mittens, Easter Sale Price—\$1.29
One lot of Overalls, best make; small sizes only; while they last, Easter Sale Price—\$1.99

Mens' \$6.00 Dress Shoes, in black only, Easter Sale Price—\$4.95
Boys' English Shoes, black and dark tan; \$4.50 values; our Easter Sale Price—\$3.45
\$4.00 Boys' Black Shoes, very best makes; Easter Sale Price—\$2.95
Little Boys' Shoes in black lace or button; regular \$3.00 values Easter Sale Price—\$2.48
Children's Shoes, sizes 3 to 5; Easter Sale Price—98c
\$1.25 Men's Leather Mittens, Easter Sale Price—98c

NOTICE!

\$3.00 Men's House Slippers in brown; Easter Sale Price—\$2.25
Men's \$5.00 Chippewa Work Shoes, Easter Sale Price—\$3.95
\$5.50 Chippewa Work Shoes, Easter Sale Price—\$4.25
\$4.00 Outing Shoes, green soles, Easter Sale Price—\$2.95
\$8.00 Men's English Shoes in brown chocolate colors, Easter Sale Price—\$6.95

REMEMBER THE DATE AND PLACE.

APRIL 11th, 10:30 A. M.

ARTHUR B. ANCHEL,

2011 W. Superior St.

STUDY THE SEATTLE RESOLUTION

TO ALL ORGANIZATIONS AFFILIATED WITH
THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF LABOR
Greetings:

The Seattle Central Labor Council respectfully urges your most careful and thoughtful consideration of the enclosed proposals for the reconstruction of our organization along lines dictated by present-day industrial conditions, and earnestly requests your most energetic co-operation in bringing about these essential improvements in the interests of the wage-earners.

President Lincoln, speaking at Hartford in 1860, said: "Thank God we have a system a labor where there can be strikes. Whatever the pressure, there is a point where the workman may stop."

Yet, what does the right to strike avail us if we strike in such small units as to make us an easy prey to those who seek to exploit us? As a matter of fact, the more effectually we prepare to strike, the less striking we will have to do.

Let us remember the advice of Wendell Phillips: "Organize and STAND TOGETHER. Let the Nation hear a UNITED demand from the laboring voice."

Sometimes rivals criticize us because of our obvious weaknesses, but we have nothing to fear from rivals so long as we will profit by experience and through the application of the results of our best thought and study keep strengthening our organization according to the dictates of common sense and practicability.

Believing that the above represents the sentiment of an overwhelming majority of the membership of the American Federation of Labor, this Council submits the following propositions to you with the modest request that they be analyzed and judged solely upon their merits, and if you feel as we do, then put forth your utmost efforts to carry them into effect.

WHEREAS, Experience of the most ardent and loyal trade unionists in carefully and deliberately planning to invoke the use of the strike weapon as a last resort in their efforts to secure certain measures of justice (especially at times when delay might prove fatal to their cause) have demonstrated weaknesses in our organizations which should be promptly remedied, notable among which is the necessity of as many as twenty different local unions represented in one plant (and desiring to act as a unit under a blanket agreement) communicating with that number of internationals for sanction and securing twenty replies, all of which must harmonize before joint action can be legally taken, the detrimental effect of which must be obvious to all; and,

WHEREAS, The continued existence of craft units in given localities as at present appears to be distinctly desirable and necessary for the transaction of business of a technical nature; now, therefore, be it

RESOLVED, That the Central Labor Council of Seattle and vicinity request all local unions within its jurisdiction to call upon their respective internationals to immediately submit the following propositions to a referendum vote of their membership:

PROPOSITION NO. 1: Shall this international, by referendum vote, select three of its members to represent this international in conference, at a time and place to be named (preferably by the President of the American Federation of Labor) at as early a date as possible after such election, for the purpose of effecting the amalgamation and consolidation of all international unions into as nearly as possible twelve units, grouped approximately as follows:

- Amusement Trades
- Building Trades
- Clothing and Textile Trades
- Culinary and Provision Trades
- Marine and Transport Workers
- Metal Trades
- Mine Workers
- Postal and Federal Office Employees
- Printing Trades
- Railway Workers
- Telegraph and Telephone Workers
- Timber Workers

Allowing local unions to retain their present status and at the same time permitting them to act as a group unit dealing with an international unit, thus greatly adding to our organizations' efficiency and very materially reducing overhead expenses.

Note: It is suggested that in case of favorable action the international financial secretary should be one of the delegates.

PROPOSITION NO. 2: In case of favorable action upon Proposition No. 1, shall your delegates be instructed to work out a plan, at said conference, for the interchange or transfer of card without cost into any local union by any member of another union qualified by experience and ability to work under the jurisdiction of the union into which he or she may seek admission?

PROPOSITION NO. 3: In case of favorable action upon Proposition No. 1 shall your delegates be instructed to work out a benefit plan which shall be just and equitable to all organizations based upon the length of time the beneficiary has held continuous membership in the American Federation of Labor rather than the period of membership in any particular craft union?

PROPOSITION NO. 4: Shall this organization use its best influence to encourage the making of blanket agreements to cover all crafts in a given plant, endeavoring to secure uniformity of wages according to skill, and discourage local unions entering into individual agreements without regard for the welfare of other unionists in the same plant?

PROPOSITION NO. 5: In case of favorable action upon Proposition No. 1 shall the plans worked out in said conference be submitted to our membership for ratification together with any further suggestions from the conference calculated to facilitate the operation of the proposed plans, and in no way conflicting with them? And further be it

RESOLVED, That all local unions in this community, having the ability, be requested to communicate with all local unions of their own crafts, urging favorable action upon these resolutions, sufficient copies of which will be furnished by this Council; and further be it

RESOLVED, That each Central Labor Council within the jurisdiction of the A. F. of L. be earnestly requested to duplicate the action of this Council in its own vicinity.

Respectfully submitted,

SEATTLE CENTRAL LABOR COUNCIL.

JAMES A. DUNCAN.

By JACK CARNEY.

THE NEED FOR POWER.

It should be plain to every workman, in fact it should be a self-evident truth, that the workers of all industries organize into an industrial organization, not for the social side of the union, but because they need power in order to back up the demands they put forward from time to time. They need power in order to obtain higher wages, when the cost of living goes far above their scale of wages. They need power in order to teach a bullying foreman that the men under him are men not dumb beasts of burden. The man who stands alone today has as much power as a cork upon the ocean. He is buffeted about and becomes the victim of every foul-mouthed and cranky foreman that is found in the shop. Isolated a man is helpless. But if he joins up with other men, he is that much stronger. One man can lift an iron bar weighing 300 lbs, twenty men can lift twenty times the weight of the single bar. Simply because they all get together and their increased strength is the result of their individual strengths being combined. The same applies to a union. A strongly organized union can force an eight-hour day, for instance the railroad brotherhoods, but you have never known of one man forcing an eight hour day. Simply a question of organized power.

THE NEED FOR INCREASING POWER.

Capital, that is factories, shops etc. which are owned by your masters. Capital grows in size. As it becomes bigger, it creates more power and the more powerful any set of masters are, the more they bring pressure to bear upon the workers. That is why the workers in the Steel Trust are driven more, than the men who work in a two by four business. In any industry you will find this growth of power manifested. The many small companies that used to exist have become absorbed and we have the big trust. The system under which the trust is operated has become so perfected, by the means of machinery and science, that the workers are more easily driven. Wages have fallen on one hand, due to the terrible high cost of living, whilst on the other hand the workers of today, due to the machinery etc. are doing more work. Therefore we receive less wages and do more work. Truly a progressive step. Therefore it follows that we must have more power in order to meet the increasing power to the trust.

THE ROAD TO POWER.

Labor organizations are ends in themselves. They are means to the end of a fuller and freer life. The mere existence of a certain kind of organization does not justify its existence. The test of justification is:—HOW FAR THAT FORM OF ORGANIZATION MEET THE NEEDS OF THE MEMBERS? If this test is not fulfilled, then, no matter how old your organization may be, no matter what it may have done in the past, the hour of its dissolution is sounded.

THE SEATTLE RESOLUTION is for the sole purpose of converting the present craft unions into industrial unions. It marks a departure from the old and still existing type. It is a step forward in the advance of the labor movement. The industrial union form of organization as advocated in the Seattle resolution, is not a product of the single brain of James Duncan. Duncan but gives expression in the written word to what is really taking place. The logic of the Seattle resolution is the logic of the industrial process.

So long as men are blind to the realities of their experience in the present, just so long do they oppose the old to the new: things as they have been to things that begin to be. Sooner or later, they are compelled to awaken to the necessity which no respecter of human prejudices or ancient institutions, and to adopt that which they previously despised and rejected. These delays are wasteful. Working-class education, along the lines of the Seattle resolution, shortens the transition.

CRAFT UNIONISM EXAMINED

At the present time the dispute has developed between the old order of organization and the new; between organization upon the basis of craft and organization upon the basis of industry. The craft unions are based upon the principle of separate organizations according to the special detail operations in which men are exclusively engaged and regardless of the other detail operations with which they are directly connected. That is to say—whether painters work within or without the railway industry, they shall all be organized in the painters' union; whether carpenters work within or without the railway industry, they shall only be eligible for the carpenters' union; and so on.

An industry is distinguished by the fact that it turns out a particular product, which is sold by the owners of the industry, and from the sale of which profits are derived. Each industry embraces a greater or lesser number of processes, all of which represent successive stages in the production of the finished commodity. The latter then, is the final result of the whole series of connected operations. It is a common product, the product of the common labor of all workers within the industry.

The lines of craft run through an industry, cross its boundaries and extend into other industries. On the other hand, the new principle of organization, as advocated in the Seattle resolution, describes a circle, identical with that described by the single industry which turns out a single commodity.

For example: A carpenter is working on a house. He is engaged with other craftsmen of the Building Industry. They are all engaged in the work of producing a house. The house represents the saleable product. A carpenter is engaged upon the railway, works in co-operation with the other workers of the Railway Industry and assists in producing the saleable product, which is the means of transport-Railway cars etc.

So much for the productive side of the process. Organization, we have found, upon the basis of industry harmonizes with the groupings of productions. It organizes men as they work. It combines in organization those workers who directly combine in production. Organization upon the basis of craft however, splits up into independent sections, the directly co-operating producers. It takes to pieces that which, in production, is an organic whole.

HOW WORKERS ARE EXPLOITED.

There is, however, another side of capitalism: to be considered. Under this system, the producer is exploited. He must not only expend labor for the production of some service or article. He must, at the same time, allow the owners of capital to appropriate the greater part of the value which he produces, without return. He is an unpaid worker

to that extent. This unpaid labor of the workers is the source of the employers' profits.

Now, just as the commodity is the result of the common labor of all sections of workmen in the same industry, so are the profits realised in money through the sale of that commodity, extracted from the common unpaid labor of all directly combining sections.

Organization upon the basis of industry not only organizes men as they work, but organizes them as they are immediately exploited. It adapts itself to modern capitalism in two ways: to the collective production, and to the collective exploitation. It is the economic fact of exploitation that drives men to organize at all. Organization upon the basis of craft, however, dismembers the collectively exploited whole. It cuts in pieces the various members, tears sections of workmen out of their industrial context, and destroys the force of their totality. By dividing men in that way, it weakens their resisting power.

SCIENTIFIC ORGANIZATION.

The craft union representatives say "Let us federate!" But why, if craft unions are all powerful, should there be any need for federation? Either the craft union is powerful enough, in which case federation is not required, or federation is required because the craft union is not powerful enough. The plea of federation, demonstrates the weakness of craft unionism. As for federation, we have only to witness the example in the American Federation of Labor. It is only a half-hearted attempt at unity, it has not advanced the craft unions that compose it, and does not give any guarantee of united action. The mere refusal of an international union to take part in a general strike, is like throwing money wrench into the machinery of the A. F. of L. The reason why A. F. of L. does not function as a powerful body, is due to the fact that each craft still is organized on a craft basis and possesses craft autonomy. Federation, time and time again, has broken down because one or two craft unions backed out. For instance the Butte strike, the New York Street Car strike and other strikes, too numerous to mention. It allows a minority to frustrate the will of the majority. It compels union men to scab upon their own trade union brothers. There is only one way to permanently unite and that is—to act as one.

That way is the way of organization by industry. Instead of fostering a state of things that allows one section to be pitted against another section in the same industry, the Clyde Works strike for instance, either in the process of negotiation, or in a strike, it gives to each section the united support of every other section.

SOLIDARITY.

The times are troublous, and the future is full of momentous issues for the workers everywhere. In the battles that will be fought, the victory can alone be to the scientifically organized unions; to the organizations founded, upon an industrial basis. Let not the fog of prejudice bedim your eye, but let us marshal our forces and stand together and fight our battles as sensible workers, equipped with all the modern equipment of the labor movement. Let us stand girded in the armor of industrial unionism, against the common enemy and in a common cause! One in production!—One in exploitation!—One in organization!!

P. S. Read the One Big Union a monthly magazine devoted to the spread of industrial unionism. Address: 1001 W. Madison Street, Chicago, Ill.

By JAMES A. DUNCAN, Secretary

Central Labor Union, Seattle, Wash.

Never was there so much unrest and complaint among the organized workers over their failure to accomplish things worth while as at present. This is probably largely due to the tremendous opportunities which now confront the workers and to the lack of leadership.

However, we hear on all sides condemnation of our organization; demands for one big union; and other baseless dreamy propaganda, which I interpret to be a placing of the blame for our failure to function efficiently upon our form of organization generally. With this view, I am not entirely in accord. A moment's reflection will convince any fair-minded person that we have not used our organization, faulty as it is, to the fullest extent possible, and an analysis of the causes will undoubtedly bring us to a realization of the great truth—that our organization is only as strong as our individual membership and no stronger—and that the place to center our greatest efforts is upon the education of our individual membership. Nothing, however, I have just stated should prevent us from following the dictates of experience and logic to develop our form of organization to the point of its greatest possible effectiveness and efficiency, and we in Seattle believe that the proposed reorganization program is a great step in this direction. Our organizations here have been pulling together splendidly, but find themselves check-mated in their efforts because of the fact that while they are working together as a unit, the Internationals, with which they must deal to act legally, are not also working as a unit; hence, the need for reorganization.

We found that when the nation needed ships most workmen sought to enter the shipbuilding industry,

that barriers were raised by shortsighted local unions which demanded that those coming to work under their jurisdiction should drop their cards in the unions under whose jurisdiction they had formerly worked, and to which they might soon again return, thus causing them to forfeit the accrued benefits which might be due their next in kin in case death should overcome them, and which tremendous injustice two of the propositions are set forth to overcome.

Then in order to develop the splendid spirit and teamwork which has grown up in this community with great benefit to the organized workers, proposition four (4) is submitted to break down the main obstacles to a thorough understanding among workers whose interests are one.

This program, while contemplating drastic though beneficial changes in our organization, is nevertheless elastic enough to allow of any reasonable change found necessary by the delegates when assembled at the proposed convention. For instance, the program as outlined calls for the amalgamation and consolidation of all International Unions into as nearly as possible twelve (12) units, not any hard and fast number, but just simply making it mandatory upon the delegates to make the number as nearly as possible twelve, and grouped approximately as follows, and then follow the grouping. There is nothing upon the delegates to accept exactly that grouping, but the grouping must be approximately as set forth in Proposition I.

This, I feel, makes it possible for a convention of wide-awake delegates who must conform to the tentative plan set forth to make of our movement that which all progressive workers would have it—an instrument in the hands of the

workers which can be far more efficiently wielded in the interests of the workers than at present constituted.

Undoubtedly there will be much opposition from some sources, but these should be little or none from the rank and file of the workers. Undoubtedly too, those who oppose the program will endeavor to discredit the authors by impugning their motives, but upon this question the writer has no hesitancy in saying that the workers of Seattle who heartily endorse this program are with the membership of the American Federation of Labor first, last and all the time.

If they are ready for the change, we of the West will receive the news with great rejoicing as bespeaking an awakened Labor Movement ready to go forward with greater determination to larger accomplishments than ever before. If, on the other hand, the majority of the workers decide that they are not yet ready to move forward, the West will be compelled to mark time, realizing there is no room for secessionists nor more than one Labor Movement on the continent of North America, and whatever we do, whether we move fast or slow, we must move as a unit with one purpose, one aim, one ideal and one goal in view.

KEPT PAPERS SAME THE WORLD AROUND.

I am beginning seriously to think that the press is a curse. There was a time when journals of repute were conducted by their editors and when those editors were men of high moral courage and independent minds.

With but rare exceptions, the press of the world today has become a mere instrument in the hands of unscrupulous exploiters. Its power is now used, not for the creation of a healthy public opinion, or for the real uplifting of the masses, but to serve the selfish ends of a small band of adventurous capitalists.

Take the average "newspaper". It is the property mainly of a handful of investors who are personally interested in turning the existing economic system into a good and permanent dividend producer. They are financially concerned in many other ventures, and their paper is used to further the pecuniary interests of the class to which they belong.

These organs are entirely devoid of courage. The editors dare not touch on questions which would imperil the profits or ruffle the complacency of their employers. They satisfy their consciences by leaving all "unpleasant" topics severely alone. And they hire hard-shell Tories to do the writing jobs which they know must be done by someone to please the boss.

Of course, care is taken to see that the journalist placed in charge is himself a "safe" and "suitable" man. But the whole thing is a sham and a pretense. The modern daily newspaper is a gilded fraud. Its parade of independence and impartiality is an imposture and a snare.—The Australian Worker.

WE COME.

Tremble before your chattels, lords of the scheme of things! Fighters of all earth's battles, ours is the night of kings! Guided by seers and sages, the world's heart-beat for a drum, Snapping the chain of ages, out of the night we come! We are the workers and makers! We are no longer dumb! Tremble, O shirkers and takers! Sweeping earth—we come! Ranked in the world-wide dawn, marching into the day! The night is gone, the sword is drawn, and the scabbard is thrown away!

—John G. Neihardt.

"Democratic Procedure"

McGredor S. Ross, one of the I. W. W. men railroaded from the West to be deported, tells a story which illustrates quite typically the asinine insanity of those at present in authority. Ross was going to the I. W. W. Lumberworkers' Convention in Seattle as a delegate. Getting off the boat he was stopped by two officers on the gangplank. He was first taken to the city jail; then to the captain of the Minute Men, a would-be-patriotic organization. There he was questioned.

"They wanted to know how many members there were in the organization," said Ross. "I told them that there were from thirty to forty thousand in Local 500, but that I couldn't tell how many in the whole

I. W. W. organization. "I ask for bail, because I wanted to go to the Convention. They wouldn't set it for me then although I told them that the money would be put up. After the Convention was over they said that I could go out on bail but I wouldn't take it then."

Ross, while confined in the Seattle Emigration Station, was grilled by a mild third degree by Inspector Fisher for four hours. It was established that Ross had been one of the lumber workers' organizers at Port Angeles, Washington and a member of the I. W. W. since 1906; that he was a Scotch alien, sixty-six years old and a resident of this country for fifty-four years. (I asked Ross why he had not become a citizen. He answered, "Politics

having nothing to do with getting pork chops it didn't make much difference to me whether I became a citizen or not.") Ross was beretified like a convict and told, "within a few days we'll send you to Glasgow."

Then he was sent "below," locked up "incommunicado," allowed no visitors: could send letters out but these were censored by the authorities. He was kept at the Emigration Detention Station from March 1918 until February 1919 and then brought on the "Red Special" to Ellis Island.

"They had it in for me because of the big strike we pulled off in the lumber industry in the Northwest," said Ross. "We started striking on July 14, 1917 in the orthodox fashion to have the hours

reduced from ten to eight. But nothing came of it. So in October we used tactics never before put into practice and struck while on the job—an "irritation strike". We'd pull the whistle after eight hours work and quit. Most times we'd be fired, but we'd do the same on the next job or else we'd "soldier"—do eight hours work in ten."

The striking lumber workers continued these tactics until March 1918 when their demands were granted. The Lumberman's Association of the Northwest were forced to capitulate because of the strength of the strikers' organization and because of their irritation strike tactics, although they had previously refused to listen to Secretary of War Baker's appeal to concede to the strikers so that the

needed lumber for the cantonments, etc. might be had.

Henry M. White, Commissioner of Immigration for Seattle, and mediator in strikes for the Wilson Administration, is also a member of the Lumberman's and Millowner's Association. According to Ross, Exploiter White is the man "higher up" and he is the one mainly responsible for the immigration department being used for strike breaking purposes.

In fourteen cases Miss Caroline Lowe, counsel for the members of the I. W. W. to be deported, secured a reversal of the high-handed and illegal decision of the immigration authorities at Seattle. As a result Ross and thirteen of his fellow workers, were unconditionally released.

A POINT OF VIEW

(The Stars and Stripes, published in France for the soldiers, always is interesting, particularly the letters from the boys themselves. They now are running a symposium on service chevrons. We reprint one of many interesting letters.)

Cut 'em Out, Says Redleg. To the Editor of the Stars and Stripes:

I note with great pleasure that a law is about to be passed prohibiting the wearing of service chevrons. I only rate two now, and I am sure that I shall not have more than five by the time I return. They are a nuisance.

Suppose I were allowed to wear

them. Suppose I should lean up against the desk of the employment agency when I go back looking for a job. Just as I am about to land it, the guy behind the glasses says: "What's them mean?"

"Overseas service, sir—one for each six months—"

"Nothing doing, young fellow. We don't want any workmen around here that have been in army. We want clever fellows that have sense enough to stay home. Next!"

And the guy with the prohibitionist ribbon on his coat gets the job. I'm against distinctions. Cut 'em out.

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EDITORIAL AGE OF THE TRUTH

(EDITOR RESPONSIBLE FOR ALL UNSIGNED ARTICLES)
EDITOR & BUSINESS MANAGER JACK CARNEY

PUBLISHED WEEKLY
WEST END LABOR ASSCN.

THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION.

A revolution is the grandest thing in the world. Revolutions produce men, not weaklings. Revolutions tear up by the roots, foolish customs and traditions that holds us back. Sure a revolution is the finest thing in the world! How often have we had it drummed in our ears by patriotic(?) Americans, that their ancestors fought in the Revolutionary Wars? Sure revolution was the grandest thing that ever happened to America.

Revolution is also the most terrible thing in the world. Before an aroused crowd, mob may we state, so that we may be in the fashion, of revolutionists, revolution is a terrible thing. It destroys our petty ideas, destroys our famous institutions and tears down the things that we have grown accustomed to. In revolutions, people are killed, children pay the penalty and woman also. Yes, death comes with revolution.

Whilst revolution rages, the old hag Chaos rubs her hands and smiles. She upsets everything she can lay her hands on and smashes all before her.

In this respect the Bolshevik revolution is like all other revolutions.

The editors of the "swept press" (soon comrade readers) agree with us. Revolutions are terrible and bring chaos and death with them. Read the papers and feel your hands tremble, as you read of the orful stories that our editors dream of. Read how Lenine is killing himself, by eating 60,000 rubles worth of cabbages and lettuce every month! Read of how Trotsky's daughter, age eleven, ran away with a young fellow and both lived together as man and wife. Read of how the women in Russian are all nationalized, we think this was a misprint, the editor really meant paralyzed, and all men can have all the women they want. Hush, please do not mention the Thaw case! Shucks! Revolutions are terrible.

The worst thing about these revolutions is, that they cannot be stopped. They are like apples, when they are ripe, they come to earth. Revolutions will not wait for any man. That is why, Duke Neversober and Prince Waitforme, say that revolutions are orful, because they disturb their sleep doncherknow.

Suppose we agree that all the charges made against the Bolsheviks are absolutely true. That is giving in to quite a lot, but nevertheless we will be fair. Suppose all the wild charges and stories that we hear are true. What about it? Can the reign of Bolshevism compare with the Bloody Reign of Terror that followed the birth of the French Revolution? Could a Lenine massacre as many people in a year, that fell under the guillotine in a month? And yet that bloody outbreak of human passion is celebrated by even the capitalist class themselves.

Tonight, in your banquet halls and chamber of commerces, a capitalist class rises and clinks the glasses of wine to the tune of the "Marseillaise". The "Marseillaise" the battle song of the aroused working class is the song that cheers the capitalist class and lulls them to sweet prating soft and nice platitudes. "Bastille Day" was celebrated throughout the length and breath of America. Bastille Day to celebrate the day when the bourgeoisie of France never knew whether they were drinking wine or blood.

Why is all this done?

Why do the capitalist class laud the French Revolution and foam at the mouth, at the very mention of the Russian Revolution? Why do they clink their glasses and rise at the sound of the "Marseillaise" and shrink with the horror at the sound of the "Internationale"?

For the simple reason, that the French Revolution took away the Privileges of the Aristocracy, while on the other hand, the Russian Revolution takes away that which gives the capitalist class its privileges—Property.

There you have the real reasons why editors of the "swept press" go crazy when they hear the name, Bolshevik.

The French Revolution broke the back of the Aristocracy and so paved the way for the Plutocracy. It put down the Marquis and exalted the Merchant.

The French Revolution slew persons and gave power to the Plutocracy.

The Bolshevik Revolution slew systems and gives freedom to all.

Which side are you on?

"THEY DIED."

Member of labor unions inform us that never has there been so many appeals for assistance, than what there are today. Every union is receiving letters from other unions asking for support. Strikes spread over the country, with the rapidity of "spanish influenza". This war has shaken the very foundations of our social system and the numerous strikes that are taking place, are but the signs of the coming storm. Education, religion, politics and all our social institutions found themselves put to the test by a world war and they were weighed in the balance and found wanting.

Labor, too, has been weighed and the events that have taken place, during this last four years, have administered a shock to labor itself, with the result that Labor is awakening, called from its age-long sleep by a new voice. A voice that seems to spring from the clouds, a voice as old and irresistible as life itself. The voice that is now making itself heard, has been born amidst seas of blood and oceans of tears. It has taken the lives of millions of men to compel this voice to make itself heard. The voice that now makes itself heard in every place where workers meet, is the voice of eternal hope, the hope of freedom, the vision of liberty and the spirit of a new age.

Sometimes our hearts are sad, when we think of the friends that have died upon the fields of France. True it is their dead bodies find repose in the soil of France, but

they have not died. They live and their voices sound louder than they ever did before. Their tongues are more eloquent than they ever were. They live more truly than they ever lived before. Although they sacrificed the flesh of their bodies, their sacrifices have built within the hearts of millions of workers, monuments that will live forever. Monuments that neither rain nor time can ever wear away. The spirit of the men who died is today but a flickering light; tomorrow it will be the one huge torch that will guide an oppressed class out of the land of bondage into the land of industrial democracy. This great torch of human liberty lit by the men who gave the Supreme Sacrifice, will bring to its side, all those who sigh for liberty. Purposeful, coherent, articulate, it gathers all in who see the light, dimly brushing to one side those who would dare to put it out.

As we think of the boys "over there" we can see in our imagination their soft flesh quivering on bayonets and shattered by shell, their manly hearts torn out, and their brave hopes blasted as the bugles call for action and the cannons began to roa. We hear their curses and their hollow mockeries harled at those that made this war possible. For the moment we stand aghast with our hands over our eyes, horror-stricken by what we see. It is possible that in the twentieth century that it should be necessary for seven million to die for any cause? We pause for a little while. Through the night of sorrow and regret, another picture appears before our eyes. What is this we see? They did not die in vain, you say? See they live! See the shots finding their billets! See the shells destroying institutions!

What a picture it all makes!

As we look again, we see civilisation with its tawdry, fin-selled aristocracy, its kings and overlords, its degrading poverty and its debasing wealth being mown down. See the cannons blowing to pieces the foolish idea that men must slave for others. Bang goes another throne! See that sweat-shop! Blown sky-high by men who are fighting for freedom. See the shots that killed your boy, see they are destroying the temples of the money-changers, who sent your boy out to fight! See the whole system is collapsing. "They did not die." They live! Hear the shouts of a race of men who live and breathe of freedom. The war that cursed us has blest us. We march on to the new land. Beneath the folds of the Red Flag we march on. They died, that we might live. Our freedom is the heritage they have given to us. Come comrades and join hands and let us work together. "Workers of the world unite." The future is ours. The past is dead. A past charred, blackened and dripping with the life blood of an oppressed working class. "The past is dead, long live the future."

Out of this long night of agony, of anguish and despair, of death and destruction, arises a new figure bringing in its train the millions of workers. It is the Goddess of Liberty. Come comrades and fellow-workers. In your organization of the workshop, factory and mine, the world set free awaits you. Freedom stands with her hands out stretched to meet you. But the determination on your part, to accept her offering, and the freedom you have hoped for and dreamed of, is yours. Will you lie down and spurn it? Or will you organize and take that which awaits you?

TEN YEARS IN PRISON.

The United States Attorney-General has decreed that Eugene V. Debs must go to prison.

Comrades, the clarion call has been sounded. You know that ten years imprisonment to a man like 'Gene Debs, is nothing more nor less than a sentence of death. The fate of our good comrade Debs lies in your hands. Every hour you refuse to stir yourself and get busy, is but one hour in which you help to dig the grave, wherein the body of 'Gene will go. There is no power on earth that can assist Debs, only the power of Labor. The capitalist hate and despise Debs, because they could never buy him. For years he has served the movement and tonight he is broken in health and the prison doors yawn for him. If you love 'Gene and we know you do, you will immediately set to work and raise such a howl that the capitalist class will be afraid to send him to prison. It can be done and must be done. Every kind of action that is possible must be taken. We must arrange meetings of protest, write letters to the President and above all things we must stand up in our local unions and demand that this great life shall not be sacrificed. Demand in no uncertain tones that Debs must go free. Are we going to allow the wolves of capitalism to tear to pieces another of our fellow-workers? Are not the prisons too full of our comrades? Comrades get busy and see that this great man does not go to prison. The call has come and you must answer it.

Tonight, the homes of the profiteers will ring with the laughter and merriment of those who have made fortunes out of the death of our class, many of whom lie on the fields of Flanders, never no more to return. Tonight these parasites will drink their wines and smoke their Havana cigars and Debs must go to prison. Tonight those who have starved our children and debauched our sisters, make merry, at the cost of our sorrow and degradation and 'Gene, our big lovable 'Gene, must go to prison.

Way down in Terre Haute there used to be a redlight district. Some of the "moral" people wanted to abolish it and 'Gene told them to take one of the poor victims of the redlight district. Take the girl to their own homes and shower upon her a mother's love and give her a real start in life. They all refused except 'Gene. That was 'Gene Debs.

The union Debs belonged to was broke up and a big debt was left to pay. 'Gene worked for years and refused to allow other workers to pay one cent of it. 'Gene paid it, all by his own efforts, some thousands of dollars. That was 'Gene Debs.

When everybody in this country was afraid to say a good word for the members of the I. W. W. who were being persecuted, one man stood up and said the word that inspired us to do likewise. That was 'Gene Debs.

Debs has worked all his life for you and now you must work for Debs. You must see that he does not go to prison. You, my mighty friends of labor can build prisons and you can unbuild them. Now is your time to show how much you have appreciated the work of Debs. You railwaymen place your hands upon the lever and say that no wheel will turn until Debs goes free. Stop the wheels of industries and you stop the flow of profits. Stop the flow of profits and you compel the capitalist class to pause and reason with you.

We are for Debs, not because he is Debs, but because he has stood for labor all the time. Born with an eloquence that could have made him rich, he stepped into the ranks of labor and gave of his best. 'Gene Debs must go to prison and you must see that he is set free.

The Seattle Resolution.

The Seattle resolution, which may be found on another page, was ordered to be published in the Labor World and Truth, by the Duluth Trades Assembly. We trust for the benefit of the labor movement here in Duluth, that the resolution will be favorably reported upon.

In biological science there is a law that all must obey or go down in the struggle for existence. That law is, that all organisms must adapt themselves to the existing conditions or perish. If we study animals we will find that in cases where they have adapted themselves, they have won out, but where the animal, did not or could not, adapt itself, then that animal perished.

The analogy may be drawn between the animal world and the labor movement. If craft unions do not adapt themselves to existing conditions they must of necessity prove futile in the struggle for a living and consequently become a drag upon the workers' organization and in the best interests of labor they must be scrapped. The craft unions must scrap their present form of organization and organize upon an industrial basis. The days of small companies are over. The trust now holds complete sway in the world of industry. Therefore the craft union, the product of handicraft days, must adapt itself to the new developments that have taken place in industry. As the masters have organized whole industries and formed trusts, like the Steel Trust, Copper Trust etc. so the workers must organize industrially, so that they may be able to successfully combat the employers in the everyday struggle that goes on in the shop, mine etc.

Therefore we strongly urge upon all union men to give their hearty support to the Seattle resolution.

Cant & Hypocrisy.

Cleveland H. Dodge is the treasurer of the Armenian Relief Society. He is making a strong appeal for funds to assist the poor unfortunate Armenians.

Dodge is the man that was instrumental in driving thousands of men from their homes and placing them in a desert. You all remember Bisbee. The men in Bisbee wanted more food. They were treated worse than cattle for daring to demand food. The Armenians want food. But they are getting food in order that they might be used against the Turks.

The capitalists are such a nice class of people. We should all follow their example. See how they work and climb the ladder of fame. Their soup-perior brains helped them to become rich. Oh the cant and the hypocrisy of it all!

The man who knows and knows that the other fellow does not know, he ought to know that the other fellow should know what he knows. Because knowledge is power.

Footprints in the sands of times show that some of us are walking backwards. Stop and take a look at yourself.

A pessimist is the man who failed to get a good soft job. They are general found amongst politicians.

Christianising the world will not stop wars, because you can never Christianise capitalism.

RUSSIA—1919.

Reprinted from the Liberator.

Dark for such long and hopeless centuries,
Suddenly light—light for the utmost ends—
Revealing kin and comrades overseas,
A world of friends.

But the light burned too strong, and the new league
Of friends became first anxious, then afraid;
And put on dubious masks and let intrigue
Ply its old trade.

Dark tales, black lies and sinister reports
Blotted the glow for a few base concerns...
Yet, 'neath a pall that smothers and distorts,
Something still burns.

Something that lives in spite of those who spread
A poisoned midnight vaster than before.
That calls the dying and the almost dead
To a fresh war.

Something that wakes the spark in each devout
Lover of truth, and keeps the torches bright.
Once more, oh flaming hearts, burn blackness out...
Let there be light!

Louis Untermeyer.

ENGLAND REFLECTS ON LIE LLOYD GEORGE WAS ELECTED ON

By PAUL WALLACE HANNA.

Miners, shipbuilders and dock workers are not the only classes in Great Britain that have lost faith in the politicians. Lloyd George has set thousands of his prosperous bourgeois supporters to wringing their hands and damning the treachery of the December elections.

Never did British Christmas bells ring more joyously to welcome a new-born Savior than when Lloyd George rode into power on a pledge that the whole cost of the war should be taken off the British and placed on German backs.

That pledge was worth a couple of million votes, at the least. It was the glad assurance which every man of means in the United Kingdom was waiting to hear.

The armistice had not been signed before men who knew began to say that Germany could not possibly pay the debts of England, France, Italy and the rest unless her people should be bound in slavery for the next half century. And even that, if physically practicable, would be very awkward in that it would rob the Allies of 70,000,000 former customers.

But the facts in a case have never deterred a politician bent on catching votes. Ten days before the balloting on December 5, Lloyd George solemnly assured the electorate in his formal manifesto that:

"We propose to demand the whole cost of the war from Germany. The committee appointed by the Cabinet believes that it can be done."

Every economist in Europe knew that Lloyd George was telling a plain falsehood to mislead fools when he gave that promise. And within a month the fools began to see it themselves—after they had returned the falseficer to office.

On January 18 the London Globe saw the jig was up, and, under the caption "The Broken Pledge," began to publish parallels of the Premier's campaign promises and the government's semi-official acknowledgements that Germany could not possibly pay the cost of the war.

Writing from Paris on January 17, the correspondent of the Morning Post said:

"In the matter of indemnity France has made a careful account of her losses, and her complete bill is almost ready for presentation. Britain, on the other hand, has prepared nothing, and although 90 per cent of the members returned to Parliament were pledged to the principle of an indemnity, the English delegation tacitly supports President Wilson in his opposition to it!"

British Tories always knew the election promise was a lie, but it was such a pleasant lie that they forced themselves to think they believed it. When they could no longer deceive themselves they turned angrily upon the man who had faced the crowds and pledged what they wanted him to pledge.

In one way this matter of indemnities goes to the root of the present trouble of Entente statesmen, but only in a might-have-been manner. If Germany could pay the war bills of the Allies, and were made to do so before 1925, France and Italy would be solvent again and England pulled out of the bog.

France is spending about 4,600,000 francs annually, and can't spend less. Her income is 1,400,000,000 francs, and the Finance Department says it cannot be increased. American "credits" are keeping the ship afloat. If a Ger-

man indemnity does not step in when America steps out, we shall witness a disaster.

Britain's budget remains so big that bye-elections have begun to go to the opposition, yet Bonar Law is forced in Commons to say that "it has never been, and is not now, the government's policy to demand more of Germany than it is believed can be got." On December 3 Bonar Law's chief, Lloyd George, declared: "As far as justice is concerned, we have an absolute right to demand of Germany the whole cost of the war, and we mean to demand it."

The famous Cabinet committee to assess German power to pay has sent no public light on the problem, and Bonar Law rebukes Commons for asking what it has done, saying: "It was appointed to advise the Cabinet; its report is, therefore, confidential, and publication of it is not contemplated."

The plain fact is that all the Allies were simply kiting checks of public confidence when in past months they ignored their overwhelming debts and pretended that the enemy would shortly pay for everything. The farce became so obvious to some American correspondents visiting England and Italy, as guests of the respective governments, that table banter frequently took the form of a cry from some one:

"Open another bottle, boys; it all goes into the German indemnity, you know!"

Divided Europe opened fresh bottles steadily for more than four years, each side sure that the check would finally be laid at the plate of the other—and unable to stop drinking, no matter who paid, or if nobody paid. Now the banquet ends, and what a humorist calls "the bad news" is presented.

The drunkards under the table should pay, by rights, declare the tipplers who are still in their chairs. But the gray dawn is cold enough to clear some of their heads, and these confess that their victim haven't the money to make good.

The dismal "morning after" is made more wretched by an inrush of rough outsiders who say the house has become a nuisance to the neighborhood and demand repudiation of the whole debt and a confession of bankruptcy. It has now become a fight between the waiters, who demand their pay, and the growing mob, who are bent on tearing down the disorderly establishment.

As usual, statesmen are thinking of compromise. To their creditors they speak of partial or deferred payments. To the mob they suggest the removal of a few outhouses that will leave the main establishment intact.

There is nothing certain about the final result, except that Lloyd George and his associates lied when they said it would all come out of the German indemnity.

OUR ANSWER

This is our answer—lords;
This is our challenge—kings;
To your muskets and bloody swords—
To your lies, and chaos of things.

Fling us like dung into jails;
Shackle and gag us like beasts;
Batter us down with your flails;
Throw us the crumbs of your feasts.

Make merry and drink while you may—
Fate fashions in twists and turns.
Bow fast on the strings and play,
And dance while the old world burns.

For this is our challenge—lords;
This is our answer—kings.
With the strength of its thundering words
We will build a new order of things.

S. A. DE WITT.