

FRIDAY, DEC. 7, 1917.

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

DULUTH, MINN.

Truth

SINGLE COPY 5 CENTS

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

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12,000 UNION MEN OF TWIN CITIES ASK RECALL OF AMES AND MCGEE FROM COMMISSION

BUTTE AND HER TROUBLES

By JOHN DEQUER.

Butte, Montana, situated on what is said to be the richest hill in the world, is to my mind an unsightly place. It lies sprawled out on the slope of a once beautiful hill, among huge mine dumps and other ugly things. Trees, flowers and grasses are almost totally absent; while in aspect the buildings and streets leave much to be desired.

Why is it so? Well, the hill was too rich to remain beautiful. Wealth and beauty never make a permanent union. Nature cradled her amidst many charms of mountains, valley, hill and plain, then gave her fabulous wealth from the grass roots down to the magnum deep in the earth's crust. Copper, silver, lead, gold, in inexhaustible masses, overlaid with the green of the grasses and the blue of the skies. Greed found this wealth and forgot the beauty; turned nature into sickly ugliness, steeped the people in disease and poverty, carried the wealth to the East to promote the fortunes of those who perhaps had not even a concept of the sources of their wealth.

So Butte was made physically ugly, and I might add, politically vicious, and morally rotten for the benefit of stock holders and undertakers.

When I arrived at the O. S. L. depot, I was met by a friend who took me in charge, seeing that I sometimes eyed things closely, he asked me the usual bromed question: "How do you like our city?" I looked up the hill, down the flat dumps, squalor and at the buildings, remarked, "It looks like Hell." My companion smiled half sadly, "Yes," said he, "That is right old trapper. Hell lies underneath, and this burg sure is the gate. Why George Newkirk first camped on this hill in sixty-four and the town never got well started until the early seventies. She's a young town, yet we have thirty-five thousand graves in one cemetery, and the others are fast filling up. That is going some with less than one hundred thousand population. Can you blame the boys that they strike to stop this needless slaughter?"

"Strike still on?" I asked as we stopped on the street corner waiting for an uptown car. "Yes, but not so loud when you stand still. Pipe that guy in the brown sweater? He's a stool. The minute one of us fellers stops on the street to talk with some one even for a few minutes you are sure to see one of those rubber eared varmints interested in the noon or in a store window, but always with his rubbers stretched in your direction. And if he does hear any thing that is fresh and alive, and did not smell sufficiently of the tombs, you, if you are a miner at work, will be coming down the hill. If you are seeking work, you will not get a rustling card." (That is a permit to ask for a job.)

My friend spoke very low so as not to be heard by the shadow, and as he spoke I glanced up and down the street and counted the saloons, these temples of a spirit that for years gave corruption a free hand in this ill fated city. Corruption that ate like a cancer into the labor movement as well as into the body politic of the state, and is today the great foe that the striking miners have to fight. They are a rendezvous

for the hired vermin of Capitalism which make liberty a joke, democracy a scream, and life a precarious possession. Saloons and misrule always go together. To rob labor there is no better weapon than drink. Stupify the brain and exhaust the resources the rest is easy.

The hideous conditions under which they work, the terrible disasters that snuff out the lives of hundreds of miners with fire and explosions, the horrible death rate from mine's consumption, and above all the effect of radical education, has caused the men finally to recognize their chief enemy, the system of private ownership and his chief ally King Alcohol. Before the folded arms of the miners, both of these will go down to inevitable defeat.

I was ill when in Butte; in fact I went there on account of my illness. If I had not been ill, I would have been in jail. A decent man has difficulty to stay out in a place where the jailing powers are what they are in Butte.

Mr. Maloney is mayor. Jerry Murphy is Chief of Police. These men are not Huns. They believe in home rule, and it is a home made brand they handle. I was told that they get raw material from the A. C. M. Company.

The fact that I was ill however, played into my hand and made the writing of this and subsequent articles possible. I had to go to bed, and call for a doctor who was a notorious anti-laborite. I did not need him for my case as much as I did for information. He gave it. The strike was wrong. It reduced practice. No bones were broken by falling rock, and fresh air is the great physician. Then even if they did get sick they could not pay their bills which detracted from the doctor's comfort. Of course the doctor did not say this, but that is what would be left when you cut out the self hypnotising flub-dub. From this doctor and one or two others, I got the business men's side of the story. Then I canned the doctor. Of course I must not neglect to state my appreciation of the clever and faithful way the Butte daily papers lean in the collar of their masters. If the text, "Servants be obedient to your masters" means any thing, it means that the Butte editors will have a large harp and a seat close to the throne, in the hereafter; for only by keeping them under close observation could the Almighty hope to keep them straight.

The doctor sent me a nurse. She was a good nurse. When she had been with me one day she told me that, in that time, her patients generally became confidential. I did not. Not that the girl was not winsome and attractive—they all are when a man is sick and when they are kind—but I was in Butte, and my friend at the depot had told me of rubber eared varmints. So I just took the hint and kept my confidence. She finally asked me in a casual way, if I did not think that President Wilson was a ———, you know; an odiferous animal. I told her I did not. I said that while I disagreed with the president politically, that I nevertheless felt that he had a terrific burden to carry, and that it was the duty of every one to do all in their power to aid him in carrying that burden. She then es-

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THE NOTED AGITATOR



MONTANA OUTRAGE ON UNION MEN

Grand Lodge, Mont.

On the 17th of November a gang of gunmen went to the home of Linguist, asking him to go to the court house where one of his friends was arrested.

Instead of this being the truth, it was a scheme to get him to the cellar of the court house. Here they questioned him if he belonged to a union, with many cries of, "Hang him!" The gunmen held a council, deciding to hang him, when another motion was made to suspend the hanging if he would bring in the names of other union men within three days.

Jacob Ollila was also taken by the thugs questioned, and beaten frightfully and then dismissed. Another miner, Vinturi, was handed over to a committee of gunmen, who dragged him to a dark cellar of the court house placing a noose around his neck. They strung him up three times, meanwhile beating him.

On the 21st the hired thugs of the mine owners, went to the home of Emil Roski and told him the same story as was told to Linguist. He was beaten with a rope having a chain tied to the end. The next day he was given medical aid and a warrant was sworn out against him so he couldn't go home. No charges being placed against him, he was set free.

These men are all married and have lived in Grand Lodge from ten to fifteen years. There only "crime"

is that they are miners who are on strike against the brutal conditions existing in Montana.

Dr. Pitkanen, who came from Butte, and has become the successful physician of the miners was arrested and thrown in jail for a week. The charge is that he had been "Pro-German". It seems he hurt the pocketbooks of the old standpatters as his practice grew.

Later, the thugs went to Linguist's home to take him away. They fired shots and killed a woman who was in no way connected with the striking miners. They took Linguist and it is not known what has been done with him.

The object of this terrorism is to crush the Industrial Workers and keep them from carrying on their message of solidarity.

NEWSLETS

The election returns of the East are still worrying the politicians. That 500 and 600 per cent gain in the Socialist vote has made a change in the government policy. They are not so sure if they want to suppress the Socialist papers. With the next elections the West will speak in tones stronger than the eastern percentage as the Socialists everywhere are putting out the solid propaganda of scientific socialism.

The three kings of the Scandinavian countries at the conference of the three nations are pledged to keep their countries at peace.

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Those "Vag" Trials Again Postponed

The constitution plainly says that one charged with a crime shall be given a speedy trial by a jury of his peers. Those charged with "vagrancy" however are still awaiting their trial. The latest "dope" we have on the subject is to the effect that the trials of Gust Landin (charged with using language tending to provoke assault) and Joel Lichten, (charged with disorderly conduct) are to come up Tuesday morning December 11th, and the "vag" trials are to follow—either Tuesday or Wednesday.

CLOQUET STRIKERS STILL ON STRIKE

While the P. P. has been remarkably silent about the matter, the millworkers of Cloquet have been on strike for the past two weeks. All the mills are down and the men are standing solidly together for their demands, which are better wages and shorter hours.

Cloquet is one of the largest sawmill towns in the state. The Big Lumber Trust Baron Weyerhaeuser laid the foundation for his future millions in that city.

Died—in the year of 1917 from an overdose of the New Freedom, The American Socialist, the official organ of the S. P.

Mass Convention of Unionists Held at St. Paul Auditorium Call on Governor to Make Safety Commission a Representative Body.

WANT LABOR AND FARMER MEMBERS

Invites Aid of Federal Government to Settle Dispute Between Twin City Carmen and Rapid Transit Company.

Unique in the history of American Trades Union activities, epochal in its significance to the labor movement and fraught with sinister significance to the master class was the meeting held in St. Paul, last Wednesday, by the unions of the Twin Cities in behalf of the locked out street car employees of those cities. Twelve to fifteen thousand union men of St. Paul and Minneapolis laid down their tools and attended what is probably the largest labor convention in the world's history.

Railway shops quit in a body at 8:30 and came to the meeting in parade formation, some of them 800 strong, while other thousands streamed into the mammoth St. Paul Auditorium at every entrance, their ticket of admission being their union cards. By 9:30 Wednesday morning every available seat was taken, and standing room was at a premium—boxes were filled to overflowing and the long lanes in the rear of the balcony filled three and four deep for a block on each side of the building. The St. Paul Auditorium comfortably seats 10,000 when opened to full capacity, and this was strained to the limit. Wednesday, 230 unions were said to be represented in the gathering, which was the finest exhibition of class solidarity ever staged in any city in the United States.

Among the organizations represented were machinists, shopeners, railway employees, fur workers, electrical workers, sheet metal workers, motion picture operators, stage hands, musicians, teamsters, plasterers, bill posters, striking street car employees, boiler makers, cigar makers, brewery workers, carpenters, painters, barbers, bartenders, tailors, shoe workers, pressmen and printers, sign painters, glaziers and milk wagon drivers.

Among the speakers at the meeting were J. M. Clancy, president of the St. Paul Trades and Labor Assembly, James Mahan, Mayor of St. Paul, Mayor Joseph, Van Lear of Minneapolis, Joseph Gilbert of the Non-Partisan League and Lynn Thompson of Minneapolis.

J. M. Clancy, chairman of the convention, summed up the purpose of the big gathering in the sentence: "The union street car trainmen were ordered to do something which is against the Constitution of the United States." He referred to the Public Safety Commission order requiring union and nonunion men to remove their buttons designating to what organization they belonged.

Governor Burnquist, early in the session, came in for a series of hisses, ending with cries of "Rotten" and "Recall him," when mention was made of his name.

Telegrams to Washington. No one witnessing the gathering and apprehending its temper could doubt that organized labor of the two cities is determined to see the car men through.

The convention early in its session, with unanimous approval of the entire body, sent telegram to Congr. Van Dyke, Sec. Baker and Pres. Gompers of the American Federation of Labor setting forth the seriousness

of the labor situation in St. Paul and Minneapolis, and asking that the war department's plan for federal intervention to be put into operation. The Nonpartisan league and the American Society of Equity were invited to take seats in the convention, and were admitted to representation on the committees.

Explaining to the convention the causes that led up to the strike, Mr. Clancy said: "You know the street carmen's union was denied its rights and had to go on strike."

"After the first agreement was reached by the street car company, the public safety commission and the union the company began interfering with the men."

Charges Discrimination. "They were discriminated against, insulted, and some of them beaten up. The men appealed to the commission and a committee was appointed to investigate."

"We proved the company violated its agreement with the commission. Recommendations were then made that all employees cease wearing buttons."

"On Saturday, a week ago, a meeting was held at the state capitol. The safety commission called in representatives of the street car unions, asking them to vote on removing the buttons."

"A committee of the street car men notified Supt. Caulfield a special meeting would be held the following Monday on whether to take off the buttons. On Sunday at 5:30 a. m. the company posted a bulletin that no man wearing a union button could take out a car."

"I notified Gov. Burnquist of the situation. At 2 p. m. Tuesday I was called to the capitol with John Cart, president of the St. Paul carmen's union, and Pres. Costello, Minneapolis union. The safety commissioners admitted they were in a pickle. I said they could settle the trouble by letting the men go back to work wearing their buttons."

"Too Much Crow." "That would be making the company eat too much crow," I said, "We are full of that already."

"They asked me if the men would comply if they issued an order for the men to remove the buttons."

Would Be St. Ry. Order. "I said, 'No. That order would be coming from the street car company and not from the state.' Then the order was issued."

"We then conferred with Mr. Coleman, federal mediator, who told us Mr. Lowry would stand by the commission's order."

"We then asked for federal arbitration, and Mr. Lowry refused to agree to it. We got a telegram from Secretary of War Baker Tuesday night saying the government had asked Gov. Burnquist to reopen the case and he has refused to do it."

Cries of "Rotten!" Cries of "rotten, rotten," from the crowd, also "Recall Mr. Clancy resumed speaking. "We have done our utmost situation. When the telegram came from Sec. Baker we congratulated

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SCARLET PLAGUE

JACK LONDON

"I went on with him to his camp, and there I saw her, Vesta, the one woman. It was glorious and pitiful. There she was, Vesta Van Warden, the young wife of John Van Warden, clad in rags, with marred and scarred and toil-calloused hands, bending over the campfire and doing scullion work—she, Vesta, who had been born to the purple of the greatest baronage of wealth the world had ever known. John Van Warden, her husband, worth one billion eight hundred millions, and president of the Board of Industrial Magnates, had been the ruler of America. Also, sitting on the Industrial Board of Control, he had been one of the seven men who ruled the world. And she herself had come of equally noble stock. Her father, Philip Saxon, had been President of the Board of Industrial Magnates up to the time of his death. This office was in process of becoming hereditary, and had Philip Saxon had a son that son would have succeeded him. But his only child was Vesta, the perfect flower of generations of the highest culture this planet has ever produced. It was not until the engagement between Vesta and Van Warden took place that Saxon indicated the latter as his successor. It was, I am sure, a political marriage. I have reason to believe that Vesta never really loved her husband in the mad, passionate way of which the poets used to sing. It was more like the marriages that obtained among crowned heads before they were displaced by the Magnates.

"And there she was, boiling fish chowder in a soot-covered pot, her glorious eyes inflamed by the acrid smoke of the open fire. Here was a sad story. She was the one survivor in a million, as I had been, as the Chauffeur had been. On a crowning eminence of the Alameda Hills, overlooking San Francisco Bay, Van Warden had built a vast summer palace. It was surrounded by a park of a thousand acres. When the plague broke out, Van Warden sent her there. Armed guards patrolled the boundaries of the park, and nothing entered in the way of provisions or even mail matter that was not first fumigated. And yet did the plague enter, killing the guards at their posts, the servants at their tasks, sweeping away the whole army of retainers—or, at least, all them who did not flee to the elsewhere. So it was that Vesta found herself the sole living person in the palace that had become a charnel house.

"Now, the Chauffeur had been one of the servants that ran away. Returning, two months afterward, he discovered Vesta in a little summer pavilion where there had been no deaths and where she had established herself. He was a brute. She was afraid, and she ran away and hid among the trees. That night, on foot, she fled into the mountains—she, whose tender feet and delicate body had never known the bruise of stones nor the scratch of briars. He followed, and that night he caught her. He struck her. Do you understand? He beat her with those terrible fists of his and made her his slave. It was she who had to gather the firewood, build the fires, cook and do all the degrading camp labor—she, who had never performed a menial act in her life. These things he compelled her to do, while he, a proper savage, elected to lie around camp and look on. He did nothing, absolutely nothing, except on occasion to hunt meat or catch fish."

"Good for Chauffeur!" Hare-Lip commented in an undertone to the other boys. "I remember him before he died. He was a corks. But he did things, and he made things go. You know, dad married his daughter, an' you ought to see the way he knocked the spots outa dad. The Chauffeur was a son of a gun. He made us kids stand around. Even when he was croakin' he reached out for me once an' laid my head open with that long stick he kept always beside him."

Hare-Lip rubbed his bullet head reminiscently, and the boys returned to the old man, who was maundering ecstatically about Vesta, the squaw of the founder of the Chauffeur tribe.

"And so I say to you that you cannot understand the awfulness of the situation. The Chauffeur was a servant, understand, a servant. And he cringed, with bowed head, to such as she. She was a lord of life, both by birth and by marriage. The destinies of millions such as he she carried in the hollow of her pink-white hand. And, in the days before the plague, the slightest contact, with such as he would have been pollution. Oh, I have seen it. Once, I remember, there was a Mrs. Goldwin, wife of one of the great magnates. It was on a landing stage, just as she was embarking in her private dirigible, that she dropped her parasol. A servant picked it up in the mistake of handing it to her, one of the greatest royal ladies of the world! She shrank back, she was a leper, and indicated her secretary to receive it. Also, I ordered her secretary to ascertain the creature's name and to see that he was immediately discharged from

service. And such a woman was Vesta Van Warden. And her the Chauffeur beat and made his slave.

"Bill—that was it; Bill, the Chauffeur. That was his name. He was a wretched, primitive man, wholly devoid of the finer instincts and chivalrous promptings of a cultured soul. No, there is no absolute justice, for to him fell that wonder of womanhood, Vesta Van Warden. The grievousness of this you will never understand, my grandsons; for you are yourselves primitive little savages, unaware of aught else but savagery. Why should Vesta not have been mine? I was a man of culture and refinement, a professor in a great university. Even so, in the time before the plague, such was her exalted position, she would not have deigned to know that I existed. Mark, then, the abysmal degradation to which she fell at the hands of the Chauffeur. Nothing less than the destruction of all mankind had made it possible that I should know her, look in her eyes, converse with her, touch her hand—aye, and love her and know that her feelings toward me were very kindly. I have reason to believe that she, even she, would have loved me, there being no other man in the world except the Chauffeur. Why, when it destroyed eight billions of souls, did not the plague destroy just one more man, and that man the Chauffeur?"

"Once, when the Chauffeur was away fishing, she begged me to kill him. With tears in her eyes she begged me to kill him. But he was a strong and violent man, and I was afraid. Afterward I talked with him. I offered him my horse, my pony, my dogs, all that I possessed, if he would give Vesta to me, and he grinned in my face and shook his head. He was very insulting. He said that in the old days he had been a servant, and that now he had the greatest lady in the land to be servant to him and cook his food and nurse his brats. 'You had your day before the plague,' he said; 'but this is my day, and a damned good day it is. I wouldn't trade back to the old times for anything.' Such words he spoke, but they are not his words. He was a vulgar, low-minded man, and vile oaths fell continually from his lips.

"Also he told me that if he caught me making eyes at his woman he'd wring my neck and give her a beating as well. What was I to do? I was afraid. He was a brute. That first night, when I discovered the camp, Vesta and I had great talk about the things of our vanished world. We talked of art, and books, and poetry; and the Chauffeur listened and grinned and sneered. He was bored and angered by our way of speech which he did not comprehend, and finally he spoke up and said: 'And this is Vesta Van Warden, one-time wife of Van Warden the magnate—a high and stuck-up beauty, who is now my squaw. Eh, Professor Smith, times is changed, times is changed. Here, you, woman, take off my moccasins, and live about it. I want Professor Smith to see how well I have you trained.'

"I saw her clench her teeth, and the flame of revolt rise in her face. He drew back his gnarled fist to strike, and I was afraid, and sick at heart. I could do nothing to prevail against him. So I got up to go, and not be witness to such indignity. But the Chauffeur laughed and threatened me with a beating if I did not stay and behold. And I sat there, perforce, by the campfire on the shore of Lake Temescal and saw Vesta Van Warden, kneel and remove the moccasins of that grinning, hairy, ape-like human brute.

"Oh, you do not understand, my grandsons. You have never known anything else, and you do not understand."

"Halter broke and bridle wise," the Chauffeur gloated, while she performed that dreadful, menial task. 'A trifle bulky at times, professor, a trifle bulky; but a clout alongside the jaw makes her as meek and gentle as a lamb.'

"And another time he said: 'We've got to start all over and replenish the earth and multiply. You're handicapped, professor. You ain't got no wife, and we're up against a regular Garden-of-Eden proposition.' But I ain't proud. I'll tell you what, professor. He pointed at their little infant, barely a year old. 'There's your wife, though you'll have to wait till she grows up. It's rich, ain't it? We're all equals here, and I'm the biggest toad in the splash. But I ain't stuck up—not I. I do you the honor, Professor Smith, the very great honor, of betrothing to you my wife Vesta Warden's daughter. Ain't it cussed bad that Van Warden ain't here to see?' (Continued Next Week)

When Capital controls the press, Capital controls the people. When Labor controls the press the people will control capital.

Applying the Process.

Now please take down Marx's "Value, Price and Profit" from that dusty shelf where Editor Reynolds intimates you have been keeping it, turn to the table of Contents, and note carefully the Chapter Headings given there. This book is especially appropriate at this time of profuse discussion of the High Cost of Living. (It is presumed that you have already read it.)

You will note that the first Heading is "Preliminary." Then follow:

- I. Production and Wages.
- II. Production, Wages, Profit.
- III. Wages and Currency.
- IV. Supply and Demand.
- V. Wages and Prices.

We shall not take the space here to copy all of them, but will ask you to read carefully right on down the list, taking time to think of each topic named, and to ask yourself this one question, at least, concerning it, "what did Marx mean by that?"

Now turn to the page headed "Preliminary." This page and the next one give us what writers on rhetoric call the "setting" of the address, that is, a statement of the occasion, the circumstances, and the purpose of the discourse.

Let us note a few things about this "introduction" which our honored Comrade placed before the main body of his address:

1st. Marx stated the reasons for, and the purpose of this speech in the fewest possible words. This quality of conciseness is one of the most commendable traits that a writer or speaker can possess. Every one will develop this more or less by studying Marx. In this case Marx conserved the attention and the energy of his hearers for the task of analyzing value, price and profit.

2nd. He stated directly, without equivocation or circumlocution, what he thought of the form in which his opponent's idea was presented.

3rd. Yet note how very fair he was with his opponent personally. Having noted the qualities and the object of the Introduction, let us proceed to analyze the first chapter of the Body of the lecture, Production and Wages.

Please read the first paragraph, then take your pen and paper and write down the following Headings and Subheadings found therein:

- Value, Price and Profit.
Chapter I.
Production and Wages.

Two premises of Weston's argument.

1. National production is a constant quantity.
2. The total amount of real wages is a constant quantity.

Please notice that you have written a fairly complete outline of the first paragraph.

Now read the second paragraph. You will notice that Marx says there that Weston's first assertion is erroneous; then gives evidence to show that it is erroneous; and lastly draws a conclusion from the evidence, and states the conclusion in the last sentence of the paragraph. But do not forget that this is not the last use that Marx will make of this evidence and this conclusion. It is deduced for the purpose of reaching other conclusions later in the argument, as well as to show here the error of Weston's assertion.

Your pen and paper are now needed again. On a line straight down from the beginning of your first Main Heading, begin the next Main Heading and follow it with a list of Subheadings indicating the contents of this paragraph, like this:

II. Weston's first assertion erroneous.

1. Value and mass of production increase year after year.
2. Productive powers of national labor increase (continuously).
3. Amount of money necessary to circulate this increasing product continuously changes.
4. What is true for the year is true for each day.
5. Amount of production is variable, because of

1. Changes in population.
2. Continuous change in accumulation of capital.
3. Continuous change in productive powers of labor.
6. A rise in the general rate of wages would not immediately change the amount of production. On the contrary, it would proceed from the present state of production.

Therefore, if national production is variable (not fixed) before the rise of wages, it will be variable (not fixed) after the rise of wages. (Continued next week.)

HOW THE WAGES-SYSTEM FLIM-FLAMS HY

By W. E. Reynolds.

Attention class: Let us draw a diagram of a factory.

First, we have to lay the foundation. Like this

Next we will erect the front wall, including the factory door. That factory door plays an important part in the modern scheme of production. It is here that Henry generally expresses his free and independent Americanism. Here Henry comes with hat in hand, says "Good Morning" in his very best and most polite manner. Then he says "Anything doing, this morning, boss?" If he is not needed he gets a curt "naw", if he is needed a parley follows. Here is the way the drawing looks now:

The up and down line is the front wall of the factory— including the factory door. Don't forget that factory door, for within the factory, eats are possible. Without being able to get in, Hy is liable to have to practice Hooverising to a degree disastrous to his internal affairs.

At the parley Henry asks, "what-ugivin'?" The boss says so much and if there is a mutual agreement, Hy goes to work. This mutual agreement is all one sided because Hy has to work or starve—and the boss knows it. Hy has likewise agreed to give up title to all he produces INSIDE the factory and has agreed to take something else instead, something known as WAGES—but Hy has never been taught any of these things, and is full of thankfulness to the boss for having been permitted to enter the factory door.

If Hy were given a part of the products of his labor, instead of wages, he would probably size up the small portion of what he received and the large portion left and might start something. Hy's boss knows this and is clever enough to give him wages instead, thus keeping him guessing. When he gets inside he finds a room with a roof over his head and five windows. It looks like this

Now instead of having a picture of a factory, let us imagine it to be a diagram of a working day divided into five two hour periods. Henry didn't know it, but when he AGREED to take wages, his wages were not paid in accordance to WHAT HE DOES inside that factory door. His wages were determined by his cost of being able to get to that factory door. According to U. S. governmental reports, Hy produces about ten dollars worth of values each and every day, but the wages Hy gets is paid upon what it costs to keep Hy.

TO THE STUDY CLASS

Dear Comrades:

Look in the last column of page 2 of Truth, for Nov. 23, 1917. There it is.

"Classes Sunday afternoon are making a thorough study of the law of value. This covers wages, surplus value, etc.

"Tuesday evening classes are studying the sciences of history, biology, and sociology.

"An advance class in sociology is being formed," and now a class in Communist Manifesto for Monday nights.

There it is, Comrades! Right out in black and white, and in the greatest working-class paper ever printed. The greatest, finest, most inspiring announcement ever made in the history of the language. Think of it! "Making a thorough study of the law of value," "Studying the sciences of history, biology, and sociology."

The brightest dream of all the ages! And there you have it materialized in actual living, breathing, thinking Comrades' fight in the midst of the Class Struggle.

I look back 60 years into the past, and methinks I see a wondrous light shining in the eyes of Marx and Engels and their Comrades.

I look forward into the future, and I see a new epoch of working-class intellectual activity. Working men and working women, full grown intellectually as well as physically. Doing the intellectual work of men and women of the present age for our own and for future generations.

Studying science, thinking science, talking science, teaching science! Blazing their own living, throbbing thoughts into the Revolution of today.

Yours is the honor and the pleasure of laying the cornerstone of Industrial Democracy in America! Industrial Democracy and Intellectual Democracy must go hand in hand or not at all.

Let us have enough teachers trained that the influence of their

Now Hy has always been a great "feeler" to save, and his wife is greater yet. She even saved the bread scraps to make bread pudding and if by chance she had any milk, she only used it when she had to and then if a bit went sour she saved it to make bread. Fresh fruit and vegetables were unknown on Hy's table. Wasn't there dried fruit and canned vegetables and were they not cheaper? And Hy does love to live CHEAP. As a result it cost Hy less than two dollars to live while he was producing that ten for the boss.

Let us look at that diagram again.

Now suppose, that the first square represents the value which Hy will produce the first two hours he works. THAT equals his wages, or the cost of producing his labor power. Does Hy now quit and go home and get acquainted with his family? Nay, nay, not so. You will remember that Hy made several agreements with his boss before he was allowed to get inside that factory door. One of the agreements he made was to the effect that he would stay there for ten hours.

In the first two hours he created values equal to his wages. In the next two hours he created equal values—but THEY belonged to his boss. That's the WHY of the Capitalist—Wages System.

So Hy, good generous patriotic soul, taught by his masters in their own interest that to strike is a crime and to think is equal to an eternity of hellandamnation, keeps on grinding.

Each two hours he creates values equal to his wages. In ten hours he will have created five times the amount of value that he receives in wages. The whistle blows and he hastens to his "humble home" content. He is filled with his ideas of the "dig"—nity of labor, for isn't he a good honest workman?

The boss is joyous too—for while Hy produced the measly sum he secured in wages he also produced a SURPLUS VALUE five times as great, which was in manufactured products which belonged to the boss.

The Boss says "The interest of capital and labor are identical, and proves it by Hy's hero Sammy Gompers, whose motto is "a fair days work for a fair days pay."

Hy echoes the sentiment of the boss and stands for the robbery. That is why capitalists reproduce themselves as capitalists and wage earners reproduce themselves as WAGE EARNERS.

Will Hy ever get wise?

Own that factory Hy, and get the full value of what you produce, not the measly wages based upon your CHEAP standard of living.

living presence may penetrate every home in the land, and every brain that directs a pair of working-hands. In the words of Horace Greely, "Universal Education! Grand inspiring idea!"

Fraternally,
Frank S. Hennen.

BOKAYS? YOU BET! BUSHELS OF 'EM

All good things grow by having to overcome obstacles. The ability to RESIST; the interplay of opposing forces makes for sturdy growth. The tender young shoot of any plant has to force its way past the resistance offered by the soil. Resistance develops strength. We have had and are having opposition, lots of it, and we appreciate it. It tries our metal—AND leaves us stronger for the next encounter! On the other hand we get bo-kays and words of encouragement from so many unexpected sources. Really, folks we get so many bo-kays of late we are afraid to print them all for fear that some might think we were overly tooting our editorial horn! Here follows a sample, and not one tenth of what we have the originals on file at this office.

"TRUTH is the greatest SOCIALIST PAPER in the world. I wish it were a daily."—This is from a woman in Kansas.

"We remark that TRUTH (of Duluth, Minn.) is one Socialist publication that has been able to sprinkle dry science with wit in a manner that asks it highly interesting reading, and which proves that one need not be dull to be serious."—This from the Seattle Industrial Worker.

"And we don't mind saying, incidentally that the DULUTH TRUTH is edited by a 'regular guy' and the Duluth Socialists can be very proud of their paper."—This from Erie, Pa.

"I was glad to get the copies of Truth containing Stanley's poem, and I think Truth is the BEST Socialist paper I have ever read. Keep up the good work."—Dorothy Clark.

"Truth arrives regularly and is the BEST of all the Socialist papers we receive at the Grand Rapids Local. Take Comrade Wagenknecht's advice and keep where you can keep it coming."—From Grand Rapids, Michigan.

And so it goes.—Bokays by the bushel.

WHERE IS HOOVER?

Cleveland, O.—More than 4,000,000 pounds of potatoes and perishable vegetables are said to be tied up in freight cars on the New York Central tracks in Cleveland, the names of their consignees being unknown to railroad officials.

Department of justice agents today were investigating the food tieup following a request from the railroad company. The mystery of the ownership of the vegetables led officials to inquire into the possibility of speculation on a gigantic scale.

The vegetables are in seventysix cars and have been on sidetracks for five days, piling up demurrage charges.

122 CARS OF FOOD ROTTING ON RAILROADS

(By International News Service.) Cleveland.—While half the world pleads for more food, one hundred and twenty-two cars of perishable foodstuffs are rotting on the railroad sidings here today. Federal officials are besieging the Department of Justice in Washington for authority to take action.

The railroads blame the commission men for failure to unload the cars.

NEWSLETS

(Continued From Page 1)

Lord Northcliffe in his papers is predicting that the English are not going back to their former miserable condition. The increased wages has led to a higher standard of living and as he says: "The greatest social revolution in the British history, greater even than the Magna Charta, the civil war, or the reform bill of 1832."

Sir Robert Borden, Prime Minister of Canada, was refused a hearing at Kitchener, Canada. He intended to make a draft talk but the people would not allow him to proceed. It would be better to let him talk and then go to the ballot box and cast the vote that is desired. It is a grave mistake to refuse a hearing, be it the paid officials of the people or the people themselves.

From the Swiss papers comes the news that the Germans received leaflets from the Russians, calling upon the workers of Austria and Germany to start a revolution against their military oppressors. President Wilson's message has been translated and spread through these countries. It is said that those found with the "sedition" literature were court martialed and shot, and some sentenced to long terms in prisons.

The Irish are renewing their activities for a free Ireland. Jim Larkin is reported to have been arrested at Halifax, where it is said that he was en route for the "ould sod." Thomas Ashleigh, the latest martyr of the Irish freedom, died of hunger striking. He was taken from the jail to the hospital just before he died. From all parts of Ireland the Catholic church was represented at the Ashleigh funeral and the people came from all sections of the island.

The progressives from all over the land are writing or wiring to Roosevelt about his taking the part of the infamous Fickert, who is to be recalled in San Francisco. There is much indignation among the progressives that Fickert, whose biased nature against union labor was so conspicuous during the Mooney trials. He is one of the leaders of the gang that fixed the Mooney trials should have the ex-president's support. He is one of the leaders of the gang that fixed the Mooney frame-up.

The federal investigators at Chicago, after arresting many of those active in the Industrial Workers of the World organization, have found nothing upon which to base their charges.

They find nothing in the membership books that the newspapers all over the country alleged they were guilty of doing. The real reason for the arrests is that the employers of labor thought they could crush the spirit of solidarity for which this union is famous.

Butte and Her Troubles

(Continued From Page One)

said the remark that she thought "our was a crazy war." To which I replied with a short lecture on the biologic, ethnic, commercial aspects of the war, giving as my conclusion that no human being was big or powerful enough to cause it, to keep any nation out of it, or in any way to stop it. We were drawn into the maelstrom by world wide economic forces, and the only way out is forward.

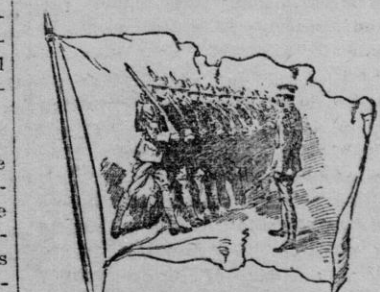
Finally my nurse told me that she had just come off a case of nursing a U. S. secret service man, and that he had told her he knew all about her, and that her record was in the postoffice and was marked "o. k. citizen." This was news. U. S. postoffice, a public carrier of the mails, a governor on the brains of man, and an institution of espionage on the life and acts of individuals. I wanted to learn more, so I became confidential(?), she thought, and I told her a lot of cock and bull stories, having always objective in mind, with the result that I learned much about Butte, that I have not seen in print. She told me that her former patient had told her that there were more than five hundred secret service men and women in Butte. The women are considered the most clever. Both these men and women make a business snooping into the life and acts of people. (Did some one say that the light went out in the torch of liberty?) There were more than that many hired gunmen on the hill, an additional swarm of private detectives, a small army of deputy sheriffs, and Jerry Murphy's Police force, all of whom are paid, none of whom did copper. They are the forces of Law and Order in Butte as is evidenced by the fact that they have not as yet apprehended the cowardly assassins of Frank Little.

Now I do not say that my nurse was consciously and purposely trying to work me into a frame-up, but I do believe, and in fact she admitted it, that she had discussed my case with her friend the detective, that he had asked if I was a dope fiend, and that she had told him I was not, but that I was a radical. There are no classes in America, says the once honorable Chas. E. Russell, wiping his polluted lips on Elihu Roots napkin. He would change his mind if he applied for a rustling card in the town under discussion. Chas. E. has written and said things in the past that will live to his glory, but these very things would not get him a permit to work in Butte unless the masters thought he had deteriorated far enough to be safe. (Pardon the digression.) Such is the spy system in Butte. It is used only for one thing, that is to bully the working class. They are openly company tools. They are class instruments, Charlie. (Continued next week.)

The officials found that it has captured the labor spirit of the west and transformed conservative A. F. of L. unions into fighting organizations, that are working within the law, along constructive lines, with a distinct vision of bringing about an industrial democracy.

Kerensky is reported to be hiding in Finland.

All titles, corporate property of nobles, merchants and bourgeois were declared abolished by the Bolshevik government.



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GET RIGHT WITH THE PRESIDENT.

President Wilson Rebukes Mob Spirit Fanned Into Flames by Vicious Press of Country.

I have been very much distressed, my fellowcitizens, by some of the things that have happened recently. The mob spirit is displaying itself here and there in this country. I have sympathy with what some men are saying, but I have NO sympathy with the men who take punishment into their own hands; and I want to say to every man who does join such mob, that I do not recognize him as worthy the free institutions of the United States.

There are some organizations in this country whose object is anarchy and destruction of law, but I would not meet their efforts by making myself a partner in destroying law.

I despise their purposes as much as any one, but I respect the ancient processes of justice and I would be too proud not to see them done justice, however wrong they are. So I want to utter my protest against any manifestation of this spirit of lawlessness in any cause or place.

Why, gentlemen, look what it means: We claim to be the greatest democratic people in the world, and democracy means first of all, selfgovernment. If we have not self control, then we are not capable of that great thing we call democratic government.

A man who takes the law into his hands is not the right man to cooperate in any of or development of law and institution.

PLAYING WITH DYNAMITE

Editorial in The Public, Nov. 16, 1917.

"Professional detectives and the well-meaning assistant prosecutors of the Department of Justice should not be given a free hand in handling the I. W. W. situation. There is evidence that they are as ignorant of American sociology as were the advisors of Louis XVI of French sociology. And they are aided and abetted in their ignorance by an equally ignorant press, so that nothing but approving comment follows the most stupid and dangerous tactics. The situation in this country with respect to unskilled and unorganized labor is full of dynamite. Every trade union leader knows it. The president knows it. It is the dynamite engendered by the existence of a large class conscious of injustice, burning with resentment, and wholly without organization through which to express itself. The I. W. W. does not represent it in any authorized way. But it comes nearer being its spokesman than any other organization. Members of the I. W. W. or men who have been profoundly influenced by their propaganda may be found in every unorganized labor force in the country. The I. W. W. is not an organization so much as it is a spirit and a vocabulary. And because no strike or audible protest follows the various assaults on I. W. W. leaders, let us not be too sure that their influence is negligible, that the Department's policy and that of the mobs that get encouragement from this policy is not breeding a slow, dangerous, smoldering resentment.

An instant retaliation would be far less dangerous, much easier to handle, than a spirit that may at some critical juncture in the future flare out in a strike of steel workers or slaughter-house workers or miners or oil refiners. No one knows about this. Perhaps the Government can imprison or mobs horsewhip every laborer in the country who sympathizes with the I. W. W., and our unorganized, unskilled, exploited wage workers will take it lying down. Perhaps they will not. But the situation should not be handled by men who have never read, let alone pondered, the government reports that show that hardly more than half of the adult male wage-earners in the United States earn enough in a year to support a family in decency and comfort. The I. W. W. leaders now in jail know those reports by heart. They have passed them on to tens of thousands of men, and they have interpreted them with the aid of the writings of such men as Thorstein Veblen and Leo Tolstoy and Henry George. Their movement is interperated sympathetically and accepted as an inevitable product of existing conditions by such first-hand observers as Dr. Carleton Parker, Dean of the School of Business and Professor of Economics at the University of Washington, and the Rev. Dr. Sydney Strong of Seattle, a Congregational minister and a sociologist of character and standing. There is in existence a printed report of the testimony given by Mr. Herbert Quick, now Federal Farm Loan Commissioner, in which the condition of millions of migratory farm laborers in this country is presented in words that make it perfectly clear why, in H. G. Wells's phrase, these men are among our "disaffected employees." Mr. Quick placed the blame largely on a system of land tenure and land taxation that plays into the hands of monopolists and beneficiaries of privilege.

Just a suggestion of the way in which I. W. W.'s are produced is

found in experience of harvest hands with our railroads and local authorities. At the beginning of the harvest, the word goes out to trainmen that "hoboes" are to be unmolested. They go into the harvest without funds, and their labor is a vital community need. After the crops are harvested, the attitude of town authorities and railroad officials suddenly changes. The harvest hands straightaway, become "bums." They are arrested, thrown into jail, and fined. They are kicked off railroad trains unless they pay fare or its equivalent. This is a situation described minutely enough in government reports, and it is only one of a hundred true stories that help to explain the I. W. W.

But to assault the I. W. W. as a whole is to assault the only spokesmen and to suppress the only articulation possessed by a class of wage workers on which several of our most vital basic industries are utterly dependent—a class numbering many millions of men. Why this class is represented by men who repudiate patriotism, religion and government is a long story. It is well told by Dr. Parker in the current Atlantic. It involves the shortcomings of the trade union movement as well as the upgrowth of conditions that leave large bodies of workers with no gratitude to established institutions, because those institutions have done nothing for them except to cut them off from about everything that makes life on this earth worth while.

But, someone will say, surely the responsible federal authorities know what they are doing. They must have evidence. Among those arrested with the others for seditious conspiracy was Arturo Giovannitti, one of the leaders in the Lawrence strike of nearly six years ago. He is an Italian whose international ideals had not succeeded in smothering his nationalist sentiment. He is a poet of distinction. His work has been highly praised by the London Times and published in the Atlantic Monthly. For the past year he has been writing plays and poems and living quietly in New York. Five years ago he translated a work on sabotage. For this he has received no royalties, nor has he owned or circulated so much as a one copy of the volume. Yet he is seized and taken to the Tombs and must now submit to removal to Chicago and trial there in an atmosphere poisoned by prejudice. As for the charge, freely given to the press at Washington, that proof had been found that the organization was being financed by German money, not a line of evidence has since been produced to substantiate these vague, sensational intimations supposedly given out by Mr. Gregory's assistants and spread in flaming headlines on the first page of every newspaper in the country. On the contrary, the indictment as published contains no charge that German money played a part in the organization's activities. William D. Haywood, general secretary of the I. W. W., is a descendant of men who fought in the Revolution and the Civil War. The real crime of Haywood and most of the rest was the conducting of an aggressive propaganda and strike program on behalf of laborers who are interested solely in obtaining better conditions of life and labor. But that feeling has been manipulated and organized by men whose economic interests, whose right to exploit their fellows without let or hindrance, have been interfered with, and properly, by I. W. W. agitation. In so far as the I. W. W. stands as spokesmen and representatives of the most exploited class of American labor, they must be handled by men who are something more than outraged patriots, with a patriotism that coincides with a belief in their right to exploit others. No one knows to what degree they

do so stand, and least of all the detectives and prosecutors of the Department of Justice. These assume too readily that they can dispose of the whole problem by putting a few men in jail.

Either President Wilson himself or the Department of Labor as his agency should be represented at the forthcoming trials, and by men who are able to distinguish between an I. W. W. injury to the national cause and an I. W. W. injury to industrial conditions that no government can afford to sanction. In the interest of safety it would be well to assume that millions of laborers are watching these cases, and that an ounce of understanding now may be worth a pound of martial law in some critical juncture of the future.

The Workers Are Watching. Yes, millions of laborers are watching the cases, and millions more will be watching and awaiting

the verdict. These working men and women, whose only crime has been in organizing the workers and striking for better conditions, must be defended. If the masters succeed in convicting our fellow workers, then the boasted right to strike will have been lost. The shackles of labor will be tightened. You will be held to the world as men and women who deserted your champions when they needed you most. We know that you're real men and women, and we know that you're going to do all you can. But don't wait, help is needed and now. We have got to fight this case in the courts. At present we have no alternative. Send whatever funds you can today; organize for tomorrow. Make all checks and money orders payable to Wm. D. Haywood, Treas., General Defense Committee, 1001 West Madison Street, Chicago, Illinois.



12,000 union men of Twin Cities ask recall of Ames and McGee from Commission

(Continued From Page One)

ourselves we could call off this meeting and let the men remain at work. "We've lost all hope in the safety commission. We hoped there were men big enough at the capitol to see their mistake, regret it and stop this trouble.

Need Big Men.

"We have proved they couldn't enforce their order. We must have big men at the capitol, but they aren't there now."

W. T. Le Duc temporary secretary, then read the convention call.

Mr. Le Duc also read the telegram from Secretary of War Baker asking Gov. Burnquist to have the safety commission suspend the button order and reopen the question and accept federal assistance in settling the controversy between union men and the street car company.

Mr. Le Duc also read a telegram from Cong. C. C. Van Dyke telling of the conference in Washington Tuesday leading up to Sec. Baker's telegram.

War Department.

The convention then passed a resolution to telegraph the war department of Gov. Burnquist's refusal of the request and also that the governor had refused to grant labor leaders a conference.

The resolutions committee was appointed as follows: George Grenville, St. Paul; Andrew Leaf, Minneapolis; A. E. Smith, St. Paul; C. C. Egan, Minneapolis; J. E. Corcoran, St. Paul; C. A. Boulett, Minneapolis; G. W. Lawson, secretary, Minnesota Federation of Labor; R. D. Kramer, Minneapolis; Tom Foley and Fred Miller, St. Paul.

Two Mayors Invited.

The convention then extended an invitation to the mayors of St. Paul and Minneapolis to attend the meeting.

The first speaker was John Brady, representing the miscellaneous trades.

"I see in a yellow sheet of this city," he said, "that there are I. W. W. attending this meeting.

"We Won't Work, Will We?"

"I will say there are five 'W's' in this meeting: 'We won't work, will we—until this question is settled?'"

Mr. Brady then told of the troublesome times the United States experienced in early wars, and said:

"When it comes to a patriotic spirit we know the boys assembled always respond to the call.

"Since the Civil war we have been engaged in an industrial war; we know against what odds we have fought. We are subjected to adverse criticism at all times.

"Here to Resent Insult." "We are here to resent the insult

offered by men intrusted with guarding the public safety of Minnesota.

"I have heard a term applied to them—the 'unsafety commission'—which I think is fitting. When they tell those men to take off their buttons it is an insult to all organized labor and we propose to resent it with all our might and main."

The speaker then told of Mr. Lowry's organization of the Employees Co-operative association to oppose the union.

James Manahan was next introduced.

"I will ask the committee to put on a preliminary bout tonight between Mr. Lowry and myself. I have some upper cuts to give him.

Important Issue.

"I do not believe there has ever assembled in the United States a great gathering of free men where the issues involved were more important than this one.

"While Mr. Clancy and his colleague were speaking it must have been clear to all thoughtful men that the case made by the union men was an honest one."

Mr. Manahan then read what he characterized as an unjust editorial in the Pioneer Press today.

Following Mr. Manahan's address, Sec. Dawson of the State Federation of Labor introduced a resolution asking the removal of W. Ames and John F. McGee from the Safety commission, as printed in full in another column.

Mr. Manahan denied statements in the editorial.

"The right to wear the union button and continue in employment," he said, "involves the rights of all organized labor.

"Who is the 'public' the editorial says is irritated by that button?"

"Lowry, Lowry," shouted several in the crowd.

"Life, food to eat, clothing to wear, houses to live in," he said, "civilization itself depends on labor.

Soul of Patriotism.

"I say the union button represents the very heart of industry, the very soul of patriotism.

"Possibly the button does irritate some business men like the head of the West Publishing Co., or some big corporation lawyer.

Real Reason.

"The real reason why that order was put on the records of the safety commission was because the influence of the enemies of union labor was strong enough to get it there.

"Proof of that is in the dispatch sent Mr. Ames by Gov. Burnquist saying Mr. Ames is unfair to union labor."

"If that is true, Mr. Ames has no right to sit one hour on that commission.

Says It's Unsafe.

"The public safety commission is an unsafe commission if it harbors in its council a man who has bitter feeling against labor in these trying times."

"I know Mr. Ames' mind is warped on the subject of labor, but I do believe he is patriotic as far as his feelings let him. I say to him for you that patriotism compels him to re-

sign from his position on that commission at once.

"It's a lie," he said, "that politicians are trying to use you. I know."

Mayor Van Lear Cheered.

Mr. Manahan was interrupted when Mayor Thomas Van Lear entered, who was cheered loudly.

"I would as soon think of stemming the tides of the ocean as to try to stop the feeling in your hearts," said Mr. Manahan.

Mayor Irvin of St. Paul in a short address complimented the men upon their stand for law and order.

Van Lear Wears Button.

There were shouts for Mayor Van Lear. His appearance was signal for the biggest ovation of the meeting.

"I wore my button," said Mayor Van Lear, "because I haven't been ordered to take it off.

"I believe it is important that organized labor sees to it that order is maintained.

"Public officials like myself, a union man, regret this controversy. At the same time I don't think public officials or anyone else should stand on their dignity when a great matter like this is to be adjusted.

Failed To Understand.

"If the safety commissioners were familiar with union men they would know union men wouldn't take off their buttons because someone told them to do so."

"When I make a mistake I back up. I apologize. I don't believe this controversy should be allowed to continue because someone made a mistake, no matter how high the position he occupies.

"The corporation or official who will not agree to arbitrate to prevent the country being tied up in a strike of this kind is unpatriotic."

Joseph Gilbert, general manager, Nonpartisan league, was next called on.

Mr. Gilbert referred to Gov. Burnquist's statement that he would uphold the dignity of the state.

"The dignity of the state," he said, "is here. Upon labor everything in the world depends. Without labor everything will stop."

Governor Challenged.

Mr. Gilbert referred to Gov. Burnquist's declaration that there are "other reasons for the convention than to uphold the principles of organized labor."

"I defy Gov. Burnquist to tell those other reasons," he said.

Lynn Thompson, organizer, Minneapolis Trades and Labor assembly, who followed Mr. Gilbert, was loudly cheered.

Mr. Thompson told of the organizing of the street car men and the conditions which led up to the unionizing.

The committee on permanent organization made its report at 1:00 p. m. in which they recommended the adoption of the following report:

"Your committee on permanent organization recommend that this organization be permanent for the purpose of handling all future grievances of the same nature as the present one, and that, in view of the fact to all appearances there will be an adjustment of the present controversy, we feel that it is our patriotic duty under those present conditions to recommend as follows:

"That all men and women assembled here today at this convention return to their respective places of employment on Thursday morning, Dec. 6, 1917, subject to a favorable and be it further.

"Resolved, that we all hold ourselves in readiness to attend a meeting of this convention to be held on Tuesday morning, Dec. 11, 1917, at a place to be designated by this committee, and same to be published in the daily papers of the Twin Cities over the signatures of the presidents of the Minneapolis and St. Paul assemblies, in view of an unfavorable settlement."

The report brought out the only clash of the convention, a large number favoring the calling of an immediate general strike, while another element felt that by adjourning for a few days, the National Government would have time to intervene and force a settlement of the trouble.

The report was finally adopted by a close vote and unless the federal authorities are able to bring about a settlement by next Tuesday, there is every indication that the Twin Cities will be tied up with a general strike of all industries next week.

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NOTARY PUBLICS.

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If every reader of TRUTH would get us just one new subscriber a week, in less than six months we would have the morning liar and the afternoon apology beaten for number of subscribers. That means that we would reap the benefits of the advertising patronage which always goes to the paper with the largest circulation. It means more than that. It means that Labor in Duluth would be in a position to come into its own. It is possible. Do YOUR bit, that is all. Get us?

Truth

Issued Weekly
BY THE DULUTH CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY
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TELEPHONES: Grand 1221-A. Melrose 5583.

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W. E. REYNOLDS, Editor and Business Manager.

EDITORIAL



PADDY AND HIS PICK

Press reports a new steam shovel at work at the steal trust mines. Only fourteen tons of ore are picked up at one sweep of the 'big shovel. Three dips of the big shovel, it has a sweep of 180 feet, is sufficient to fill the largest ore car. You might think that with such modern tools of production, such easy ways of doing pick and shovel work that the man who made his living by pick and shovel work could now live easier, sit down, light us his old dugreen and let the machinery do the work, but here again the truth of the Communist Manifesto is manifested.

"Owing to the extensive use of machinery and the division of labor, the work of proletarians has lost all individual character, and, consequently all charm for the workman. He becomes an appendage to the machine. * * * In proportion as the use of machinery and the division of labor increases, in the SAME PROPORTION the BURDEN OF TOIL also increases, whether by prolongation of the working hours, by increase of the work enacted in a given time or by increased speed of the machinery."

THIS LOOKS LIKE A GOOD EDITORIAL TO US.

Modern capitalist society with its relations of production, of exchange, and of property, a society that has conjured up such GIGANTIC means of production and exchange, is like the sorcerer, who is no longer able to control the powers of the nether world whom he has called up by his spells. For many a decade past the history of industry and commerce is but the history of the revolt of modern productive forces against modern conditions of production, against the property relations that ARE THE CONDITIONS for the EXISTENCE of the capitalists and of its rule.—From the Communist Manifesto. The above is a clear statement as to what the war is all about, but as it was written in 1848 we do hope the National Thought Controller will not have us drawn and quartered and boiled in oil for having printed it!

MORE MANIFESTO. ISN'T IT TRUE?

"The less the skill and exertion of strength implied in manual labor, in other words the more modern industry becomes developed, the more is the labor of men superseded by that of women. Differences of age and sex have no longer any social validity for the working class. ALL ARE instruments of labor, more or less expensive to use, according to their age and sex."

FROM THE KASIDAH

Better the myriad toils and pains
that make the man to manhood true,
This be the rule that guideth life;
these be the laws for me and you:

With Ignorance wage eternal war,
to know thyself forever strain,
Thine ignorance of thine ignorance
is thy fiercest foe, thy deadliest bane;

That blunts thy sense, and dulls thy taste;
that deafs thine ears and blinds thine eyes;
Creates the thing that never was,
the Thing that ever is defies.

FOR THE CLASS IN HISTORY ACIENT AND MODERN

HUGHES—WAR, WIDOWS, WASTAGE!
WILSON—PEACE, PROSPERITY, PROGRESS!

The above is a box head run by the Oklahoma News at the last election. We have always contended that these Capitalist sheets didn't know what they were talking about!

NOT IN DULUTH! NOT IN DULUTH!

Cartoonist Outcault with his Buster Brown cartoons has been in the Plute Press for years. Buster is a familiar figure with millions, but at that cartoonist often seems to us to slip a cog when it comes to interpreting life as it really is. Most of his pictures reflect a smug middle-class respectability, out of tune with the realities of life. In last Sunday's picture he has pictured Buster as a runaway and captured at the Police Station and Papa Brown is shown as offering \$100.00 to the Police Captain, and the Captain is pictured as refusing it with a big NO! Can you imagine any body offering a Duluth Police Captain \$100.00 of real money and being met with a refusal? We cannot. Not in Duluth.

Patriotism is YOUR conviction that this country is superior to all other countries BECAUSE YOU were born in it.—Bernard Shaw.

A slave that is faithful to his masters is a traitor to his fellows.

THE CREAM OF OUR EXCHANGES

The concentration of wealth into the hands of the capitalist class makes necessary the concentration of political power into the hands of the working class. The sooner the workers understand this the better for them.—The Maoriland Worker.

No Capitalist Economist can explain the existence of poverty amidst plenty without condemning capitalism.—Co-operative News.

If Lord Northcliffe isn't a slacker what is he? He is an extremely able-bodied citizen and his country has called him to fill an important position in the British military machine. But he tells his government to go to—well I'm not sure where. There are just a lot of things he doesn't like about the way England has been conducting her part of the war, and therefore he will not do a thing to help her out. Now suppose the English Tommies took such a stand. What would happen to England? But then it is absurd to speak of an English Lord and an ordinary soldier in the same paragraph. A decent respect for the soldier ought to forbid it.—Erie (Pa.) Truth.

"This is a war against the peoples of the Hun Nation." Wm. Howard Taft. "We have no quarrel with the German people. We are warring against the German government."—President Woodrow Wilson.

"This is not a war for Democracy."—Theodore Roosevelt. Thus are our minds torn and distracted in a loyal effort to choose between the contending opinions of three of the most distinguished patriotic Americans on the business of the hour... By A Wag in the Buffalo New Age.

"Anarchy reigns in Russia," runs the newspaper headline. And at that it is a considerable improvement over the rest of Europe...

"Try to be one of the ancestors to be bragged about in the next century," says the St. Louis Democrat. We fail to recall the names of those who mobbed Wm. Lloyd Garrison for his anti-slavery agitation.—Seattle Industrial Worker.

DEAD MEN'S BONES

Alexander the Great, seeing Diogenes looking attentively at a parcel of human bones asked the philosopher what he was looking for. "That which I cannot find," was the reply—"the difference between your father's bones and those of his slaves."—Seattle Industrial Worker.

RESPECTABILITY! YES? NO!

How respectable some of the used-to-be socialists are becoming! When the capitalists press can get the mass of misrepresentation, vilification and falsehood, furnished them by claimed-to-be socialists, that they have been getting the past month it is time for those of the party who have the interest of the movement at heart to sit up and take notice.

Some people are ashamed to be called Socialists. There are some others that it is a shame to call Socialists.

POTATOES VS PRINCIPLES

Many a man thinks that it is goodness that keeps him on good terms with his full stomach. On half allowance he would be as ugly and knavish as anybody. Don't mistake potatoes for principles.—Thos. Carlyle.

ECHOES FROM STUDY CLASSES

Would it be possible for an employer to pay the workers MORE than the value of their labor power and sell the products for less than their value and still make a profit?

Is the cost of living too high or are wages too low? These and similar questions are thoroly discussed at the Study Class Every Sunday afternoon at 2:30 at Woodman Hall.

DO IDEAS CHANGE OR REMAIN FIXED?

The seasons do not remain fixed but change. "Our" laws do not remain fixed. Our customs change. Our industrial methods do not remain fixed but change. Our bodies grow, develop and decay. Our friends change, our ideas change, "our" politicians change—everything changes except "our" idea of private property.

THE GREATER TRUTH

"Wage-earners could not exist without capitalists," says the stand patter and the apologist for things as they are. And it is true. "Capitalists could not exist without wage-earners," reply the reformers. This also is true.

The greater truth is that neither wage-earner nor capitalist is necessary in a sane world. Both ought to be, and can be abolished.

An Industrial Republic, founded upon social ownership of social necessities will abolish the capitalist (as a capitalist) by making it impossible for him to get the benefits arising from private ownership of socially necessary Natural resources and tools of production, and will at the same time abolish the wage-earner (as a wage-earner) by making it possible for the worker to receive the social equivalent of the product of his labor.

Capital and wage-labor are two sides of the same system of slavery.

AS TO WHO CO-OPERATES.

A keeper of an institution for the care of the insane was asked the question, "Are you not afraid to be amongst such a large number of crazy people?" He replied. "No. Insane people never co-operate." Get it?

STRAWS SHOW HOW THE WIND IS BLOWING

At Erie, Pennsylvania not so very long ago, Kate Richard O'Hare was advertised to deliver a Socialist lecture. The local plute press branded as "vipers" all those who would attend, and advertised a "Patriotic" meeting for the following evening. Taking the terminology of the P. P. there were more "vipers" turned away from the O'Hare meeting owing to a lack of seating capacity, than there was "patriots" in attendance at the rival meeting. The long and the short of it is that all who are called by the plute press as vipers are not vipers and all who are called patriots are not patriots and that Capitalism is tottering upon its rotten throne and no amount of camouflage on the part of the plute press can keep it from going the way of all outworn systems. The REAL patriots the common people are today thinking as they never have thought before and are getting ready to ACT as they have never acted before. Let the reactionary plute politician take warning and govern his conduct accordingly.

WHAT DOES GOD LOOK LIKE?

The preacher told me that man was made in the image of God. Down on the street I saw some "images" but for the life of me I could not make out what God looks like.

THE HELL BOX

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



MARIETTA, MINN.

Dec. 2, 1917.

Dear Comrade Reynolds,
Enclosed find fifty-two cents to pay postage on my paper for a year.

You certainly put out a timely little paper and the addition of Comrade Hannen's elucidation of Marx will greatly enhance its educational value.

Fraternally,
RAYMOND, ROWE.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Dear comrades,
At last I shall try to write a line or two, which I promised I have been writing, in my mind, every day since I came here but suppose you never received the letters.

See you had a grand time in Duluth lately. I wish I had been there, even if I should be considered a vagrant.

Every week I receive "Truth", I am afraid it might be the last one but it is still safely coming each week. To make "Truth" more safe and easier for it to come this way, I shall do my bit and pay my postage. Further more, I'd like to see a bundle of five copies come every week. Therefore please find enclosed \$1.50.

Of course, the paper "Truth" might be suppressed before this reaches the office, but they can't suppress the abstract TRUTH. TRUTH can't be modified. TRUTH shall prevail.

Regards to you all,
J. Holmin.

RESOLUTIONS PASSED
BY MASS CONVENTION
OF 12,000 UNIONISTS

"Whereas, the carmen's union of the Twin Cities having been locked out by the Twin City Rapid Transit Co. for displaying their union buttons thereby depriving themselves and their families of their sole means of support, and

"Whereas, the constitution of the United States of America guaranteed the right of the carmen to wear such buttons, and

"Whereas, the carmen's union of the Twin Cities having made every attempt possible to adjust the matter in a peaceable manner, including mediation and arbitration, which means of settlement have been arbitrarily rejected by the representatives of the company, and

"Whereas, the public safety commission in ordering the removal of the buttons has shown an utter lack of appreciation of the rights of the carmen's union and of organized labor in general, and

"Whereas, the American Federation of Labor having pledged its fullest co-operation in the conduct of the war, the conduct of the public safety commission in disregarding the constitutional right of American citizens is detrimental to the best interests of the government of the United States in behalf of its great struggle for democracy; therefore, be it

Resolved, that we, the trade unionists of the Twin Cities, do earnestly commend and uphold the carmen's union in their fight for their constitutional rights, and do pledge all possible support in continuation of that struggle; and be it further

Resolved, that we denounce the action of the street railway company in attempting to limit the constitutional rights of their employees as unjust and un-American; and be it further

"Resolved, that we consider the actions of Commissioners C. W. Ames and J. F. McGee as members of the public safety commission as being particularly opposed to the interests of organized labor and public welfare, and do hereby petition Gov. Burnquist to remove them from said commission; and be it further

"Resolved, that we do also petition Gov. Burnquist to appoint to the positions thus vacated one member recommended by acknowledged representatives of organized labor and one member recommended by acknowledged representatives of the organized farmers; and be it further

"Resolved, that a copy of this resolution be forwarded at once to the governor of the state and to the public safety commission.

You'll Find It Here.

At a surprise party at Mrs. London's Thanksgiving, the local Jewish comrades took up a collection of six dollars for the Jewish War Sufferers. It was sent to the New York Relief committee.

Comrades Singer and Bergman have charge of the committee here.

ATTENTION. The twentieth jubilee celebration of the "Bond" will be given by the Jewish local, Sunday night, Dec. 9. The "Bond" was in the pioneer field in Russia, organizing the revolutionary ideas of the Jewish people of that country. It took a leading part in the revolution of March, 1917. The "Bond" was persecuted by the old order, and the prisons even to Siberia received the brave hearted workers. Still it grew and now it is one of the strongest forces in the Russia of today.

Musical program will follow. Admission free. The benefit will be for the "Bond" daily papers.

Superior Finnish comrades will give a play at Tarmo Hall Sunday night.

West End English Local meets in Reading Room Stack Bldg. Tuesday nights and adjourns to Woodman Hall to attend the classes.

A benefit was given for "Truth" at Camel's hall last Sunday under the auspices of the Jewish Local and the Workmen's Circle.

Sixteen half yearly and seven yearly sub cards were sold. A box of chocolates, donated by Mrs. Singer, was auctioned for \$8.50. Did Bessie Myers observe "Hooverizing?" Comrades Myers, Littman and

Singer were on the committee and all were pleased with the entertainment. It was decided, by various means, to get funds for "Truth", at each entertainment.

Both the Swedish and Finnish locals will give plays this coming Sunday. Go to Woodman or Tarmo Hall. It is a choice of language.

Comrade O. E. Thompson will be the speaker of the evening at Woodman Hall, Sunday night, Dec. 9. Scandinavian Boys raised about \$32.00 at an entertainment given Thanksgiving day for the paper.

A total of about \$16.00 has arrived at the office so far this week in payment for sub cards and donations to help us pay our postage bill. At first thought we wanted to print the names of the comrades who have donated to our postage fund, but on second thought we decided that probably there were many who would not like to have their names printed.

Received your letter and two cards yet?

Have you ACTED on that suggestion?

Do your bit, and do it now. Let us have no slackers in this important matter.

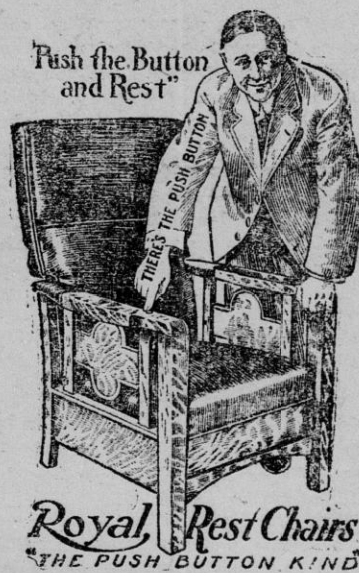
Study class Sunday afternoon in Woodman Hall. Lecture, "What Sociology Means," at 2:30 o'clock, class follows. Class in Manifesto Monday night. Room 116 Stack Building 21st and Superior St. Class Tuesday night Woodman Hall. Class in Sociology Thursday night at Stack Building.

WHAT'S DOING AT WOODMAN HALL

Tuesday night, business meeting, followed by study class. Thursday and Saturday nights dancing.

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