

THE LABOR WORLD

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SAVE FATTED CALF FOR THOSE WHO DESERVE IT

And now the hysterical, hero-worshipping American people are cudgeling their brains and straining their inventive faculties seeking some outlandish manner in which to welcome home that "characteristically American" Nimrod whose exploits for months have monopolized the big type on the first pages of the dailies.

Taking their cue from the Associated Press reports that Roosevelt is now, both by virtue of his record as president and his skill as a slayer of dumb brutes, a demigod even unto the thirty-third degree, the great, gullible public is getting ready to fall over its own feet, strewing bouquets in the path of the returning hero.

The Associated Press cannot be blamed for seeing that Roosevelt's name is kept before the public. As the greatest capitalistic news combine the world ever saw it is reasonable to suppose that it realizes that the most polished confidence man America ever produced is necessary to it in its business.

But the public? The great mass of the common people who are today living from hand to mouth—ground between the upper and nether millstone of high food prices and insufficient wage standards—for what have they to thank this home-coming pot-hunter?

What has he done for the workers of the United States that they should now take a day off to do him reverence?

Who sought out this man, William H. Taft, and forced him into the presidency?

Who appointed the corporation tool, Elihu Root, to be secretary of state, and still accepts him as one of his chief advisers?

Who promoted Philander Knox to the cabinet and made it easy for the "good trusts," the Pennsylvania railroad and the steel corporation to control the present administration?

Who had the audacity to lift up Pierpont Morgan's partner and put him into the cabinet?

Who has always accepted the scholar-statesman, Senator Lodge, into the inmost circle of his advisers, where this plague of the state of Massachusetts still remains?

Who sent Joseph H. Choate, the all-round corporation servant, as ambassador to Great Britain? Who lifted Paul Morton to the cabinet and then handed him down to one of the big insurance companies to help disguise the continuation of the old system of plunder?

Who had the effrontery to step out in the middle of the campaign of exposure before it had achieved half of its present prominence, and tried to check it by calling it "muck-raking"?

Who is ready to kick anybody when he is down? Who spares the respectable Morgan and excoerates the exactly similar but oft-exposed Rockefeller?

Who abuses the struggling and oppressed Egyptians and associates himself gladly with the chief of their oppressors, the leading reactionary of England, the confessed enemy of democracy

everywhere, Lord Curzon?

Who abuses the Socialists in America, where they are weak, and praises them in France, where they are strong?

Who has failed at a single point in his lifetime to take up a worthy and unpopular cause? Who is the greatest moral coward of our times?

What charlatan has hypnotized the bewildered American people into thinking that he has headed the insurgent movement, which was unable to take a single step in advance during his administration of the presidency?

Has any president for the past generation surrounded himself with more unworthy characters? Has any president since the beginning of American history failed more completely to lead the people in one single instance? Has any previous president ever had the hardihood to pretend to assume the leadership of every popular movement, while behind the people's backs he does everything in his power to defeat them? Has any president, while courting popularity in all matters of practical politics, so boldly flaunted capitalistic principles in the face of the people on every matter which is

great body of organized workers can brand this man for what he really is, a blustering, bull-doing, four-flushing braggart, than by holding aloof from any plan to extend him a welcome, no matter in what guise offered.

For many years there has been an "exchange of courtesies" between the fair management and the state press, by which the fair received some valuable advertising for "complimentary" tickets to the fair for "self and lady." Several years ago the fair people became so strong with their advertising that some of the state publishers refused to give up a hundred dollar's worth of space for five dollar's worth of admission tickets, which induced the fair management to give ten dollars in addition to the tickets to the newspapers for their advertising, which was correspondingly increased.

Now comes the announcement that the free list has been suspended and that the state editor who attends the fair must pay his way. The advertising proposition still holds good—that the fair people will pay ten dollars for advertising that is worth anywhere from one hundred to five hundred dollars, and there are some editors in the state that are foolish enough to print all of the stuff the fair management sends in.

The thing for the state publishers to do is to refuse to handle any of the state fair advertising except at the regular rate charged the local advertiser. The state press, more than any other one agency has built up the Minnesota state fair until it is one of the greatest exhibitions of the kind in the United States, and now that the association has the state firmly by the neck it proposes to turn against the newspapers.

The association has a mighty pull with the state officials and at every session of the state legislature it pulls down a fine slice of state money—your money and mine—to be used for "advertising" the agricultural resources, and then when the fair is over each year its stock-holders meet around behind the barn and divide up thousands of dollars which they add to their personal belongings.

Then when the legislature has another session the smooth chaps who control the destinies of the association step in and get another appropriation of state money for their private graft.

Conditions in his party in Washington have been such that even Taft has deemed it advisable to pause in that city for a little while. Of course, he has proved up to the handle that the government can get along perfectly well without him, but he hopes by staying near congress to have something to do with its actions.

Don't let the milk of human kindness in your nature turn to limburger cheese. If you feel that you are a human doormat and the world is against you, be a happy sort of a mat, with "Welcome" in big red letters right across the front.

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Can you eat without fear of ptomaines? Can you drink without danger of coal-tar poison or typhoid? Can you order a suit without fear of shoddy? Can you buy a picture without the certainty of bunko? Such is life under capitalism.

Andrew Carnegie recently referred to "that worthless dross called money." After all that money has done for him, too!

When Money Talks Every Senator's a Demosthenes

The United States senate has become a millionaires' club. Senator Money Bags breakfasts with Senator Gold Bug, plays poker with Senator Diamond Stud, lunches with Senator Smelter Trust and then plays poker again with Senator Ruby Nose. He dines with Senator Ice Trust and goes to the vaudeville with Senator Peacock.

In a country where money talks any senator is a Demosthenes. In a country where money rules any senator is a monarch.

And so the bunch in the senate rule the game and dominate America industrially and politically. There are a few corporation lackeys in the senate. There are two or three vulgar, political bosses in the senate.

But except these and Jeff Davis, whom no biologist thus far has been able to classify, the gentlemen who run the senate, and the house, and the president and the courts are millionaires.

Table listing names and wealth of senators: Guggenheim, Colorado, \$50,000,000; Elkins, West Virginia, 25,000,000; Stephenson, Wisconsin, 20,000,000; Warren, Wyoming, 15,000,000; Depew, New York, 15,000,000; Oliver, Pennsylvania, 15,000,000; Crane, Massachusetts, 10,000,000; Aldrich, Rhode Island, 10,000,000; Wetmore, Rhode Island, 8,000,000; Du Pont, Delaware, 5,000,000; Hughes, Colorado, 5,000,000; Kean, New Jersey, 5,000,000; Newlands, Nevada, 5,000,000; Lodge, Massachusetts, 5,000,000; Scott, West Virginia, 5,000,000; Bourne, Oregon, 5,000,000; Smoot, Utah, 5,000,000; Hale, Maine, 3,000,000; Root, New York, 3,000,000; Brandegee, Connecticut, 3,000,000.

The above gentlemen are railroad kings, trust magnates, captains of industry, brigadier generals of finance and their associates who own and control the natural resources, the industries and the transportation of

not likely to result in an immediate loss of votes? Is it possible that any large section of the American people is unable to answer a single one of these questions?

If people insist that somebody is to be praised and blamed for all the virtues or failings of the present political regime, why select such humble tools as Aldrich, Cannon or Ballinger or Taft? Why not put the blame where it belongs on the head of our recent president?

What is the proper welcome an intelligent people should extend to this man's homecoming? Does not the lowering and cheapening of the American nation before the eyes of the world, which he has recently brought about, give ample occasion to the long-suffering public to turn against him with the hisses and groans he so well deserves?

There is no way in which the An ideal labor union: One which will shun as leprosy the boycott; also the minimum wage scale, an eight-hour day, and limitation of apprentices; and which will defend with its last drop of blood the open shop, piecework, and the premium plan. Who will be the first to join!

looks for his measures and ignores his mien; he laughs at his protestations and looks to his platform; he measures the office seeker's ability by his performance.

Labor once, in the misty past, begged for the crumbs from the political banquet, but now it sits at the table and proposes the toast which it drinks along with the other forces which look to a clear future.

Labor's vote is labor's own, but, remember, labor casts its vote for measures which build nations and not for men who build classes.

Your vote is your own to cast as you will. Your organization is not your own, but your child's. Your vote perishes as you do. Your child comes into your organization after you perish. Give it to him as militant and as free of political bias as it is now.

No man's memory is so long as to be able to say that any man lived a consistent political career, nor is any man's memory so short as to say a principle ever changed.

The capitalist philanthropist is a man who wants to make all men happy by first robbing them and then doing back part of the stolen goods in alms. Ye crooked gods!

DOES STATE APPROPRIATE TO ASSIST FAIR GRAFT?

The Minnesota State Fair Agricultural Society is getting stronger than ever with its graft, declares the editor of the Mesaba Ore in a fit of righteous rage.

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GET YOUR EYES OPEN!

A good many union men who make good wages say they can't afford to take a labor paper.

Have you ever thought of the work a labor paper does for you and your wage scale, for which it never gets return either in money or thanks?

Do you realize that it is through the publicity given unionism in your paper that the public is educated, that public feeling is aroused, which makes it possible for you to get a wage increase?

The administration fight against Gifford Pinchot, late forester of the United States, has spread to the postoffice department. Postmaster General Hitchcock has decided to wipe the very name of Pinchot off the map. In the Postal Bulletin, the official organ of the postoffice department, issued last week, there is an order changing the name of the postoffice of Pinchot, Shoshone county, Idaho, to Avery.

It now develops that the Ballinger crowd planned to have Glavis indicted. It needed something of this sort to complete the Ballinger record for infamy. But even without this petty annoyance of a man whose only offense was that he prevented the dissipation of the nation's resources in Alaska, the Ballinger record is a thing most men would hesitate about fathering.

The union man who loses his temper while discussing union questions, who believes in telling an employer "you must," who is not willing to explain in detail the objects and aims of organized labor, is not a fit representative and should be kept in the back-ground.

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SMILES AND SMILES

"Papa?" "Well?" "Is there a Christian flea?" "Why, Johnny, what put that idea in your head?" "The preacher read it today from the Bible—The wicked flea when no man pursueth."

The charming ignorance of the sugar trust directors of the remarkable increase in profits by unauthorized acts of their subordinates reminds one of the old story: A planter one day met one of his slaves and said: "See here, Sam, you've been stealing chickens again."

SMILE, DARN YOU, SMILE. When the world don't go to suit you, And you feel down in the dumps; When the people whom you meet Seem a lot of stingy chumps; When the sun is cold and chilly, And troubles begin to pile, That's the time to can your worries— Just smile, darn you, smile.

There is naught for you to worry But an early yawning grave; There is still a lot to live for, So all grouches you may save. Just forget the tribulations, Though they seem to stretch a mile Bid them very firmly "beat it," And smile, darn you, smile.

The directors of the American Sugar Refining company have announced an increase of wages of from 5 to 10 per cent to the employees in all the company's refineries.

THE EPPO IS THE ONLY PETTICOAT WITH A Smooth Hip Fit



The EpPO Petticoat has an elastic waistband and is fastened at the side with three class fasteners like those used on gloves. The elastic waistband conforms to the size of the waist, and is of the best material obtainable, and will give satisfactory service and set smooth as long as the petticoat lasts.

No matter how styles in dresses change, a smooth fitting petticoat is always demanded by the woman who dresses well. The EpPO answers every requirement and absolutely pleases the most critical.

The EpPO Smooth, Hip-Fitting Petticoat is made to fit all figures. It comes in all lengths, all materials, all desirable colors and styles.

Prices range from— \$1.00 to \$10.00 We Are Sole Agents for Duluth and Superior.

GATELY'S "TWIN-PORT" STORES 1410 Tower Avenue. 8 East Superior Street.

FRERKER BROS. & CO. 417-419 W. Michigan St. 418 W. Superior St. WHOLESALE WHISKIES and WINE OUR SPECIALTY Aerial Rye

Alameda Chocolates Assorted The perfection of candy making. Absolutely the best and purest sweets on the market. Made by Union Labor, too. Duluth Candy Co. Manufacturing Confectioners Geo. D. Lucore, Manager, Duluth, Minn.

HITS THE BULL'S EYE A SACK OF Duluth Universal Flour will make more bread than any other flour on the market. It will make baking a GRAND SUCCESS in your home. A HOME PRODUCT DULUTH UNIVERSAL MILLING CO. The Flour the Best Cooks Use.