

We 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

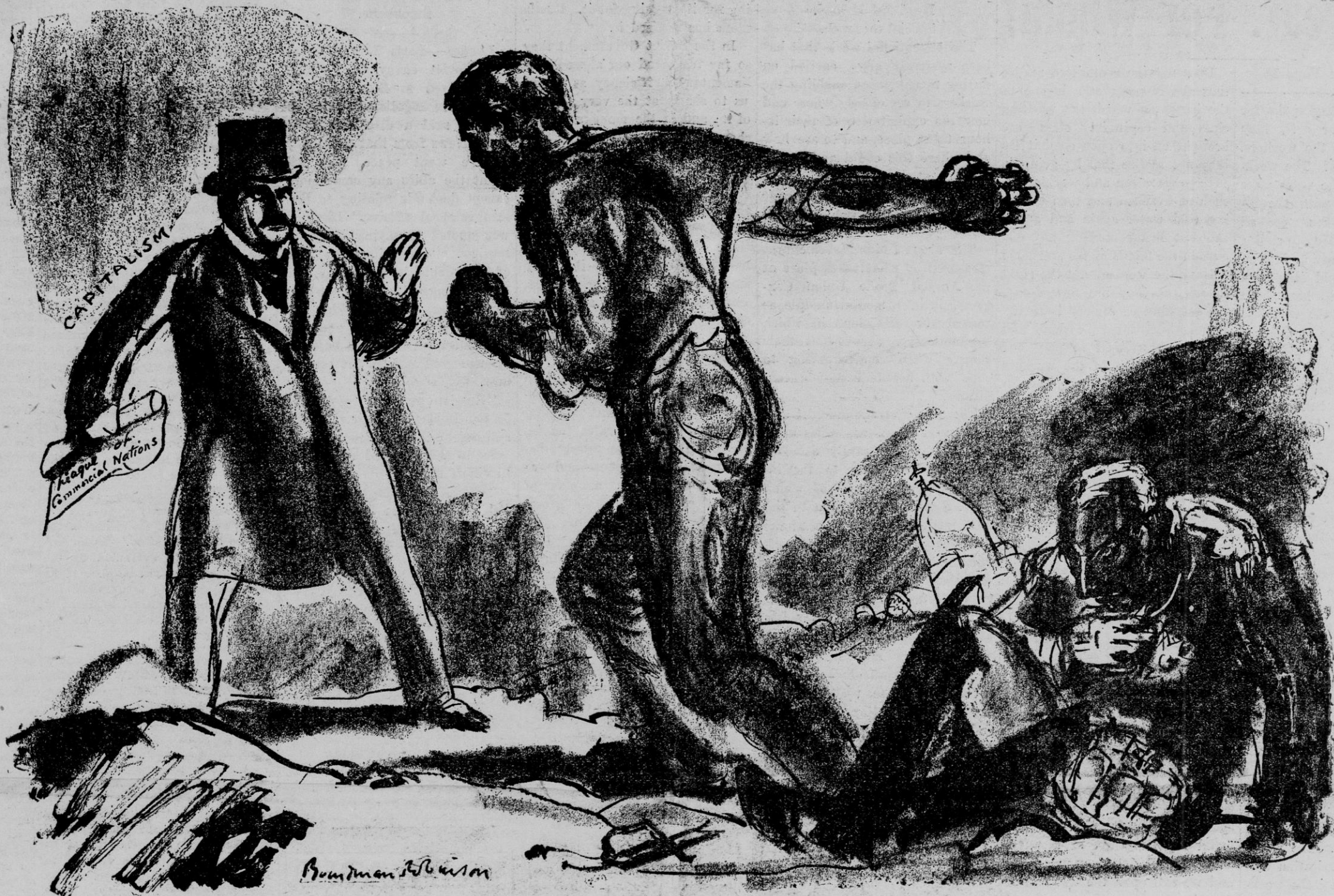


Permit No. 40
Duluth, Minn. 1c. Paid

VOLUME II. NO. 53

DULUTH, MINN., NEW YEARS DAY (True date Dec. 27, 1918) WHOLE NUMBER 80

MINNESOTA
HISTORICAL
SOCIETY



You too!

A HAPPY NEW YEAR. FOR WHOM?

SHURE the bells are ringing and the mansions of the elect will be filled with the good things of life. We can see the glittering christmas trees loaded with the best that a down-trodden race can produce. There will be the thousand dollar toys and the ten thousand dollar necklaces. Around the table, groaning beneath the burden of good things that rest thereon will sit the elect. In the center of the table will play a wonderful water-fountain, radiant with the glow of a thousand lights. Underneath the table a worker will manipulate the fountain, as he lies at the feet of those who could not enjoy one particle of the feast if it were not for his labor. Comrades there will be a wonderful feast, well do they gather around the festive board and celebrate the New Year. Why should they quarrel with life? Set your instruments going workers in the orchestra, play the dear old melodies that men with creative impulse brought forth in the hours of solitude. Play the music slowly and let its enchanting strains sink into their souls. Slowly let it play. Now let it rise, rise and let it end with a crash. Sure my masters let your orchestras play and let it convey to you that the crash is coming. Send forth your rays, ye thousand lights for the sun of revolution is rising and soon its rays will convey to you the approach of the coming revolution. Drink and be merry, for on the morrow, those that sit outside starving and shivering, watching you wine and dine and live lives of debauchery, will soon ask why are we not inside instead of watching from the outside?

The cant and hypocrisy of it all, the capitalists wish the workers a Happy New Year! Children dying of starvation in the slums of New York! I. W. W. fellow-workers rotting their lives away in dirty cells, where fresh air is conspicuous by its absence! Socialists in jail for exercising their Constitutional rights! Tom Mooney lies in San Quentin serving a life sentence for a crime he never committed! Women parading the streets of every city, beneath the bright lights selling their bodies like a butcher sells New Year turkeys! Away out in France there are many mounds of stones that tell you of the last resting place of a worker who went to France and died whilst his master stayed at home and made huge, blood-red war profits out of the sacrifice of this and millions more fellow-workers! Happy New Year you say masters, well we fling your greetings back into your dirty teeth. Keep them and reserve them for your own class, we don't want them. Too long have we lain down crushed beneath your Iron Heel. Now we are going to rise up in revolt, yes R-E-V-O-L-T, and soon your thrones and mansions will rock with the forces of a mighty upheaval that will shake the very foundations of society and upon its ruins, Phoenix-like, will arise a new society.

Laugh, but remember that who laughs last, laughs best. Sure you will put us in prison. But, like King Canute, you will be helpless before the rising tide of revolt that now threatens you. Read the resolution passed by the Butte miners. Read it and let every word of it emblazon itself upon the

walls of your mansion. Did you ever read of Belshazzar? He too laughed, but the morrow turned his laughing into the mad hysterical cry of a frightened king. Down from his throne he toppled, never no more to rule over his people.

Coming events cast their shadows before. The workers in Butte are rising and soon like Spanish influenza the spirit of revolt will spread from Frisco to Maine, from the Rockies to the Border. From there it will be caught up in Mexico and upon the crest of the waves it will travel on and on. Masters, A Happy New Year. With a pitying contempt for you we want you to celebrate this New Year's Eve, for it is your last. Back into the hell that gave you birth. Back to where only humans like you can live. Back you sons of darkness before the clear sunlight of revolution. Back we say and by the same mighty power that gave you birth-industry—we shall crush you. Crush you so that you will never rise again to torment the workers of the world.

Come, children of the slums, women of the brothel, workers of the mine, factory and land. Join hands and by the strength of your economic power you shall be free. The world today is being cleaned out. The spring cleaning has commenced. A new world awaits you when the cobwebs full of old ideas will be all brushed away by the broom of reason. Soon we shall enter a new society and then we shall be able to truly say Happy New Year to you all.

In your union halls read the following resolution to your union members. Place it in the min-

utes. After you have read it demand action. Open the doors of the prisons and let the air resound with the joyous welcome to thousands of workers who today are lying in the bastilles of America. Yours the day to win, if you will but act. Will you act?

WORKERS COUNCIL IS ORGANIZED IN BUTTE

Release of Mooney Is Demanded By Striking.

BUTE, MONT.—A Workers' Council of Butte has been formed and their first act has been the issuance of a proclamation calling for a general nation-wide strike for the liberation of Mooney, Debs and all class war prisoners. The proclamation is as follows:

The Mooney case has received the attention of the labor movement the world over. It has been investigated and investigated with the result, time and time again, that Mooney is innocent, that it is a frame-up of the capitalists to discredit labor. This is the consensus of opinion throughout the world.

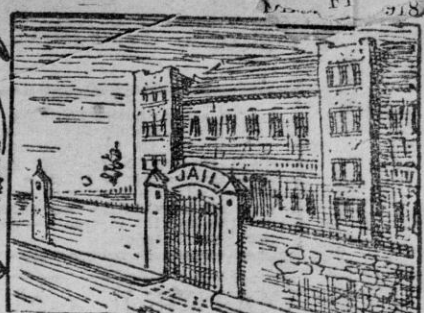
Everything within the realms of "lawyer thought" has been done. Courts, committees, appeals, over and over again. All to no avail. In the end it was decided to call a strike throughout the land on the 1st of May, this year.

Letters were sent to the unions in every locality. The matter was taken up. The progressive forces immediately donned their armor and went to work to boost the strike for this date. They gave their

(Continued on Page 2)



WORKERS OF THE WORLD UNITE



A Happy New Year. For Whom?

(Continued from Page 1)

time and energy. They spoke for it, they wrote for it, they brought it home to the workers. And what happened? The workers responded. Strike votes were taken everywhere, with the result that the workers were all ready on the 1st of May to strike. They were enthusiastic, determined, the strike would have been a success. It would have been a big blow against the would-be murderers of Mooney on the one hand, on the other, would have been a means of solidifying labor in a way which only such effort can solidify. In Seattle a huge hall, the Arena, was hired, at considerable expense, and all arrangements were made for a great demonstration and mass meeting to give the strike the send-off that it deserved. And what happened? At the eleventh hour the strike was called off from east to west, north to south. The explanation for the calling off of same was that such action would embarrass the country. They hoped, we believe, that by acting in this manner the patriotic spirit of the act would appeal to the capitalists with the result that Mooney would be given a new trial. But the heart of the capitalist was not softened by this spirit. No new trial was granted, no freedom given. The workers brought up to the doorstep of enthusiastic class action and the damper fell. The result being considerable irritation and discouragement among the workers and rejoicing in the ranks of the reactionists, both labor and masters.

And then we start all over again; more pleas, more court, more lawyer's soup. Further investigating, and naturally all futile and wasted energy. Then comes the plea again for a strike. Again the workers responded nobly, ready to go the limit for their fellow workman, ready to strike a blow against their masters. Great mass meetings have been held in order to prepare and organize for the great day. December 9th was to be history making for the working class of this country. The spirit was fine; the will to do on the part of the mass of the workers could not have been better. There is every reason to believe that the number of the strikers would have reached millions. And what a glorious lesson this lesson this would have been to the workers! They would have seen what solidarity could do. They would have felt the power that comes from unity. They would have won, and prepared the road for greater victories. And again the strike is called off. Again the disappointment. Again the irritation. What does all this mean?

There is something wrong, something is rotten somewhere. Are the members of the Mooney Defense Committee fools? Do they realize what they are doing? We can not believe it, otherwise why such tactics?

Such action, such disappointment, could not have been better for the master class if a committee from Wall street had been the Defense Committee.

Does not the committee realize that the Mooney case is one of the issues on which the working class and capitalist class are brought on into open combat? Do they not realize that by going to such preparation and working up such enthusiasm and then throwing cold water again and again, can but bring nothing but disgust in the minds of the workers?

Have the workers not the right to ask, as they are now doing, "What kind of foolery is this?" Something must be done and we are determined to play our part. The spirit of the workers cannot, shall not, be played with in this shameful manner. We demand that the workers of the country have a say when this strike shall be called and made effective.

If the Mooney Defense Committee do not understand the great class struggle we do.

Mooney is innocent, so is Debs, so are all the class war prisoners, the crime of opposing the will. They are guilty of one crime—and wish of a brutal, greedy, parasitic ruling class. They are in for us; we are out for them. We will stand for no more foolery and nonsense on the part of any one single committee unless that committee becomes wholly responsible to the working class. Further congresses, and pleadings can avail naught but bewilder the issue and weaken the spirit of the proletariat. We demand the liberation of Mooney, Debs and all class war prisoners, and we call upon the workers of America to organize workers' councils in every city and hamlet to arrange, declare and conduct a mass strike for these class war victims, say on the 9th day of January, 1919.

Workers, we can no longer rest on leaders and saviors. We must free our fellow men ourselves. Our emancipation rests on our own shoulders. All power to the mass. This committee must give way voluntarily, or must be forced on one side.

Workmen of Seattle, you in the shipyards, you who have shown such fine spirit in this matter, we call upon you to join us in Butte and call this strike, say on the 9th day of January, 1919.

Workers of Oakland, you know your class position, you know that such shameful disappointment can only dampen the ardor of the workers. We ask you to join with us in Butte and call a strike for, say on the 9th day of January, 1919.

Workers in New York, you who have demonstrated, held mass meetings, shown your solidarity, know this folly cannot continue. We ask you to join with us and strike, say, on the 9th day of January, 1919.

Workers in Duluth, Chicago, Portland, Spokane, San Francisco, everywhere, we ask you to form workers' council to conduct this effort on the part of our class to free those who are suffering for us.

Let us form these councils now. Communicate with one another and have some system. We cannot possibly afford to let such gigantic issues rest in the hands of such a few, be they ever so sincere.

This is a call. We in Butte

The Course to Follow.

By TOM MANN.
Special to Truth.

The educational work that has been systematically carried on during recent years, enabling the workers to see clearly where and how the exploitation of their labor takes place, and to see how and where this could and should be prevented, will now be able to demonstrate itself when the demobilization of the "forces" takes place.

The Trade Union Movement, as measured by what takes place at the Annual Trade Union Congress, is in a mental muddle as regards the direction in which the unionists are to put their energy, when endeavouring to cope with hostile economic conditions.

The average trade unionist still turns to Parliament, relies upon the State, and rarely attaches first-class importance to the industrial organization of which he is a member, nor even to the industrial movement as a whole.

In recent years various developments have given indications of other views and ideals, and especially as regards the machinery through which those ideals are to be reached.

The French and Italians set the pace in Syndicalism, with increasing reliance upon the industrial organization for the control of industry. The Americans launched and developed "The Industrial Workers of the World," and Industrial Unionism, a first cousin to Syndicalism, the Guild Socialists, have very effectively contributed to the view that industry should be controlled directly by the workers through industrial organizations. The many hundreds of classes now being held in most parts of the country—such as the Central Labour College Classes, and those of the Scottish Labour College, Study Circles under various auspices, the W. E. A., and the I. L. P., are all with more or less definiteness, not only emphasising the paramount importance of Direct Action but are effectively imparting knowledge qualifying the persons who follow up the courses of study to know how to get at grips with the situation.

No longer is Parliament relied upon by those who in any genuine sense can be respected as well informed. Parliament cannot "deliver the goods," and this opinion is spreading rapidly.

The Russians have shown, and are daily showing, that a new order of society has arrived; we have been groping for it, striving

were ready to strike; in fact, it is with difficulty that the strike will be called off. We have the right to presume that the same condition exists in your locality. The workers are sore, and the capitalist newspapers are rejoicing. It is a temporary victory for them. Join with us and turn the tables the way they should have been.

Workers of America, the labor of England, France, Italy, Germany, Russia, Austria, Australia—in fact, the labor of the world—is calling on you. Come. All power to the masses.

Join with us, we with you. Freedom for class war prisoners.

Now.
THE WORKERS' COUNCIL OF BUTTE, MONTANA.
P. O. Box 770

ing for it, arguing for it. Russia alone has realized it.

In the Soviet Government they so far transcend our abused Parliamentary inefficiency as to put us to shame at the very thought of it; and in the management of shops, factories, mills, mines, etc. by and through Works Committees, they are a glorious example to the world, and to none more than to British workers.

The psychology evolved by those who have relied upon State machinery carries with it the atmosphere of a superior class, managing and bossing an inferior class. The workers of Britain are now evolving a different psychology, and it does not call for or admit of industrial task masters, who at best become socially superior persons, training themselves to tolerate the inferior—who are so purely because of environment—and at their worst become a class of vicious exploiters whose grossness requires no describing.

In my judgment the very best agency through which to function to meet all future emergencies is that of Works Committees; sensible action here will soon throw the trade unions on to the right track, and the chief point, never to be overlooked, is, that we must refuse to have as an industrial objective the capturing of the world's markets, and aim straight at PRODUCTION FOR USE AND NOT FOR PROFITS.

Dec 1, 1918.

THE HELL HE DID!

London.—The Daily Mail's Hague correspondent, who has returned there after a journey to Berlin, says that he met outside the palace in the German capital an old woman who had been employed inside the palace all her working life. In the conversation she suddenly said: "We have been accustomed to the Kaiser always, and there is still discipline here, but now the Kaiser has gone and that cursed Liebknecht slept two nights in his bed."

The woman's indignation at the thought made the correspondent laugh and he thinks that that it was the only laugh he heard in Germany.

RUSSIA TO OPEN PEACE PARLEYS, SAYS ENVOY.

Negotiations With Allies Sought—Soviet Representative in Stockholm.

London.—Boris Litvinoff, former Soviet envoy to England, has arrived at Stockholm "to open peace negotiations with the allies," said a dispatch to the Daily News from that city today.

"We want peace, and will grant the allies any concessions, except demands relating to Russian internal affairs," Litvinoff was quoted as saying in an interview. "Immediate payment of our debts is impossible, but I would suggest a moratorium on compromise lines involving the granting of commercial and mining concessions and the payment of such gold as is in the country now."

"Russian peasants' opposition to the Bolshevik regime is now a thing of the past."

As to the reported executions, Litvinoff said:

"Official records report only 400 executions in Moscow, and 40 per cent of the victims were criminals. In Petrograd the situation was worse, because there was no unification of authority."

Soviet warships have bombarded the Estonian coast and landed 2,000 men at Narva, the Daily Express learns from its Copenhagen correspondent. All Germans comprising the garrisons in Estonia were killed or captured, the dispatch states.

Narva is a port in the north-eastern corner of Rethonia some ninety miles west of Petrograd.

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Hail Liberty!

By COVINGTON AML
(Dedicated to Wm. D. Haywood and Eugene V. Debs.)

Hail Liberty! Earth's chosen ones
Are thy imprisoned, rebel sons!
Thy manacled and bleeding hands,
The future sways, the world commands!
Thy ragged form, thy hunted soul,
The destinies of Man control!
Thou art the spectre in the hall,
The glooming writing on the wall;
Thou art the fear, the icy thrill,
That holds the startled tyrant still;
The Prophet reading, clear and loud,
Fate's cryptic message to the proud!
Thou art, of Man, the deathless part,
The restless Christos in his heart:
The energy, supreme, sublime,
Within the conquerers of time;
The lightning flashing, far and bright,
The lodestar of eternal right!

Hail Liberty! Earth's chosen ones
Are thy imprisoned, rebel sons!
Their cells are freedom's cradle-hearth;
'Tis they that give the Ideal birth;
'Tis o'er the long line of their graves
Man marches upward from the eaves.

BACK TO CONNOLLY

Appeal of the Irish Labor Party.

In the heat of the coming electoral struggle and in the clamour of the several parties which claim the working man's and the working woman's vote there is grave danger that decisions will be made and votes cast, in obedience to press dictation or in response to party spellbinders, decisions based on no principle, un-inspired by thought and actually dealing deadly blows at the cause of Labor and Democracy. "Back to Connolly" then is our advice. James Connolly was no dreamer or visionary, and never was so regarded in his lifetime. He was a scientific thinker, who deduced theories only from facts, not from fancy. Those who declare that Labor should not meddle with politics—and there are many such attached to the political parties of the day—and those who demand that Labor should adopt the methods of this non-working-class party or of the other, should calmly study those essays in politics and working-class tactics which are Connolly's precious legacies to the Irish working-class he loved.

To him political action—the entry of an organized party of workers upon the struggle for the control of the powers of government—was an historical necessity warranted by the example of the capitalist class in its past and timed to occur when the workers were organized industrially and had become conscious of the power they wielded.

"The capitalist class grew into a political party when it looked around and found itself in control of the things needed for the life of the individual and State, when it saw that the ships carrying the commerce of the nation were its own, when it saw that the internal traffic of the nation was in the hands of its agents, when it saw that the feeding and sheltering of the ruling class depended upon the activities of the subject class, when it saw itself applied to furnish finance to equip the armies and fleets of the kings and nobles; in short, when the capitalist class found that all the arteries of commerce, all the agencies of production, all the man-springs of life in fact, passed through the human heart—then and through the human heart—then and only then did capital raise the banner of political revolt and from a class battling for concessions became a class leading its forces to the mastery of society at large."

Labor today has learned its power in the sphere of production and distribution. The time has come when it is necessary by political action to safeguard its right to organize from the attack of politicians of the orthodox parties. No one can doubt that necessity who cares to look upon the files of the Dublin papers of all parties—the weeklies as well as the dailies—during the years of storm and stress from 1911 to 1914. Labor must establish itself as a political force—for self-protection if for nothing else.

But entering on the fight, let us nourish no delusions. Connolly says:

"The fight for the conquest of the political state is not the battle, it is only the echo of the battle. The real battle is the battle being fought out every day for the power to control industry, and the gauge of the progress of that battle is not to be found in the number of voters making a cross beneath the symbol of a political party, but in the number of these workers who enrol themselves in an industrial organization with the definite purpose of making

themselves masters of the industrial equipment of society in general.

"The battle will have its political echo, that industrial organization will have its political expression. If we accept the definition of working-class political action as that which brings the workers as a class into direct conflict with the possessing class AS A CLASS, and keeps them there, then we must realize that NOTHING CAN DO THAT SO READILY AS ACTION AT THE BALLOT BOX. Such action strips the working-class movement of all traces of such sectionalism as may, and indeed must, cling to strikes and lock-outs, and emphasises the class character of the Labor Movement. IT IS THEREFORE ABSOLUTELY INDISPENSABLE FOR THE EFFICIENT TRAINING OF THE WORKING-CLASS ALONG CORRECT LINES THAT ACTION AT THE BALLOT BOX SHOULD ACCOMPANY ACTION IN THE WORK-SHOP.

"I am convinced that this will be the ultimate formation of the fighting hosts of Labor."

The workers, moving against their one constant enemy, who is their enemy, no matter what party banner he flies or what brand of patriotism he professes, must allow no side issue to break their solidarity at the polls. The man who, on any pretext, forsakes the ranks of Labor and casts a political vote for reformist candidates, who have no social policy and who ask the workers to wait his or the other far-off event, is acting the same part as a deserter in battle or the blackleg in a strike.

At their best, political parties that are not backed in their every action by the workers industrially united, must be uncertain in their progress and unreliable in action, for they cannot be sure of the support of the men who voted them to power.

"Ordinary political parties are composed of men and women who meet together to formulate a policy and programme to vote upon. They set up a political ticket in the hope of getting people, most of whom they do not know, to vote for them, and when that vote is at last cast, it is cast by men whom they have not organized, do not know, and cannot rely upon to use in their own defense. We have proven that such a body can make propaganda, and good propaganda, but it can never function as the weapon of an industrially organized working-class. To it, such a party will always be an outside body, a body not under its direct control, but the political weapon of the industrially organized working class will be a weapon of its own forging and wielded by its own hand. I believe it to be incumbent upon organized Labor to meet the capitalist class upon every field where it can operate to our disadvantage. Therefore I favor direct attacks upon the control of governmental powers through the ballot-box, but I wish to see these attacks supported by the economic organization. In short, I believe that there is no function performed by a separate political party that the economic organization cannot help it perform much better and with greater safety to working-class interests."

So then, comrades, as we work unitedly and loyally together in the workshop, field and factory, let us at this coming election unite to vote for the same objects as we pursue in our Unions, the control of our means of life, the comfort and happiness of wife and children, the consecrated hearth and the fullness of worthy lives.—Voice of Labor, Dublin.

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WORKERS OF THE WORLD UNITE



A LETTER TO THE AMERICAN WORKING CLASS

By N. LENIN.

Moscow, Aug. 20, -918.

Comrades: A Russian Bolshevik who participated in the Revolution of 1905 and for many years afterwards lived in your country has offered to transmit this letter to you. I have grasped this opportunity joyfully for the revolutionary proletariat of America—insofar as it is the enemy of American imperialism—is destined to perform an important task at this time.

The history of modern civilized America opens with one of those really revolutionary wars of liberation of which there have been so few compared with the enormous number of wars of conquest that were caused, like the present imperialistic war, by squabbles among kings, landholders and capitalists over the division of ill-gotten lands and profits. It was a war of the American people against the English who despoiled America of its resources and held in colonial subjection, just as their "civilized" descendants are draining the lifeblood of hundreds of millions of human beings in India, Egypt and all corners and ends of the world to keep them in subjection.

Since that war 150 years have passed. Bourgeois civilization has born its most luxuriant fruit. By developing the productive forces of organized human labor, by utilizing machines and all the wonders of technique America has taken the first place among free and civilized nations. But at the same time America, like a few other nations, has become characteristic for the depth of the abyss that divide a handful of brutal millionaires who are stagnating in a mire of luxury, and millions of laboring starving men and women who are always staring want in the face.

Four years of imperialistic slaughter have left their trace. Irrefutably and clearly events have shown to the people that both imperialistic groups, the English as well as the German, have been playing false. The four years of war have shown in their effects the great law of capitalism in all wars; that he who is richest and mightiest profits the most, takes the greatest share of the spoils while he who is weakest is exploited, martyred, oppressed and outraged to the utmost.

In the number of its colonial possessions, English imperialism has always been more powerful than any of the other countries. England has lost not a span of its "acquired" land. On the other hand it has acquired control of all German colonies in Africa, has occupied Mesopotamia and Palestine.

German imperialism was stronger because of the wonderful organization and ruthless discipline of "its" armies, but as far as colonies are concerned, is much weaker than its opponent. It has now lost of its colonies, but has robbed half of Europe and throttled most of the small countries and weaker peoples. What a high conception of "liberation" on either side! How well they have defended their fatherlands, these "gentlemen" of both groups, the Anglo-French and the German capitalists together with their lackeys, the Social-Patriots.

American plutocrats are wealthier than those of any other country partly because they are geographically more favorably situated. They have made the greatest profits. They have made all, even the weakest countries, their debtors. They have amassed gigantic fortunes during the war. And every dollar is stained with the blood that was shed by millions of murdered and crippled men, shed in the high, honorable and holy war of freedom.

Had the Anglo-French and American bourgeoisie accepted the Soviet invitation to participate in peace negotiations at Brest-Litovsk, instead of leaving Russia to the mercy of brutal Germany a just peace without annexations and indemnities, a peace based upon complete equality could have been forced upon Germany, and millions of lives might have been saved. Because they hoped to re-establish the Eastern Front by once more drawing us into the whirlpool of warfare, they refused to attend peace negotiations and gave Germany a free hand to cram its shameful terms down the throat of the Russian people. It lay in the power of the Allied countries to make the Brest-Litovsk negotiations the forerunner of a general peace. It ill becomes them to throw the blame for the Russo-German peace upon our shoulders!

The workers of the whole world, in whatever country they may live, rejoice with us and sympathize with us, applaud us for having burst the iron ring of imperialistic agreements and treaties, for having dared not sacrifice, however great, to free ourselves, for having established ourselves as a socialist republic, even so rent asunder and plundered by German imperialists, for having raised the banner of peace, the banner of Socialism over the world. What wonder that we are hated by the capitalist class the world over. But this hatred of imperialism and the sympathy of the class-conscious workers of all countries give us assurance of the righteousness of our cause.

He is no Socialist who cannot understand that one cannot and must not hesitate to bring even that greatest of sacrifices, the sacrifice of territory, that one must be ready to accept even military defeat at the hands of imperialism in the interests of victory over the bourgeoisie, in the interests of a transfer of power to the working class. For the sake of "their" cause, that is for the conquest of world-power, the imperialists of England and Germany have not hesitated to ruin a whole row of nations, from Belgium and Serbia to Palestine and Mesopotamia. Shall we then hesitate to act in the name of the liberation of the workers of the world from the yoke of capitalism, in the name of a general honorable peace; shall we be afraid to begin the fight until an easy victory is assured; shall we place the integrity and safety of this "fatherland" created by the bourgeoisie over the interests of the international socialist revolution?

We have been attacked for coming to terms with German militarism. Is there no difference between a pact entered upon by Socialists and a bourgeoisie (native or foreign) against the working-class, against labor, and an agreement that is made between a working-class that has overthrown its own bourgeoisie and a bourgeoisie of one side against a bourgeoisie of another nationality for the protection of the proletariat? Shall we not exploit the antagonism that exists between the various groups of the bourgeoisie. In reality every European understands this difference, and the American people, as I will presently show, have had a very similar experience in its own history. There are agreements and agreements, fagots and fagots, as the Frenchman says.

When the robber-barons of German imperialism threw their armies into defenseless, demobilized Russia in February 1918, when Russia had staked its hopes upon the international solidarity of the

proletariat before the international revolution had completely ripened, I did not hesitate for a moment to come to certain agreements with French Monarchists. The French captain Sadoul, who sympathized in words with the Bolsheviks while in deeds he was the faithful servant of French imperialism, brought the French officer de Lubersac to me. "I am a Monarchist. My only purpose is the overthrow of Germany," de Lubersac declared to me. "That is self understood (cela va sans dire)," I replied. But this by no means prevented me from coming to an understanding with de Lubersac concerning certain services that French experts in explosives were ready to render in order to hold up the German advance by the destruction of railroad lines. This is an example of the kind of agreement that every class-conscious worker must be ready to adopt, an agreement in the interest of Socialism. We shook hands with the French Monarchists although we knew that each one of us would rather have seen the other hang. But temporarily our interests were identical. To throw back the rapacious advancing German army we made use of the equally greedy interests of their opponents, thereby serving the interests of the Russian and the international socialist revolution.

In this way we furthered the cause of the working-class of Russia and of other countries; in this way we strengthened the proletariat and weakened the bourgeoisie of the world by making use of the usual and absolutely legal practice of maneuvering, shifting and waiting for the moment the rapidly growing proletarian revolution in the more highly developed nations had ripened.

Long ago the American people used these tactics to the advantage of its revolution. When America waged its great war of liberation against the English oppressors, it likewise entered into negotiations with other oppressors, with the French and the Spaniards who at that time owned a considerable portion of what is now the United States. In its desperate struggle for freedom the American people made "agreements" with one group of oppressors against the other for the purpose of weakening all oppressors and strengthening those who were struggling against tyranny. The American people utilized the antagonism that existed between English and the French, at times even fighting side by side with the armies of one group of oppressors, the French and the Spanish against the others, the English. Thus it vanquished first the English and then freed itself (partly by purchase) from the dangerous proximity of the French and Spanish possessions.

The great Russian revolutionist Tchernyevski once said: Political activity is not as smooth as the pavement of the Nevski Prospect. He is no revolutionist who would have the revolution of the proletariat only under the "condition" that it proceed smoothly and in an orderly manner, that guarantees against defeat be given beforehand, that the revolution go forward along the broad, free, straight path to victory, that there shall not be here and there the heaviest sacrifices, that we shall not have to lie in wait in besieged fortress, shall not have to climb up along the narrowest path, the most impossible, winding, dangerous mountain roads. He is no revolutionist, he has not yet freed himself from the panderism of bourgeois intellectualism, he will fall back, again and again, into the

camp of the counter-revolutionary bourgeoisie.

They are little more than imitators of the bourgeoisie, these gentlemen who delight in holding up to us the "chaos" of revolution, the "destruction" of industry, the unemployment, the lack of food. Can there be anything more hypocritical than such accusations from people who greeted and supported the imperialistic war and made common cause with Kerensky when he continued the war? Is not this imperialistic war the cause of all our misfortune? The revolution that was born by the war must necessarily go on through the terrible difficulties and sufferings that war created, through this heritage of destruction and reactionary mass murder. To accuse us of "destruction" of industries and "terror" is hypocrisy or clumsy panderism, shows an incapability of understanding the most elemental fundamentals of the raging, climatic force of the class struggle, called Revolution.

In words our accusers "recognize" this kind of class struggle, in deeds they revert again and again to the middle class utopia of "class-harmony" and the mutual "interdependence" of classes, upon one another. In reality the class struggle in revolutionary times has always inevitably taken on the form of civil war, and civil war is unthinkable without the worst kind of destruction, without terror and limitations of form of democracy in interests of the war. One must be a sickly sentimentalist not to be able to see, to understand and appreciate this necessity. Only the Tchechov type of the lifeless "Man in the Box" can denounce the Revolution for this reason instead of throwing himself into the fight with the whole vehemence and decision of his soul at a moment when history demands that the highest problems of humanity be solved by struggle and war.

The best representatives of the American proletariat—those representatives who have repeatedly given expression to their full solidarity with us, the Bolsheviks, are the expression of this revolutionary tradition in the life of the American people. This tradition originated in the war of liberation against the English in the 18th and the Civil War in the 19th century. Industry and commerce in 1870 were in a much worse position than in 1860. But where can you find an American so panderistic, so absolutely "idiotic" who would deny the revolutionary and progressive significance of the American Civil War of 1860-1865?

The representatives of the bourgeoisie understand very well that the overthrow of slavery was well worth the three years of Civil War, the depth of destruction, devastation and terror that were its accompaniment. But these same gentlemen and the reform socialists who have allowed themselves to be cowed by the bourgeoisie and tremble at the thought of a revolution, cannot, may not, see the necessity and righteousness of a civil war in Russia, though it is facing a far greater task, the work of abolishing capitalist wageslavery and overthrowing the rule of the bourgeoisie.

The American working class will not follow the lead of its bourgeoisie. It will go with us against the bourgeoisie. The whole history of the American people gives me this confidence, this conviction. I recall with pride the words of one of the best loved leaders of the American proletariat, Eugene V. Debs, who said in the "Appeal to Reason" at the end of 1915, when it was still a socialist paper, in an article entitled "Why Should

I Fight?" that he would rather be shot than vote for war credits to support the present criminal and reactionary war, that he knows only one war that is sanctified and justified from the standpoint of the proletariat: the war against the capitalist class, the war for the liberation of mankind from wage slavery. I am not surprised that this fearless man was thrown into prison by the American bourgeoisie. Let them brutalize true internationalists, the real representatives of the revolutionary proletariat. The greater the bitterness and brutality they sow, the nearer is the day of the victorious proletarian revolution.

We are accused of having brought devastation upon Russia. Who is it that makes these accusations? The train-bearers of the bourgeoisie, of that same bourgeoisie that almost completely destroyed the culture of Europe, that has dragged the whole continent back to barbarism, that has brought hunger and destruction to the world. This bourgeoisie now demands that we find a different basis for our Revolution than that of destruction, that we shall not build it up upon ruins of war, with human beings degraded and brutalized by years of warfare. O, how human, how just is his bourgeoisie!

Its servants charge us with the use of terroristic methods.—Have the English forgotten their 1649, the French their 1793? Terror was just and justified when it was employed by the bourgeoisie for its own purposes against feudal domination. But terror becomes criminal when workingmen and poverty stricken peasants dare to use it against the bourgeoisie. Terror was just and justified when it was used to put one exploiting minority in the place of another. But terror becomes horrible and criminal when it is used to abolish all exploiting minorities, when it is employed in the cause of the actual majority, in the cause of the proletariat and the semi-proletariat, of the working-class and the poor peasantry.

The bourgeoisie of international imperialism has succeeded in slaughtering 10 millions, in crippling 20 millions in its war. Should our war, the war of the oppressed and the exploited, against oppressors and exploiters cost a half or a whole million victims in all countries, the bourgeoisie would still maintain that the victims of the world war died a righteous death, that those of the civil war were sacrificed for a criminal cause.

But the proletariat, even now, in the midst of the horrors of war, is learning the great truth that all revolutions teach, the truth that has been handed down to us by our best teachers, the founders of modern Socialism. From them we have learned that a successful revolution is inconceivable unless it breaks the resistance of the exploiting class. When the workers and the laboring peasants took hold of the powers of state, it became our duty to quell the resistance of the exploiting class. We are proud that we have done it, that we are doing it. We only regret that we did not do it, at the beginning, with sufficient firmness and decision.

We realize that the resistance of the bourgeoisie against the socialist revolution in all countries is unavoidable. We know too, that with the development of this revolution, this resistance will grow. But the proletariat will break down this resistance and in the course of this struggle against the bourgeoisie the proletariat will finally become ripe for victory and power.

Let the corrupt bourgeoisie press trumpet every mistake that is made

by our Revolution out into the world. We are not afraid of our mistakes. The beginning of the revolution has not sanctified humanity. It is not to be expected that the working classes who have been exploited and forcibly held down by the clutches of want, of ignorance and degradation for centuries should conduct its revolution without mistakes. The dead body of bourgeois society cannot simply be put into a coffin and buried. It rots in our midst, poisons the air we breathe, pollutes our lives, clings to the new, the fresh, the living with a thousand threads and tendrils of old customs, of death and decay.

But for every hundred of our mistakes that are heralded into the world by the bourgeoisie and its sycophants, there are ten thousand and great deeds of heroism, greater and more heroic because they seem so simple and unpretentious, because they take place in the everyday life of the factory districts or in secluded villages, because they are the deeds of people who are not in the habit of proclaiming their every success to the world, who have no opportunity to do so.

But even if the contrary were true,—I know, of course, that this is not so—but even if we had committed 10,000 mistakes to every 100 wise and righteous deeds, yes, even then our revolution would be great and invincible. And it will go down in the history of the world as unconquerable. For the first time in the history of the world not the minority, not alone the rich and the educated, but real masses, the huge majority of the working-class itself, are building up a new world, are deciding the most difficult questions of social organization form out of their own experience.

Every mistake that is made in this honestly conscientious cooperation of ten million plain workingmen and peasants in the recreation of their entire lives—every such mistake is worth thousands and millions of "faultless" successes of the exploiting minority, in outwitting and taking advantage of the laboring masses. For only through these mistakes can the workers and peasants learn to organize their new existence, to get along without the capitalist class. Only thus will they be able to blaze their way, through thousands of hindrances to victorious socialism.

Mistakes are being made by our peasants who, at one stroke, in the night from October 25 to October 26, (Russian Calendar) 1917, did away with all private ownership of land, and are now struggling, from month to month, under the greatest difficulties, to correct their own mistakes, trying to solve in practice the most difficult problems of organizing a new social state, fighting against profiteers to secure the possession of the land for the worker instead of for the speculator, to carry on agricultural production under a system of communist farming on a large scale.

Mistakes are being made by our workmen in their revolutionary activity, who, in a few short months, have placed practically all of the larger factories and workers under state ownership, and are now learning, from day to day, under the greatest difficulties, to conduct the management of entire industries, to reorganize industries already organized, to overcome the deadly resistance of laziness and middle-class reaction and egotism. Stone upon stone they are building the foundation for a new social community, the self-discipline of labor, the new rule of the labor organizations of the working-class over their members.

Mistakes are being made in their

revolutionary activity by the Soviets which were first created in 1905 by the gigantic upheaval of the masses. The Workmen's and Peasants' Soviets are a new type of state, a new highest form of Democracy, a particular form of the dictatorship of the proletariat, a mode of conducting the business of the state without the bourgeoisie and against the bourgeoisie. For the first time democracy is placed at the service of the masses, of the workers, and ceases to be a democracy for the rich, as it is, in the last analysis, in all capitalist, yes, in all democratic republics. For the first time the masses of the people, in a nation of hundreds of millions, are fulfilling the task of realizing the dictatorship of the proletariat and the semi-proletariat, without which socialism is not to be thought of.

Let incurable pedants, crammed full of bourgeois democratic and parliamentary prejudices, shake their heads gravely over our Soviets, let them deplore the fact that we have no direct elections. These people have forgotten nothing, have learned nothing in the great upheaval of 1914-1918. The combination of the dictatorship of the proletariat with the new democracy of the proletariat, of civil war with the widest application of the masses to political problems, such a combination cannot be achieved in a day, cannot be forced into the battered forms of formal parliamentary democracy. In the battered forms of formal parliamentary democracy. In the Soviet Republic there arises before us a new world, the world of Socialism. Such a world cannot be materialized as if by magic, complete in every detail, as Minerva sprang from Jupiter's head.

While the old bourgeois democratic constitutions, for instance, proclaimed formal equality and the right of free assemblage, the constitution on the Soviet Republic repudiates the hypocrisy of a formal equality of all human beings. When the bourgeoisie republicans overturned feudal thrones, they did not recognize the rules of formal equality of monarchists. Since we here are concerned with the task of overthrowing the bourgeoisie, only fools or traitors will insist on the formal equality of the bourgeoisie. The right of free assemblage is not worth an iota to the workman and to the peasant when all better meeting places are in the hands of the bourgeoisie. Our Soviets have taken over all usable building in the cities and towns out of the hands of the rich and have placed them at the disposal of the workmen and peasants for meeting and organization purposes. That is how our right of assemblage looks—for the workers. That is the meaning and content of our Soviet, of our socialist constitution.

And for this reason we are all firmly convinced that the Soviet Republic, whatever misfortune may still lie in store for it, is unconquerable.

It is unconquerable because every blow that comes from the powers of madly raging imperialism, every new attack by the international bourgeoisie will bring new and hither to unaffected strata of workingmen and peasants into the fight, will educate them at the cost of the greatest sacrifice, making them hard as steel, awakening a new heroism in the masses.

We know that it may take a long time before help can come from you, comrades, American Workingmen, for the development of the revolution in the different countries proceeds along various paths, with varying rapidity (how could it be

(Continued on page 5)

Russia is not anarchistic. Russia is not lawless. The despised Bolsheviks are not and never have been pro-German. . . . It is not in Russia alone that the old order is passing. There is a lot of the old order in America, and that is going too. We might as well open our eyes to it—all of us. The time has come everywhere when affairs must be handled for the benefit of the many—never again for the comparatively few, and what we call legislation by proxy must cease.—Col. William B. Thompson, who spent four month in Russia as head of the American Red Cross Mission.

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JIM LARKIN

There are two types of leaders in the world. Those who talk and those who act. The hero of the hour is President Wilson, his speeches will go down in history as memorable speeches. President Wilson is receiving the applause of the multitude for what he said. Larkin will some day return to Ireland and the reception that he will receive will outshine the reception that President Wilson received when he set his foot upon the shores of France. Larkin has proved by his deeds that he is a true representative of the working class. Some comrades in this country, one an associated editor, mind you, of a Marxian Socialist paper tells friends that Larkin is at sea with his ideas. It is the voice of a philosopher who is unable to translate his ideas into action. Men who sit all day in study classes and are far removed from the real activity of the movement, which is on the job, cannot understand those who go down on the job and inculcate a class-conscious spirit into the workers. For years revolutionary Socialists, redder than the Red Flag had tried to educate the workers of Ireland. James Connolly tried for twenty years. The results were very small. Along came Larkin. He sized up the position. He told his comrades in the movement that you cannot educate a starving worker. You must first of all feed him and place him in decent surroundings. Larkin was applying the philosophy of a gardener to the workers position. You cannot get good flowers from ash-heaps, neither to the slums produce the best rebels. The slums are the recruiting grounds for scabs, gunmen, etc. So Larkin went on the docks of Dublin, into the factories, breweries, etc. and organized the workers. The task he set out upon was a super-human one. Poverty of the lowest order had the workers of Dublin in its grip. They had long been fooled by masters who were Home Rulers, that if the Irish workers would only have patience, Home Rule would solve the poverty problem. England was their enemy said the Irish masters. Larkin upset those ideas and told the workers that if you want anything you must get it yourself. The workers were organized. They had strike after strike. They learned of a class-struggle from actual experience—not from text-books. It is impossible to enumerate here the thousand and one institutions that were commenced by Larkin and still exist. They all had one purpose in mind and that was to cement the workers together, so that solidarity meant more than a phrase it was a living reality. What was the result of all this? It simply meant that the Irish workers were in a better position to accept the principles of Socialism. Ask any of the members of the Socialist Party of Ireland what advantage did they gain from Larkin's activities in Ireland? The S. P. of Ireland is no reform organization. Its principles are the same as those of the S. L. P. The workers through the work of Larkin realized that THEY were the sole support of Ireland. They began to understand that without Labor society cannot exist. There is a spirit in the workers that can never be crushed. When the British Government sought to fasten conscription on Ireland, it was not the Sinn Fein movement that prevented it, it was the workers of Dublin. So class-consciousness was



they, that they marched out on that Easter morn of 1916 and gave their lives, so that their children might not know the horrors of conscription. Is there any Union in America that would do as much for their children?

Some day Larkin and his message will be understood. His is the message of action, rather than that of the class-room. We need education, as all will admit, but in these times we need action. In closing we quote an extract from a speech delivered by Larkin before a Commission held in Dublin in 1913 to discuss the Dublin strike. This speech was not prepared, it was delivered at a moment's notice.

When I came to Dublin I found that the men on the quays had been paid their wages in public houses, and if they did not waste most of their money there they would not get work the next time. Every stevedore was getting 10 per cent of the money taken by the publican from the worker, and the man who would not spend his money across the counter was not wanted. Men are not allowed to go to their duties on Sunday morning. After a long day's work they get home tired and half-drunk. No man would work under the old conditions except he was half drunk. I have tried to lift men up out of that state of degradation. No monetary benefit has accrued to me. I have taken up the task through intense love of my class. I have given the men a stimulus, heart, and hope which they have never had before. I have made men out of drunken gaol-birds. The employers may now drive them over the precipice; they may compel them, after a long and weary struggle, to recognize the document submitted to them not to belong to the Irish Trans-

By the Editor of Truth

port Workers' Union, but it will only be for a time. The day will come when they will break their bonds, and give back blow for blow. They may bring to their aid men like Father Hughes, of Lowlown, who went round in a motor-car and used the power of the church against the poor to induce them to sell their bodies and souls to capitalists like Mr. Waldron. Father Hughes has got men to sign a document that they would not belong to the Union. There were men in the pulpits of all the denominations getting up and denouncing Larkinism, but can any of them say anything against me or my private life? Yet, having taken upon themselves high office and sacred calling, they denounce Larkin—said he was making \$90.00 a week and had a mansion in Dublin, and was gulling the working men. Do they not live in mansions and enjoy life?

THE NEED FOR LARKIN

I am told I am an Atheist. Why, it is the clergy who are making the people Atheists, making them Godless, making them brutes!. The people are going to stop that, and are going to be allowed a chance of exercising their religion. Mr. Waldron, a member of the Privy Council, ad an ex-M. P., would not allow his slaves to bow down to the Creator on Sundays because he wanted to make profit out of their bodies. Mr. Waldron has admitted that his men went to bed in their boots. What else could he expect? After walking 30 miles along a canal bank, foodless, but always having the enemy, Drink, waiting for them, foul alcohol to poison and chloroform them, quarts of porter on credit! leg-tired, soul-tired, they lay down in their dirt. I have seen 13 men in one room lying round a big coke fire, heads to feet, in an establishment owned and controlled by this Privy Councillor. That was the man talking of Christianity! That was the man sent from Stephen's Green to ask for Home Rule for Ireland!

Is it any wonder a Larkin arose? Was there not need for a Larkin. I have proved out of the mouth of an alleged Catholic that workmen were brutalized and denied the right to worship their God on Sunday, Catholic and Protestant employers have been equally guilty in this matter. There are conditions of the same kind in Ulster, Munster, Leinster, and Connaught—and then Ireland sent 103 men to the House of Commons, all speaking as in the Tower of Babel. But the workers speak with one voice, and will stop this damnable hypocrisy. We want neither Redmond nor Carson, neither O'Brien nor Healy. We want men of our own class to go there and tell the truth. We want to tell Carson that he is preaching rapine, slaughter, and disorder. Yet nobody interferes with him. Why? Because the Government knows it is all gas—all froth. But they know that the workers mean business and are going to unite on the field of economic activity and abolish all racial and sectarian differences. It will be a good day for Ireland when the Carsons or all classes are cleared out of the country. Mr. Healy, with all this eloquence, could not preach what I have preached because it would not pay. The politicians dine and wine together. The workers neither dine nor wine but they suffer and starve together. If the employers want peace they can have peace, but if they want war they will get war.

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Greetings to the Readers of Truth

39, Woodstock Road, Golders Green, N. W. 4.
November 26, 1918.

Dear Comrade Carney.

I gladly send you a few words of greeting. They must however, be brief, as I am in the thick of a hard election contest, carrying the banner of Labour. International Labour is now faced with a situation full of great possibilities. Over two-thirds of Europe autocracy has been overthrown and the banner of Labour and Socialism floats where two years ago despotism reigned. Capitalism has long been International, Labour must now unite the world over to assert its rights and to achieve its destiny. This my message. It is the same message which was given in the Communist Manifesto seventy years ago, "Workers of the World unite, you have nothing to lose but your chains. You have a world to gain."

Yours in the cause,

PHILIP SNOWDEN.

Comrade Snowden is the Socialist member of Parliament for Blackburn. He and his wife toured this country a few years ago.

9 Hovit Road, Hampstead, N. W.

My dear Friend Carney.

I send with the greatest pleasure my greetings to your readers. Labour all the world over, but more particularly in this corner of the earth, has been undergoing a terrible test. Now peace has come, the test is to be more severe than ever. To fight to support a war government, to forget all class distinction—both economic and social—during a war is easy; to build up anew, to discover the true roads that lead to salvation, to cling to just principles and throw aside bad ones, is very difficult indeed.

Amidst a multitude of councillors, Socialism remains the steady inspiring guide of Labour. The New Year finds more of Europe under the Red Flag than ever we hoped to see in our generation. The action of the ruling classes has, unfortunately prevented a peaceful revolution and has loosened anarchy, but union amongst the workers supported by confidence in each other, will bring order out of chaos and will prevent a return of the old condition of things.

The birth of Socialism here is coming through great dread and pain, but our hearts are full of hope and our feet march gladly out into the future. I am,

Yours very sincerely,

J. RAMSAY MacDONALD.

Comrade MacDonald, is the Socialist member of Parliament for the city of Leicester. He resigned his position as chairman of the British Labor Party, disagreeing with its war attitude.

"Armageddon"

By COVINGTON AMI.

Then comes the final struggle, the war of Casté and Mass. When e'en the Gods shall shudder at the things that come to pass; When Caters possess by demons denizens shall call, And madmen upon madmen in a worldwide fury fall.

Then shall Earth's slave hordes perish, the érelin hosts shall die. Their hunger-blasted bodies upon every road shall lie; Beside plague-bearing rivers and springs to wormwood turned, Their parching lips shall call upon the Prophets that they spurned.

Their fevered forms shall wander o'er mountainside and plain, And they shall plead for pity, and their pleadings be in vain; Like famished cattle grazing on lifeless desert grass, By millions they shall sickle and shall sink to death en masse.

L'ENVOI.

'Tis thus the Sons of Javeth the Sons of Satan rout, The "grand plant of salvation's" cleansed of every sin and doubt; Thus ends the "reign of order": this is "fulfilled the law"; Thus falls the "sanest", "safest" "system" mortals ever saw.

A LETTER TO THE AMERICAN WORKING CLASS

(Continued from page 3.)

otherwise! We know full well that the outbreak of the European proletarian revolution may take many weeks to come, quickly as it is ripening in these days. We are counting on the inevitability of the international revolution. But that does not mean that we count upon its coming at some definite, nearby date. We have experienced two great revolutions in our own country, that of 1905 and that of 1917, and we know that revolutions cannot come neither at a word of command nor according to prearranged plans. We know that circumstances alone have pushed us, the proletariat of Russia, forward, that we have reached this new stage in the social life of the world not because of our superiority but because of the peculiarly reactionary character of Russia. But until the outbreak of the international revolution, revolutions in individual countries may still meet with a number of serious setbacks and overthrows.

And yet we are certain that we are invincible, for if humanity will not emerge from this imperialistic massacre broken in spirit, it will triumph. Ours was the first country to break the chains of imperialistic warfare. We broke them with the greatest sacrifice, but they are broken. We stand outside of imperialistic duties and considerations, we have raised the banner of the fight for the complete overthrow of imperialism for the world.

We are in a beleaguered fortress, so long as no other international so-

cialist revolution comes to our assistance with its armies. But these armies exist, they are stronger than ours, they grow, they strive, they become more invincible the longer imperialism with its brutalities continues. Workingmen the world over are breaking with their betrayers, with their Gompers and their Scheide-manns. Inevitably labor is approaching communistic Bolshevistic tactics, is preparing for the proletarian revolution that alone is capable of preserving culture and humanity from destruction.

We are invincible, for invincible is the Proletarian Revolution.

New Conditions

—New People

By MAXIM CORKI

In every nation scoundrels are branding those who believe in the ultimate victory of the ideal of world brotherhood as insane, as dangerous and heartless, as plantists who know no love of fatherland.

They have forgotten that Christ, John of Damascus, Francis of Assisi, Leo Tolstoi, and all the other demigods and supermen that are the pride and worship of mankind were also supermen that are the pride and worship of mankind were also such phantoms. They who are ready to destroy millions of lives for a few kilometers of foreign soil, have neither God nor Devil. To them the lives of their fellowmen are worth less than a stone, their love of fatherland is nothing more than an

THE CRIMES OF MARTYRS

By J. O. BENTALL.

Jesus cast his lot with the under dog. That was his crime. The master class killed him for it.

The crime of the martyr has always been the same.

To talk peace when the masters talk war is a crime.

To talk freedom when the masters talk slavery is a crime.

To talk liberty when the masters talk tyranny is a crime.

To talk justice when the masters talk oppression is a crime.

Don't talk against the masters—it's a crime.

Talk for them. Boost them. Praise them. Hurrah for them.

And they'll flatter you and flatter you. They'll honor you with iron crosses and put uniforms on your bony backs. They'll razzledazzle you and give you guns and bayonets. They'll shove you into trenches and tear you to pieces with shrapnel. They'll put you on the honor roll for dying for them. They'll dignify you with starvation wages and rob you with high prices. They'll snatch your children out of the cradle and stamp them into dollars in their sweatshops. They'll stunt your body and dull your brain and stultify your intellect and make you a peon, and underling and a craven coward, and dump you into a forgotten pauper's grave.

If you keep still and submit and behave yourself. And don't oppose the masters. Don't talk against them. Don't think. Don't be a man. It's a crime to be a man. They'll kill you because you are a man—a man.

CHRISTMAS GREETING

By J. O. BENTALL.

I went out at midnight and heard a great shout. It was the shout of victory.

And I mingled with the mighty throng and shouted with them, Victory!

I saw women in their ecstasy of joy clasp each other in their arms and cry. And there were men, strong, big fellows, embracing one another, bursting with emotion, round, big tears shooting from their eyes. There was no order and no disorder—only joy and cries and tears and laughter and noise and stillness.

And then they sang. They sang a thousand songs—every one his own song and all the songs together blended into the sweet and thunderous symphony of the Choir Invisible.

It was the great chorus of Labor—Labor in New York and Chicago—Labor in Berlin and Paris, in Rome and London and Petrograd—Labor's new song, the song of victory.

For a thousand—for ten thousand years Labor had been silent. No noise had come from its dumb lips except the groans and moans of the slaves, the prisoners, the dying.

And now all at once the silence is broken. It broke in Russia—then it broke in Germany—now it is breaking in England, in Ireland, in France, in Italy, in America—in all the world.

The angels of Bethlehem have been drowned out by Labor's thunderous, catching, roaring shout of victory—Labor's sobbing, joyous, thrilling symphony of Peace on Earth—good will—good cheer—new hope—new life to men.

I greet you, you Fellow Workers, you Comrades of the world revolution on this New Year of the race.

For we have started on the way to Freedom.

acquired mental habit. They demand to live as they have been accustomed to live, though the whole world be torn into fragments.

For three years they have been living up to their necks in the blood of millions of men that is being shed because they will it.

But when once the strength of the masses is spent, when once there flares up within them the determination to live, a purer, a more human life, and puts an end to this bloody delirium—then they who have destroyed will cry out:

We are not to blame! Not we have devastated the world, not we have destroyed and plundered Europe.

When that time comes, we hope that the "voice of the people" will be "the voice of God," sounding more loudly than the most blatant lie. Let all those who believe in victory over shamelessness and madness unite their forces.

What will the New Year bring. All that we are able to command from it.

To become capable men and women we must believe that these mad blood and filth stained days are the great birthdays of a new Russia.

It is a painful birth, amid the crashing overthrow of old forms of life, under the rotting ruins of the dirty caverns in which the people have been struggling for breath for three hundred years, in which they became hateful, and unhappy, in the midst of this outburst of all the degradation and villainy that were stored up within us under the leaden weight of monarchism in this eruption of a whole volcano of de-

silence the old Russian people, the self-satisfied idler and dreamer is dying. And in his place the bold, healthy workman, the creator of a new life has come.

The new Russia is not attractive, less attractive than ever before. Still fearful for the permanence of life victory, still unable to fully enjoy the fruits of his liberation, he sheathes himself with an armor of petty hatreds to assure himself, over and over again of the incredible truth, that he is really free. How dearly he himself, and the objects of his experiments are paying for this assurance!

But life, that severe and merciless teacher, will soon bind him once more with necessity's chain, will force him to work and in united labor, he will forget all the small, slavish and shameful instincts that still hold him in their power.

New men and women will be created by new conditions—new conditions create new men and women.

And out of the sorrow of today will come new men and women, who know not the misery of slavery, no longer disfigured by oppression, men and women whose own freedom makes them incapable of oppressing their fellow men.

Let us meet the new year with the confidence that man will learn to love work and to understand its meaning. Work that is done with love, is not slavery, but creation.

When man has once learned to love work for its own sake, the world and all its glories will be his.

Socialist Party Trial Report Next Week.

The Working Class Resolves

1. To stop paying high prices due to high-rent stores.
2. To stop working for low wages.
3. To stop wearing poor shoes, clothes etc.
4. To throw off capitalism.
5. To buy a new suit of clothes.
6. To make Rockefeller, Morgan & Co. decent and honorable citizens by making them work.
7. To raise a large fund for the defense of the editor of Truth.
8. To force the Street Railway Co. to give decent service.
9. To increase his trade union activities and to assist him in such work by wearing Litman's union overalls.
10. To study the principles of Socialism.
11. To stand by his own class and to buy all his underwear, mackinaws, rubber, shoes etc. at

A. Y. Litman

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Universal Clothing Provider



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UNISON SÅNG (Arbetets Söner
DEKLAMATION Mrs. PAUL ESSEN
VIOLIN SOLO GUST JACKSON
VÄRMLANDSBITAR CARL NORDMARK
SOLO SÅNG Mrs. JOHN D. NELSON
FÖRELÄSNING Magister BLACKSTADJUS
MUSIK KLUBBENS BAND
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— Will hold a —

NEW YEAR'S EVE CELEBRATION

— IN THE —

TERMINAL HALL

Corner Winter & Ogden, Superior, Wis.

Editor of Truth will deliver a lecture entitled:—

"THE MASTERY OF LABOR"

Music, Songs, Dancing, etc. EVERYBODY WELCOME!

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English Local Sunday 2:30 P. M.

SCANDINAVIAN SEWING SOCIETY MEETS

on Thursday, Jan. 2nd Woodman Hall 2 P.M.

WOODMAN HALL

LECTURE SUNDAY EVENING

WOODMAN HALL

Editor of Truth will lecture on

"The Mastery of Labor"

New Year's Eve Celebration
WOODMAN HALL

New Year's Eve Celebration
TERMINAL HALL, SUPERIOR

Scandinaviskt Party

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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 —

WE have constantly found the red banner to have predominated only in path of peace; and never outside that domain except when the peculiar and wellknown attachment of the lowly to it, was taken advantage of, do we find it in war. So it was used and so it careered in the early colonies of the United States. The early flag, true to the traditions of the past, was of a blazing red color in Massachusetts, in New York, and probably in every one of the thirteen original states. It was the flag used by General Washington at the outset. When the war of the revolution broke out it was a beautiful red, with the old merchantman's ensign of the union jack—a peace-token—and men or peace suddenly found themselves compelled, in the absence of a warflag, to float the red ensign amid the clank and din of cruel strife. It was the flag of Lexington, of Bunker Hill, of Ticonderoga, and in its center shone the patriotic motto "Liberty and Union." A glance at the newspapers of those days best reveals the data. But those men were struggling for the right of free labor like men of old.

— C. Osborne Ward

We desire to thank our many readers for their Christmas greetings and presents. As soon as we are in a position to do so we will reply to all of them.

HELD OVER.

Report of Scandinavian Local Christmas Festival, including report of speech by our Hindu comrade Rajah Singh Wickesalstromanami.

TOWARDS INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY.

Industrial development is moving so swiftly in Europe that we in America are in danger of being left behind. Here we have the spectacle of trade unions fighting with the capitalist class over the right to organize as trade unionists. Mark this well. It is a humiliating position for the American Federation of Labor. We of the Socialist Party have waited and waited, we had a vague idea that Labor would throw off its parasitical leaders and we are still waiting.

In England industrial development has reached an extraordinarily interesting stage. On the one hand we have the huge trusts as we have them in this country. BUT on the other hand we have a unity of action between the various trade unions. Industrial union action has supplanted craft union action. Engineers, electricians, plumbers, etc. strike together as one.

"Modern development in the engineering industry," says the preamble of the latest federation, "not only render it necessary that the whole basis of our organization shall be changed to enable us to more effectively meet the onslaught of the employer, but they also teach us that, as at present organized in sectional unions, we are incapable of efficiently managing the industry in which we are working."

The workers of England are not simply demanding more wages and shorter hours, they are now demanding a greater share in industry. Foremen are not engaged by the boss, they are elected by a committee of the workers.

This demand has had an extraordinary effect. Lloyd George stands aghast at the very idea of the workers wanting a share in industry. So much so, that he appointed a commission to deal with the demand. The report of the Committee recommends that the District Committees be formed consisting of equal number of representatives of employer and employee. It does not specify that the workers shall decide how the profits shall be divided. Yet that should not worry us, for it will be the next step that will eventually lead to industrial democracy being established in England.

It can be taken for granted that the British capitalist class will fight against industrial democracy. That is only to be expected. But the pressure is becoming too great. On one hand the illusion of obtaining a democracy through parliament has been rapidly dispelled by the war. So the workers are beginning to realize that there can be no democracy, unless there is democracy in industry. To assist the rising demand for an industrial democracy we find the unions are adapting themselves to the new conditions created. Amalgamation is a common thing and ere long industrial unionism will supplant trade unionism.

Industrial organization is the need of the hour. By such organization is meant organization that will develop toward the creative end of industry democratized. It is not an easy business. We shall have to know more about the ways of industry. Platitudes will not help us, neither will a few revolutionary phrases. We shall have to unite as workers, not talk about it. It means the study of industry, processes, etc., as well as the educating of the workers into thorough understanding of the fact that they must be prepared to run society. It is going to call for the best brains of the radical movement. Are you prepared to do your share when the time comes? If not—why?

ACTION! ACTION! ACTION!

Many Socialists, either of lack of experience on the industrial field or disgust with the apathy of the workers, resort to the study class as a means to achieve the revolution. Education we admit is absolutely necessary, but too much emphasis on the study class and the consequent ignoring of the industrial field only produce conservative within the movement.

Lately we paid a visit to the Twin Cities, and if you want positive proof of the foregoing statement, visit these two cities and watch closely the movement there. There you will find lack of action and a failure to appreciate the tremendous social changes that are taking place. Comrades ever ready to engage in the spectacular and ever athirst for notoriety are out of touch with the workers.

The policy of Truth is to arouse the workers to action. We are not concerned at the present moment with the organization of study classes, we want to see mass action take place in the Steel industry. A general strike in the Steel industry would develop the class-conscious

spirit of the workers more than a thousand study classes. Rather heretical for us to make such a statement, yet nevertheless that is what we desire. We first of all need to make the red blood flow through the veins of the workers. That was what the Bolsheviks did in Russia. They recognized what was coming and they prepared for it by organizing the workers. After obtaining control they set about educating the workers.

A strike in the Steel industry would call for the aid of the State to crush the workers. The antagonism between the workers and the capitalist would become greater, "widening the scope and deepening the intensity of the proletarian struggle against capitalism."

The proletariat acting on the job, will help to spread the spirit of revolt far quicker than the comrade in a study class. The hesitancy, the "waiting for the opportune moment" developed in the class-room are dispersed when the worker strikes. The strike teaches in a few months, what the class-room takes years to develop. So on with the strikes, the creator of revolutionists.

WAR HAS KILLED ITSELF.

Let us not fool ourselves that the revolution in Germany was necessary before we could have peace. The war has killed itself, in other words war has committed suicide. There is perhaps more picturesqueness than truth in that statement, but the workers of the world were gathering together to hurl their protest at the heads of those who use war as a titanic force to compel others to do their bidding.

Throughout every land the mutterings of protest were swelling into an audible cry against the hideousness of a system which calls for the flower of the world's manhood to march to almost certain doom in the midst of the most devilish frightfulness that was ever brewed in the brains of mankind.

As day follows day, the ranks of the army of protest are being added to until the time is near at hand for a mighty shout of an aroused workingclass that will demand the control of industry and so take the power of making war out of the hands of their masters.

There is no hiding this growing sentiment—jailing Socialists and I. W. W. will not do it—against the insane waste of wealth, against the heart-breaking devastation of human life and the greater devastation by wounds and diseases, against the suffering of women and children from the ubiquitous evil effects of war. It is here in America, silent but present, and it is in every land.

It is idle to dilate on what is known; but clip the newspapers of their unimportant details and their prostituted accounts of things in Russia and Germany, and it will be found that hardly a day passes but there is mention—generally biased, of course—against the growth of Bolshevism throughout the world. Censorships cannot conceal, neither can capitalists ignore it. At the best they can only distort facts.

BUT THE FEELING IS THERE ALRIGHT.

Even those who oppose the profiteers from a different standpoint than we do, are today appealing to our masters to abdicate and stave off the revolution. Even the jingo, filled with the righteousness of HIS country, filled with the importance of HIS view of life and the superlative brand of democracy HIS newspapers give out is now awakening to the fatuity of HIS action in declaring war. Take hold of any master and give him gas and make him tell you what he is thinking about and we dare wager that he wishes the Czar and the Kaiser were back on the job again.

Jingoes and middle-class pacifists are heeding the words of those Socialists of the world who remained true to their faith in the cause of international Socialism. And agrowing proportion of them are listening intently and awakening to a consciousness of the truths that they laughed at but a few years ago.

Nor is this phenomenon peculiar to any one country. Every country has its Schwabs. From the snowy stretches of Siberia to Sunny Spain on one section of the globe and the snowy heights of Canada to Japan on the other, the movement for Socialism is spreading, spreading, and each day adds to its momentum.

It is no longer a hidden effort, no longer a frightened thing, forced to hide in the byways for fear of violent treatment at the hands of an ignorant people and of autocratic authority. It is now an open movement, unafraid, unashamed, strong and growing stronger.

By war the capitalists sought to kill our movement, but instead war acted as a boomerang and is now killing capitalism. The stupidity, the wastefulness and the diabolical treatment accorded women and children by war has helped to hasten the day of our triumph. The million-fold deaths of the finest of men, forced to leave their homes, conscripted into the army, has rebounded and those who set the machinery of conscription going will be eventually caught up themselves, conscripted by the workingclass and compelled to work in order that they might live. War has killed the system,

you betcha your life it has. War with its effects on women and children; the sorrows and heart-breaks it breeds—all these and many other factors of horror, evil and sorrow the people of the earth are counting up and placing in the scales of Reason against the alleged good we were to derive from the blood-fest of Europe.

Watchman, ring those bells and welcome in the New Year. Comrades, are you ready? If so, sound the call. Now for the final conflict. Workers of the world, unite!

THE EDITOR IS NOT SERIOUS.

Comrades are chastising us, saying that we are not serious. We are serious enough, perhaps at times we get too serious, that is why we stand upon the threshold of prison.

It is good to laugh and indulge in a few jokes now and then and if when we visit your home and play with your children more than we discuss things with you, please excuse us. Humor is a blessed thing. When the Knights of Liberty are trying to scare hell out of you, it is good, comrades, to be able to laugh at them. It lifts your spirits upwards like a breeze lifts up a kite. And happy is the mortal that can dote on jests and quips and see in the serious problems of life something to laugh about. It ought to be a grave offence for any comrade to hide his funny bone. Charles Chaplin is worth more to us than John D. Rockefeller. One makes you laugh and the other makes you sad. The man who can laugh all the time, is a sure disperser of troubles. A human minus humor might as well be dead. For what is the use of living if you always have a long face? You can have a long face any time if you care to suffer from dyspepsia; any fool can become sick. Comrades, laugh, giggle, snicker or do anything that will make you feel happy. When you die you will be a long time dead and if you laugh now, your friends will miss that laugh. If you keep on laughing your spirits will be as high as the ears of a giraffe. Some people let their tears fall like a shower of rain. They forget that they are stabbing the god of laughter in the back. So comrades laugh, can you picture what Burnquist will be doing in a few more years? We can and it makes us laugh. Laugh and the world laughs with you, cry and the boss thinks you are a poor slave. You cannot crush the guy that laughs. So when we laugh you laugh. For the capitalists of this country are going to shed many tears, so why not laugh? Thank you, Ole.

THOUGHTS FROM PARK POINT.

We know of a little beach that stretches crescentwise beneath the blue skirts of Lake Superior, golden in the noon sunlight and grey in the dusk. That was when the summer shone in all its brilliance and splendor. Now the water is receiving its icy coat, so that it may rest for the winter and prevent laden ore boats from disturbing its tranquility. Yet despite the coldness of the weather, we love to wander out here and think of the waters as they appeared in summer. But ever the things we would think of evade us; paltry they are, spattered with the grit and grime of petty strife and striving; they fade from our mind as the smoke of the Chicora fades into the sunny mantilla of the sky, and instead of them we dream patchwork dreams whose every thread is sunlight, and we watch the Lake.

We watch it on a September morn, when the air is full of spun gold, dimpling in careless laughter at the wilful whim of the wind; and each little wave strums a gay tantara upon the shore, and leaves a sweep of colored sea shell as it whirls lakeward once more.

And afar are little children playing with tucked-up frocks, and little wet legs, screaming and dancing, drawing queer little pictures that the waves wash out and chuckle over. The morning of September is as dear and delightful as a baby's first smile and our thoughts then are smiling white-clad things that lift soft songs and kiss their fingers to us.

We watch it wrapped in a haze before the ringed fingers of the sunset draw curves and shadows on the quietly-breathing waves—waves that have hidden shells and colored stones, their playthings, and each trinket of silver foam, and doze in the living warmth of the afternoon gold.

We watch the flick of the sail white against the blue distance, and as we sit upon the beach where the evening is lengthening, we too forget Duluth, whose harsh voices comes from across the bridge, softened into a low lullaby, and our soul is filled with the mellow story of afternoon.

Then again we have sat on windy nights when the Lake is like a lover, hungry, passionate; when it fumes and froths at the tranquil beach, covering it with surging kisses, clothing it in a wild ruffle of ravelled lace. And the white Lady of the Heavens steps into her silver slippers across the shining pathway of the waves

and touches the little wet stones and wave-washed logs till they gleam like green and yellow jade. And the black moon-shadows fall in fantastic shapes upon the sands, and all the waters of the Lake sing a long bacarolle that wakes in our troubled soul wild thoughts of passion and ecstasy and transcendent happiness.

In many moods have we watched this lake, but dear old Park Point, you have still the same old beach.

When we are weary you speak of rest and give us courage to start anew the coming day and when our soul cries out you spread over us a calm philosophy that smoothes the hard lines from our forehead and fills us with serene joy.

And when we pack up and wander back to the old ways of dust and prosiness we know we are a little wiser and a little happier for we carry with us always something of the happiness, the enthusiasm and health of the waves and something of the steadfastness and quiet of that bright stretch of beach of yours, Park Point.

Happy New Year to you, my friend of Park Point.

Some day we are going to make you glad. We are going into the slums, the factories and all places where children ought not to be and you will laugh with us, dear beach. We shall sing a tuneful melody, sweeter than that of the opera, more harmony than of a symphony orchestra. Beat on you waves, and with the laughter of little children we shall unite in one glorious flood of nature's music. Sing again waves of the lake, because we want you to drown the sorrowful cries of our starving children and piteous cries of our lovable sisters who nightly stand beneath the glare of the city lights.

Oh waves of the lake, can you not transpose that music of yours to our cities? Must we come to you? If you say it must be so, then we are going to leave the factories. We are going to stop sweating our lives away. We are coming to you, voices of the sea. Park Point smooth your sands, for we are getting tired of the hum-drum life of the city.

HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YOU ALL.

What cant and hypocrisy in a New Year's greeting after you have read the following from the Sunday edition of the News Tribune:

New York, Dec. 21.—Aroused by reports that, with Christmas approaching East Side children are "fainting in school rooms and dying at home from hunger," because their parents cannot afford to pay the prevailing high prices for milk and staple foods, representative citizens today organized a committee to "feed them first and investigate afterwards."

A plea that something be done for her pupils, who were "slowly starving to death," was made recently by a teacher to Joseph S. Markus, a banker who visited the schools, hospitals and tenements and today issued a statement dealing with conditions on the East Side.

One settlement, he said, has the names of 150 babies, who recovering from influenza now face death from pneumonia because their parents cannot buy milk necessary to restore them to health. Every hospital in the district, he continues, "know hundreds of other underfed children, many of whom are physically unable to continue their studies." Of his visit to one school, he said:

"In one room there were 22 children. A ragman would not have paid five cents for all the clothing they wore. Many had no undergarments and those who did could hardly call them by that name. Many were without shoes and others had heelless and soleless ones."

SELF-DETERMINATION FOR SUBJECT RACES.

The above clause in President Wilson's fourteen points is receiving the support of the radicals. The Irish do not support it. Why should there be any doubt about the question? All peoples are entitled to self-government, whether it is good or bad. Self-determination is political hypocrisy. Ask half the workers of America, in fact as 75 per cent of them, as to whether they should own the factory or the boss? Self-determination is all bosh.

The Irish people are not going to ask anybody to settle the Irish question—they are quietly organizing on the job and in a strong political party and in due time they will determine the result of the present controversy about Ireland.

Will this verse be tore out of Church hymn books:

"The Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar,
Who follows in His train?"

If the powers-that-be stop all red flags, what about red noses?