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International Press Correspondence

FRIDAY, APRIL, 1922.

Member The Federated Press

FIVE CENTS

April 15, Tag Day For Starving Russians; Help!

Saturday, April 15, every man, woman and child with a heart should put forth every effort to make the tag day for the starving Russians a success. Three hundred women are needed to collect on the streets. No more humane and important work has ever been attempted. It means saving the lives of thousands of working-class children in Russia. The children of the only working class government in the world. If you make it possible for them to survive these children will help bring about a new civilization of co-operation, of justice, of service. If they die the whole working class is doomed for many many more years to continue our civilization of profit and of plunder. Will you help? Will you show that you are intelligent enough to understand the situation, and sympathetic enough and generous enough to work and to give—give until it hurts. Call Friday for tags and find out the place where you are to work. Headquarters 8 N. 6th Ave. W. and at Workers Hall, 19th Ave. W. and 1st St.

OPERATORS TO FURNISH NAMES OF RADICALS TO STATE CONSTABULARY

By ART SHIELDS.

Altoona, Pa. — Coal Operators are asked by the Pennsylvania state constabulary to furnish the names and descriptions of "all known radicals."

The inquiry is made in a confidential letter addressed by Lynn G. Adams, superintendent of the constabulary, to each of the larger operators.

"Can you supply me with the name and description of all known radicals living in the vicinity of your operations?" reads the most significant question.

The letter, which was written March 18, and which has fallen into union hands, contains the following questions for the operator to answer:

1. The number and location of your operations in Pennsylvania.

2. Whether or not they are unionized.

3. If unionized, do you propose to operate or close down when a strike is called?

4. If you intend to operate, will it be with such old employees as desire to continue work or with imported workers?

5. Have you an understanding with the sheriffs of the counties in which your operations are located?

(Note: It has been a general rule that the sheriff call upon the department of state police for assistance before we send men into a county during labor disputes.)

6. What is the number of employees at each operation?

7. Have you any check on explosives used about your mines?

8. Are your magazines properly guarded?

9. Are explosives sold to the miners by outsiders?

10. Is there any way that you can get control of outside supply of explosives?

11. Can you supply me with the name and description of all known radicals living in the vicinity of your operations?

The closing paragraph of the letter says the information will be treated as strictly confidential in the office of the department of state police.

Special significance is attached by unionists to question No. 5, relating to the "understanding with the sheriffs" and to the appended note.

This is regarded as a plain piece of advice to the operator to instruct his local sheriff to summon the constabulary. The call thus comes from an official supposedly chosen by the people, though in reality selected by the operators, and the onus of the summons for the "Cossacks" is thus taken off the operator whose work is to be done.

Following his sending of the letter to the operators suggesting close cooperation with the sheriffs, Superintendent Adams called the sheriffs of all the coal counties together in Harrisburg March 20.

Constabulary are now riding in all the nonunion counties as per arrangement. Though the smallest of the units in the armies of coal and iron police, special deputies and company thugs who are guarding the roads leading into the non-union fields, they are the most aggressive and best disciplined. Fast traveling on horse or in automobile, they are the flying squadrons

of the anti-labor forces and make up in speed and ferocity what they lack in numbers.

Pennsylvania's state cavalry were first organized during the Pennsylvania administration nearly 20 years ago and since then have earned the reputation of being the most hated police body in the United States so far as organized labor is concerned.

Murders in the anthracite fields in 1906 and 1907, in McKees Rocks in 1909, in Bethlehem in 1910, when five workers were slaughtered and on many occasions since, culminating in the terrorism during the great steel strike of 1919, have written their name in letters of blood in labor's history.

A recent bill increased the size of the state police by 200 men.

Indorse Industrial Unionism Again

(Fed. Press.)

Chicago. — Reaffirming by a vote of 103 to 14 its action in favor of amalgamation of craft unions, The Chicago Federation of Labor at its regular meeting Sunday again went overwhelmingly on record for a conference of the international unions to be called by the American Federation of Labor "for the purpose of arranging to amalgamate all the unions in the respective industries into single organizations, each of which shall cover an industry."

The indorsement two weeks earlier and been carried by 113 to 37.

The action reindorsing its position on amalgamation came as a result of resolutions by two locals of the electrical workers, who had threatened to withdraw from the central body if dissensions were to be sown by spreading "one big union propaganda." They urged that the Chicago Federation of Labor should devote itself to creating harmony among craft unions.

The resolutions of the electrical workers were first concurred in on the ground that the creation of harmony was a prime purpose of the central body and on the ground that each affiliated body had the right to express itself of any question.

That having been made clear, the resolution from the floor reiterating the stand for amalgamation was passed by an even greater majority than the original indorsement.

They Want Markets

Riga. — The Baltic states are looking to Genoa to revive their industries.

Industrial workers in Latvia number less than one-third their pre-war strength, the government announces. The figures for 1921 are 47,000, including 21,000 transport workers. Before the war there were 130,000 industrial workers in the Russian territory now comprising Latvia, with 85,000 in Riga alone.

The revival of Russian markets will mean tremendous activity in Latvia, Estonia and Poland, which were the most advanced industrial regions of the old Russian empire. But at present over half of the workers are unemployed.

Markets in western Europe for the Baltic states are negligible.

For Russian Relief; How the Fund Grows

The total to date is \$465,000. The big contributions of the week are: Appeal to Reason \$3763, Detroit, \$495, Buffalo, \$400, Brotherhood of Painters & Decorators, Local 261, \$400, Boston \$400, Providence \$450, Astoria, Wash. \$333, Brockton, \$250, Cleveland \$238, Helen Freeman, New York \$200, Seattle \$200, Gary, Ind., \$200, Lynn, Mass., \$200, Milwaukee, \$183, Toledo \$186, Kalamazoo \$163, Purslow, W. Va., \$150, United Mine Workers of America, Reliance, Wyo., \$164, Peabody, Mass., \$140, Elizabeth, N. J. \$131.

Want Special Commission For Political Prisoners

(By the Federated Press.)

Washington. — In a letter to President Harding, a committee of American lawyers, editors, churchmen and publicists has called his attention to the fact that the remaining political prisoners cannot be given fair consideration, in their appeal for justice, under existing methods and facilities for study of the record of their cases, and he is asked to create a special commission, either within the department of justice or outside, to review the records and make recommendation to him as to the disposal of each case.

Among the signers of the letter are Dr. Harry F. Ward, John Nevin Sayre, Basil M. Manly, John Haynes Holmes, Arthur Garfield Hayes, Alfred Hayes, Osmond K. Fraenkel, Walter H. Pollock, Walter Nelles, Albert DeSilver and L. Hollingsworth Wood.

They call Harding's attention to the fact that the department of justice reports in making recommendations for clemency, are based upon the recommendations of the prosecuting officer, or that of the judge who passed sentence, rather than upon the actual record of case. The record is seldom studied by the department.

In passing upon the likelihood that prisoners, if released, will be law-abiding, the letter says, the department takes into account matters outside the trial record, and often these matters outside the trial record, and often these matters are such as would not be admitted under the rules of evidence. The prisoner has no chance to confront these witnesses, much less answer them, even when this testimony is wholly unreliable.

In addition to the special commission the committee asks that whenever the department is considering matters outside the trial record, the prisoner or his friends be enabled to investigate and make answer to such evidence.

More important, they ask that recommendations from prosecuting attorneys be no longer sought by the department in studying these cases, but that facts alone be received from prosecutors.

Finally, they urge, "that the department of justice be directed to abandon the practice of securing from the prisoner any statements concerning his economic or political views, or any statement concerning his future activities, except such as may have a direct relation to an existing penal statute."



See the big man!
And—the big bundle of kale!
And—the big club!
"Ah!" you say. "The worker should get the club."
No! No! No, friend!
He has gotten it, already—to his sorrow!
(You err... slightly.)
He must get control of the club.
(That's better, isn't it?)

Serious Situation For 40,000 Laborers

By HARRY GODEREY
(Fed. Press Staff Correspondent.)

New York.—The recent revocation by the American Federation of Labor of the charter of the New York Building Trades council, while the 110,000 affiliated workers in the council are facing the probability of a lockout by the Building Trades Employers' Assn., has created a serious situation in the local building trades.

More than 40 separate groups which compose the Building Trades council will be affected if negotiations fail which have been under way for some time to extend the agreement with the employers' body which expired March 17—that date having been the termination of an extension previously agreed upon.

The skilled crafts represented in the council now are receiving a flat wage rate of \$9 a day, and there has been little evident disposition on the part of the employers to force a reduction in these quarters. But there are about 40,000 laborers, unskilled and semi-skilled, upon whom the brunt of the proposed readjustment seems certain to fall.

The building trades employers have been trying to place the whole controversy in the hands of a so-called "Citizens' Committee," to be composed of bankers, manufacturers, and representatives of trade and business associations.

The Building Trades council countered with a demand that the dispute be settled by a sub-committee of the Lockwood legislative committee which has been investigating housing conditions in New York. The Lockwood committee refused to take any part in the negotiations because of the "extraordinary and offensive conditions sought to be imposed by the employers upon the participation of the committee."

Finally the employers announced flatly they would not treat with the Building Trades council in an effort to avoid a tieup of the entire industry.

Blacksmiths Drop Six Pie-Card Artists

Seattle. — Seattle blacksmiths have won an important court victory in their campaign to save the finances of their international organization by eliminating six of the 12 vice presidents now on the salary roll.

Judge Calvin S. Hall in superior court last Monday issued an order restraining the international Brotherhood of Blacksmiths, Drop Forgers and Helpers from revoking the charter of Seattle Local No. 211 and suspending the Seattle membership.

Final argument on the motion for an injunction against the international from interfering with the local autonomy in any manner, and provides that the international must issue dues receipts and continue to hold the local union in good standing pending the outcome of the application.

The action of the international in attempting to oust the Seattle union follows the circulation by the local union of an amendment to the national constitution. This amendment was circulated throughout the country for ratification by other locals and received hearty support. Although the circulation of the proposed amendment was in conformance with the laws of the international the headquarters officers sought to shut off the protest by suspending the local organization.

Figures taken by the local from the financial statements of the international office, which figures were used in the amendment petition, show that there has been a steady decline in the cash balance on hand. From a cash balance on hand of \$75,486.56 at the end of the first quarter in 1921, the resources of the international dropped until only \$28,866.96 remained on hand at the end of the third quarter. Elimination of six salaried officers would cure this condition, the local union holds.

Seattle officers of the union and a number of other locals are looking forward with keen interest to the disposition which will be made of the case on hearing for a permanent injunction.

POISON-GAS, AIRPLANES, WIRELESS READY FOR USE OF OPERATORS

Will Textile Workers Learn From Bosses?

New York — The textile strike, which for several weeks has centered in the cotton mills of Rhode Island, spread to Lawrence and may soon involve the silk mills of Patterson, N. J.

The 25,000 workers will doubtless lose in their attempt to keep up wages and to revert the longer hours. But they may learn a lesson in international organization from the bosses.

Great stock of cotton and wool are loaded on board ships at American ports and sent across the seas with the samples and designs. In Germany and Czechoslovakia the finished product is turned out and shipped back to the United States, or sent to any foreign market in the possession of the American capitalists.

So while our textile workers strike here, across the pond Germans and Czechoslovakians are working in three shifts at high speed and low wages to help the bosses defeat our workers.

The Butte Bulletin Suspends Publication

Butte, Montana. — Pursuant to action taken by the board of directors of the Bulletin Publishing company, The Bulletin suspends publication and makes the following statement to its subscribers and readers:

"A financial readjustment is imperative in order to permit the further publication of the paper. Present revenues are insufficient to meet necessary expenses incident to its publication. The support which we have received from the workers, loyal and generous though it has been, has been so beaten down by the ravages of unemployment and adverse conditions that our body of militant supporters is now too small to afford the luxury of a newspaper."

"During the period of suspension of the Bulletin we will keep the job department in operation, curtail all nonessential expenses, and proceed with the perfecting of plans for resumption. We have made arrangements with the management of the Soldier-Worker to have the latter publication go to each Bulletin subscriber monthly. In this way it will be possible for us to regain contact with our entire list of subscribers when we resume."

Unemployed Miners Rest; Mine Mules Rest And Eat

Wilkesbarre, Pa. — One hundred and fifty-five thousand idle men, workers in the anthracite fields of Pennsylvania, are not alone in enjoying the holiday brought about by the suspension order. The mine mules, many of which had not seen daylight for years, also are enjoying it. And, if the capers they cut about their enclosures are to be taken as reflections of their feelings, they are even more joyful that the miners.—News Item.

(Workers' Early Press.)

Chicago.—To what extent the coal operators will go in their endeavor to destroy the United Mine Workers organization is evidenced by their recent action in Colorado, Pennsylvania and elsewhere. The Colorado operators have officially declared that the coal strike is a fight for the "open shop". Wages have already been cut, in Colorado from 30 to 40 per cent below the national contracted scale within the last year. Col. Pat Hamrock has for the last few weeks been busy recruiting rangers, as the state constabulary is called, and given them special training to fight the striking miners. He has promised the operators that poison gas, airplanes and wireless with other modern weapons of warfare will be at their disposal. Hamrock officiated at the Ludlow massacre.

Every road leading into the Pennsylvania non-union fields is being closely guarded night and day by more than 2,500 armed men, belonging to the state constabulary, the coal and iron police and the special country deputies. Many union organizers have been arrested in the campaign to organize this territory. Everywhere the Cossacks are given orders to run all organizers out of town. Hundreds of miners and their families are being evicted from company houses in this field, and non-union miners are liable to arrest if they leave camp or attend any of the many organization meetings conducted by the U. M. W. of A.

The coal operators are arrogant today, they believe they are in a position to beat the miners. This struggle is only part of the general drive initiated by the combined capitalist class to smash all working class organizations. Coal operators, railroad owners, bankers and all the other representatives of big business have completely united their forces. They are advocating and using every weapon at their command. This gigantic combine own the coal mines of the country, and control financial institutions strong enough to dominate the entire banking system. The coal mines, the railroads and a dozen New York City banks are practically one large super-corporation dominating the industrial life of the nation. In industry after industry the fight is being carried on to establish the Scab Shop, and force the workers down to a condition of virtual slavery. Not only miners but millions of other working men and women are thrown on the streets unemployed hopeless and ignored. The whole working class is being starved by unemployment, browbeaten by gunmen and Cossacks, and harassed by industrial court laws and injunctions. The workers are staggering under the heavy blows of the rapacious capitalist regime.

The miners organization is now holding the front line trenches in this fight. The workers are pinning their hope upon them. The workers have witnessed them going out as a unit, they hope they will go back as a unit and not accept any separate agreements which means division and destruction. The line of battle is clear. It must be one continuous march forward of a united working class toward the only true solution for all the evils of capitalism—the Workers Republic.

PRISON---AND THE AMERICAN SCENE

Supper is over, and we are back in our cells for the night. From five o'clock until seven the next morning, we shall be enclosed, two in each cell, two in each little stone and iron coffin, seven feet by three-and-a-half.

The guards walk softly and swiftly along the galleries, counting the men. The cell-house bell clangs twice sharply; the count is correct. No one has escaped. The human stock is all properly assorted and stalled.

Then come the "runners" with the evening papers. If you wish, and if you have the price, you may subscribe to a daily paper. All the political prisoners do so; and this is the cell-house where the "politicals" are housed.

There comes a silence, broken by a slight rustling. The boys are tearing the heart out of the evening's news. They are rushing down the columns, searching for certain headlines: "Russia," "Strike," "Labor," "West Virginia. And when they come to such a headline, they stiffen, bending forward, frowningly concentrated.

Perhaps tonight's news records a victory—a strike won; a victory of struggling Russia over the harassing Whites. Then you will hear a cry from some cell. Some prisoner wishes to tell a friend, in another cell, to read the item.

"Hey, there Jack, Number 52!"

"Yes?"

"Got the Star? Turn to page three—top to the second column!"

Everyone else on that side of the cell-block has heard this, of course; and there is a stirring and rustling as they all hunt for the article. For a few minutes there is silence; and then the voices flash out in happy comment. The guards order less noise. But it is some time before the unusual loudness dies down.

But then comes a silence deeper than that which usually reigns in this rectangular house of grayness. It is the reaction. Now the boys are thinking . . . They are thinking of their own isolation from the thing which is to them the very core of life. The world whirls on; the molten stream of events flows on tempestuously; there are crashing conflicts and aching defeats and, here and there, a hard won victory. And they are out of it! Condemned to sameness and inaction, to the clogging sluggishness of prison.

And that night it is not just the hardness of the straw bed that keeps sleep from their eyes and unconsciousness from their gnawing minds. It is memory and yearning, and the sterile fever of hope.

This is a scene out of America. Many have been writing of the American Scene. But I cannot write of it; for the American scene is too broad and varied and changing for me to compass. So I have taken one scene from the shifting panorama of America; and from it one can, perhaps, make some estimate of all America, of America as it has appeared to me, a foreigner, in my ten years' sojourn.

You see, in England they do not allow convicts to subscribe to newspapers. They may permit this in certain special cases, but it is certainly not allowed to the ordinary convict. And we in Leavenworth Penitentiary were quite ordinary convicts; for the Department of Justice makes no distinction between political and other prisoners. In fact, have we not heard, hundreds of times, the statement that "there are no political prisoners in America?"

So in America convicts may subscribe to newspapers; they may play outdoor games in the summer; they may receive all the letters sent to them—provided they pass the prison censorship. They have many privileges which come not within the fairest dreams of British prison reformers.

But in America, also, prisoners are occasionally beaten up. In some American prisons there have still the whipping post. In Leavenworth, although there is no whipping post, they chain men to the bars of their cell doors for hours at a time. And they will permit other prisoners—"favorites"—to enter punishment cells and to beat the occupants with baseball bats.

Also, in American prisons, there is much favoritism: there are men in American prisons who are prisoners hardly more than in name. They are permitted to go outside the walls to eat at a special table, even to wear civilian clothes. Some of these men have earned these privileges through sheer merit, others through "playing politics" or through acting as spies upon their fellow inmates.

In English prisons there is no physical punishment and there is

practically no favoritism. In England, the system is implacable: cold, mechanical, relentless, dehumanized. In other words, it is "just". The British system is based upon the hard abstract concept of justice: everyone shall be threatened exactly alike—even punishment shall be meted out with all the automatic inevitability and impersonality of a slot machine.

But the Americans are human: they will beat one man and pat another on the back, precisely as you and I treat our enemies and our friends, or as we should like to treat them.

And it seems to me that here is a clue to the whole of America, to that much-discussed but unseizable thing we call the American spirit. For it is true that an American, met casually in a train, at a baseball game, or in a boot-legger's parlor, will—if he likes you—take you home to dine with him, and offer to put you up for a week, with insistent and somewhat boisterous good comradeship. And it is also true that Americans, if they do not like you or your opinions, will beat you, railroad you to jail, tar and feather you or lynch you.

I have called this attitude human. Perhaps that is not quite the right word. I should perhaps have said child-like or emotional. For, it seems to me, in no country in the world are judgements based so completely and intimately upon emotional impulses as in America. And in no country are there fewer checks, fewer rational safeguards placed about the strong and wilful mutations of impulse, than in America.

That is why I love and hate America at the same time. It is because the lush vigor of American emotional energy manifests itself in such varying forms: in shapes that charm and in shapes that horrify. And I think that it is a half-comprehending realization of this wanton prodigality of your emotional life which has made some people—who are rather afraid of it—seek to batten down this crude surging with all manner of inhibitive legislation and suppressive conventions. A hopeless task, indeed! For this raw life cannot be prisoned, it can only be driven or cajoled into new channels. And this insistent vitality of America, which throbs in its power-houses and thunders in its mills, postures abandonedly in its jazz and its religious revivals, and speaks through the mouths of Carl Sandburg and Sherwood Anderson here, and through the mouth of Billy Sunday there—this hot and naked power will not even be denied by its would-be suppressors. Even then it conquers, and makes ecstatic dervishes out of prohibitionists, frenetic mystics out of blue-law advocates. Why even your aesthetic pessimists work harder at their job than those of any other land. I have never seen such eager labor put into abstinence languishing and the pursuit of pale sins as that displayed by the Greenwich Village decadents.

A prison guard in Leavenworth will often chat in a friendly way with a prisoner; he will even confide to him problems of his family or working life, and ask his advice. Such a thing in an English prison is inconceivable. Just as much as a lynching, such as the killing of Frank Little, would be inconceivable in England. Life burns here in England with a steadier fire. It does not rise to lick the stake to which a mutilated Negro is bound; nor, perhaps, does it flame into the sudden beauty of comradeship and sacrifice shown by hundreds of humble workers of the West who would travel through blizzards and desert, to go on jail for a cause. There is nothing here to equal the color and the tension of an East Side garment workers' strike.

But England has its uses: it provides you with a quiet place in which to sit down in peace to write about America. And it gives you a far-off place of calm from which to view America. For American life crashes rather too incessantly and demandingly upon one's consciousness; its drama sucks you into its own vortex; it is hard to remove from this strong and tumultuous life, in order to write about it.

Over there, your armies of gunmen and strikers are deployed, ready to shoot death into each other's camps. There is raw conflict in America. Over there, your artists and poets, weaned at last from the withered breasts of Europe, are beginning to express, inchoately, perhaps, but significantly, the dark and varied complexities of American life. The women's clubs are discussing Dostoevsky or Hamlet, superficially, indeed, but in

terestedly. The American Legion riots in Kansas City; and the Holy Rollers dance and howl ecstatically in small towns of New Jersey. And a great crowd, red-mouthed and frenzied, roars thunderously when Babe Ruth hits a homer.

Out of this turmoil, what will come? Out of your whelming strengths and appalling weaknesses, what will be forged? What giant thing is struggling for form in the womb of America? Will it be a great brute tyranny of vulgarity; or will some shining glory of comradeship and power emerge to make a new morning for the world?

And it is because they sense this struggle and this imminence, and because they will that it shall come with beauty and fulfillment for us all, that a hundred men still scan eagerly the newspapers, every quiet evening, in their cells, at Leavenworth.

—The New Republic.

Dinner Pail Epics

By Bill Lloyd

Bill Bryan thinks it is pollution just to believe in evolution, and down south in Kentucky way, they tried to pass a law to say that in the schools it should be sin for anyone to teach Darwin.

Four hundred years ago or more, some people raised an awful roar and would put some folks underground, for saying that the earth was round; and the same people raised a fuss about our friend Copernicus, because celestial orbs, he taught, moved not in ways they thought they ought.

But still the earth went right on moving, and heavenly bodies kept on proving the new astronomy was right, and all the beavers quit the fight. Bill Bryan and Kentucky guys should pull the wax from off their eyes, and if they did, they sure would find they are a score of laps behind.

Why! I ain't got a real good suit, but still I know we evolve. I see no use of having spasms to think we come from protoplasm. And sure I know it is a fib that Eve was took from Adam's rib. That rib idee they played up strong, before our science come along.

It is a great idee to me to think we rose by slow degree, by pure selection and by strife, from lowen forms of an'mal life, until at last we took a shape something akin to a great ape, and when we learned to use our 'an', became Neanderthal man, and then became Cro-Magnon type, until at last the race grew ripe for men who lived in the stone age, and kept on turning history's page, through Age of Bronze, until we feel we have arrived at Age of Steel.

Why, boys! this modern science tale makes old wives' yarns look rather pale. Just read some anthropology and with me you will sure agree that old Bill Bryan and his host are in for one most awful treat.

Military Drill in Public Schools

Do you know that Minneapolis high school boys are given military training?

Do you know that they are in charge of an officer detailed by the War Department?

Do you know that the rules for their training are issued by the War Department?

Do you know that they are drilled in uniforms and with guns?

Do you know that their drill is in accordance with the regular Manual of Arms of the U. S. army?

We oppose military training in our high schools

Because it is contrary to American ideals.

Because it tends to encourage snobbishness.

Because mere submissive obedience is not self-control.

Because War and Patriotism are not synonymous terms.

Because it is not adequate physical training.

Because we prefer to entrust the discipline of children with teachers rather than with the War Department.

Because it tends to retard the development of initiative, judgment, responsibility and personality.

Because it instills in the minds of our youth the idea of resorting to force rather than to reason in the settlement of disputes. (Selections from doiger, issued by the Minneapolis Committee of Affiliated Groups organized for the elimination of military training from Minneapolis high schools.)

Economics Enlarged

T-Bone Slim.

I know not whether wage is high Or whether wage is low

But this I know—whate'er I buy—I've got to have the dough.

I have been offered a job—Of course, the wages are a little off color, so to speak,—devoid of green. "One Dollar and Eighty Cents a day" (deduction) "Eighty Seven and one half, cents per day."

In other words \$10.80 per week, less \$5.25 for board.—This leaves \$5.55, which, I could spend in riotous living.

My wife (if I had one) could take this \$5.55 and live almost a half week—that's why I'm beginning to think that maybe I had better not marry right away—at least, not before I find another laborer, as reliable as myself, to support my better half of a half, the last half of the week.

Better still, if three laborers get together, on such a proposition, they could support a wife and still have the third mans \$5.55 to split up between the four—leaving \$1.35 a piece to blow in every week, on motion pictures, home brew, devine service and other pastimes, too numerous to mention—I guess between the four of us we could "think up" ways of spending the money, allright, allright.

Clothes? Why worry about them. It's summer.

Shoes? You're liable to ruin your feet—besides if you have shoes you're liable to be hollering for rubber heels next.

"But" you say, "we've got to dress our wife"—True, for you—now, you are talking sense. Let's see.—Oh yes, we've got to hunt up another husband—Four of us ought to be able to support a "lone" woman—besides, she can always get a job in a laundry if one of her husbands should get sick, or be laid off.

What's that!—"We will run short of husbands?"—Say. Cut out your objections.—Can't you see, I'm trying to defend the Capitalist system?—Trying to show you how to beat the system and regain your rights to love, home and happiness.

The income of John D.—is \$36,000 per minute" (or was it, per hour?) I'm not very accurate in money matters—we great writers are writers first and figurers last—a few nickles one way or another doesn't make any difference to us. And I mention these figures only to help the reader grasp the details of our glorious competitive system—Now, it happens the John does not need to strike for more pay—History doesn't record where John ever went out on strike, altho, it does record where John put up a fight against paying a fine.

And he won out, too, saving \$29,000,000.

I am way off my story, (I may be a little off otherwise, but, still there's nothing offish about me) Oh yes, we had come to the point where we were about to run short of husbands. Well, after all available husbands are united in holy wedlock, there will be thousands of women without husbands—This would indicate that my solution will not work!

'Tis not so, and it will work.—There is nothing that is impossible under a capitalist system—What is there to hinder John D.—marrying the rest of these women?

John has pretty nearly all the money in this country—and is well able and no doubt willing, to support a few million wives—which the working class is unable to do on \$1.80 per day.

—Now, in regard to that job, I did not take it—not that I object to work—not that I consider the pay too small. No.

But, because my official panic will not be over until the 15th day of April, until then I shall remain your—T-Bone Slim.

WE EXAMINE EYES AND FIT GLASSES

That is all we do, but we do it right. DR. LARSON & LARSON, Bemidji, Minn. Will be at the St. Louis Hotel, Duluth, April 25th. If you have defective eyes or in need of glasses consult the doctor on that day. In Duluth regularly once a month for the last eighteen years.



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TO THE WORLD'S SCIENTISTS

By HAL BROMMELS.

I've seen life's misery and grief
And pain's acute intensity;
And glimpsed the frightful abysses
We find in human agony.
Both far and wide, and high and low
I've seen my kin in wretched woe.

I've cried for those who took the breath
Of death, and fell in endless sleep;
My heart has ached for ones I loved
Whom Nature called away to keep:
It's difficult for mortal things
To stand the grief their absence brings.

But you, whose brilliant minds could make
A nobler world in which to live,
For you I find no words to tell—
No terms or phrases can I give.
In my contempt,—my heart cries out:
"O, what are scientists about?"

You men who make the tools of war,
And poison gas—hell's worst device;
Your potent brains concoct the means
For race-depleting sacrifice:
When lonely hearts of lovers call,
What answer you, who made them all?

O, scientists, come forth to meet
The victims of the great world-war—
The cripples, lunatics and dead
Your mighty minds have struggled for—
You wish all evil things to pass
And still you give us poison gas.

All mankind pleads for you to cease
To make the tools to murder Peace!

WORKERS ARE BLEED AND DUPED

E. T. Whitehead.
America is a country of huge meals, cheap travel, monstrously gigantic newspapers, and fat cheeked men and women. What would we say if in our "Lyons," "A. B. C's," "Express," and even Carnes Pull Ups, we could obtain excellent food of three square meals all for a shilling? Or again if we could travel from Richmond, Finchley, Croydon or Romford to the City for a penny? Or if the Sunday newspapers consisted of ten sections each larger than the largest London newspapers? Such is New York and such is America. If we could transport a hundred thousand New Yorkers to London Town and make them endure our miserable food, our costly travel, and our melancholy faces for a month, our Social Revolution would be an accomplished fact.

Like everything else, the Labour Movement in America is a huge surprise. Less than one quarter of the workers are organized in any way whatever. It is like going back to the middle ages to find the struggle centreing round the "Open Shop Shop," and a gigantic battle being waged by the Capitalists for the suppression of all Trade Unions together. After the way in which Unions here serve as a bulwark between Capitalism and Revolution, and Labour Leaders are more solidly on the side of reaction than the Liberals, such a condition of affairs is staggering.

Not that they have not got "Labour Leaders" over there. They have, and more so. When I attended a meeting of the Chicago Federation of Labour I found the street choked with the limousines and "flivvers" (Ford cars) in which the delegates had come. A moderate sized organizer of a moderate sized Union over there must have his motor car. "International Presidents" put up at the "Ritz" and "Carlton," or at least at the most expensive hotel to be found "so as not to be at any disadvantage when dealing with the Bosses."

The "Labour Leaders" of America batten upon the workers, bleed them, fool them, and dupe them in a way that would make the British Trade Union bureaucracy green with envy. Their International Presidents make the "grand tour" of Europe at the members' expense so as to "study labour conditions over here," winding up by going to Moscow and kissing Lenin, as one very frate rank and filer put it to me.

Native born Americans never seem to work. With the exception of the better jobs on the railways and in farming, every main industry has a large majority of foreign immigrant labour. The miners in the West are 80 per cent foreigners, the tailors and furriers much more. The building industry is manned 70 per cent or 80 per cent with difficulties in organizing. Probably less than twenty percent of the American Movement are English speaking.

American audiences are peculiarly docile. They like rhetoric and they like platitudes. This I found astonishing until I was told that a large proportion of the audience did not

understand English at all and were simply there to lend moral support.

The militant or left wing movement is even more surprising still. Infantile leftism and theoretical purism used to be a fault of our own movement, but over there it is ten thousand times worse. And with it all goes a fervency and a generosity that would leave the British comrades gasping. That large mass meetings of workers, many of them unemployed, others earning 25-30 dollars weekly, should put together a collection averaging half a dollar per person, and to talking sums that seem small fortunes to the British mind, is something really admirable.

America is supposed to have six million unemployed, mostly concentrated in the large cities. They receive no State aid, they are not registered, they have no organization whatever, and are hard to locate. During my stay in New York one unemployed meeting was held. The attendance was perhaps 500, and to look after it were 200 foot and horse police.

America is the country of quick development and quick change. In Chicago, a city of over 2½ million souls, they cannot point to a building which has been standing more than a century. The same quick growth is true of American organizations. And in that quick growth and rapid change lies the chief hope of the American Labour Movement. Once the right way to organize and operate is found something which "takes on" and in which the masses have confidence, the growth will probably be mushroom-like. Here, one can usually see six months ahead and watch firmly grounded causes already operative work through slowly and surely to their inevitable results. Over there this is not possible. To see two months ahead is difficult. To see a year ahead is impossible. Only in that lies the hope of the American proletariat.

—The Communist.

Russia's Wealthy Pay New Luxury Taxes

Moscow. — Russia's newly rich speculators, merchants and others able to buy sweetmeats, wine and silks and patrons of high-class restaurants have begun to pay a large proportion of their money to the government in the shape of a luxury tax.

One of the principal aims of the tax is to provide for the upkeep of schools.

"We must remain true to our principles, to take from the rich to maintain the poor", Commissar of Education Lunacharsky said.

Lunacharsky declared Russian teachers were too poorly paid. "If villages can maintain churches, they must be made to maintain schools," he said.

As a result of the new taxes, which were first effective March 1, prices of meals in restaurant and of various luxury articles increased greatly, some as much as 50 per cent.

'Criminal Anarchy' Law To Be Tested In N. Y.

(By The Federated Press)
New York.—New York state's "criminal anarchy" law, enacted after the assassination of President McKinley, in Buffalo, 20 years ago, will be tested in the courts for the first time when the state court of appeals on April 14 hears arguments in the appeal of Isaac E. Ferguson and Charles E. Ruthenberg, two of the eight men now serving sentences under that law.

Both were given five to ten-year terms for their alleged participation in the circulation of the Left Wing Manifesto in the "Revolutionary Age". The others are James Larkin, recently denied a pardon by Governor Miller; Benjamin Gitlow, Harry Winitsky, Gus Alonson, Paul Manzo and Carl Paivio. The appeal challenges the constitutionality of the "criminal anarchy" law as a violation of the constitutional guaranty of free speech. It also sets forth that the same grand jury which indicted them later took the position that the "criminal anarchy law" could not be applied to Communists without at least two amendments.

Dr. Max Cohen, formerly a dentist here, who was indicted in 1919 under New York's "criminal anarchy" law, and who escaped to Mexico and since has been wandering in Europe, has returned to this city, recanted his radical beliefs, and been given his liberty on a five-year suspended sentence.

He, like others mentioned, who are serving prison terms for the same "offense," was charged with having advocated the overthrow of the government by violence in the columns of the "Revolutionary Age," the official of the "Left Wing".

"I am tired of wandering, like a hunted beast over the face of the earth," Cohen told Justice Wasservogel. "I want more than anything else to get back to my wife and my 7-year-old son, who live here."

Kahn Riddles Policy Of U. S. "Red Hunting"

(By The Federated Press)
WASHINGTON.—Attacking the whole theory upon which the Harding and Wilson administrations have dealt with the "peril" of Bolshevik influence in America, Otto H. Kahn, banker, has embarrassed the president, the cabinet and congress by demanding the admission of soviet trade missions and any other communist officials or individuals from Russia into this country, with corresponding freedom of entry of Americans into Russia.

Kahn, from his entrenched position in one of the greatest banking syndicates in the world, declares that the schemes of the attorney general and the red-hunting gentlemen in congress are childish. He says that the only way in which the United States can really safeguard the world against further confusion and ruin is to "take a step which, while it does not mean recognition of the soviet government, does mean a certain degree of de facto intercourse with it. "I would throw open our doors to Russian visitors desirous to have intercourse with us, whether they be Bolsheviks or others. We surely need not fear either propaganda or contamination."

KANSAS CITY TOPS LIST IN AM-NESTY CAMPAIGN

Chicago.—Steadily the General Defense Committee's campaign for general amnesty goes forward. It has become international now, with an aggressive Class War prisoners' Release Committee busy in England. Fifty-one congressmen from 21 states have joined the petitioners who are asking President Harding to set free all prisoners held for alleged expressions of opinion concerning the war.

Another week has seen a big increase in the receipt of signatures to the petition designed by the General Defense Committee for presentation to President Harding as soon as the signers number a million. Kansas City, scene of the American Legion convention last November, heads the list with 564 signatures; Pittsburgh, Pa., sends 550; Seattle, 421; Boston, 357; Toledo, 348; San Francisco, 343; Pittsburgh, Kan., 340; Tacoma, 230; Muncie, Ind., 211; Gloversville, N. Y., 194; Youngstown, O., 175; Philadelphia, 126; Providence, R. I., 118; Peoria, Ill., 100; Shreveport, La., 97; Everett, Wash., 84.

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J. O. BENTALL, Editor.

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THE CLASS STRUGGLE

We are in the midst of the class struggle. On the one side is the working class on the other side is the employing class.

On one side are the millions who produce. They toil to provide raw materials, the coal, the wheat, the flax. They toil to change these raw materials so they may be used; they make the by-products of coal, the bread, the linen garment. They toil to carry these raw and finished products by back, by boat, by rail until they reach the consumers' hands. They live in poverty. Some have so little that they haven't life enough to want anything. Even their desire for good things has been destroyed.

On the other side are the few who have the good things of life. They own the tools of production and the means of distribution. They have grabbed the natural resources of the earth, the coal, the iron. They control the government and use it as an instrument to help them make more profit and to keep down the toiling many.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the toilers organize as a class. Until they take possessions of the earth and the means of production. Until the do away with the profit system.

Where are there evidences of this class struggle today?

At our doors. When we pay for water instead of milk. And when most of the money we pay goes to the non-producing owner of the building labeled "Milk Company" instead of to the milker and feeder and carrier.

There is evidence of the class struggle in every move we take in our daily round of work. But as individual struggles lead to nothing, the workers are learning slowly to unite into organizations such as the employing class has.

The owning class has organized internationally. The individual capitalists may fight each other for markets as the capitalists of one nation struggle with those of other nations, but, when a clash with the workers occurs they are united. There are no divisions. They help each other out all over the world in every struggle with the workers.

The most acute evidences of the class struggle now are strikes. A strike is the only weapon that the workers have. They do not own anything so they cannot shut the workshop doors as the bosses do. They cannot use guns because they are in the control of the owning class.

So we see the class struggle in the timber lands of Oregon and California where the lumber Jacks are striking against the lower wages and longer hours. In New England — Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Vermont, New Hampshire — the textile workers are fighting for the same reason. Thousands of pulp workers from the paper mills are protesting by refusing to produce and starve. The 600,000 miners from the coal fields of twenty states are out folding their hands saying to the bosses, "We have had half enough to eat so far now give us two-thirds enough or dig your own coal." In Chicago the railroad workers are fighting the railroad owners, with words, before the labor board. In the building trades in Chicago thousands are fighting the open shop. In New York the Ladies Tailors' International Union expects to be forced to strike June 1st.

In looking at all these evidences of the class struggle it is very evident that the workers will never get anywhere until they organize by industries instead of crafts, and nationally as well as internationally. So that there will not be international scabbing as the German and Czech-Slovakian workers are doing today. Scabbing on the New England textile workers and permitting the owning class to continue exploiting. The working class must learn from the exploiters the lesson of organization and solidarity.

Only in that way will they be able to achieve their final goal which is the well being of the whole human family instead of the few. This is an ideal which can be accomplished, if the toilers work intelligently. If it is necessary to starve it is better to starve for this ideal than to starve meekly at the behest of the capitalists. If it is necessary to die it is better to die fighting for this ideal than to die spiritless slaves. If they are united intelligent the workers will survive. And the well being of the many is a wonderful ideal to live for.

No religion or philosophy has ever furnished a finer.

THE COAL STRIKE

(The following is taken from J. O. Bentall's letter to the editor.)

"You are handling the coal strike all right. Your 'If' in 'The miners will win if the government keeps out.' was very good and necessary. The coal barons and the government are partners and their best allies are the officials of the unions. This mysterious triangle will send the miners back to their holes with wages cut, living conditions worse than ever. The unions will be broken and the workers held by the throat.

"The expiration of the contract comes at the beginning of the warm season when there is a minimum demand for coal. The stored-up supply will last well into the fall. When winter comes the workers will be starved and the cold will be the easy slap to drive them back. In the meantime the lords will howl coal shortage first to worry the public and to get its sympathy, second to make an excuse for soaring prices of coal which would otherwise have to be sold at the summer scale. If the railroad workers are drawn in, it will be only for the purpose of breaking the brotherhoods. All the plans are cooked between the masters and the heads of the unions. In the fall we will see the railroad unions and the miners' union blotted out and the public will pay high for coal and for freight.

"The workers should be put next to this. They will not win. Those who tell them that are fooling them. Tell the workers to unite—to eat out their traitorous leaders. To organize themselves so they will be strong enough to serve notice on the owners to get out. So the workers can take possession of the mines and railroads without the exploiters."

NOW AT GENOA

Europe is at the conference table. And Russia has the floor. The other countries listen. The capitalist dailies say they are courting Russia. She is the center of attraction.

Why? Have they become humane? Do they wish to help the Russians.

They wish to help themselves. Lloyd George is the most anxious self-helper—the two million unemployed in England drawing unemployment pay from the government; the idle factories, idle ships—diminished exports are getting his goat—he knows they'll get his job too if he can't get some accomplishment to talk about so he is after markets.

France needs not markets but money. She is ruined financially if Germany does not pay. But she does not have the unemployment problem. She isn't interested in markets.

So, Lloyd George's first job is to show France that it is also to her interest to open trade with Russia.

Economic determinism. Lloyd George did not move until economic conditions made him think and act.

Our unemployed are not hungry enough yet to move the United States to attend. But Washington is already whispering, "me too" for fear it will lose some of the commercial advantages. It will say it boldly, soon.

In the meantime we hope the Russians "keep their powder dry" for they are dealing with desperate representatives of the capitalist system. And not with well-wishing philanthropists.

THE BOSSES GOLDEN RULE

Some of the masters who see the doom of the capitalist system are trying frantically to ward it off. They use deceit, hypocrisy and trickery. The most brazen liars claim they are going to apply the golden rule to industry. They will do unto others what they wish others to do unto them. They say this is the only thing that will save the capitalist system from being destroyed.

Yes. Watch them apply the golden rule. Watch them apply it at the National Iron Company which is no better and no worse than thousands of other slave shops.

During the Hun killing fest the foundry slaves at the National Iron company had 65 cents an hour. Of course they worked like oxen; 200 pound giants became haggard and thin and bent. But they had \$30.00 a week to riot on. Thirty dollars to pay up old grocery bills long due and doctor bills and back rent. They didn't eat much, it was patriotic to starve. That was during the war.

Now comes the golden rule in action. Today they slave and get 40 cents an hour, and they have a new baying watch dog yelping "speed up" "speed up."

"Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you?"

No. "Do 'em up and dump them on the scrap heap. Do 'em fast and do 'em first". That is the bosses golden rule.

YOUNG GIRLS IN THE SCRAP HEAP

As a result of the closing down of industry hundreds of Duluth girls are out of work. From the range towns and from small villages in Wisconsin and Michigan other jobless girls come to Duluth hoping to find employment.

Social workers, who are paid by the industrial kings to remove the severest traces of suffering caused by the industrial system, say that two-third of the girls asking them for jobs are from out of town.

"Without friends, without homes, without money, they seek work that they cannot perform. They say they are dressmakers and cannot sew a straight seam on the simplest garment. They ask for housework and do not know how to wash dishes. They ask for clerical work and cannot write legibly or spell correctly."

A Duluth employer asked for a stenographer and had sixty-five applicants, most of them not able to use correct English in an ordinary conversation.

Are these girls guilty of being untrained—incapable? Fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, seventeen years old and ignorant? How strange! From working class families all of them. Every one surely was in the public schools until the ripe age of fourteen. Didn't they learn how to sew and cook and keep records and how to run typewriters there?

And the four or five jobs they have held since in ships, stores, factories, running errands, pasting, folding, cutting threads, didn't that teach them something? They heard "No savy", "Us tell 'em" "I'll tell the world" and "I sez" and "He sez".

These wonderful opportunities with the additional weird impossible pictures of adventures given to them in the movies ought to make them capable enough to undertake any kind of work.

Poor victims of the capitalist system. Poor hopeful untrained tawdry creatures. Starving by the hundred. Existing at them on two meals a day of bread and gravy and potatoes. Blessed with parents who were also victims of the exploiting system, born into homes without books, without comforts, without the necessities. Forced to work as babes at unskilled work for a few months, then turned out jobless to starve. Ignorant but not guilty. Society — we — all of us, who permit such a system, we are guilty.

And these young victims who are being cast on the scrap heap as no good, will they become class conscious? It would help if they would merge their youth and hope and vitality with other organized workers who strive to end the brutal system that makes only imbeciles, cripples and monstrosities instead of normal strong healthy men and women.

WILL THE BILL PASS?

The fun increases. Already aliens can be deported for being Communists or I. W. W. or for being intelligent enough to become active in the labor movement. But now a bill has passed the house of representatives by a large majority which provides for the deportation of aliens who are convicted of violating the narcotic or prohibition statutes.

If this becomes a law it will make it easy for the capitalists to get rid of a lot of labor agitators who pester them by stirring up discontent among the slaves. Instead of hiring stool pigeons and detectives to frame bomb plots on the workers all that will then be necessary will be to slip a bottle of booze into the slaves' coat pocket—turn around and arrest him.

Fine! Safe. Bombs are liable to go off at the wrong moment, the booze can be rescued again and used on the next victim.

Great fun. Great America. Great justice.

THE TENDER BUTCHER

"Ah, Semenov, the Cossack, the man of blood is but a woman at heart." Thus did the butcher of peasants characterize himself when the high comedy enacted at the Grand Central station in New York suddenly turned to seriousness. It was a scene fit for a Bernard Shaw farce. The grandiose Semenov alighted from his train with his beautiful wife and secretarial staff, expecting to be greeted by a band and a delegation of bankers. Instead there was a sheriff and a posse of deputies.

Poor Semenov, the Cossack, he who had made rivers run with the blood of bolsheviks, was greeted by a civil suit, charging him with the theft of woolen stuffs and furs. Not even his wife's necklace of diamonds would serve as bail.

He is but a woman at heart. When by some "ghastly error" his men killed two American soldiers, he rectified the slip by shooting the officer in charge of his men. Who was to blame? Not Semenov. He was no mere butcher, no private murderer. He was carrying on a legitimate and noble art—war. Hear him.

"It is alleged that I am a brigand, a ruffian, and that I was recognized by none of the powers. There is some slight mistake. Did not Japan and Great Britain and France give me money — much money — and supplied me three months of 1917 and all through 1918? To be sure they did."

Poor Semenov! The ways of imperial governments are a mystery to him. His heart is but the heart of a woman. He can't even remember whether he took the stores in question, a matter of some \$500,000 worth of goods. There was so much stealing going on, he says, it is impossible for him to recall a single piece of looting.

And in the meantime he is on a mission of mercy. He wants food for the children of Siberia. Not food for the children of the bolsheviks, but for the others, yes. He is a woman at heart, a humanitarian.

Perhaps Semenov's picture of himself is not far wrong. He no doubt is a sentimentalist. Most butchers and most imperialists are. They justify their bloody hands with humanitarian jargon.

—Minn. Star.

WHERE THE TAXES GO

Suppose you have a family of five, and I am the government tax collector. I am an honorable man, and so instead of deceiving you by taking a tax of a penny or two on every pound of sugar and tea and coffee you buy, on the cigars and tobacco you smoke, and on every piece of chocolate you buy for the baby, I rap on your door and say: Mr. Taxpayer, I have come to collect your share of the federal tax bill for last year. The expenses of the government for 1921 were only \$14,489,931,283. You are very fortunate indeed, for this is over nine billion dollars less than the expenses of the year before, due partly to our maturing war debts and partly to clever financial juggling by Congress. Now, we are going to divide this up fairly between the 21,000,000 families in the country, so your proportionate share will be just \$690. It would have been \$1,119 a year ago.

"Of course, Mr. Taxpayer, we can take this \$690 from your pocket in indirect taxes—in tariff duties on what you eat and wear, in excise duties on what you smoke and the medicines you use, and in various kinds of little exactions on your theater tickets, lodge dues and other comforts and necessities of life. But we have found that these taxes fool the people, are costly to collect, and give the profiteers an excuse to gouge you for food and clothing on which no tariff is charged. Thus, we imported a little over half of the 4,500,000 tons of sugar we used last year, on which the importers paid a tariff duty of \$90,000,000. Then they turned around and collected this entire tax from you, and a little more for good measure. You helped pay it with every cup of coffee that you sweetened. And you paid another tax of \$72,000,000 on the sugar that was produced right here at home. No, the government didn't get this tax. I went into the pockets of the sugar trust, which boosted the price of American sugar until it equalled the price of Cuban sugar plus the tariff."

"It will be much fairer and cheaper, Mr. Taxpayer, if you sit right down now and make out a check for \$690 and be done with your federal taxes for the coming year. Of course, there will still be state, country, and municipal taxes to pay, but they are all levied directly, so that you know just how much you are paying, even if you don't know what you are getting for it."

"But," you protest, "if I am going to pay such a huge tax as that, I demand to know how my money is being spent. How did you fellows down in Washington manage to get away with that fourteen and a half billion dollars last year?"

"Oh, that's easy. Mr. Taxpayer. We spent seven cents out of every dollar for little things like the Departments of Agriculture and Labor, for education, for improving rivers and harbors, and for the Department of Commerce, which looks out for the interests of the business man."

"But," you persist, "all these expenditures for the farmer and the worker and the school children and good rivers and harbors and the business man government, — all the constructive services that the government is rendering its citizens, including the salaries of 96 senators, 431 congressmen, several thousand of us tax collectors, and other public luxuries takes 7 cents. 93 cents out of every dollar has to go to pay the costs of past wars and present military and naval protection. Gold braid and gunpowder are expensive, Mr. Taxpayer, but we can't afford to let our neighbors get more or better armaments than we have, else they might attack us and steal our country."

"Yes," you reply. "I've heard that argument before. Germany used to say that before 1914, and see what her expensive preparations for 'defense' brought her. Why, I read in the paper just the other day that we are spending more on our army and navy to-day than even Germany did before the war. Is that true?"

"Here are the figures, Mr. Taxpayer. The naval appropriation now before Congress for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1923, is \$420,345,785.13, which is about \$10,000,000.00 more than we spent on our navy last year."

"More?"

"Yes. Although we are scrapping some of our old and useless battleships as we agreed to do at the recent Conference, yet the cost of maintaining those that are left is continually going up. The Army is asking only \$293,333,027 from Congress for the coming year, which is \$35,000,000 less than it got last year. Of course our whole budget is being scaled down, so that this really represents an increase in proportion to the total appropriations. But you must remember, Mr. Taxpayer, that it costs more to keep a soldier now than it did

before the war. Then it cost only \$1,000 a year to provide food and clothing and arms and ammunition for each soldier. The War Department has just informed Congress that now it costs you taxpayers \$1,600 a year for every soldier in the Army. But then you shouldn't kick at that, for the cost of war is always going up. Why, the last one cost us more than all the rest in our history put together."

"You don't say so?"

It cost \$32,080,000,000. All of our wars prior to this one, the Revolutionary War, the War of 1812 the Mexican War, the Civil War, the Spanish-Am. War, only cost us \$5,843,000,000. Thus in eighteen months we expended in war five times as much as was expended in all wars since we were a colony of Great Britain. We have expended for all purposes since this Government was founded to the time we entered the late war only 27,000,000. Thus in eighteen months, in order to bring the late war to a successful conclusion, the United States expended \$5,000,000,000 more than it expended in the 128 years of its previous existence. The expenses of the other participants were equally as great. The loss of life and property in this war exceeded those of all wars since the beginning of recorded history."

"That's a staggering big bill, Mr. Tax Collector, but I suppose it was all necessary to defend us from the terrible Hun."

"Well, Mr. Taxpayer, I'm not out making a campaign speech, so I'm going to tell you the truth about it. A lot of that thirty two billion dollars went for pure graft. It helped to make the 23,000 new millionaires who cropped out in this country while the boys were over there fighting. Take, for a small example, the expenses of the cavalry. Here's what Congressman Fordney has to say about it, and he is chairman of the committee in the House that has to devise ways and means of raising the revenue:

"There is some harness over there for sale now coming back. We had 148,000 horses at the close of the war and there was in the possession of the War Department 975,000 saddles, most of them in France, with an order in for 500,000 more. We had 148,000 horses, and 46,000 of those were in Europe, and we had 1,500,000 halters on hand with an order in for 500,000 more; this is my information. I want to compliment the gentlemen in charge of the matter of branding horses upon their humanity. Heretofore horses have been branded upon the shoulder or the hip with a branding iron—a red-hot branding iron, which burned in the letters 'U. S.' upon the horses' shoulder or hips. They thought that very inhuman, and they ordered branding irons to brand horses on their hoofs, made of a combination of copper and steel, and they had on hand when the armistice was signed 195,000 branding irons, for which they paid \$14.00 each, or a total of \$2,730,000 — but they had not branded a blamed horse."

"Hasn't anyone been prosecuted for that awful graft, Mr. Tax Collector?"

"No, sir, the Department of Justice is too busy chasing the Reds and making the West Virginia miners quit troubling the poor non-union mine owners over there."

"Well, I'm thankful that the war is over and that we've got it paid for. I suppose we might as well forget about what it cost us."

"Why, Mr. Taxpayer, we've only just begun to pay the cost of the last war. We have over fifteen billion dollars in liberty bonds still unpaid, some of which do not fall due until 1947. (Our children will have to raise the taxes for them then.) Meanwhile, we pay interest on them. The interest alone on our war debt was almost an even billion dollars last year — more than the cost of all the constructive work of the government combined. Why, Mr. Taxpayer, we haven't even begun to pay the cost of taking care of the disabled soldiers, not to mention a bonus for those who are living or a pension to the families of those who were killed. The Langley Act has just provided \$16,000,000 to erect 14 insane asylums and 6 more tuberculosis hospitals for the victims of the last war. That's right here in America, not in Europe."

"When do you think we'll get through paying for the last war, then, Mr. Tax Collector?"

"God alone knows, Mr. Taxpayer. Certainly none of the Congressmen do. But here you're taking up too much of my time asking questions. Come, make out your check for that \$690, so I can call on your next door neighbor and collect from him."

Locomotive Engineers' Jour.

COMRADES! HELP TO RELEASE J. O. BENTALL!

Cut out the petition below and get signatures. Get additional lists. We need thousands. Get them at once.

All petitions must be sent to T. E. Latimer, Security Bldg., Minneapolis, Minnesota. Personal letters to President Harding and to Attorney General Daugherty will also help. Send copies of personal letters to T. E. Latimer.

Inasmuch as the war is over; we, the undersigned, ask the release from Leavenworth of J. O. Bentall, who was convicted of offenses (during the war) involving expressions of opinion.