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MOONEY FRAMEUP EXPOSED

WITNESSES CONFESS TO PERJURY AND BRIBERY IN FAMOUS BOMB CASE

Hand's Revelations 'Final Straw' Baring Plot, Says Prisoner.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 25. — District attorney Matthew Brady had under consideration today a letter written from San Quentin prison by Tom Mooney, urging that he and Warren K. Billings be tried on the indictments yet standing against them for alleged participation in the Preparedness day bombing here. Mooney, in his letter, referred to the Draper Hand charges that the case against Money and Billings was a "frame-up" as "the straw that broke the camel's back in this conspiracy against our lives and liberty."

Brady expressed the opinion that a retrial will be useless as the men, unless pardoned by Governor Stephens, still would remain in prison. Brady probably will investigate the story told by Hand, a police officer, at the request of the commission.

Recent events which lend to the belief that Billings and Mooney would be acquitted without hesitation by any present or future jury are:

The revelations of Draper Hand, the state's chief investigator in the bomb case, of the alleged "frame-up" against Billings and Mooney. Perjury Laid to Oxman

The admission of perjury laid to Frank Oxman, state's star witness against Mooney.

The admission now of Estelle Smith, one of the most important witnesses for the state, that she is doubtful as to the identity of the man she swore positively on the witness stand was Warren K. Billings on the roof of 721 Market street during the Preparedness day parade.

The claim of Hand that another star witness, John McDonald, will admit perjury and tell that the police forced him to be a part of the framed-up testimony.

Hand's complete story to Mayor Rolph was given out today.

Hand came into close touch with all the witnesses when the cases were being prepared and presented in court. He located many of them for the prosecution. He kept John McDonald under view after the man had gone to the police with the story that was used in court. Hand helped keep Oxman in good humor when his nerve was beginning to break at the testimony that was required of him.

And Hand told Mayor Rolph this: "He is sure McDonald would tell the truth and clear part of the mystery, if he could be found. McDonald is supposed to be in Baltimore, but the only man who definitely knows where McDonald could be located is Captain Duncan Mathewson, who was given charge of the special bomb bureau formed to handle the Money cases. Mathewson is now the head of the detective bureau. While working on the case, Hand saw Oxman do the same."

Oxman, said Hand to the mayor, virtually admitted to him—not in words, but by implication and assumption—that the story he had agreed to swear to was a lie. That was the story that clinched the Mooney conviction—the story the prosecution did not dare to introduce into the subsequent bomb trials.

Brennan Smells Rat. Jim Brennan, working under Pickert on the cases, smelled a rat

in the Oxman story before Oxman came here. The gist of what Oxman would testify had been outlined in Brennan's presence. Pickert detailed Brennan to go to Oregon and get Oxman. A steamer reservation was made for Brennan. But the night before he was to sail, Brennan thought it all over. It didn't look straight to him. He decided to have as little to do with it as possible. So he got in touch with Pickert.

"I won't go," said Brennan. They sent Detective Sergeant Steven Bunner instead, and Oxman whatever his motive may have been, carried the farce through.

"I don't know how Oxman first got into the cases," said Hand to Mayor Rolph. "Who secured him, and how and why, I can't say. My first connection with Oxman was after he had already come down from Oregon. I was put in touch with him by Swanson. It was about the Weinberg automobile."

Swanson, it will be remembered, was the corporation detective who had been trying to send Mooney to prison in connection with the Martinez dynamite case and other affairs—had been on Mooney's trail for months and years. The Weinberg car was the machine in which the conspirators, according to the prosecution theory, passed through the police lines the day of the parade and was taken from 721 Market street to Steuart and Market, where the explosion occurred. First Sight of Oxman.

Here is how Hand described his first sight of the star witness:

"Swanson sent for me and asked me to take Oxman to the North End station and show him Weinberg's auto. They had taken the car out there."

There was no need for explicit orders to be given Hand; a man is supposed to understand such things without detailed specifications. Oxman wanted to have a look at the car that he had already agreed to testify to having seen, carrying the defendants at the place of the bomb outrage.

"I took Oxman to see the car," Hand went on. "It was his first and only sight of the car. Oxman's story was that he had seen one of the men, when riding in the machine at Steuart street, hold a suitcase on the running board. That was the suitcase supposed to have the bomb in it."

Oxman was very much concerned, when he saw the car, to find out if it were possible for a man to sit in it and hold a suitcase as he was going to describe in court. He had me get in the car and let my hand hang down over the side, as if I were holding a suitcase. He wasn't satisfied till I got in and did as he wanted, after that he thought his version was all right—that the defense wouldn't prove it impossible.

"Marvelous Memory." There was also the matter of the car's license number to be settled there at the North End station, when Oxman saw the car that was such an important piece of stage property in his account.

The explosion was in July and the trial in January, and Oxman testified that through all those months he had remembered not only

ENGLAND OPENS TRADE WITH RUSSIA WHILE U. S HANGS BACK

Soviet Republic Ready to Supply World With Vast Resources In Exchange For Manufactured Goods.

The following article on the Russian situation was written for Truth by Robert Minor, famous cartoonist and war correspondent, who is conversant as perhaps no other man in America with the Russian revolution. Mr. Minor was in Duluth and Superior delivering addresses to raise funds for the release of political prisoners.

By ROBERT MINOR

The British government has just recognized the Russian republic because the British know that it is the strongest state now existing in Europe. The present Russian government is the most certain of permanent duration. Anybody who looks at Europe with the cold eyes of reason knows that many another government shall fall to destruction while the Russian republic continues to stand.

All the rest of Europe is chaos. France, Italy, Germany, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Poland—are in a condition of disintegration. They cannot settle their war debts, they cannot start up their industries again, they cannot even collect their taxes. Every government in Europe is slipping to the verge of destruction, except one. That is the Russian soviet republic. No nation in Europe dares again to call its troops to the colors, except one—Russia.

"Why Doesn't Europe Buy?"

Why are American industries closing down? Why can't we send goods to Europe?—Europe needs everything, food, clothing and nearly all

manufactured products. Why doesn't Europe buy? Because she cannot pay. That is why American factories are closing down and thousands are thrown out of employment. Because we cannot find a market.

What nation in Europe can buy? What nation can pay? What nation has gold? What nation has raw materials? Only one. Soviet Russia.

Russia is the biggest market now existing in the world. It has possession of almost limitless gold supply; it has oil—which it has just taken back by military force from the British; it has coal; it has countless grain supplies; and the strongest army now existing, which has just completed the winning of a war even more significant to history than the world war proper.

America Needs the Market

Russia is the negative to America's positive—by which I mean that Russia is a tremendous market for manufactured products, and America has a terrible need for a market. Because of artificially induced hysteria, because of lies of British owned newspapers, because we leave our thinking to be done by frightened society women and British agents, we are letting that market go to others and closing down American industries.

It is time to get sane. Russia is not chaos, but on the contrary it is the only part of Europe that is not chaos.

They are doing constructive work which is not hampered by the problem that is deadlocking other countries—the labor problem, for they have no labor problem in Russia now. That alone ought to make thoughtful persons sit up and take notice.

OPEN SHOP MOVEMENT IS NOW UNDER FULL STEAM

Death to Organized Labor Sworn by the One Big Union of Employers.

The following article made its appearance in the last weeks issue of the Iron Trades Review:

"Nationalizing the Open Shop Movement."

"Definite results are beginning to be obtained in the aggressive campaign for the open shop which is sweeping across the country. The first and most important of these has been to strengthen the position of those employers who have refused to be bound by the trade unions. The growth and progress of trade unionism as an instrumentality for dictation of industry and the forcing up of wages has been checked. The second is that an increasing number of employers who heretofore have recognized trade unions are declaring for the open shop. Demands for renewal of agreements together with increased wages put forth by the unions are met promptly with the announcement that hereafter these shops and factories will be operated without discrimination as between union and nonunion labor.

"Strikes for higher wages at present are reacting against trade unions, for a number of instances to which attention has been called in the past few months, they have resulted or are resulting in defeat for the unions and the transformation of the closed shops into open."

"In the Sept. 23rd, issue of the Iron Trades Review it was pointed

SATISFIED WITH ELECTION

Bankers and business men in Wall Street districts, from Gary to Schiff, have given their official O. K. of the election results.

Gary, predicting an eight-year term for the Republican party, said: "Yesterday was a great day for civilization. President Harding and Vice-President Coolidge will have the cordial support of the financial, commercial and industrial interests of the country, and in turn, will render every proper and practicable aid toward the attainment of economy, efficiency and happiness of all who are deserving."

E. V. R. Theyer, president of the Chase National Bank, said the election will have a "good effect upon business", and Seward Prosser, president of the Bankers Trust Company, said, "It suits me."

Mortimer Schiff of the Kuhn Loeb and Company expressed his confidence in Harding's ability to "discharge his duties", and Walter Drew, president of the Corn Exchange Bank said that business would be greatly stimulated by the Republican administration.

Unjust Law Attacked.

Washington state labor will make a determined effort to secure the repeal of the criminal syndicalism law at the next session of the legislature. Various unions are appointing committees to meet with the Central Labor Council's committee to plan the campaign. The law has been used by employers in an effort to intimidate workers.

CHECK ON COLBY'S WAR LUST TO BE HELD BY NEW SOCIETY

Autocratic Secretary of State to Get Jolt From United Labor Bodies.

By WILLIAM HARD.

Here's the chance for every really peace-loving American citizen to do something practical to help stop a war.

The "American Humanitarian Labor Alliance" is going to have the folks in it who are in earnest on this proposition. What made Lloyd George in England lay off from his big idea of a big new slaughter in the East of Europe? It was a group of people who were delegates from organizations containing several million people who were really determined to prevent Mr. Lloyd George from conducting a league of peace with one hand and a league of continuous slaughters with the other.

Are we less resolute than the English against wilful arbitrary autocratic war-makers? Who empowered Mr. Bainbridge Colby to conduct a war against Russia?

On September 20 last the executive secretary of the "American Friend's Service Committee" reported that our State Department refused to give approval and permission to the sending of American relief to destitute Russians in Soviet territory. It was an act of effective war. The immediate purpose of a war is to inflict pain on an enemy and by pain compel him to yield. The method may be shell-shock and the method may be hunger. The purpose is the same and the intended final result is the same. Mr. Colby is engaged in trying to make Russians change their minds about their government by making them suffer and by making them witness the suffering of their women and children.

Let us get this thing straight. Let us get it clear. Russia under the Czar used to import locomotives.

It depended on imported locomotives. There is a man in America who is willing today to sell locomotive to the present Russian railway system. Mr. Colby prevents him. Therefore a certain milk-train in Russia, running out of a certain dairy district into a certain city, stops running. Therefore the milk that used to come does not come. Therefore certain children get thinner and thinner and weaker and weaker. They do not grow. They are feeble. They are ill. Their fathers look at them. Their mothers look at them. And while they look, Mr. Colby says to them: "Ah! Now will you change your minds about Lenin? Now will you submit to Wrangel?"

Mr. Colby is a torturer serving as advance agent for Wrangel's Czaristic gunmen.

Who empowered him to do this? When did the American people or the American Congress tell him to tell the Russian people what sort of government to have? The answer is that the State Department and the White House are acting in this matter by their pure private wills. Very well. Then some other pure private wills gave the right to say "We will by every lawful means just simply stop you if we can."

The "American Humanitarian Labor Alliance" is a delegate body with delegates requested from all organizations willing to stand up and say:

"We declare ourselves ready to join with the organized labor movement in this country and abroad in taking the necessary action which will prevent the further continuation of the unjustifiable and continuous attacks against Russia, interfering with the peace of the world and threatening to draw us into a new bloody war."

AMERICAN LEGION USED AS CAT'S PAWS OF LOOT GANG

Soldiers Drawn Into Organization Under Guise of Patriotism by Lawless Business Crew.

By LAURENCE TODD.

WASHINGTON. — American Legion circles are all stirred up over the action of the new executive committee in sending to the White House a delegation of "hard-boiled" Southern members to demand the dismissal of Assistant Secretary of Labor Post.

This demand for the removal of the one conspicuously sane administration officer in the official family of President Wilson was unauthorized, by the recent national convention of the Legion at Cleveland. On the contrary, the plan to attack Mr. Post was kept a secret from the thousands of delegates to that gathering, and it was only brought to light when the delegates had started home. The inference drawn from this circumstance by non-reactionary Legionaires is that the D'Olier administration dared not meet the facts which would be disclosed in a debate of the matter and so chose to lie in ambush for the Assistant Secretary of Labor at another time.

In an "Open Letter to Frank-

lin D'Olier", written by an ex-soldier, Gale Johnson, editor of the Mexico (Mo.) Intelligencer, and republished by Stars and Stripes of August 28th, the national commander of the Legion was asked:

"It is your belief that the Legion was founded for the purpose of suppressing legitimate strikes and maintaining 'law and order' as the term is used by certain millionaire capitalists?"

"Who are the 400 'Friends of the Legion' who indorsed the notes for \$257,000, with which the Legion was organized? Was Coleman DuPont, of the powder trust, one of these? Were the packers of Chicago? Was David Goodrich, of the rubber trust? Was the Standard Oil Company?"

D'Olier never answered. It was his subcommittee that concealed from the national convention its plan to attack the Assistant Secretary of Labor in the interest of Congressman Johnston and the lumber interests and other big manufacturing interests of the country

CHICKEN PEEPS AT HEN THAT HATCHED PORCUPINES

Dignity of Sub-King Rolls Under Bed as Scribe Enters Sanctum.

By The Federated Press.
WASHINGTON.—All of a sudden the door opened and in walked — Who do you suppose. Gee, it was awful!

Hanna swayed on his feet like a persimmon tree under the axe. Colby flushed both ways from his collar, an diet go of delicate foreign relations which clattered to the floor and rolled away under the divans and tables.

The Afro-American jester at the door had his fling and mockery was chasing dignity through the State Department with a pig's bladder.

It came about in this way. When Secretary of State Colby told the world that Laurence Todd and Paul Hanna, Washington correspondents of the Federated Press, must never again enter his presence he put a hen on to set. And when the British authorities deported E. J. Costello, managing editor of the F. P., a few more eggs were added to the set.

The eggs began to hatch when Costello, in company with Attorneys Shepard and Recht, visited Colby last week to get an explanation of the mysterious deportation. In his capacity as reported, Hanna trailed over to the State Department at high noon to meet Costello and the lawyers when the conference should be over.

Admirably disguised as head door-keeper, one of the fresh-born chicks met the reporter in the corridor.

"Is the conference still on between the Secretary and Mr. Costello?" asked the scribe.

The first doorkeeper consulted with an associate.

"Yes, Sir, they are in conference and waiting for Mr. Hanna," said the second chick.

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doorman was mistaken when he said you were waiting for me here. If you will excuse me I will withdraw."
"Just as you like, Mr. Hanna", with an embassy bow.

Report has it that the "solemn referendum" on November 2 so shattered the morale of foreign office subordinates that they were irresponsible for their acts for days thereafter.

That night, at the darkened hour when innocent messengers and doormen leave the department, two heavily cloaked figures were secreted behind tree-boxes at opposite sides of the main exit, impatiently fingering their bludgeons.

One of them was an F. P. correspondent. The other bore a shop likeness to a celebrated member of the Cabinet.

Never a Scab

By H. W. Brown.

Yes, I'm an outcast, a tramp and a bum,

I'm shiftless and dirty to boot;
I don't care a rap for your smile or your frown,

Not a jot for your praise or your hoot;

I live like a beast, so you say in your scorn,

I'm a flaw in society's plan,
And you're right—I'm all these,

and then some to boot,
But I never yet scabbled on a man.

I'll steal when I'm hungry and fight when I must,

And lie when it pays me the best;
I'm lazy and shameless, and drink like a fish,

And I'll murder perhaps if hard pressed;

I'm a vagabond, worthless, a curse to the race,

I admit it, so just save your gab;
I'm crusty with dirt, but I've got to go some

To be dirty enough for a scab.

I'm now a degenerate, scars fit to let live,

I admit it and don't care a rap;
The ash barrel's my banquet, and the gutter my bed,

As I travel the face of the map;
You can call me a scoundrel, a hound or a cur,

They all fit, so just take a grab;
I won't squirm at the dirtiest name in the bunch,

But I'll shoot if you call me a scab.

SHACK FOR THE POOR

Chicago is to have a new hotel, nine stories in height, containing but 30 apartments and all that will be required of guests is that they stand a rigid blue blood test, figure in the social register and be able to pay \$12,000 a year rental.

The new hotel de luxe will be known as the Churchill and will be directly opposite the Hotel Ambassador, a gorgeous structure now in course of erection and to and from which the workmen ride in taxicabs.

The architects have planned four apartments of four rooms on each floor. There will be a small French dining room on the first floor. Meals of course, will be a la carte and are not included in the item of \$12,000 a year rental. It is estimated the cost, aside from furnishings, will be \$1,750,000 and the promoters hope to open it by next January.

No children will be allowed and each woman occupant will be limited to 9 Poodle dogs.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?
"I don't like your heart action," said the doctor applying his boscoped. "You had some trouble with angina pectoris, haven't you?"
"You're partly right, doc," answered the young man sheepishly. "Only that ain't her name."

WORKERS UNITE TO HALT WAR

Why Not a World Council of Action for its Complete Abolition?

By RICHARD TEMPEST.

The most cursory glance over the events of the past few months, will convince even the most ordinary observer of history, that we are fast drifting into a state of extreme crisis, in short, into another stupendous war, a debacle that will cause the recent hostilities in Europe to appear as insignificant as an afternoon picnic. In the forest of the world there is at present a mass of dried up wood that will become the tinder, which, with but a small spark, will kindle the flame which will so carry itself by its own momentum, that all the forces of the civilized world, will be unable to extinguish. Already, every newspaper is asking the question as to where its particular nation and class will stand in the event of the next world war, and some of the magazines are producing articles in which they are discussing the place and part certain great modern inventions will play in the catastrophe. The professors of the various countries are discussing the position and the function of what are called the instincts of self-preservation in preparation for the propaganda that will precede the outbreak of hostilities. The farmers of California have been worked into white heat over the invasion of the yellow race and already there has appeared the phrase by which the slogan is to be introduced: "Saving the white race from the incroachments of the Yellow Races of the world."

Thus the implements, the newspapers, and the psychology of the people are being prepared for the great showdown.

Almost every nation in Europe is on the verge of bankruptcy as the result of its recent experience of war, and the financiers and bankers are in a quandary as to how they will be able to collect the various loans they have advanced. Factories, which had been remodeled to meet the demands of war productions, are now idle or are in the state of adaptation for the production of the implements of peace, while, on the hands of the various producers, there are huge stocks of materials which are at present useless, now that the world is at comparative peace.

Already the news slips through, however, that certain nations are in the market buying up entire outputs of airplanes or submarines, and that they are searching the world for the newest designs of large guns and armaments. These are of course supposedly to replenish the stocks that have been deteriorated and with no view toward but the logical outcome of a cannon which is the destruction of life: "We prepare for war in the times of Peace."

Almost every nation, also, is engaged in filching the other nation, even those to whom it swore eternal brotherhood at the Peace Table. England is charging exorbitant prices for its export coal, while America grows rich at the depleted values of European exchange. Everywhere among the thinkers of today it is recognized that the Treaty of Versailles is the biggest, holding the world has ever seen in the form of a Peace Treaty.

In its final analysis the recent war was a commercial war. Despite our high-sounding phrases, it was a struggle for the biggest grab. The Reconstruction period, so-called, is simply the continuation of the same process, without the accompaniment of the rattle of the machine gun or the minor strains of the heavy artillery.

But in the showdown who pays? Certainly not the commercial interests who foster war for they have made their millions. Certainly not the princes and presidents and diplomats, who answer to the pull of the string of the commercial and moneyed interests of the world. Certainly not the militarists, who are again but the puppets of these classes.

Then who pays? There is but one answer to such a query—it is the men and women who form the great masses of the workers and toilers of the world, and, incidentally, they get the worst part of the deal in the end. Those who belong to every nation whether belligerent or neutral, these are the men who pay the price. In blood and life or in starving children and deleted stores. With the system of blockade every nation suffers, whether actually at war or not. It is imperative, therefore, that an appeal be made to the payers to put an end to the right of conquest: If war is to be abolished these people are the only ones who can and must take the step towards its abolition, so that the question resolves itself into a question for international labor, and is fast becoming the greatest of all questions that come into our creed.

Some months ago, the European world was startled by a wonderful object lesson, whose moral however was not allowed to pass too freely among the other groups scattered throughout the world, for the capitalistic press immediately cast scorn and shame upon it, so that the middle classes of England and of the world came to look upon it as an attempt, by what were called radicals, to corral labor for the cause of Bolshevism. France and England had lent huge sums of money to Russia at the beginning of the war, and the men who were at the head of the banking institutions of these countries, as usual, began to wonder how they were possibly going to collect. The most feasible method was resorted to, in a war with that new country. The Poles were to be the scapegoat and an imperialistic scheme was presented to them. Poland however, reckoned without her book, and in a short time they were being defeated and the backers became embroiled. For several days the world held its breath, and in England a scheme to renew the conscription methods was being resorted to. A hurried meeting of all the Trades Unions and Guilds of England was called in London, and the entire situation was entered into, with the result that a Council of Action was appointed, to draw up an ultimatum to the Government protesting against the war and threatening a universal strike should one man be sent to Russia. The ultimatum was submitted, and despite the fact that the Unions were called all kinds of names by the Junker parties, they were victorious, and the war was made an impossibility. For the first time in the history of the world the common people had been able to tell the leaders and princes and bankers, that if they wanted war, it was a matter of fighting in themselves.

How the basic principle that underlies this action, is the motive force that is at the base of all labor throughout the world when it comes to the question of international strife, for the men and women who form the great toiling class look at the situation, not in the matter of land and territory, but in the human relationships, the price in blood and lives of effective workers. The workers of Britain were not particularly interested in communism or socialism at the time, but they were vitally interested in the matter of men's lives and broken homes, and thus they spoke with no uncertain voice. What really happened was the formation of a League of Nations that was effective in the abolition of at least that one threatened war.

Any man or woman who is closely interested in the mind of labor throughout the world, has come to the conclusion that in its principle at least, the masses are very sympathetic with the ideal that underlies that disordered and his document, and, while we may realize that in its present form it is unworkable, we have made up our minds very distinctly, that any league that will stop war, is not only acceptable, but will be the salvation of the race. The present document is not only extremely crude, but, with its reservations and its accompanying treaty, is impossible, but there has been introduced into the debate certain phrases which destroys for all time any possibility of a resurrection of the idea under any form whatsoever. One of the phrases is that concerning national autonomy, is absolutely beside the point when it comes to a world League.

The workers of the world however, are not very much concerned about a national autonomy, but rather in the unimolested pursuit of happiness. It is hellish lies to affirm to the masses that they would suffer under a system whereby the present lines of demarcation would be obliterated, where all men and women would be considered with an equal right to life. The League of Nations ideal is simply an ideal for the massing together of all men for the abolition of war, and in this it is surely acceptable to those who always have to pay in the case of hostility.

What therefore is the conclusion? It is I think to be seen indicated in the Council of Action in Great Britain. Here labor is shown a hundred per cent organized, and an universal strike against a war became possible, and to carry the lesson further, if the labor of the world can become internationalized, if the men and women of America will organize against the duplicity of the financiers and the moneyed groups,

against any action that will embroil them against any other nation, then war will become an impossibility.

It comes in finale back to the simple extension of the cry to organize. Organize not simply the trade or group, not simply even the skilled or unskilled, not even the masses of workers of any one nation, but organize into one great whole, the entire working forces of the world. This is the call that comes out from the labor groups of England in their Council of Action, and in that demand is the salvation of the world.

DIDN'T AGREE WITH HIM.

The new hired man was called very early with the announcement that the family was gathered around the dining table.

"Thank you," was the sleepy reply, "I never eat during the night."

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A person should buy their shoes these days at a store where none but GOOD SHOES are sold—a store in which their confidence will not be abused. Our shoes are selected from the best makers east of the Rockies and the man who shoes this year will come back next year. Once we serve you we are not afraid of losing you. We know from past experience that once a customer always a customer. — We are Union men selling and repairing shoes.

The Model Shoe Store

JENS JACOBSON, Prop.

Write the address. 4024 W. 4th St.

"WE MUST BE PLEASED!"

By ANISE.

There was ONE phrase
In his conversation
That cut through the air
Like LIGHTNING!
He was the Socialist Mayor
Of Wenatchee
Discussing the uncertainties
Of FARMING.
He said: "A man I know
Had an orchard in its prime
A few years ago,
And he took from it
8,000 boxes of apples;
But they COST him to raise
\$1,200 MORE
Than he GOT from them!
But the NEXT year,
Was really rather good,
For many apple-districts
All over the land
Were RUINED
And so OUR crop
Sold high enough to pay us!
And WE must be PLEASED
That our brother farmers
Went bankrupt
And lost their little farms,
Because that made US able
To pay off the mortgages
On OUR farms!"
Yes, THAT was the phrase
That STUNG,
And he meant it to sting,
"We must be PLEASED!"—
In the failure of others!
After two thousand years
Of preaching;
"Love one another!"

After two thousand years
Of saying: "The hurt of one
Is the hurt of ALL!"
We still have a system
Of planless competition
That says to a man today:
The whole wide world
Is HUNGRY!
But YOURS is the RISK
If you labor to feed them!
Go forth
If you wish to take chances
Labor from dawn till dark
For a twelve-month
To serve the needs of the world,
And if you SUCCEED
You and your brother farmers
In raising ENOUGH
Of what all men
Are demanding
THIS shall be your reward!
Low prices and failure!
The MORE you give to the world
You and your brothers
The worse is your RUIN!
YOUR only chance
Of making a decent living
Is to pray
For a shortage of crops
In OTHER districts!
For the laws of nature and GOD
May say: "All ye
Are BROTHERS";
But the iron law
Of the market says:
"Rejoice
In the next man's RUIN!"

Brazen Hypocrites Would Cover World Outrage in Armistice Holiday.

BUTTE DAILY BULLETIN.

Commander John Troup of the local American Legion has asked that every merchant and business man in Butte close his place of business next Thursday, the second anniversary of the signing of the armistice which ended the World war.

The Governor of the state and the mayor of Butte have also proclaimed the day a legal holiday, and the Daily Bulletin acquiesces and will do its little mite in observance of the day by announcing that there will be no publication of the Bulletin on that day.

Our reasons for joining in the general observance of Armistice day may differ slightly from those of others who may join in.

In the first place, and this of itself is sufficient reason, the day which witnessed the end of a war which started between two rival economic groups (this on the authority of the Sick Man of the White House), should be gladly observed by those who returned from "over there," and the parents and relatives of those who did not return, and the balance should follow suit as a matter of course, with those who led the boys as far as the depot bringing up the rear—wearing masks.

In the second place, let us casually and in a general way review briefly a few of the results of this gigantic World war, which we were told was being fought to make the universe safe for democracy, to secure self-determination for little peoples, to insure perpetual peace to all the world, and other mouthfilling phrases the statesmen bombarded the people with. To begin, millions of men, women and little children have ceased to exist since 1914, as a direct result of the World war; millions more were grievously wounded, hundreds of thousands of them permanently and totally disabled, a burden to themselves and to society, which owes them all that it can give.

Again, in a more material way, what has been the harvest: A score or more little wars going on at the present time; new national and international rivalries in the making; new alignments of nations being arranged for a war far more ghastly and devastating than the one ended two years ago; discord and ill-feeling among former comrades in arms; and the much-vaunted "freedom of the seas," with England still in the role of mistress, whom we saved when she had her back to the wall; and America and Japan in a ruinous competition for second place in naval supremacy against the next war which the war mongers of both and other alleged "civilized" countries are planning; discontent, hatred, suspicion, misery, poverty and disease permeating all countries; but enough, let us wind up this world "La Miserable" tale, by adding that we got nothing which we fought for, and everything which we didn't want.

We could add more, but if we did, we couldn't observe it all in one day.

To add to our quota in observance of Armistice day, we would suggest to Commander Troup that all profiteers be forbidden a place in the parade; and we would suggest that in addition to business men and merchants closing their places of business, that all "patriotic" spouters keep their "traps" closed.

Also, in all seriousness, we would amend Commander Troup's plans, by suggesting that the mine whistles do not blow, thus reminding us of the profits made by "Flaming Coffin" John and his pals out of the sacrifices of the soldiers and workers.

By all means let us observe the end of the World war—although we do not see it.

THAT BENEVOLENT WAR.

The ordinance department planned to build 20,000 pieces of artillery for the American army. Only around 100 field guns reached France in time to be used and this was just before the armistice. The department spent \$3,000,000. That is one reason the war cost so much.

MOONEY FRAME UP EXPOSED

(Continued from page 1)

the faces and figures of the five occupants—he thought at the time they were thieves, he said—but the number of the car as well. That is the man who wrote to an eastern friend, "Come, out, I need another witness," remembered for seven months the license number of a Ford noted casually during a parade.

Oxman's official contention was that when he saw the auto, just before the explosion, he suspected that it carried crooks of some sort, perhaps a gang of burglars, and he noted the car's number on the back of a telegram he had in his pocket—noted it conveniently for the bomb case prosecution—but at the time made no attempt to give his suspicion and the car's number to the police.

Here, in reality, is how his memory was refreshed, according to Hand:

"There wasn't any license plate on the car when I took Oxman to see it."

"Why?" Hand was asked.
Well, if the plate had been there it would be bad for the prosecution if Oxman were asked if he hadn't got the number when he saw the car at the police station. Cunha had had the plate taken off that car. It was in a drawer in an inner office at the station. Cunha told me to copy the number. I did that and gave it to him. As far as I know Oxman never saw the license plate itself.

"Cunha was nervous. He had me go back and verify the number. I compared my note with the plate. Only then was the number given to Oxman for his testimony."

Admits Perjury.
It was after that, and while Oxman was being kept in San Francisco by the police; that the Oregonian made his virtual admission of perjury to Hand.

"I took Oxman to a fight," said Hand. "He had to be kept in good humor. They were afraid he'd get frightened and so there was amusement provided for him."

"He was weakening when I took him to the fight."
"He said to me, 'Maybe they'll think I'm lying if I testify to all this.'"

"What do you care what they think?" I said. "What difference does it make?"

"But that question of his shows that he knew just what he was doing—and that he wasn't doing the right thing. He showed it even more in his manner than in his words. He practically admitted that he was lying."

McDonald Cared For.

John McDonald was another one who was cared for by the police department for the sake of his testimony. During the time his story loomed up large in the version of the prosecution it was plain sailing for McDonald. His board was paid, he had pocket money. Then interest in him began to wane. The pocket money became less and less, the favors fewer.

And McDonald began to waver.

"I met him one day when he was on the verge of breaking down," said Hand to the mayor.

"McDonald said to me, 'Unless I get a job I'm going to spill everything to Fremont Older.'"

"I went to Lieutenant Goff and warned him to arrange a job of some kind for McDonald. Then he was given a job—in Tracy or somewhere in the interior of the state."

"He didn't tell everything then, but I'm sure that he'd tell the truth if he were brought here now."

McDonald is supposed to have gone back to Baltimore as he told a friend he would when he was first accepted as a witness. Duncan Matheson knows where he is, but no one else.

There is the matter of the Edeaus too, in Hand's story as he laid it before the mayor.

No phase of the bomb cases is more amazing than that of the testimony of Mrs. Mollie Edeau of Oakland and her daughter, Sadie.

And this is why the Edeaus were brought to the fore at witnesses, according to Hand: Captain Matheson was piqued because Estelle Smith bothered him too much, thinking that she and her mother were not getting to the full the attention from the police that her story warranted.

"Estelle Smith had been pestering Matheson," said Hand. "She seemed to think she ought to have better treatment."

"One day, after she had been complaining to Matheson who seemed pretty much annoyed and

he said to me, 'If we could get Mrs. Edeau and her daughter to make the identification we could get rid of the Smiths.'"

"As a policeman, I understood that as an order. So I got the Edeaus and took them to the prison to see if they could identify Mooney and Weinberg."

"The two men came out with some other prisoners. That's the way identifications are made—the witness selects the suspect from a bunch of men, sometimes a bunch that has detectives in it. The men came out and stood around."

"I looked at Mooney. 'Hello, Mooney,' I said. Then I looked at Mrs. Edeau."

"Weinberg was off to one side. 'Come here, Weinberg,' I said. I looked at him and lifted my forefinger to summon him. Then I looked at Mrs. Edeau again."

"This is Mooney and this is Weinberg," she said, singling them out from the crowd."

"That's the way the identification was made. And without such help the two women couldn't have done it."

"For keep this in mind: When I first met Mrs. Edeau and her daughter, they told me they had seen nothing at all—absolutely nothing—that would help the prosecution. The bomb bureau had located them and sent me to talk to them. I went back and told what the women had said. But the bureau wasn't satisfied with that. Matheson wasn't satisfied till he had their identification of the prisoners."

Hand was the man who was detailed by Matheson, as head of the bomb bureau, to find out who was on the roof of the Eilers building during the preparedness parade.

Rena Mooney had a music studio then in that building, and it was the contention of the defense that she and her husband were on the Eilers roof at the time the bomb was set off, a mile and a quarter away.

The defense eventually found a photograph showing the roof, and showing also a clock on the curbing across the street. By that clock, with the parade passing the building, it was 1 minute past 2 and the Mooney couple were there. At that minute, Mooney was at Stuart street, according to McDonald.

Rehearsed Testimony.

Hand went after the people who had been on the roof. His job was to find them and get their stories. He did his work well. He reported back that they said Mooney and his wife were there.

Later he got all these witnesses and took them in a body to the hall of justice. They were taken into the big room where the police commission holds its meetings. On one side there is an iron railing. They were lined up and the railing was designated as the cornice, or parapet, of the Eilers roof. They held a rehearsal, showing where each one was at the desired minute during the parade.

Then they were allowed to go.

Jim Brennan was present during this meeting in the police board's room. So was Swanson, the corporation detective; so were Matheson and Cunha and others.

When the witnesses were gone, says Hand, there was a revolution of friction among the prosecution's forces.

"When they were all out, Jim Brennan said: 'This won't do. It's bad business. It won't hold water we can't stand for that—it will knock our case out.'"

"Matheson whispered to me, hinting that Brennan had been reached by the defense in some way. This was done to keep me buoyed up."

At the time of the coping rehearsal and Matheson's whispered accusation, Hand himself, he says, believed that the witnesses from the roof would upset the prosecution's case if they were called. Brennan's judgment corroborated Hand's.

There was another moment that disclosed apprehensiveness among the prosecution's forces. That was when it was reported that Maxwell McNutt, attorney for the defense, had found a man who proved that it was he and not Billings that had been on the roof of 721 Market street at a pivotal moment in the case.

The man, according to a report, had had a camera similar to that described by Estelle Smith as having been in the possession of Billings when she saw him in the dental offices at 721, before he joined the other defendants in Weinberg's car.

Goff Talks to Hand.
Charles Goff (now a police lieutenant), then working on the bomb

cases under Matheson, went to Hand.

"They say McNutt's found the man on the roof of 721," he said. "If that's right, it means our case goes to pieces."

Hand had been searching for that man on behalf of the prosecution and he did not believe the report. So they decided to call McNutt up.

They got a phone with two connections, and Goff listened in. They used a ruse to ask McNutt if he were still after the map with the camera, McNutt said he was.

"Goff almost hugged me, he was so glad to hear that," said Hand in telling his story to Mayor Rolph. The disclosure made by Hand in the interests of justice, in a measure, are correlated to that made by Estelle Smith to District Attorney Brady successor to Fickert.

Warren Billings was convicted because Estelle Smith identified him as a man carrying a black bag—presumably the bomb container—who descended from the roof of 721 Market street during the parade and joined the other defendants in an auto which took them to the scene of the explosion. Estelle Smith has told District Attorney Brady that she would not give such testimony were she called in another trial of Billings. She has told Brady how her doubts were aroused after the first trial when she saw a man who might have been the one she identified as Billings. She has told Brady how she was kept from revealing her doubts by threats of imprisonment made by subordinates of Fickert.

The man with a black bag was the same man that McNutt was still hunt for when Goff almost hugged Hand.

Estelle Smith's Words

This is what Estelle Smith said to District Attorney Brady:

"I want to say this: If they ever try Billings again I will testify that I am not sure the man I saw was Billings."

"This is what happened:

"Shortly after I went before the grand jury and told them that Billings was the same man I saw a young man in the dental office. It startled me—he was so like the man I said was Billings."

"I went to my employer, Dr. C. H. Strub, and told him about the resemblance."

"This man's a patient of mine," he said.

"I found out afterward the patient worked at the ferry postoffice."

"Dr. Strub tried to dissuade me from saying anything that would make a new development. He told me that I'd already testified to the identification—had told about it under oath, and that I'd better forget my new thoughts."

"But I was disturbed. So went down to the hall of justice."

"I saw Mr. Cunha and told him that I wasn't sure."

"Cunha said to me, 'You know what this means; you swore before the grand jury that it was Billings, and if you alter your story it'll mean about 25 years for you for perjury.'"

"I asked if it wouldn't be possible to have the patient from the post-office and Billings both taken before the grand jury, so I could explain how like they were and show how I might have made a mistake."

Cunha's "Orders."

"But Cunha said no."

"You're committed to your story, he said. 'And, furthermore, we can lock you up—don't forget that. You're an important witness and we can put witnesses under lock and key. And these cases may drag along for years. In any event, to jail you go if you change your story.'"

"That ended it for the time being, but it didn't end my doubts. I still have them. I'd like to have a chance to tell about them on the witness stand."

So end these two latest chapters in the long story of the Mooney case and its allied issues. They are chapters which throw new light on details and make clearer the nature of what has been done in California in the name of justice.

They are stories which corroborate much that has been said in the four year fight to secure no more than a fair trial for the two men. They are stories that call for redress. But the law has said its say and Mooney and Billings are still in their cells.

O. T. ROSAAS

PHOTOGRAPHER.
Lincoln 599-x
2800 West Superior Street.

SOUTH DAKOTA HAS LAW THAT CHALLENGES OLD NICK**Twenty Five Years for Workers Carrying Literature Not Pleasing to Bosses.**

The defense situation throughout the country has not shown any appreciable change. In many parts, members are being cruelly victimized under legislation enacted by the different states at the dictation of the employing class.

The appeal in the Sacramento case has resulted in the sustaining of the verdict "guilty" by the United States Circuit Court of Appeals for the ninth circuit. A petition for rehearing has been filed and if that be denied, the case will go before the United States Supreme Court for consideration. In the meantime, the Sacramento boys are still in the Leavenworth penitentiary, with the exception of four of them who have secured their liberty on bond, and six who have served their sentences. This leaves twenty-eight of them in prison, besides a number of the men imprisoned on the Chicago indictment, and all the defendants in the Wichita case.

The first case to be tried under the new Criminal Syndicalism act of the State of South Dakota is still awaiting trial. The defendants are three members of the organization, James Howard, John Gartland and Harry Korenreich. These three fellow workers have been in the filthy county jail at Aberdeen—the Brown county jail—since July. Attorneys Van Slyke, and Harold Mulks for the defense, are urgently pressing immediate trial of the case, on the plea that further confinement in this primitive and insanitary bastille will ruin their clients' health. The only evidence against the men is that they had organization literature in their possession. The South Dakota Criminal Syndicalism law provides a minimum penalty of twenty five years imprisonment. This is a case that must be fought to a finish, especially as it is the first to be tried under the new act, and the result will have a direct bearing on all future cases of a similar nature in this state.

Word has just been received that Carl Barcus, a young member of the organization, is being held in the county jail at Beatrice, Neb., incommunicado; and that no charge has been placed against him. He was arrested in the railroad station at Wymore, Neb., and supplies were found on him. Immediately he was taken to jail, and all efforts of his friends to communicate with him were fruitless. So far, he has had no hearing. When the judge was asked as to how long he intended to keep the boy without a hearing his honor replied, "We can hold an I. W. W. as long as we want to." The General Defense is now taking steps to provide legal and other assistance for this fellow worker.

Fellow worker Danton, who had two charges pending in Kansas—one of vagrancy at Wichita, and one of criminal syndicalism at Lyons—has had the vagrancy case dismissed. The criminal syndicalism case will be decided probably at the December term. Attorney Caroline Lowe is acting for the defense.

Two members of the I. W. W., Felix Thornton and Ed. Anderson, who were arrested with fourteen others, at a meeting addressed by Ella Reeves Bloor recently at Kansas City, Kansas, will be tried under the Kansas Criminal Syndicalist act. Thirteen of the defendants have been dismissed, the other being the speaker, Mrs. Bloor. The meeting was held under the auspices of the

National Defense Committee, and was for the purpose of obtaining publicity in the matter of political prisoners and deportees. It is claimed by the prosecution that Thornton and Anderson took a quantity of I. W. W. literature to the meeting for distribution, although they distributed none. The defendants are out on bond. Harold Mulks and Caroline Lowe are acting as defense attorneys. Attorney Shaaris, of Dayton, Ohio, also acted at the preliminary hearing. The cases of Anderson and Thornton will probably come up in the January term of the District Court. Mrs. Bloor's defense will be financed by the National Defense Committee, under whose direction she was traveling. The General Defense Committee will be responsible for the defense of the other two.

Word is arriving that the Criminal Syndicalism law is beginning to totter in the Northwest. Especially in the state Washington, it is beginning to be realized by the bosses' political lackeys that the Industrial union movement cannot be destroyed by this particular brand of legislation. The organization is gaining ground in that territory, despite these infamous laws, and it is whispered that, as the criminal Syndicalist act has proven itself useless to hold back the rising workingclass tide, it may be repealed of allowed to fall into disuse.

In the meantime, however, we have most of our old cases, and some new ones, to carry on. Funds are urgently needed. A campaign has been inaugurated to secure financial assistance, both from the membership and from sympathizers. Circular letters are being sent out by this office to individuals and organizations, to aid us in this struggle to release our fellow workers from the clutch of the judicial machinery of the employing class. It is up to every member and sympathizer to help with donations and the spreading of publicity. Now, that we are at grips with the massed power of the exploiting class, it is more vital than ever that we should stand by our revolutionary aims, and protect those who have had the courage and energy to protect them. It cannot last forever; all over the world, the power of the proletariat is becoming more and more manifest; and it should be obvious to the most short-sighted that a change is inevitable and not far off. Here, in the United States, we have the most ruthless capitalist class in the World to face; but it also must fall, as the revolutionary spirit grows, sweeping around the world and animating labor to new efforts. While building up our organization, while preparing for the workingclass administration of industry, let us also strain every nerve to render aid to those of our members who fall in the fight.

All donations and communications should be sent to:

JOHN MARTIN, Secretary-Treasurer, General Defense Committee, 1001 West Madison Street, Chicago, Ill.

The training camps were built on the cost-plus plan. That is the more they cost, the more the contractors made. The government paid \$1,200,000,000. It has sold most of them as old lumber. That is a reason why the war cost this country so much.

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J. O. BENTALL, Editor.

Application made for entry in Post-office as second-class mail matter.

14

CAPITALIST LOGIC

In other words the capitalist press as much as said, "It Can't Be Did."

For the Russian army had defeated the last white hope of the Allies when it drove that brute Wrangel and the most powerful and best equipped offensive that Europe could muster into the Black Sea and the sea of oblivion.

Kolchak, Udenich, Denikin, all gone. And now Wrangel—scared and figdly like a half-witted girl.

All that the allied forces seem to be good for is a mop for the Bolsheviks to wipe the floor of Europe with.

But the Bolsheviks must be destroyed—that is settled. Only the caps have not used the right methods. Long and plaintive editorials deplore that so much money and so many lives should be lost in the bungle-some fight against the hated Bolsheviks.

Now the press discovers that the Bolsheviks cannot be destroyed in that way. Openly confesses it. Kicks itself in the rear for ever having dreamed it.

But it must and can be done. Armies cannot do it. Guns and cannon cannot do it. Blockade and lying cannot do it.

So the way to kill off the Bolsheviks and the whole new government of Russia is to leave them alone.

Leave the whole bunch alone. The Bolsheviks will die of themselves. Cheap way of killing them. The only way they can be killed.

Such is the logic of the dazed capitalists.

As much as to say: There is a dog that we want to get rid of. A young pup that is poor and skinny, but strong and full of vitality. We have tried to starve him, but he won't die. We have tried to shoot him, but the bullets don't lay him out. We have drowned him, but he comes up again. We have filled his hide with fleas and bugs but he scratches them off. We have imported lice and lies for him, but he survives them all. He won't accommodate us by giving up the ghost. Bad dog. We have done everything we can think of and have failed. The dog lives. Only one thing remains to try. It will bring certain death to the dog. We know it will. We have discovered it ourselves. It will do the job. Leave the dog alone. Then he will die, and we will thank god for our intelligence.

THE BOMB THROWERS

There are bombs of dynamite and bombs of nitroglycerine and bombs of blasting powder and bombs "planted" and bombs "discovered" and bombs suspected and bombs that never existed.

But the wickedest bombs is the lie bomb.

Then there are bomb throwers. There are the insane bomb throwers, the hate-crazed bomb throwers, the revenge bomb thrower.

And the wickedest bomb thrower is the lie bomb thrower.

In a preparedness parade a bomb was thrown by the war lords to stir up hatred against organized labor. Tom Mooney was hurled into the dungeon and sentenced to be hanged.

In New York 14 bombs were "found" in the mails that were to blow up the country.

In Wall Street a wagon load of explosives was set off and dozens of people lost their lives.

In the Chicago Post Office a bomb tore away a portion of the building.

In each of these cases the big lie bombs went off and in each case the "reds" were blamed. In each case it has developed that the "reds" and "radicals" have had nothing to do with any of them.

The Mooney plot is now laid bare, and the witnesses have all confessed that they were all paid and bribed by the lie bomb throwers to perjure themselves to put innocent men to death.

The 14 bombs "found" in the mail were traced to the gang that made their millions out of war profits and that wanted to make the people forget this by calling their attention to bombs. Not a "red" or a "radical" was ever found that had the remotest connection with those bombs.

The Wall Street Bombs were found to be engineered by criminal capitalists who were fighting labor.

The Chicago Post Office bomb is now known to have been handled by the haters of the I. W. W.

Some stolen dynamite was discovered under a porch here in Duluth and at once the lie bomb throwers ran black headlines laying the blame on the "reds." It was obvious at the time that no "red" could have any interest in that dynamite. The police never hinted it, but the press stories made it read that way.

In Monday's "News-Tribune" we read the startling headline: "Guards stop smuggling of criminal reds." Nothing in the article indicated that the "undesirables" aimed at were in any way connected with the "reds." No one had been apprehended, and no one was proven to be a plotter to overthrow the government. But the readers are made to believe that here is a great danger threatening the country. These lies act like a bomb.

Only the other night the Herald came out with a barefaced lie bomb. "Bars Minor From Public Address Here," read the headline. Then followed the brassy lies that only a degenerate liar can descend to hurl into the face of the public. It was like a bomb thrown into a peaceable community. And the scoundrels that perpetrated the nasty plot slunk under the skirts of the club women of Duluth to hide from the meanness of their deed.

And so on.

The capitalist press of this country is a bomb thrower. It throws bombs of lies. It is a wicked calling. It is by far more criminal than for the foot pad to halt the man on his way from his work and rob him of his money. It is a greater crime than to blow open the safe and steal the cash from the bank. It is a lower deed than that of murder and arson.

For it degenerates the public mind. It makes the people suspicious. It makes everybody distrustful. It makes the nation nervous. Every bomb lie is a shock. It has its effect. It dethrones reason. It fosters falseness. It destroys faith in society and in the integrity of the human. It robs the people of their finest instincts and of their beliefs in security.

Vicious beyond all the viciousness of the lowest thug and the vilest brute is the lie bomb thrower.

And already public opinion has put the mark of Cain and Annanias upon him. Already the press is classified among the insincere and untrustworthy.

It has thrown lies into our faces. Back into its face the people hurl disrespect and contempt.

MAINTAIN YOUR RIGHTS!

"They have rights who dare maintain them." — JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

"Don't ask for rights. Take them. An' don't let any wan give them to ye. A right that is handed to ye f'r nawthin' has somethin' the matter with it."

—MR. DOOLEY.

FOR INSTANCE:

Recently in Great Falls, Montana, the local unions parading to protest the shootings at Butte, were prohibited from displaying banners. But they displayed them in open defiance of an unconstitutional ordinance. The officials arrested the leaders—whereupon the several thousand union men marched to jail and demanded to be arrested with them. They could take care of only 360 in jail, and even they were dismissed when brought to court. And at a city election just afterward labor elected its ticket.

In Passaic, N. J., a wool town, the local authorities prohibited meetings of the Amalgamated Textile Workers, until the workers went ahead and held meetings without permits and in defiance of local ordinances conflicting with the State Constitution. In the face of such determination—and much publicity—the local authorities surrendered.

In the steel towns of western Pennsylvania, the workers and their organizers held meetings during the strike and after, in open defiance of local ordinances in conflict with the Constitution. In some towns the authorities submitted. In others the cases are in the courts.

In scores of western cities, the I. W. W.'s won free speech by going to jail for street speaking in such numbers that it became practically impossible to continue the fight against them.

In North Dakota and Wisconsin—alone among the western states—the organized political control of the farmers and liberal-radical elements has maintained the rights of free speech and free assemblage. These states have no laws persecuting opinion.

There are a few cities, too, in the country where speech and assemblage are absolutely free—due chiefly to the strength and determination of local labor and liberal forces.

Rights can be maintained only by insisting upon them,—by organization, protest, demonstrations, test cases in the courts, and publicity.

ELLA REEVES BLOOR

Of late Duluth has been fortunate in having some very fine speakers.

There was Kate O'Hare, whom our own local papers admitted was one of the most eloquent speakers on the American platform. Just preceding her was Ella Reeves Bloor, who is acknowledged to be as great a speaker and a better thinker. Then came Robert Minor, that wonderful orator and inspiring teacher, who delivered the most valuable information to the working people of our city, and who is giving his life and talent to the enlightenment of the masses thruout the whole country.

Mrs. Bloor comes again next Wednesday. She will speak in The Workers Hall at eight o'clock in the evening. Of course the hall will be crowded. Those who have heard her will not need an invitation to come and hear her again. They will all be there.

But we would like to invite the club women of Duluth. Also the mayor and city council and the editors of our newspapers. And the professors and teachers of our schools. Come and hear what she has to say. Then when you see the seaming scareheads about the "reds" you won't be shocked. You will only be disgusted.

Mrs. Bloor has stuff that will thrill and educate you. You will feel like a new person after you have heard her. It is your chance to get something unusually good. You are invited.

TRIBUTE TO JOHN REED

By Robert Minor

The Czar Nicholas once complained that he was unable to have the best Russian music because, unfortunately, the best composers were guilty of the crime of sedition and he could not encourage them.

Today the Czar Nicholas lies in a hole in the ground of a Siberian village, and the sweetest music of Russia is playing in his palace to the ears of the plain workingman for whom the composers really wrote their music anyway.

In Moscow there died the other day a great American literary artist, John Reed. He was a young man, only thirty-three, and already known about the earth as one of the finest of American artists.

John Reed began his career ten years ago as a reporter for the New York World and for the New York Tribune. He did well. Very soon he graduated from the ranks of daily reporters and was acknowledged as one of the most brilliant writers on the high-priced magazines that spend their thousands to get the best of writing.

And what is the reward of such success? A Riverside Drive apartment, a country estate, an automobile—the right to associate with the sort of people that live that sort of life. The people that live in those ways are stupid. They are drunk most of the time. They never know what to say, and they like to have a John Reed around to say the things they can't themselves think of. They buy expensive clothes for themselves and their women whom they also have bought; and they eat and they drink, and they have headaches and they quarrel with their women, cattle, and the women quarrel with their men cattle-herders, — and then they don't know what to do next. So they go and get young writers, artists that are fresh and strong and young, and they bring these in and eat with them and drink with them, and get the young artists to talk for them.

And the young artists are supposed to be grateful for the company of the expensively dressed persons and for the dinners and the automobiles and the "social position." If the young artists are grateful, they become more and more like the people that surround them, and slowly they lose their art. They sink into the position of clowns for the besotted aristocracy, in private life, and they become writers of excited drivel for the magazines and the book market, drivel without real connection with life—drivel that flatters their surroundings and lures the jaded clerks and the middle class to strive to succeed in business and thereby gain a place in the automobile-cock-tail-Riverside Drive drunken swirl of the stupid propertied class.

The artist grows old, becomes a bourgeois, stodgy and dreamless, depends upon his cocktail, and he quarrels with

A HUMILIATING ADMISSION.

The capitalist press tells us that the American government has abandoned the scheme, previously announced by the same press, to renew its offer made during the war of \$50 for the apprehension of every "slacker." The article says that inasmuch as there are many thousand men on the list, it would cost the government a lot of money if it had to pay for every man captured—assuming, of course, that any considerable number were apprehended.

We are also informed that the war department has not decided for certain whether or not it will publish the names of those who declined to be cannon-fodder for American capitalism.

The plutocrats in Washington are wise, no doubt. It would be pretty costly to pay \$50, a head for all of the "slackers", for they were numerous and the majority of them are still safe from the claws of the murder-lords. It is estimated that 30,000 came to Mexico and nobody knows how many went to other countries, hid in the United States, or took assumed names and made the officials think they were above the conscription age limit. Not less than 100,000, certainly.

Probably Wall Street's government is, however, more concerned about the humiliating admission involved in publishing such a long list of conscientious objectors than in the money that would be paid for the capture of even all of them. The fact that so many men escaped military service is not complimentary to the astuteness and cunning of the spy system of the biggest nation on earth. Worst of all, from the capitalist standpoint, it is a galling evidence that the spirit of rebellion is life among an uncomfortably large number of young men. It is not beneficial to capitalism to have such a fact published extensively. It shows that the American people are beginning to awaken, that they are breaking their chains and that a substantial and increasing number can no longer be counted upon to meekly do the bidding of the fiends who feed on crange and carrion.

It is a sign of the approaching downfall of capitalism.

I congratulate the American government on wisely deciding to say as little as possible about a most humiliating and significant fact. It is demonstrating considerable sense for once.

But even the most cool, calculating judgment on the part of Yankee plutocracy—or the plutocracy of any other country, for that matter—will never save the parasites from the crash that is so near.

The system that has taken so many millions of lives in war and so many millions more in the industrial slaughter of peace, is too near the hour of its doom to be prolonged much even by a sudden accession of exceptional prudence on the part of its beneficiaries.

It is too late, you leeches who live on blood and sweat and tears. Too late. — GALE'S.

HEROES UNSUNG.

Down by the river deep in thought,
There sat an aged man;
His furrowed brow was deeply wrought,
The mark of toil's long span.

The evening shadows drawing near,
And cooing birds at rest;
Bespeak, 'twould seem, so plainly clear
Of nature all a-blest.

With eye on western tints and star,
He softly speaks, to say:
"To die alone, outshines by far,
A jeweled pomp display."

He spoke no more. About him drew
The still caressing night,
His form was draped in morning dew
When rose the eastern light.
D. S. DIETZ.

AMERICA'S MARTYRS.

Inez Beatrice Freeman.

When the innocent are in prison
and the guilty are in Power,
The doom of Freedom's sounded
even in that very hour.
And the day of retribution
for the people of that land
Is as certain as the sunshine,
and the time is near at hand.

Tyrants always seek for power
in the darkness and the night,
And they know that to obtain it
they must stifle freedom's light;
So they jail all the free spirits
who dare speak for liberty,
In a land that once was noted
as the home of brave and free.

Woodrow Wilson and His war
paved the way for Tyrants reign,
For a time of Persecution
under guise of Patriots' gain.
Where the innocent and peaceful
were the victims of war's hate
And the cowards of Oppression
filled the offices of State

Now we have a reign of Terror
in America so fair,
By the Tyrants who are crouching
like a lion in his lair,
Looking for the helpless victims
who may dare to walk abroad,
In the light and air of freedom
where so long fair freedom trod.

ARMISTICE DAY, 1920.

This is peace day.

Service men are taking a leading part in the celebration of the end of the greatest war in history. They approached nearer to the cataclysm, saw more clearly its vast scope, understood its bewildering cost in lives and wealth, and guessed perhaps more of its devastating effect upon women and children behind the battle lines than any civilian at home. It is appropriate, therefore, that they who bore the brunt of the war should be the ones to accent the significance of peace.

This is a day of remembering. It also should be a day of reckoning. If patriotism is not to be the mere idle vaporing of sentiment, it is well to inquire into America's peace record since 1918. Is it as good as America's war record?

The one arresting fact about American history since the armistice is the growth of imperialism in America. It is an old saying that a victor takes over the traits of the vanquished. The United States has come dangerously near to imitating Germany under the Krupps and Kaisers.

Abroad we have waged an unauthorized war against Russia, slain ruthlessly the defenseless natives of Haiti, and threatened Mexico with hostility.

At home, we have followed the practice of tsars, imprisoning men for political beliefs, searching homes without warrant, permitting unconscionable profiteering, flooding the land with spies and agents provocateurs, restricting freedom of speech and press, persecuting whole classes, farmers and laborers, and taking steps to fasten upon future generations the incubus of tremendous debts, a gigantic navy and, if we are not careful, with a great army.

What has America done practically since the armistice in 1918 to make peace lasting or democracy a reality?

—MINNESOTA STAR.

EMPLOYERS AND WOMEN.

Employers are demurring to increasing the minimum wage for women workers. Women workers should not forget that those who oppose an increased minimum wage are those who are always opposed to organized labor.

The present minimum of \$11 is a shame and a disgrace to Minnesota. None of these employers who oppose it would think of asking their wives or daughters to live on \$11 a week, but they don't care what happens to their women slaves. They can take \$11 a week, and if they don't live on it they can starve or sell their souls for a square meal. So long as the employer don't have to pay over \$11 it is immaterial to him what becomes of somebody else's daughter.

A minimum wage of \$15 a week is by no means adequate. Neither is a wage of \$18 a week. A wage of \$25 a week is really not sufficient, and certainly nothing short of \$25 should be considered by the commission in making its award.

The sooner women workers awake to the fact that if they want to get justice out of industry the better off they will be. While the women workers of Minnesota are pleading with the commission for an increase over \$11, organized women workers in New York city are obtaining \$40 and \$45 a week. If those who spend time with minimum wage commissions would go out and organize the women workers they could do more in that way in one year to increase wages than they could with ten years of minimum wage laws.

And after the increase is granted, the suave employer goes through his establishment and convinces many of the women workers that it was through his generosity that the increase was granted, when all the time he was opposing it.

Not a minimum wage, but the full product of their toil is the right of every man and woman who works. This the women will get, not through minimum wage commissions, but through education.

—MINNEAPOLIS LABOR REVIEW.

The railroad workers had for 18 months waited patiently for an increase in wages in the face of the high cost of living, and when the situation got desperate, 20,000 men went on strike. The press immediately called them out-laws and damned them to eternity. Yet it took only 18 hours for the railroad owners to get a billion and half dollars, of which the railroad workers received \$600,000,000, while the railroad owners profited to the extent of \$9,000,000,000.

A referendum of the national membership of the United States Chamber of Commerce showed 1,504 in favor of the open shop to 4 against it. How those fellows stick together!