

THOMAS MOONEY, at last, has been saved from the gallows. But Mooney is either innocent and deserves freedom, or he is guilty and deserves the most severe punishment imaginable. The Truth is positive that Mooney is absolutely innocent. The evidence against him was perjured. Mooney does not belong in the penitentiary for the rest of his life. He is entitled to another trial, and The Truth dedicates itself to this new goal. Mooney won't be kept in his living grave if we can force fair play.

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

THE TRUTH



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WHOLE NO. 78.

TOM MOONEY WILL NOT ACCEPT COMMUTATION

SAN FRANCISCO.—From his cell in San Quentin prison Thomas J. Mooney issued a statement in which he called upon labor to help bring about his unconditional pardon. Both Mooney and his friends are dissatisfied over the action of Governor William D. Stephens in commuting his sentence to life imprisonment.

Mooney's statement was censored by Warden Johnson of San Quentin before it was given out, because it abused Gov. Stephens. The statement follows:

"Governor Stephens: It is my life you are dealing with. I demand that you revoke the revocation of my death sentence to a living death. I prefer a glorious death at the hands of my traduceurs, you included, to a living grave. I am innocent.

"I demand a new and a fair trial or my unconditional liberty through a pardon. If I were guilty of the crime for which I have been unjustly convicted, hanging would be too good for me. Then, why commute my sentence to life?

"Labor everywhere: I say to you, as I said the night that the chamber of commerce jury returned the death penalty verdict against me, that my hope, as well as the hope of Billings, Nolan, Weinberg and Mrs. Mooney, was in the solidarity of organized labor. I shall never depart from that statement.

"Workers, it has been my privilege to choose the honorable route in this case. That same offer has been made to every one of the defendants, and even to the relatives of the defendants. I would rather hang a thousand times than do as much as even entertain a dishonorable thought. I mean by this that we were to be framed to tell a certain story, the same as all of the perjurers who were framed against us.

"I refuse to accept the commutation. I now appeal to you again to act, and the sooner the better."

LONDON.—Resolutions demanding justice for Thomas J. Mooney and the release of all political prisoners were adopted at a great labor demonstration at Albert hall.

A resolution was forwarded to President Wilson, urging upon him to obtain justice for Mooney, "whose sole proved offense was standing by the workers of America."

AKRON, Ohio.—Eugene V. Debs has sent the following message to Thomas J. Mooney:

"Tear up that commutation and fling the scraps in the brazen face of the corporation hiring that insulted you and the working-class by that infamous act. Let Patrick Henry once more speak through you:

"Give me liberty or give me death."

"There must be no compromise. You are innocent, and by the eternal, you shall go free. The working-class is aroused as never before in history. They will tear the murderous clutch of criminal capitalism from your throat.

"God loves justice and hates cowards. Stand by your colors and the workers of the world will stand by you to victory or death.

"Now is the time for the workers of America to prove themselves. Tom Mooney and his comrades cry aloud to the proletariat of the world. Arouse, ye millions for whom he risked his life, and save that life for the future of his class and for the vindication of right and justice and all things of good report in the civilized world."

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 1.—Realizing that the attitude of labor here will carry especial significance, friends of Thomas J. Mooney went into conference of labor leaders and determined to force a favorable vote on the question of a strike.

Sentiment Grows.
Mooney sentiment has been growing steadily since the meetings last week, when some opposition was shown to the strike plan. An enthusiastic meeting was held Friday night at which Governor Stephens was roundly scored for his miserably weak action in seeking to solve the Mooney question by commuting his sentence from death to imprisonment for life.

Labor leaders here unhesitatingly predicted that he next two weeks will see the greatest strikes in the country's history.

AN APPEAL FOR THE EDITOR

(Dear Comrade Readers:—I am to be tried on January 14th, before His Honor Judge Page Morris. I am of the firm opinion that there is absolutely no case against me. I have never been Pro-German and above all things I have been true to my fellow-workers. To be Pro-German is to assist the enemy, to the detriment and perhaps the death of my own fellow-workers who were called upon to go "over the top." Many readers of Truth, who have joined the army since I was arrested, would have testified to the fact that I have hated and despised Kaiserism with my whole being. Therefore I shall go before Judge Page Morris and the jury with a steadfast belief in my own innocence.

My trial is one that will require legal talent. I had resolved to defend my own case, but at the last moment, many of my friends prevailed upon me to take the wisest course and allow a lawyer to defend me, who was acquainted with the legal technicalities involved in my case. A well-known American lawyer of international reputation will take charge of my case. The trial will cost a few hundred dollars. I have appealed for others and you have been generous. If you will but grant the same support to my trial, as you have given to others, I shall feel contented.

The following appeals were written in my behalf by two well-known comrades, Mary E. Marcy and Theron P. Cooper, both comrades are loyal comrades and have worked steadfastly for the aims and ideals of Socialism.

Yours for the Profound Social Change,
JACK CARNEY, Editor of Truth.)

JACK CARNEY

Jack Carney is going to trial in January, and for the first time, with a comrade in trouble, his voice is silent and his potent pen refuses to plead. He cannot say a word in his own behalf. And so WE are going to speak for him. We are going to speak LOUDLY—because MONEY TALKS, and because we cannot spare him in these wonderful days when the New World—the world of Labor, is being born. We all know that Jack has been an inspiration and a stimulant to us with every word from his lips, every line from his pen. It is going to be a dark hour before the Old System falls to pieces. There is going to be turmoil such as the world has never seen, and we must have CONSTRUCTIVE workers who will help us to evolve freedom and order out of death and hunger and chaos.

You know and I know that Comrade Jack has been too busy thinking about others and their troubles and the needs of the paper and of the working-class—to think about Jack Carney. And so we must get together without a moment's delay to raise several hundred dollars for his trial. If the workers stand together during the coming months we are going to have a World for the Workers sooner than any of us expect. Here is a check to start with. While it is so small that it merely whispers—it means that I am trying to help ALL of the boys who are doing splendid work for US, and I hope to be able to speak LOUDER a little later on.

Won't you comrades and fellow-workers, in Duluth, start a Defense Committee to start this fund at once? And in the meantime we will send out the word in Chicago. If anybody imagines for a single moment that we are going to give up Jack Carney, who has helped us all in a hundred ways—well, our dollars will speak for our position.

MARY E. MARCY,
Chicago, Ill.

THERON P. COOPER

A man—a Comrade—is sentenced to prison. As Leavenworth engulfs him we think, "It will be harder to open those gates than to have kept him outside. A little money, a good lawyer, and patience to endure the humiliating, weary, irksome course of the law might have done it. Now he is a hostage in the hands of those who, day and night, oppose us; and soon they will ask us to buy his freedom with something more precious than money—the surrender of our integrity in the cause to which we are pledged.

"We will yield, too. We will supplicate and promise and compromise. We will get on our knees when we ought to stand.

"And perhaps the gates of Leavenworth—which always seem about to open—which rumor hints are trembling on their hinges—which a "high official" says would open at once if "agitation" ceased—will never open outward after all."

The war is over. The Espionage Act marches on.

Jack Carney, editor of Truth, and teller of the truth with audacity and success, was indicted July 9th, 1918. His trial is set for January 14th, 1919. Do we want to give him as another hostage? Can we spare a man who kept a radical paper alive during the difficult year of 1918 and kept it clean and daring and uncompromising? Do we want to bury a man who has performed a burdensome, dangerous and successful task for the cause of radicalism in a prison cell? Do we who know Jack Carney want his ability, courage, wit and kindness to end in that sort of blind alley?

It is time for us to see what the Espionage Act, no longer buttressed by the intolerance of war, really means in the courts of this land. It is time that we learned why the word "free" when used in our Constitution before the word "speech", does not mean "free".

This is the opportunity. We must give freely, or it will be lost.

We will give gladly, I believe, because it is Jack Carney—who sent his own defense funds to the aid of Debs and others—whose case appeals to us.

THERON P. COOPER.

BISBEE DEPORTATION INSTIGATORS ARE FREED

Twenty-five capitalists—mine owners, public officials, members of the "Loyalty League" and "leading citizens" of Bisbee, Arizona, will not be called to account for deporting 1,200 striking miners from the Warren district of Arizona, on July 12,

\$500,000 was raised to start a revolutionary paper.

Other resolutions adopted called for a democratic league of peoples, based on the abolition of conscription, disarmament, self-determination of all peoples, including Ireland and the subject nations of Great Britain, the immediate withdrawal of the allied armies from Russia, and the convoking of the International.

1917, because Federal Judge William W. Morrow, of San Francisco, sustained the demurrer and quashed the indictments.

The indictments against the 25 men charged them with conspiring to deprive citizens of the United States of their constitutional rights by deporting 1,200 working citizens of Cochise county, Arizona, to the desert of New Mexico.

Several members of the Industrial Workers of the World, who were on trial in the celebrated Chicago case for five months last summer, were among those deported, and they are now serving long sentences in the Leavenworth penitentiary.

They with other members of the I. W. W. on trial at the same time, were found guilty of conspiracy to thwart the government in its efforts to wage war against Germany.

The total number of years that 93 members of the I. W. W. must serve in Leavenworth is 807. The aggregate amount of the fines imposed by Judge Landis in sentencing the

men on August 30 last was \$2,570,000.

One of the conspiracies which the I. W. W. was accused of setting on foot was the great copper strike in Arizona in the summer of 1917. This strike began June 26, 1917. There was plenty of testimony heard during the trial. One of those who attested to this fact to several of the strikers at the time was Sheriff Harry Wheeler of Cochise county, who later became a captain in the United States Aviation corps.

Yet the men were deported in cattle cars, some of the cars being six inches deep in manure, on July 12 from Warren, a little mining town near Bisbee.

Ninetythree members of the I. W. W. are in prison at Leavenworth.

Bosses Bought Weapons.

It is significant that there was a bill of sale introduced as evidence for the defense, showing that on

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 3)

TRADE IMPERIALISTS PLAN TO COIN PROFITS IN BLEEDING EUROPE

WASHINGTON.—American capitalism is preparing with vigor to play the vulture role during the period of world reconstruction. This purpose is so clear and so fraught with peril to the peace of nations that two officers of the government have within one week uttered public protests against it.

The two protesting officers are Secretary of Commerce Redfield and Chairman Colver of the federal trade commission. News agencies report "a furore created among New York exporters" by the utterances of these two federal officers. In a speech at Cleveland, to which the general press gave very limited space, Chairman Colver said a few days ago:

"A reconstruction program for the United States looking to the building on top of the present trade balances unending mountains of international credits will tend not only to make the United States the most hated nation in the world, but to mark her for destruction. It means commercial imperialism . . .

"Commercial imperialism was what Germany sought, and upon this foundation was built the war machine of Germany. The pan-Germanic program for worldwide economic and financial domination was Germany's death warrant. Being unable to feed the monster by peaceful trade expansion, she was compelled to invoke war."

No better summing up and indictment of the present aims of American capitalism could be asked, it is held, than is here supplied by the chairman of the federal trade commission.

In his talk to the specialty manufacturers at Cleveland, Mr. Colver told his hearers that compensation for all the war had cost, both in human lives and wasted materials, must be paid for by "the natural resources of the nation and the first fruits of man's labor and nature's bounty."

End of Exploitation.

"This would seem to mean," he continued, "that an end has come to the exploitation of the nation's natural resources, and that the surplus above a generous return for capitalized energy and initiative should be devoted to the liquidation of the national debt." The blood loss must be compensated, he explained, "by making this country, and in so far as our voice shall be heard, the whole world, safe for democracy, which is to say safe for human rights, the right of every child to be well-born, well fed and well clothed, and the right of every child to a fair opportunity in life.

"It will not lie very well with any man to say to the boys who went over the top at Chateau-Thierry and at St. Mihiel, to those who cleaned out the machine gun nests at Sedan with naked steel, and to those who patrolled the oceans searching for the assassins of the sea, that the thing they were fighting for was a mere gossamer, a thing of dreams, and not of reality."

Secretary Redfield sees, also, that the mouths of America's big exporters are watering in greedy anticipation of the enormous profits they are now in a position to wring from the prostrate nations of Europe and elsewhere. He admits that they have the economic bludgeon in their hands, but he hopes that heaven may endow them with a virtue sufficient to make them stand in waiting until their commercial antagonists get on their feet again.

A Great Decision.

"We have a great decision to make," he tells the American business world. "It is whether we shall take this opportunity and the immediate rich profits it offers, or whether we shall restrain our energies (synonym for cupidity) for a while, giving England, France, Belgium, Italy, even the neutrals, and even Germany's reborn people, a fair chance to get on their feet, while we assist them in rebuilding their homes and their factories and fertilizing their plum-caked soils."

The safest commentary upon these utterances is provided by another

If Ford Was a Worker

Bullragging theater and concert audiences into making contributions to war funds had received a serious setback yesterday when the news spread over town that Henry Ford, the Detroit auto manufacturer, had left the Metropolitan Opera House in a huff the previous evening, when United States Marshal McCarthy made a personal drive on him for the benefit of the United War Work campaign.

The fund committee as a result of Ford's action, issued an order yesterday that there would be no more auctions, thus bringing to an end a condition which marred the enthusiasm of many drives for war funds. The committee further stated, in an endeavor to smooth matters over, that the Metropolitan incident was to be laid at the door of the Friars and the Lambs, that the fund was only a beneficiary of the drive.

Joseph P. Day, chairman of special features of the drive, said yesterday that he was so annoyed by the Ford incident that he was even willing to head an organization to call public meetings to forbid the moral "blackjack" methods.

The incident which started the furore happened when McCarthy got up in the Metropolitan and called the names of all the men he knew in the audience and asked for donations.

Al Jo son pointed out Ford, and McCarthy asked him to give \$10,000. He repeated his request, and finally said, according to persons in the audience:

"Well, if you won't give \$10,000, we are going to get \$5,000, if we have to blackjack you!"

Later McCarthy denied he used those words. He said his exclamation was: "We wouldn't use these blackjack methods, Ford, if it were not in a good cause."

After leaving the house, Ford said: "It was an outrage. I saw nothing around me but a group of bankers who want to fasten militarism on the country. As far as money goes, if they measure things that way, I can match them ten to one any day. The idea of begging for a small sum of money in that way in a playhouse in New York city."

"I will do things for the soldiers that nobody in that crowd, I dare say, would do. When the boys come back, I'll give every job in the factory to the fellows that went to war. Ask that bunch of bankers if they would do the same. What that crowd in there wants is militarism controlling this country. I don't want it, and I want to get a shot at the fellows hat do. That is why this thing occurred tonight. My donation to the campaign went through Detroit."

member of the Cabinet, Secretary Daniels, who, during the same week alluded to, asked Congress for no less than \$600,000,000 to be spent on the construction of new fighting ships. It is Daniels' conviction that the United States should have a navy as big as any other nation's, which means as big as the biggest that Great Britain can build. What function this unprecedented armada is to play in a world made "safe for democracy" no statesman will say.

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DULUTH, MINN.

'I AM HERE FOR LABOR'

Fellow-workers of Duluth:

Before going on with my appeal, I want you to read the following poem. It deals with the lot of a man in prison. Read it and may every word eat its way into your heart. May every truth expressed bite its way upon your mind, as acid bites upon the metal it touches. After you have read this poem, you will have some slight idea what mental torture Tom Mooney is undergoing.

THE WALKER

By ARTURO GIOVANNITTI

I hear footsteps over my head all night.
They come and they go. Again they come and again they go all night.

They come one eternity in four paces and they go one eternity in four paces, and between the coming and the going there is Silence and the Night and the Infinite.

For infinite are the nine feet of a prison cell, and endless is the march of him who walks between the yellow brick wall and the red iron gate, thinking things that cannot be chained and cannot be locked, but that wander far away in the sunlit world, in their wild pilgrimage after destined goals.

Throughout the restless night I hear the footsteps over my head.

Who walks? I do not know. It is the phantom of the jail, the sleepless brain, a man, the man, THE WALKER.

One—two—three—four: four paces and the wall.

One—two—three—four: four paces and the iron gate. He has measured the space, he has measured it accurately, scrupulously, minutely, so many feet, so many inches, so many fractions of an inch for each of the four paces.

One—two—three—four. Each step sounds heavy and hollow over my head, and the echo of each step sounds hollow within my head as I count them in suspense and in fear that once, perhaps, in the endless walk, there may be five steps instead of four between the yellow brick wall and the red iron gate. But he has measured the space so accurately, so scrupulously, so minutely, that nothing breaks the grave rhythm of the slow phantastic march.

When all are sleep (and who knows but I when they all sleep?) three things are still awake in the night: the Walker, my heart, and the old clock which has the soul of a fiend, for never, since a coarse hand with red hair on its fingers swung the first time the pendulum in the jail, has the old clock tick-tocked a full hour of joy.

Yet the old clock which marks everything and records everything and to everything sounds the death knell, the wise old clock that knows everything, does not know the number of the footsteps of the Walker nor the throbs of my heart.

For neither for the Walker nor for my heart is there a second, a minute, an hour, or anything that is in the old clock; there is nothing but the night, the sleepless night, and footsteps that go, and footsteps that come and the wild tumultuous beatings that trail after them forever.

All the sounds of the living beings and inanimate things, and all the voices and all the noises of the night, I have heard in my wistful vigil.

I have heard the moans of him who bewails a thing that is dead and the sighs of him who tries to smother a things that will not die;

I have heard the stifled sobs of the one who prays with his head under the coarse blanket and the whisperings of the one who prays with his forehead on the hard cold stone of the floor;

I have heard him who laughs the shrill sinister laugh of folly at the horror rampant on the yellow wall and at the red eyes of the nightmare glaring through the iron bars;

I have heard in the sudden icy silence him who coughs a dry ringing metallic cough and wished madly that his throat would not rattle so and that he would not spit on the floor, for no sound was more atrocious than that of his spittle upon the floor.

I have heard him who swears fearsome oaths which I listen to in reverence and in awe, for they are holier than the virgin's prayer;

And I have heard, most terrible of all, the silence of two hundred brains all possessed by one single relentless unforgiving desperate thought.

All this have I heard in the watchful night, And the murmur of the wind beyond the walls, And the tolls of a distant bell,

And the remotest echoes of the accursed city, And the terrible beatings, wild beatings, mad beatings of the one Heart which is nearest to my heart,

All this I have heard in the still night;

But nothing is louder, harder, drearier, mightier, more awful, than the footsteps I hear over my head all night.

Yet fearsome and terrible are all the footsteps of men upon the earth, for they either descend or climb.

They descend from little mounds and high peaks and lofty altitudes, through wide roads and narrow paths, down noble marble stairs and creaky stairs of wood, and some go down to the street, and some go down to the cellar, and some down to the pits of shame and infamy, and still some to the glory of an unfathomable abyss where there is nothing

TELEGRAM

Samuel Gompers,
Washington, D. C.



At a mass meeting called by the Duluth Metal Trades Council, the undersigned Committee were instructed by a unanimous vote of the assemblage to notify you that it was the demand of all unions represented that you call a strike of all unions affiliated with the American Federation of Labor on December 9th, unless Thomas J. Mooney is granted a new trial or is given his freedom.

Committee:

G. H. Franklin,
W. Leonard,
H. Hansen.

Signed,

Nels Peterson, Pres.
Edw. O. Adams, Sec'y.

but the staring white stony eyeballs of Destiny. And again other footsteps climb. They climb to life and to love, to fame, to power, to vanity, to truth, to glory, and to the gallows: to everything but Freedom and the Ideal.

And they all climb the same roads and the same stairs others go down; for never, since man began to think how to overcome and overpass man, have other roads and other stairs been found.

They descend and they climb, the fearful footsteps of men, and some drag, some speed, some trot, some run; the footsteps are quite, slow, noisy, brisk, quick, feverish, mad, and most awful is their cadence to to hear for one who stands still.

But of all the footsteps of men that either descend or climb, no footsteps are as fearsome and terrible as those that go straight on the dead level of a prison floor from a yellow stone wall to a red iron gate.

All through the night he walks and he thinks. Is it more frightful because he walks and his footsteps sound hollow over my head, or because he thinks and does not speak?

But does he think? Why should he think? Do I think? I only hear the footsteps and count them. Four steps and the wall. Four steps and the gate. But beyond? Beyond? Where does he go beyond?

He does not go beyond. His thought breaks there on the iron gate. Perhaps it breaks like a wave of rage, perhaps like a sudden flow of hope, but it always returns to beat the wall like a billow of helplessness and despair.

He walks to and fro within the narrowness of this ever storming and furious thought. Only one thought, constant, fixed, immovable, sinister, without power and without voice.

A thought of madness, frenzy, agony, and despair, a hell-bred thought for it is a natural thought. All things natural are things impossible so long as there are jails in the world—bread, work, happiness, peace, love.

But he does not think of this. As he walks he thinks of the most superhuman, the most unattainable, the most impossible things in the world.

He thinks of a small brass key that turns half around and then opens the iron gate.

That is all that the Walker thinks, as he walks throughout the night.

And that is what two hundred minds drowned in the darkness and the silence of the night think and that is what I think.

Wonderful is the holy wisdom of the jail that makes all think the same thought. Marvelous is the providence of the law that equalizes all even in mind and sentiment. Fallen is the last barrier of privilege, the aristocracy of the intellect. The democracy of reason has levelled all the two hundred minds to the common surface of the same thought.

I, who have never killed, think like the murderer;

I, who have never stolen, reason like the thief;

I think, reason, wish, hope, doubt, wait like the hired assassin, the embezzler, the forger, the counterfeit-er, the incestuous, the raper, the prostitute, the pimp, the drunkard,—I—I who used to think of love and life and the flowers and song and beauty and the ideal.

A little key, a little key as little as my little finger, a little key of shiny brass.

All my ideas, my thoughts, my dreams are congealed in a little key of shiny brass.

All my brains, all my soul, all the suddenly surging latent powers of my life are in the pocket of a white-haired man dressed in blue.

He is powerful, great, formidable, the man with the white hair, for he has in his pocket the mighty talisman which makes one man cry and one man

pray, and one laugh, and one walk, and all keep awake and think the same maddening thought.

Greater than all men is the man with the white hair and the little brass key, for no man in the world could compel two hundred men to think the same thought.

Surely when the light breaks I shall write an ode, nay, a hymn, unto him, and shall hail him greater than Mohammed and Arbutus and Torquemada and Mesmer, and all the other masters of other men's thoughts. I shall call him Almighty, for he holds everything of all and of me in a little brass key in his pocket.

Everything of me he holds but the branding iron of contempt and the clamor of hatred for the most monstrous cabala that can make the apostle and the murderer, the poet and the procurer, think of the same key, the same gate and the same exit on the different sunlit highways of life.

My brother, do not walk any more.

It is wrong to walk on a grave. It is sacrilege to walk four steps from the headstone to the foot and four steps from the foot to the headstone.

If you stop walking, my brother, this will be no longer a grave; for you will give me back my mind that is chained to your feet and the right to think my own thoughts.

I implore you, my brother, for I am weary of the long vigil, weary of counting your steps and heavy with sleep.

Stop, rest, sleep, my brother, for the dawn is well nigh and it is not the key alone that can throw open the door.

Tom Mooney has been sentenced for the rest of his life in prison. When a man commits a crime, he endeavors to make the best of things when he is sent to prison. He knows that he is being sentenced for something that is unlawful. But picture if you can the feelings of a man who has been sent to prison for a CRIME HE NEVER COMMITTED. Stand up in your hall and listen to another man charge you with being scab, when you are a loyal union man. To make things see your own fellow-men stand by those who accuse you of a crime you are absolutely opposed to and HOW COULD YOU FEEL? You would feel it pretty hard. That is the position of Tom Mooney, only worse. To lie in a prison cell and to know that you have been sent there by the false testimony of dope fiends, sex degenerates and cowed members of right districts, is a torture that defies the equal of it. I am appealing to you all to stand up as honest and loyal members of YOUR class to see to it that Tom Mooney receives a new trial. Tom Mooney does NOT WANT A PARDON. He wants to go back to court and face his accusers. He wants to meet them man to man and hurl their lying testimony back to their mouths. He wants to stand up and tell the truth before twelve honest jurymen and an upright judge. Tom does not want to have his case hushed up. If he is guilty, then Mooney is prepared to step on the gallows and pay the extreme penalty of the law. This is a demand that is not an extravagant one. Surely the most biased opponent of Mooney will agree to such a request. Mind you, the judge, Judge Griffin, the man who presided at the trial of Mooney and finally pronounced upon him the sentence of death, is of the opinion that the new facts that have come to light since Mooney was sentenced, are sufficiently clear to warrant Mooney having a new trial. Think of this, the JUDGE WHO SENTENCED MOONEY TO DEATH IS OF THE FIRM OPINION THAT MOONEY SHOULD HAVE A NEW TRIAL. Surely after the judge saying that, no person would deny Mooney the simple request he makes. Yet the Governor of California is of the opinion that Mooney is guilty. So accordingly he has sent him to prison for the REST OF HIS LIFE. If Governor

(Continued on Page Three)

English Local meet-
ing Sunday, Decem-
ber 15, 2.30 P. M.
22 East 1st Street

JAMES
BRAWN

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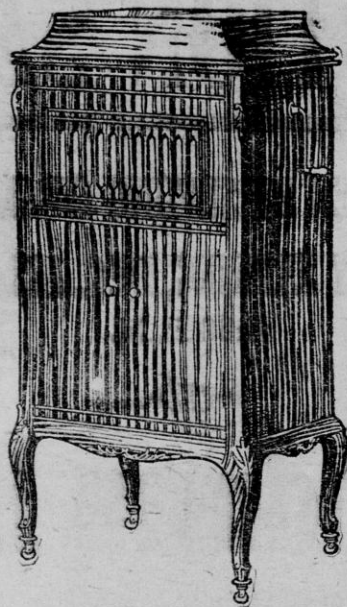
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12 21st Avenue West,

Duluth, Minn.

MODERN REPAIRING DEPARTMENT.

BISBEE DEPORTATION INS. TIGATORS ARE FREED

Continued from page 1)

April 5, 1917, a day before this country declared war against Germany, and nearly three months before the copper strike began, over \$8,000 worth of armament, including five machine guns and 100,000 rounds of ammunition, was shipped to Basset Watkins, city marshal of Bisbee, and a leader of the "Loyalty League." This armament was purchased from the Marine Arms Corporation and billed to Phelps, Dodge & Co., a mining corporation at Douglas, Ariz.

Watkins and Walter Douglas, president of the Phelps, Dodge & Company, were among those indicted for depriving citizens of their rights. But the court now has found that they did nothing of the sort.

Ninety-three members of the I. W. W. are in jail at Leavenworth!

Guns Stored in Y. M. C. A.
It was further brought out for defense that a number of the guns used by members of the "Loyalty League" and other mine guards and deputy sheriffs in rounding up the striking miners were stored in the postoffice and the Y. M. C. A. building at Bisbee.

Ninety-three members of the I. W. W. are in jail at Leavenworth!

Copper Firms Gouge Government.

About six months after the deportations of the striking miners, complaints were filed with the district attorney of Cochise county against 25 capitalists and "leading citizens" of the Warren district directly responsible for deporting the striking workmen who demanded a share in the enormous profits which the copper companies were making off the government in time of war. These profits continued to flow into the coffers of the copper combine until the government fixed the price of copper at 23 cents per pound. The companies, taking advantage of the government's need, had been charging the government as high as 32 cents per pound for the precious product.

The copper companies never were indicted by the government for conspiring to boost the price of copper in time of war.

Ninety-three members of the I. W. W. are in jail at Leavenworth!

Sheriff Assumes Responsibility.

Last June, shortly after the indictments were returned against the "leading citizens" of Bisbee, Capt. Harry Wheeler, the former sheriff of Cochise county, sent a cablegram, assuming full responsibility for the deportations. This was taken as an attempt on the part of Wheeler, who was then 3,000 miles from the scene to lift the charges from his former employers, the copper companies.

Although the government, in prosecuting the I. W. W. in Chicago last summer, charged that the Arizona copper strike was one of the conspiracies of that organization to tie up plants engaged in the production of basic materials needed for war purposes, there was overwhelming evidence showing that the copper strike was not essentially an I. W. W. strike, but a general strike on the part of all miners in the Butte and Arizona districts, who had become weary of the long hours and short pay.

Ninety-three members of the I. W. W. are in jail at Leavenworth!

A. F. of L. Unions Start Strike.
There was plenty of testimony heard to the effect that unions affiliated with the A. F. of L. were among the first to initiate the strike in Arizona.

While the deportation was in progress a strict censorship was established, and the strikers were not allowed to communicate with their families, or to send protesting telegrams to officials for a number of hours. This censorship was not official, but was the work of one of the "leading citizens," whom a court has declared was not guilty of depriving citizens of their constitutional rights.

Ninety-three members of the I. W. W. are in prison at Leavenworth!

Civil Suits Brought.
In addition to the criminal cases against the 25 "leading citizens" of the Warren district in the federal court at Tucson, civil suits totaling \$6,150,000 were filed in the state court at Tombstone against several corporations and individuals who were named as guilty of causing the deportations. These suits were instituted on behalf of 286 men who were deported.

It cannot be difficult to hazard a guess what will become of the civil suits against the copper trust.

Ninety-three members of the I. W. W. were fined \$2,570,000!

The men whom a United States district judge has ruled as not guilty of depriving workers of their constitutional rights by deporting them in cattle cars from their homes to a refugee camp at Columbus, N.

Y. are:

Accused Listed.

Walter Douglas, of New York city, president and general manager of the Phelps-Dodge corporation, owning and operating the Copper Queen Consolidated mines in Bisbee and the Copper Queen smelter at Douglas; also is the head of the railroad over which men were deported.

Grant H. Dowell, general manager of the Copper Queen Consolidated Mining Company.

H. H. Stout, superintendent of the Copper Queen smelter at Douglas.

Robert. Rae, auditor for the Phelps-Dodge interests in the Southwest.

William H. Brophy, formerly general manager of the Phelps-Dodge Mercantile company now serving with the Red Cross in France.

Major John C. Greenway, a mining engineer, now a major in the United States engineer corps in France.

Capt. Harry C. Wheeler, of the United States army, former sheriff of Cochise county, Arizona.

Gerald Fitzgerald Sherman, superintendent of the mining department of the Copper Queen Consolidated Mining company. He threw the demands of the miners in a waste basket.

Engineer Named.

Capt. Joseph Park Hodgson, consulting engineer of the Phelps-Dodge corporation.

Lemuel W. Shattuck, president of the Shattuck-Arizona mine, and president of the Miners and Merchants bank of Bisbee.

M. J. Brophy, general manager of the Phelps-Dodge Mercantile company's store in Bisbee.

M. J. Cunningham, cashier of the Bank of Bisbee, director of the Bank of Douglas, secretary and a director of the Bisbee-Naco Water company, and formerly president of the Arizona State Bankers' association.

Reuben A. Clappitt, formerly assistant postmaster at Bisbee. It was said "guns" were stored in the post-office.

Vance, Johnson, chairman of the Cochise county board of supervisors.

Dr. N. C. Bledsoe, head of the Calumet & Arizona Mining company's medical department.

Doctor Involved.

Dr. C. H. Hunt, member of the Phelps-Dodge medical staff, and county health officer.

W. P. Sims, Bisbee dentist and formerly Arizona state senator.

James Allison, city marshal of Bisbee.

Alvin W. Howe, deputy sheriff of Cochise county.

Henry Snodgrass, former city marshal of Bisbee, and charter member of the Warren district "Loyalty league."

Basset T. Watkins, former city marshal of Bisbee, miner, and leader of the Bisbee "Loyalty league." He received armament for Phelps-Dodge company on April 5, 1917.

Miles Merrill, miner, one of the organizers of the Warren district "Loyalty league."

George B. Wilcox, chief watchman of the Calumet & Arizona Mining company.

Philip Tovrea, cattleman and meat market proprietor of Bisbee.

J. L. Cameron, deputy sheriff of Cochise county.

Ninety-three members of I. W. W. are serving long sentences at Leavenworth penitentiary.

SOLDIERS MAY SERVE TILL THE JOBS ARE FOUND

Washington.—Chief of Staff General March's plan to demobilize 30,000 men daily from the army that was raised to fight Germany may be subject to amendment by Bernard M. Baruch and Felix Frankfurter, chairmen, respectively, of the war industries and labor policies boards.

Baruch and Frankfurter are said to have submitted to the president for his approval a scheme for releasing men from the army only as their special kind of services may be in demand in the facilities from which they were recruited. Cooperation with the state and county employment agencies of the department of labor would be sought to inform the war department as to the local demands for labor.

The war industries and labor policies board are said to have in mind a scheme for compelling private employers to grant the right to collective bargaining, the 8-hour day and a living wage, based on the cost of living, as a condition prior to having discharged from the army workers from their neighborhoods.

Another phase of the tentative program calls for encouragement of public enterprises, such as road building and land reclamation, by the states and counties, which, upon their agreement to meet the federal government's labor standards, would be given priority in raw materials and allowed by the capital issues

committee to float bonds to finance the enterprises.

Can Dictate to Employers.

Through the continued exercise of its power to allocate raw materials and sanction bond issues, as well as to hold or release some 4,000,000 workers, the federal government is in a position to dictate to private employers the exact terms upon which labor shall be employed during the reconstruction.

In this connection the government's insistence upon the actual 8-hour day—as distinguished from the "basic 8-hour day"—is of prime importance. The basic 8-hour day is simply a device for determining the period after which the workers may claim pay for "overtime." The government now intends to abolish all overtime as nearly as possible, limit the workday to an actual 8-hour period, and grant a wage for that time which will meet the cost of a decent living.

Anxiety Is Felt.

Meanwhile, the temper of men already discharged from the army is causing much anxiety. One employer recently wrote to the war department complaining of a former employee, who, after serving in France and sustaining a severe shell shock, which led to his discharge from the service, returned to his old boss and asked for his old job. The employer said he was not sure the soldier could have his old job back.

"You will give me a job or I will take one," said the veteran. "And I will tell all the fellows in the plant what kind of a man you are."

After some further discussion the returned soldier was offered a place as a watchman, whereupon he displayed deep indignation and cried: "What kind of a fool do you think I am? I didn't go abroad to fight lice and Germans just to win a place as watchman in this plant!"

The employer said in his letter that he hoped the war department would take steps to insure that the majority of the returning soldiers would be in a different frame of mind than the one he was reporting.

Buy Him Some Thing Usefull For Xmas

A FEW SUGGESTIONS WHICH HE WILL APPRECIATE

Mens Neckwear	\$.50 to \$1.50
Mufflers	1.00 to \$2.50
Shirts	1.50 to \$5.50
Caps	1.00 to \$2.50
Cuff Buttons	.50 to \$1.00
Suspenders	.50 to \$1.00
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Ideal Xmas Gifts

We take pleasure in notifying the Unions of Duluth and Superior that the Minnesota Tobacco Company is manufacturing high grade tobaccos and cigarettes and all our tobaccos and cigarettes are union made. We trust to receive the patronage of all the union people of Duluth and Superior.

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A package of our tobacco or a box of our cigarettes will make an ideal Christmas gift.

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Mail orders promptly attended to.

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Xmas Gifts

ASK YOUR WIFE. ---- SHE KNOW

IF YOU dont know hat to get for Christmas for the home or your little ones and freinds, just ask your wife. She will tell you hat to get. We have many things for both young and old that make useful gifts, such as silverware, cut glass, carvery set, alluminum ware, kiddy cars, sleds, skates and skis and other gifts too numero vs to mention. Come in and look them over and dont forget to ask for a 1919 Calender which is free.

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EDITORIAL PAGE OF THE TRUTH

(EDITOR RESPONSIBLE FOR ALL UNSIGNED ARTICLES)

EDITOR & BUSINESS MANAGER JACK CARNEY

PUBLISHED WEEKLY
WEST END LABOR ASSCN.Address Communications to TRUTH, 101
Stack Building, Duluth, Minn.
— PHONE MEL. 2517 —

"SANE SOCIALISTS."

Victor L. Berger has stated in the columns of the Christian Scientist Monitor that the Bolsheviks will be superseded by a sane Socialist government. If Victor is a sample of a "sane" Socialist, then let us pray that in our party we have a few who are a little madder than Victor is.

This editorial will probably be considered a piece of heresy, due to the fact that comrade Berger is about to take his trial for an alleged charge of conspiracy. We have allowed our "leaders" to fool us with the cry of a "united front in the face of the enemy," when the united front does not exist and can never exist so long as we allow the present state of affairs to go on.

The truth of the whole position within the party is, that our leaders have lost touch with the workers. They are no more able to feel the pulse of the workers, than John D. Rockefeller is, less if any. Men who occupy most of their time in law courts and offices must lose touch with the workers. They plan campaigns, etc., from the mind that is not fitted to plan them, due to the fact that the influences of modern industry are so far removed from them. Every Socialist admits the truth of this, because they know that industrial changes are the basis of human ideas and human conduct. The change that takes place in the workshop reflects itself in the mind of the workers. Consequently those who are not on the job, are unable to appreciate these changes and that is the reason why we have so many "blue prints" of the social revolution and less, revolutionary action. If we had more men from off the job in our party councils and less "intellectuals", we would not be in the position we are today. Comrade Debs may object to this, but every comrade is not possessed of the lovable spirit and patience of comrade Debs, much less the workingclass. We only wish they were. The workingclass are an impatient bunch and they will not wait for the "opportune time," they will act when the occasion arises and if we judge their future actions by their present, chaos will be the inevitable result.

The Bolsheviks superseded sane Socialists like Kerensky, and for over thirteen months they have held the reins of power against terrific odds. The reason being that they were in direct touch with the workers. They had their fingers upon the pulse of the workers and consequently knew how to act. The Bolsheviks had no thousand and one petty reforms to offer the people. They had one demand and that was land and industry for the workers. So let the Socialist Party take an example from Russia and come more into contact with the workers. Elect men for the party offices that are workers and are possessed of an independent mind and a self-confident spirit. Elect them for office for one year and then supersede them as soon as new blood comes into the movement.

Armies that depend upon the intelligence of great men are of no use in war time. Each army must be well-organized. Each soldier must know his duty. The officer who commands must also know his duty. If he has the ideas of a Napoleon he must either discard them and take on new ones or he must quit his job. It does not matter if he has a "world-wide reputation," much less a national one, he must keep abreast with the times. He must be aware of every change that takes place in military warfare. Why not subject our leaders to same test? It will save a lot of time spent in regretting this and regretting that.

We want more Bolsheviks in the party and less sane leaders.

DON'T MISS THE LECTURE ON DEC. 22

HOW CAN THEY MEET THE HIGH COST OF LIVING?

Name	Capital	Income
John D. Rockefeller	\$500,000,000	\$50,000,000
Andrew Carnegie	300,000,000	15,000,000
William Rockefeller	200,000,000	20,000,000
Estate Marshall Field	120,000,000	6,000,000
George F. Barker	100,000,000	5,000,000
Henry Phipps	100,000,000	5,000,000
Henry C. Frick	100,000,000	5,000,000
William A. Clark	80,000,000	4,000,000
Estate J. P. Morgan	75,000,000	7,500,000
Estate E. H. Harriman	68,000,000	3,400,000
Estate Russell Sage	64,000,000	3,200,000
W. K. Vanderbilt	50,000,000	2,500,000
Estate John S. Kennedy	65,000,000	3,250,000
Estate John J. Astor	70,000,000	3,500,000
W. W. Astor	70,000,000	3,600,000
J. J. Hill	70,000,000	3,500,000
Isaac Stephenson	74,000,000	3,500,000
Jay Gould Estate	70,000,000	3,500,000
Estate Mrs. Hetty Green	60,000,000	3,000,000
Estate Cornelius Vanderbilt	50,000,000	2,500,000
Estate Wm. Weightman	50,000,000	2,500,000
Estate Ogden Goelt	60,000,000	3,000,000
W. M. Moore	50,000,000	2,500,000
Arthur C. James	50,000,000	2,500,000
Estate Robert Goelt	60,000,000	3,000,000
Guggenheim Estate	50,000,000	2,500,000
Thomas F. Ryan	50,000,000	2,500,000
Edward Morris	45,000,000	2,250,000
J. O. Armour	45,000,000	2,250,000

Then the democrats talk about men being allowed a chance to live! How can these fellows afford to pay

ten per cent tax on amusement? It is a downright shame, is there no honest man who will rise up in his wrath and protest against the injustices of today? How can a fellow live on a million dollars per week, with eggs 72c per dozen and butter higher than Mount Ararat? Where are the men of 1776? Cast off your shrouds and give us the energy and fire to protest against the injustices of today. No wonder John D. Rockefeller shot the workers down in cold blood. Why don't we allow them a decent living? A million dollars per week! Why, it's a dirty shame!

DON'T MISS THE LECTURE ON DEC. 22
SEND 17c FOR DEC. LIBERATOR.

"I AM HERE FOR LABOR"

(Continued on Page 2)

Stephens believes that Tom Mooney is guilty, why did he not allow the authorities to hang him? Simply because, back in his own mind, Governor Stephens believes that Mooney is innocent. If he does not, then he is betraying his oath of office in allowing Mooney to escape gallows.

What are the facts of the case?

During a Preparedness Parade in San Francisco, in July 1916, some person threw a bomb, killing several people. At the time the bomb was thrown, Tom Mooney was three miles away on the top of a high building. A photographer who was taking pictures of the parade photographed Rena and Tom Mooney. He also photographed a clock showing that it was impossible for Tom Mooney to have been near the scene of the crime.

There is another aspect of the case. The labor men of San Francisco refused to march in the parade. They plainly said that when it comes to showing our love for country, we do not need to march in parades, we will show our patriotism in the shop, and you know that above all others, workers have shown their patriotism, on the field of battle and in the shop. The refusal of the labor unions to be the tools in the hands of the profiteers of California, aroused a bitter feeling in the hearts of the Chamber of Commerce. They swore to get even with Labor.

It is also a matter of historical truth, that Tom and Rena Mooney have been active in agitating the workers to organize. That is no crime. But in the eyes of our masters it is a crime that can never be forgiven.

To combat Labor all methods had been tried. From starvation to shooting in cold blood. All these methods failed. The next thing to do, was to discredit Labor. Here was an opportunity. If it could be "proved" that a worker committed the dastardly crime of throwing a bomb amongst a group of people, then Labor would be forever discredited and its ranks completely smashed. So the Chamber of Commerce looked for a goat. They decided that Tom Mooney was to be the goat. They issued a warrant for his arrest. As soon as Tom Mooney heard of the issuance of the warrant, he immediately wired to the police that he was coming back to San Francisco to give himself up. Does that sound like the action of a murderer?

The trial was staged and every dive, saloon and brothel in California was searched for witnesses. They succeeded in obtaining several witnesses. The star witness Oxman is a wife-deserter and an all-around crook. The night before he decided to give evidence in the Mooney trial, he committed an offence. Either you go to prison for your offence or you give false testimony in the Mooney trial? Such was the position placed before this scoundrel and coward as he was he decided that it was better for Mooney to die the death of an innocent man, than he, Oxman, should go to prison.

Fellow-workers, that is a brief outline of the case. I will stake my very life upon the truth of every word that I am writing.

Sum it all up.

Labor refuses to bow to Big Business.

Mooney an active Labor worker.

Big Business seeks revenge on Labor.

Hope to discredit Labor by fastening the Preparedness crime upon a member of a labor union.

Mooney, the trade unionist, arrested.

Perjured testimony given.

Presiding judge demands new trial for Mooney.

Now, frankly, fellow-workers, in the face of what we have told you, would you hesitate for one moment to grant Tom Mooney a new trial? Of course not. But the authorities in California will not. The Supreme Court states that it is up to the authorities in California. The case of Tom Mooney has got beyond the scope of the courts. Who then shall we appeal to?

There is only one more court to appeal to, and that is the court of working-class opinion. The appeal has been made and the workers of America, England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Italy, Sweden, Norway, Russia and every European country are convinced that Mooney is innocent. It only remains for the sentence of the working-class court that Tom Mooney should be hereby given a new trial, be carried out. The only people that can enforce the demands of the working-class is the working-class itself. Make no bones about it. The capitalist class realize that if Mooney goes free, they will be cheated out of their prey and Labor will stand stronger than it ever did. The workers of today have experienced things, that they never experienced before. They can see the early approach of a new dawn. The capitalist class are trying to scare Labor, by using Tom

Mooney as an example of their power to torture and crush labor if it should ever arise. This is no sensational statement, it is the truth. Frederick J. Koster, the head of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce, the leader of the gang that is thirsting for Mooney's blood is absolutely opposed to Labor and thinks as little of employing gunmen to shoot down workers, as you would of going to see Charlie Chaplin. Koster is a true and typical representative of his class. Their fine human instincts have been deadened by the sordid struggle for self and power that they engage in, day after day. Men of Koster's type have made huge fortunes out of female labor. God pity the women that work for them. They are compelled to go into big cities and sell their chastity in order that they MIGHT LIVE. Read this extract from an interview with an unfortunate sister of the street:

"Remember," I said, "there's ten dollars if you will tell me the truth."

"If the girl's a good producer the house keeps her and sees her through. Then she'll be told the baby's gone to a foundling home. That's true sometimes and sometimes it isn't."

"Why not. Don't they love their babies?"

"Certainly they love them. They're mothers! But a nursing baby takes all the life from a girl's breasts. And they have got to be plump in this business. No," tears started to her eyes, "a girl with a baby couldn't make money for the house. So the house gets rid of the baby—one way or another."

She began to weep steadily. Bowing her head on the table between us as she cried:

"I know. I wish to God I didn't!"

"Then its true that new-born babies are done away with?" I asked.

"Mine was," she sobbed, "just before I gave up my life. Oh, it was hell. It always is. I never got to see my baby. I never knew if it was a boy or a girl. But I heard it cry; such a sweet little baby cry! I wanted it. God in heaven, how I wanted my own little baby! They turned my head when it was carried away from the room. It called to me as soon as the door was closed. I heard it call! I struggled and screamed. And a nigger slapped me in the face. I'll never forget my baby's voice. I hear it every day. They murdered—"

She leaped to her feet and faced me with eyes that shone like a mad woman's.

"Damn you!" she shrieked, "get out of here. I won't be tortured like this for all the money out of Hell. Get out!"

She ran out of the room. I gathered up my notes and left the ten dollars on the table. SHE HAD EARNED IT.

Can you read the above interview and expect that the men who are responsible for it all, to render Tom Mooney justice? They do not know what justice means. Justice can be granted to Tom Mooney by you, my fellow-workers, and you alone. Yours is the mighty power that sets loose the mighty forces that have made all things possible. All things come from the strength of your strong right arms. From the tiny needle in the hands of hospital surgeons to the mighty steel giant that carries President Wilson over the ocean. I plead with you, my fellow-workers, to act so that the dear old lady, who sits and watches by the window every night for her son Tom, may in her declining years rest peaceful and content. I plead with you that have wives, that you will think of Rena Mooney and give to her the comfort of heart that you would give to your own wife. Men of labor, I appeal to you and ask you in this hour to stand up and say that you are men. Let the acid of the social injustice inflicted upon Tom Mooney, burn themselves into your very souls and rise like men of Labor. Rise and compel your masters to grant Mooney a new trial. Yours the power and yours the strength to do. Will you use it, if needs be?

Our minds are dull, we mull and mull.

But we're awaking, masters; aye,

We're waking now, and with knotted brow,

We're wondering dully why!

Only, wondering, slow and vast and dull,

Brutal if ever we shake ourselves awake

Brutal to do and dare;

But if ever we shake ourselves awake,

Masters of ours, beware!

Yours for Tom Mooney and Labor,
JACK CARNEY.

Is the League of Nations to be a Clique of Nations?

DON'T MISS THE LECTURE ON DEC. 22
SEND 17c FOR DEC. LIBERATOR.

This is the "Stable" Government according to Allied Press!

The All-Russian government at Omsk has some small difficulty in being the same from one day to the next, what with one adventurer after another trying to seize power. And now Admiral Kolehak, the dictator of Siberia, is reported to have been assassinated shortly after he had the band play "God Save the Czar." Outside of that, though, it is a government that really ought to be recognized for what it is worth.

DON'T MISS THE LECTURE ON DEC. 22
SEND 17c FOR DEC. LIBERATOR.

AUCTION SALE

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TUESDAY EVENING, DEC. 17th, 1918

8:00 P. M.

-at-

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DANCEWOODMAN
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DECEMBER 14

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