

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 21, 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

MINNESOTA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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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WHOLE NUMBER 27

THE NEW FEUDALISM

Ethel Brooks Sanford

Must the workers of the United States pass through a period of industrial feudalism before becoming sufficiently intelligent to achieve their emancipation?

About fifteen years ago we read a very able and interesting article on "Benevolent Feudalism"; but with the enthusiasm and over-confidence of youth we laughed at the "absurd idea", knowing in our own mind that the Co-operative Commonwealth would be established long before the year 1917. Since then we have learned to leave prophesying to those more gifted in that line; but we cannot help observing that a new feudalism is fast materializing in our midst; that it will be benevolent, we still have our doubts.

Since the days of primitive communism, the world has been fed, clothed, and sheltered by the labor of slaves. The ancient civilizations, Egypt, Babylon, Greece, and Rome were made possible by the capture and enslavement of thousands of barbarians, who often had to be lashed to their tasks in fields and mines. These slaves were treated with less consideration than animals, being often worked to death, or murdered by wholesale as suited the whim of the masters, until after some four thousand years it became necessary, in order to maintain a sufficient number and a more satisfied variety of slaves, to attach them to the land and permit them to work a part of the time for themselves. In this way they were fooled and induced to produce large "litters" of serfs to work for the landlord. The change from slavery to serfdom was made, not because the masters loved the slaves, but, because they had discovered a way in which to have cheaper and more contented slaves.

Serfdom, as a method of production, was followed by wage slavery, which from the masters' point of view was a great improvement upon either serfdom or chattel slavery. The slave was always rebelling or running away, and besides, the master had to feed, clothe, and shelter him and provide a doctor if he became sick, all of which was, of course, a great nuisance to the master; but with the coming of the wage slave, all this was changed. The master did not have to worry about his running away nor bother to capture him, nor pay for him, neither was it any of his concern if the worker had no food, clothing, nor shelter. This new worker was a cheap fellow. The master could get him on the installment plan at so much per, and turn him out when he didn't need him. When the slave became a wage slave, he lost his lump-sum value and his certainty of food, clothing and shelter; but he gained his freedom—the freedom to work when someone would hire

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SUPERIOR WILL BOOST TRUTH

A meeting has been arranged for next Sunday Night, December 23, at Finnish Worker's Hall, 422 Cummings Ave., Superior, Wis., for a benefit for the Socialist paper at the head of the Lakes, which paper is Truth. A good program has been expected. YOU are invited. O. E. Thompson will speak. Music by Scandinavian Soc. Band.

LOUISE OLIVEREAU GETS TEN YEARS

Louise Oliveureau from Seattle, Washington, was sentenced to ten years in the Canyon City, Colorado Pen. for her activity in trying to teach the members of the working class their class interests. The judge in passing sentence remarked that she was a woman of more than ordinary intelligence. (We wonder if this is not the main reason for the sentence). A movement is on foot by her friends to carry the case to a higher court. Nowadays it is getting to be the rule rather than the exception to find the brainy people of the country drawing prison sentences. Thus gradually is the world being made safe for the Plutes.

"VAGRANTS" FREE

After having continued the "vagrancy" cases growing out of the illegal and unwarranted raid upon the Nearing meeting by the police department, for over a month they have finally been dismissed and the bail money refunded. That illegal ordinance still exists however, to enable the police department to harass and discomfit any person or persons whom they may choose to arrest and keep over night in their vile bull pen.

L. W. W. Lumberjacks Win 8 Hour Day

The Western Pine Association of Spokane representing the lumbermill owners of Eastern Washington and Idaho have granted the demands of the L. W. W. workers for an eight hour day. It is announced that the West Coast mill owners will follow suit.

ANOTHER VICTIM IS SUPPRESSED

The Seattle Daily Call, after continuous publication for 115 days, has just received its notice from Thought Controller that it can not be admitted to the second class mail privilege. The Call says editorially: "When one considers the superb program of suppression which postmaster General Burleson has been carrying out in the past six months (and we use the word 'superb' advisedly for we doubt if in the darkest days of Russia under the Czar had anything worse than this) we could hardly have looked for any other answer."

"The publication that gets by today and receives the sanction of the Postmaster General, is one that does not menace the interests of the Capitalist Class." "— recognize that Mr. Burleson is acting in perfect harmony with the interest of his class." "Let us organize our forces so wisely and rise to the demands of the Call so ably that we shall be more than conquerors in the battle for true democracy and human rights." Incidentally the P. O. D. grabs off more than a thousand dollars of postage money deposited which would have been refunded had the Call been granted its rights.

OUR CHRISTMAS GREETING TO THE CAPITALIST CLASS



By Courtesy of Non Partisan

FICKERT RECALL FAILS AT FRISCO

On the morning of the Fickert recall election the papers carried the story of an attempt to destroy by dynamite the residence of California's Governor. This dynamite business seems to be worked quite successfully by the pollys of California. It will be recalled that the celebrated Los Angeles dynamite case occurred just before the election where Job Harriman seemed to have a good chance to be elected mayor of that city.

The Fickert Gang, backed by the millionaires of California won out at the election, by twenty thousand votes. All of which goes to show that we in this country have a great deal of educational work to do yet before we realize upon our hopes of an Industrial Democracy.

Newport, R. I.—While New England is suffering from lack of fuel, hothouses in the Cliff section here on the estates of multi-millionaires are using fuel to grow plants. Many small hothouses throughout New England from whose operation owners gain their livelihood are badly crippled by lack of food.

'T WAS EVER THUS

"The Amphictyonic Council (of ancient Greece) was simply a co-operative association of the lords to defend their estates; and they most naturally, as customary with all Pagan ancients, held forth first and foremost the horrors of irreligion, knowing that the superstition of the slaves was their true stronghold, since by making it appear that an attack upon or contemptuousness of their holy property was an unpardonable misdemeanor, or even to utter words against that property remaining in the hands of a usuper, was blasphemy. This superstition thus, inculcated was always, in ancient times, the bulwark of protection to the nobles."

Such was one of the early forms of government. But it was an aristocratic government which cast a taunt on labor. It perpetuated the holiness of property which has ever since upheld the dogma of divine right of property of the kings and is probably the originator of that dogma.

The great Hesiod, himself a poor freedman if not a slave, wrote: "Men's right arm is law; for spoils they wait and lay their mutual cities desolate." C. Osborne Ward, The Ancient Lowly.

THE SOLDIER VOTE IN N. Y. ELECTION

New York.—Votes of New York city soldiers, counted today, made no change in the relative standing of mayoralty candidates in the municipal election here last month. Mayor-elect John F. Hylan received 15,722 soldier votes, while Mayor Mitchell received 6,228 and Morris Hillquit, the Socialist candidate 3,717.

ANOTHER BOKAY

Here is the latest Bokay we have received. Sorry—but we're fired now! "The Best Weekly—The Review takes pleasure in assuring its readers that W. E. Reynolds is editing a weekly Socialist paper at Duluth, Minn., called TRUTH, and which is sent to subscribers under postage stamps, which is, without any exception, the best Socialist party weekly we have read in a good many days. If you can spare a dollar, send it along to Comrade Reynolds; and read the most Marxian, newsy, snappy and interesting paper still on the job. Address Manhattan Building, Room 510, Duluth, Minn." International Socialist Review.

WOULD BLIND SON TO ESCAPE DRAFT

Two Harbors, Minn.—To prevent her son being accepted into the draft army, Mrs. Charles Magnuson of this city yesterday morning threw carbolic acid into the eyes of her son, Arthur Magnuson, while he lay asleep at the family home on Second avenue. He was rushed to the hospital immediately and it was learned there that he will not lose his sight and outside of some minor burns about the face is alright. The only thing that saved his sight is the fact that he was sleeping and had his eyes closed. Arthur Magnuson was to leave this morning with the drafted boys from Lake county for Fort Winfield Scott, Cal. Constant brooding over the fact that her son was drafted is believed to have affected her sanity. After pouring the liquid in her son's eyes, Mrs. Magnuson collapsed and has been confined to her bed.

New York, N. Y.—Department stores are blacklisting employees. All active union workers are to be weeded out. The millionaire owners are thoroughly organized to resist any effort made to increase the wage or shorten the hours.

CHRISTMAS 1917

by Wm. E. Towne.

Ting-a-ling-a-ling-a-tink-tank.

Here it is again.

What?

Why, the best evidence in the world of the failure and incompetence of the capitalist system of society.

The annual grab of the Salvation Army for grub to feed the famished, and thereby flatter the smug respectability of the very best people with the idea that they have done their duty by the "worthy" poor in seeing that they get one square meal once a year anyhow.

Ting-a-ling-a-ling-a-tink-tank.

Keep the pot a boiling, as long as it boils, the rulers of the world are safe. Keep the pot a boiling, dig up, everybody! Well nourished, fur heeled lady in the limousine, dig up! Working girl, shivering in shoddy, dig up! Business man in broad cloth, dig up! Worried working men in paper shoes with holes in soles, dig up!

In the name of the blessed Saviour whose natal day is drawing nigh, feed the fallen; lest their gnawing stomachs, shivering bones, and yammering mouths drive them to revolt and shake the pillars of the mighty.

Ting-a-ling-a-ling-a-tink-tank.

The poor, ye have always with you, yes, even on this Christmas, 1917, after two years of the highest, unprecedented, and marvellous prosperity the country has ever seen.

What is it all about? What is Christmas anyway?

Originally the feast of Ceres, the ancient Greek celebration of the garnering of the harvest, given in honor of the patron goddess of the fields. Later, the anniversary of the birth of Christ, the solemn Christ-Mass, occurring about the same time of year, it was but natural as the power and influence of Christianity spread that the pagan feast on the one hand, and the Christian holy day on the other hand became merged. And so on up through the ages influenced by the legends and customs of many climes and peoples the Christmas day has come down to us.

And, what is it today?

The bourgeois profit takers' opportunity. All the hypocritical cant about peace on earth, good will to men, merry Christmas and Happy New Year is but studied trickery to tickle the populace into loosening up on the change and swelling the tide of profit toward the pockets of the harpies that turn every occasion and instance into one of profit for themselves.

Ting-a-ling-a-ling-a-tink-tank.

The day is drawing nearer. Shopping days are growing fewer. Buy it now! Buy it now! BUY IT NOW! Speed, Speed, Speed, Speed, more money for the bosses.

Printers on the dailies, toiling far into the night.

Girls behind the counters, favoring finicky crowds.

Workers in the factories speeding and sweating.

Drivers hustling with deliveries even up to the time the midnight bells of Christmas eve announce upon the frosty air the new-born day of joy.

And even on the day itself the wearied mailman staggering around the route with the last belated packages and letters.

All to satisfy this whim and craze for present giving developed by the bourgeois class for business reasons only.

Ting-a-ling-a-ling-a-tink-tank.

Feed the poor. They have performed the work, produced the goods.

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DEFECTIVE PAGE

"SOME INFORMATION FOR MOTHER"

How One Man Answered the Questions of a Child About
Reproduction

By John Palmer Gavit

It was evident to the Iconoclast as he came up from the lake with his big string of fish and seated himself upon the steps of the veranda, that he had interrupted a conversation out of the ordinary. Nobody noticed his highly satisfactory catch. The Kindergartner rose as if about to leave, but sat down again. There was a space of somewhat embarrassed silence. Then the professor, in his most impressive tone resumed: "Ignorance undoubtedly is the main, though by no means the only, root of the trouble. Every child should be taught at least the rudiments of the truth about himself or herself; yet in a way so gentle, so gradual, and so tactful that there may be no shock; no rude violation of its natural reserve and delicacy."

"For my part," said the Neighbor, flushed with consciousness of trespassing upon ground usually forbidden, "I am quite willing to give my little boy this information, but I do not know when, or in what language, I know nothing of medicine." Of course, she meant physiology.

"Oh, but you know about the flowers!" broke in the Kindergartner, in that tone that kindergartners use. "The beautiful story of the fertilization of the blossoms! The bees—"

"No, I don't. And besides, the fertilization, as you call it, that I want to tell him about, isn't done by bees."

"I never could understand," interposed the Iconoclast, "why there should be all this intense and even hysterical 'delicacy' about the teaching of sex truth to children. You tell your boys and girls about their teeth, and ears, and eyes; you make no secret of their digestion, or of the operation of heart and lungs. You even teach these things to them together in school. But—ye gods and little fishes!—the minute you come to these most important functions of all, you stick your heads in the sand like ostriches, and act as if it were something to be ashamed of. If I had my way—"

"Surely," gasped the Neighbor, "you would not teach such things in public!"

"Well, I don't know. As far as I am concerned, I would teach about sex just as I would teach about chemistry or spelling. But I understand well enough that I am a barbarian. So I take it from your own point of view, and say that I don't care when or how you teach your little boy or little girl about this thing, if you only tell it frankly—the plain ordinary truth, in a plain, ordinary and perfectly shameless way."

"Yes, but the when, and the how are everything," protested the Neighbor.

"When the child is old enough to ask, he's old enough to have an honest answer."

You must conserve the innate delicacy of the child," insisted the Professor.

"I told my little girl," said the professor's wife, who thus far had been silent, "that this subject must be a secret, a beautiful secret, between us, and she must never speak of it to any one but me."

"And you told her—"

"All that I thought was good for her. I told her in an allegorical way, about the flowers, and the pollen, and the bees and how seeds are formed."

"Beautiful," softly explained the Kindergartner.

"How did she take it?" the Neighbor asked.

"She seemed interested, and asked if babies came from bees."

"To which you replied—"

"I promised to tell her more when she was older."

"And meanwhile she is to keep the story of the flowers and the bees and the pollen as a 'beautiful secret' between herself and you?" The Iconoclast's voice trembled with some suppressed emotion.

"Yes, I prefer that she should not talk about these matters with anybody but her mother."

The Iconoclast rose with a sigh, saying:

"Well, I've got to clean these fish or you won't have anything for dinner."

At the back of the house was the big stump of a tree with a wide board across the top, upon which it was the custom to clean the fish, of which the lake furnished an inexhaustible supply. He laid upon it one of the largest, felt the edge of his knife with his thumb, and leaned over to the task.

"What are you doing?" the pro-

fessor's little girl ran across the sand to see.

"Cleaning these fish for your dinner, Princess."

"May I watch?"

"Certainly, if you will keep your fingers out of the way of this sharp knife."

"The fish lay open and flat, and the knife blade was lifting a great mass of yellow-pink roe."

"What's that?"

"That is called roe; it's made up of thousands of eggs."

"Eggs! How funny! Do fish lay eggs?"

"Oh, yes, indeed. All animals—"

The Iconoclast checked himself.

"Where do they lay them?"

"In different places, and different ways. Some fish even make nests; I've seen them. But most fish, I think, go up in the shallow waters of streams, and lay their eggs on the pebbles at the bottom."

"Do they sit on them, like a hen? How can they—such a lot of them?"

"No, the eggs just lie there in the water until they hatch. The mother-fish doesn't need to keep them warm, as birds do. She just goes on about whatever business she has."

"And never cares what happens to her eggs?"

"I don't think she worries much about them."

Another fish was slit open and laid upon the board.

"Oh, what's that—that white thing? That isn't eggs, like the other, is it? It's about the same shape and size."

The Iconoclast stood up and reasoned with himself. How far was he at liberty to go in answering these simple questions? Was it his business to abash this eager curiosity?

"No," he said at last. "That is what is called milt."

"What's it for?"

"Well, you see, this is a father-fish. The eggs have to have this milt put on them, or they won't hatch. So after the mother-fish lays the eggs on the pebbles at the bottom of the stream, the father-fish comes along, and spreads this milt through the water over the eggs."

"How does he know where to find them?"

"I don't know. That is one of the secrets that the fish keep to themselves. Anyway, the father-fish seems to know where to look for them."

"S'posin' he didn't want to lay the milt on the eggs, or put it somewhere else? Then there wouldn't be any little fish hatched out, would there?"

"No, there wouldn't. The eggs would just lie there and die. The father-fish somehow seems to like to do it."

"I s'pose he thinks of the cunning little fish that will hatch out if he does his part. And then he goes away with the mother-fish and they decide to name their children."

"Very likely," laughed the Iconoclast.

The little girl was silent for a time, watching the deft knife at its dissection; speaking only to identify the father-fish and the mother-fish as they came in turn, and laying them side by side in couples.

"I s'pose there are father-birds and mother-birds?"

"Oh, yes."

"Do the father-birds have milt, too?"

The Iconoclast straightened up and rubbed the hinge in his back. Cleaning fish is weary work when you have to stoop so far. He looked away at the wooded hills across the lake.

"I asked you a question. It isn't polite not to answer. Do father-birds have milt?"

He looked down into the big, clear eyes of the eager little face under the blowing curls.

"Yes, father-birds have milt."

"And after the mother-bird lays her eggs in the nest, she goes away and lets the father-bird come in to put the milt on them. Of course, if he didn't, the eggs wouldn't hatch."

She said this with an air of conviction.

Then the Iconoclast decided something once for all; stooped over the fish cleaning again, and said:

"It isn't quite like that with birds. The father-bird puts the milt on the eggs before the mother-bird lays it."

"But, I don't see—oh, do you mean while it is in the mother-bird's body?"

She was thoughtful for a moment. From the corner of his eye he could see that her brow was knit. Here was a mechanical problem. He wondered how he would put it.

"Well, that explains something!" she cried at last. "I do believe I've seen them doing it. Do you know, I

never dreamed of it. I thought they were always fighting."

"They were not fighting."

The little girl was thinking again. Presently she asked:

"Did you ever see a cat's egg?"

"No, I can't say I ever did."

"I've always wondered about that. I asked my mother and she said cats were very secret about their eggs."

"Oh, she said that, did she?"

"Yes, and she said I mustn't ask her any more about it. You don't mind my asking you, do you? I'm really very much interested."

"Not at all I'm glad to tell you anything I know."

"Well, then, tell me this: Where do cats get their eggs? I'd like awfully to see a cat's egg."

"You're not likely to see one. In the first place, it would be very tiny—too small to see without a microscope, and—"

"But, the kitten isn't so very tiny, and I've seen them lots of times, just brand-new, fresh hatched."

"Ah, but you didn't see the kitten fresh hatched. The cat's egg never leaves the mother-cat's body at all. The nest where the kitten hatches out is inside the mother-cat."

The child's eyes were wide with wonder.

"Then the teeny-weeny little new hatched kitten just stays there in the mother till its big enough to be let out?"

"Exactly."

"Isn't that lovely?"

The Iconoclast is regarded as a hardened person; but he had not found voice when she added:

"I see now why the mother-cat is so fond of her kitten—she's been his nest so long!"

"I expect that's one of the reasons."

"Of course, the mother-fish wouldn't care so much; there are so many of hers, and she just leaves them any old way and swims off. Maybe she forgets where she put them. The mother-bird cares more, I s'pose, because she's been sitting on the eggs. But there are two, three, four, five kittens sometimes. Our cat had six one, once. Are they all in there at once in the nice, warm, cozy mother-cat?"

"Yes, all in there together."

"How can she tell when they're big enough to let out?"

"That's the thing nobody seems to know—except the mother-cat. She knows when the right times comes."

"I guess they must get pretty heavy. They do let them out too soon, sometimes; the ones I've seen didn't have their eyes open yet. I should think she would keep them till they could see and walk around."

"They never have their eyes open when they are born."

"So that's what we call being born! It's just being let out of the mother-cat?"

"That's exactly what it is."

"And it is just the same with dogs, and little calves, and horses, and elephants, and—"

"Just the same."

"Silence again. Then:

"But there is one thing that I don't exactly understand. After little birds hatch, the mother-bird brings them worms and things. How do the little kittens and elephants get fed in the mother nest before they are born?"

"While they are in there, they are fed from the mother's own body."

"No wonder she loves them," cried the little girl. "Of course, she knows they're in there!"

"Oh, yes, she—"

"Why, she must. She'd remember when the eggs were fixed so they'd hatch. Of course, that was a foolish question. And they feed from their mother after they are born, too; I've seen them—all the cunning little kittens, nursing in a row."

"Yes, that is one of the differences in animals. The little fishes have to hustle for themselves right away after they are hatched. And the little birds do not nurse; the mother-bird and the father-bird, too usually, bring them food in their bills, and they stay in the nest until they get their feathers and their wings are strong enough to fly."

"But all the warm blooded animals bring forth their little ones like the cat, and nurse them until they are able to be weaned, as it is called; that is, to eat something besides the mother's milk."

"Weaned? Why, they wean babies—"

I heard my mother say so. Is that what it means?"

"That is what it means."

"But I thought babies got their milk from bottles! I know I certainly did!"

"Sometimes that is necessary; but most human mothers nurse their babies, when they are able to, just as cats do."

"And do babies come from eggs and hatch out in the mother-nest, like the warm-blooded animals?"

"They do. Men and women and children are warm blooded animals. The baby stays in the mother-nest until the time comes for it to be born, just as the kitten does."

"Isn't that beautiful? Now, why didn't my mother tell me that when I asked her? She said it was a

terrible secret, and that I mustn't talk about it to anybody else but her, and then she told me about flowers, pollen and bees, and I got all mixed up. I couldn't see what bees had to do with babies—except to sting them."

"They have nothing to do with babies, as you say," the Iconoclast said, "but a great deal to do with flowers."

"If you will just remember that the pollen that the bees carry from one blossom to another is for exactly the same purpose as the milt of the father-fish, you will understand better."

"Do you mean that the flowers seeds wouldn't grow without the pollen that the bee brings?"

"That is it, Princess."

The little girl's brow was knit again, and there was real trouble in her voice as she said:

"It seems funny to me that my mother didn't know how babies come. She certainly had me!"

Suddenly she started away toward the house, saying:

"I thank you very much. You'll have to excuse, now. I've simply GOT to give my mother some information."

Value, Price and Profit

Analyzed by Dr FRANK S. HANNEN

Chapter II.

Weston's argument in a nutshell:

For every rise in wages, the capitalist class raise the prices of commodities.

(How universally this reasoning is applied to the recent movement of prices upward!)

But Marx, in the very beginning of the discussion, applies the touchstone of science. A universal touchstone is the question, "Why?"

If there is an economic law, Citizen Weston should have stated it as his premise. If not, and wages and prices can be changed at the will of the capitalists, they can be changed against that will.

A "spoonful" illustration. Don't miss the kernel Marx put into it.

The keynote question repeated. Why do the prices of commodities change?

Conditions all constant, except wages. How can a rise in wages affect the prices of commodities. Study the answer carefully. We have here to note the introduction of the terms supply and demand.

They will be perfectly explained in the progress of Marx's lecture. And remember Marx was the first economist ever to show the exact place and scope and limits of the effect of supply and demand in the real social activities of man called industry and commerce. He was the first ever to explain scientifically the so-called "law of supply and demand."

The working-class spends its income, its wages for necessities.

A general rise of wages would, therefore, produce a rise in the demand for, and consequently in the market prices of, necessities.

(In two sentences, Marx throws a brilliant spot-light upon one of the causes of change in the prices of commodities, and incidentally upon the demand side of the "law of supply and demand.")

Change the fraction "two-thirds" to "nine-tenths" and "one-fifth" to "one-tenth", for today.

The waste upon flunkies, cats, and traitors is enormous today, even with rising prices.

Keep in mind that when there is a general rise in wages, the rate of profit falls. Marx is speaking now of the capitalists who do not produce commodities, although the rate of profit has fallen for all at the moment that wages rose.

"Their mutual demand" refers to the demand of one luxury-producing capitalist for the luxuries produced by another luxury-producing capitalist, and visa versa.

In the last sentence of this paragraph note carefully the three causes of the fall in the rate of profit for these capitalists.

Study this par. and the preceding one closely, and the next, although long, will be easy to understand.

After studying down to and including the statement, "the general rate of profit would again be equalized in the different branches," then concentrate your forces upon the next statement, and you will have the logical result, the economic truth of the whole preceding argument.

The par. we are studying now has given us the supply side of our "law of supply and demand." Now that both sides have worked, the whole thing vanishes until another disturbance occurs. But more of this is shown later by our author.

Get this sentence sure. "As the whole derangement originally arose from a mere change in the proportion, etc."

Cause. Effect.

Increased demand. Rise of prices.

Cause. Effect.

Cancelled. Cancelled.

We have proof here that economic

conditions, forces and movements are governed by economic laws—laws of cause and effect.

As to the relation of wages to the rate of profit, let us turn again to the third paragraph of the first Chapter.

At the end of this paragraph is a good place to stop and review.

Comrade W. E. Reynolds has given us a number of definitions of economic terms which will serve us well now. What he has already given us will enable us to master the lecture, Value, Price and Profit.

The Chart on the Essentials Conditions of Value, by Comrade Laura Reynolds, is no doubt the most concise statement ever made of this fundamental economic proposition. It is also the most convenient. Let us master it. It is really the history of economic development, short and naked.

Mary Marcy's Shop Talks is an excellent example of the finished, logical thinking which is produced by the study of Marx.

Those who have the opportunity of listening to the lectures given by the Editor of "Truth" will find there another sample of the finished product.

OUR EXCHANGES

We get the Duluth Rip Saw edited by Editor Morrissey. It is a local sheet devoted to polittiks and general expression of the editor's views. A department which we are sure is of interest to many of his readers is his story of the old timers and the old time conditions in and around Duluth in past generations.

Defense News Bulletin—which is Solidarity in its new coat of camouflage reaches us weekly and contains a weekly account of the doings of the One Big Union and the gadabouts. Bright, breezy and above all brainy. We couldn't keep house without it.

We get La Follette's monthly. Hope the National Thought controller won't cut our head off because we say we get it. We get it and are glad to get as it contains a host of valuable material of an educational nature.

Labor Review of Minneapolis reaches us weekly. A bright and newsy Trades Union (A. F. of L.) paper.

Twin City Reporter, another Minneapolis paper reaches us each week. It is as it title says, for free thought, religious and political.

New Times a Socialist paper from Minneapolis comes weekly. It is a SOCIALIST paper too, and worthy of a much greater support than it has been receiving. We get no weekly Socialist paper that is any more revolutionary, or more welcome at our exchange table.

Each week brings us our copy of the Irish Worker. Big, full of news and an editorial page that is right up-to-the-minute with editorials of the right sort.

The Two Harbor Socialist needs a new press. It has a lot of good material in it but owing to the poor press work the goodness of its good dope is lost in a blur of poor press work.

The Mesaba Ore is a weekly visitor from Hibbing. We are not sure whether the "old man thereof" is on a vacation, sick, or just had too much hunting—but it seems to have lost its old time pep.

Industrialist Finnish daily paper of the I. W. W. comes every day but as we cannot read Finn we don't know how good it is. We pass it along to the Finns who seem to appreciate it very much.

The New Feudalism.

(Continued From Page One)

him and the freedom to starve when no one could make a profit out of him. Wage slavery is much more profitable to the master class than other forms of slavery, and more successful because it has the consent of the enslaved, who unable to see a ball and chain on his limbs, believes he is free and brags of his freedom.

During the Dark Ages the principal means of production was the land, so when the rebellious slaves were made serfs they were attached to the land and could not leave it. Today the principal means of production is not the land, but the machine, and under the new serfdom the worker will be attached to industry and unable to leave the job.

Before the War of 1917 competition between the workers for the jobs was so keen that the employing class had been able to have things their own way, with the result that the I. W. W. was more or less of a joke, the "safe and sane" craft union man, in some instances, a necessary evil, and the open shop, the capitalist ideal which was soon to be a reality; but the war turned the tables, and

men, who hitherto had worked for long hours and lived in vermin-infested camps, sleeping like sardines in a box, began, not only to demand the eight-hour day, but better rations, beds and shower baths. Finding that the bosses had no intention of granting the eight-hour day, they proceeded to work eight-hours and quit, thereby establishing the principle of striking on the job. These victories were won by the "joke", the I. W. W.

Owing to the present demand for labor and the unprecedented rise in the cost of living, strikes have been in progress all over the country. Many of these strikes have been conducted by the A. F. of L. and in numerous cases slight advances in wages have been secured; but here the evils of the arbitration boards are felt and in one case, at least, the hours of labor have been lengthened, thereby setting a precedent for an evil which far outweighs the benefits of a few cents increase in wages.

The important thing from the standpoint of the worker is to so shorten the hours of labor that all shall be employed, yet all have sufficient leisure for the improvement of mind and body—the leisure which shall enable them to think, understand and, finally, put an end to all slavery.

But despite the activity of union men and women, despite their gains in some instances and seen lag gains in others, to the one who has his ear to the ground, the immediate future for the working class looks dark indeed. The A. F. of L. is bound by a leadership which knows so little about the class struggle in society, or cares so little about the interests of the workers, that they hobnob with the enemies of labor, being banqueted by them, taking counsel with them and aiding and abetting arbitration schemes, when any intelligent worker knows that there can be no disinterested member in the arbitration between the skinner and the skinned. The I. W. W. while growing at a wonderful rate, and while sound economically, can hardly hope to make swift headway in the face of a unionism whose leaders hypnotize and psychologize the rank and file with the "identity of interests" song, and in the face of General Ignorance, himself. That the workers have nothing to hope for from the government, is indirectly amply testified to by the following quotation from "The New Freedom":

"One of the most alarming phenomena of the time—or rather it would be alarming if the nation had not awakened to it—one of the most significant signs of the new social era is the degree to which government has become associated with business... Our government has been for the past few years under the control of heads of great corporations with special interests."

"The gentlemen whose ideas have been sought are the big manufacturers, the bankers and the heads of the great railway combinations. The masters of the government of the United States."

Note carefully the last sentence; read it again. We are told by Mr. Bursleson not to say such things and we didn't, we only quoted the President, and as he is better acquainted with these gentlemen than we are, we have no doubt that he knows.

If the things which the President charges are true, then it goes without saying that the employers of labor will have the support of the government in the present struggle to the death between the masters of bread and the makers of bread, and they have, as always, the support of the powerful capitalist press.

What are the unmistakable signs of the new serfdom? For some time past the misleaders of labor and the employers of labor through the kept press have been talking arbitration, forbidding strikes, registration, numbering, and uniforming of workers—in other words preparing for attaching the workers to the jobs and denying to them the right to say under what terms they shall work and denying to them the right to quit work. Such a form of slavery, the new feudalism, would be the most up-to-date, most refined, most profitable, most damnable form of slavery ever invented—it would be hell par excellence. Such a slavery could only be maintained at the point of the bayonet, and would necessitate two camps—an armed camp of brothers and sons to keep an unarmed camp of sons and brothers and fathers at work.

Any resistance on the part of the workers to this program will undoubtedly be met on the part of the employers by the importation of thousands of laborers from the countries where the standards of wages and living are low. A campaign of education or miseducation has for some time past been carried on in the kept press, sometimes



WE ARE IN HERE FOR YOU
YOU ARE OUT THERE FOR US

DO YOU THINK OF THIS?

On the night of November the 9th, a, Oklahoma, a band of men in long black robes and masks seized 17 workmen from the edge of the city, one by one victims were tied

to a tree and beaten with a black snake whip until the blood streamed down their backs. Then boiling tar was smeared into the fresh wounds and feathers thrown on. Following are press reports of the affair.

"Three automobile loads of Industrial Workers of the World, in charge of policemen, were halted on Boulder Ave., near Archer, last night at 11 o'clock by a crowd of men garbed in long black robes and

wearing black masks. The officers were forced to drive their prisoners to a secluded spot west of Irving Place, where, with impressive ceremonies each of the men was lashed with a cat-o-nine-tails. Then a coat of hot tar was applied to the bleeding backs and feathers applied. With nothing on but their trousers the men were started toward the Osage hills. Hundreds of rifle and revolver shots were fired in the air as they sped into the inky darkness of the night.

"That the plot was carefully planned was indicated by the machine like precision with which everything was done.

"According to the story told by one of the captured police officers upon his return to the city, the organization is known as 'The Knights of Liberty.' He heard this name used by one of the men. The black robes, hoods and masks made it impossible for the officers to identify any of them. Not a word was spoken during the process of torture excepting by the man who applied the tar."

Seventeen Victims.

"There were seventeen I. W. W.'s in the party. Eleven of them had been convicted in police court on a charge of vagrancy, following a trial lasting well into the night. They were fined \$100.00 each and committed to jail. The police arrested six others who had appeared as witnesses in the trial of the original eleven and who had admitted on the stand that they belonged to the I. W. W. After a conference of police court officials

it was decided to take the entire party to their headquarters in the Fox building on West Brady St. and exact from them a promise to leave the city before morning, in which event their fines would be suspended.

"The prisoners were taken from the jail and placed in three touring cars. An officer was placed at the wheel of each car. They went west on Second to Boulder and then north on Boulder. Just after passing the Frisco tracks on Boulder a number of 'Knights of Liberty' jumped from behind a pile of bricks and with leveled rifles and revolvers ordered the drivers to stop. The I. W. W.'s startled beyond expression, were quickly searched. Their hands were tied with rope and the drivers were ordered to proceed. Two blocks farther north on Boulder six automobile loads of men, similarly clad and armed, joined the procession.

"They went north to Easton, then west thru Owen Park and Irving Place, into a wild ravine beyond Irving monument.

"The automobiles in the party were placed in a circle with their lights shining on an oak tree. The 17 I. W. W.'s were made to strip to the waist. The 'Knights' stood guard with guns pointed at each man. One by one the ropes were taken from their wrists and they were tied to the big tree. One of the party then stepped forward with a lash and applied it until the blood ran. Then another stepped up with a white-wash brush and a pot of boiling tar. This was applied over the back deliberately. Several handfuls of

leathers were then thrown into the tar.

"The I. W. W.'s talked but little. Several of them boldly proclaimed their allegiance to the I. W. W. An old man pleaded for mercy.

"When the last man had done his turn at the whipping post they were all lined up with faces toward the west. 'Let this be a warning to all I. W. W.'s to never come to Tulsa again,' said the ringleader. 'Now get.' The half-naked men ran with their bare feet thru the brush. The 'Knights' fired volley after volley into the air.

"Among the victims of the 'Knights' were J. R. Hill, a local printing pressman, and J. F. Ryan, former secretary of the I. W. W. who took an especially prominent part in the trial. The latter was the first to feel the sting of the whip and the burn of the tar according to the officers who were present. They must have wanted to give him an especially strong dose for he was whipped again after the tar had been applied, thus forcing the hot liquid into the flesh.

"The names of the deported I. W. W.'s according to records at police headquarters, were as follows: John McCurry, Tom McCafferty, John Myers, E. M. Boyd, John Doyle, Charles Walsh, W. H. Walton, Jack Sneed, L. M. Mitchell, Joe French, J. R. Hill, B. Johnson, Bob McDonald, John Fitzsimmons, Joe Fisher, Gordon Dimikrow and J. F. Ryan."

—From the Tulsa World, Tulsa, Okla., Nov. 10.

"According to Mitchell's story told

in the office of Sheriff William McCullough Monday night, he left the others about forty-five minutes after they had been sent on their way by the 'Knights of Liberty.'

"I didn't stick with them long," said Mitchell. "As soon as my head cleared I got my hearing and I came to my home in the Crutchfield addition." Mitchell called Sheriff McCullough over the telephone Sunday and asked if he would be allowed to stay in Tulsa. He was told to go to work and call on the Sheriff Monday night.

"At the appointed time a tall, gray-haired man stighly stooped through age and hard work asked for the sheriff. A few minutes later in the sheriff's private office all the pent up feelings in the 59-year-old man's breast surged forth in an appeal for protection.

"Sheriff I am 59 years old I have lived in Oklahoma 28 years and in Tulsa 18 years. I can't leave now. My home is here and my family lives in this community. I have five children living—all of them grown. And I have five others dead. They are buried here. Sheriff, I can't leave them.

"I have borne a good reputation all my life and have worked hard ever since I was a boy. I have been honest and have paid my way. I love my home and my fellowmen. I have never had a thought of sedition in all my life. There are scores of reputable citizens here who will tell you what sort of a man I, M. Mitchell, is." The man's voice choked with tears several times. His great frame shook with emotion and the labor-roughened hands fumbled nervously at his coat edges. He was sincere in what he said, there was no doubt."

What was the motive for this atrocious deed committed against workmen? What terrible crime had they perpetrated, that merited such torture? In the following newspaper editorials we find the incentive for the deed. We perceive the actuating force hidden behind the cloak of the "Knights of Liberty."

"The Industrial Workers of the World, has no place in the OIL section of this country... It would be best for them to retire from the Mid-Continent field, or to labor peacefully there if any of the members intend to remain."—From the Democrat, Tulsa, Okla.

"When oil was bringing less than 40 cents a barrel in the open market, wages were approximately as high as they are today and there was no I. W. W. organization abroad in the land to tell the people that the laborers in the oil country were being discriminated against and oppressed.

"The oil country can take care of its own troubles. It does not need the I. W. W. There is not a man in the field who does not know that whatever grievance he may have does not need the arbitrament of a labor union to solve. The oil country has always solved its labor troubles."

From the Tulsa, Okla. World.

Could anything be plainer? What more conclusive proof would you want to show, that it is the "Oil Interest" behind the "Knights of Liberty"? "Oil Interest" and "Rockefeller Interest" are synonymous. And we all know "how they solve their labor troubles." We haven't forgotten the "Ludlow Massacre," directed from Wall Street, by the Rockefellers.

The "Oil Interest" have never permitted labor unions to get even the slightest foothold in the oil fields. The most repressive measures have been used to crush them. Strike-breakers, gunmen, the militia, even the Federal Government, have been used by this labor hating combine. The consequence? Low wages, long hours and working conditions in the oil fields is the shame of America. The outrage at Tulsa was directed against the workers of America. What are you going to do about it?

Today the greatest drama in the history of labor is being staged in this country. It's the right to organize and strike versus the right to slave. Organized capital has succeeded in having indicted 166 members and sympathizers of the Industrial Workers of the World because of their activities in organizing the workers and demanding decent living conditions. They are awaiting trial and funds are needed for defense. Which side are you on?

Contributors will receive receipt for each remittance, and at close of trials an itemized accounting of all funds. Make all money orders and checks payable to the undersigned. ACT NOW!

General Defense Committee
William D. Haywood, Treasurer,
1001 West Madison Street,
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Labor Triumphant

By DAVID FULTON KARSNER.

LABOR, whose long, sinewy arms have held the world together in his strong embrace since the beginning of time, today reach out to snap the sword of hate thrust through the rust of hell.

Labor, the creator of all beautiful and useful things, pioneer in the arts and sciences, daily dedicating his brain and brawn to a million wonders of the world—shall he now yield his heroic stature to the gods of greed?

Labor, courageous beyond conception, braving the billows, subduing the wilderness, probing the bowels of the earth for metal and fuel to light the pathways of progress—shall he now bow his head while his masters press on his brow the crown of thorns?

Labor, whose marvelous muscles twist the iron and hew the granite, transmuting it into towering buildings and palaces of pleasure—shall he now shed his precious blood to slake the thirst of Mars?

Labor, inherently gentle and kind, devoted companion of woman, playmate and teacher of children, always sacrificing for their needs with his unrelenting, scarce rewarded toil—shall he now kiss his dear ones good-bye, while the tears roll down the furrows of his face, leaving aching hearts and a hollow home behind him?

Labor, to whose power and daring poets and thinkers have dedicated the gems of their genius, and made him the subject of immortal

song—shall he now bare his breast to receive the bayonet?

To Labor, final arbiter of all great questions, unconscious creator of thrones and parliaments, the bleeding world turns now its ashen face for deliverance.

* * *
Arise, Labor, and with your sinewy arms

stand alone as the priest of democracy. There are no other gods before you or after you. You are invincible.

Before your magnetic presence creeds and philosophies stand aside and ask to be examined. The names of those who have neglected to take you into account in their final estimate of the races now fill the roster of the dead.

You, who have builded edifices for the deities and the gods of gold, have been denied even a place to lay your head.

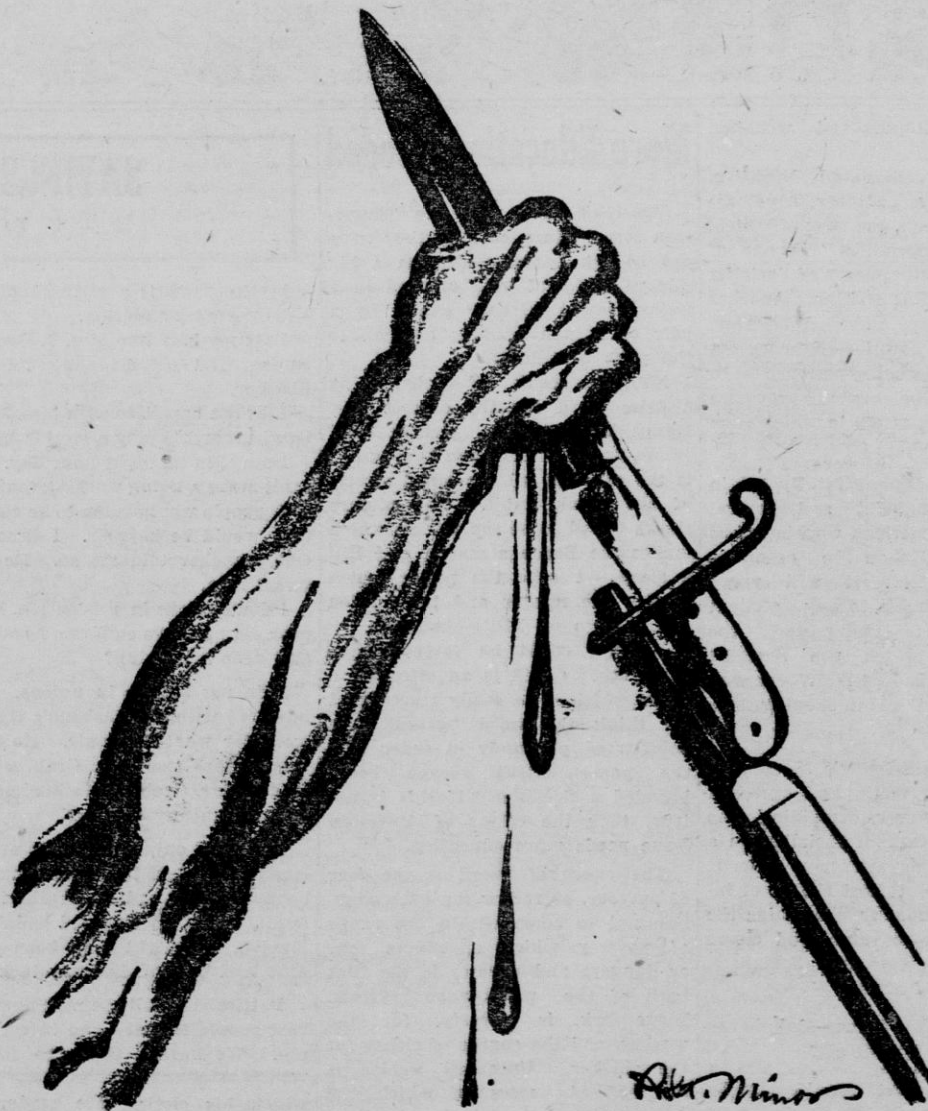
You, who have reared the temples of learning, have yourself come through the world untutored, unheralded and unafraid.

Buffeted about on the restless waves of humanity when your work was done, cast aside by your masters when your back was bent with age and toil, you, Labor, may even now guide the feet of your offspring toward the Temple of Truth on which Love's healing sun never sets.

Labor, you have lived through the travail to witness the royal robbers grovel at your feet. You see them locked in death grapple, rocking on the brink of the abyss.

Labor, you stand by, serene, watching the life-stuff trickle from the veins of the dying gods, knowing you are guiltless of the havoc they have wrought.

Labor, empires and nations may fall today, as they have in the past, but you alone are unconquerable. You, who made the world with your brawn, may now, with your brain, fashion it for eternal peace, fellowship and service.



break down the barriers of dogma and superstition and false hatreds. The flowers bloom in all countries, and the night and the moon and the train of the Milky Way are yours.

And the beautiful and useful things that you create are yours, and love and happiness are yours, and the eternal seasons are yours in which to work and to play, and the days and nights are yours in which to dream.

Down through the long corridor of time you

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A Merry Christmas to all my Comrades
and friends.

O. P. LANGDAHL
The Tailor

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the Liquor Baron seated on a big
pile of sacks of gold stacked in a
wagon called "Greed" drawn by a
pair of human animals chained to
the yoke of "Habit."

Note the result of substituting
a false word for the correct one.
Henry looks at the picture and
jumps to the conclusion that greed
is the cause of all the awful effects
of the drink habit. The picture
shows Greed to be the vehicle which
makes the Baron a master and Bill
a slave—at once the power which
carries the master and the burden
which rests on Bill's shoulders.

Nothing could be farther from
the truth. Greed is an effect of a
cause which is so easily traced that
we think the word "greed" was
substituted purposely in order that
the paper might escape being
branded a Socialist. If this is not
true, then the editor of American
Issue needs more education.

The cause of greed is the fear
of poverty, or rather the determina-
tion not to come within the range
of poverty which engenders fear
or danger; and poverty is the first
born of the profit-wage system.
Wage-work is poverty, for the
worker, and the source of riches for
the shirker. Unearned wealth is
the corrupt mess in which the
maggot, greed, germinates, hatches,
and thrives. But unpaid labor is
profit.

"Profit" is the name of that
wagon, and for any editor to con-
ceal the real name by flaring out a
false one is unpardonable. Either
he knows the falsehood, and is a
traitor to the cause of Truth, or
he is ignorant of the most obvious
of Truth's manifestations today,
and ought to stop selling advertis-
ing space about 20 minutes and
learn this A B C of economics.

The workers dig the coal for him
to burn, just as they dig it for the
Beer Baron; they plant and tend
and gather the wheat for him; just
as for the Baron; they tend the
flocks and hoe the cotton from

SAYINGS OF HENRIETTA

TO JOHN DEQUER

My husband is a railroad official
—he manages a section.

I fix my hair like Mrs. J. Grabbitt
Bunker. If I had the money I'd dress
like her.

I do not associate with Mrs. Jones.
Her husband is only a section hand.
I am agin an eight hour day. We
can't make a living working fourteen.

If people would learn to be content
they would be happier. I know it.
Our preacher told me so. He is a
smart man.

I don't believe in prevention. If the
poor did not have children, how could
God keep hell going?

I do not believe in unions, they
interfere with my husband's right to
work for what he wants. He never
wants more than Mr. Grab sees fit
to give. Mr. Grab knows his business
better than any one else.

If we had only saved more and ate
less and worked harder and had not
been sick and had no deaths in the
family and if my husband hadn't lost
his job, we might have been rich,
that is if we had had any luck.

Patriotism is all the rage now. The
best people talk it—and invest in it
too. We have nothing to invest,

but, thank God! we can talk.

A Socialist asked me to define
patriotism and I said "I damn the
dutch." That held him.

I would be perfectly happy if I
could only have a good house, and
money to pay the rent, and the
grocery bill, and buy clothes, and
things I need for the children.—But
I suppose then there would be some-
thing else. I hope they won't pass
that crazy child labor bill for if the
children did not earn a few pennies
I don't know how we would live.
Them politicians don't know how
hard it is to raise a family on twelve
dollars a week.

Mr. Dabb would be a good father
and an affectionate husband if he
was not always so tired and did
not suffer with indigestion.

Si Cynthe said we were domesticated
barbarians reared to meet the needs
of the boss. I think he is no gentle-
man or he wouldn't talk of his em-
ployer that way, but when I tell
him that, he says I prove his conten-
tion. I don't understand him, I have
no time for dictionary words, I have
to work. Oh, dear, if only we were
rich, wouldn't it be nice?

Industrial Democracy. Give us
more education.
—Marxian Messenger.



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DEFECTIVE PAGE

CAUSES AND EFFECT.

The poverty of one woman and the opulence of another flow from the same cause. It is robbery in the name of law. It is injustice, avoidable, inexcusable, damnable. While such injustice lasts there will be hate and social strife and war.

The present order has come to judgment. This war is a witness against it. In the course of human events the hour has come for a new declaration of independence. Our fathers, traitors to the government which claimed their obedience, boldly asserted, and defended with their lives, the principle of political equality. We now assert the principle of social democracy.

Herbert Bigelow.

Blessed are the meek for they shall let us capitalists keep it all.

A civilization that cannot hush the wails of hungry children isn't worth a fiddler's dream.

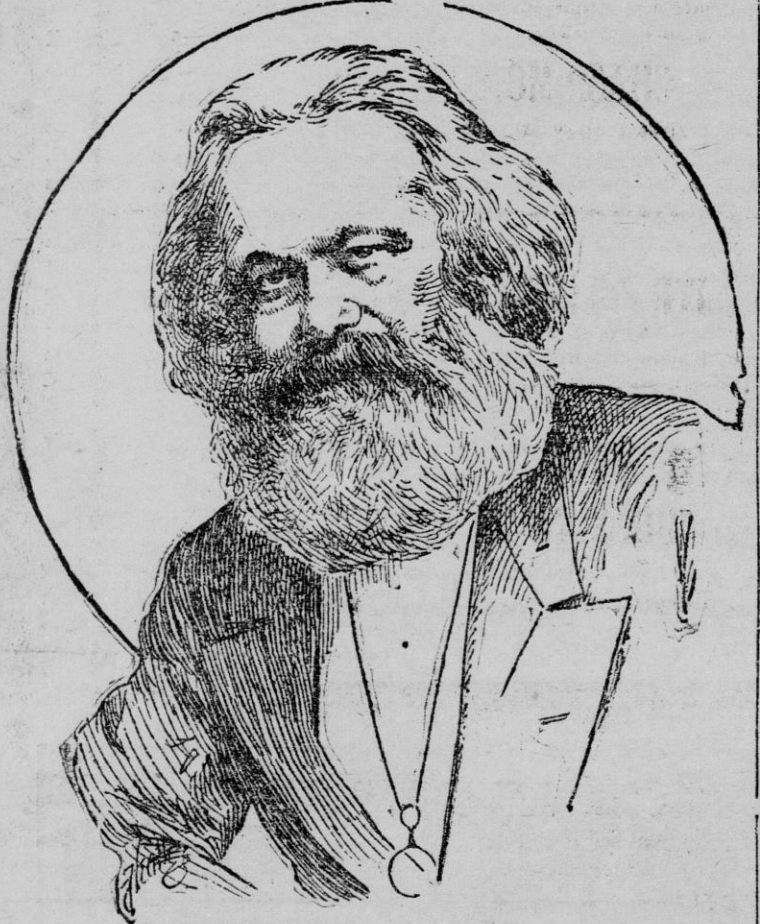
Didst ever note how many of the workers you can see riding on the observation end of the crack railroad trains?

Minimum: The smallest possible wage. (This explains the reason the masters are so interested in the minimum wage scale.)

It's hell to be poor and worse than hell to know how many damn-fools there are voting and standing for the kind an existence.

Are YOU organized and ready? If not, why not? United we're it—divided we catch it. Take your choice.

When the Mr. Blocks and Henry Dubbs get ready to get together, the capitalist parasites will have to go back to work which will be a calamity terrible.



Karl Marx

ARE WOMEN PEOPLE?

"There is a law against the dishonorable use of the American flag, and, in the name of that law, I call upon the government to forbid the flying of our flag over the prison at Occoquan, where American women were tortured under the direct orders of high government officials, or by their acquiescence." This is from a statement made immediately after her release from the Occoquan workhouse by Mrs. John Winters Brannan, daughter of Charles A. Dana, the famous editor of the New York Sun. In her statement the explicit tells of the tortures the women received at the hands of the autocrat of the workhouse.

"The plan last July, when 16 of us were first committed to the workhouse, was plainly to break us down by inflicting extraordinary humiliations upon us—crowding us in with negro prostitutes, forcing us to bathe before a matron and a negro prisoner, denying us every decency of personal life—no combs, no tooth brushes, no water closet paper—the only soap, one small piece used in common by all the inmates of the dormitory.

"The head matron took several occasions to emphasize the danger of communicable diseases or to call attention to the fact that our fellow inmates were 'the scum of the Washington prostitutes.' The manner of the superintendent and matron was of uncalled rudeness. They went out of their way to give us all sorts of petty orders with coarse impertinence.

"Our only offense had been to ask to see and insist upon seeing the superintendent. We waited two hours; then he appeared—in a rage.

Mrs. Lewis stepped forward as our spokesman.

"Mr. Whitaker, I have a statement to make to you."

"She got no further. Without waiting to hear what she had to say, Whitaker gave the word, and his terrible guards began the attack.

"It's totally unexpected ferocity stunned us. I saw two men seize Mrs. Lewis who has a son in the navy, lift her from her feet and catapult her through the doorway. I saw three men attack Miss Burns, twisting her arms behind her and then two other men grasp her shoulders. There were six to ten guards in the room and many others collected on the porch—40 to 50 in all. These all rushed in with Whitaker when he first entered.

"Instantly the room was in havoc. The guards brought from the male prison fell upon us. I saw Miss Lincoln, a slight young girl, thrown to the floor. Mrs. Nolan, a delicate old lady of 73, was mangled by two men. The furniture was overturned and the room was a scene of havoc.

"Whitaker in the center of the room directed the whole attack, inciting the guards to every brutality. After other brutal happenings all were thrown in cells and because Miss Burns called out to the others asking how they were, Whitaker had Miss Burns handcuffed and manacled to the outer bars. Her arms were held up in a position of torture and she threatened he would keep her there all night."

Paris.—From Spain come the reports that labor leaders and Socialists are being arrested and persecuted. The government continually asserts that all is peaceful and quiet.

Lutte, Mont.—A daily Socialist paper was started here.

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 deadliestbane;

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

KATE O'HARE GETS 5 YEARS

Kate Richards-O'Hare was sentenced by a federal judge in North Dakota for five years in the penitentiary.

She was on a lecture tour and was arrested and sentenced on account of her alleged anti-war activities.

OBSERVATIONS

By CECIL MONTAGUE.

As charity covers a multitude of sins, so does the enthusiasm for war cloak many a vulgar dollar mark.

Not every man who shouts aloud, his patriotism from the housetops, where he may be seen and heard by men, will salute Old Glory when his pocketbook is menaced by the truth that's marching on.

If any one listens keenly enough he will come to the conclusion that somewhere, somehow, America is confronted by a barbarous enemy—barbarous Huns, who have invented the new indoor and outdoor sports of bayoneting babies, cutting the breasts off women and shooting old men.

As an American—a patriotic one—who is judiciously horrified at the brave hyphenated sailor boys who knocked down Alice Paul at Washington: I say, as a Patriotic American, who is filled to overflowing with the stultifying altruism of somebody else's bigotry and the putrid alleged Christianity that teaches me to hate my fellow-men, that I am for this war strong; and I demand that it be fought to a finish, that it be fought until all the hilltops of Asia, Africa, Europe and America shall be bloody monuments to my insatiable "patriotism," until all the world is a hotbed of hate, until anarchy reigns supreme and the law-enforcer is wiped out of existence.

1. I am a politician (a cheap skate, of course, otherwise I wouldn't be a politician). I have, in my infinite wisdom, declared that a state of war exists: if the People should rise up in their might and assert that I acted without their authority, then (tears) I shall lose my job. So I shout hosannas for the graveyard, and, to make it impossible for the carnival of lust and crime and murder to be abandoned, I create public safety commissions with some members of German extraction who hate the war-making Kaiser so much that they fall all over themselves trying to start riots and revolutions in Germany by enacting so-called vagrancy ordinances directed against the luxuriant, overfed, cabaret-attending, footrotting, idling, lascivious freebooters of the working class. I am a patriot. I am: whoever says I lie must go to jail or die, for, lo and behold, I am also a magician—I make the laws!

2. I own stock in ore mines. For every man killed or mangled a piece of steel is required. I sell that steel to the government. In war times I get 10 times as much as in peace times. The times mean everything to me and war times are 10 times more sacred than peace times. War must continue. The man who says differently is a traitor to America, a disgrace to Abraham Lincoln and a sniveler at the feet of Jesus Christ. I AM THE ROT OF THE WORLD.

3. I am an editor. It is much easier to preach war than to understand what causes war. I get paid to fill space, not to think. If I thought very much, I am terribly afraid I would be fired: if the people think very much, or get a chance to put their thinking into operation, I know that I'll get fired: so the war must go on, and for the sake of the going I must attempt to mislead the cheap politicians into thinking that the people are a asinine as myself.

4. I am a minister of the gospel. God, forgive me, for I know not what I do.

5. I am a speculator in stocks. If peace comes, there will be a market upheaval. It is more patriotic that 100,000 mothers lose their sons than that one dollar of my own purse shall be touched.

6. I am a nut. I don't believe in anything. In war, I see a chance for the resurrection of my soul. In decapitated bodies, in legless and armless men, in broken-hearted mothers, in widowed women, in starving and half-mad children, I see the vision of my soul's purification. Whoever would deny me this ascension, this holy reformation of myself, is a traitor to the ideals of America; and I am heartily in favor of shooting or lynching him, anything at all so long as I am given the stimulus of excitement.

H. W. Watts, editor of the Co-operative News, Everett, Washington, who has been interned for seven weeks in Seattle, has been released on bail.



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After you've said
"GOODBYE"
turn around and send
LOWNEY'S
CHOCOLATES
The Forget-Me-Not of all Chocolates

The People's
Drug Store

A. Ph. Lab. No. 2143
2015 W. Superior. St.
Duluth. Minn.



VOL. I. DECEMBER 21, 1917 NO. 1

Three more days Store open evenings

Yes, only three more shopping days.

Everybody hustling.

Everywoman on the job.

Everyman thinking fast and acting quick.

Every Columbia article proper and useful.

No need of spending much in each case.

Little things are just as much appreciated.

A dollar or fifty cents will do.

Here's what they will do at The Columbia.

AT \$1.00 FOR BOYS—Blouse, Mittens, Gloves, Cap, Hat, Hosiery, Neckwear, Night Robe, Pajama, Pants, Play Suit, Sweater, Shirt, Slippers, Underwear.

AT \$1.00 FOR MEN—Bath Slippers, Belt, Belt Buckle, Cane, Hosiery, Handkerchiefs, Wool Gloves, Work Gloves, Cap, Muffler, Neckwear, Night Robe, Pajamas, Shirt, Suspenders, Scarf Pin, Cuff Links, Gold Collar Button, Slippers, German Socks.

Bill Fold, Collar Bag, Cigar Case, Cigarette Case, Cribbage Board, Coathanger Set, Card Case, Domino Set, Drinking Cup, Jewelry Box, Manicure Set, Playing Cards.

AT \$1.00 FOR WOMEN—Cap, Hosiery, Handkerchiefs, Mackinaw Hat,

Nearly all eastern cities have a shortage of coal. Many of the working class are reported dead, as a result of lack of fuel.

The Leiser
Company
24 and 26 West Superior St.

Christmas
Sale of Silk
Waists

500 to Choose from All new Styles that are favored for Spring—Values \$5.00 to \$6.50 at

\$2.98

SALE OF SILK & SERGE DRESSES

A Special Purchase of Newest Styles for Women & Misses Values \$22.50 to \$30 at

\$12.50

Give Hosiery Big Show here at 50c, \$1 & \$1

Mahogany Candy Box, Mahogany Candle Stick.

AT 50c FOR BOYS—Belt, cuff links, cap, Gloves, Hosiery, Neckwear, Night Robe, Play Suit, Scarf Pin, Suspenders, Belt with revolver.

AT 50c FOR MEN—Bath Slippers, Belt, Belt Buckle, Cane, Garters, Hosiery, Handkerchief, Wool Gloves, Muffler, Neckwear, Night Robe, Suspenders, Scarf Pin, Cuff Links.

Bill Fold, Bachelor Kit, Collar Bag, Cigar Case, Cigarette Case, Drinking Cup, Jewelry Box, Manicure Set, Playing Cards, Sewing Kit, Traveling Clothes Line.

AT LESS THAN 50c—Armbands, Belt, Collars, Garters, Hosiery, Handkerchiefs, Neckwear, Scarf Pin.

Address Book, Cigarette Case, Drinking Cup, Traveling Clothes Line.

CHILDREN'S SPECIAL AT 50c—Indian Play Suits for ages 4 to 10. Three pieces—shirt, pants and headpiece, trimmed with feathers.

SOLDIERS' REGIMENTAL PAJAMAS—They enable our boys to sleep as comfortably on camp cots as in the warmth of a home. Made of heavy fast color twoply "fleece-wool" materials with hood and boots and with wind-protecting sleeve and trouser device. Each suit packed in individual box ready for mailing—\$4.90.

Duluth,
Minn.
At Third
Ave. West.



Superior
Corner of
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STORE OPEN LATE TONIGHT.

Dress Up for
Christmas

OVERCOATS \$15 to \$37.50
SUITS \$15 to \$35.00

Fur Caps **Gloves**
Shirts **Neckwear**
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Open an Account. Our Charge Account Service Enables You to get just what You want in Clothing without any great out lay of Cash.

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DULUTH - SUPERIOR - VIRGINIA - HIBBING



STORE OPEN
EVENINGS

DEFECTIVE PAGE

Truth

Issued Weekly
BY THE DULUTH CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY
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6 months	.50c
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W. E. REYNOLDS, Editor and Business Manager.



EDITORIAL



FIRE.

We would a tale unfold. A certain employee of the street railway company was one day given a slip and ordered to take it to the office and get his time. Across the face of the slip was written the one word "Fired". He erased that word and wrote instead "Honorably Discharged". At the office when inquiry was made as to the erasures he replied, "I'm no bum, I'm here to see how you treat your employees." He had 'em guessing!

On December 3rd the writer of these lines was served with summary notice of dismissal at the end of thirty days by the executive board in charge of the paper. The vote was four for, out of a total of seven members of the board. Certain charges were preferred, mostly to the effect that the writer had not secured a sufficient amount of advertising. Some of the members of the board—not content with the action of the board called a stockholders' meeting to see if the stockholders would endorse the action of the board. The stockholders concurred in the action of the board and hence the present editor of TRUTH, the writer of these lines, will hereafter have a new address, that said address being "Care of the Socialist Party of Ohio, 1921 Cook Ave., Lakewood, Ohio."

In plain words we are to be one of the two state lecturers of Ohio S. P. The secretary of that state saying of our work in his letter to the locals, "Comrade Reynolds has earned for himself an enviable reputation in every state which he has toured. As a teacher of Marxian Socialism he has few peers and as a director of Socialist Study Classes he is known nation-wide. Recently he edited "Truth" published at Duluth, Minn. which paper during his editorship, was recognized BY ALL ACTIVE SOCIALISTS as the most original and EDUCATIONAL weekly in the country."

We print the above as explanatory for the benefit of our many friends and supporters of Study Class Work.

The present Editor will get out one more issue of Truth and then leave for his new duties.

At this writing we do not know the name of our successor but whoever they may be we wish them the best of luck and the united support of all. We wish you all the Merriest of Christmases, a jolly New Year and many of them! May Truth greet the next new year bigger, braver and better because of your continued loyalty to your own paper.

RE-ACTIONARY.

Commissioner Phillips is reported to have started an agitation for a return to the horse drawn vehicle stage in the city fire department, which reminds us of a phrase in the Communist Manifesto which reads as follows: "This form of Socialism (petty bourgeoisie) aspires either to restoring the old means of production and exchange and with them the old property relations, and the old society, or to cramping the modern means of production and of exchange within the frame work of the old property relations. In either case it is both re-actionary and Utopian."

It might save the taxpayers a few dimes to return to the horse drawn vehicle stage in the fire department but Duluth has outgrown its swaddling clothes and is too large for such primitive methods.

Real Socialists furthermore are not very much worried over "saving the money of the poor tax payer" as they know the fundamental economic truth that the working class pay no taxes. They have nothing to pay taxes on or with. Workers get wages. Taxes are levied upon property. Workers create the values but they go to the capitalist class in the form of surplus values. Surplus values are often INVESTED in property, and taxes are levied upon the property to keep up the organizations which are sued to keep the workers down.

THE CANADIAN ELECTIONS.

The plute press of this country chuckles loudly over the result of the Canadian election held last Monday, in which the candidates favoring conscription won out over the ones who opposed conscription. Canada, at least had a vote on the matter, which is more than we on this side of the line had. The plute press, failed however to give the real reason why conscription won in Canada. The real reason for the easy victory is to be found in the fact that the politicians had systematically disfranchised whole provinces. A foreign born resident of Canada, even tho he had taken out citizen papers and been a voter for fifteen years was not allowed to vote. The politicians also gave the women of Canada a chance to vote. Not ALL women however those most likely to vote FOR conscription. Women who had sons or relatives at the front. The election at that was not all easy sailing for the reactionaries, Quebec for instance going almost solid against conscription, capturing 62 out of 65 seats in the Canadian Parliament. In the maritime provinces the anti-conscriptionists captured 18 seats out of a total of 29.

Sorry for the poor this Christmas time? Then show it by joining and boosting the organizations that are organized for the purpose of ABOLISHING POVERTY.

A PROPHECY FULFILLED.

A month ago in these columns in speaking of the police department and their "vagrancy" ordinance we said:

"Somehow the city police officials seem to have forgotten what happened to them the last time they tried to make their illegal and fake 'vagrancy' ordinance stick. They will have their memory refreshed. They cannot make it stick this time either. This is prophecy now but time will make a fact of it."

Last week all the cases were dismissed and the bail money refunded. As we said above they couldn't make it stick.

WE AGREE

Just this once we are in hearty agreement with a proposal made by the Duluth News Tribune. The Tribune in a recent editorial advocated the closing of all churches in Duluth—and we most heartily agree with the idea. Our reasons for wanting them closed however are vastly different from the reasons given by the Tribune. The Tribune would close the churches to save the coal. We would close the churches to stop the systematic cramming of the brains of men and women with the outworn stardust and piffle of a dusty past and thus give mankind and opportunity to grow, develop and use a brain of their own.

INSANE ASYLUMS FOR NATIONS.

A man loses the co-ordination between hand and brain. His brain thinks one thing and his hand does another and because of that we send him off to the insane hospital. As a nation we have lost the co-ordination between the hand and brain. Industrially we are living in the present century. Collectivism in production is not a foolish theory but a fact that can be verified. All around us we can see the facts about the matter. Industrially we are collectivists. Intellectually we still consume the fourteenth century piffle in non-Hooverized quantities. Intellectually we are peddled the piffle of individualism. As a nation we are industrial collectivists and intellectual individualists. No co-ordination between hand and brain. Who shall send us to the hospital for national insanity?

CHANGED CONDITIONS CHANGE THE RULES.

The unexpected needs of a vast army of men called into service by the present almost world-wide war caused the various government through their allied supporters in the way of clubs and organizations to call for a return to the days of handicraft in knitted goods. Women were urged to knit, knit, knit, as a patriotic duty and thousands answered the call. This new (for this generation) work called into being the new handbag adapted to holding yarn needles and perhaps a nearly completed sweater. Naturally it had to be a bag of some considerable size holding from a half bushel to a bushel of contents. This new bag opened up opportunities hitherto nonexistent for the shoplifter and as a direct result shoplifting is on the increase to an alarming extent. Next in order will be a provision made by the department stores for checking the big bags at the door before entering. Who said that a change in the material conditions of life did not make a corresponding change in the customs, habits and ideas of men and women?

JERUSALEM IN CHRISTIAN HANDS.

So goes the Plute press report. But what is Christian Hands? Britain, that forced the Chinese to accept the obnoxious opium trade after the Chinese tried to abolish it? Belgium, whose ruler not so many years ago used to order the hands of the rubber gatherers cut off if their daily rubber yield did not reach the total expected? France, who holds the world record of slaughtering 30,000 of their brainiest at the close of the Paris Commune? Whaddye mean Christian?

Don't forget to get us a sub or two while you have the time these holidays.

MORE OPPRESSION DEMANDED.

The Duluth News Tribune may not belong to Standard Oil, but it could not give that concern better service if it did. In a leading editorial recently it takes the position that some trouble may be caused if the Bisbee outrages are continued by "citizens," and wants the U. S. government to do the dirty work. This is the way they state their views:

"Just what can President Wilson expect from the loyal people of this country when a special commission appointed by him, brings aid and comfort to the I. W. W.? So long as he treats the I. W. W. as a legitimate labor organization, he directly encourages disloyalty. It is a disloyalty organization wholly revolutionary and law breaking."

"The people at Bisbee were compelled to do what the federal government refused to do. They did what was necessary, unless the mines were to be shut down, honest, loyal labor refused work and the government deprived of the copper urgently needed for war supplies."

"It was not the mine owners who loaded the I. W. W. on cars and sent them out of that district. It was not alone the superintendents of the mines nor the trades people of Bisbee. The bulk of the considerable army consisted of union labor, of men as hostile to the I. W. W. as were the mine owners."

It is true that some men who called themselves "union men" were among those who drove workers and business men from their homes and families. But it is more true that "it was not the mine owners who loaded the I. W. W. on the cars." The "owners" do not soil their lily-white hands with such dirty work; but get hirelings of the hangman type to do it—and ghouls of the type of the News-Tribune to justify it.

"It is such belated federal action that has prevented many more such scenes as that at Bisbee. It will be even more vigorous action that will forestall others of its kind," says the News Tribune.

Is the U. S. Government impotent for anything except persecution of working men? The News-Tribune boldly says that if the U. S. Government does not hurry the I. W. W. out of the land that it will be done by private citizens, and in a much worse manner than the deportations of Bisbee were conducted.

Reading between the lines of this Oil-and-Steel-inspired editorial, one can easily see that they speak from knowledge of what will be done to the workers of the country, either by the owners of the industries or by the government for them. But in either event it is the owners who are to have the benefit of the industrial production from a race of slaves.—Defense News Bulletin.

Boss beats up a working woman. Out on \$100.00 bail. If it was a worker beating up a boss the bail would be at least \$5000.00. Some difference whose ox is gored.

There is only one democracy worth while—Industrial Democracy.

THE HELL BOX

BOOSTS, BRICKBATS and BOKAYS

Open to all. Limit 300 Words.
Contributions Invited.

SUPERIOR WILL BOOST TRUTH

A meeting has been arranged for next Sunday Night, December 23, at Finnish Worker's Hall, 422 Cummings Ave., Superior, Wis., for a benefit for the Socialist paper at the head of the Lakes, which paper is Truth. A good program has is expected. YOU are invited. O. E. Thompson will speak. Music by Scandinavian Soc. Band.

DO YOU GET ME?

To the millions of work-weary wage slaves; to the hundreds of thousands of industry's maimed and wounded; to the three million little children in the mills and factories; to the half million prostitutes in the brothels; to the thousands of inmates of jails, insane asylums, eleemosynary institutions and penitentiaries; to the millions of working class soldiers on the frozen fields of battle; to all who are hungry homeless; and to all others who are weary and heavy laden; to the Editor of Truth and his flock of readers, I wish a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Wm. E. Towne.

How Would You Like It Yourself

By John M. Work.

How would you like it yourself to have a bunch of patronizing people, intent upon performing an act of charity, condescend to bring you a basket of things for Christmas? Just consider it a moment.

Honest now, how would you like it?

You would feel degraded and insulted, wouldn't you?

Of course. That's the way every self-respecting person feels under such circumstances.

But, you say, there are people who are in need, and must be helped.

Unfortunately, yes.

But it is entirely unnecessary for society to permit anyone to be in that terrible condition.

Socialism proposes to guarantee every man and woman an opportunity to earn a living, and to receive their full earnings. Then degrading charity will cease.

Investigate Socialism. Meantime, charity is a necessary evil.

Go ahead and take the Christmas basket to the destitute.

But, do not plume yourself and imagine that you are doing a meritorious Christian act when you do so.

On the contrary, you will be insulting the memory of Jesus Christ unless you do it with the knowledge that the recipients are victims of social crime, and with the intention of doing all in your power to abolish the present criminal social system which wrecks such hideous injustice upon its victims.

Unless you do it with this knowledge and with this intention, you will have totally failed to catch the spirit of Jesus.

Yes, take the basket.

But take it with a rebellious heart—rebellious against the industrial system which produces such human wreckage—and determined to replace it with a higher and better one.

And do not impose your embarrassing presence upon the recipients.

Do not impose your staring eyes upon them.

Do not impose your condescending manners upon them.

Do not mortify them and gloat over their pitiful pleasure by staying to see them enjoy the contents.

If you have a self-satisfied feeling that you are doing a noble act and a hankering to give them an opportunity to pour out their gratitude to you—be ashamed of yourself.

They are entitled to receive justice instead of charity.

You are only giving them a tiny charity crumb, whereas they are entitled to have full-loaded justice.

No! No!

Take the basket gently.

Take it softly.

Leave it without being seen, if possible.

For it is degrading.

XMAS THOTS BY MARVIN SANFORD

It's Here Again!

Christmas is due again Tuesday. There is little cause to doubt its appearance as it has arrived regularly once a year since the unsettled days of B. C.

THE PROFIT SYSTEM'S PARADOX.

Prepare to be merry in memory of the Man of Sorrows. That is the consistency of life under capitalism. Unless there is profit in it, what's the use? "There is reason in all things."

THE SLAVE GET'S SOMETHING OUT OF IT ANYWAY

Tuesday those who have preyed upon us the rest of the year, will cease long enough to pray for us—and then resume their regular routine. "Great God, we thank thee for fools, and may there be no race suicide there."

DULUTH PULPIT POUNDERS MIGHT TRY THIS ONE

For the Christmas sermon we can think of no better text than the following, so we submit it to the local brethren most respectfully and humbly: "Woe unto those who devour widows' houses and lay field to field and for a pretense make long prayers."

AN UNDESIRABLE CITIZEN

Who was this Jesus guy? Oh, he was just a disrespectful and irresponsible character who went around howling "it was said by them of old one way: but I say unto you another and a different way." It is also said that he favored disarmament and a general peace.

SOME ECONOMIC DETERMINISM.

By FRANK S. HANNEN.

...The ruling class—represented by the Banks, Steel Corporations, Railroads, Food Trusts, and Powder Companies—have doubled their profits by conducting war business. They say, "War must not be stopped at any cost. Democracy isn't ready yet."

The middle class—represented by country banks, retail merchants, two-horse factory owners, and their chestnut pullers, the small advertising managers called editors, the skyward steerers called pulpsters, and miscellaneous little Hooligans—see some neglected plums falling in the form of investments for their stocking contents, and so, when the big guns roar the aforesaid slogan, echo answers "—isn't ready yet."

The working class—represented by men, women and children of the wage-slave class in Russia, Germany, England, France and America, who produce all the wealth accept a measly one-eighth of it in the form of a slave's wage, and fawningly hand over seven eights to the shirking classes—the demand of the working class is "peace at the earliest possible moment without indemnities or annexations."

Are one's surroundings, his position in life, the result of his ideas the product of his environment?

THE METHODS OF CAPITALISM.

Capitalists are not strong enough to chain the bodies of their wage-workers but they are shrewd enough to enslave their mind. Moral codes are used to make slaves act as their masters' desire.—H. H. Caldwell.

Funny how all the agitators are ignorant isn't it?

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