

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



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14

FRIDAY, MAY 30, 1919

WHOLE NO. 102.

FIVE CENTS.

Rena Mooney Appeals to Labor

"WE ARE ALL INNOCENT, ALL OF US WHO HAVE BEEN 'FRAMED' UP."

A mere slip of a woman dressed in a soft brown suit and a soft brown feathered sailor is speaking to workers in the State of New York.

Her blue eyes, gentle as a child's did not belong to the face of a woman who has been charged with an attempt to murder people in broad daylight. Yet she was Rena Mooney, wife of Thomas J. Mooney, now serving a life sentence in the San Quentin Jail in San Francisco, and she herself has just completed 22 months in the San Francisco jail.

There are eight counts still remaining in the indictment against her, and District Attorney Fickert of San Francisco has vowed that if Rena Mooney was acquitted seven times he would hang her on the eighth time. So that the blue-eyed, smiling woman who will make 200 speeches to save her husband's life is not yet a free woman.

"We are innocent, all of us who have been framed up by the San Francisco authorities," Mrs. Mooney said to me. "Why, when the detectives came up to me they said, 'So you organized the carmen?' Eh? Your husband thought he was it did he?"

"I asked them then what that had to do with our arrests. We thought we had been arrested in connection with the Preparedness Day parade explosion. But we were not. I hope it is patent to everyone that we are as innocent as the officials are guilty of framing us up."

No Hope in Courts.

"We have no hope of appealing to the courts of San Francisco and obtaining justice. If I thought there was some hope I would try but I have been through more than two years of justice finding in San Francisco. It isn't there."

Mrs. Mooney shook her head sadly, but the next moment the blue eyes were smiling again in their soft way.

"The only way that my husband can be freed is through the will of the American workers. It is to them that I shall appeal. A ballot has been sent to be voted upon by the American workers whether or not to strike to save Mooney. This will be voted on May 20. The strike will follow on July 4 and there will be a follow-up strike in September."

"When I was leaving for the East I said to Tom: 'I'm going to New York and I'm going to speak all over the East. What shall I tell the folks?' And Tom in his blue prison uniform, said: 'Tell them, Rena, that it's not me alone they're going to save, but they're going to save others. For if they can convict me, and murder me this way, then they can do the same thing to you, to Weinberg and to Billings.'"

That is the situation now in the Mooney case that has reached the ears of people on two hemispheres.

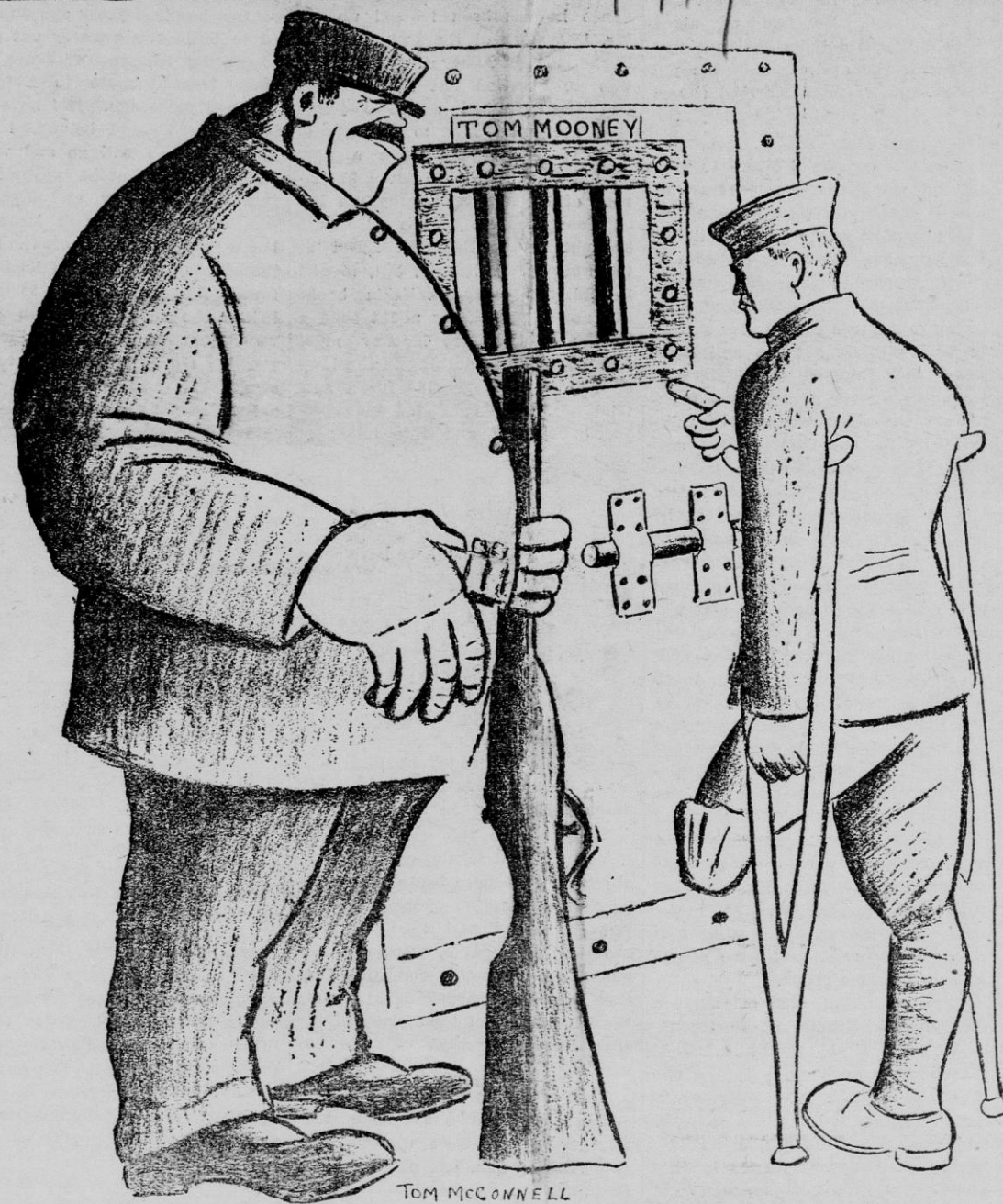
It's Only Labor Can Do It.
"I can't do much," Mrs. Mooney continued, in her retiring way; "it's only labor that can do much. Tom says so, and labor knows it. So here I am. I can't do much, but I can tell the truth about the frame-up."

Of her 22 months in jail Mrs. Mooney said:

"After I served 13 months I was acquitted, but they sent me back, and I remained for nine months more. I don't know why; they just did it. Around me were girls, convicted of being drug fiends and prostitutes and thieves, but they were all my friends, and they loved me. I scrubbed the floors of the prison four times a week, just as they did, and they seemed to know the details of my story almost as well as I knew it myself. When they learned that I was acquitted, they banged their tin cups against the walls to let me know that they had heard the news and were congratulating me."

When they first arrested Mrs. Mooney, they locked her in a jail bathroom, where no daylight entered. On the walls were the clothes of the unfortunate women whom the law had seized and taken into its protection. In the corners were heaps of soiled towels that these women had used before they donned their prison clothes. For two days and two nights the beloved music teacher of scores of San Francisco boys and girls remained in that bathroom without a bed.

"I could not sleep on the floor," said Mrs. Mooney, "so I propped up two chairs and tried to sleep on them, with my music book as a pillow. I spent a sleepless night, and as I had not been able to change



Guard (to soldier visiting San Quentin, Cal., penitentiary): "So you gave a leg for Democracy!"
Soldier (before Tom Mooney's cell): "Is that the kind of democracy I lost a leg for?"

nor get clean properly, I must have looked very wild.

When she was brought before the grand jury for the first time, she met District Attorney Fickert for the first time.

"I smile at him," related Mrs. Mooney, "and told him that I had voted for him once, when he was running on a labor ticket. He interrupted me at least 20 times, while I was answering the questions of the jury. He couldn't put me on the wrong track because I was telling the truth. There's nothing easier to stick to than the truth."

Speaking before an audience of Union workers which crowded the Boston Grand Opera House to its capacity, Mrs. Mooney said: "Your brothers throughout the Nation realize that the fate of my husband is of serious concern to every worker." It is not for him alone that we are conducting this struggle. "We must defeat the frame-up of which

he and Warren K. Billings are the victims if we expect America to be a safe place for intelligent workers." She told of her efforts to assist her husband in organizing the Street-Car men in San Francisco, contrary to the wishes of the corporations. When she told of the manner of her arrest and imprisonment and her mistreatment at the hands of Labor's enemies many Bostonians were astonished to learn that methods since abolished in Russia were still in vogue in free America.

Round after round of applause greeted the reading of the strike resolution introduced by Norman H. Tallentire, the Boston representative of the League. The resolution was adopted by a unanimous standing vote, after the question of the strike had been put by Michael O'Donnell president of the Boston Central Labor Union.

MINERS WILL STRIKE FOR MOONEY-DEBS

Midvale Union Moves for Referendum Vote of U. M. W. of A. for July 4th General Strike—For Liberation of All Political Prisoners.

(United Mine Workers of America, Local Union No. 1348, Midvale, Ohio.)

To the officers and members of the International Executive Board, United Mine Workers of America: Whereas, The time has come when organized labor can no longer hope for fair, just and unprejudiced consideration at the hands of employers; and,

Whereas, The trial and conviction of Eugene V. Debs and Thomas J. Mooney is not only an arrant miscarriage of justice as regards the individual, but is a direct attack upon all labor organizations by organized capital; and,

Whereas, Every appeal has been tried and every attempt made to secure a fair and impartial trial for Eugene V. Debs and Thomas J. Mooney but without avail, therefore be it:

Resolved, That we, the officers and members of Local Union No. 1348, U. M. W. of A., of Midvale, Ohio, go on record as unanimously endorsing the Debs and Mooney strike and hereby petition our international president and the members of the executive board for a referendum vote to be taken among the entire membership of the U. M. W. of A. on or before May 15, 1919, for the purpose of endorsing the Debs-Mooney strike and that if such referendum vote carries in favor of said strike that the U. M. W. of A. as a body walk out July 4, 1919, and stay out until Eugene V. Debs, and Thomas J. Mooney and all other prisoners are released.

JAMES T. HASKET,
FRED HELLE,
JOHN S. STOCKDALE,
Committee.

Be a Man!

On July 4th, 1919, the anniversary of Independence Day, the workers of America are asked to stand up and be men.

On that day you are asked to shew YOUR independence and strike for the release of Mooney and W. K. Billings. Remember this, fellow-workers that when you strike for these gallant fighters of the labor movement, you strike for yourselves. The imprisonment of Mooney and Billings is a direct challenge to yourselves. If these men are compelled to lie in prison and their to rot their lives away and die, then look out, for once the vultures taste human flesh they never stop, they go on and on, with their insatiable appetites, until they have destroyed the lives of all those that seek to make labor free.

The man who says that Mooney and Billings are guilty, is a DAMNABLE LIAR. Mooney and Billings think too much of the class they belong to, than to place a bomb in a parade of the workers.

MOONEY and BILLINGS are prisoners of war. The ENEMY have got them in their industrial camps and they mean to keep them there—that is providing you stand up and on July 4th, stop the wheels of industry and through the force of your economic power compel the master-class to realise that you are the persons responsible for feeding, clothing and housing the world and that so long as one member of your class is illegally held in the prisons of America, you will absolutely refuse to turn a hand, and so make the master-class go hungry and so make them realise what you have had to contend with, time and time again. Such a lesson delivered to the master class of this country would be a telling one. For masters never reason, only with brute force. If you dare to strike, they will endeavor to drive you back by the whip of starvation. They will see your children and wives die under your very eyes, before they will give way one inch. Now that you have the power, use it and use it well. Stop every wheel of industry and say to the masters of America, you have gone too far, it is about time that we called a halt.

Open up the prison doors or by god we shall smash them down by the weight of our economic power. Let these men out of the prison. Let all men out of prison, who are there because they are for labor. Let them out we say or we shall either force you to open the gates of the prisons or—?

Men of Labor, you are charged with an obligation on July 4th, which is more sacred than all the contracts of your masters. It is the sacred bond of brotherhood that binds one member of the workingclass with another. If you desire to play your part as a worker, you will strike on July 4th. You will close every factory, mine and shop. Stand erect on that day and let the world know that at last you have awakened from your age-long sleep, resolved to free Mooney, Billings and all class-war prisoners and to go even further, free yourselves.

ON JULY 4th-- BE A MAN!

PRISONERS OF WAR



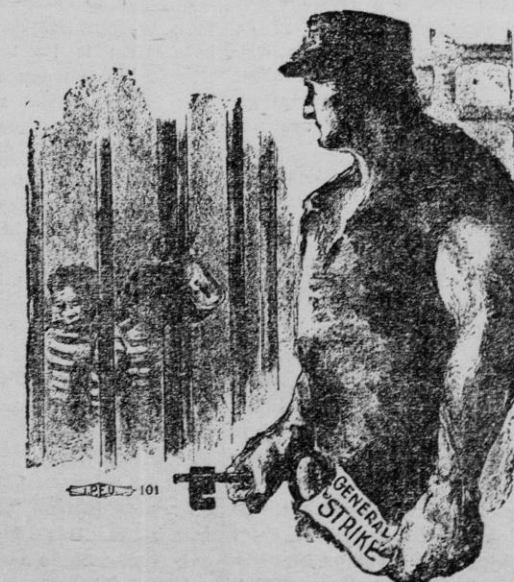
Tom Mooney



Rena Mooney



W. K. Billings



THE ONLY KEY THAT WILL OPEN THE CELL DOORS OF ALL CLASS WAR PRISONERS.

FRENCH SAILORS TALK BOLSHEVIST DOCTRINE

**MEN FROM WARSHIP OPENLY DENOUNCE
CLEMENCEAU AT SEBASTOPOL**

BY LOUIS EDGAR BROWNE.

Sebastopol, Russia, April 13.—"There will be no happiness in France until Clemenceau is dead! The bolsheviks are the best people in Russia! There is good and bad in everything, but the good in bolshevism outweighs the bad a thousand times! Lenin is the greatest man in the world!"

I stood on the steps of the public landing here in Sebastopol and listened to this inflammatory harangue. The man speaking was a French sailor. The word "Mirabeau" in gaudy gold letters on his cap, indicated that he belonged to the crew of the French ship of that name now in the naval dry dock. Fifteen or twenty of his fellow sailors, all from the same ship, stood about and admired their comrade. Forty or fifty Russians from various walks of life crowded close to the speaker. Some of them understood French. Here and there men were interpreting for those who could not understand. Sailors from the Jean Bart and other French ships were close, but they treated the sailor- orator with indifference. Some of the people listening sneered at these revolutionary utterances, but the majority smiled their approbation.

This was the first time I had ever heard a Frenchman talk in this manner. I had heard the bolsheviks of Petrograd talk similarly scores of times.

Wants to Kill Women.

Another sailor took upon the burden of the trade. He turned to two well-dressed Russian women, and pointing his finger at them said:

"It is just such people as you that the bolsheviks ought to kill. You have oppressed the people long enough. We Frenchmen will soon be bolsheviks and then we'll go home and cut the throats of our own bourgeoisie."

As he made this last remark, the sailor drew his finger across his throat in a significant manner to more graphically imply what would happen to the capitalists and bourgeoisie should his kind ever get control of France. It must have been just such Frenchmen as this who revel in watching the bloody work of the guillotine in the days of the terror. Yet all of these sailors were clean cut, intelligent looking, and well dressed. The speakers appeared to be between 25 and 30 years of age. Their inflammatory remarks were soon replaced by commonplace arguments regarding foreign exchange, the cost of shoes and the scarcity of food. In a few minutes the launch from the navy yard drew alongside the landing stage and the sailors piled aboard.

Several Russians asked to be taken aboard a foreign warship. The captain inquired why the people wished to leave, stating that as the French were to continue to hold Sebastopol they would be in good hands. The woman replied:

"Oh, yes, but it is the French sailors that we fear most."

I heard one account of a group of French sailors from the Mirabeau holding a meeting to determine whether they should form a soviet or not. Obviously, they did not dare to carry their revolutionary activities to far, because no soviet was formed. Although a number of French ships are in the harbor, the crew of the Mirabeau seems to be the only one seriously affected by the disease of world revolution. Discipline on good, but if revolutionary tendencies exist they are not visible.

The evacuation of Sebastopol has already begun. The soviet army advanced with unsuspected rapidity and suddenly appeared at the gates of Simferopol. The ministers of the Crimean government fled to Sebastopol in cattle cars and placed themselves under the protection of the guns of the French fleet. Admiral Amet, commanding the forces intervening in Crimea, said a few days ago that he would continue to defend the city. His forces consist of 2,000 Greek and 600 French troops in addition to the crews of three capital ships and three or four destroyers and other small craft. Yet despite this declaration, he announced on the 11th that the civilian evacuation would begin at once. A considerable portion of the British fleet in these waters is in Sebastopol.

Bolshevik Address French.

Official bolshevik publications and pamphlets made their appearance on the streets and walls of Sebastopol before the French admiral announced that the civilian evacuation would begin. The following proclamation, addressed to "Our French Comrades," is typical:

"The hour of liberation for the oppressed class of Crimea has come. We hope, dear friends, that you will not raise your arm against the red army; but will follow the example of your compatriots at Kherson, Nikolayev and Odessa, who welcome the advancing red army as fellow proletarians. We have received by radio a bit of great news; our hearts are filled with joy; your people have overthrown the dictator Clemenceau. We are happy to record the fact that liberty and justice have penetrated your country. We congratulate the French people and wish them the greatest success in this universal movement."

French sailors read this and return to their ships with doubt in their minds. Their officers assure them that Clemenceau is yet the premier of France. Most of the sailors believe their officers, but there are always a few who from the point of view of class prejudice think that their officers are lying to them on general principles.

The Greeks seemed totally unaffected by appeals of this sort. The Greeks fought the bolsheviks at every turn of the road. Consequently bolshevik propagandists used every trick of the trade to break down the Greek morale. Here is a proclamation addressed to the Greek soldiers.

"On Oct. 25, 1917, the Russian workmen, soldiers and peasants overthrew the bourgeoisie, created the soviet government and began to build their own regime of labor and fraternity—a regime of socialism. The capitalists of the world provoked merciless war against the Russian workmen in order that they might re-establish their own rule and again oppress the workmen and peasants."

"The Russian officers and bourgeoisie first called on the Germans for aid. When the revolution broke out in Germany the German soldiers themselves became bolsheviks, returned to their homes and are now struggling also on behalf of the soviet government."

"Next the Russian officers and bourgeoisie called on the French and Greeks for aid; but the French in no place were willing to fight against the bolsheviks. At Kherson, at Odessa and in the Crimean peninsula the French did not fight against us, but their commanders send you Greek soldiers into the front line to be slaughtered. Now, in France a revolution has begun. French soldiers and sailors are becoming bolsheviks in order that they may return to their own homes and struggle on behalf of soviet power."

"Greek soldiers!

"Why will you alone continue the struggle?"

"Not a shot against the bolsheviks!"

"Hail the soviet signed."

"Revolutionary War Committee of Sebastopol."

To satisfy people, living in normal times, these appeals would give rise more to ridicule and contempt than to interest. The danger from bolshevism is its terribly destructive force—the cause is that it offers hungry, tired and despondent peoples some intangible, idealistic alternative to the long established order of things, the impracticability and impossibility of which, they believe, culminated in five years of human slaughter.

The moral of it all is that Russia and other countries with bolshevik tendencies must be studied closely by unbiased people without preconceived notions of class prejudice. Those who advocate armed resistance must bear in mind that all forces sent against this red army must be selected with extreme care, otherwise instead of checking the march of this destructive force only fuel will be added to the fire.

The total contempt in which the bolsheviks of Sebastopol held the French military regime and the confidence that the soviet had in tacit support of the French sailors and soldiers is indicated by the three following proclamations drawn

STRIKE FOR TOM MOONEY

By Denis E. Batt.
Member of Detroit Electrical Workers Union.

away at exactly one minute to two. Some traveling!

That has been the kind of evidence he has been framed up on. Mr. Densmore of the United States Department of Labor said that there was no question but that Mooney had been framed up. The judge that sentenced him to choke said that Mooney should have a new trial. Oxman wrote to some henchman of his to swear away the life of Tom Mooney. The case was brought to the Supreme Court of the State of California, but, io and behold, the sacred calfskin books did not say anything about such a case and therefore Mooney must hang. There was nothing in the laws of California to provide for a new trial for a man convicted upon perjured evidence and this letter of Oxman's did not come to light until after Mooney was sentenced therefore, it was not in the Mooney case.

In Seattle, however, we have some working men and women who are alive and ready to fight like hell. They immediately sent out over the country a call for a general strike in order to prevent the hanging of Tom Mooney and what was the result? The governor of the State of California commuted Mooney's sentence to life imprisonment, and mark it well, when the workers lay down their tools, he shall go free.

That is also the case with the I. W. W.'s and all the conscientious objectors have been brutally treated, beaten with riding crops until too faint to stand and then marched around the yard by two soldiers and when in such a condition that they needed a physicians attention. This ill treatment took place in the Disciplinary Barracks at Leavenworth.

Then we come to another object, another who stands out as a class war prisoner, and we use his case as an illustration. I think that when Debs went to jail he went realizing that he did not want to be free until all his fellow workers convicted under the Espionage Law were free. Eugene V. Debs needs none to speak on his behalf. Liebknecht staged a peace demonstration in front of the Kaiser's palace at one of the critical periods of the war and they gave him four years. Debs gives a speech in America and got ten years. What can we learn? There is only one thing that is go-

ing to square that score and that is absolute, unconditional release of all of our class workers.

I am often told when I talk like this to go back where I came from. My ancestors came into this country with Burgoyne's army close on two hundred years ago and helped to build this country out of the forest. My grandfather drove an ox team from Buffalo to Detroit a hundred years ago. If I have to go back to where I belong, I don't know where I will go and when I think of Liebknecht getting four years in Germany and Debs getting ten here; I don't know that I am exactly proud of it. I love the country so well, my friends, that I want the working class to take it. I like the country so well that I want some of it myself. Like most working men, the only real estate I own, I carry underneath my finger nails.

What the Socialist Party wants to do is to organize the workers into a class-conscious party. The capitalists think it right that Debs should be in jail, also Tom Mooney in San Quentin. Some think the government extremely lenient in allowing him to live instead of choking him to death, but I think it is wrong. They have brutally and ruthlessly imprisoned our comrades, put them in jail for months without the formality of a charge, broken up our meetings, denied us the customary right of free speech, and as long as the government remains in the hands of the capitalist class it will be used in the interests of the capitalist class. Never yet have I seen them do anything but obstruct our movement as much as possible.

We must convince them that we are sufficiently strong and sufficiently well organized to make it easier for them to release the political and industrial prisoners than to keep them in jail. We must organize and put ourselves in control of the political and industrial machinery.

As I read and go into the shops I observe that the working man is taking on a different attitude. I find that he is observing things, is more interested in the serious things of life, is beginning to think and will move fast when he thinks seriously. And therefore you must agree with me when I say the future looks rosy and I think you will also agree with me that in the not far distance we can see the dawn of the new day.

BOOKS WORTH WHILE

By DAVID BOISPA.

UNIVERSITY PROFESSOR UP-
HOLDS I. W. W.

Full justice to the I. W. W. movement comes from an unexpected source—the Columbia University Publication. This is embodied in "The I. W. W.; A Study of American Syndicalism," by Paul Frederick Brissenden, Ph. D., formerly assistant in economics at the University of California and University Fellow at Columbia; now special agent of the U. S. Department of Labor. The volume (over 400 pages in length) is an historical and descriptive sketch of the present drift from parliamentary to industrial socialism as epitomized in the thirteen years history of the I. W. W.

For ten years Dr. Brissenden has been making his first-hand investigations of the Wobblies. He is himself a red. His history is based on the documents and statements of the I. W. W., which he has digested and understood sympathetically, while recognizing the weakness of the organization—for nothing perfect has ever appeared on the planet. For example, "Unquestionably the I. W. W. ask too much when they ask that the producers be given exclusive control of industry. As to certain phases of management the workers (including, of course, all hand and brain workers connected with the industry) should perhaps be given entire control."

Professor Brissenden speaks frankly in his preface of the misrepresentation the press has deliberately fastened upon the minds of the people, and his work is an attempt to set forth in scholarly, historical detail just what the I. W. W. represents, how it came to be, what it has done and expects to do, and its high ideals underlying its actions—dealing with its more fundamental tenets on their merits and acting courageously upon our conclusions.

Comrades Brissenden gives a brief survey of such movements as that of the Knights of Labor leading up to the Industrial Workers of the World, then the dramatic story of the birth of the I. W. W., followed by the growth and activities of the organization, the part played by Debs, De Leon, the Detroit I. W. W. and all activities down to the Chicago trial.

It is now safe to sing the Wobly songs, for you can open this ponderous Columbia University volume and read from the appendix the cream of the I. W. W. songs to fan the flames of discontent. Other valuable data is contained in the appendices, while the bibliography is a mine of information. Altogether, Dr. Brissenden has performed a monumental and valuable labor in giving this authoritative history of one of the most vital forces in American peaceable adjustment of affairs.

(Longmans, Green & Co., Agents, New York; \$4.00 net).

MORE RUSSIAN DOCUMENTS.

"Voices From Russia" gives the cream of the Russian documents in nearly a hundred pages. There have been numerous pamphlets dealing with Russian sources material, but "Voices From Russia" is the most

comprehensive that has yet come to my notice. (The Melting Pot, Pontiac Bldg., St. Louis; 25c special bundle rates.)

Pathetically amusing, and yet historically valuable as a study in the reaction of the papery royalty in the recent Russian deliverance is the volume, "Revolutionary Days: Recollections of Romanoffs and Bolsheviks, 1914-1917," by Princess Cantacuzene, Countess Speransky. Perhaps you will know her better as the former Miss Julia Dent Grant, granddaughter of President Grant. Considering her training, we are not surprised that her best title for the revolutionary hosts is "The Scum." Seriously, there is much interesting and valuable information in this inside reminiscent tale of court life and of the wailing of a spoiled pet of two continents.

(Small, Maynard & Co., Boston; \$2.00 net).

ROGER PAYNE—HOBO PHILOSOPHER.

I know Roger Payne pretty well. We were associated together—and frequently apart, as is the nature of such activities—in the old City Central Committee of Local Los Angeles. For a few years Comrade Payne drifted out of my life and I kept wondering where he was. Then one day a few months ago he turned up with a travelers bag across his back and I learned that he had several times traversed the continent in various directions afoot. He has a philosophy of the simple life—and dares to live it. The years on the road have given point to the Cambridge University (England) training and the business career of Comrade Payne. He offers his mode of life as one method of escape but is not offering it as the solution of social ills—Roger is too good a Marxian Socialist for that. The heart of his reflections is included in a little book just off the press, "The Hobo Philosopher, or The Philosophy of the Natural Life."

Both Socialism and the Nature and Art sides of life are blended in a rounded view of being and the volume itself a joyous work of art. Truly an edition de luxe of tobs of such a casket. Photographs show Comrade Payne at his desk "even as you and I," on the road with pack, before his tent in the semi-domesticated life at the Fellowship Farm with camp fire going, and tucked away beneath the stars in sleeping bag. A bit of philosophy, a spice of economics, an insight into the menu of our "Hobo Philosopher," and answers to the typical questions that have been asked him in all parts of the continent about fill the bill. Comrade Payne is working on a large volume in which he will give detailed results of his first hand studies in economics. In the meantime, if you cannot meet Roger, I can cheerfully recommend his "Hobo Philosopher," in its de luxe dress.

(The Author, Fellowship Farm, Puente, Calif., paper, 25c; boards, cloth back, 50c art leather, 75c.) Above books can be had at Truth Office.

BUFFALO LEFT WING SECTION

The following is the official vote on the balloting for the various National Offices.

Leading Candidates on the N. E. C. L. C. Fraina, 259; N. Hourwich, 205; F. P. Brill, 159; E. I. Lindgren, 150; and M. Hillquist, 83.

For International Delegates. Jno. Reed, 307; L. C. Fraina, 285; C. E. Ruthenberg, 271; L. B. Boudin, 153; I. E. Ferguson, 67; V. L. Berger, 61.

For International Secretary. Kate O'Hare, 145 and M. Hillquist, 80.

STRIKE MAY SPREAD TO B. COLUMBIA

Vancouver, B. C., May 27—Winipeg's general strike, in progress more than a week, spreading to Calgary and Edmonton, Alta., including Toronto, Regina, Sask., and several small districts, seems about to sweep into British Columbia. Late last night it was announced from Victoria that the trades and labor council had decided to call for a strike vote, in sympathy with Winipeg strikers, the results to be in Sunday night.

up in open session of the war revolutionary committee. These proclamations were printed in leaflet form and also posted all over the walls of the city.

"Union of chauffeurs: The Sebastopol war revolutionary committee orders you immediately to stop all movement of automobiles by every means in your power."

"Union of stevedores: The Sebastopol war revolution committee orders you not to permit workmen to load or unload for the purpose of evacuating the volunteer army. Work must be stopped at once."

"Union of sailors and the crews of the merchant fleet: The Sebastopol war revolutionary committee orders you to stop all work on the ships and other places; also you must take all measures to prevent the evacuation of ships with or without freight."

Gale Went To Mexico

And down there, where there is neither conscription, extradition nor a Jefferson Market Prison, he resumed publishing his fiery journal.

Gale's Magazine

It costs \$2 a year, American money, and \$1 for 6 months and is Worth Lot More. Send an international money order for a subscription (No Free Samples Sent) and read such things as: "The Soliloquy of a Slacker"; "Judas Iscariot and the Bolsheviki"; "The Catholic Church, the Cancer of Mexico"; "Lening, the World's Hope"; "Keep Hands Off Mexico"; etc.

The censor will now let GALE'S MAGAZINE enter the United States and circulate in the mails, but this doesn't make any difference. Linn A. E. Gale has been making Burleson and the postal gods look like 20 cents all along. He—but hush, that would be telling!

Just send your subscription to

Gale's Magazine

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Mexico City, D. F., Mexico.

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WHAT THE BOLSHEVIKS THINK OF OUR SECRET WORKERS COUNCILS

Written for the Social-Demokraten (Christiania).

By MICHAEL PUNTERVOLD.

The Soviet of the Northern Commune (Petrograd) has just issued a political "Workers' Kalendar" for the year 1919. Among other things it contains the first official presentation of the formation and history of the workers' councils (Soviets). It is extremely interesting to trace the chief lines of development as given in the presentation of the "Kalendar." It was on October 12, 1905, during the revolution, that the first decision was taken concerning the first workers' council (Soviet). It was just after a great political strike in Petrograd. On the very next day, the workers in various great factories and the existing trade union organizations arranged an election of representatives and on the following day, October 14th, 1905, the first workers' council was opened. The intention at first was simply this. To create through the Soviet the best organ for correct communications between the workers and their political comrades with regard to the strike and the decisions of the leadership. (It should be remembered that there was during the epoch of Czarism, persecutions of the press, and revolutionary conditions in general). There were delegates from twenty-two great factories, in Petrograd, or rather from the workers' clubs in those factories, and from the three trades unions, which had been able to form labor organizations in the course of the few months of the revolution; namely, the typographical union, the office workers' union and the salesmen's union,—in other words the three trade organizations which would stand most to the right of the Bolsheviks. At the first meeting of the Soviet, it was decided to send a delegation to the Imperial Duma, with various demands, first and foremost among which was the formation of a workers' militia; also, a demand calling upon the non-striking half of Petrograd's working population to join the political mass strike. In the latter connection the outcome was fortunate, since the delegation to the Duma in this way escaped being arrested. Afterwards, the Soviet took over one new task after the other, and because thus the germ of a true workers' government, as opposed to the extremely bourgeois reactionary Duma. The workers were called upon to refuse to pay house-rent and those who did so were arrested only five days later, but liberated after a delegation had presented their case to Prime Minister Witte. The influence of the Soviet group was growing. The printers inaugurated, on their own hook, a certain liberty of the press, by boycotting all groups which obeyed the censorship. On October 29th, the Soviet issued its first decree on its own initiative. "The 8-hour day shall be put through." (In certain factories the workers had, as a matter of fact, already resumed work, so that the strike as such had begun to weaken.) Already, on October 26th a military revolt had broken out in the Fortress of Kronstadt immediately outside of Petrograd, to prevent the revolters from being court-martialed; the Soviet decided to issue a call for a new and general strike, this time with the special slogans of "Down with court-martials, the death penalty, and the state of siege." The general strike again flared up—only the postal and telegraph employees, cab-drivers, and the majority of business associations continuing to work. (There had been nevertheless, in the meantime, a special, general demonstration strike within the post and telegraph system, instigated by the Soviet.) On November 3d, however, the government arrested all of the three hundred persons who had assembled at the Soviet Congress on that day. Of these, fifty-two were chosen at random and court-martialed and fifteen of the latter were sent to Siberia. The Soviet had decided to issue arms to the workers, giving as a reason the desire to protect the workers against pogroms instigated from above. The political program of the Soviet was moreover simply the following: The overthrow of Czarism, and the inauguration of a republic with the aid of an All-Russian National Assembly, elected by all the people on the basis of a general suffrage for all citizens. The 1905 Soviet had no party organization determined in advance. The majority consisted of the two social-democratic parties: The Men-

sheviki and Bolsheviks, indisputably in the majority.
After the arrests of November 3d, it was impossible for the remains of the Soviet representation to organize the workers' council, nor was there any swing in the direction of the latest political protest strikes. The 1905 Soviet had passed away, but had nevertheless by and within itself gathered all the hopes of the Proletariat and of all the radical intelligentsia. The 1905 Soviet stood for the politically awakened portion of the worker and peasant class, as the real "workers' government" a name which it began to assume more and more, in the speech of the common people.
In spite of the fall of the Soviet, the various party organizations of their difficulties; that is, secretly already succeeded in freeing themselves after a fashion, from most and therefore, "illegally." But they did free themselves. As is well known, there is many a slip between a prohibition and its execution in Slavic Russia.
On February 27th, 1917, the next Soviet was formed at Petrograd in the Tavrda Palace. This occurred on a summons from the representatives chosen by the workers to the Imperial Duma, who addressed a manifesto to the population on the subject. This manifesto, strikingly enough, still makes use of the salutation, "citizens," and not simply, "workers." (In the 3d stage, the stage in which we now find ourselves, after the victory of the Bolsheviks, the salutation "workers" has been displaced by that of "Tavarishechi"—comrades.)
This manifesto from the workers' party fraction in the Duma, became, according to the "Kalendar" the signal which was to bring tottering Czarism to its final fall, by giving to the popular uprising, which was already in powerful fermentation, the necessary slogans. After this 27th of February, 1917, the bourgeoisie was obliged to share power with the workers' Soviet. Soviet representatives assembled at Petrograd, and one representative for each factory, (or in the case of the larger factories, one for each thousand workers). From now on, the Duma's provisional revolutionary committee could alone act together with the Soviet. Such approval had also to be obtained, before Prince Lvoff's provisional revolutionary government of March 1st, 1917 could be established. On the same day, furthermore this second Soviet issued its first decree on its own initiative: It assured to the soldiers the same rights as to all other citizens, etc.—Changes now followed in rapid succession, with an increasing swiftness, as the pulse-beat of the revolution was accelerated. On March 14, the Soviet issued its famous manifesto. "To all the Nations of the Earth!" in which the great masses of the people are called upon to settle for themselves the question of peace or war. Autonomy was promised to Poland, Finland and Ukraine. Annexations were declared to be inadmissible, etc. Simultaneously, the government was proceeding by means of other manifestoes and a different policy, without however arriving at any open conflict between the Soviet and the government. The course of events ran on swiftly, particularly after the great military defeats at the hands of the Germans in Austria. The hostility to the government increased among the soldiers and therefore also among the peasants. And now Lenin, after his return from Switzerland, came out with his irresistible, logical demand: "Two centers of power are unthinkable. We cannot have both the Government and the Soviet. It is a question of either one or the other." And now followed, one after the other, all the well-known events, as a consequence of which the Bolsheviks defeated all their competitors. While all the other parties, (like genuine Russians) were losing themselves in theoretical discussions as to the most appropriate disposition of affairs, Lenin, a clergyman's son with a Marxist training, added distinctly in accordance with his program; and yet he is a flexible realpolitiker who will have his place in history!—Peace at any price! For even behind Brest-Litovsk there lurked the Entente victory over Emperor William!—Lenin accepted all consequences and therefore dragged his whole party with him in turn. But not even that would have at that time had any real, realpolitical future prospects,

Letter Received From Japan.

In Japan the persecution of socialists is as severe as ever. My husband, was imprisoned for the fifth time last autumn, with him a number of comrades also. It was on account of some labor papers which were very moderate. He came out in February, but he is not yet quite well.

The foreign books which are prohibited importation amount to more than 800 kinds, among them most of socialist books. The books sent by Kerr & Company were mostly confiscated, the Communist Manifesto also.

The English paper "Japan Advertiser," was suppressed recently because it reprinted the Japanese socialists' resolutions sent to the Bolsheviks. We know very little about the disturbances in Korea, because the government does not allow the papers to report about it. You may well imagine in what situation we are here in Japan. No liberty of press and speech at all. Even the personal freedom of the people is one of the very limited kinds, for the government is always suspicious and spying on us. The mere term of "socialism" is enough to frighten the government. And no open discussion on socialism is allowed. The government declared even the essays against socialism may be exposed to the danger of suppression, because through them people may know something about the true nature of socialism, or may serve to arouse the curiosity of the people and urge them to study about it.

The strikes and the labor unions are not yet allowed. Laborers are shamelessly exploited. The factory laws there are of course very insufficient in themselves, but the government is too weak to enforce them upon the capitalist. Can you believe that most Japanese girlworkers' working day is 18 hours? Their annual income \$50 average. The official report tells us that 13,000 girl-workers are dying of consumption every year. They have no chances to be enlightened by outer influences because most of them are shut up in the dormitories. The cases of their ill treatments do not attract much attention because they know no outside people, and no capitalist paper consents to write about such cases. As for the labor paper, the government is always anxious to suppress it and imprison its editors. After all, the Japanese people are living under the darkest oppression of Beaurocracy. And as the people's discontent is growing stronger, the oppression becomes ever severer.

The government forbids socialists to go abroad. Many comrades want to go abroad, but they can not. Comrade Sakai wanted to attend the conference at Berne, but the government did not give him his passport. The government is in utmost fear of the Bolshevik influences. They have no conviction in their strength against the democratic tendency, so they take every means to suppress it before hand, out of fears.

which might have led out of the chaos of the moment.—For Lenin came, saw and conquered. It was a historical moment, full of consequences. Therefore, the most consequent, consistent man was destined to win. And that was Lenin.

(We northerners might in this connection perhaps, in our poor way, think of Michelsen in 1905.—All right served.)

From the circumstance that the workers' council showed itself to be the consistent next step for Russia (in which country parliamentarism was unknown), just at the historic moment of November, 1917, in that country, we can however, not conclude without further details, that the workers' council therefore is the necessary, proper course for the Socialists of other countries. It is the actual existing conditions of the country that should determine the realpolitical conclusions in each case.—Recently Lenin himself, in answer to a question put by me, during a conversation that took place in the Kremlin, uttered a contemptuous criticism of Hilferding's plan of "anchoring the workers' Soviets in the very constitution of the German empire."—Lenin just laughed. "The project is simply ridiculous.—But as a symptom it has a kind of interest, for it shows that the "Independent" in Germany have lost ground."—A mixed system of parliament and Soviet, therefore, finds no favor in the eyes of the chief representative of the Soviet idea.

Nor do the secret workers' councils, with which we have been flirting in our country, impress our Russian teachers, as I am aware from many conversations with leading Bolsheviks. So late as March 1st, I had, in this connection, a very interesting talk with the representative of the Central Soviet Government and the "controller" assigned to the Petrograd government, Comrade Sklovsky. He asked me whether we had established workers' councils at home in Norway. I answered affirmatively, but added that our secret workers' councils had not done any positive work; they had died a quiet death, and the whole business for the present had petered out.—

"Of course!" answered Sklovsky. "There was no real revolutionary situation before them."

I asked him for a fuller statement on this subject. "Come again at 9 o'clock this evening," And then I obtained the following statement. (Tavarishech Sklovsky has himself verified my truthful rendering of his words):

A workers' council has significance only when a real revolutionary situation is present. And in that case, their task is to carry out

the Dictatorship of the Proletariat. Where there is no revolutionary situation, the workers' councils (Soviets) can do no more than discredit themselves. For the workers' councils are first and foremost an organ of revolution—they are to prepare and put it through. For instance, in Russia, our own country, the workers' councils were not established until 1905, and in that year played the chief role. As soon as the revolution was past, they of course were dissolved, since they no longer had any object after the close of the revolution.—In the last revolution, the workers' councils were the bearers of the revolution—their role in this connection is well known. We must add that in 1905, they were only the bearer of the bourgeois revolution. If we had come out on top in 1905, they would of course have been dissolved, as soon as the Constituent Assembly had been realized, and their own task thus liquidated. But in the present revolution, now that the social-proletarian revolution has become the order of the day all over Europe, now that it has already been carried out in our country, the workers' councils, are no longer merely the bearer of the revolution, but also the organ for the carrying out of the dictatorship of the proletariat.—

Sklovsky's statement has no individual value whatever. But it is all the more interesting as a valid expression of the steadfast opinion of all Bolsheviks: The workers' council has no justification whatever, unless you really mean to proceed at once to an acute social revolution, and unless you accept the formula of the Dictatorship of the Proletariat. In any other case the workers' council will be simply a humbug and a fiasco.

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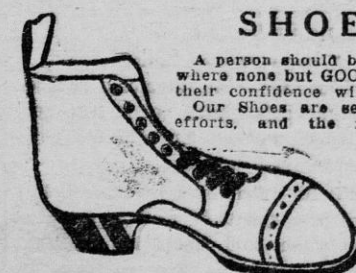
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'RED' CONTROL EXPECTED IN ITALY SOON

**SOCIALIST IN ITALY LOOK FOR
BIG SWEEP INTO FULL
CONTROL.**

**Landslide Imminent as Masses Learn
More of Diplomats' Trickery in
War Daily.**

**Huge Parades in Cities Surprise
Powers — 40,000 in Line in
Florence, With 3,000 Flags.**

**By ARTHUR CAROLI.
Socialist Member of Italian Chamber
of Deputies.**

Rome, April 30.—A landslide to
Socialism in Italy is imminent.

The Socialist party has directed
that a telegram be sent to Eugene
Victor Debs, expressing the solidar-
ity of the Socialists of Italy with
the Socialists of the United States
in the hour that one of the leaders
in the United States is entering
prison for his loyalty to the work-
ing classes of the world.

From every city, town and vil-
lage of Italy come reports of big
mass meetings held by the Social-
ists. The largest of the cities have
surprised their bourgeoisie by the
big, orderly parades. Surprised, I
say, for they thought that the par-
ty never would have aroused such a
large, enthusiastic sympathy
among them asses.

Florence, a city of a quarter of
a million, put in line 40,000 with
300 flags. They marched through
the city and held a meeting in a
large square, invading the nearby
boulevards, listening enthusiastically
to Deputies Peketti, Massini and
myself, and to Pulati, a Comrade
injured in the war.

This means that more than half
of the men of the city were un-
animous in their support of the
party. One of the speakers said:
"When such gatherings occur,
they are not meetings; they are
actual revolution. When such
crowds meet to support our party,
we may be somewhat indifferent
whether Orlando opens the Par-
liament or not."

A sentiment is welling up that
will soon hand the balance of power
in Italy over to the Socialists.
The wind that blows from the East
is good.

Not so the wind that blows from
Paris, as far as concerns the gov-
ernment and all those who sup-
ported the policy of nationalism
and the war. It seems that our
statesmen will come back from
Paris empty handed.

While the nationalists bragged
about extension of the Italian power
to Dalmatia and Anatolia and
part of the zone influenced by
France in Africa, the representa-
tives of Italy to the Paris confer-
ence supported a more modest pro-
gram—that is, the basin of the
river Adige and Isonzo; Trieste and
Fiume. It is doubtful whether
Fiume ever will be given to Italy;
although 80 per cent of the popu-
lation is Italian through and
through. Too many interests of Eng-
lish character are centered in that
Adriatic port, and it seems likely
that Fiume will be international-
ized. Such solution would mean
the overthrow of the Cabinet un-
der the attack of the nationalist
and (for other reasons) the pres-
sure of the masses.

Would Get Nothing.

Such a solution would mean that
Italy, in return for 80,000,000,000
lire indebtedness, 500,000 deaths,
500,000 crippled for life, great suf-
fering and 1,500,000 wounded,
would get nothing more than what
Austria offered in 1915 for neutral-
ity.

The outcome of the Paris confer-
ence will determine for Italy the
data of the elections, in reform or
not of the electoral system, and—
probably something of greater mag-
nitude.

The Direzione del Party (the
board of directors of the Socialist
party) met in Milan, and the most
important resolutions were passed.
A representative of the Gruppo Par-
liamentary Socialists and one of the
Confederazione Generale del Lavoro
assisted in the work. The latter
was represented by its secretary,
D'Arogoni. The former was rep-
resented by Roudani, who was the
organizer of the Italian Socialist

Philosophy of a Fool

By TOUCHSTONE, H. E. B.

THE POLICEMAN.

"Those that are Fools, let them use their Talents."—
Twelfth Night.

I have recently added to my list of acquaintances a
philosophic Policeman. I drifted into talk with him one
night last week in a quiet suburb, and enjoyed myself im-
mensely. He wore the influenza mask, and his main features
were thus obliterated by a big white blob of butter guaze;
but in two round blinking eyes, trimmed with eye-brows to
match the wisdom of the owl as concentrated, and could I
have seen the rest of his face I am confident it would have
confirmed the impression of solemn sagacity.

In the course of our brief conversation I discovered
that the equanimity of that Policeman was one of the most
astonishing facts of existence. Nothing could disturb it. It
stood immovable amidst the convulsions of world-wide
revolution. The universe rocked and reeled around it, and
it was not shaken by a hairs-breadth.

I can't exactly remember how the talk began, but al-
most at the outset I offered the suggestion that we lived in
exciting times.

"We do, indeed," said he. The brogue was slight; just
enough to impart a Celtic richness to our stodgy English.
"an' it'll nivr be any quieter till they build more jails."

"You surely don't mean that?" said I.

"Ivry word of it," said the Policeman. "Maybe you
haven't thought about the matter much. Oi have; an' let me
tell you this—the Rack of Ages is the jail."

I remarked that it seemed a rather depressing con-
clusion to arrive at.

"Nothing of the sort," said he. "The jail's a cheerful
circumstance if you take it the right way. It's the hope of
Humanity; that's what it is. It's balm for the wounded
spirit, an' ointment for the sore head. It's the wan thing in
the world that can't be done without. Ivry thing else rests
upon it. All the institutions of society have their basis on
the jail."

Two owl-like eyes stared at me over a white mask as this
was spoken in a voice that appeared to be playing varia-
tions on "Too-whit, too-who," which, as everybody knows,
is the favorite observation of the bird of wisdom.

"The jail," said I, "is an instrument of repression, and
cannot therefore rank high, for all that is finest in human
nature flows from love, and the ministrations of love."

My philosophic Policeman chuckled, and his mirth
brought to my mind the image of a midnight hunter that,
swinging on swift wing, had just caught a mouse.

"Listen to the man!" said he. "He doesn't even know
that love an' punishment go together!" These words were
not addressed to me, but to the night air and the rising
moon. Then he turned his mask in my direction.

"Have you nivr heard the proverb, 'Spare the rod an'
spoil the child'?" he asked in a tone of contemptuous con-
descension to an inferior intellect.

movement in the United States in
1900-1.

Some of the resolutions have al-
ready reached you by wire, especial-
ly the withdrawal from the Inter-
national Socialist Bureau, but it is
worth while for you to know the
consideration of this and other
resolutions.

The first was a declaration that,
"meeting on the forty-eighth anni-
versary of the Paris Commune, the
directors of the Italian Socialist
party, remembering that the third
defeat of the French proletariat was
revenge by the Russian Soviet re-
volution, addresses its greetings to
the German, Austrian and Hungar-
ian revolutionists, and—

Wilson "Petty Bourgeoisie."
"Denounce the illusions aroused
by the Paris conference, a true holy
alliance, masked by Wilson's petty
bourgeoisie idealism;

"Calls upon them to enter boldly
into the spirit of a true Socialist
revolution, and sends its greetings
to the Comrades released from the
jails."

After the reading of most encour-
aging reports from different parts of
the country regarding the progress
of the movement the directors re-
commended to the party branches
to follow the most rigid rules re-
garding admission to the party of
the old and new members, discrim-
inating against all who actually
supported the war.

The second day the following
resolution was passed:
"Whereas, the Socialist Interna-
tional Bureau is now an instru-
ment of the war policy of the
pseudo-democratic bourgeois and
tends to the mystification of the
working masses, and is nothing but
an obstacle to the renewal of the
activities of the Socialist Interna-
tional;

Denounce Berne Meet.

"Whereas, the alliance formed in
Berne between the social-patriotic
tendencies of the Entente's imperi-
alism and the social-patriotic tend-
encies of the central empire's imperi-
alism, throws ag reater light on the
reactionary character of the fac-
tions that failed in their pledges to
the capitalists who threw the people
into war;

"Whereas, it is impossible that
the same organization should har-
bor those who were faithful to the
principles of the International and
those who betrayed them and still
oppose the realization of Social-
ism."

"Therefore, be it resolved that the
party withdraws from the bureau

"I have," said I.

"Well," said he, "spare the jail an' spoil the man!"
"That's rough on law-abiding people, who never do get
jailed."

"I'm blamed if he hasn't struck it!" cried the Policeman,
again addressing the rising moon. And then to me: "It's
rough on law-abiding people, as you say. It's the ruin
of them, in fact, both physically and spiritually. There's
not enough folk get into jail; tht's what's wrong with the
world. This earth would be a better place to live on if there
were more jails an' fewer churches."

"All the same," said I, "there's quite a lot of people
jailed for one thing and another, and neither they nor the
world are any the better for it, that I can see."

"There's a power of things that only a Policeman can
see," said he.

He fidgeted with his mask a moment, and I noticed, as
he did so, that the number on his collar was "Q6." It was
evident that he hated the bandage of butter guaze that
covered his mouth and nose, and that only a stern sense
of duty prevented him from tearing it off and dropping
it in the gutter.

"It's this way," he resumed, giving the mask a final
tug that left it awry on his features, "the people who go
to jail are the wans who are not educated enough to benefit
by it. Before being sentenced to do time in the cells, a
man should be trained for it. He should have his intelli-
gence sharpened an' his moral faculties screwed up."

"What's the use of intelligence and morality in jail?"
I asked.

"They git loneliness an' discipline there," he replied;
"the two finest things in the whole wide world. It's the
choicest place for thought, is the jail, for the universe
comes down to the dimensions of four walls, an' the prisoner,
b' the grace o' God, is the center of creation, that he is!
Put a cultured person in jail, an' he's improved in Ivry
way. Why, man, some of the grandest masterpieces of
literature were written 'in durance vile,' as the poet has it."

I object to this line of reasoning, and argued that the
few great works written in jail, or as the result of jailing,
owed their existence to the genius of the prisoners and
not to the constraints of the prison. Freedom, I said,
and the love of freedom, were at the root of all the highest
forms of art.

Policeman Q6 raised his owl-like eyes imploringly to the
rising moon.

"Here's a man," said he, "who actually doesn't know
that repression is the supreme law of hivin' an' earth!
Look here"—he fixed me over the top of his twisted mask—
"the only way to lift the people up is to Put Them Down!
The only way to teach them the blessings of freedom is to
get 'em used to chains! It's no use shaking your head—
Ivry liberty you enjoy has got the rattle of fetters behind
it. An' if only you'd been in jail you wouldn't need to be

told the truth by a mumber of the force. Fair words are
all right, but to give 'em their power value the threat must
be kept handy. An' it's good to have just laws on the
statute book, but without the crack o' the whip alongside of
them they'd only mock you."

I remarked that his philosophy was orthodox enough
in that respect to satisfy the ruling class.

"Ah, yes," said he, "but I'd give the ruling class a taste
of the midicine, t.o. Then they'd have sympathy an' under-
standing; an' there'd be healing in the strokes they lay upon
our backs."

"You'd find it hard to get them to accept THAT part
of your doctrine."

"You're right there," said he. "What this country wants
is a Policeman President. Then the jail would assume its
proper place as the most important of society's institutions.
The Policeman OUGHT to be the Chief Citizen of the State,
by virtue of his office."

"Look at civilization. Consider its churches, its great
commercial interests, its scientific and artistic activities, its
intricate domestic relations—they could not exist without
the Policeman. An' you know it! That humble person in
blue, walking along the pavement with a sort of apologetic
slouch—why, man he's the Lord o' Mankind!"

"Undoubtedly," I agreed, "the policeman is something
more than a mere human—he's a system."

"You're right there, too," said he. "If Oi were address-
ing an assembly of the representatives of society, I'd put the
claims of the policeman high above all their heads. Oi'd
say to the Bishop, 'What is your Hell but the Long Bay of
theology?' An' to the statesman, 'What are your laws but
opportunities for the police?' An' to the moralist, 'What
is conscience but a bludgeon for personal use?' An' to the
artist, 'What is art but the repression of the commonplace?'"

He fixed his owl's eyes on me with an interrogative in-
tensity, and I nodded a thoughtful acquiescence with his
views.

"But tell me this," said I, "has Nature also her police-
man?"

"There's One up beyand," said he, reverently, "a n' Oi
take off me helmet to Him. He stands in the middle of
the Universe, an' controls the traffic of the skies, includin'
this little bit of a nactor 'bus we call the earth. D'you
think that the sun, an' the moon there, an' all them stars,
keep goin' in that orderly manner on their own? They don't,
an' when astronomers tell you they do they're bringin' con-
tempt on the traffic regulations in my opinion, an' ought to
be run in. It's the Supreme Policeman that makes the
whole show run so smoothly, an' don't you ever forget it."

I assured him that I never would, and bade him good-
night.

"Good-night," said Policeman Q6. "An'—looking at me
sternly over his crooked butter rag—"keep that mask on
straight, or Oi'll have to take your name!"

WHY THE OLD WORLD REVOLTS DEMOCRACY BETRAYED BY WAR

By PAUL WALLACE HANNA

I have said the outbreak of the
Great War gave birth to political
atheism in Europe. That is correct.
But it had been gestating their
for a half a century. Great Socialist
parties, themselves political, had
grown up all over the Continent,
grounded in the doctrine that last-
ing peace and justice were attain-
able only through a world-wide
union of the working classes to
abolish economic and national com-
petition. By democratic agitation
these Socialist parties aimed, first,
to procure control of their respec-
tive governments, then to drive pri-
vate capital out of industry, and fi-
nally, to link up the world in a fed-
eration for producing and distribut-
ing commodities without cash prof-
its for any class or group.

This seemed the "wise" and nat-
ural course for social evolution to
take. The competitive cr in in-
dustry must certainly soon give
place to co-operation. Only the
will of a majority was needed to
bring about the change. Cynics
might whisper that majorities never
have a will, but a democracy is a
corner stone of political Socialism,
and its leaders never conceded that
happiness for all might come only
through the determination of a few.
Only in the field of intellect have
they entertained the theory that a
minority might leaven and save the
whole social body.

There is no need to question that
this dogma of political Socialism
is ultimately sound. But we must
keep in mind that pure democracy
is the most delicate of instruments,
and has never yet existed save in
the hope of idealists. Such de-
mocracy as we already have can be
thrown completely out of gear and
made to register false and ab-
ominable decisions simply by with-
holding a little essential informa-
tion from the masses.

Without going any further back,
it will be conceded that the past
five years have witnessed an un-
paralleled suppression of facts.
Fifty-one months of war were mark-
ed by one feature more distin-
guished than any other in the lives

of the people. That feature was
military conscription. Concerning it,
the people knew the essential facts.
Only in Australia, therefore, was
conscription submitted to the test
of democracy and there it was re-
jected.

Political democracy, in both the-
ory and practice, was invented by
capitalism a little more than a cen-
tury ago, and, to the extent that we
now have it, was developed under
capitalism. Socialists object only to
its limited application; but in striv-
ing to extend its scope throughout
politics and into industry Social-
ists are confronted by all the agen-
cies of misinformation which bour-
geois society has perfected to maim
and check its own creation.

Despite these great obstacles,
which they fully perceived, the So-
cialists believed that they could
convert a majority of the people,
and had very nearly achieved this
object in several countries when
the creator of democracy—bour-
geois society—strangled its off-
spring and loosed the Great War
without consultation with the peo-
ple.

When capitalism provoked the
war it threw into the fire the law-
ful inheritance of the Socialists. It
subjected to unexampled cannon
fire and work without rest the en-
tire mechanism which a populous
world had perfected to feed and
clothe itself. This work of de-
struction did not stop when it
had loaded capitalism with an im-
possible debt and filled mankind
with a desire for Socialist leader-
ship. Upon that much we had
surely counted. But the Great War
was no such simple delivery of
mankind from an outworn system.
It was a complete betrayal, which
left political Socialism as helpless
in many places as political capital-
ism to feed the hungry, clothe the
naked and minister to the maimed
of war.

Consider these three examples—
conservative France, Socialist-Lib-
eral Germany and Communist Russia.
Superficially they may seem to
manifest in different degrees the

physical havoc of war. Yet the dif-
ference may be termed artificial.
Their physical wreckage and disor-
ganization is almost identically
severe. They share in common the
inability, by moral or valid mea-
sures, to feed their populations.

If the political reactions have as
yet been less violent in Germany
and France, it is because these two
countries have become the objects
of a solicitous foreign charity. A
great part of Germany's population,
including a half million Russian
prisoners of war, has been fed from
America this long time past. With
money raised through foreign and
domestic loans, the French govern-
ment is selling bread to the French
people at a fraction of the cost.
American philanthropic agencies
have been distributing enormous
quantities of food and clothing
among the French people absolutely
gratis for more than a year past.

France, economically and indus-
trially, is where Russia was at the
end of 1916, and would, obviously
follow much the same course, if
the artificial stimulants were de-
nied her. We may make every
allowance for the bulwarks of bour-
geois conservatism which France
and Germany have and Russia has
not, without effecting the hard cen-
tral fact that capitalist politics in
France and Socialist politics in
Germany are equally impotent, be-
cause they are equally bereft of the
social tools and supplies which the
Great War devoured.

One cannot avoid referring to
the period of political Socialism
in Russia and recalling the common
contention that it should have been
preserved. Had peace intervened
earlier and Russia become acces-
sible, political Socialism most cer-
tainly would have been continued,
precisely as the present regimes
in France, Germany and elsewhere
have been prolonged by foreign
charity. But there are obvious
limits to the scope of charity and
the strain which America and Great
Britain undergo in support of west-
ern Europe would have been more
than doubled by the requirements
of Russia. It is obvious that France,

Italy, Germany and Austria are be-
ing upheld today precisely because
Russia did not remain a moderate
Socialist ally and drain upon the
dwindling resources of America and
Great Britain. At least in part,
France eats today out of the bony
hand of Russia.

Seeing what havoc the Great
War wrought, the only chance
for minimum misery in Europe
lay in almost simultaneous revo-
lutions there, followed by a prompt
union of all proletarian factions,
an immediate removal of all econ-
omic barriers and a resumption of
industry without regard to human-
ity. Unhappily, the war has shot
away the physical basis of existence
on nationalist lines without being
half so thorough in removing its
mental traces.

The very tempest which reduced
Austria-Hungary to starvation gave
birth to half a dozen "states" guid-
ed by little groups of intensely
nationalistic leaders. The Socialist
delegates to Berne from Czecho-
Slovakia defended their country's
right to annex Magyar people in-
habiting a coveted mineral region.
They had dreamed so long of a
sovereign Bohemia that their minds
would move in no other groove.
Caught in the relentless wheels of
evolution, these men shouted
"treachery!" at the Comrades who
reminded them of self-determination.

In the panic of peace Italian sov-
ereignty must still think and talk
of war. Its armies were contesting
for possession of Fiume while un-
employment accumulated through-
out the peninsula and the Finance
Minister begged America for a
fresh loan of \$100,000,000 to prop
up a bankrupt government. Five
million soldiers stood in uniform
producing nothing while their
clothes wore out and their ap-
petites flourished. Capitalist and
Socialist politics faced the same
dilemma.

Italian soil contains
neither coal, iron, fuel-oil nor cop-
per, and produces neither wool
nor cotton in quantities required.
Italy must go abroad, first to buy
with a lira whose value will shrivel
unless shielded by an international
gold covenant—which does not yet
exist—and then to bring home the
purchase in ships that are not yet
available.

There is no need to survey again
the similar dilemma which con-
fronted British and French pol-
itical groups. While concurrent re-
volutions would have saved them
all, an isolated upheaval threatened
to beggar the nation that attempted
it, because over the heads of all
dangled the threat of isolation from
the food stores of America and
Great Britain. So political Social-
ism stood still and Bolshevik agi-
tation flourished all over Europe.

Posterity will grin when it con-
siders how the authors of the Great
War and the traffickers in peace
flourished the trumpets of "demo-
cracy" at Paris and demanded "ma-
jority rule" whenever a desperate
population threatened direct action
to obtain relief. And when this
fatuous demand that stomachs—
empty, half-empty and full—dwell
patiently together in democratic
amity was defied by those about
to die, the use of machine-guns
by the constituted authorities of
Orlando, Paderewski or Scheide-
mann was roundly applauded. Only
in Great Russia of the Soviets was
the execution of recalcitrants a
crime. With every government rest-
ing on force, only Lenin admitted
the class struggle and confessed
himself a dictator—in the interest
of democracy postponed.

The ideology of the Entente Allies
will triumph, however when the bat-
ties end, said Count Hermann Key-
serling, in 1914; militarism, despot-
ism, and tyranny will go down in
the wreck of war; the German peo-
ple, no less than those of the En-
tente, will insist upon realizing the
promise that this is a war for free-
dom. Nearly five years have passed
since that prediction was made. Let
me now quote another German
teacher, Professor Hermann Schu-
macher, who speaks from the center
of the revolutionary maelstrom at
Berlin.

"We see today that the world war
was not a finality, but a historical
prelude to the reorganization of
society. The world now is mark-
ing time in a political vacuum.
There will enter into this vacuum an
era of chaos—a century of war-
fare between two economic systems.
The class struggle is here. Bolshev-
ism nor Socialism. The most signifi-
cant and important development
of the war was not a nationalist
victory, or a victory of so-called
democracy, for militarism and de-
mocracy are fundamentally the pro-
tectors of the capitalistic system
of industry, upon which society was
firmly based until 1916.

"Militarism and democracy, mem-
bers of the same bourgeois family,

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assaulted each other in 1914, and, after four years, succeeded in weakening each other, so that in Russia Socialism was able to take advantage of this weakness and to establish a reign of the proletariat. The same danger now threatens Germany and the rest of the civilized world.

"For the Entente to lift the blockade will not save Germany. Giving Germany food and taking away her ships is a futile gesture. The only way to save Germany from Bolshevism is by restoring in full the capitalist industrial system. So long as this system continues weak, Germany remains at the mercy of a non-capitalist rising. Everything now is too late. Paris is too late and food is too late. America, full of food and plenty of work; England, well supplied, and France, victorious and well fed, already are running with Bolshevism."

Schumacher is not less interesting because he may be an embittered German nationalist. In gall there is sometimes keen insight; its tragedy turns the working class to socialism. Nor is there any reason to dispute the charge that "democracy is fundamentally the protector of the capitalist system of industry," if we keep in mind the democracy that is and forget the democracy that might be—and some time will be.

Americans who believe in force and recall their history cannot object to minority dictatorships as instruments of progress. It is not disputed that only one-third of the American Colonists were advocates of the War of Independence. An American plebiscite in 1777 would have ruined the career of George Washington, as it is said one in Russia today would ruin that of Nicholas Lenin. Force and "democracy" both have accomplished wonders, no doubt, but to exist side by side they have had to snap their fingers at consistency. That is what they are doing today.

Sunday Call.

Dictatorship of the Proletariat

The most startling novelty about the working-class rule of Russia is that the new order of statesmen who speak for this government use words to express what they mean, not to hide it, as do the suave pirate crew at Paris. The Russians call the present Soviet rule a dictatorship of the proletariat for the simple reason that it is a dictatorship of the proletariat.

Many of the liberal friends of human progress carefully explain that only five per cent, or perhaps ten per cent, of the Russians are "dictated to" by this government, that as to the 95 per cent, it is the most truly "democratic" government that ever existed on earth. But the Bolshevik statesmen prefer to speak the literal truth. They say that the modern state has been the strong weapon of capitalists in the class struggle, the power by which the subjection of the proletariat has been enforced. They will have nothing to do with this sort of instrumentality, be it "autocratic," "democratic" or of any other known variety.

What the form of government of the co-operative commonwealth of labor shall be is something for the workers to figure out in good season. Meanwhile there is the pressing job of keeping down the rebellious capitalists and uprooting their hold on the economic life of Russia. In this great task there is no possibility of capitalist help, no room for the play of capitalist political parties in a regular old style parliament. So the Bolsheviks say in all candor: "You fellows have dictated the terms of life to ten and hundreds of millions for a long, long time. We are through with you now. We cannot use your instruments of government because they were made for the precise purpose of maintaining your dictatorship. We will form, instead, a committee system of our own, coming out of the shops and fields, with no room for representation of those who have been the exploiters of the labor of others. To that committee system of the workers and its order we command your obedience."

And the American capitalist press is highly incensed at this Bolshevik "tyranny"—the 90 per cent turning the tables on the exploiting masters of yesterday. But the process is no different from our own experience during the war. Congress atrophied. It talked and did what it was told. The real government was the "dollar a year" men on the boards and

THE JAURES' DEMONSTRATION IN PARIS

(Reprinted from Sunday Call.)

I am filled with a something which I cannot express in word. I have just returned home after spending the day watching the French Socialists in action. First I went to the conference of the Jeunesse of the Department of the Seine, which was held all in the morning and where about 200 young people of about an average age of 17 years discussed vigorously the resolutions which their organizations would present at the coming conference of the Socialist Party.

To an observer who had never witnessed the young Socialists in hot and very democratic discussion of disputed points, the atmosphere would appear to be charged with dynamite. The large dinner bell at the desk of the presiding officer was frequently in action; being seized alternately by the chairman himself or by one of the women secretaries while at the same time they shouted "Comrades, s'il vous plait, Comrades." These young people can not only express their ideas by gesticulations and clear lusty lung power, but they can visualize for an audience in a very remarkable way what they consider good or bad for the movement which they have at heart. There was no violent temper or personal hatred in it. It was just tremendous vigor and determination and YOUTH. The meeting broke up early so that the comrades could be on time for the Jaures demonstration at 2 o'clock.

The Place de Trocadero was a sea of animation and color long before the scheduled hour for the demonstration to start. More than half of the demonstrators wore the light blue uniforms of the French army while many other men in Sunday clothes had war medals and crosses pinned on their coats showing that they had been demobilized. Every section of the Socialist party had its tremendous red banner topped with crepe for the dead leader, and every union of the syndicate was marshalled by men and women wearing large red arm bands. Each marcher wore either a small red flower or a large red ribbon on the left side of his or her coat. Some marchers were very old; others were so young they were carried in their mother's arms or on the shoulders of their father, and there were as many women as men. Walking up the Avenue Malakoff towards the Place de Victor Hugo the different delegations reached their points of rendezvous. Most of them sang revolutionary songs, but the liveliest were the group of several hundred revolutionary students; young, enthusiastic, spontaneous, and orderly.

Here and there were groups of four or five policemen, in their dark blue capes, inactive and generally standing nonchalantly watching the demonstrators and seeming to keep a neutral eye on both

commissions. They dealt with materials, production, contracts, finances, armaments, ships, prices of everything, regulation of consumption—in a word, they had within their hands the life and death of American industries. Congress talked persons and politics—and delivered billions to the men in the bureaus and on the boards. What ever else needed to be done was left to Woodrow Wilson, who consulted House, Gregory, Burleson, Barney Baruch and Baron Reading, resulting in a perfect dictatorship of Anglo-American junkerdom and finance oligarchy.

With so much money to be turned over, the Wall Street masters of American government did not deign to use their usual political intermediaries, faithful as these have so long been. Now the Russian workers and peasants are on the job themselves, and they are not using their oppressors of yesterday and the political tools of czarism as the means of gathering in the ruins of their revolution. This is the "class despotism" against which the kept press of international capitalism is now railing! The only "liberty" which is really meant by the capitalist press is the liberty to go on forever coining gold out of the hearts of little children fore-doomed to helpless toil and blighted minds.

Hail the redeeming dictatorship of the proletariat! Hail the dictatorship of universal life, labor, light and love! Down with the dictatorship of bloody profits and money-

the onlookers and those in the procession itself.

There was no attempt on anybody's part to keep a clear line between the spectators and the marchers. The former sometimes crowded the marchers into a thin mass of swaying humanity so closely packed together that it was impossible to move hand or foot and the latter never dreamed of forming regular lines of tens or twenties several feet apart such as we would have had for a parade on Fifth Avenue. In spite of this lack of any attempted regulation there was no disorder, irritation or accident.

Looking down from the window in a friend's house on the corner of the Avenue Malakoff and the Place Trocadero, I could see in both directions a mass of humanity as far as the Place Victor Hugo, swarming all over the wide esplanade before the great building of Trocadero. It was a summer day, the sun was hot and the lower stands in several corners of the Place de Trocadero were large spots of color with their lilacs, roses, carnations and apple blossoms for sale. There was no music except the continual singing of the Internationale by the workers themselves. Everybody knew the words, and there was singing all the time, with the result that, as one group finished the final crescendo of the last bar, the next group could be heard taking up the stirring notes, "Tis the final conflict" etc. "The Marseillaise" never was heard at all.

Promptly at 3 o'clock the procession, headed by a carriage bearing many wreaths of red flowers and several tremendous red banners, started from the Place de Trocadero down the Avenue Henri Martin to the statue of Jean Jaures, at the Rue Lamarque. Two blocks away Premier Clemenceau could have heard from his residence the strains of "The Internationale," sung continuously, and the balcony of the house belonging to the Prince de Bourbon was crowded with spectators as the ever-increasing multitude passed. There was no more attempt to form lines while marching than while mobilizing, with the result that lines, 15 or 20 abreast, were so close together that the street pavement could not be seen from the window where I was watching.

Growing enthusiastic and lacking a red flag, I began to wave my handkerchief, white was the royalist sign, and you may guess how quickly it disappeared. Five minutes after the procession started a huge red fire engine cart appeared around the corner of the Avenue Kléber. With clanging bells, it plunged right into the crowd without diminishing speed, crossed the Place de Trocadero, and sped up the Avenue Henri Martin. I flew to the other balcony to see what would happen to that densely packed crowd, and expected dire results.

Nothing happened. The mass of

humanity made space for the machine, and there was not even a murmur of disapproval. The procession halted for one minute, and then resumed its course and its singing of "the Internationale." Several minutes later the group which we were to join came in sight, and we descended to the street and without any trouble made our way through a seemingly impassable sea of people to our friends.

The police began to be more interested in the demonstration, and in a dignified fashion commanded the crowd to stop singing. "Ne chantez pas; Ne chantez pas," they commanded. It was necessary for them to repeat this command in ever louder and higher tones, for, instead of stopping, every voice joined in the singing, with the result that you could generally tell just where these policemen were stationed according to the volume of sound. Clearer and clearer came the words of "The Internationale," louder and louder the sound of human voices singing with one accord. During the entire progress of the procession this attempted suppression failed and it was not very long before the words and music came from the side-liners too.

At the statue of Jaures some large palms were placed as a background, a red flag was draped around the shoulders and the floral offerings from the carriage were placed at the base. A huge semi-circle with an opening towards the marching Socialists was formed and kept intact by a smiling one-legged French soldier who hopped from one side to the other with his crutch and kept the onlookers at the statue within bounds. No ropes, not a policeman in sight at the statue. The marchers kept moving past and the one-legged poilu kept his ever-increasing spectators in order. As I stood before the statue it was impossible for me to take a long breath or to move my hand up to my face, but every one was goodnatured, and that semi-circle was kept clear by the one-legged French soldier wearing his red Socialist arm band. The opening toward the crowd was also kept clear, and just as I reached my position of vantage a tall French officer detached himself from the marchers, lifted his hat and, unpinning his croix-de-guerre as he walked toward the statue, fastened this decoration to the red drapery around the shoulders of the dead Socialist leader. A mighty cheer went up from every one who could see this act. The French officer bowed with emotion before the statue and then quite simply rejoined his comrades in the marching procession. No sooner had he done this than the crowd stopped its singing long enough to shout "A bas la guerre, a bas la guerre!" "Down with war, down with war!"

A working woman wearing widow's weeds entered the semi-circle with her little boy. Removing the

child's hat she then approached the statue with a large bouquet of red carnations and placed them at the base. For several seconds she gazed at the statue, and whispered in the ear of the child who stood wide-eyed looking at the bright medals on the red drapery. By this time there were at least 20 such medals of all kinds which had been pinned there by officers of high and low rank, poilus and demobilized workmen. Each time the act brought a tremendous cheer from the crowd of thousands and each time they would take up some mass ejaculation. "Hou, hou, hou, Clemenceau!" "Hou, hou, hou, Clemenceau!" "A bas, Clemenceau!" "A bas, Clemenceau!" was the second favorite. In the distance would come "Les Soviets, les Soviets, les Soviets!" "Vive la Roussie!" "Vive la Roussie!" "Revolution!" "Revolution!" "Revolution!" which would sound louder and louder as the particular group reached the statue.

Suddenly the strains of Handel's Largo were heard in the dim distance, sung by women's voices. The crowd was hushed instantly. The marchers took up the air, and it seemed that all of the world was singing the beautiful Largo with soft French words. Soldiers continued to pin their medals to the drapery as the Largo was sung, but no cheer went up until the last bar was finished. A religious spell seemed to envelop the demonstrators. The men refrained from singing and allowed the soft female voices to carry the melody. Not a policeman in sight; not an inch of unoccupied space in sight, except the charmed semi-circle before the statue, and the crowd moved as one. Hats were raised spontaneously as the wearers reached the statue, women were lifted by their men companions and often seated on their shoulders and hundreds of children threw kisses to Jean Jaures from the lofty shoulders of their soldier fathers.

After the Largo was finished a mighty volume of sound was heard, approaching nearer and nearer. When we could see, we found it to be caused by two large red banners, and in addition the five-striped flag of the new Chinese Republic. Chinese students and soldiers in uniforms, to the number of several hundred, followed this flag. In their wake came the mass shout, "Paix Permanent, Paix Permanent, Paix Permanent, A bas la guerre, Hou Hou Clemenceau, Jaures, Jaures, Jaures," and then the Internationale, would be taken up from beginning to end again.

For three hours the procession passed the statue. It was not a procession of ten or twenty marchers five feet apart, but a mass of twenty or thirty people abreast, walking as closely as double military ranks. There was never a space to see daylight through. It was insufferably hot, but for three hours this uninterrupted mass

passed that statue and the one-legged poilu kept his semi-circle and his passage-way for the offerings of the people.

Each Syndicate had its wreath of red flowers to deposit at the base of the statue. Sometimes men alone would deposit these wreaths but more often men and women together would break from the crowd long enough to top up their burden of flowers within the circle.

Towards the end, after three hours of these touching demonstrations and when there were at least a hundred war crosses and medals hanging from the red drapery around the shoulders of Jean Jaures, another mass sound approached from a distance. This time it was applause and joyous approval. The cause was a sign which read on one side "Shame to the country which is dictated by Judges. It is a bad Business," and on the other side a quotation from Clemenceau, "Make Society profitable for all and not for a few," Clemenceau, "The Royal Tiger." Hands were clapped, hate flew in the air, the Internationale was sung by every throat as this sign passed. It advanced a few hundred feet beyond the statue and then a policeman spied it. Just what happened was impossible to see but the onlookers' ranks broke and followed the struggling policeman and the banner-bearer down the Place Lamarque and up the Avenue Victor Hugo. The procession of marchers continued uninterrupted, but the spectators followed down the Avenue Victor Hugo to see what would happen to the Red Banner with the offending words of Clemenceau. There were at least six hundred looking at the struggle. The banner-bearers fought hard for their possession, and the police were rough in their handling. Suddenly from my vantage point standing on a bench in the Square I saw the whole crowd turn and run pell-mell in every direction. The police drew their revolvers. Children and women got behind trees and in their haste vaulted wire fences surrounding grass plots. It was absolutely terrifying. One or two comrades of the banner-bearers persuaded them to give up the banner and helped them bleeding and helpless to a place of safety. For five minutes terror reigned in that street, but soon the bolder spirits returned; but, by that time the police were away with the banner.

The procession of closely packed marchers started at three o'clock and at half-past six the last bouquet was placed at the statue and the last medal had been pinned to the scarlet mantle on the shoulders of Jean Jaures. Paris had been a great demonstration of not less than fifty thousand people who chose this way of expressing their indignation at the verdict acquitting the assassin of their beloved leader, Jean Jaures.

SCHEIDEMAN SENDS APPEAL

SCHEIDEMAN SENT APPEALS THROUGH LONDON PAPER.

German Premier Cables to Daily Herald, Labor Organ, Asking British Not to Enforce Treaty.

London.—Philipp Scheidemann, the German Premier, has sent through the Berlin correspondent of The Daily Herald, the Labor newspaper, an appeal to the British people to realize "the appalling position Germany is placed in by the peace conditions."

Herr Scheidemann in his appeal makes various points similar to those in speeches of his that have already been reported, and in addition says:

"We cannot believe that fellow human beings, however much under the influence of a wicked war can really intend to reduce a kindred civilized people to slavery, for that is what these conditions mean. We Germans call upon you English not to force us to sign away our birth-right and the peace of Europe in our hour of weakness."

Oh! the wicked Bolsheviks Lord, frustrate their knavish tricks! Don't you know they killed the Czar, Russia's kindly little pa? Killed him in a dozen ways. Different ways on different days, Hanged him, stabbed him, so they say.

Dropped his pieces down a well. Mr. Reuter says they baked him With his daughters in a cake-tin.

The Bolshevik's a brutal cuss, Very different from us. But, all the same, there's such a thing

As too much kindness to a king; And, on the whole, we think it wiser

To cut the cackle and hang the Kaiser.

—Ivy Litvinoff, in London Call.

A NIGHT TELEGRAM.

Stockholm, April 6.—A Helsingfors telegram declares: A member of the Swedish Corps, Lieutenant Lundberg, in a statement concerning the Franchi affair, declares that Franchi was first arrested on account of his efforts to recruit among the members of the Swedish Corps, and was later liberated on giving his word of honor that he would not carry on any further agitation. As he did not keep this promise, he was again arrested, condemned, and shot. Before the field-parson of the Swedish Corps, Franchi admitted his guilt and that he had deserved death. A few days after carrying out the sentence, Mothander's and Franchi's adherents made attempts to assassinate the officers who had participated in the court-martial.

JAPANESE PRESERVE ORDER IN SIBERIA

Shoot a Russian Bolshevik Who Is "Attempting to Escape."

Tokio, March 10 (much delayed.)

—A news item from Russia discloses that in Eastern Siberia there are Bolshevik agencies which have excellent methods, formerly directed by a man named Munshin. He had been trying to recruit volunteers, in collaboration with the Lenin Government, for Trotsky's People's Army, and to collect materials of war. A very extensive Bolshevik uprising was planned for the time when the ice should break up. Owing to a very close surveillance, it was possible to arrest Munshin on March 8th, at Blagovestchensk. The men who arrested him were Russians; they report that they were obliged to shoot him while he was engaged in an attempt to escape.

Note by Editor.—It will be recalled that the murder of Liebknecht by the Scheidemann Government was also declared to have been "rendered necessary by his attempting to escape," and that reactionary rulers have always resorted to this explanation—ever since the invention of firearms.

MORE TRUTH THAN FICTION

Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, will not retire after the annual convention of the American Federation of Labor at Atlantic City in June, as was reported. In denying this report he declared it was his intention to be President of the American Federation of Labor or "a worker among the rank and file."

"The story published in The New York Sun that it is my desire to retire from the Presidency of the American Federation of Labor is absolutely without the slightest foundation in fact," said a statement issued by Mr. Gompers. "The enemies of the American Federation of Labor who would weaken it or destroy it have every year publicly declared or privately avowed their determination to defeat me at each forthcoming convention. They hid their hatred of the American Federation of Labor by aiming their shafts of bitterness and opposition at me."

kultur. Ye sons of toil, awake to glory!—From the Communist, published by the Communist Propaganda League of Chicago

SET THEM FREE

By DAVID BOBSON.

There is a story told about Leonardo da Vinci, the immortal Italian artist. He had been observing the different characters in the market place, when he came upon a dealer in birds. The caged warblers aroused such feeling of compassion in the artist's soul that he approached the bird vender and purchased several of the imprisoned stock; and, opening their cages, the painter set them free. The incident attracted a multitude of curious onlookers who, undoubtedly, must have thought the man was crazy; whereupon the liberator of the sweet singer's explained that, if their freedom could be purchased at so small a sum he saw no reason why they should be denied the joy of life and flight. So much for Leonardo.

Then one must consider the human warblers. The valiant souls who sang of freedom and of human brotherhood in the midst of a world war and espionage edicts; and in spite of Bourbon Burleson and the rest of the jailers of the human spirit. What of them? Where is the Leonardo who may purchase their freedom? Why should such men and women be left to languish in our American bastilles and die because they desired to give more abundant life to their fellow men?

Sunday Call.

SOLTIS' STATEMENT

To the Membership.

Comrades:—

The State Secretary has seen fit to publish in the current issue of the State Bulletin, a remark in regard to my alleged expulsion from the Socialist Party of Canada. Here is my side of the story:

1. I joined the S. P. of C. in May 1917 and left it in July of the same year. The expulsion was therefore gratuitous in Dec. 1917.

2. I disagreed with their position on the I. W. W., which they bitterly attacked.

3. I debated their representative, Chas Stewart, on the subject of the One Big Union. All Winnipeg labor knows about it.

4. I always exposed, what I considered to be their weak position, in the Winnipeg Trades and Labor Council. For that I merited the enmity of the little S. P. of C. group.

5. Recent events in the Canadian Labor World, prove that I was right and they were wrong.

6. The letter itself was but a cheap attempt to get sweet vengeance.

7. All this I clearly showed the State Board and the matter was closed. The State Secretary has full knowledge of the facts.

8. The following letter from a Dominion-wide known Socialist explains my support of the "Liberal Candidate." I especially call attention to the part the S. P. of C. boys played.

(The State Secretary has also read this letter.)

Finally, I refused to be lured into a mud puddle, from any quarter.

J. G. SOLTIS,
State Organizer.

(COPY).

Winnipeg, Man.

March 18th, 1919.

To Who It May Concern.

The bearer of this note John G. Soltis has for the past 12 months or more taken a very active and useful part in the Winnipeg Labor movement and I wish to take this opportunity to express my regret at his leaving this city.

During the Dominion Election of 1917 Comrade Soltis rendered yeoman service to the cause of Labor both as a speaker and also as Editor of the Election sheet. The Election was the first ever held in Canada when a candidate was selected at an open convention, representative of all Labor and Socialist organizations including the Socialist Party of Canada, Labor Party and the Trades and Labor Council and at which Comrade Soltis at my request acted as chairman at one of the three rooms being used at the one time for the convention.

Hoping that those comrades who have the pleasure of meeting Comrade Soltis will take full advantage of his splendid ability in forwarding the cause of the worker.

I am fraternally yours,
HARRY G. VEITCH.
Three years President of the Winnipeg Trades Council.

THE TRUTH

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FRIDAY, MAY 30, 1919.

SOUND ADVICE

Dear Jack,

But—well you know I do like students and real Marxian students—but I still think and I have long thought that while understanding is more wonderful (because more rare) than action—an ounce of action (ANY KIND of action) is worth more than a ton of understanding, per se. That is why we love the wobbles. We learn by doing; not by philosophizing.

But it seems to me now that several really fine groups are in danger of becoming S. L. P.ized; dogmatic, conceited, etc. You understand I do not minimize true education. To know where we are exploited, to know about BIOLOGY and what's out of an animal man is—all this is fine but even the very wisest heads can only (perhaps) make a few short cuts in a historical sense. The best thing to my mind in the Left Wing program IS Mass Action—because it means that we have to FEEL our way out, work, act it out. This was one of Lenin's strong points. If money and the capitalist structure collapsed today just ordinary people would have to combine to carry on production. The whole revolutionary movement, I THINK, has grown much to big for any group to be able to control it, even to GUIDE it. We do not count very much. BUT the more people who UNDERSTAND and act and are organized the better—the quicker can we get production and distribution to working after the crash comes.

I can imagine nothing finer than for the I. W. W. boys to go on to the job at such a time and lecture the workers and get them to producing again on a basis of labor for labor (I mean such a form of exchange). But we shall certainly need every single informed person we can get then. If we all get busy carrying on production, etc. instead of trying to sit down and PLAN out too much—we will show our right to survive and to aid and serve. For production will be the main thing. And remember that the farmers will occupy the strategic position. They will be able to exist on food in their own houses and on their farms for a long time. What have we to offer them? I suspect they will be a great drawback. Taking a tip from Lenin—I would say that it would be impossible to TAKE his products away from every recalcitrant farmer. We must induce him to co-operate. Without the farmer's help Chicago would be maddened and starving within a week—or less.

You are doing splendid work because you are reaching vital men—men on the job. But we have to remember that all revolutions are stomach revolutions and the working class never has and never will revolt till it has to. A few persons WOULD and try to, of course, but not the mass. And we will find good Catholics quite as revolutionary when they have to be as anybody else—not for advisory capacities, naturally, but for demanding things, fighting.

The world is drawing up in class lines so swiftly that it makes my head swim. Last night I read a story from Edgar Louis Brown in the Chicago News in which he said he heard French soldiers and sailors speaking from the soap-box in Sebastopol to other soldiers and sailors FOR the Soviet Government and Lenin, etc. This war has brought the revolution a lot nearer than thirty years of peace would have done.

But the whole collapse is going to come because of the medium of exchange. Cahn was DEAD right. The next unsolvable problem which will occupy the world stage before the world financiers and capitalists is to find a new credit system. The Chicago Tribune contained an editorial 5 per cent interest on itf or the year he LOST 25 per cent some years now if a man bought a \$100 bond and received 5 per cent interest on it for they ear he LOST 25 per cent (the 5 per cent interest and 20 per cent of his money) because the money had depreciated 25 per cent in value in ONE year. And it is worse in other countries. The Trib. says we must stabilize the dollar some way—or have a flexible dollar to rise or fall with prices. BUT the capitalists (international) will never agree to anything of this kind because they are two groups debtors and creditors. If a big corporation sold bonds four years ago and has to pay its bonds this year it will pay back something like 50 per cent on the dollar (in value—or purchasing power). They do not want anything changed now, etc., etc.

Capitalists never could AGREE or PLAN a new financial system any more than Socialists ever could agree or PLAN just how it is all to be done. Things are not done because we AGREE to do them but because we MUST. Lenin did not LEAD; he removed obstacles to a current that was going to get through anyway. By the way did you see that Lenin said that "Mr. Wilson does not know that Capitalism is DEAD." (?) And the editors are saying, she ain't dead and never will die. Lenin is printing oodles of paper money to expropriate the remaining capitalists—and England is doing the same thing because she HAS to—she is committing suicide. Did you read that she printed 10,000,000 pounds in paper to pay the miners their back wages. Which means a further dilution of the value of paper money—and higher prices—AND increased wages again, etc., etc.

Oh, I am glad to understand some things. It does make me happy. The world revolution is here. Capitalism is absolutely done. I suspect France may crumble any day—anyway when her soldiers get home and the people find prices still rising, and scarcity—and NOTHING coming in from Germany. The financial structure must soon fall.

And Mr. Wilson actually DOES NOT know that Capitalism IS dead!

Well, I have pegged along long enough. Write us any news you think we ought to have. The paper is better than ever. You certainly must be killing yourself. You don't NEED to, Lad. A more important time is coming very soon and then we sure will need you—so spare yourself. Make some of the others help you out. INDUSTRY itself has organized the workers better than we have yet been able to do—and men learn over night when their stomachs are pinched. All we can hope to do now is to educate captains of industry, (I mean revolutionists who can show the workers what they can get, why they must produce, what exchange will be based on, etc.), so that they can help bring order out of chaos. The time between now and the crash is going to be short.

Well, I MUST close. Love to the Mrs. and everybody joins me in all good wishes to you both.

Yours for the Big Show,

The above letter was sent to us by a well-known Socialist economist and author. The comrade has rendered yeoman service to the Socialist movement, at a time when it was almost impossible to mention the fact, that one was a Socialist. For that reason we publish the letter.

There is a danger at the present moment, of the Left Wing of the Socialist Party becoming too dogmatic. True it is that we must be dogmatic on the question of fundamentals. There can be no dispute regarding Marxian economics, but there is a decided difference as to their being applied. Lassalle, rightly so, points out that no one makes revolution. They grow and they do not grow according to any well-thought plan, they are the product of social conditions. It does not matter how educated the workers might be, the fact, and an indisputable fact, remains that revolutions only come about when the social conditions compel the workers to revolt. Therefore that being so, it necessarily follows that we must be prepared to take advantage of the collapse, which must eventually arrive in this country. The peace terms inflicted upon the German people are of such a nature that they render Germany physically incapable of paying for the war. With Germany's natural resources, merchant fleet, transport system, etc., taken away from her, what chance has she to develop her industries and produce the necessary goods that will enable her to pay the war debts? The German capitalists feel that if they are to run their industries, for the sole purpose of handing over ALL the profits to the Allies, that it would be far better to allow the German workers to take over industry. In other words, the German capitalists have become so aroused over the brutal peace terms of the Allies, that they even prefer Bolshevism to Ally-ism. If this position does eventually arise, France will find herself in a financial chaos. Because her ruling class has bent all its hopes upon Germany paying for the war. If Germany does NOT pay for the war, then France must go bankrupt, because the Allies cannot keep on loaning her finance, without any possible guarantee that they will be repaid. One need not be an expert in financial matters or economics, to plainly see that CHAOS must come out of this mad scramble of war. The question naturally arises as to what are WE, THE WORKERS, going to do?

We must be ready for the collapse when it comes. The only way, that we can see at present, is the way that lies along the road of industrial unionism. With all due respect to our ultra-revolutionary comrades, industrial unionism offers us the most hopes today. With organization in the shop, we can join hands with the organized workers on the land and with the workers in control, the future will be brighter and more secure. Therefore we again advise the Left Wing, to quit drawing "blue-prints" of the revolution and get down to business. Prove to us that you have something better than industrial unionism and we will work with you. But if you can only offer us the study class and resolutions, then you are wasting our time.

We urge upon all comrades to advocate industrial unionism. Where you have the opportunity, join up with the wobbles. They are the only industrial organization, with the exception of the W. I. U., that is organizing the workers with the revolutionary object of eventually controlling industry. We offer to our readers, at this time, an extract from the preamble of the Industrial Workers of the World, with the hope that our readers will study same and if they can offer anything better, then by all means let us know of it.

"It is the historic mission of the workingclass to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old."

TO PREVENT WAR!

The war to make the world "safe for democracy" is over. The soldiers have nearly all returned from Europe. The peace conference has come to the end of its deliberations.

What Has Been the Outcome of It All?

The German people were urged by no less a person than President Wilson to engage in revolution and overthrow the Kaiser. They were told, time and time again, that the war was not being waged against the German people, but solely against the ruling class of Germany. Liberals, time and time again, prevailed upon us to recognize the liberalism of the "greatest" statesman of the age and throw in our lot with the war crowd. We refused to be fooled.

Where are you now, Knights of Liberty (?), Public Safety Commissioners, American Protective Leaguers and all the rest of you hypocritical mouthy-patriotics? Think of the millions of members of the workingclass who tonight lie dead upon the fields of Flanders and think, also, of the sordid struggles that have been going on at the Peace Table! It has cost us over 20,000,000 lives to demonstrate how false were the rulers of all countries. The dead can never be recalled back to life, but the living can avenge the dead and vengeance it will be.

The Allies, drunk with power have fastened upon the German people a load that is worse than any, that could have been conceived of by the worst, degenerate and autocratic rulers of Czarist Russia. Tonight, thousands of German women and children are starving. The round faces of the German people are now but hideous masks that portray the suffering of the body. In Austria the children are mere skeletons, unable to speak or walk. What have innocent women or children done that they must suffer such agony? The blockade of the Allies, that is placed around the Central Powers, is but a damning indictment and a refutation of the hideous lies of the Allies, when they state that they fought this war to free mankind.

What right has France to the Saar valley? France does not want the Saar valley because it is a French province. Simply because it contains immense coal fields, rich with coal. Poor Germany responds to the appeals of the Allies and in return the Allies take her possessions away from her. Democracy with a vengeance.

What right has Italy to Fiume? Fiume, like Duluth, is

Italian in parts, but commercially it belongs to the Slovaks. But the people of Fiume are without POWER and so they must, in order to make the world doubly safe for democracy, give their city up to the Italians. Of course it is true that backing the Jugo-Slavs are the Cunard Shipping interests of England. This firm desires to have Fiume, so that they can send their products into the Hinterland. On the other hand, the Italian capitalists need new markets and so they want Fiume. But after all who is more entitled to Fiume, than the people living there, the Jugo-Slavs! Was the war not fought for the benefit of small nationalities?

The Peace Conference has failed and miserably failed. The capitalist class of today has failed to understand that a new world is being born. The spokesmen of capitalism, that sat at the Peace Conference, including our own dearly, very dear, beloved President Wilson, are still living in Mid-Victorian days.

The advisers of the President are all men who know as much about the trend of developments as the Kaiser knows about I. W. Wism. With all national boundaries wiped away by the sudden advance of production, statesmen endeavor to make terms of peace on the old national lines. They little realize that their own League of Nations is but a product of an ever growing capitalism, i. e. imperialism. They fail to realize that the interests of the different countries intertwine one with the other, they stand or fall together. The League of Nations, that has been so much talked about as a solution to the war evil, is but the necessary machinery to enable the Big Four to rule the world.

The workers of the world must now make up their minds as to what they are going to do. The mere fact, that Gompers, the errand boy of Imperialism has given his blessing to the League proves nothing. Gompers knows, down deep in his own heart, that he has not played square with his rank and file. Therefore he must make good with the very masters that he ONCE fought. The workers must discard their Gompers', and reorganize their unions into a more scientific form of organization, or they are ever going to be the prey and pawns of the Imperialists of the world. The workers must now prepare to take over industry. The collapse is going to take place very soon in the European countries. France is depending upon the Allies to pull them out of the hole. If the Allies cease lending money to France, and Germany refusing to sign the peace terms, financial chaos must inevitably ensue. Italy has no raw materials to fall back upon and she too will go the same way as France. Bolshevism making great strikes in England and Ireland almost ready to take on the Soviet of government, the British Empire will fall with a crash. America will stand isolated. But the mere fact that the countries of Europe revolt, does not mean that the United States will follow suit. The capitalists of this country can carry on and dispose of their surplus wealth in extensive building operations and the many other ways of disposing of surplus wealth. They will do this rather than admit their failure to carry on. It will not matter that they build the finest roads, art galleries, opera houses, the workers will still be slaves. It will require much work to prepare the workers of this country. We shall have to engage in much laborious and monotonous work. We shall have to organize the workers in the industries. The socialist who talks about mass action and attempts to formulate ideas of propaganda along the lines laid down in Russia, is ignorant of the conditions that exist here in America. We stand face to face with a highly commercial system. Organized capitalism with all its power confronts us. Organized capitalism, with its brutal power. We can only combat capitalism, with its well organized trusts; with a well organized body of workers. POWER TO COMBAT POWER, notwithstanding the well-meaning advice of our good friend Scott Nearing. POWER is the magic word. The POWER of the strong right arm of labor. We can utilize that power through organization upon the job. The workers organized in industry, fully conscious of the need for such organization and prepared to use every means that the conditions may deem necessary, will sweep into power, masters of their destiny.

To that end, we urge our readers to work. We urge upon them in the local unions to insist upon their local taking action along the lines of industrial unionism. SOLIDARITY will bring us far along the road that leads to industrial freedom. New saviours intoxicated with the triumphs of the Bolsheviks must recognise the stern fact that we live in highly developed capitalistic America. Let us quit our foolish quarrels. Let us get down to business. It is the workers that fight in the wars created by capitalism. It is the workers' wives and children that pay the price. Therefore let us get together and prepare for the day when we can stand up like men and stop the wheels of industry, the moment that war is declared. The common people are going to be fooled by the League of Nations cry, like they were by the pacifist cry during the 1916 presidential campaign. It will not suffice us to know that we passed a resolution against war. It will not give satisfaction, to laugh the workers to scorn and say "that we told you so". Let us get together and organize as a class and use our economic power.

GENERAL STRIKE FOR MOONEY

We are going to keep up, every week, with an agitation for a general strike for Mooney and Billings. This move is being fought by the machine of the American Federation of Labor. They in turn are being supported by so-called labor papers, we have them in this locality.

Therefore we trust that all radicals will work for a general strike for Mooney and Billings. If we turn down the general strike for these two fighters from out of the ranks of the workingclass, our masters will rub their hands with glee. They will have again demonstrated the fact that labor can always be fooled and misled. So let us shew the machine of the A. F. of L. that we are not sheep but workers with a mind of our own and let us show our masters that we are not sheep.

VOTE FOR THE MOONEY GENERAL STRIKE ON JULY 4th

We declare war with the wages system, which demoralizes the life of the lurer and the lured, cheats both and enslaves the workingman; war with the present system of finance, which robs labor and gorges capital, makes the rich richer and the poor poorer, and turns a republic into an aristocracy of capital.—Wendell Phillips.

All men are equal before the law. The law, in its majestic equality, forbids the rich as well as the poor to sleep under bridges, to beg in the streets and to steal bread.—Anatole France.

What happens when everybody is asleep is called Evolution.

What happens when everybody is awake is called Revolution.—G. K. Chesterton.

A "yellow" who cannot recognise the trend of the times is just as foolish as the "red" who thinks that he is the savior of the workingclass.

WIRE TO TRUTH

Seattle, Wash., May 26, 1919.

The Truth, Duluth, Minn.

Court convened Monday, T. L. Allison, Government Labor Spy on stand. Cross examination, Vanderveer testimony developed facts: I. W. W. not secret organization and no violence committed. Claimed to have heard E. I. Chamberlain, former Seattle Defense Secretary, indicted with twenty-eight men but not apprehended. Threaten death Lieutenant Becker notorious waterfront scab herder. No corroboration, this testimony. Also stated collection taken on streets, Spokane by I. W. W., purpose killing captain Dengel and other intelligence officers, post office force and city commissioner Kilburn and witness Allison. Stated also he was asked to contribute. Witness admitted organization confined efforts economic field, Vanderveer asked Allison; if I. W. W. literature contained similar sentiment to, "inasmuch as most good things are produced by labor it follows that all such things ought to belong to those whose labor has produced them to secure to each laborer the full product of his labor; is the worth object of any good Government." Allison, yes that sounds like a Socialist. Vanderveer quietly, "it happens to have been written by Abraham Lincoln." After examination in which Wilson new freedom end; industrial relations report freely, Witness excused. Elmer Scouts used in Sacramento case by Government, questioned regarding sabotage. Vanderveer objected, ground, sabotage, not used overthrow, political government as charged. Witness testified setting two phosphorous fires, haystacks while member construction workers five seven three. Witness used to introduce Austin Lewis pamphlet, various Calif. stickers. Cross examined, witness stated, had been sentenced penitentiary, nineteen sixteen, once in jail, petty larceny, also held conspiracy haystack fires, Sacramento case, but released on promise to testify, expected no prosecution for crime because, testified in California cases. Said prosecutor Brown, hired him to do some work. Witness given Carleton. Parkers report Wheatland hop riot, to read for identification and will be recalled. A E. Fingardo, foreman, registered section post office, Sacramento on stand to identify C. L. Lambert signature, large number of letters offered. Part of these admitted and read are same letters used in Chicago case. Night session court held further identification letters, witness excused, no cross examination. Remainder session occupied reading editorials solidarity, over objection defence that no attempt to overthrow government shown, no relation criminal anarchy disclosed and no connection shown between sabotage, Lamberts letters solidarity editorials and defendant James Bruce.

General Strike Victims Defense Room 17 Labor Temple.

OUR FATHERS ON FREE SPEECH

Compiled by Covami.

"Out of this state of public mind (caused by the World War then—1798-99—raging) and in an effort to stay the desolating anarchy (!), which seemed ready to burst upon the land, the Alien and Sedition Laws were enacted by Congress, and with the sanction of the President.

The first gave the Executive of the United States, power, whenever he should deem it exercise necessary to the safety of the Republic, to order from her territory the departure of any Alien whose presence he might judge hostile to the public peace. The second subjected to an action at law, such persons as should 'indite, or publish, any writings, with intent to defame the Government of the United States, the President, or either House of Congress, to bring them into dispute or to excite the hatred of the people against them; upon conviction before a United States Court, such persons were to pay a fine of not more than two thousand dollars, and to suffer imprisonment for not more than two years;—upon trial the accused had the right to give in evidence, in their defense, the truth of the matter charged as libelous and the jury were to determine both the law and the fact." (See "The Life and Speeches of Henry Clay," Leary, Getz & Co., Philadelphia, Pa. 1860).

Out of the fight on these laws the "Democratic" party was born, the Federalist party that fathered them being literally swept out of existence, yet they were mild to the last degree when compared to the present "Espionage and Alien Laws." How soon Parties forgot the causes of their Birth. Of these laws Thomas Jefferson said: "For my own part, I consider those laws as merely an experiment on the American mind, to see how far it will bear an avowed violation of the Constitution. If this goes down, we shall see immediately attempted another act of Congress, declaring that the President shall continue in office during life, reserving to another occasion the transfer of the succession to his heirs, and the establishment of the Senate for life. That these things are in contemplation I have no doubt; nor can I be confident of their failure, after the dupery of which our countrymen

have shown themselves susceptible." But the great President was wrong; the Americans of that day rose en masse against this "monstrous abuse of power" and the Republic was, for the time being, saved. After complimenting Jefferson for his uncompromising stand against the "Alien and Sedition Laws," and going on to show the different legal means at the command of Americans for resisting such abuse of power, Henry Clay said: "There remains also the further, the lawful security, the last resort of society, which I contend belongs alike to the people and to the States in their sovereign capacity, to be exercised in extreme cases, and when oppression becomes intolerable, the right of resistance. And, by way of illustration, if the sedition act had not been condemned by the indignant voice of the community, the right of resistance would have accrued. If Congress assumed the power to control the right of free speech, and to assail, by penal statutes, the greatest of all the bulwarks of liberty the freedom of the press, and there were no other means to arrest their progress, but that to which I have referred, lamentable as would be the appeal, such a monstrous abuse of power, I contend, would authorize a recurrence to that right." And thus, on a previous occasion, (after reviewing the struggle for free speech and press in England and the United States) wrote Benjamin Franklin; "In the former part of this paper it was endeavored to prove by historical facts, the fatal dangers that necessarily attend a restraint of freedom of speech and the liberty of the press; upon which the following reflection naturally occurs, viz: that whoever attempts to suppress either of these our natural rights ought to be regarded as an enemy to liberty and the constitution." (The black face type is Franklin's.)

This is the American tradition on free speech and press; on this declaration of Franklin's ALL the great American democrats have stood without exception. This being true, who, then, are today the real, the true American democrats—Woodrow Wilson or Eugene Debs? Samuel Gompers or William D. Haywood?

Long Live Industrial Democracy!

ENTERTAINMENT AND LECTURE

Sun. Eve.—WOODMAN HALL—June 1st, 1919

A WELL KNOWN SPEAKER

GOOD MUSICAL PROGRAM

Everybody invited.

All Welcome!