

SOVIET TO BE MASTERS SOON.

NEW YORK.—That Germany will have a soviet form of government soon is the impression gained by Cyril Brown, staff correspondent of the New York "World," as a result of an interview with Dr. Geyer, leader of the Independent Socialist Party. In a copyrighted cable dispatch to the "World," dated Berlin, December 2, Mr. Brown describes his interview in the following terms:

"Germany will be a Soviet Republic in six months to two years," was the confident prophecy made to The World' correspondent by Dr. Friedrich August Karl Geyer of Leipzig, a member of the National Assembly and the new leader of the Independent Socialist Party, succeeding the late Hugo Haase. Herr Geyer said:

"Radicalism is not receding in Germany, though it may seem so on the surface because of fewer strikes. At heart the masses are steadily growing more radical. The masses have fought to a state of exhaustion, but the present lull is only a breathing spell before renewing the struggle for complete industrial democracy and the dictatorship of the proletariat.

"The Soviet Republic will become realized much quicker if Germany's reactionaries make a serious attempt to restore the monarchy. In this case the radicalized masses will rise, not to defend democracy, but to beat back monarchy. They will not halt there, but will go storming on over the debris of democracy and will set up a dictatorship of the proletariat in the

form of a Soviet Republic. "If the monarchist reactionaries do not attempt to start anything, the serious progress to Sovietism will be slower, perhaps peaceful; but the present evolution to a Soviet Republic is the inevitable consequence of the effects of the World War."

According to Herr Geyer, the German Soviet Republic will differ from the Russian model in that the Russian Bolsheviks began at the top by seizing power and then trying to organize downward. Germany's radicals, Herr Geyer said, are already at work perfecting the organization of the Soviet Republic by beginning the organization at the base.

The so-called "Betriebsraete" or factory Soviets either already exist or are being formed. These basic Soviets are further being co-ordinated into higher Soviets for the various industries. Organization work is thus being pushed right up to the peak of proletarian power, so when the hour strikes for a dictatorship of the proletariat to seize the reigns of government, the machinery of the Soviet Republic will be in complete working order and will function smoothly.

STRIKE HEAD IMPRISONED.
Winnipeg, Man., Dec. 27th. R. B. Russell, leader of the general strike here last May, who was found guilty Wednesday of seditious conspiracy, today was sentenced to two years imprisonment in the Stony Mountain penitentiary.

Lest We Forget

(Dedicated to America's Political Prisoners)

You who stroll this singing night
And drink the effervescent stars,
Halt for thought on those who might
Be with you but for iron bars. . . .

You who walk the steady ways
Of workaday and pleased eyes,
Remember every Christ who bears
A cross for what his soul believes

Oh, there are lords who strut about,
Glutted to their shriveled souls,
And gloat upon the thralls who dared.
The truth — for bitter prison hold

And every fatted concubine
Lounging for her war-fled male
Giggles with a grewsome ease
At splendid motherhood in jail. . . .

And every little cockerel,
Combed and feathered, proud with power,
Snickers with a sickly grin
At shackled flesh that will not cower.

But this I know from ruined Rome—
In lore of blind brutality —
The torchlight of a martyr's flesh
Can light the way to liberty. . . .

Then you who love and live and laugh
And ply your tasks so airily,
Remember every Christ who bears
Your burdens through Gethsemane.

S. A. De Witt.

TOLSTOI'S BIOGRAPHER CALLS ON WORKERS OF WORLD TO END BLOCKADE.

Paul Birukoff, in Powerful Plea, Indicts Allies for Hunger in Russia
Paints Terrible Picture of
Suffering Due to Economic
Warfare.

Paul Birukoff, life friend and biographer of Count Leo Tolstol has added his powerful voice to the worldwide chorus of condemnation of the economic blockade of Soviet Russia. In an appeal addressed to the workers of all countries, Birukoff denounces the blockade as an attempt to exterminate the Russian people, and calls on the toilers to end it.

Birukoff paints a terrible picture of hunger in Russia. "But it is you who are producing these very things; not the Soviet government," he says to the "rulers demoralized by power." He continues, "For you the hour of repentance has not yet struck. You, too, are to be pitied. I turn from you."

Birukoff concludes his appeal to the workers by referring to his "great and undeserved happiness" in the friendship of Tolstol.

His Voice Would Thunder.

"I know that were he alive today," he says, "his powerful voice would thunder through the world and bring the powerful to their knees. Mine is weak. But I would be criminal did I not raise it. In the name of my great dead master, I appeal to you, brothers, workers, save Russia!"

Birukoff's appeal follows in full: "In hours of sleeplessness, in work and leisure, among crowds and in solitude, in the midst of children, and beneath the sun's resplendent rays, I am haunted everlastingly by a horrible nightmare.

"I visualize an ocean of suffering—starving, exhausted people, old men,

women, children, workmen and workwomen in the prime of life, withering and sinking under the yoke of a terrible disease—lack of food, and all the deadly ills which flow from it.

"The strong becoming weak; the weak gradually slipping into the grave. Emaciated countenances, enfeebled muscles; the soul, deprived of resisting power, invaded by despair and by hatred against the authors of the disaster. Above all is it terrible to think of the children stretching out their tiny hands, clamoring for food, gazing in mute reproach when it is refused them. Why?"

"This disaster is taking place in Russia.

"The consciousness of this unceasing plague is terrible. But there is something even, worse than that. It is natural for a man, who is not a monster, to hasten to relieve a disaster of which he has cognizance.

"But there is no limit to the despair of men who, desirous of staying off disaster and of seeking its cause to find a remedy, are faced with the fact that it has no rational cause, that the tortures it produces are insensate. With such despair am I filled when I see that the sufferings to which the bodies and souls of the Russian people are subjected benefit no one.

Russia Fed Europe Before War.

"Russia produces millions of tons of wheat in excess of her consumption. Before the war she fed Europe. Why is she starving at present? Why is it impossible for her to transport wheat from where it is produced to where it is wanted? Before the war, Russia did not possess a suf-

(Continued on page 4)

Bolsheviks Gain --- But Not on the Front Page.

News space too valuable for Reds since Kolchak began to run. No news is good news. Look for Bolshevik success on inside pages now.

Since Kolchak packed up his old kit bag and scurried across Siberia for that little sprint of a thousand miles a few weeks ago, there has been very little news in the capitalist press concerning the Bolsheviks. We used to look for Bolshevik news on the front pages. If we found it there, then we knew the Bolsheviks were losing or at least were said to be losing. Now that all reference to them can only be found on the inside pages and in remote and curtailed paragraphs, we know that they are winning. A capture of half a dozen Bolsheviks used to be heralded in six inch type in the first columns of our highly respectable bourgeois sheets, alas, no more. If you want to know what's doing in Siberia, take a spy glass and carefully scrutinizing each inside column you may be able to find a paragraph or two concerning some doings there. And now of late, these paragraphs have taken on a very bad color—for Kolchak, Denikin and Crowd. That this motley crew of capitalist tools are still running with all the speed of which they are capable may be judged by the following dispatches discovered hidden away in corners of a capitalist daily. All in all, when you hear no news of the Bolsheviks, take it for good news. The old rule holds good.

IRKUTSK, Dec. 22.—The city of Tomsk, western Siberia, has been evacuated by the Siberian troops of the all-Russian government. General evacuation of Tomsk began Dec. 16. The council of ministers of the all-Russian government has issued a statement denying reports that the Bolsheviks have proposed peace to Admiral Kolchak, head of the government and to Gen. Denikine, leader of the anti-Bolshevik forces on the southern front.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 22.—State department advices today reported that Bolshevik attacks in Esthonia were increasing and that negotiations for the withdrawal into Letvia of Gen. Yudenitch's Russian army were in progress.

With the capture of Taiga, at the junction of the branch line to Tomsk, Polish troops west of that point will have to fight their way eastward, the report said.

The Soviet government is trying to stimulate construction of army tanks and has offered prizes ranging from 50,000 rubles up to 450,000 for plans, to be the property of the Soviet government, according to an advertisement in a Petrograd paper Nov. 11.

LONDON Dec. 22.—Seven hundred soldiers of the army commanded by Admiral Kolchak, head of the all-Russian government in Siberia, have been found frozen to death in a hospital near Omsk, according to a wireless dispatch received here from Moscow.

When Novo Nikolaevsk, in eastern Siberia, was captured Dec. 13, about 0,000 soldiers and 500 officers fell into the hands of the Bolsheviks according to an official statement issued by the Soviet government at Moscow. Booty taken by the reds comprised a section of the American Red Cross and the Ufa branch of the state bank with 40,000,000 rubles in Siberian bank notes.

SLAV SOCIALISTS REVOLT AGAINST KOLCHAK RULE.

Paris, Dec. 27. — Revolutionary Socialists have formed a committee government in Irkutsk, Siberia, where the All Russian government of Admiral Kolchak established its headquarters after being driven from

LEGION WARNED TO KEEP THE LAW.

Law resides in civil authority, not in mob law, D'Olier tells Legionaries.

INDIANAPOLIS.—Franklin D'Olier, national commander of the American Legion, today declared that neither "national, state, nor local organizations of the American Legion have any right to take the law in their own hands or interfere with proper authority," and warned members of the legion that such action would be subversive of the principles and ideals of the organization.

The declaration was part of a statement made by the national commander in view of recent reports of activities of members of the legion, which, he said, made it imperative that the policy of the organization with respect to its standing on the maintenance of law and order be defined.

"The American Legion," Mr. D'Olier said, "represents nearly 5,000,000 citizens who have demonstrated their loyalty and patriotism. We realize, however, that there are 100,000,000 other Americans just as patriotic and loyal. We represented the spearpoint, keen and true, and back of us was the power of a whole nation at war.

"In times of need and emergency we members of the American Legion stand ready as individuals to support, strengthen and speed up, if necessary, the civil authorities, charged with the maintenance of law and order . . . but always in accordance with competent authority, which we realize now is civilian and not military, and originates in the constitution of the United States as expressed through national, state and local governments."

The Co-operative State.

By Robert G. Ingersoll.

During this holidays season, when "good will to man" is supposed to reign somewhat upon this troubled sphere, it is well to consider the following from the pen of Ingersoll, hated by the Church for his atheism, but who is now recognized by mankind at large as one of the world's anointed.

I see a world where thrones have crumbled and where kings are dust. The aristocracy of idleness has perished from the earth.

I see a world without a slave. Man at last is free. Nature's forces have by science been enslaved. Lightning and light, wind and wave, frost and flame, and all the secret subtle powers of earth and air are the tireless toilers for the human race.

I see a world at peace adorned with every form of art, with music's myriad voices thrilled while lips are rich with words of love and truth — a world in which no exile sighs, no prisoner mourns; a world on which the gibbet's shadow does not fall; a world where labor reaps its full reward; where work and worth go hand in hand; where the poor girl, in trying to win bread with the needle — the needle that has been called "the asp for the poor"—is not driven to the desperate choice of crime or death, of suicide or shame.

I see a world without the beggar's outstretched palm, the miser's heartless, stony stare, the piteous wail of want, the livid lips of lies, the cruel eyes of scorn.

I see a race without disease of flesh or brain—shapely and fair, the married harmony of form and function — and as I look, life lengthens, joy deepens, love canopies the earth; and over all, in the great dome, shines the eternal star of human hope.

Omsk, according to news received in French official circles today.

The revolutionists took possession of the Irkutsk station on the Trans-Siberian railway, the reports state.

It is considered doubtful whether Admiral Kolchak will find anything of his government when he finally goes to Irkutsk. His present whereabouts are not definitely known.

He is reported as having encountered great difficulties with detachments of Cecho-Slovak troops which are en route to Vladivostok by the Trans-Siberian railway. These troops have been guarding sections of the line and have not succeeded in getting along well with Admiral Kolchak.

Japanese Attitude Watched.

Bands of Bolsheviks now are not far from the Baikal district, which is raising the question in diplomatic circles here how Japan will look upon the prospect of the presence of Lenine's forces in immediate proximity to the Japanese sphere of influence.

It is supposed here that conversations already are in progress between Tokio and Washington regarding the Siberian questions affected by the

advance of the Bolsheviks and the weakening of the Kolchak government.

KOLCHAK'S ARMY GONE, AVER REDS.

London, Dec. 26. — The Bolsheviks have captured Tomsk and also the towns of Pastoff, Vassilkov, Kremmentohug, Izium, Belovodsk, Makeevka, and Kokpekhta, according to a wireless dispatch received tonight from Moscow.

The communication adds that after the capture of Tomsk the Reds advanced from Novo Nikolaevsk to the main line of the Trans-Siberian railroad and occupied the station of Taiga, taking an enormous amount of booty and a number of prisoners. "The road to Krasnoyarsk and Irkutsk is now open, and Admiral Kolchak's army in this region has ended its existence," says the communication.

The dispatch adds that Galician troops intended for the defense of Kiev, have revolted against Gen. Denikine, the anti-Bolshevik leader in the south, and attacked the volunteer army in the rear.

"If ever there was a moment in the history of America when we cannot afford to let our own press die for lack of funds, it is now. — Mob violence and governmental tyranny will do what they can to silence us. Let us swear by all we hold dear that not one fighting revolutionary Socialist journal shall go under for lack of funds." — The Liberator.

Are You Doing Your Part? Get subscriptions for The Toiler — Your Own Paper.

THE SUPERHUMAN ENERGY OF THE WORKERS

(Ivestya, Petrograd, August 1)
In the Russian press, published abroad by our counter-revolutionary emigrants, are often found complaints about the inertia of the bourgeoisie that has been deprived of the power contrasted with the enormous work performed by the proletariat.

A Cadet newspaper, Rodina, published in Khar'kov, says: "One must have the courage to confess that we ought to learn much from the Bolsheviks—we can but profit from that. One must marvel first of all at their superhuman energy."

"Every one who desires and can help the holy cause of resurrecting the country, must take an example from them and work without sparing his forces. Not in vain is it said of some of the commissars that one does not know when they sleep."

Not long ago an aristocratic woman fugitive from Petrograd, contrasted the invincible energy of the Bolsheviks, their incredible ability to work, with the flabbiness and looseness of the bourgeoisie class that is capable only of whining on account of its own poor success.

The admissions of our enemies have a deep political significance. The Communist party is the advance ranks of the proletariat, its most conscious and energetic part; it is the vanguard of the working class, the working class is full of exhaustless force; in its midst are resting immense resources of potential energy which now, when the power is passing into its own hands, are transferred into kinetic energy, are transformed into action. "The proletarians have nothing to lose but their chains, but they have a world to gain," are the words of the Communist Manifesto; the

workers are setting to work to solve this great task, having untouched resources of energy.

"A host is rising that has no bounds, it will have a force that is beyond measure." (Nyekrassov).

But the bourgeoisie—our adversary—is a feeble, dying-out class, without faith in the future, without faith in its work, without an ideal, without zeal; it has not the enthusiasm without which—to speak with Saint-Simon—one cannot accomplish great works. There was a time when the bourgeoisie, too, manifested energy, destroying absolutism and feudalism, when it was a revolutionary, a rising class—that was at the end of the Eighteenth Century, at the time of the Great French Revolution.

But already in the year 1848, Marx, in the Neue Rheinische Zeitung, characterized the German bourgeoisie thus: "Devoid of faith in its own slogans, with phrases instead of ideas, scared by the world tempest, exploiting the world tempest never with energy always with plagiary, isipid in its lack of originality, original in its insipidity, without initiative, without faith in itself, without faith in the people, without a world mission, without eyes, without ears, without teeth, without anything."

At present the bourgeoisie is definitely and irretrievably doomed by history to perish, and, being in the depth of its soul conscious of its doom, it cannot find the necessary strength for the fight against the proletariat.

But the strength of the proletariat is inexhaustible; it only begins to develop in motion, as they undertake the great task of rebuilding the old world.

A Letter to 100 Per Cent Americans

Being a 100 per cent. American myself and believing that as such it is necessary to know the history of my beloved country, I decided, during a recent convalescence, to brush up my knowledge of the past deeds of our glorious forefathers. For this purpose I got out the old history that had been the source of inspiration and enjoyment to me when I had attended the little old one-room country school.

I read the well known story of the heroic discoverer again and lived with the Pilgrims and Puritans thru cruel struggles against the hard natural environment and the savage Indians. Next came the great war against the French and Indians and again I was filled with the old gladness that the country was saved for the people of the greatest nation of that time, the English. With even greater force than in my schooldays I am struck by the wisdom of the alseeing Providence watching over us then even as in the critical times thru which we have just passed.

But here came my first shock. "The Revolutionary Epoch" was the heading of the next section and the similarity to the name of a radical sheet recently printed in Boston and called the "Revolutionary Age" was starting to say the least. And I wondered—Revolution is so foreign to the spirit of all 100 per cent. Americans and gives the present day agitators such a good talking point would it not have been better had the historian picked out some other title such as "The fight for Democracy." Also some of the things related in connection with this first "Fight for Democracy", as I shall hereafter designate this period would much better have been left out. Not that they are untrue but it is not good for the ignorant people of the lower classes to know such things as they are unable to see them in their true significance. For example there is the story of the treatment of the Stamp Act collectors who were often ridden thru the towns on rails and otherwise mistreated. Are not such tales likely to incite some of the hair brained followers of Lenin to similar offences against the officers of law and order of our own time. Again the destruction of 342 chests of tea by mobs disguised as Indians at what is called the Boston Tea Party should be rewritten for we should not instill in the minds of the growing children such an utter disregard for the sacred rights of private property.

However in regard to the battle of Bunker Hill there is one case in which all of our school histories are to be commended. I refer to omission of any reference to the fact that a plain red flag was carried by one detachment of our illustrious forefathers in

that heroic encounter. Think of the amount of time space and energy that such an omission has saved us. Imagine how hard it would be for us to explain to the dullwitted children of the working classes that what was considered a noble deed and stimulating example of 100 per cent. Americanism at that time has changed into an act of anarchy and open sedition today. Had that been printed we would have to use a great amount of space in the public press to clarify the public mind, space that we are now able to use in recounting the Bolshevik atrocities and the nationalization of women in Russia.

Up to the present time I have only read as far as the Battle of Bunker Hill and have picked out only the more flagrant cases. The urgent need of immediate action has impelled me to write if only so incompletely, rather than to wait till finishing the reading of the book. If, however, I find other instances which my sure instinct of a 100 per cent. American tell me should be altered I will write of them later.

Passing from the field of American history there are, however, two instances that I wish to call attention to before closing. In the fight for human freedom altogether too much credit is given to that demagogue, Martin Luther. The mere fact that he was a Hun should be enough to more than overbalance any other good that he may have accomplished. I understand that the parochial schools handle his case much differently than the public schools and the events of the last five years have certainly fully justified them. But all of the schools, public and parochial, place too much stress on a certain Jewish-Heavenly agitator, J. Christ, sometimes called Jesus and the Lord. Here was a man forever stirring up the people. The different accounts of his life are somewhat contradictory and confusing. It appears that there was certain body of 100 per cent. Jews who made it their particular business to curb such radicals, and kept close watch on Christ's activities the same as the A. P. L. of our time, watched undesirable citizens during the late war. After a speaking and organizing trip thru the surrounding country Jesus returned to the capital and started a riot. These patriotic Jews took him before the governor, Pontius Pilate, who gave him a public trial. Owing to the craftiness of the prisoner and the lack of proper legislation (the criminal syndicalist law had not yet been passed) Pilate was unable to give the rioter the proper punishment. Jesus was turned over to the vigilance committee who with the help of some soldiers set a noble example for the present times by crucifying him. To make a martyr of such

SKYGAC'S COLUMN:

There is no one word in any language

that will cause more thrills of fear

to travel up and down the spines

of the oppressors of mankind

than that ten lettered word

REVOLUTION.

The first three letters of that word

make the abbreviation for the word

Reverend,

which is a title we bestow upon

our pulpit pounders and sky pilots

who bring us the glad tidings

that hell is not cold.

We may all be said to be English

(for are we not her allies,

aiding and abetting her

in her "freedom of the size"?)

Dropping the "r" as the English do

all that we have left of revolution

IS EVOLUTION.

It is on account of the evolution

of the ideas and opinions

of mankind

(caused of course

by the evolution

of economic conditions)

that the mere mention of revolution

is fear inspiring to the oppressor.

Most of the people

are now expecting

some kind of a revolution.

The farmers all talk revolution

and most of them want it to come

only they want to sit in the gallery

and be disinterested spectators.

Revolution is the nightmare of the

politicians and the framers of the

criminal syndicalist laws.

The preachers preach against it,

editors editorialize against it.

Mechanics are against it—only

secretly they hope for its coming

to relieve them from the oppressor.

The bourgeoisie

marshal their armies

and wait its coming,

fear stricken and as full of panic

as a Christian about to go

to meet his God.

The only member of society

who does not fear the revolution

is the Scientific Socialist

whose knowledge

of economic and sociology

bids him view the coming of

the revolution calmly and unafraid,

knowing it is but a part of the

EVOLUTION PROCESS.

He knows that revolutions can

neither be hastened nor avoided.

He continues to spread

the knowledge of class-conscious-

ness in order that

the needless shedding of blood

MAY BE AVOIDED

and that the revolution

when it does arrive

may be turned

into such channels as will make it

beneficial to all mankind.

FLINGS AND STINGS

An industrial firm in advertising "barreled sunlight" says, in a full page adv.: "Factory Fatigue, the greatest drag on output." Continuing, it says, "Waiting for the whistle to blow! Men work with tired eyes and draw brows. Hands move less swiftly, less accurately as fatigue grows. All through the afternoon quarrels and complaints increase. Discontent—spoilage—slow work, these are the well known evils of factory fatigue. It is the greatest drag on output."

The advertisement goes on to state that the remedy is to be found in MORE LIGHT. We agree, but instead of "barreled sunlight," we would suggest economic light. Knowledge of the relationship of the class nature of society. Knowledge of the law of value and who in the last analysis is the REAL creator of values.

Swift and Company are continually advertising, in large costly full page or half-page advertisements in the newspapers that they only receive 2.04 per cent. on the dollar. Mighty poor business heads—those Swifts, because most any old country bank will pay 4 per cent. on the dollar as interest without any work on the part of Swift and Company. Swift's advertisements reminds one of the old merchant who always sold everything below cost and could only stay in business "because he did so much business."

The life of the ordinary merchant is not all roses. In a recent survey of the toy shops there was much wailing and gnashing of teeth amongst

a person is as ridiculous as to martyrize Joe Hill or Frank Little or any of the destroyers of democratic foundations such as we have today. It merely encourages lazy, weakminded and improvident persons of today into similar follies. It makes the task of all true American supporters of law and order that much the more difficult. Hoping that this will arouse my co-workers to some consciousness of the magnitude of the task ahead of them, I remain,

A real 100 per center.

the merchants because they had made the wrong guess in buying their Christmas stock of toys. Their guess was that this would be a military Christmas, so they laid in enormous stocks of toy cannon, tin soldiers, wooden machine guns and other warlike toys, and now they are dead stock on their shelves! The public has had its eye opened and is completely "fed-up" on war stuff!

Poor, poor merchants—but, Lucky, lucky kiddies.

In a civilized world a person who would put a toy killing-tool in the hands of an innocent child would be socially ostracised.

War lectures no longer pull. War movies are avoided. Even the much talked universal military training program fails to arouse any enthusiasm. Who said the world was not coming to its senses?

Supreme court upholds the constitutionality of the war-time prohibition act. Probably does not know the war is over.

Now it's up to the president. Oh Woodrow, Spare that Spree!

A local paragrapher lays the social unrest on the lack of brains in the halls of congress. We believe however that the social unrest is an evidence of the use of more brains in the union halls of the workers.

Another evidence of progress. In 1700 the entire modern world was 100 per cent. Christianized. Now according to a recent church report, less than 10 per cent. of the people profess any kind of a religion. But that 10 per cent. is spending billions to keep their toothhold!

The masters measure everything by the yardstick of surplus-value. In the coming order things will be measured on the basis of useful service rendered. No wonder the idle and the vicious are frightened at the coming of the Republic of Labor.

PEACE.

(Probably the greatest poem of the great war. Found on the corpse of an American soldier in France.)

Ended is the goalless quest.

The victors and the vanquished rest. The victims sleep; their crosses stud The Russian snow and Flanders mud. Sound by sound the noises die. Low hang the clouds o'er earth and sky.

A shudder passes through the pines. A screech owl from the ivy whines. Dust to ashes. Dreams to dust. The curtain falls. The cannon rust. O'er Eden and o'er Babylon The soft white sands creep on and on.

Another Sedition Act.

DENVER, COLO.—The Sedition Act which gives 20 years imprisonment to those advocating a change of government has passed the Colorado legislature. It is a piece of class legislation rivalling in severity the infamous Alien and Sedition Acts of 1798. It is worse than the ordinary capitalist class legislation in that it is aimed expressly at particular organizations of workmen, notably those which believe in a working class government. Anyone carelessly shouting "All power to the workers" might be liable to a fine of \$10,000 and 20 years in jail.

Gov. Shoup called a special session of the legislature to pass this bill. To be sure he spoke in his message also of the high cost of living, but to the astonishment of everybody he ended by declaring that the time was not yet ripe to legislate against the profiteers! The Governor is himself a millionaire and one of the leading financiers of the state. So while the legislature rushed thru the Suppression of Sedition bill and also a law against auto-thieves, it did not even consider a bill against profiteering. This seems to be on the good old capitalist principle that if a man steals an auto send him to jail; if he steals a railroad send him to Congress.

While the Colorado law for the Suppression of the Radicals is not as bad as those of New Hampshire, Ohio and other states, it is so worded as to be capable of broad interpretation and can be used by our capitalist judges to "suppress" most anybody whose ideas of government differ from their own. And it was no doubt expressly framed to admit of this double interpretation against Socialist and workingclass organizations of that nature. It is one more step into the class war.

During the good-fellow season, the newspapers ceased their policy of advertising a condition of universal prosperity and allowed tales of harrowing poverty to be printed. Not that the causes of poverty may be abolished but that some robber of the poor may return a few of the stolen pennies (in the name of goodfellowship) during the holiday season. Goodfellowship, of the bourgeoisie brand helps the toy market, and quiets the slaves. As soon as the holidays are over the newspapers will again resume their mask and hypocritically ignore the existence of the poverty-stricken mass until next year.

This was not a Merry Christmas to the scions of Capitalism who dread the process of re-adaptation from broadcloth to overalls to conform to the coming new order of society.

In the light of bourgeois history, failure and treason are synonymous terms.

I love to go to church and hear the bourgeoisie sing that beautiful and touching little ballad, "We shall know as we are known, We shall reap as we have sown."

But—What shall the harvest be?

European printers are striking and winning their strikes, to refuse to print articles detrimental to the interest of the working class. The employers call it "printers dictating the policy of the paper" but nevertheless it works. Swedish printers now have that privilege as a part of the union contract. London papers were recently held up by the printers until an editorial strongly criticising the strikers was deleted. Here is another "European importation" that would be of immense benefit to the working class of America.

Two yearlies at hand from comrade Louis Whald of Cleveland. Another new booster is comrade Geo. Lightcap of Waterman, Pa. His first boost is two half year subs. We believe this is not his last one.

The Black Sheep

CHAPTER XI.

The Trial.

About ten o'clock the following morning a couple of rural officers entered the tank and announced that the judge was ready to see part of the bunch. He read the names most of them aliases, or "monakers", of about twelve of the men as they had given them the day before, and ordered these men to come along.

Jack had hoped that he would be tried with this group, for Rudolph and Collins were called with them, but the jailer dispelled this illusion. He was classed with the suitcase tramps.

The reason for this classification Collins had explained to him during the night. The "suitcase tramps" generally carried all their earnings with them; they were known to the officers as "fat geese!" The other men, that is those who were initiated in the ways of the harvest fields generally made it a practice to collect their money from time to time during the season and spend it in the blind pigs or the bawdy houses as fast as they got it, while others made it a practice to mail it to the place where they intended to "Hole up" for the winter, keeping only enough money on their persons to reach their destinations by side door pullman (freight cars).

That explains the reason they took the blanket men first. After a farce trial, they fined them what ever amounts they happened to have; returned their blankets to them and ordered them out of town.

It sometimes happened however, if the victim was a little impudent or aggressive in his remarks, that they gave them a jail sentence of thirty days or more. This was a source of private graft to the officers, as they made a profit on the food the prisoner ate.

From what has been said regarding the characteristics of Collins and Rudolph we may imagine that they were not very genteel in the presence of the court. In fact Collins delivered an oration that almost frightened both judge and prosecuting attorney. He quoted verbatim large sections of the law showing that their arrest had been illegal, and that the court was out of order in its method of procedure. But this was no court of law. It was a vehicle of graft. One might as well plead for mercy in the coils of a boa constrictor, as to plead for justice before such a tribunal as this. They were fined fifteen and seventeen dollars each. The total amount that had been found in their pockets at the time of their arrest had been eighteen and twenty-one dollars respectively. Rudolph and Collins were then sentenced to thirty days in prison for contempt of court. The rest of their companions, all "bindle stiffes", were similarly fined and were given two hours to get out of town.

There was a little barred opening in the tank door thru which one could look down an alley like hall that led from the jail to the court room. At this little window Jack stood and listened for any sound that might betray the fate of his friends, but as the court room door was closed he was scantily rewarded.

At last the door opened and the jailers escorted the two restless spirits down the hall, passed the tank door and into the cell house. Right then Jack resolved to be impudent enough to be jailed with them. If this was the way of the world that the majesty of the law which he had been taught to hold in reverence was used for purposes of crime, he would know it. He, who from his childhood had searched for the ways of nature now resolved to learn the ways of men.

He had been taught that a man had the right to kill in self defense, that the laborer was worthy of his hire, that courts were instituted to protect the weak form the aggressions of the strong. It seemed to him that these things had to be facts, the logic of George, the cynicism of Collins, the anarchic idealism of Rudolph not withstanding. There had to be justice in the world, for without it life could not endure, and yet, there were the facts, Rudolph and Collins in jail for the crime of possessing money earned in the sweat of their brow. There was no room for delusion.

The more the boy contemplated the hideous situation, the more angry he came. He felt the tide of passion rising a song of hate. Thoughts of retributive vengeance, fierce, animal like and elemental surged thru him. He caught himself repeating the words, "They're not guilty of any crime. They have done nothing that a man ought not to do. Why do people tolerate such a system? The men who originated it were criminals. How could they get the public confidence." He walked away from the little window and paced back and

forth through out the length of the tank. He was cold, faint, and hungry. The breakfast that had been promised the night before did not materialize. It had been conveniently forgotten. The coal had been consumed during the night, the place was bitterly cold, but his anger warmed his blood until he forgot his misery and felt that he was ready to do anything to put an end to its causes.

Suddenly stopping in his walk, he for the first time addressed the men who were with him. (Remember they were the "suitcase tramps", that is, the uninitiated in the mysteries of harvest life). "I do not know what you boys thing about it but I think that we are the victims of a damned frame up; a legalized robbery. I'll tell you what we should do, we should go out all together and gather all the harvest boys we can find, even if we have to wait until the next fall to do it and come back, two or three hundred men strong and clean up on this bunch. I for one, shall not rest until I have made them pay and pay with interest." The only reply that came from his companions was: "Yah, you'll play hell you will." After which he overheard remarks like these. "I'm gonna to ask the judge to let me off, because I need the money for my sick mother." "I'm just going to plead guilty, and get out of it as easy as possible." There is no use fightin' in the courts in a town where you're not known." Then there were such remarks as: "We ain't got brains enuf to understand the law." If we were really smart we wouldn't go harvestin'. If we're fined I call it tough luck, but I wouldn't go back on the American courts." We had no business goin' into that blind pig. We knew it was an illegal place." Jack noticed that the remarks of these men really reflected the sentiments which he himself had held before he met George. In fact he still held them to ascertain extent.

He lay down upon one of the bunks and meditated. To his mind came the phrase "economic determinism." There were the farmers good, honest, christian men and women. They prayed before they went to vote for officers who preyed upon the poor. He knew why they did it. It was for revenue. It was their desire to shift the burden of taxation from their own backs to the backs of the strangers who came to do their work. He remembered a text of scripture, that says, "You shall not eat anything that dieth of itself, you shall sell it to an alien, or feed it to a stranger that is within thy gates." Yes the christian farmer and businessmen still practice the ancient law, they prayed before they robbed. The only difference is, that now we do our robbing second handed. They call it profits, fines, interest, emoluments, velvet and other euphonous names that in reality mean plunder, loot and spoil.

For the first time he saw the class struggle in actual operation. He realized that the hands of labor produced the staff of life but that the hands of organized society were really turned against the producing element of the world. Yes, the class struggle was a fact. A living actual, reality that ramified into every structure and function of civilization. It ever was and perhaps ever would be a conflict between the makers and the takers of this world's wealth.

At two o'clock in the afternoon the jailer called the rest of the men to trial. They were a timorous lot, evidently laboring under the delusion that they were about to face the majesty of the law. Like Jack, many had visited the district courts, not as defendants but as spectators. They imagined that they would face a robed judge, an owl-faced jury, and sonorous voiced lawyers.

They were laboring under the delusion that a court was a ponderous human mechanism, calculated to impress the very soul of man with the weight of their justice and judgement. They felt that it was a fearful thing to fall into the icy hands of the law. But somehow the exalted face of Rudolph and the sneering face of Collins as they were taken to the cell-house had strengthened Jack's heart for the ordeal. In fact it had made him eager for the fray. By nature a philosopher, he was at heart militant, perhaps it were better to say adventurous. He had decided to go with Rudolph and Collins and take whatever they took. The hopeless confusion among the suitcase tramps; their inability to evolve a plan of action, proved to him beyond all doubt that organized effort was the only solution for social trouble.

The court room amazed him. It was nothing like the Linton court house with which he was familiar. It was much like the tank, dark, dingy and undecorated. There were a few benches scattered about, a few battle-scar-

(Continued on page 4.)

The Toiler

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EDITOR Elmer T. Allison

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CLEVELAND, O., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 31st,

THE RETURN OF THE RAILROADS.

Within two months the railroads of the United States will revert to control by their owners, the capitalists of the country. This act will be in accordance with authority invested in the President. The control of the railroads and express companies by the government under war time legislation has been in effect two years, they will now pass back to their owners March 1st.

The return of the arteries of commerce of the nation upon which all must depend for the needs of their daily lives, to their capitalist owners bring to the fore a question that must be uppermost in all thinking minds. Without doubt millions of the American people believe a step backward is being taken by the administration in releasing control to the owners. Even before the war came upon us, there was a strong "government ownership" sentiment in the country. When the control of the railway systems passed into government control many no doubt believed they would remain there and that further legislation after the war would place them permanently under the jurisdiction of the government. It must now be a hard blow to these believers in a paternalistic government to see it turn its back upon "government ownership" of one of the basic industries.

In this connection it is well to take into consideration the railway workers, who make possible the operation of the roads. When the war was on these workers gave their best services toward the winning of the war thru the continuous and thorough operation of the roads. They expressed themselves as favoring government control — in fact, the Plum Plan of cooperative control grew out of this strong sentiment among the railway workers. Now that the government declines further control, the workers are placed in the position of being compelled to render unto Caesar those things which they believe are not due him. They are compelled to give service not sanctioned by their intelligence and conscience. They feel a certain stigma attaching to their employment, as tho they were rendering what is in fact a social service, but is perverted into a rendition of profit to individuals who have no right to it.

When the railway shopmen went on strike in August and the famous 4 cent award was made to their demands by President Wilson, the railway workers and the nation at large were apprised of a great and tremendous war to be declared against the High Cost of Living. In this war, the President was to play a valiant heroic part and the H. C. L. was to be brought to ignominious surrender. The President asked two or three months to perform this feat. Four months have elapsed. There is no appreciable victory over the H. C. L. It continues nonchalantly on its way, heedless of the edicts of Presidents and Palmers. So much so that the railway shopmen are seriously considering a real strike soon to get what is coming to them for useful service. But forth steps Attorney General Mitchell Palmer with a new program for the defeat of the H. C. L. He quotes long rows of figures purporting to prove that the period from August to November shows a stationary condition of retail prices as compared to former years when prices tended to raise. This is counted a great victory. Another victory is heralded too — Mr. Palmer and the President are not lacking in invention and imagination — a further gain is likely, states Attorney Palmer between the dates of Jan. 1st and March 1st. And it is "hoped", he states, that the decline in prices will be accelerated by the campaign initiated by the government which is "just now getting under way" — after four months!

Looking at these matters by and large, we would say that the government of the U. S. seems incapable of doing any thing other than ministering to the needs of capitalism. The only time it succeeds in its endeavors is when those endeavors are a means of profit to the predatory class, which Mr. Wilson before his presidency, characterized as the invisible government of the United States. His assertion seems well borne out during his administration. In the meantime workers grow more restless, the foundation of things as they are takes on a shifting and revolutionary aspect. The workers continue to lose faith in the integrity of the government, discontent with the apparent insoluble riddle of making both ends meet drives them to desperation. There is a growing feeling among them that whatever comes, they the workers, have nothing to lose, so let it come.

The return of the railroads to the control of their capitalist and profit taking owners will but further alienate the workers from a feeling of responsibility in the industrial mechanism of the country. Ownership for the few—slavery for the many is going out of date. This is the thot that is agitating the minds of the world's workers. The return of the railways to their capitalist owners will hasten the coming climax.

WHAT HAVE WE TO FEAR?

Last week we editorialized in this column upon our American Espionage System. Now let us go a little further along the same line and develop another view of this new manifestation of the clashing interests in present day society.

First, let us get the fact firmly fixed in our minds that which IS has the RIGHT TO BE until it is overthrown by a stronger power. Any government, just or unjust, has the right to exist until displaced by another. The fact that it has the POWER to be gives it this right. Let there be no delusion about this. Might makes right. Always did, always will. All government is based in the last analysis upon force, physical force, the police club, the machine gun, the army and navy. When these physical forces desert it, cease to lend their power to it, or are overcome by a stronger physical power, the government falls, yields to another government which has the RIGHT to exist because it has the power to enforce its rule.

Very well, all present governments have the RIGHT to exist and rule—until displaced by another. They have the right to rule and to rule as they see fit whether a minority or a majority of th ruled agree with them or not. They have the right to exercise any and every method of keeping themselves intact from assault either by moral or physical forces opposed to them. They have the right to erect great national systems of espionage to learn

EDITORIAL & PARTY NEWS PAGE.

of the acts and purposes of opponents of the government, whether these opponents are individuals, groups, mere political actionists, industrial actionists or anarchist terrorists.

All modern governments provide in their fundamental laws certain methods by which the form of government may be altered to suit the changing times and the needs of the people who make up the nation. It is well that this is so, for orderly and peaceful change is to be preferred to riot and bloodshed.

The Communist Labor Party has nothing to fear from spy systems. Its propaganda is above ground. Its meetings are open. Its organization work is carried on where all may see. It has nothing to conceal. Its methods are the methods of peace. It seeks changes in the government, changes in the form and character of the industrial system, but it seeks to bring them about by legitimate and lawful means. Very true, that the changes it seeks to bring about are revolutionary in character. We insist that they are so. But revolution in itself is not unlawful. It is often necessary. It was necessary to bring into being the present government of the United States. A change in government may be revolutionary however, without being violent or accompanied by bloodshed.

We are for a revolution, yes, but a peaceful one. We desire to replace the present government and its capitalistic character, with a government of proletarian character. We are for a government that does not recognize the validity of private ownership of the resources of the nation and the industries. We desire that these essentials of humanity's life be placed in the hands of their users—the workers, and that use be made of the only title to all industrial machinery including the land.

These are our projects. They are lawful ones. The government may spy upon our organization to its heart's content, but we have nothing to fear. Our purpose is the good of mankind, our methods are lawful, We are unafraid.

WHAT YOU ARE WORTH, OLD MAN.

A Massachusetts' court decree places the life of a man of 60 at the value of \$1.00 a day. This does not mean that every man of 60 is thus valued. Not by any means. Before he is so valued he must be crippled for life. This is the court's decree. Considering that the value of the dollar is now about one half what it was recently, this is not a flattering decision, old man. Not a very high rating of a human life is it? Especially after one has spent it in useful service? No, a pretty low estimate.

But it isn't your life even, that is thus valued. It is your ability to work, to perform labor profitable to an employer. Your life is worth nothing. No value is set upon it in dollars or otherwise. To have any value whatever, you must get crippled in industry, and you must get crippled so badly that you can no longer render profit to your employer. Then and only then, are you worth a dollar a day.

No, we don't blame you for feeling pretty cheap. We will in all probability feel the same in a few years if we and the present capitalist system endure that long. Most workers realize the cheapness in which they are held by those who set the standards of value—the upper class, the class that is up on the backs of the producers of wealth.

Statistics show that 85 per cent of men 65 years of age who have spent their lives working for wages are dependent on their families or charity for their livelihood. That but 15 per cent of the nation's workers are able to lay up sufficiency during a 50 year period of earning is a scathing indictment of the present industrial system. A childhood of want and poverty, fifty years of toil—and then dependence, insecurity, want, despair. That is the sum total of millions of lives under the robber system we perpetuate by our votes, our reactionary labor union activities, our refusal to demand and to take that which is ours by right of creation—the full social value of our labor.

Let's end the hideous farce. Use your declining years old man, in helping to make this world a better and juster one to those who come after you.

SPARKS.

A comrade down at Bellaire, liked The Toiler of the issue of Dec 17th, so well that he ordered 500 for distribution among the miners. Any body else wide awake?

To collect donations of \$4.00 among striking miners for the liberation of political prisoners shows conscientious work and a desire to do one's best for our comrades behind the bars. This is what comrade Stephen Ark of Mulberry, Kans. sends us. Keeping up the agitation for our comrades' release should be a motive of every comrade's daily life.

Five dollar bills continue to arrive daily for Toiler sub cards. Of course the free book, Lenine, the Man and His Work, is always demanded as a premium, and always gladly complied with.

Comrade Roy Douglas of Dunkirk, N. Y., sends an order for literature and a subscription. These are reading months now, and the question is: are you taking advantage of the opportunity to read the best literature of the revolution? Look over our list of books and pamphlets. Among them you will find the ones just suited to your taste and pocket book. Look them over.

SOME LITERATURE ORDERS.

E. B. Van Tuyl, Cincinnati — One copy Lenin. J. Duyser, Kalamazoo, one copy Bullitt's report. Elmer Hager, Dayton, 600 Mr. Block and the Profiteers. Dr. J. L. Higbie, Jenera, O. one copy Lenin. Mrs. R. E. Balmat, Alliance, O. one copy Ten Days that Shook the World. Louis Berin-

hout, Jacksonville, Fla, 50 copies Think or Surrender and 50 Mr. Blocks.

H. A. Harrington, Akron, one copy Lenin. Wm. R. Clark, Mt. Dora N. Mex., one copy Lenin Homer Owens, Piqua, O., 2 copies Bullitt's Report. B. H. Dayton, Evesville, O. 100 C. L. P. Platforms and Programmes. J. F. Cunningham, Akron, 1000 C. L. P. Platforms and Programmes.

Local Buffalo gets a red tack on the map this week. That's the world sent us by a field worker who was there. Another Local in the growing list, of the C. L. P. in Ohio.

"I disposed of the lot of 10 Liberators and 50 copies of Voice of Labor to day. Christmas shoppers no doubt wanted something else besides trinkets for X mas. Send me 15 copies of Liberator and 50 more Voice of Labor". That's what one of our field workers writes us. Good work is it not? Sure is, and when we all get the spirit of this comrade, we will get out enough literature to turn the worker's heads our way. You can help by ordering a bunch of pamphlets and disposing of them among the unenlightened near you. Try it.

"Here's a sub for The Toiler and I am going to get some more" John Haines, Kewadin, Mich.

The season's greetings are contained in a note from comrade I. Glick, of Steubenville. Thanks comrade, and also thanks for the four half year subs sent in. Such letters as this make the New Year BRIGHT.

"Another real American has become a full fledged socialist. Put his name on the list for The Toiler at once". Z. Zimmerman.

One subscription and 10 Mr. Blocks sent forward to F. W. Phalen, of Columbus, O.

MAGAZINES

Buy Them Here

Regular issues of the following magazines are always on hand at the State Office.

The Liberator—monthly 20c
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Voice of Labor—twice monthly... 5c
Soviet Russia—weekly 10c
Get acquainted with them. They are the best in print. Read up.
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Locals.

Distribute These Leaflets.
Platform and Program of the Communist Labor Party.
Get them into the hands of the workers.
55c Per Hundred.
Order of State Office.

BAKER ARRESTED NOW FREE ON BONDS.

Chas. Baker, lecturer and organizer for the Communist Labor Party, was arrested in Akron, Dec. 21st and placed in Cuyahoga County jail charged with the violation of the Lever act in the state of Kansas.

Bail was fixed at \$15,000. Baker just concluded a speaking tour in Illinois and Kansas where he attracted large meetings. He spoke to many audiences of miners and it is alleged that at these meetings he violated the Lever act by interfering with the operation of the mines.

He was released last Friday on \$15,000 bail. His trial is set for the first week in February at Kansas City, Kans. Comrade Baker will remain in Ohio visiting relatives and friends until his case is called.

The Northwest District Defense Committee has opened offices at Butte, Montana, for the purpose of collecting money to defend the ten members of the I. W. W. who are charged with murder at Centralia. All funds should be sent to Geo Williams, Secretary-Treasurer, 318 No. Wyoming St., Butte, Montana.

NEW DAY PHILOSOPHY.

We may hope that the coming revolution will reverse the order of revolutions of the past, and be a bloodless one.

"Who does not follow Truth wher'er Her footsteps lead,
But says, 'Oh, guide not there, not there,

I have not strength to follow where My feet would bleed;
But show me worn ways, trodden fair By feet more brave!"

Who fears stand in Truth's broad glare,
What others dared not, will not dare, Is but a slave."

Success! How potent is the word in conjuring up the hopes and ambitions of the human race. It adds luster to the eye of the schoolboy, and gives a spring to the step of the middle-aged. All the generations, from barbarism up, have contended and struggled and fought for success and held nothing else so dear. And who have won? How few, indeed, have won out of the millions who struggled; and their names are, for the most part, sunk in black oblivion. For they only are truly successful who learn kindness, unselfishness and leniency toward their fellowmen. Not they who climb to the ladder's top by the ruthless pushing of others back, but they who by their stand for truth, equity and justice help all the race to rise, are the really successful. Not they who win the applause of an ignorant multitude, but they who win the gratitude of the lowly, the trust of a wife, the love of little children. They in whose calloused hands is the power to produce the necessities of life, in whose home is peace, in whose soul is honor. The world's applause counts for nothing. It has ever been given to the selfish, the gaudy, the cruel, and is ill balm to heal a guilty conscience. But real worth and real success must be recognized at last, and all mankind will be the better, the happier, the nobler.

Man cannot get a new heart, a new life, and a new character. He can reform and try to do better. Nothing less, nothing more.

Ignorance has more orators employed in her defense than intelligence needs in her proclamation of good sense.

Man has a moral right to deride that which he believes to be false, the same as he has the privilege to praise that which he believes to be true.

J. C. C.

PRESS FUND DONORS.

Akron, Ohio, Dec. 20th, '19.

The Toiler Cleveland, O.
Merry Christmas, Comrades.
Enclosed you will find draft for \$25.00 which Local Akron contributes as a Christmas Present to the Press fund and more power to the Toiler.
Yours in Comradeship
H. F. Siedschlag, Treasurer.

Now, how is that for a Xmas present, Going some isn't it? Local Akron is one of the liveliest Locals in the state now, due to the constant activities of live wires there.

For the press fund, one dollar, from comrade R. Vetoe, Grand Rapids.
And another dollar from comrade Jas Dartnall, Norwood, O.

From down in Tenn. comes a two bit piece from comrade J. W. Booker. Just a quarter, but it shows the proper spirit and that is half the battle.

Ever hear of the Repeaters Club of Akron? Sure you have. Its the bunch of live ones down there who keep repeating press fund donations right along. The last one comrade Stanley Bryant sends us is \$4.00. He also orders \$5.00 worth of sub cards too.

Comrade booster E. Vanderoest, of Kalamazoo, remits a dollar for the press.

A regular distributor of The Toiler at Lorain is F. Vaillant. He proves his interest by remitting a dollar for the press.

Comrade Louis A. Wold of Cleveland remits a dollar too.

Comrade Wm. Opp of New Philadelphia, O. helps along a bit with a dollar for the press. These dollars do count into hundreds, keep 'em coming.

Another Akron booster is comrade Paul Bury, whose contribution of one dollar arrived lately.

From the "land of cotton", comes two dollars. Comrade T. E. Pendergrass is the donor.

SEDITION LAWS

In the sudden desire for war with France (in 1798) the Federalist party believed itself to be so strong that it proceeded at once to make one of the greatest blunders ever made by a political party, in passing the alien and sedition acts. These alien and sedition laws were certainly the most atrocious in all our history except the Fugitive Slave Law. Some believed that a confederacy in which such

laws might be nullified was preferable to a Union in which men might be sent to jail, as under the Stuart kings, for expressing their honest opinions. Such a Union would not have been worth the efforts that it cost to frame it.
John Fiske. Essay on Madison.

THE BULLITT MISSION TO RUSSIA.

By WILLIAM C. BULLITT.

Two things make this a notable book: the critical but impartial picture it presents of the Soviet Government in operation, and the fact that it affords the first intimate glimpse the public has had behind the scenes at the Peace Conference.

William C. Bullitt, late of the Department of State and attached to the Peace Conference, was sent to Russia to obtain an exact statement of the terms on which the Soviet Government was willing to make peace. is report, together with those of Lincoln Steffens and Capt. W. W. Pettit, Military Intelligence Division U. S. A., who accompanied him, Lenine's peace proposals, and Mr. Bullitt's testimony before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee are all included in this book.

If you would know how near the world was to peace with Russia, how Lloyd George, Col House and others all favored it, how Lenine met all the Paris proposals, and how the whole affair was then abandoned, read Mr. Bullitt's startling testimony that has set two continents talking.

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JIM HIGGINS PHILOSOPHIZES.

Jim Higgins is our name.
We aint known to Fame, tho
We're the guyes that does the Work.
We're like any good Fellow,
We never ket turned Yellow
And never do we shirk.

We build Organisations,
In all of the Nations,
And do our Work cheerfull and well,
And we hope while we labor,
For us and our neighbor,
That this System will shrivel in—
well.

When we start in this Nation
An Organization,
And think we have got a good start,
A bunch of so called leaders,
That have been Blind! guiders,
Break all our labors apart.

But I thing we'el get wise,
And we'el open our Eyes,
And while we are building anew,
We will do all the labor,
For ourselves and our neighbor,
And manage our Party too.
A. Renneberg.

MOSES OUTDONE BY MINER

In these days of class conflicts which surge backward over the nation constantly gathering strength of numbers on the worker's side, it is good to know that the workers are interpreting the actions of the capitalist class in their own words.

Down at Bellaire a miner has been doing some interpreting in the right of recent occurrences in the coal war. Here are the results of his interpretations as displayed upon cards scattered about Bellaire and vicinity.

6 Commandments of United Kingdom, by Dr. Garfield, A. B. Anderson and Company.

To Miners of Free America:
1 Thou shalt be governed by us regarding your working conditions.
2 Thou shalt not strike.
3 Thou shalt rather starve at your work than disobey King Garfield and Co.
4 Thou shalt be placed in jail if you insist on asking your rightful share of sunshine.
5 Thou shalt be thankful for being allowed to walk on the land of this Kingdom.
6 Thou shalt take what your employer offers you, and thou will be regarded as a good law abiding citizen, otherwise the jail for you. This is Freedom in America.

laws might be nullified was preferable to a Union in which men might be sent to jail, as under the Stuart kings, for expressing their honest opinions. Such a Union would not have been worth the efforts that it cost to frame it.
John Fiske. Essay on Madison.

BLIND.

Editor's note: Here is a story of the class-struggle expressing the viewpoint of the bourgeois. We believe it will interest our readers and give them an insight into the psychology of the petit trading class even though they are unable to agree with the philosophy of the story.

He was in a manner of peaking, useless. He could tend the furnace and help around the house—scour the bath-tub and clean windows—but for a powerful man these were trivial chores. The trouble with him, as I soon discovered, was complete and simple. He was blind.

I was sorry for him. It was bad enough to be blind, but it was terrible to be blind and at the mercy of his sister-in-law, Mrs. Angier. Mrs. Angier ran the rooming-house. She was a grenadier of a woman, very tall and very bony, with a virile voice and no touch of femininity except false curls. She wore rusty black, with long skirts, and a tasselled shawl. Her smile was as forced as her curls. She hated her rooming-house and everyone in it. Her one desire, insane but relentless, was to save enough money out of her establishment to escape from it. To that end she plugged the gas in the bathroom, doled out the towels, scrimped on the furnace, scrooged on the attendance. And her chief sacrifice on the altar of her economy was Samuel Earp, her brother-in-law. Since he was blind and useless, he was dependent on her. When she called, he literally ran to her, crying, "Coming, coming!" He might be out on the window-sill, risking his poor neck to polish the windows that he would never see but, "Do I hear my sister calling me? Might I—would you be so good—ah, you are very kind. Coming, Adelaide, just one moment...." and he would paddle down stairs. She treated him like dirt. Sometimes one would arrive during an interview between them. The spare gimlet-eyed Mrs. Angier would somehow manage to compel Samuel to cringe in every limb. He

was a burly man with a thick beard, iron-gray, and his sightless eyes were hidden behind solemn and imposing steel-rimmed spectacles. Usually, with head lifted and with his voice booming heartily, he was a cheerful honest figure. I liked Samuel Earp, though he was a most platitudinous Englishman. But when Mrs. Angier tongue-lashed him, for some stupidity like spilling a water-bucket or forgetting to dust on the stairs or forgetting to empty a waste-basket, he became infantile, tearful and limp. Her lecturing always changed to a sugared greeting as one was recognized. "Good e-evening, isn't it a pleasant e-evening?" But the only value in speaking to Mrs. Angier was that it permitted Samuel somehow to shamble away to the limbo of the basement.

Of course I wanted to know how he became blind. Luckily, as Mrs. Angier had prosperous relatives in another part of Chicago, she sometimes could be counted on to be absent, and on those occasions or when she went to church, Samuel haunted my room. He was unhappy unless he was at work, and he managed to keep tinkering at something, but I really believe he liked to chatter to me; and he was more than anxious to tell me how his tragedy had befallen him.

"Oh, dear, yes," he said to me, "it happened during the strike. They hit me on the head and left me unconscious. And I have never seen since, not one thing."

"Who hit you, Samuel?"

"Who hit me? The blackguards who were out on strike, sir. They nearly killed me with a piece of lead-pipe. Oh, dear, yes."

It seemed an unspeakable outrage to me, but in Samuel there was nothing but a kind of healthy indignation. He was not bitter. He never raised his voice above its easy reminiscent pitch.

"But what did you do to them? Why did the strikers attack you? What strike was it?"

"I did nothing at all to them. But,

you see, my horse slipped and when I was helpless on the ground with my hip smashed, one of those corner-boys knocked me out. It was right up on the sidewalk. I had gone after them on the sidewalk, and I suppose the flags were so slippery that the horse came down."

"But what were you doing on a horse?" I asked in despair.

"I was a volunteer policeman, mounted. These scoundrels were led by Debs, and we were out to see that there was law and order in Chicago."

"Oh, the Pullman strike. Were you railroading then?"

"Railroading? No, sir, I was in the wholesale dry-goods business, just started in. I was married only two years, to Adelaide's younger sister. Ah, my accident brought on more trouble than she could stand. She was very different from Adelaide, quite dainty and lively, if you follow me. We were living at that time on Cottage Grove avenue, on the south side. I was building up my importing business, and then this thing came and everything went to pot. They gave me no compensation whatsoever, to make the thing worse."

"But, Samuel, how did you come to be out against the strikers?"

"And why shouldn't I be out, I'd like to know!" Samuel straightened up from rubbing a chair, and pointed his rag at my voice. "These scoundrels had nothing against Mr. Pullman. He treated them like a prince. But they took the bit in their teeth, and once they break loose where are we? The president didn't get shut of them till he sent in the troops. But I've always contended that if we business men had taken the matter in hand ourselves and nipped the trouble in the bud, we'd have had no such lawlessness to deal with in the end. It is always the same. The business men are the backbone of the community, but they don't recognize their responsibility! Take the sword to those bullies and blackguards, that's what I say!"

The old man lifted both fists, like

a dauntless Samson, and fixed me with his sightless eyes. He was all wrong, I thought, but he had paid hellishly for living up to his convictions, and here they seemed absolutely unshaken.

"That's all right, too, Samuel," I said, feebly enough, "but how do you feel now? Nobody compensated you for being laid out in that big strike, and your business was ruined, and here you are emptying the waste-basket. How about that? I think it's fierce that you got injured, but those men in the Pullman strike weren't out to break up society. They were fighting for their rights, that's all. Don't you think so now?"

"No, sir. The solid class of the community must be depended upon to preserve law and order. I think that it was the duty of the business men of Chicago to put down ruffianism in that strike and to smite it whenever it raised its head. Smite it hip and thigh, as the saying is. Oh, no. Young men have fine notions about these things, ha, ha. You'll excuse me, won't you, but you can't allow violence and disorder to run riot and then talk of men's 'rights' as an excuse. Ah, but it was a great misfortune for me, I confess. It was the end of all my hopes. The doctors thought at first that the sight might be restored, but I have never seen a glimmer of light since. But we must not ripine, must we? That'd never do."

"Samuel!" Mrs. Angier's sharp voice pierced the room.

"Good gracious, back so soon. You'll excuse me, I'm sure.... Coming, Adelaide, coming!"

He groped for his bucket, with its seedy sponge all but submerged in the dirty water. The water splashed a little as he hurriedly made for the door.

"Oh, dear," he muttered, "Adelaide won't like that!"

F. H. —The New Republic.

Tolstoi's Biographer

(Continued from page 1)

ficiently developed technical industry to maintain the efficiency of transport.

"Much machinery, and new machinery required to take the place of the old, came from abroad. The blockade of Russia prevents their import."

"The blockade has deprived Russia of naphta and of all her own coal."

"Only wood remains, and the transport of enormous quantities of wood over great distances is impossible, in view of the general transport dislocation of the country. The absence of fuel stops industrial machinery, and with the stoppage of industry, all the economic and intellectual life of the country dries up."

Famine and Cold Continues.

"Such industrial machinery as does exist lacks fats. The blockade has deprived Russia of this precious material, famine and cold increases. Not only bread famine, but clothing famine, house famine, intellectual famine. Next winter threatens to create innumerable victims from cold alone. The blockade continues, directed by obscure forces. Why?"

"Russia has had a revolution. As the outcome of it the Soviet government was born and has lasted two years. The Western powers look upon it as an execrable government. 'Let us,' they say, 'exterminate the whole Russian people which tolerates such a government.' By what process of justice, reasoning, or logic?"

"I shall be told that the propaganda of this government threaten to poison European and American thought; that the poison must be stayed. But has the blockade stayed it? No, the ideas which form the basis of the social organization of the existing Russia have long since o'erleapt the blockade, and disseminate themselves freely throughout the world."

"But you, Allied governments, are committing a crime even more terrible than this. You hound on other peoples against the Russian people. You furnish them with munitions. You excite Russians to fratricidal strife. Some Russians you furnish with weapons for this purpose; other Russians you deprive of everything."

"You ingeminate implacable hatreds. Why? Can you picture to yourselves the abysses of suffering of unfortunates compelled by your will and against their own to fight one another, when all they ask is to be left in peace?"

Why Are You Killing Innocents?

"If Russia is not yet wholly bathed in blood, it is because of the attitude of the Russian people on either side, who frequently surrender without fighting and open fraternal arms to their brothers. Why do you seek the extermination of the Russian people? You detest the Russian government—well and good. But why are you massacring the innocent?"

"Are the men who govern Russia such monsters, then, that you must exterminate millions of innocents, to strike them down? They have their faults. But what is there about them which can provoke such hatreds? If they have been cruel, are you not more cruel?"

"There is famine and chaos in Russia, you say. But it is you who are producing these very things; not the Soviet government. There are terrible things in the life of Russia today. But there is light, too."

"Last winter I was there. I saw and felt beating the pulse of a new and strong spirit of regenerated life. I saw many men, and especially young men, breathing with full lungs a new order, the springtime of humanity. I saw new and fertile enterprises of public instruction."

Men Defend Sacred Rights.

"I saw men in power heroically defending before the world the new, and to them sacred rights of the workers, of the common people. I saw germs of a new spiritual condition stirring in the heart of the people of Russia. I saw pulsating through every stratum of Russian life an intimate resistance to war itself—against whomsoever waged."

"Why do you seek to exterminate the Russian people? I fear it is not because they are cruel, as you say, but for some other reason."

"Crime" Was Heroic Act.

"There is still another important 'crime' which, according to you, the present rulers of Russia have committed. This crime is the crime of Brest-Litovsk. This crime has offended you, and you wash the offence in the blood of the innocent. In your eyes it was a crime affecting your dignity. For them it was an heroic act, which has not been equaled in the course of history."

"Attacked by a powerful enemy, the people and their government, disarmed, ceased the struggle, and, having deposited their arms opened peace

negotiations, inviting you to do the same. But you only replied to them by a contemptuous silence."

Tanks Reply To Goodwill.

"Since then, upon every occasion that they have deemed it opportune, up to the last resolution passed by the new Petrograd Soviet, the Russian government has never ceased to suggest conciliation, and you have replied to them by tanks and other engines of destruction. Why?"

"Let us suppose that Russia is governed by wicked men, and it is necessary to preserve the world from their influence; let us admit that for the sake of argument. But you, in your blindness, are doing the contrary thing."

Waters Rise Above Allied Dykes.

"You construct a breakwater. The water rises and overflows the country, passes beneath, above, through your artificial obstacle, and continues its course, spreading the infection, to prevent which you are sacrificing innocent lives."

"It is only through an open door and in the full light of truth that you can struggle against what you conceive to be an evil."

"I no longer address myself to you, rulers demoralized by power. For you the hour of repentance has not yet struck. You, too, are to be pitied. I turn from you."

Has Faith In Workers.

"I address myself to you workers of all countries and of all nations, of all creeds and of all ages. I address myself to you especially, men of Great Britain, so strong in your independence and in your culture. I have faith that among you, workingmen, moral sentiments still live; that you still believe that the human conscience is capable of calling a halt to the conduct of man, in order that man may turn from his evil ways."

"It is to you, working brothers, creators of life, that I confide the fate of my unhappy country. You hold its salvation in your hands. Realize, I implore you, all the terror of the crime which is being perpetrated and stop it."

"But even as I thus appeal to you my soul is afflicted by a doubt. What right have I to speak to you? No right save that which is conveyed by human laws. But I have an obligation to perform."

Cannot Keep Silent About Sorrow.

"In the course of a fairly long life I have been favored by a great and undeserved happiness. I was the intimate friend of the great master, Leo Tolstoy, whom the world long recognized as the embodiment of the conscience of humanity."

"I know that were he alive today his powerful voice would thunder through the world and bring the powerful to their knees. Mine is weak. But I should be criminal did I not raise it. In the name of my great dead master, I appeal to you, brothers, workers, save Russia!"

All's Well Aboard Red Ship, Buford.

Radio disproves reports of violence of Russian Reds when leaving New York.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 26.—A wireless message from the army transport Buford, on which 249 radicals were deported from the United States, was received at the war department today. The radiogram, dated "At sea, Dec. 24," follows:

"Gen. Hines, Washington: 'The Reds are contented, and everything is O. K. Even on leaving the island (Ellis Island) there was no disturbance and no cursing as stated in the newspapers.'

"They are allowed on deck for exercise in the morning and again in the afternoon. They are obedient and respectful. The weather is moderate with rain; the ship steady, averaging eight knots. Her course is southward for the Azores that rough seas may be avoided."

"Dealings with the reds are through Berkman, the leader. There are no signs of sea sickness aboard. Mess for all classes is excellent, the chief steward and steward's screw being exceptional."

"Special attention is being paid to ventilation and the berth compartments are strictly clean and orderly."

RUSS ENVOYS SET FREE, ARE OFF FOR EAST.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 20.—Vladimir K. Vochmetroff, acting president of the Central Union of Consumers' Societies of Russia, and his companion, D. Salavieff, were released Friday by the immigration authorities and permitted to land.

Vochmetroff claims to represent 20,000,000 Russians and says the object of his visit is to urge Washington to throw its weight against the blockade of Soviet Russia. They are but always in accordance with content the official business for their society.

UNCLE SAM SAME KIND OF PARENT AT HOME.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 22.—Uncle Sam is not a good parent, declares the annual report of the children's bureau of the department of labor, made public today.

The report declares very little is being done for the children of the island possessions of the United States and that little is known of the needs of these children, particularly those of Porto Rico and the Virgin Islands.

In Porto Rico, it is learned, there are about 10,000 homeless children. In 1917, the report declares, 173 babies out of every 1,000 born died before reaching the age of one year.

Illiteracy runs high in the island possessions, declares the report.

The Black Sheep

(Continued from page 2.)

red chairs, a large dry goods box turned upside down, served as a desk for the judge and the clerk. As to this a cuspidor that served as a target for 'hizzoner's' salivary marksman-ship which he managed to hit with about as much accuracy as he hit the requirements of justice; a dirty stove and a few advertisements plastered upon the wall and the picture is complete.

The personnel of the court blended well with its environment. Behind the dry goods box sat the judge, a portly livery-barn proprietor, roughly dressed and redolent with the scent of the stable. He had a flat, florid face, was slightly bald and had a drooping yellow mustache. He had rather merry blue eyes and a thunderous voice; one of those voices that have tremendous volume and yet no power. He looked like an over fed Swedish lumberjack; but as his name was Duffy the Scandinavian race was exterminated.

The jailer led this prisoners into the room. The judge wheeled around in

his old swivel chair and looked at the men over his steel-rimmed spectacles. Jack looked at him and smiled broadly but the judge remained stern as befits the majesty of the law. Beside 'hizzoner' stood the city attorney, a callow youth upon whose face was written all the viciousness of weakness. He was lean almost to gauntness, like a half stewed lizard. In fact he was best described by the remark Jack made to his companions after the trial in which he likened the lawyer to a hybrid, between a coyote and a shoitpoke.

The clerk sat at the same desk (box) with the judge. These with a few armed men who evidently were officers constituted the machinery of justice.

"What is the charge agin these men?" asked the judge.

The lawyer answered, "Disorderly conduct and assault," your honor.

"Had we better try 'em one at a time or in a bunch?" asked the judge.

"I, for one, demand a separate trial," said Jack.

"Wait till you're spoken to, or you'll regret it," roared the judge.

(Continued next week)

A MESSAGE FROM SMILLIE

(By Cable to The Liberator.)

Greetings to you, my American comrades of all ranks of labor. In view of the close of the greatest of all wars, in which so much blood and wealth have been so recklessly wasted, it behooves the democracies of all the countries of the world to draw themselves into closer communion; first, to ensure the prevention of international war in the future; second, to advance the industrial freedom of the producing classes in all nations. In the past the workers of one nation have been set off against the workers of another nation to prevent this communion, but in the future it will be necessary to link up the workers of the various nations so that we may advance side by side.

We may talk about a League of Nations for a generation, yet if it is only a league of capitalistic Governments it will mean nothing to the common people of the nations of the earth. What is really required is a League of the Democracies, strongly organized in each country, to rid the workers of the curse of capitalism as we know it today, and make the whole world a fit place for free men and women to live in.

In Great Britain I believe that the present agitation for the nationalization of mines and minerals will be continued until we realize our ambition. I do not think its fulfillment will be long postponed. The possessing class realize that national own-

ership cannot stop and will not stop with the nationalization of the mines and the mines alone. They realize that the land, railways, transport and other industries essential to the social well-being of the people will follow. The fight will be a stiff one, as capital is now fully aroused and will spare no pains to thwart the aspirations of the common people. It ought to be admitted that many thousands of wealthy, educated people are on our side, though the vast bulk of the possessing class have no vision of the soul of the nation or its people and cannot see beyond the continuation of the present cursed system which keeps the vast majority of the people of every nation of the earth continually on the verge of poverty in order that a few may live in luxury.

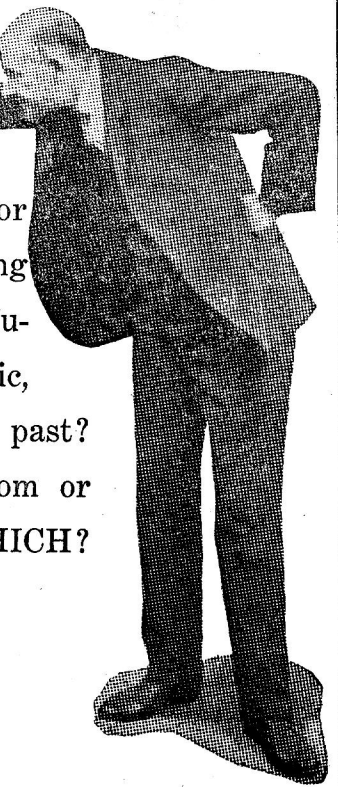
I understand that the mine workers of America are moving forward on similar lines and I wish them God speed. I would appeal to the workers of America to realize that until the whole wealth produced by labor—taking the word "labor" in its broadest and truest sense to mean all those who labor by hand or brain in the production of anything that is essential or beautiful—is secured for the common enjoyment of those who produce it, there cannot be and there ought not to be any rest from agitation towards this end.

(Signed) ROBERT SMILLIE,

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