

Do Not Forget Socialist Dance Next Monday at Tower Hall Superior

WORKERS
OF THE WORLD
UNITE

TRUTH

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WHOLE NUMBER 49

WHAT DID OLD BARNUM SAY?

The mental atmosphere of this city is to be poisoned for the next few weeks by the outpourings of the biggest religious charlatan of the 20th century.

We are not opposed to the Christians, in fact we have every kind of praise for the man or woman who conscientiously strives to carry out the teachings and precepts of Christianity. We cannot help but admire the Christian who goes about every day giving of the fullness of their charitable nature. This person is a Christian; on the other hand the type that shouts their doings from the housetops is not one whit better than the Sadduces and Pharisees that are mentioned in the Bible. Billy Sunday is of the latter class of Christians. We would like some of his supporters to tell us ONE SINGLE GOOD TURN BILLY SUNDAY EVER DID FOR THE WORKINGCLASS. We say ONE, go to it and find out that one thing and your job will be as hard as the man who tried to find one good man in Sodom and Gomorrah.

Billy Sunday has a definite mission to perform and members of the workingclass who give their support to him are consciously or unconsciously betraying themselves. Billy Sunday is backed by all the labor-haters, sweaters and slave-drivers of America. Go to New York and there you will find him backed by John D. Rockefeller, Jr. If you are a union man, what do you link young Rockefeller's name with? Do we need to refresh your memory with the story of the horrors of Colorado? Do we need to tell you of the women and children who were burnt alive and many shot dead in cold blood? No, if you are a union man you will know these things, for the horror of it all has been burnt into your mind by the acid pains of the social injustices that were inflicted upon your fellow-workers in Colorado? Go to Detroit, and there you will find Billy Sunday being backed by Kresge of the five and ten cent stores. This firm has sent more women to hell than all the saloons in Duluth. Go to Philadelphia and there you will find Billy Sunday backed by Baldwins—another bunch of labor-haters. So down along the line, you will find all the labor-haters, sweaters and slavedrivers behind Billy Sunday. This is the man who tells you he is a Christian. This is the man who is going to pollute the atmosphere of Duluth.

We wonder what the Christian ministers of Duluth are coming to, that they must employ a man like Sunday to arouse the people. The people today are getting tired of the churches, not because they, the workers, have studied theology, simply because they find the churches on the side of those who are opposed to their interests. When we find women being condemned to a life of prostitution, children being starved, and many other social injustices taking place, is it any wonder that the people are growing tired of a religion that counsels meekness in the face of such evils? The churches are missing their opportunity, the time has arrived when it is accepted as an established truism that labor is going to rule. If the churches were wise to the tremendous social changes that were taking place, they would take up the cudgels in behalf of the workingclass and come out boldly for the system that will make goodness possible. You cannot expect a worker who is starving to be good when the pangs of hunger are gnawing at his stomach. You cannot expect a girl to be virtuous when you pay her four dollars per week. Give people decent surroundings and they will not commit any crime.

Talking of crime, how can you expect Billy Sunday to make people free from crime, when he has proved himself to be a liar, perjurer and a thief. You say that this is strong language; we admit that is so, and furthermore we defy Billy Sunday to take us to court and prosecute us. Here is the evidence that he is a perjurer. The Reading, Pa., News-Times of February 22nd, 1915, copies the following item from the Allentown Item; it is a quotation from one of Sunday's alleged sermons:

"I would rather be the humblest peasant that ever lived, wearing wooden shoes, clothed in homespun, seated by my cottage, vineclad, over which grapes hung purple, kissed by the gentle zephyrs and turned purple by the rays of the setting sun as it died in the west, with my family about me at peace with the world, than to be the GREATEST CHRISTIAN that ever lived."

This is where Sunday proved himself to be a perjurer, because Ingersoll never used those words. This is what Ingersoll DID SAY:

"I would rather have been a French peasant and worn wooden shoes . . . than to have been that imperial impersonation of force and murder known as Napoleon the Great."

What do you think of a man who would shamelessly twist the words of a man who lies dead in his grave? If you were a business man would you accept his word?

NOW WE WILL PROVE TO YOU THAT BILLY SUNDAY IS A LIAR. This sounds strong, but it is necessary in dealing with such a charlatan as Sunday. Sunday is a danger and a menace to the finer instincts of humanity. In an interview published in the Philadelphia Public Ledger of February 1st, 1915, and in many other daily papers he said, in answer to the charge that he had stolen an address of Ingersoll's:

"I never read a line that Bob Ingersoll wrote or spoke that I know of, and when I wrote that sermon (the Beaver Falls address) they raised such a row about it that I had no idea where the part they say is Ingersoll's came from."

The same daily paper, the Philadelphia Public Ledger of February 24th contained the following:

"A skilful man can frame an argument against the validity of religion, but he can't frame an argument against sin. I'll tell you something that may surprise you. I don't know. If I hadn't had four years of instruction in the Bible from Genesis to Revelation before I saw Bob Ingersoll's book, and I don't want to take any credit from that big intelligent brain of his, I would be preaching INFIDELITY tonight instead of CHRISTIANITY. Thank the Lord I saw the Bible first. Before I didn't know the Bible, but since I have taken his book and lectures and placed them by the side of the Bible and I said, 'You didn't say it from the knowledge of the Bible.' And I have never considered him honest, for he could not have been so wise in other things and such a fool about the plan of redemption. So I say I don't think he was entirely honest."

That should convince the strongest supporter of Billy Sunday, who has an open mind, that Sunday has proved himself to be a liar. As regards Ingersoll being honest, we think it is the most blatant piece of hypocrisy on Sunday's part to talk of honesty.

As regards Sunday being a thief, we draw your attention to another column on this page. Side by side we print the address delivered by Colonel Ingersoll, at New York Academy of Music, on May 30, 1882, and an address delivered by Billy Sunday on May 26th, 1912. Read both addresses and ask yourself whether or no Billy Sunday is a thief, and if your mind is not clogged with Sundayism, then you will be compelled to admit that Billy Sunday stole his address. Furthermore, Sunday the Christian had to go to an avowed Agnostic to find material for his address. This is the man who comes to Duluth to make the people good. Better if Billy Sunday washed his own doorstep before he tells other people to wash theirs. Better by far for Sunday to clean his past, before he goes any further. All the foregoing, we regret to say, is absolutely true. We do not like to write these things and furthermore we do not write them for the benefit of Billy Sunday, so that he may get free advertising. We are not subsidised by the brewers. We shall print no extra copies of this edition. We shall just send out our usual supply and no more. We write as we do, because we want to see all hypocrites exposed. Bill Sunday is one of the first order and what is more Billy knows it. We say he knows it because of his foolish antics when preaching. We believe that Billy tries to act the fool so that the people will be so nonplussed by his antics that they will forget the man and only think of his prehistoric forerunners.

As regards his language, would you talk to your child like this, and remember please that Billy Sunday is a Christian gentleman (?). Read this carefully and try and contrast it with anything that Jesus said:

"If a minister believes and teaches evolution, he is a stinking skunk, a hypocrite and a liar." either; I believe it is pure jackass nonsense."

"Come on! You bull-necked, beetle-browed, hogjowed, peanut-brained, weasel-eyed fourflusher, false alarms and excess baggage."

Be frank with yourselves, those of you who have children would you utter the above language in the presence of your child? Of course you would not, and God pity the man who taught your child such things, we know that you would inflict some punishment on him for defiling the mind of your innocent child. Is not that sufficient reason why you should not attend the tabernacle and hear this mountebank Sunday, even if he uses religion to cover up his foul mouth?

Contrast the sayings and the work of Colonel Ingersoll, Thomas Paine and Billy Sunday, and ask yourselves who is the best American of the three. Yet Billy Sunday comes into this community and lies and befouls the memory of these great Americans, Ingersoll and Paine.

Billy Sunday tells you that all Unitarians are burning in hell, yet the author of that hymn "Nearer my God to Thee" was a Unitarian. Way out in the trenches, when the shades of night are falling and the night closing in, when the boys are waiting for the call that will send them into battle, when they think that their last day has come, they all sit around in the trench and in the silent night the words of that hymn can be heard. In their night of deadly silence save for the sounds of their voices, the boys think of home and God. They sing that hymn because it gives them solace in their most trying hour. Yet Billy Sunday would have you to believe that the author of that hymn is lying in hell. Those who went down on the Titanic and the boys who died upon the field, they did not think so and they are more to be believed than this mountebank Sunday.

Listen to Billy Sunday, you that are mothers, and ask yourselves whether a world filled with men of his type would be a fit place for your daughter. Billy Sunday denounces those of us who are Socialists, because we can see through his game. Your daughter does not go to a life of shame because she is bad, but because she is caught in a system that traps its victims year in year out, in its thousands. We as Socialists know only too well that girls fall because they do not receive enough wages to live upon. Because we know that to be true and because we know that many who

financially support Billy Sunday pay those low wages, we come out and expose Billy Sunday. We do not oppose your religious beliefs, you are entitled to worship at any shrine. The Constitution of this Republic guarantees you that right.

We want you to know that women go wrong because of certain economic facts. SO WE ASK YOU TO LET BILLY SUNDAY GO HIS WAY, YOU GO YOURS. Get into the real fight and so make the world safe for your child. We appeal to you to recognize the facts of life. Do not be hoodwinked by religious charlatans like Billy Sunday. Picture if you can the horror of the life of a prostitute. Portray if you can the Gehenna lived by those who are so unfortunate as to be caught in the net? This may be the lot of your daughter. Out through the night the world is ever ready to take your daughter and condemn her to a life of shame. Not for mine if we can help it. Every ounce of our energy, every moment of our lives will be spent to assist in the organization and education of the workers, so that the world may be made a fit place to live in. So long as a few are allowed to become rich at the expense of the many who toil, so long will we have prostitution in our midst, even if you flood the world with millions of Sundays. Sunday is used to prepare the trap, so that you may fall into it and so be led astray. If beyond the skies there is another world, you will prove your fitness for it by doing something here worth while. The only way you can do that is to enlist in the vast army of Socialists.

We do not ask for secured sums of money before we will come and talk to you. No rich men present us with fancy priced automobiles. No rich man opens his door to the Socialists. Of course not, we come amongst you to spell the deathknell of idle luxury and riotous living. We come amongst you with our whole being burning with the feelings of social injustice. Come with the Socialist and he will show you how to make the world safe for your daughter and for yourself.

As for Billy Sunday, we can only view him with a pitying contempt for his ignorance and his blatant hypocrisy. Never have we seen such a foolish sample of flesh and blood outside a Zoo. To even imagine that in this twentieth century of civilization that men and women could be found to be fooled by this hypocrite, perjurer and literary thief. It makes one sick at heart and give up hope of ever seeing the world ever make for progress. For the sake of assisting Billy Sunday to mend his ways we shall conclude this article with an extract from that masterly work by Jack London and Annie Strunsky Walling, "Kempton Wace Letters":

"You accept results; I search for causes. You stop at the gate of the mystery, worshipful and content. I go on and through, flinging the gate wide and formulating the law of the mystery which is a mystery no longer. It is our way. You worship the idea; I believe in the fact. If the stone fall, the wind blow, the grass and green things sprout; if the inorganic be vitalized, and take on sensibility, and perform functions, and die; if there be passions and pains, dreams and ambitions, flickerings of infinity and glimmerings of Godhead—it is for you to be smitten with the wonder of it and to memorialize it in pretty song, while for me to remain to classify it as so much related phenomena, so much play and interplay of force and matter in obedience to ascertainable law.

"There are two kinds of men: the wonderers and the doers; the feelers and the thinkers; the emotionals and the intellectuals. You take an emotional delight in living; I an intellectual delight. You feel a thing to be beautiful and joyful; I seek to know why it is beautiful and joyful. You are content that it is, no matter how it came to be; I, when I have learned why, strive that we may have more beautiful and joyful things. 'The bloom, the charm, the smile of life' is all too wonderful for you to know; to me it is chiefly wonderful because I may know.

"Oh, well, it is an ancient quarrel which neither you nor I shall outlive. I am rational, you are romantic,—that is all there is to it. You are more beautiful; I am more useful; and though you will not see it and will never be able to see it, you and your beauty rest on me. I came into the world before you, and I made the way for you. I was a hunter of beasts and a fighter of men. I discovered fire and covered my nakedness with the skins of animals. I builded cunning traps, and wove branches and long grasses and brushes and reeds into the thatch and rooftree. I fashioned arrows and spears of bone and flint. I drew iron from the earth, and broke the first ground, and planted the first seed. I gave law and order to the tribe and taught it to fight with craft and wisdom. I enabled the young men to grow strong and lusty, and the women to find favour with them; and I gave safety to the women when their progeny came forth, and safety to the progeny while it gathered strength and years.

"I did many things. Out of my blood and sweat and toil I made it possible that all men need not all the time hunt and fish and fight. The muscle and brain of every man were no longer called to satisfy the belly need. And then, when of my blood and sweat and toil I had made room, you came, high priest of mystery and things unknowable, singer of songs and seer of visions.

"And I did you honour, and gave you place by feast and fire. And of the meat I gave you the tenderest, and of furs the softest. Need I say that of women you took the fairest? And you sang of the souls of dead men and of immortality, of the hidden things, and of the wonder; you sang of voices whispering down the wind, of the secrets of light and darkness, and the ripple of running fountains. You told of the powers that pulsed the tides, swept the sun across the firmament, and hel the stars in their courses. Ay, and you scaled the sky and created for me the hierarchy of heaven.

LEST WE FORGET

Government is not reason, it is not eloquence—it is force! Like fire it is a dangerous servant and a fearful master; never for a moment should it be left to irresponsible action.—George Washington.

All those who oppose intellectual truths merely stir up the fire; the cinders fly about and set fire to that which else they had not touched.—Goethe.

Morality and religion are but words to him who fishes in the gutter for the means of sustaining life, and crouches behind barrels in the street for shelter from the cutting blasts of a winter night.—Horace Greeley.

Far better to have the front of one's face pushed in by the fist of an honest prize fighter than to have the lining of your stomach corrolled by the embalmed beef of a dishonest merchant.

—Jack London.

beg in the streets or to steal bread. —Anatole France.

An answer.

"What is a man to do who is starving, and cannot find work?" "God knows."—W. H. Taft, Ex-President.

While there is a lower class, I am in it.

While there is a criminal element, I am of it.

While there is a soul in jail, I am not free.

—Eugene V. Debs.

Romance.

The old idea of romance: The country boy goes to the city, marries his employer's daughter, enslaves hundreds of his fellow humans, gets rich, and leaves a public library to his home town.

The new idea of romance: To undo some of the mischief done by the old idea of romance.

—Seymour Denning.

The only way to save our empires from the enervation of the people is to engage in war, and thus substitute national passions for social aspirations.—Empress Catherine II of Russia.

Kaiser Bill must have read Catherine's writings.

If my soldiers were to begin to reflect, not one of them would remain in the ranks.—Frederick the Great of Prussia.

The freest government cannot long endure when the tendency of the law is to create a rapid accumulation of property in the hands of a few, and to render the masses poor and dependent.

—Daniel Webster.

"Have you ever made a just man?"

"Oh, I have made three," answered God. "But two of them are dead,

And the third, Listen, Listen, And you will hear the thud of his defeat . . ."

—Stephen Crane.

Have you read the "Liberator" for June?

(CONTINUED ON PAGE TWO)

An Open Letter to the Ministers Of Duluth

REVEREND SIRS:—

In addressing you, the writer urges upon you the absolute necessity of reconsidering your decision to support Billy Sunday in his present revival.

In the first place have you considered the whole atmosphere surrounding the revival of Billy Sunday? Picture to yourselves the quiet atmosphere of your own churches. The sweet strains of the organ, the audience quietly walking to their places. You yourselves delivering your sermons in the best possible language at your command. The whole attitude of your church members is one of reverence for the place they are in. You are reverent as a tribute to Christ, who was the symbol of all that is meant by your reverence and devotion. Have you sat down and carefully studied the effect of a revival like Sunday's? We venture to say that you have not given this your careful consideration, because if you had, you would have found out that there is no place in your church for the methods of Billy Sunday. Suppose for one moment you were conducting a children's confirmation, before you were standing the little children. What would you say? Would you stand up and shout this to the little children:

"Shows where the women don't have enough clothes on to make leggings for a humming bird."

Of course you would not. You might advance the argument that Billy Sunday talks this way to adults. Why should we say things that we would be afraid of our children knowing. Remember this, that if you say things that your child should not hear, you are laying the foundation of a hypocrite in your own household.

Suppose that instead of having a children's service you had a young men's Bible Class, would you smash a chair and then yell out a string of words similar to the following:

"Come on, you bull-necked, beetle-browed, hogjowled, peanut-brained, weasel-eyed fourflushers, false alarms and excess baggage."

Of course you would not. Then why do you support Billy Sunday when you know that he uses the language that I have quoted to you. By your silence and support for Billy Sunday, you plainly show that you agree with his vile utterances and the only difference between you and Billy Sunday is that he is not afraid to say it and YOU ARE. It proves conclusively that you are nothing less than arrant cowards and that you are afraid to speak the truth about Billy Sunday.

May I appeal to you at this time, that if you are to ever retain a hold upon your congregation it will have to be done by methods far superior to those of Billy Sunday's. You will have to get more in touch with the people than what you are. Do not think because you denounce the people that drink, that you are going to redeem them.

Drunkenness is a disease and like all diseases it is vocational. For many years I worked as chemist and there I saw men compelled to inhale all the obnoxious gases that are prevalent in a chemical factory. Their lungs were being slowly eaten away by chlorine and other deadly gases. I have seen men in the ticking of a clock stricken unconscious and after over two hours continued coughing they have had to take to drink. Picture if you can the horrors of the existence of a chemical worker. Imagine if you can what a rotten job he has. Then ask yourself what would you do in his place? Go into the glass factories, and feel the heat and see the nervous strain that men are put to. Watch them enter the factory, the young men of age and after a few years they are entirely unfitted to carry on the struggle for existence any longer. Watch them look death in the face in the white-hot furnace, blow their lives into the brittle glass and die as their handiwork is shattered by the slightest overstrain on tense wrought nerve and muscle. Do you still wonder why men drink? These men know that life is but a few short years. They know that the grave awaits them before they have really known what life is. So they turn to drink, that they may cool their fevered blood and laugh in the face of Death, the Grim Reaper. I could fill many pages with the stories of the many human wrecks that are created by the horrible system under which we live. Let us take the steel mills for instance. See the mighty furnaces sending out their volumes of smoke. They look like Hell itself. Mighty machinery makes man but a pigmy in those vast factories. Heat scorches their bodies and brains and death strikes from a thousand machines and roaring wheels. Any moment a furnace might break and a few men hurled to their doom. In a moment a whole family might be turned from smiling children to sorrow-stricken orphans. Can you still wonder why men drink?

Have you visited a Superior brothel and talked with the women who live in those hell-holes? Do not be ashamed, the very Master whom you profess to serve he talked and walked with a prostitute. Talk with those girls, ask them why do they not give up that life. The old story, the five dollars per week and starvation. They want to be good, but the system has got them and like flies on a fly-roll they are doomed to die. Some nights when they are alone, their thoughts go back to the dear old home back yonder. Then the tears, the heart-aches and the bitter days of regret. Finally to forget it all they drown their sorrows in drink. What would you do under similar circumstances?

Gentlemen, do not fool yourselves. You are losing your hold upon the people. If you want to regain that hold, let Billy Sunday go his way with his lying, hypocrisy and deceit, and you come with the party that I belong to, the SOCIALIST PARTY.

Come with us and help us to free this world from the ever-growing weight of capitalism. Freed from the crushing burden of capitalism, men, women and children will be able to stand erect. The innocent children of today, who are living their drab lives in the slums are appealing to you, shall they appeal in vain?

Thousands of young women want to be good. Give them decent conditions and surroundings and they will remain good. Billy Sunday is a ghastly example of the inability of your present mode of doing things. Will you not recognize facts and realize that the only organization that has a solution to the evil of prostitution is the Socialist Party. Can we not appeal to you now to come?

Gentlemen, you do not know and I do not know what there is awaiting for us after this life. But this at least we do know, that if we have to face a higher power, then I would rather be the most brazened prostitute than to be a Christian minister who failed to stand by the poor when they were being most oppressed.

Consider the foregoing and remember that there is an old Biblical saying, "By their fruits ye shall know them." Gentlemen,

what you are sowing now is only the seed that will produce more hypocrites. Why not confess the failure of your present propaganda and admit that which you denounced, SOCIALISM, is the real solution after all.

Yours for a better and brighter world,

JACK CARNEY, Editor Truth.

WHAT DID OLD BARNUM SAY

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE)

"These things you did, but it was I who made you, and fed you, and protected you. While you dreamed and sang, I laboured sore. And when danger came, and there was a cry in the night, and women and children huddling in fear, and strong men broken, and blare of trumpets and cry of battle at the outer gate—you fled to your altars and called vainly on your phantoms of earth and sea and sky. And I? I girded my loins, and strapped my harness on, and smote in the fighting line; and died, perchance, that you and the women and children might live.

"And in times of peace you throve and waxed fat. But only by our brain and blood did we men of the fighting line make possible those times of peace. And when you throve, you looked about you and saw the beauty of the world and fancied yet greater beauty. And because of me your fancy became a fact, and marvels arose in stone and bronze and costly wood.

"And while your brows were bright, and you visioned things of the spirit, and rose above time and space to probe eternity, I concerned myself with the work of head and hand. I employed myself with the mastery of matter. I studied the times and seasons and the crops and made the earth fruitful. I builded roads and bridges and moles, and won the secrets of metals and virtues of the elements. Bit by bit, and with great travail, I conquered and enslaved the blind forces. I builded ships and ventured the sea, and beyond the baths of sunset found new lands. I conquered peoples, and organized nations and knit empires, and gave period of peace to vast territories.

"And the arts of peace flourished, and you multiplied yourself in divers ways. You were priest and singer and dancer and musician. You expressed your fancies in colours and metals and marbles. You wrote epics and lyrics—ay, as you today write lyrics. And I multiplied myself. I kept hunger afar off, and fire and sword from your habitation, and the bondsmen in obedience under you. I solved methods of government and invented systems of jurisprudence. Out of my toil sprang forms and institutions. You sang of them and were the slave of them, but I was the maker of them and the changer of them.

"You worshipped at the shrine of the idea. I sought the fact and the law behind the fact. I was the worker and maker and liberator. You were conventional. Tradition bound you. You were full belied and content, and you sang of the things that were. You were mastered by dogma. Did the Mediaeval Church say the earth was flat, you sang of an earth that was flat, and danced and made your little shows on an earth that was flat. And you helped to bind me with chains and burn me with fire when my facts and the laws behind my facts shook your dogmas. Dante's highest audacity could not transcend a material inferno. Milton could not shake off Lucifer and hell.

"You were more beautiful. But not only was I more useful, but I made the way for you that there might be greater beauty. You did not reckon of that. To you the heart was the seat of the emotions. I formulated the circulation of the blood. You gave charms and indulgences to the world; I gave it medicine and surgery. To you, famine and pestilence were acts of providence and punishment of sin; I made the world a granary and drained its cities. To you the mass of the people were poor lost wretches who would be rewarded in paradise or baked in hell. You could offer them no earthly happiness or decency. Forsooth, beggars as well as kings were of divine right. But I shattered the royal prerogatives and overturned the thrones of the one and lifted the other somewhat out of the dirt.

"Nor is my work done. With my inventions and discoveries and rational enterprise, I draw the world together and make it kin. The uplift is but begun. And in the great world I am making I shall be as of old to you. I, who have made you and freed you, shall give you space and greater freedom. And, as of old, we shall quarrel as when first you came to me and found me at my rude earthwork. You shall be the scorn of matter, and I the master of matter. You may laugh at me and my work, but you shall not be absent from the feast nor shall your voice be silent. For, when I have conquered the globe, and enthralled the elements, and harnessed the stars, you shall sing the epic of man, and as of old it shall be of the deeds I have done."

Robbing the Dead

SUNDAY.

This is a day for memory and for tears. A mighty nation bends before its honored graves and pays to noble dust the tribute of its love. Gratitude is the fairest flower that sheds its perfume in the human heart.—Beaver Times, May 27, 1912, page 1, column 5.

Again we tell the story of our country's life, recount the lofty deeds of vanished years, the toil and suffering, the defeats and victories of heroic men, of men who made our nation great and free.—Ibid.

On this day the greatest struggle between the colonists and kings should be told. We should tell our children of the contest, first for justice, then for freedom. We should tell them of the Declaration of Independence, the chart and compass of all human rights. All men are equal and have the same right to life, to liberty and to joy.—Ibid.

This Declaration uncrowned kings, and wrested from the hands of the titled tyranny the

INGERSOLL.

This is a day for memory and for tears. A mighty nation bends above its honored graves, and pays to noble dust the tribute of its love. Gratitude is the fairest flower that sheds its perfume in the heart.—Complete Works, Vol. IX, page 419.

Today we tell the history of our country's life, recount the lofty deeds of vanished years, the toil and suffering, the defeats and victories of heroic men, of men who made our nation great and free.—Ibid, page 420.

On this day the story of the great struggle between the colonists and the kings should be told. We should tell our children of the contest, first for justice, then for freedom. We should tell them the history of the Declaration of Independence, the chart and compass of all human rights: All men are equal, and have the right to life, to liberty and joy.—Ibid, page 422.

This Declaration uncrowned kings, and wrested from the hands of titled tyranny the

sceptre of usurped and arbitrary power. It opened all the paths to fame and put the star of hope above the poor man's babe.—Ibid.

England was then the mightiest of nations, mistress of every sea, and yet our fathers, poor and few, defied her power.—Ibid.

They had the brain and the heart, the wisdom and the courage to utter and defend these words: "Governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed." In the defense of this self-evident truth the war of the Revolution was waged and won.—Ibid, page 8, column 5.

But when peace came, when the independence of a new nation was acknowledged, the great truth for which our fathers fought was half denied, and the constitution was inconsistent with the declaration. The war was waged for liberty, and yet the victors forged new fetters for their fellow-men. The chains our fathers broke were put by them upon the limbs of others.—Ibid.

They ceased to regard the great truth as having universal application. Liberty for all included only themselves. They qualified the declaration. They interpolated the word WHITE. They obliterated the word ALL. They made merchandise of men. They legalized a crime. They sowed the seeds of war.—Ibid.

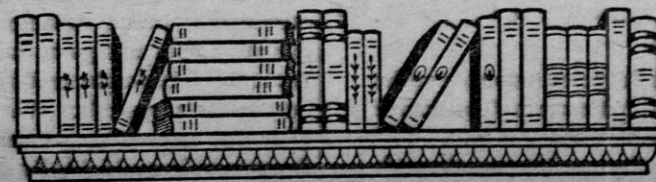
But our resources were so boundless that our future seemed secure. The hardy pioneers moved to the great west. Beneath their ringing strokes the forests disappeared and on the prairies waved the billowed seas of wheat and corn. The great plains were crossed; the mountains were conquered and the foot of victorious adventure pressed the shores of the Pacific. In the great north all the streams were singing to the sea, turning wheels and spindles, and casting shuttles back and forth. Inventions were springing like magic from a thousand brains. From labor's holy altars rose and leaped the smoke and flame and from the countless forges rang the chant of rhythmic stroke.—Ibid.

But in the south the negro toiled unpaid and mothers wept while babes were sold, and at the auction block husbands and wives speechlessly looked their last good-bye.—Ibid.

Fugitives lighted by the northern star, sought liberty on English soil, and were by northern men thrust back to whip and chain. A race was left without a right, without a hope. The future had no dawn, no star, nothing but ignorance and fear, nothing but work and want.—Ibid.

This was the conclusion of the statesmen, the philosophy of politicians; this was decided by the courts and ratified by the nation.—Ibid.

But pity pointed to the searred and bleeding backs of slaves; mercy heard the sobs of mothers reft of babes; and justice held aloft the scales, in which one drop of blood shed by the master's lash outweighed a nation's greed for gold. There were a few men, a few women, who had the courage to attack this monstrous crime. They found it entrenched in the constitutions, statutes and decisions, and upon its cruel altar had been sacrificed our country's honor.—Ibid.



sceptre of usurped and arbitrary power... It opened all the paths to fame, and put the star of hope above the poor man's babe.—Ibid.

England was then the mightiest of nations, mistress of every sea, and yet our fathers, poor and few, defied her power.—Ibid.

They had the brain and heart, the wisdom and courage to utter and defend these words: "Governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed." In defense of this sublime and self-evident truth the war was waged and won.—Ibid, page 423.

When peace came, when the independence of a new nation was acknowledged, the great truth for which our fathers fought was half denied, and the constitution was inconsistent with the declaration. The war was waged for liberty, and yet the victors forged new fetters for their fellow-men. The chains our fathers broke were put by them upon the limbs of others.—Ibid, page 423, 424.

They ceased to regard the great truths as having universal application. "Liberty for all" included only themselves. They qualified the Declaration. They interpolated the word "white". They obliterated the word "all". They made merchandise of men. They legalized a crime. They sowed the seeds of war.—Ibid, page 424.

Our resources were boundless, and the future seemed secure. The hardy pioneers moved to the great West. Beneath their ringing strokes the forests disappeared, and on the prairies waved the billowed seas of wheat and corn. The great plains were crossed, the mountains were conquered, and the foot of victorious adventure pressed the shore of the Pacific. In the great North all the streams went singing to the sea, turning wheels and spindles, and casting shuttles back and forth. Inventions were springing like magic from a thousand brains. From Labor's holy altars rose and leaped the smoke and flame, and from the countless forges rang the chant of rhythmic stroke.—Ibid, page 426.

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LITMAN SHOES

are like grass widows—you cannot wear them out. He is still at 1831 W. Superior St.

A Living Wage.

Question. Do you consider ten dollars a week enough for a longshoreman with a family to support?

Answer. If that's all he can get, and he takes it, I should say it's enough.

(The above question was asked of Pierpont Morgan.)

A. Y. LITMAN

Sweeps away high prices with the broom of Low Prices. Call on him. 1831 W. Superior St.

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6802 Yale Ave., Chicago, Ill.

SUPERIOR NEWS

DELEGATES TO STATE CONVENTION NAMED

At a general meeting of Superior socialists held in the Finnish Labor Society Hall last Sunday delegates were selected and instructed to attend the state convention of the Socialist Party of Wisconsin, which will be held in Milwaukee on June 15th and 16th. Douglas County socialists are entitled to send four delegates to this convention. The meeting Sunday decided to send one delegate-at-large and one delegate to represent each of the three branches in Superior. The following delegates were chosen:

Delegate-at-large, Joseph P. Booth; alternate, Wm. H. Cleveland.

Delegate for English Branch, Joe Polin; alternate, Ben R. Marsh.

The meeting endorsed the action of the Scandinavian Branch in selecting John Engström as its delegate and Nils P. Thompson as alternate.

The Finnish Branch was empowered to choose its own delegate and alternate.

Among the instructions given the delegates were the following: That the Douglas County delegates support Com. Ellis B. Harris for candidate for governor; that not only the endorsement but advocacy of industrial unionism through the press and otherwise be embodied in the platform; that the recognition of the necessity of industrial action in addition to political action be added to the applications for membership into the Socialist Party; that the delegates oppose the Nonpartisan League.

MILLION DOLLAR CAMPAIGN FUND!

The campaign for contributions to the Socialist Party Million Dollar Campaign Fund, as arranged by the Central Committee, is now on in Superior. Last Saturday a special letter was sent by the Central Committee to every member of the English and Scandinavian Branches, and a pamphlet explaining the purpose of the fund was enclosed. The members of the Finnish Branch will have the matter explained to them thoroughly through their own press. Solicitors appointed by the Branches and furnished with subscription lists by the Central Committee will now call upon every Socialist and sympathizer in the city for donations.

Each Branch will then arrange some kind of an entertainment for the benefit of the fund, after which the campaign will wind up with a joint entertainment given by all the three branches together, all the proceeds to go into the Million Dollar Fund.

GETTING SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR THE TRUTH

The Central Committee of Superior has made a change in its plans for supporting the Truth. Heretofore it has received 500 copies of the Truth weekly for free distribution in Superior, but as difficulties were encountered in having the distributors do their work regularly, the distribution was dropped, and the Committee is now purchasing instead twelve three-months subscription cards to the Truth each week. These cards, if they cannot be sold, are given free to people willing to receive and read the Truth for three months, after which it is very likely they have hit the "saw-dust trail" for socialism and industrial unionism for good. And the Truth receives full payment for all the cards regularly.

In addition all the Branches have been instructed to appoint special committees to solicit subscriptions for money—and without money, which they can do by procuring free cards from the

Central Committee. The English Branch has already appointed a solicitor in every ward in the city.

GIRLS REFUSE TO WORK FOR 13 CENTS AN HOUR

Nine girls working in the Superior Laundry recently presented the manager of the establishment with a demand that their wages be raised from 13 cents an hour to 15 cents. The manager told the girls in "unmistakable language" what they could do if they could not work and live for 13 cents an hour. Whereupon the girls left the laundry.

The Superior Telegram, reporting the event the next day, said the girls had been "fired, as they were employed in a department where little or no experience is required." But the Telegram did not say what the girls were being paid and what they had demanded.

On the following day the girls submitted a signed statement to the Telegram, in which they briefly explained their side of the case, but the Telegram refused to publish it. It also refused to state in any other form the grievance of the "fired" laundry girls.

But the grievance of the girls was that they wanted their wages raised from 13 cents to 15 cents per hour. In other words, the girls were paid \$1.04 per day and they demanded that they be paid \$1.20.

That is, the 13 c. wage amounted to \$6.24 per week, providing the girls could work eight hours each day regularly. They demanded that their wages be raised to \$8.20 per week, but were refused.

Perhaps it is unpatriotic for the Telegram to admit that there are girls in Superior who are paid only 13 cents an hour for their labor. Perhaps it would be unpatriotic for an apologist of the exploiters of labor to publish a statement giving the grievances of the workers in their own words.

And when you pass by the Superior Laundry in the evening you are approached by young women soliciting on the street.

If you can add two and two together you can not fail to see the cause.

CLEAN-UP "PROGRESS" SATISFACTORILY.

The clean-up campaign, all over the city, is progressing satisfactorily, Mayor Baxter declares. Undesirables of all races and both sexes are leaving the municipality rapidly. The police are daily compiling lists of those warned not to linger in Superior.

One of Mayor Baxter's first official acts was to request the Chief of Police to appoint a "vice squad," which of course was immediately complied with. The vice squad got into action at once, but restricted its activities at first to the section inhabited mainly by laboring classes north of Winter street. But the squad has now extended its activities to "suspected places and individuals" south of Winter street. Several persons in this "supposed eminently respectable" part of the city have already been ordered to leave for parts outside Superior.

But no one need fool themselves that it is the actual intention of the present city officials of Superior to clean up the vice conditions in the city. Indeed not. It is all a make believe. They just want to make an appearance of doing something.

The vice conditions are one of the results of the capitalistic system and can be abolished only through the abolition of the system. You need not think that capitalistic city officials will endeavor to bring a change in the system. They just dabble with the results of the system in order to make a superficial showing to the poor fools that voted them into office. They have no desire what-

IN THE FIELDS OF ECONOMICS.

Last week we asked the question, IF COMMODITIES EXCHANGE AT COST, WHERE DOES THE PROFIT COME FROM? Think this question over. If things that are produced to sell and they sell at cost, how is it possible to sell them and make a profit?

The solution to this seeming mystery of where does the profit come from, is explained by the theory of surplus value. It is well to remember that the profit has nothing whatever to do with the buying and selling of a commodity. You do not acquire profit by paying less for a commodity or by selling it for more than it is worth.

Before we had wage-slavery we had chattel slavery. Under chattel slavery all that the slaves produced went to their masters, and in return their masters gave them sufficient to keep them alive. After paying all that was necessary to keep the slaves alive, there was a surplus. This surplus did not cost the masters anything. Therefore the surplus wealth that came to the masters was their profit. It did not matter what the masters got for that surplus wealth, it was ALL profit. Therefore the value of that surplus wealth was surplus value.

Now let us take the position of the wage-slaves of today. For illustration we will take the automobile industry. The workers in the automobile industry produce a million dollars' worth of automobiles. The owners of the factory pay all the necessary expenses, wages, etc., and find that they have over 100 automobiles on hand. These one hundred automobiles left over after all expense has been met constitute profit for the owners of the factory. So whilst things are sold at cost, there are some of the commodities left over and above the cost of producing the commodities. It is in these surplus commodities that the profit lies.

But you will ask why is this surplus here. Let me remind you of what Senator Reed said in the United States Senate at the time of the workless Mondays. In opposing the workless Monday idea he said that they had resulted in the loss of fifteen millions to the masters and three millions in wages to the workers. This proves that the worker only receives one-fifth of what he produces. It is because the worker does not receive all that which he produces that we have this surplus.

Now let us explain the law of surplus value once more, so that there can be no mistake about it. We proved last week how the worker produces more than he receives. The relative wage of the worker is less today than it was years ago. Under the system of handicraft the worker could not produce very much more than he could consume. If you want to inquire a little for yourself, find out some old shoemaker and ask him about the good old days. Today under machine production the workers produce far more than they can ever hope to consume. So you see that relative wages owing to the increased use of labor-saving machinery, becomes smaller and smaller.

THE REAL WAGE we will discuss next week.

P. S. If there is anything in these articles that you cannot understand, I will explain it to you. Address all your enquiries to "Marxian," Care of Truth.

Have you read the "Liberator" for June?

Do not waste your time on Social Questions. What is the matter with the poor is Poverty, what is the matter with the rich is Uselessness.—G. B. Shaw.

Have you read the "Liberator" for June?

DELEGATE TO CONVENTION CHOSEN

The Superior Trades and Labor Assembly has chosen James B. Campbell as its delegate to the American Federation of Labor convention in St. Paul. Thomas Horner, delegate in the Assembly from the Switchmen's Union, received the second highest vote and was declared alternate. Campbell is one of the conservative leaders in the Superior labor movement.

For several years past no delegate has been sent to the A. F. of L. convention by the Superior Trades and Labor Assembly, but owing to the fact that it will be held so near this year, it was decided to send a delegate.

A. N.

wealth of society was produced by the workers. Now the value of that wealth we also proved last week, was determined by the labor the workers have put into it. Now all this wealth belongs to the people who own the factories, the mines and the workshops. They are the capitalists. Now it is absolutely necessary that those who work for the capitalists, should be fed, clothed, housed and also be in position to obtain the necessities of life. Therefore the capitalists give back to the workers part of that which they have produced known as WAGES. The rest of the wealth, by virtue of the ownership of the factories, etc., being in the hands of the capitalists, belong to the capitalists. Its value is SURPLUS VALUE. It does not cost the capitalist one single cent, it is all clear profit. So you see the surplus that is left over after the workers have been paid their wages is all profit. That profit is from the surplus value created by the workers. So now you see where the profit comes from.

WAGES.

Now we referred to that portion of wealth given back to the workers as wages. Now let us discuss what wages are. Wages are generally spoken of in money. If a man works at a factory and gets 20 dollars per week, we call it wages. Of course we have some in our midst who are inclined to be snobbish and so they call it salary. But nevertheless they are wages. There are two kinds of wages, the RELATIVE WAGE and THE REAL WAGE.

THE RELATIVE WAGE.

The relative wage is called relative because it is what the worker receives in comparison to what he produces. The relative wage gets smaller and smaller each year. In the industrial field we have had labor-saving machinery introduced year after year. This machinery is placed there because it saves labor. A master will not buy new machinery unless it pays him and the only way it can pay him is by reducing the cost of labor. Many years ago a baker would bake 100 loaves, but today the advent of machinery, the same baker can make one thousand loaves. So the relative wage of the baker is less today than it was years ago. Under the system of handicraft the worker could not produce very much more than he could consume. If you want to inquire a little for yourself, find out some old shoemaker and ask him about the good old days. Today under machine production the workers produce far more than they can ever hope to consume. So you see that relative wages owing to the increased use of labor-saving machinery, becomes smaller and smaller.

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POLITICS.

By JOHN MACY.

In America Socialists have not yet had the opportunity to show how effective they can be in legislation or how far continued political success may deflect them from their avowed revolutionary aims. Many of the most courageous and most highly respected Socialists stand for election with the express understanding that they are not seeking office but are using the political campaign with all the publicity that surrounds it for the sole purpose of preaching Socialism. This is the position of Mr. Debs, whose admirable personality, appealing to many types of Socialists, has been the greatest individual force in building the party up and holding its antagonistic elements in a formal unity. At the present time it seems advisable for the Socialists to sit in the political game if they can. It may be a rotten game, dangerous to the pure soul of Socialism, but it is a game that we all have a stake in whether we like it or not. An organization that cannot be exposed to corruption without succumbing is not meant for this world. The Socialists should try to capture every office in sight from selectman to president. Even if they cannot compel positive revolutionary legislation, they can perform a negative function by preventing the machinery of government from operating for the benefit of the capitalists. For example, a Socialist Sheriff could refuse to be the servant of the mill owners against employees; a Socialist judge could decline to grant an injunction against a labor

union and might enjoin the bosses from hiring armed thugs and detectives; and a Socialist mayor might give notice that in time of strike the police would be on the side of the strikers.

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The Preacher—I hope you don't believe all you see in the newspapers? The Merchant—Indeed I don't. I'm an extensive advertiser myself.

The tree of liberty must be refreshed from time to time with the blood of patriots and tyrants. It is its natural manure.—Thomas Jefferson.

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It's a real nectar that will bring to the cheeks of your children and wives the real blush of a summer's morn.

YOU NEED IT NOW—YOU NEED IT BAD.

Do you arise from your bed every morning with the feeling that you are what you are and would like to be what you are not, a real free citizen?

Do you a kind of hate yourself and break a cup over the cat?

Does your wife spoil your temper by asking for more money?

Did you have last summer's suit dyed and fooled yourself into believing that you are wearing that \$60.00 suit you saw down town?

Do you have queer miseries and think because you drink a bottle of beer you are going to H—?

Brothers and sisters, do not despair, there is hope for you.

We have the remedy, the worst case can be cured in the twinkling of the eye of a flea.

We do not ask you to soil your trousers on the sawdust.

We do not ask you to hurt your eyes watching a poor fool smash chairs.

Cheer up, your case is not hopeless.

THE CURE IS ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED AND IF WE FAIL TO KNOCK ALL THE PUTRID STUFF OUT OF YOUR SYSTEM THAT BILLY SUNDAY HAS INJECTED THEREIN, YOU CAN HAVE YOUR MONEY BACK.

To be cured, you must take our treatment for one whole year. The whole treatment will cost you ONE DOLLAR. It is not hard to take, after the first two weeks you will demand it night, noon and morning. Charlie Schwab wants it, the Kaiser of Germany never had it and what is more he MUST HAVE IT. If you refuse to take our treatment then your red blood will refuse to flow. If that does happen and you still persist in going without our treatment and your daughter hits the sawdust trail, then the blood of your child be upon your own head.

GO AND SEE BILLY SUNDAY and there, ladies and gentlemen, gaze upon an example of suffering humanity. There you will see one of the results of not taking our wonderful cure. The cure will cost you one dollar. Send that dollar and for one year we will undertake to renovate your upper story. We will dust your mental furniture and upon the walls of your mind we will place fresh wallpaper. Never was our treatment more necessary to you, than it is now. Do not hesitate, if your child comes home from a Billy Sunday Ragtime Religious Razzle and commences to smash chairs, always have our cure on hand. Remember the price for one whole year is one dollar. Billy Sunday always wants a dollar a minute.

YOUR VERY EXISTENCE IS AT STAKE.

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JACK CARNEY, EDITOR



Editorial

WILL THE SECRETARY OF THE SCANDINAVIAN LOCAL, SUPERIOR, PLEASE COMMUNICATE WITH US, ON A VERY IMPORTANT MATTER?

WORKERS OF THE WORLD, UNITE!

Many of our comrades are showering their praises on Karl Marx and then turning around and demanding another Convention. What is the good of talking of "Workers of the World, Unite?" Any comrade who uses the German Socialists as an argument in favor of the party going back on their St. Louis attitude, is nothing less than a humbugging hypocrite. It is just what our masters want us to do, is to fight each other, therefore to get us wild and consequently lose our reasoning powers, they continually throw the position of OUR German comrades into our face. What do you or we care what the capitalists say about our German comrades, the German capitalists will use Spargo, Walling, Russell and Company as an argument against Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg, in the same way as the American capitalists are using Scheidemann as an argument against the Party.

At a time when so many of our comrades have gone to prison, rather than forsake their principles, a question of altering our position is brought up. It is a standing disgrace to very Socialist local that seconds such an attitude. Are we going to leave these comrades in prison, to rot in their cells, just because we were too weak to stand the test? Have our comrades so far forgot their principles, that they want to show our masters that they are not revolutionists but GOOD CHILDREN? It will kill the Socialist Party for many long years to come, if they go back on their attitude adopted at the St. Louis Convention. Far better to lose every election, than to have it said that in the most trying time of our career we failed to stand the acid-test. Remember, comrades, the war will not last forever, and remember also that thousands of workers have placed their hopes and their faith in our party. Never did we enjoy the confidence of the workers as we do now. The capitalists know this too well, they stand in deadly fear of the future. They want a chance to tell the workers that we, Socialist Party, are too cowardly to stand by our international position. Are we going to give the capitalists that opportunity, or are you going to stand your ground? Comrades, decide now and decide quickly, for the time is near when we shall want all good and true members of the working-class to stand firm and engage in the real fight. We shall not want the spineless comrade (?), we shall want those who will not be afraid. Those who do not care a finker's dam what others may say. Will you be one of those comrades? Will you stand erect and say, that you will not go back, but march forward head erect? Comrades all, the road may be hard to travel, but in the distance we see hills topped by the rays of the rising sun of liberty. In the distance we can see the dawn slowly appearing. With the appearance of the dawn, will you stand erect and say that when the night was darkest, you were not afraid?

Comrades, we want you all to stand firm now. The forces of reaction are uniting as they never united before. We need you all. We need to sound that clarion call, "Workers of the World, Unite!"

Comrades, Karl Marx was born one hundred years ago. When the world offered him wealth, luxury and pleasure, he turned aside and came with the working-class. For over sixty years, knowing only poverty and its miseries, Marx worked hard and long for the movement, that you and all of us are proud to belong. Let us all go forth to pledge our faith to the cause that Marx worked so nobly for. Let us all bend forward with greater energy and enthusiasm. Do not let us see the cup of liberty dashed from our lips, because we were too weak to hold out. The revolution will come, if we are weak it will come and we shall be found wanting. If at that moment we are not ready to carry on the fight, the world will see such chaos as the world has never seen before. All our struggles and trials will have been in vain. So comrades, go out and spread the news that the SOCIALIST PARTY WILL STAND BY ITS COLORS AND PREPARE THE WORKERS FOR THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION.

READ THE JUNE "LIBERATOR."

A Prayer.

God, though this life is but a wraith,
Although we know not what we use,
Although we grope with little faith,
Give me the heart to fight—and lose.

Ever insurgent let me be,
Make me more daring than devout;
From sleek contentment keep me free,
Open my eyes to visions girt
With beauty, and with wonder lit—
But let me always see the dirt,
And all the spawn and die in it.

Open my ears to music; let
Me thrill with Spring's first flutes and drums—
But never let me dare forget
The bitter ballad of the slums.

From compromise and things half-done,
Keep me, with stern and stubborn pride;
And when, at last the fight is won,
God, keep me still unsatisfied.
Louis Untermyer.

READ THE JUNE "LIBERATOR."

Jewish Local will hold an Entertainment on Sunday 26th in their headquarters, 22 East First Street. J. Lichtem will speak in Jewish and Jack Carney in English.

BILLY SUNDAY COMES TO TOWN.

Thousands will turn out to see Billy Sunday arrive in town. The streets will be lined with people anxious to see this mountebank enter Duluth. Some will go out of curiosity to see him and others will go because they really believe that Sunday is a man with a message and that he is doing the city of Duluth a good turn by coming here.

When Billy Sunday was in Chicago, he spoke to two kinds of audiences. In his tabernacle he addressed the members of the workingclass. The language he used at those meetings and the antics he performed, showed clearly how little he thought of his audiences. Other days when not addressing the workers, he spoke in the drawing rooms of the elite of Chicago. There he addressed the millionaires and their hangers-on. In those addresses he never used slang. His addresses were well prepared. Dictionaries were searched for the finest possible words that could be used. He spent nights reading the classics, so that the choicest expressions could be used in his addresses to the rich people of Chicago. Why is it necessary to use the best of language when addressing rich people and the worst when addressing the workers? Simply because Billy Sunday does not know any better. He thinks that a big bank roll means refinement, culture etc. We wonder how long it will take the workers of America to wake up and see through the game of this charlatan and mountebank?

Billy Sunday has not a good word for the poor girl who has been made a prostitute. No soothing words of sympathy fall from his lips for these poor unfortunate women. No, he curses and reviles them and tells the workingclass girls that they go bad because they go to dances. Never one word falls from the lips of Billy Sunday to condemn the owners of department stores, etc., who drive women on the streets by paying them such low wages.

Billy Sunday recently visited the Chicago Court-room and as he watched the members of the I. W. W. being tried, he told Judge Landis that they were a bunch of "Kaiser Boosters!" The members of the I. W. W. are doing more to make girls good than all the revivals of Billy Sunday. The I. W. W. boys go out and risk life and death, so that women may get higher wages and so have no need to sell their bodies and souls in order that they might live. On the other hand Billy Sunday dines with the very men who drive women to the streets. With the men and women who make huge fortunes out of the degradation of women. Go amongst the I. W. W. boys and watch them. There you will find more goodness than Billy Sunday is ever capable of bestowing.

Billy Sunday is the biggest fraud that ever was inflicted upon the American people. He steals the works of other men, such as Gipsy Smith, Col. Ingersoll and others and palms them off as his own. Not content with stealing Ingersoll's works, Sunday goes out of his way to libel Ingersoll. THIS IS THE MAN WHO IS GOING TO REDEEM DULUTH.

This paper has no condemnation for the poor women who are forced on the streets. So long as we are in existence we shall always stand by the unfortunate prostitutes that are in our midst. We shall go on with our work, spreading our message of a New Day, so that these women may get a chance to go straight. We would rather go to Hell with the worst woman of the street than go to heaven with such a hypocrite as Billy Sunday. You will find amongst these women of the street charity and tolerant spirit. Will you find the same thing in Billy Sunday?

We want to be candid with our readers and state that we hope that Billy Sunday receives the biggest set-back of his life, here in Duluth. IF DULUTH LEAVES BILLY SUNDAY WITH AN EMPTY TABERNACLE, IT WILL REFLECT TO THE CREDIT OF DULUTH. Not that we are opposed to the spirit of patriotism, but because we are opposed to men who prostitute the name of patriotism, like Billy Sunday does. Think of the countless numbers of unknown men who have sacrificed their lives upon the field of battle. Think of the number of women, who are smiling bravely, although their hearts are bowed down with grief and care. Then pause for a moment and see this mountebank Sunday parading his so-called patriotism.

We are not afraid to meet Billy Sunday. We are prepared to stand before a packed tabernacle and debate with Sunday. We will give all our time free and pay our own expenses and show to the people of Duluth what a frost and a fraud Sunday is. If any of Billy Sunday's supporters can get his ear, we want them to take this challenge to him. The subject of the debate

to be, "THAT SUNDAYISM IS A MENACE TO CIVILIZATION."

"Cowards do not debate."

Remember what we told you last week, in case we forget to tell it to you again: "YOU CAN FOOL ALL THE PEOPLE SOME OF THE TIME; YOU CAN FOOL SOME OF THE PEOPLE ALL THE TIME; BUT YOU CANNOT FOOL ALL THE PEOPLE ALL THE TIME."

THE STRIKE.

Say what ye will ye owls of night,
The strike upholds the cause of right;
The strike compels the king to pause,
The statesmen to remould the laws.

Say what ye will, yet without ruth,
The strike drives home the bitter truth;
The strike tears off the mask of things,
To mass and class the issue brings.

Say what ye will, the strike is good:
It clears things long misunderstood:
It jolts the social mind awake:
It forces men a stand to take.

Say what ye will, all else above,
The strike is war for bread and love;
The raiment, shelter, freedom, all
The human race can justice call.

Covington Hall.

FAREWELL, CAPITALISM!

By EUGENE V. DEBS.

The system in which capitalists and profiteers so long have fattened while working people and their families starved, body and soul, is in the throes of collapse and dissolution. The war has broken its backbone and ripped it into shreds and patches.

Farewell, capitalism! You have done your best and worst, and you will go to your grave in the cemetery of the past, not only unwept, but amidst the rejoicing of a disenthralled race.

Capitalism in its early stages did a wonderful and constructive work, and for this it is entitled to full credit; but at its zenith and in its decline and decay it took bloody toll of the children of men. It enslaved the workers even unto their babes; it created the most luxurious splendor in the midst of the most frightful poverty; it glutted and bestialized the few and starved and brutalized the many; it broke and blasted the lives of men, prostituted women, murdered little babes, and finally drenched the earth with the blood of its countless victims.

Farewell, capitalism! We have waited long and patiently for your end, and it finally has come. The frightful war of your own making shall be your funeral dirge.

Welcome, Socialism! Aye, a thousand welcomes to the new social order that comes with the blessings of peace and good-will to a bleeding and an agonizing world!

READ THE JUNE "LIBERATOR."

Comrades who have not read the COLLAPSE OF CAPITALISM, should send in their names to us, along with fifty cents, and we will forward them a copy by mail. It is well worth reading. If we had \$1000, we would place a copy in two thousand homes. DO NOT FAIL TO ORDER YOUR COPY. WE CANNOT GUARANTEE YOU A COPY AFTER THE FIRST OF JUNE. FIRST COME, FIRST SERVED.

READ THE JUNE "LIBERATOR."

We have been asked to take charge of a study class. This class to meet every Sunday and go for a walk in the country. There in the open country we could discuss all manner of questions. If anyone cares to join such a class, we will be pleased to conduct it. Therefore those of you who would care to join such a class, please send us in your name.

READ THE JUNE "LIBERATOR."

WHAT A LIFE!

You are an I. W. W., says a comrade.
You are a middleclass intellectual, says an I. W. W.
It has been well said, "By their fruits ye shall know them." Watch the hitters of the sawdust trail, three weeks after Billy has gathered up dollars and departed to another clime.

We all know and love 'Gene Debs. Furthermore, those who have had the pleasure of hearing him, know that 'Gene never uses harsh words. Yet when Billy Sunday invited Debs to visit him, 'Gene said, "Tell Billy Sunday he can go to hell." 'Gene knew Sunday.

Billy Sunday does not believe in Darwin's theory of evolution. If you agree with Billy, just pay a visit to the Tabernacle and watch Sunday perform. Then go home and reflect for a little while. Result: you will be convinced that DARWIN WAS RIGHT AFTER ALL.

A man who goes on a drunk, is indulging in drunken debauch.

A man who goes to sporting house, is indulging in a sex debauch.

A man who goes wild over Billy Sunday is engaging in a religious debauch.

When Billy first started out, the saloon-keepers were after him. Now there is a war on, it is the pro-Germans that are after him. Gee, what an accommodating liar the man is.

(Inserted & Paid for by Non-Partisan League. Sum Paid \$3.00)

The Non-Partisan League

LINDBERG

CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR
WILL SPEAK AT THE

SHRINE AUDITORIUM

MONDAY, MAY 27

8 P. M.

DO NOT MISS THIS OPPORTUNITY OF
HEARING A MAN WITH A MESSAGE.
— THERE IS ROOM FOR ALL —

SHOES FOR ALL

A person should buy their shoes these days at a store where more but GOOD SHOES are sold—a store in which their confidence will not be abused.
Our Shoes are selected from the best makers' best efforts, and the man we shoe this year will come back next year. Once we serve you we are not afraid of losing you trade. We know from past experience that once a customer always a customer. — We are Union men selling and repairing Shoes.

The Model Shoe Store
JENS JACOBSON, Prop.
Note the address. 1621 W. Sup. St.

DANCE

At WOODMAN HALL

Every Thursday and Saturday Night
Admission: Gents. 35 & Ladies 10c

Entertainment

— GIVEN BY —
SCANDINAVIAN LOCAL AT

Woodman Hall Sunday Eve. May 26

1913, AT 8 O'CLOCK.

W. E. TOWNE will speak

There will also be a good program of music, singing and recitations.
REFRESHMENTS WILL BE SERVED.
Admission 35c. and 15c. EVERYBODY WELCOME!

MR. WORKINGMAN--

IF You Pay Cash In A Charge Account
Store You Will Pay Charge Prices —

IF You Pay Cash In A High Rent Store
You Will Pay High Rent Prices —

IF You Pay Cash In A Cash Store
You Will Save Money —

IF You Pay Cash In A Low Rent Store
You Will Save Money —

COMBINE THE TWO —
TRADE AT THE

People's Bargain Store

THREE DOORS EAST OF THIRD AVENUE WEST

221-223 WEST FIRST STREET

And You Will Save A Great Deal of Money

Society is divided into classes; the shearers and the shorn. We should always be with the former against the latter.—Talleyrand, French Tyrant.

Have you read the "Liberator" for June?

SPORT SHIRTS
75c up

Comrade LITMAN

1831 W. Superior St.