

OUR COUNTRY IS THE WORLD, OUR COUNTRYMEN ARE MANKIND

WORKERS
OF THE WORLD
UNITE

TRUTH

MINNESOTA
HISTORICAL SOCIETY
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WHOLE NUMBER 41

LENROOT AND DAVIES STAND FOR WAR, BERGER STANDS FOR PEACE, WHOM DO YOU DESIRE?

For Berger And Peace

Do you realize the importance of electing a Socialist United States senator?
Do you realize the effect it will have for peace?

One of the greatest obstacles in the way of peace is the fact that the German people are constantly fed by the military autocrats of Germany with the assertion that the people of the United States do not want peace, but that they want Germany exterminated.

So long as they can get the German people to believe that assertion, it will be very hard for the Socialists of Germany to overthrow the autocrats or to force them to make peace.

Like the people of all other nations, the people of Germany are willing to defend their country from invasion or extermination.

The one thing needed more than all else at this time is to convince the German people that the people of the United States do not want Germany destroyed.

Once convince them of that fact, and they will abandon the military autocrats.

The election of a Socialist senator will open their eyes to the fact that the people of the United States are not the hating and annihilating demons which—thanks to the American jingoes—they have been represented to be.

It is, therefore, a certainty that the election of a Socialist senator from Wisconsin would do more toward bringing peace to the world than a hundred battles at the front.

Furthermore, victory is right within our grasp.
We can and will elect Victor L. Berger to the senate.
Work and vote for Berger and peace.

WHAT THE COPPER BARONS COPPERED.

Some of the figures from the minority report of the committee on finance of the United States are eloquent.

The report shows that the war profits of the Anaconda Copper Mining Co. for 1916 were \$47,151,795. It shows also, that the war profits of the Butte and Superior Mining Co. for 1916 were \$7,930,458; that the war profits of the Calumet & Arizona Mining Co. for 1916 were \$8,188,070; that the war profits of the Greene-Canaan Copper Co. for 1916 were \$2,027,977; that the war profits of the Miami Copper Co. for 1916 were \$6,463,182; that the war profits of the Nevada Consolidated Co. for 1916 were \$11,582,785; that the war profits of the Ray Consolidated Copper Co. for 1916 were \$10,082,063; that the war profits of the Shattuck Arizona Copper Co. for 1916 were \$1,923,573, and that the war profits of the Utah Copper Co. for 1916 were \$32,005,240.

When war profits like these are made in the copper industry, is it a crime for workers in that industry to ask for higher wages in keeping with the higher cost of living?

Is it a crime for them to want proper conditions of labor, so that they will not lose their lives and so that their families will not lose their support?

Is it a laudable thing for those who espouse the cause of the mine owners to lynch men who try to secure better wages and better conditions for the miners?

Who is disloyal to the nation—men who merely ask for a decent living for themselves and their families in return for honest toil—or men who do no useful work at all, but at the same time make millions and millions of dollars out of war?

PEACE DON'T PAY.

376 Have Incomes of Million A Year.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 1.—Today there are three times as many persons in the United States drawing incomes of \$1,000,000 a year as there were on Dec. 1, 1916.

Ten persons have incomes of more than \$5,000,000 yearly. This fact was established by Commissioner of Internal Revenue Daniel C. Roper, in his annual report, covering taxes on incomes, made public today.

Three hundred and seventy-six persons paid taxes on incomes of \$1,000,000 a year, according to the report, compared with 120 individuals paying taxes on similar amounts in 1916.—Chicago Examiner, Dec. 2, 1917.

The Cost In Gold

Let us not reckon the cost of the war in human lives. Lives are cheap.

We have murdered tens of thousands, every year, in shops and mines.

We have killed millions of babies by underfeeding, filthy homes, emaciated mothers; the result of starvation wages and long hours of toil for fathers and mothers.

We have robbed the schoolroom to feed the factories with the children of the nation.

We have coined youth and strength into profits for the masters of the land, until today scarcely one-half of the soldiers of industry are fit to become soldiers of war.

This nation was too poor to protect the lives and limbs of its toilers.

It was too poor to pension the invalids of industry.

It was too poor to feed and clothe the children of those who feed and clothe the world.

It was too poor to feed and clothe the children of those right; an opportunity to develop mind and body.

But we are not too poor to spend \$19,000,000,000 in one year for war.

Read what Mr. Vanderlip, the high priest of war financiers, and one of the chief beneficiaries of the war, has to say about the cost in gold:

"From the first day of the foundation of the government down to the beginning of the fiscal year the total expenditure of the government for all purposes, through all the days of war and peace, the war of 1812, the Mexican war, the great rebellion and the Spanish war, the pension funds, the Panama canal, all public buildings—the total expenditure of every kind that this government has paid out of the treasury windows in 126 years—amounts to only \$26,300,000,000, and we have had appropriated for expenditures this equator of \$20 gold pieces, placed edge to edge."

Nineteen billions would have made the railroads, the mines, the great trusts and monopolies the property of the nation.

This gigantic sum would have abolished child labor and poverty, disease and crime.

Used for the common good, it would have made the inhabitants of this republic the happiest, healthiest and richest people on earth.

But the happiness of the many is not the concern of the few who rule our destiny.

They gain much more from blood and tears than from song and laughter.

Therefore, the war must go on. And we, the many, must pile the golden burden mountain high on our bended backs—a burden under which our children and children's children will groan.

For those who benefit by war share not its curse.

While the cannons roar profits soar.

Millionaires grow like mushrooms. The incomes of our American plutocrats make the wages of kings and kaisers look like pennies flung to beggars.

To kill, a thousand miles from our shore, we crush the millions at home.

To make a thousand millionaires per month, we pauperize generations yet unborn.

This is the wisdom of our statesmen.

This is the product of our greatest minds.

We had no money to rear a paradise, but nineteen billions to feed the flames of hell.

7,925 New Millionaires Created By War In Year.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 3 (special).—The 1917 crop of American millionaires is a heavy one. The yield was far above the 10-year average. It reached the high figure of 7,925, according to the tables of the income tax division of the internal revenue bureau.

The income tax returns for the taxable year ending with December, 1915, showed a grand total of 14,771 millionaires. The returns for the taxable year ending with December, 1916, which are the figures given out today, record the existence within the borders of the United States of 22,696 millionaires of all degrees, from the latest arrival in the munition industry to the John D. Rockefeller class.—Chicago Herald, Dec. 4, 1917.

Guilty As Charged

History does sometimes repeat itself.

During the revolutionary war there were certain people in the United States who were known as "loyalists". They were against liberty. They tried to undermine the efforts of Washington, Jefferson, Paine and the other real patriots.

These "loyalists" were loyal to George the Third and Lord North. They styled themselves "patriots", but they were opposed to America and to the real patriots.

In 1918 we have a bunch of "loyalists" who are loyal to George the Fifth and Lord Northcliffe. They style themselves "patriots", but they are opposed to America and the real patriots.

The "loyalists" of Washington's day united, with the Indians in order to assault and murder the real patriots.

The "loyalists" of the present threaten to band themselves into mobs in order to assault and murder the real patriots.

These modern "loyalists" are trying to undermine the efforts of the real patriots of the present day—the Socialists and their adherents.

The Socialists of this time are the legitimate successors of Washington, Jefferson and Paine.

Just as those heroes were hindered in every possible way in their work for the good of the colonies, by the "loyalists" of that day, so the Socialists of today are being hounded in their work for the good of the country, by the "loyalists" of today.

We announced some time ago that our enemies are guilty and that we would put them on trial at the ballot box.

They have now had their preliminary hearing and have been found guilty as charged.

On April the second the people will reaffirm this verdict.

EVENTUALLY, WHY NOT NOW?

Four things can happen in this war.

First—The allied powers may defeat the central powers.

Second—The central powers may defeat the allied powers.

Third—A deadlock.

Fourth—The destruction of the white race.

If the allies defeat the central powers they will dictate the kind of peace that Napoleon I dictated at Tilsit in 1807.

They will parcel out Germany and Austria among themselves. And they will do this in spite of what the United States may say. If any doubts this, let him ponder over the secret treaties published by Trotsky.

If the central powers are victorious they will bring under their domination any territory they can lay their hands on.

They will dictate the same kind of peace that Bismarck dictated to France in 1870.

If any doubts this, let him behold the action of Germany in Russia.

Should the war end, as it seems, in a deadlock, then the representatives of the belligerent nations will meet around the green table some day and settle the bloody thing by mutual understanding.

A decisive victory on either side will only be the preliminary for the next war.

The peace of Tilsit, reducing Prussia to a fourth-rate power, also produced modern Prussian militarism.

Six years later this same Prussia, which Napoleon thought he had eliminated for good, defeated Napoleon in battle after battle, until it finally dug his grave at Waterloo.

The peace of Versailles, dictated by Bismarck in 1871, was but the prologue for the present war drama. The annexation of Alsace and Lorraine and the war indemnity of five billion francs was to cripple France for all time to come and to insure permanent peace.

It did nothing of the kind. It only fastened military despotism on the young republic and on new united Germany. It drove the French into the arms of autocratic Russia and imperialistic England.

The victory of 1871 was but the forerunner of the world war. And France, without Alsace and Lorraine, was stronger in 1914 than she was in 1870.

Campaign Lie Nailed

The statement that Victor L. Berger is disqualified for United States senator because of his indictment is a campaign lie, of course. Mr. Berger is not accused of any crime; he is accused of having written articles in favor of peace.

Not only is Berger qualified, but there is no danger of the senate rejecting him after he is elected. If they tried to reject him, the effect of Berger's election in favor of peace would be doubled, both in our country and abroad, because profiteers would plainly show that they fear him. The jingo senators know that and are too astute to even try any such tricks.

Eight years ago, when he was running for congress, the same campaign lie was spread broadcast—but he was elected, took his seat and made good. Congress never had the faintest intention of trying to oust him.

If you are for peace—vote for Victor L. Berger.

A PROPHECY.

(Written During the Revolutionary War.)

By THOMAS JEFFERSON.

The spirit of the times may alter, will alter. Our rulers will become corrupt, our people careless. A single zealot may become persecutor, and better men be his victims. It can never be too often repeated that the time for fixing essential right, on legal basis, is while our rulers are honest, ourselves united. From the conclusion of this war we shall be going down hill. It will not then be necessary to resort every moment to the people for support. They will be forgotten, therefore, and their rights disregarded. They will forget themselves in the sole faculty of making money, and will never think of uniting to effect a due respect for their rights. The shackles, therefore, which shall not be knocked off at the conclusion of this war, will be heavier and heavier, till our rights shall revive or expire in a convulsion.

THE PRICE OF LIBERTY.

By THOMAS JEFFERSON.

Cherish the spirit of our people and keep alive their attention. Do not be too severe upon their errors, but reclaim them by enlightening them. If once they become inattentive to public affairs, you and I, and congress and assemblies, judges and governors, shall all become wolves. It seems to be the law of our general nature, in spite of individual exceptions, and experience declares that man is the only animal which devours his own kind; for I can apply no milder term to the governments of Europe, and to the general prey of the rich on the poor.

Will our statesmen never learn that virile nations can not be subdued with the sword?

Will they never learn that "peace without victory" is not only a desirability, but an absolute necessity—the only kind of peace that is more than a truce?

Either we are going to settle this war by a military, standing or we shall turn the world into a military camp in preparation for a future war.

Sooner or later the warring nations must meet around the green table. And the sooner they do so the better it will be for mankind.

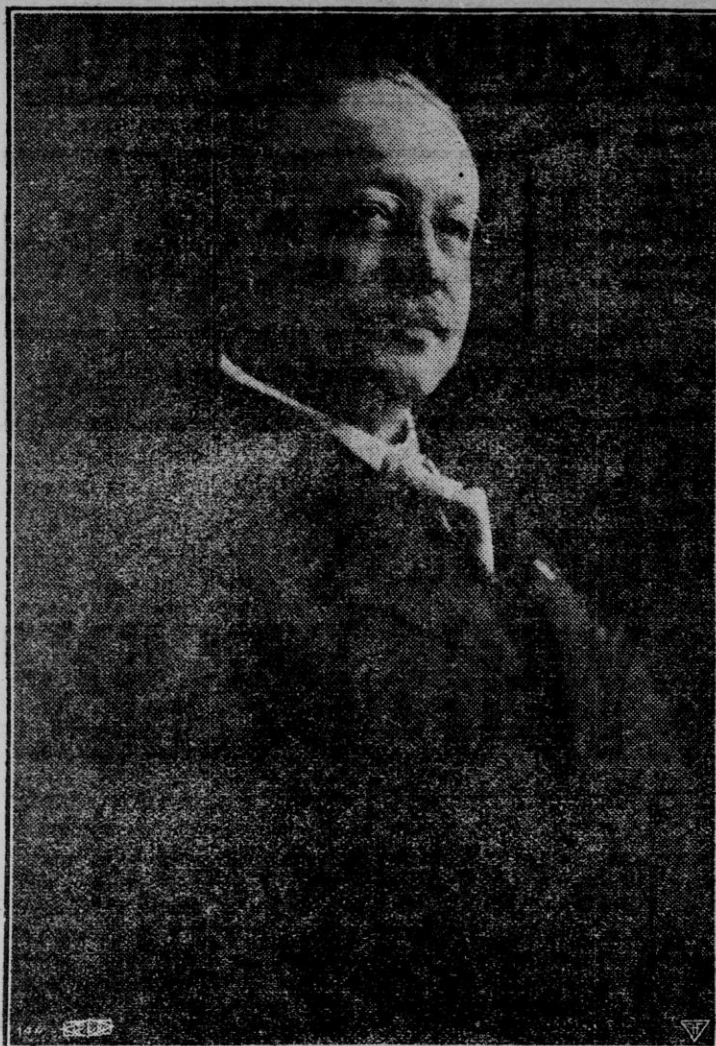
The human race has suffered enough for the folly of placing its destiny in the hands of crowned heads and money bags—of lying diplomats and shallow politicians.

Call for a meeting, gentlemen. Put your feet under the green table before it is too late. Do this before the white race is bled to death—before the horror of internal revolutions are added to war, pestilence, and starvation. Do it before the grinning Mongolian sets his masses in motion and drowns you and us and our civilization in a tidal wave of blood.

Your ways are the ways of destruction. Stop before it is too late. Stop now.

This is the demand of the Socialists of the world. This is the demand of suffering humanity.

Eventually you will have to come together—or perish. Why not come together now?



Platform of
VICTOR L. BERGER
Candidate for U. S. Senator On the
Socialist Ticket.

1. I demand and if elected shall work for an immediate, general and permanent peace—a peace of the peoples, by the peoples and for the peoples, of the countries now at war.

So doing, I speak for the deepest desire of all these peoples. Every nation wants peace—a speedy, general, democratic and permanent peace. We want a peace without forcible annexations or punitive indemnities—and we want for all nationalities the right to determine their own destiny. Our government should immediately negotiate for such a peace.

2. I demand and if elected shall ask the American Congress to pass a resolution directing the President to summon the warring countries to an immediate armistice and peace conference.

So doing, I utter the deepest desire of a great majority of the American people. The American people did not want and do not want this war. They were plunged into this abyss by the treachery of the ruling class of the country—its demagogic agitators, its bought press, its sensational photoplays, its lying advertisements, and other purchasable instruments of public expression.

3. I demand and if elected shall work for the withdrawal of American troops from the invasion of Europe, and for their use, so far as may be necessary, to procure absolute security for this country, on land and sea, against invasion by any hostile power, if such invasion be possible.

So doing, I declare anew the wise counsel of Presidents George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, James Monroe and Abraham Lincoln. If we follow their wise example we will not use our forces for the remaking of the map of Europe and Asia to suit capitalistic imperialism.

4. I demand and if elected shall work for legislation depriving any citizen or corporation of every penny of profit derived from the sale of war supplies to the American Government.

So doing, I denounce as abhorrent to every decent American the coining of the blood of American boys into swollen profits for the American plutocrats who dragged us into the European war and who now demand its indefinite continuance for their further enrichment. They have made billions of dollars of profits out of the war. They want more billions of profits—and therefore they demand more war.

5. I demand and if elected shall work for the necessary legislation assuring this country against industrial panic and wide-spread unemployment when the millions of American soldiers return home seeking work by which they may live. If elected, I shall work for the immediate nationalization—and especially for the development of unmenace to the nation—also for the national ownership of all means of transportation and communication—and especially for the development of unoccupied land areas by the nation, in order that these may be ready for occupancy on favorable terms by home-builders and food-producers.

So doing, I shall work toward the collective ownership of all the social means of production and distribution which will mean the abolition of capitalism and all its evils.

America's Alternatives

The "bloody hypnosis" of world-wide war must be broken quickly, or the white race, this country included, will be utterly ruined.

No responsible statesman has the moral courage to utter the words that would end the war.

The peoples themselves must, therefore, end it.

This you can do by electing men pledged to use every effort

to end it immediately.

There is no other path to peace, except a warfare of exhaustion, ending in the death and mutilation of more millions of our finest young men, and in the destruction of white civilization.

Your administration in Washington is not identical with the government. The government is permanent—the administration is subject to change every four years.

Your administration at Washington is preparing for five more years of war—not to defend this country against invasion, but to invade European countries.

If this capitalistic profiteer program goes through, vast armies of your sons and brothers will perish on European battlefields, and you who remain at home will be utterly bankrupted by the crushing burdens of war taxes levied in large part to enrich the plutocratic profiteers.

ELECTION APRIL 2nd (VOTE!)

WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

Watchman, what of the night? Watchman, whose name is Labor and whose voice is Time's own thunder, what of this midnight of universal madness? What of this night when all the winds of all the ways of the world are sobbing "like captive souls chained in dark caverns of fear," and the mother heart of Humanity quails before a dread whose birthplace is the graveyard of Hope?

Watchman, what of the night? What of the battlefields of Europe? What of the millions of men who come from every land to dig their trenches and launch Death and Hell and Damnation? What of the carnage that rolls like a flood of hatred along every battlefield? What of the submarines that lurk in supreme cowardice beneath the surfaces of the deep, write into the records of the world madness the success of their diabolical sabotage, sink millions of irrecoverable wealth to the ocean's depths and fill the world with lamentations for lives ruthlessly destroyed.

Watchman, whose name is Labor, what of such a night? Was it for this a million years ago and more the brute-man stood erect with the sunlight of a new day in his eyes? Was it for this the race came down from the trees, marched from the swamps and the caves, and triumphed over the wild life of the forests? Was it for this the villages were built, the towns developed, the teeming cities established? Was it for this the world's mighty civilization arose? Was it for this Labor through thousands of slave-cursed years struggled and endured and bled and died? Was it for this the marvels of science were achieved—the telescope swept the heavens, and men analysed the stars and measured the speed of the lightning's flash? Was it for this the great steamships were sent thrashing and throbbing across all the oceans to link up the uttermost ends of the earth, and the railroad laid across river chasms and driven through the rocky hearts of the everlasting mountains for the annihilation of the land distances? Was it for this men conquered the air, unravelled its secrets, and sent wireless wordwonders flying through space? Watchman, what of the night in which all the great discoveries of Science that might have been applied for the benefit of the race are used for destruction both of life and wealth?

Watchman, what of the night in which a handful of men control the world's politics and its destinies, and saw whether and when there shall be war or peace? What of the night in which these few hold in the hollow of their hands the control of all the world's industries and operate them for their own material gain and with scant regard for the well-being of the race? What of the millions who toil and slave from the morning of life till night of darkness and death for a pittance—for just so much of the abundance they produce as will enable them to keep body and soul together? What of the huge army of men, women, and children whose lives are needlessly sacrificed on the fields of industry in order that production might be cheapened and profits increased? What of the immense fortunes accumulated by the drones and parasites of society, who toil not neither do they spin, and whose lives are wasted in rounds of luxury, frivolity and often in debauchery?

Watchman, what of the night? What of such a night? And the Watchman whose name is Labor and whose voice is Time's own thunder, replies: "THE MORNING COMETH." Already "the wings of dawn are beating at the gates of day." In Russia they are beating very loudly, and soon the Eastern gates shall swing on sunlit hinges. What of the Night? Capitalism is the Night. Out of Capitalism and along with it came wage-slavery and the oppression of the Many by the Few. Out of the accumulated values stolen by the Few from the Many came the need for world markets. Out of the need for world markets came the struggle for territorial expansion; and out of that struggle came national hatreds and armaments firms and secret diplomacy; and out of the aggregation of these came War, with dripping fangs and bleary eyes—War, with its far-flung battle-lines, which has made of Europe one vast graveyard, and of the world a house of mourning. Capitalism is doomed. The night will pass; the morning cometh when the Many will no longer slave for the Few. In that new day Each will labor for All. "Then all mine and thine shall be ours." And wars will never again come to curse mankind with their madness; for when Labor has ended the rule of Capitalism it will have translated into national and international practice the great principle of PEACE ON EARTH—GOOD WILL TO MEN.—THE MORNING COMETH.

LADIES AUXILIARY.

A good number of members turned out to the last meeting of the Ladies Auxiliary, held last Monday night.

Mrs. Blackman spoke on the subject of the Emancipation of Women, and created quite a lively discussion.

The organization has decided to present a piano to the Radical Labor Lyceum. A call for a collection realized \$32.00, together with promises

of future support from many of those present.

Mrs. Blackman was elected financial secretary. They also decided to hold a basket social in their headquarters, 22 E. 1st St., on April 14th.

We strongly urge all women comrades to attend these meetings. The Editor will address them in the near future on the subject of "What shall we teach our children about sex."

SUPERIOR NEWS

FOUR SOCIALISTS NOMINATED.

Four Socialist candidates were nominated in the primary election held in Superior on March 19th. Com. Jacob Lundeen for supervisor in the third ward, Com. H. M. Parks for supervisor in the fourth ward and Com. A. L. Marx in the sixth ward. Com. Wm. Peterson is the socialist candidate for constable.

Com. Parks received the highest number of votes in the primary in his ward, there being four candidates. He has previously served faithfully as a socialist on the County Board of Supervisors. An effort is now being made by the socialist campaign committee to have these comrades elected on final election day. Cards with the platform that these candidates stand for on the back of them have been distributed to the voters in each ward.

SEVENTEEN NEW MEMBERS.

Branch Number 1 of the Socialist Party of Superior took in seventeen new members at its meeting on March 21st. This was the first meeting after the primary election and was one of the best attended meetings that the Branch has had for months. In previous years the attendance at Branch meetings has always lapsed for months immediately after an election, but now, even though the city election returns were a disappointment to many, the effect appears to be to the contrary. The outlook as such is very encouraging. Workingmen evidently grasp that it was only the lack of organization on the part of the socialists that Com. Harris failed by a few votes to be placed on the final ballot.

FINNISH COMRADES

SUPPORT TRUTH.

The Finnish Branch of Superior held a dance for the benefit of Truth on Tuesday evening, March 19th, the result being about ten dollars. The Branch at its meeting on March 21st decided to add enough to this amount from its treasury to make the sum \$25 and buy five shares of stock in the Duluth Co-Operative Society, publishers of the Truth.

Members of the Branch were given special instructions to solicit subscriptions for the Truth. The matter was brought before the meeting by a communication from the Secretary of the Central Committee.

SCANDINAVIANS GET

BEHIND TRUTH.

At its meeting last week the Scandinavian Socialist Branch of Superior decided to purchase twenty-five yearly subscriptions for the Truth. This is the kind of action that will finally make the Truth the coming labor daily of the Twin Ports.

ENGLISH BRANCH

HOLDS MEETING.

The reason why the Superior Socialists did not succeed in electing their candidate for mayor were given at the regular meeting of the English Branch, held at Harmony hall on the third Thursday of this month. It was due:

First—having a working man to head our ticket instead of a business man, or some one that caters to the business element.

Second—telling the people not to expect too much if elected instead of promising them a millennium.

Third—declaring that this is an international movement instead of going around making false love to different nationalities.

So it was decided to keep up our educational campaign not only in election time but also between elections. Comrades were reminded of the fact that as some of our party candidates were eliminated and will not be placed on the ticket at the regular election, that if any member is found voting for the "best men" of the old parties, he will be expelled from the Socialist Party in accordance with our national constitution.

The delegates to the Central Committee were instructed to take up the matter of arranging a Berger campaign meeting in conjunction with a protest meeting against the hanging of Comrade Mooney. And also to take up the matter of arranging a May-Day celebration.

Thirteen dollars, half of the proceeds of the dance held by the Branch on March 11th, were sent to the national headquarters to the Million Dollar Campaign Fund. The members were instructed to try and work hard to get subscribers for the Duluth Truth.

SCHOOL DEMOCRACY (?)

By ELLIS B. HARRIS.

Complaints are coming constantly from children attending the public schools of Superior that they are being bullied to intimidation by principals and teachers, for subscriptions to war funds from time to time. If such subscriptions are proofs of loyalty it seems to urge the teachers to more threats if they are not continued. Children are asked as to the nationality of their parents. Are told that they are not loyal to the flag unless they bring their share of the fund. They are told that they or their parents are pro-German. One teacher, at least, has threatened to place the name of every child that does not subscribe on the blackboard under a heading of: "PRO-GERMANS".

If this is the sort of democracy that we are fighting for, it will not succeed to any great extent in inspiring patriotism, but rather the opposite feeling. To every true American, Kaiserism is just as abhorrent here as elsewhere and when carried into the schools to coerce and intimidate children, it becomes more shameful.

How far have the teachers of the schools been instructed in these tactics and who is responsible? And how long are the parents of the scholars going to be patient while their children are being held up before others as disloyal, pro-German, etc.

Aer we to understand that those employed to serve the interests of our citizens as instructors of their children have ceased to be public servants and have taken upon themselves the office of dictators? Are they to be the judges as to the ability of poor parents, many of them reduced to poverty by our pay-triote food and fuel hogs, to subscribe to war funds each time their children appeal to them because of intimidation? Why go to the children at all? Is it because they can be intimidated when the parents cannot; and does it offer a proof of American heroism? Little boys are being threatened by other boys with whippings, inspired by what they hear from teachers in the class rooms, just as cowardly murderous thugs are inspired by our prostituted newspapers to tar, feather and kill any citizen that does not agree with their masters in the steel tract, among the food hogs and other pay-triots. For all such even President Wilson proclaimed his con-

tempt before the convention of the A. F. of L. Does it mean anything to the thugs with a tar pot or a rope, hiding his cowardly face behind a mask and offering insult to every just American citizen by proclaiming himself a patriot? No, indeed. His patriotism amounts to flag waving with one hand while the other is in the pockets of the American people, until they are so impoverished that thousands can not subscribe to the war when they wish to.

The citizens of Superior should get together and protest against the bullying and intimidation of their children at the schools. They all have a vote. They glory in every victory (?) won at the ballot box. Let us see how much of your interest is going to be served by those you elect to public office. Let us find out whether they are to be Kaisers here, locally, or servants of the people.

Hither, ye blind, from your futile pining!

Know the rights and rights are won.

Wrong shall die with the understanding.

One truth clear, and the work is done.

"Shakespeare needs no monument—he has his plays"—H. U. G.



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Its You we mean. Yes You!

You read this paper, you want it to grow, you want more news, and you want a bigger paper.

Of course you want all these things, yes, you, we mean you, the one who reads this paper.

No, not the fellow who lives down in Missouri and who does not know whether the Spanish-American war is over yet or not.

Well, how are we going to get a bigger paper and have more news in it?

Have you ever thought it out? Of course not! Well, we will tell you how, and it will not cost you a single cent.

When you go for a shave, just whisper to the barber: "I READ TRUTH, DO YOU ADVERTISE IN THAT PAPER?"

If the shop is full of customers, shout it out as loud as you can.

Also when your wife goes shopping, no matter what she buys, just you tell her to say to the man behind the counter:

"I READ THE TRUTH, DO YOU ADVERTISE IN IT?" The merchant always advertises in the sheet that is read by his customers.

The merchant in Duluth does not advertise in the Tokio Gazette. Why? Because nobody in Duluth reads it.

So just keep on telling that merchant that you read the TRUTH.

He will then advertise in the paper, and if he advertises, you will then get a bigger paper.

All you need to say is:

"I READ THE TRUTH, DO YOU ADVERTISE IN IT?" Now all together, do not forget, remember the words, are you ready, then let it trip!

"I READ THE TRUTH, DO YOU ADVERTISE IN IT?" Remember the next time you buy soap, sugar, clothes, buttons, or anything that you need, just say to the merchant this:

"I READ THE TRUTH, DO YOU ADVERTISE IN IT?" Now, can you repeat it, have you forgot it so soon? Well, then let us hear it once more:

"I READ THE TRUTH, DO YOU ADVERTISE IN IT?" Once more:

"I READ THE TRUTH, DO YOU ADVERTISE IN IT?"

TRUTH

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JACK CARNEY, EDITOR



Editorial



All unsigned articles are by the editor.
All correspondents are requested to send their names not for publication, but as an evidence of good faith.
All news and meeting reports to be in by Tuesday morning.
Advertisements accepted up to Wednesday evening.

HE SAID IT.

"And we have come to be one of the worst ruled, one of the most completely controlled and dominated governments in the civilized world; no longer a government by free opinion, no longer a government by conviction and the vote of the majority, but a government by the opinion and the duress of small groups of dominant men."

—Woodrow Wilson in *The New Freedom*.

THE SILENT WAR.

Today we are in the midst of two wars, and one of them is more favored by the people than the other. Travel where you like, in street car or on the railway, the conversation of the people is heavy with the imprint of war. The majority of the people do not know, or in some cases have forgotten the war that goes on, year in, year out. The war that commences the day we are born, and we only lose sight of it the day we die. The war that has raged for hundreds of years. The war that is with you in the factory, the mine, the shop and the fields. The hearts that shrink at the stories of children being murdered on the battlefields, exhibit a callous indifference towards the poor starving child, suckling at the shrunken breast of a starving mother. The blood of our people is easily heated by stories of Belgian girls being raped. We have seen men with tears in their eyes and curses in their mouth, when they have read an atrocity story in the daily paper. But we have never seen those tears fall, or those curses come forth when we have heard of thousands of young women being compelled to deck themselves in cheap finery and paint their faces, and beneath the glare of the city's lights, sell their souls into hell.

The people today are immersed body and soul in the great human conflagration that is going on in Europe. Their souls are laden, or will be, with its pestilence. Their future, however blinded they may be to the effects, is enwrapped in the shadows of a slavery rendered more thoroughly secure, by their extravagance of enthusiasm.

This war will pass, but its effects will linger, and in the lingering, the need for the other war will become ever more poignantly necessary. We shall have to be on the alert, more than we ever were before. We will have to organize more than we ever did before, because this war is going to leave effects upon the industrial population that would require the pen of a Zola to depict. We are interested in the silent war, the war that is now remote from their minds, the war that is farther from their dreams and nearer to their hearts. Around this silent war, there is no glamor, no gaudy uniforms grace it. No Presidents, Kings or Kaisers bestow upon it their benediction. Little is the attention that it receives.

The men and women who endeavor to feed the flames of the spirit of discontent, the men and women who nurse them, that they might not sink into the dull glow of half-dead embers, the men and women who breathe of their enthusiasm upon the forgotten flames, never yielding hope on the altar of weariness, however thankless the task may be, are not found in the ranks of popular favorites. Their names are not world known, with the exception of Karl Liebknecht, when rulers seek to prostitute his name. Their powers are not flattered, nor are their abilities strengthened by laudation, nor is their courage increased by the honor of the mob, if such rewards really possess value. These men and women live and work, and perchance may die, in silence beside their silent war. They are warriors whose hearts are clean from bloodshed, pure of the stains of social immorality, sweet with the wind that comes from the dreamland of the future, and white with the spring waters that flow from the very rocks of an imperishable freedom.

For all the negligence amidst which it lives, our war is the most important. It is part of the lives of our com-

rades. It is half their destiny. Perhaps one can escape from the ephemeral war, that so remarkably moves men's minds, but one can never escape from the age-long economic war. Thrones may fall, kingdoms may sink in the sway of tottering nations, principalities may totter, peoples may be devoured by the great beast—militarism—called military triumph, states may dissolve their boundaries, many of the walls of capitalism may crumble, but ever like the setting sun, the economic war continues, unchanged, doomed by its very nature to exist, regardless of the superficialities that dim its light and drown its voice.

Beneath the trappings of rampant militarism, our war remains the same sad necessity, inevitable in light. The hopes, the fears, the cruelties and barbarities of our social life are not made more bearable by the passing of armies to the slaughter house of conflict. The wolf, despite the sound of pipe and drum, still remains keeping guard on our doors. Military success, the glory that is born from the vanquishment of the foe, does not prevent poverty stalking ghoulishly over the bodies and brains of children, who saught not for life.

We may drive a million Germans back over the Rhine and we may intoxicate ourselves with the glory of our success. We may write our names on the pages of history. But pages of history will not feed a starving stomach. Medals are indigestible. You can buy them in any pawnshop. Economic indignity casts its cynical smirk even over the brightest military glory. The economic force twists, conorts, degrades everything that is not utterly remote from it, and how few things escape its malign influences.

And because we are convinced of this, because we see the TRUTH, because we see the folly of playing with ephemeral and because we realize the hopelessness of ever achieving success unless we consistently and deliberately dis sever our minds from the realities of life, as we and our fellow-workers live it, we are less interested in the clamorous war than we are in the silent war.

Beneath the surface we go for our opinions. Fundamentals, we consider, are the best and safest bases for our ideas. We penetrate to the echoing silences. We are concerned only with what appears at present to be permanent. Many dreams, maybe, we have, but we adhere to few illusions. We might be miners digging in the depths of life. The truths we find are seldom allies to the things of the surface. Oftener than otherwise our discoveries are bitterly opposed to the shrieking falsehood that parade themselves before the admiring eyes of the multitude.

Dogmatic in our convictions, as you will see if you read of the many conscientious objectors, we offer no apology for our opinions. We seek no liberties that we cannot win. We beg no favors that we cannot force by the strength of our economic and political power. We are even egoistic in our antagonism to popular follies. Mob fever, mental disease, however it may be engendered, leaves us cool and dispassionate. We are convinced there is only one war worth troubling about, and that is the silent war, ever fermenting, ever becoming more bitter, more necessary, more terrible than ever, ever deepening in intensity, the economic war of which the clamorous war is merely a passing trait. When the latter concludes, and the full tide of national passion slips into national indifference, the silent war will continue in its operations.

History books will glow with the light of the present conflagration, but the light of the silent war will illumine, not pages of books, but the hearts of our comrades, and therein lies its power and justification. The silent war draws freedom nearer, the clamorous war shrouds it in a heavy mist. The silent war will purify the world from pain, the clamorous war will add to the world's already heavy burden of dark sorrow. To the successful silent war, we appeal for your support. We would rather hear the happy laugh of children than the shrieking of shells. We would rather see the faces of women and young girls bathed with tears of joy, rather than by tears of sorrow. Comrades, the night may seem dark, the clouds of sad despair may hang heavy over our heads, but with the coming of the dawn, we shall emerge a brighter and better people if we enlist in the silent war.

Comrades, we must enlist in the silent war, you will not be forced to join by any act of legislature. You will not be drafted by force of arms. But a greater and mightier force than the sword will eventually force you into the army of the silent war. It will be that force that drives the working-girl on to the street, the force that fills our saloons with its victims, the force that drives many old people to the poor house and carries off young children as its prey. It is the force that sits overhead today, watching the deadly struggle going on between the workers of Europe. It is, comrades, the force of FAMINE AND STARVATION.

Think of what the advent of the baby means in a middle or upper class home. The happy preparation, the care for the mother, the clean quiet room, in which the little eyes first open to the light, the untiring care the suffering mother receives, the atmosphere of sweetness and love that surrounds the child. Think what a glorious future is in store for that baby. He or she will receive the best education that our universities can give. No amount of wealth will be spared to give that child all that the world can offer. Fortunate indeed is a child, born under such fine and beautiful conditions. But what of the children born at the other end of the social scale? Realize what it means, the advent of a child in the home of a working-class family. Think again of the poor shirt maker in her garret, laying down her needle only when the pains of labor seize upon her. No lying in bed, joyously awaiting the expected event, certainly not, the wife of the worker must toil on, so that she may be able to give the child of her womb a little nourishment when it comes. Picture if you can the hurried rush of the midwife, the cheapest that can be got, the quick removal of tired, sleepy-eyed and whimpering children from the room. Think again of the days and nights of weakness which follow in the fetid

atmosphere, which penetrates the dwellings of the workers who are unfortunate enough to have to live in slums. Think of the lack of care, sometimes a little girl of seven or eight must carry the burden of the work of the house, whilst her mother lies in bed. Think of the child, but a few weeks old, left alone in the house, whilst the mother travels to the sweatshop, so that she may earn enough to buy food for the children.

The story does not end there, it goes on and on. Picture the child running through your streets, selling his papers, earning about 40 or 50 cents, in all kinds of weather. Compelled to stand out in the street winter and summer, all the year round. Here he receives his education, and society, blind, heartless and cruel, sends him to prison, if he ever strays from the short and narrow path. So the story could continue, but space will not permit us to tell you it all. COMRADE, WILL YOU NOW ENLIST IN THE ARMY OF THE SILENT WAR?

Men and women of Duluth and Superior, words of ours fail to describe the position of things today. It would require the pen of a Zola, or the brush of a Michael Angelo, to depict the awful suffering and privation that is going on in our midst. War and Peace alike mean misery for the workers. The brothel is ever open to receive your daughter, the department stores ever ready to make profit by paying your daughter low wages. We ask you at this time, is it not time that your social consciousness was aroused, that you came and enlisted in the army of the silent war?

Men and women, if we have never appealed to you before, we do so now. It is for your own good and for our good that we appeal to you. The hearts of our wives and daughters are torn with anguish, they are losing their husbands and brothers. Women of Duluth and Superior, the hearts of the men and women in Europe are full of grief and anguish. Out through the seas of blood and tears they are asking you, what are you doing to stop the war, what are you doing in the cause of international justice? When your hair turns grey, when your children sit around your knees and look up into your face and in their childish innocence they ask: "Father and mother, what did you do in the Great War?" What will you say, will you say that you were carried away by the tide of militarism, or will you say that you stood firm and kept your head clear and stood for human freedom, whilst others stood for human slaughter? Men and women, we are asking you for your support, we want everyone of you to give us a helping hand. The workers of the world are being drowned in a sea of blood, and in their struggles they are appealing to you, to extend to them the helping hand, and so pull them out of this sea of blood and tears. We are not pro-German, we are pro-Human. We want to see ALL men and ALL women and ALL children happy and smiling. Our hearts go out to the women of all countries, for they bear the most of the burden. They descend into the bowels of death to bring the young boys into the world, and then they have to watch them taken away. We want to see all wars cease, we want to see all people free. We are marching on the road to the Co-Operative Commonwealth. It seems lonely, when there are only a few of us. Will you come with us, let us swell the air with our glad songs of a new day? Comrades, the fight is a glorious one, it means much hard work, but it means so much satisfaction. When the time comes that you have got to leave this earth, when old Father Time tells you that your glass has run low and your light has ceased to shine—in those last hours, will not your satisfaction be greater when you know that you helped to make the world better and brighter, for having lived in it. Comrades all, lend us your support, come with us and with the march of the workers of the whole world, we shall prevent all wars, and instead of living in a world of sorrow, we shall live in a heaven of happiness. COMRADES, ARE YOU COMING?

I, THE TRAMP.

I claim no home. I claim no country. In the time of my freedom I cling as a fly beneath the stock cars' load, or work on the trail worn by thousands of weary pilgrims gone before.

I carry my cross, or bundle upon my back. Countless lice crawl upon and bite my breast.

By the jungle's fitful flame I cook my food.

I sleep. The myriad voices of the night surround me.

I tramp from work in the southern swamps to harvest the golden grain for the north. I shear the wool from countless sheep.

In the corridors of the towering forests I wield the axe or pull the saw.

From the jack oak's twisted trunk I cleave the railroad ties. Mated to mules I build the railroad's grade. I knot my muscles and lay the steel rails on those ever reaching tentacles along which I tramp.

In youth I seek forgetfulness with liquor's lethal dram, or in age mumble futile anathemas with toothless gums. I, the tramp, make an army of misery. In rags and dirt I go. In hunger I stagger on.

I die in teeming marts or beneath the iron wheels and am buried in the potter's field.

I die in silent places and the coyote sings weird songs besides my bones.

When I go, numberless ones left behind fill up the gap. They may be of you or yours.

It is not my fault I tramp. The capitalist class owns the means of life and I am forced out of work and must ever seek and not finding must pass on.

I, the tramp, follow others, and others follow me, and must ever so in endless chain until the workers own the machinery of production so that all may work, and get that for which they work.

I am a product of capitalism.

I, the tramp.

Anon.

FRIDAY, MARCH 29, 1918



Don't Fail
TO HEAR

Thurbert
LEWIS

Of St. Paul—Son of Tom Lewis, 15 year old Boy Orator, at

Woodman Hall
Sunday Evening, Mar. 31

At 8 o'clock.

A GOOD PROGRAM ASSURED.

Song by Mrs. Saari, from Superior.
Violin Solo by Miss Pennel.
Recitations, Etc.

MUSIC BY THE ORCHESTRA.

Admission 25c and 10c.

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SUPERIOR SCANDINAVIAN LOCAL AT

TOWER HALL
Sunday Evening, Mar. 31

1918. at 8 o'clock.

A good Program consisting of Speeches—

Songs—Music & Recitations.

A Play "MOTTAGNINGSTIMMAN"

Will be given in Swedish.

Refreshments Served. EVERYBODY WELCOME.

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Saturday Evening, 8 P.M.

HE MUST BE HEARD TO BE THOROUGHLY APPRECIATED.
ADMISSION FREE. COME EARLY TO AVOID THE CRUSH.

HEY, LOOK HERE!

JEWISH WORKMEN'S CIRCLE.

Sorry we cannot run an advertisement as we are in a hurry, but we just want to remind you that there will be a meeting and entertainment at the Camel Hall, on Sunday evening. Dr. Morris Lefkowitz will speak on THE JEWISH WAR SUFFERERS. You might attend this meeting.