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WORLD UNITE

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PEACE AND TRADE WITH RUSSIA NEAR.

Urgent demands of commercial bodies to make State Department show its hand soon in clouded Russian situation. Soviet Envoy Martens tells how his work as business representative is financed with money secretly brought by curiers.

That the clouds which have long hung over the relations between the United States and Soviet Russia will soon be lifted, is the conclusion reached by interested onlookers at the senate investigations now proceeding at Washington, where Ludwig C. A. K. Martens, Ambassador of the Soviet Republic is being questioned as to his purposes in America and the methods by which his work is carried on.

Officials at Washington openly predict that because of the complete collapse of the anti-bolshevist forces, and to save the border states of Russia from further chaos, peace and trade are at once necessary.

The Russian diplomatic situation will be cleared it is thought, so far as America is concerned, if Secretary Lansing replies to a letter addressed to him by business men seeking to inaugurate trade with Russia.

Chairman E. P. Jennings of the American commercial association for promotion of trade with Russia framed the letter addressed to Lansing, asking if the State Department would give full support and protection to a commission of business men whom the association has decided to send to Russia at once.

The letter also demands that the State Department explain why export trade licenses to ship goods to Russia are denied to American business men.

"Business men of England and France", said Jennings, "now are preparing to resume trade relations with Russia. There is no reason why American business men should be denied this privilege. We are not at war with Russia."

The association was organized in New York last week to promote reopening of trade with Russia. Forty manufacturers and exporters attended the meeting.

Sensors on the Foreign Relations Subcommittee delving into Russian propaganda will be furnished with a list of American concerns which have closed trade contracts with Soviet Russia.

Martens already has delivered to the Senate committee a list of hundreds of American concerns seeking to close business deals with Soviet Russia, thru the local envoys.

Following Martens, the committee expects to question Santeri Nuorteva, secretary of the Soviet "embassy," and possibly two or three other members of the Lenine delegation.

A list of 941 names of firms in 32

states who have made positive statements of their desire to do business with Russia, was given to the senate committee by Martens last week.

The firms, numbering some of the largest importing and exporting houses in America, include almost every line of American manufacture, such as medical and optical supplies, dyes, paints and chemicals, agricultural machinery, leather, textiles, shoes, electrical supplies, paper, talking machines, stoves, automobiles, tractors, tools and printing presses.

How Martens got funds. Couriers from Soviet Russia, daring imprisonment and death to carry funds and letters to Martens business offices in the Woolworth Building in New York, is the method by which his work as business agent of the socialist republic is financed, was told the committee, last week.

Martens' business offices occupy one entire floor of the famous Woolworth building, where about 35 employees are busy carrying on correspondence with business firms relatives to the opening of trade. He is spending \$2,500.00 a week in his efforts to secure recognition of his government by the State Department and to reopen business between the two countries.

Martens flatly declined to answer further questions on the subject of the couriers, and left the committee to consider whether or not his plea of "diplomatic immunity" from further examination should be allowed, while he went on to recount his personal activities in endeavoring to get his government recognized by the state department, and in placing provisional contracts for \$25,000,000 worth of food, clothing and machinery with American business houses.

This letter effort, he said, has resulted in placing two or three letters before President Wilson, urging recognition, though the state department has remained firm in its refusal to recognize him in anyway.

Out of twenty of the mysterious messengers who started during the last year from Moscow with funds and letters to him, Martens said, seven had gotten through the barriers of armies and international frontiers. Several had been shot summarily in Finland—"three that I know about," Martens said casually. Of ten who tried to get through Germany, nine were captured and jailed.

The first man to reach him, however, carried \$30,000 and his credentials as soviet ambassador to the United States.

The couriers carried money in the form of Finnish marks or Scandinavian currency, Martens said, and had various varieties of passports. Altogether, \$150,000 had come to him through the underground route.

was badly broken in last fall's unsuccessful drive for Petrograd, has been placed under arrest.

An Moscow wireless reports that an order has been issued to disband the northwest army.

A Kharkov message says the first Astrakhan Cossack regiment has surrendered completely to the Bolsheviks. Admiral Kolchak, former head of the all Russian government, is reported to have been taken to Irkutsk.

PARIS. — Gen. Denikine and his staff have taken refuge on board a British vessel at Constantinople, according to a Zurich dispatch to the Echo de Paris.

LONDON, Jan. 29.—A wireless from Moscow says a declaration signed by Premier Lenine, Foreign Minister Tchicherin and Minister of War Trotsky, addressed to the Polish on behalf of the council of the people's commissaries, invites a friendly settlement of all disputes and questions outstanding between Poland and soviet Russia.

The declaration says it is "incumbent on the Polish government to decide whether or not to make war on

LUMBER vs. LABOR

Workers! Judge for Yourself about Centralia

As a result of the Centralia tragedy on Armistice Day one member of the Industrial Workers of the World, Wesley Everetts, was lynched. His mutilated body was dragged back to where other members of the organization were imprisoned and the captives were forced to bury their desecrated comrade. Later it appeared that the victim himself was an overseas veteran.

Every known I. W. W. in town at the time was seized and jailed without warrant. The only local attorney who was brave enough to stand by law and justice was seized, and when a Seattle lawyer arrived to defend the prisoners he was driven out of Centralia.

Ten members of the Industrial Workers of the World and the local attorney, Elmer Stuart Smith, were held on a charge of murder. They, too, will be lynched—this time by due process of law—unless the workers of America prevent it.

If the lumber and mercantile interests of the Northwest have their way, the eleven men will be legally lynched.

If the "Allied Industries", the capitalist's combination in the section carrying on the open shop campaign against all labor, has its way—the eleven men will be legally lynched.

If the private interest that instigated the attack on the union have their way—the eleven men will be legally lynched.

The situation is not a new one in the Northwest. The Centralia affair and its aftermath are only a more dramatic chapter in a story of black reaction dating back to the days when the lumberjacks first asserted their right to humane treatment. No group of workers is immune from the attacks of those whose profits are endangered by any manifestation of working class solidarity.

The same interests that entomb Hulet M. Wells, a prominent member of the American Federation of Labor and at one time President of the Seattle Labor Council, and harrass the "Seattle Union Record"—a labor daily in no way connected with the I. W. W.—now seek to kill the eleven who await justice.

Workers! read the facts of the case, and judge for yourselves. The account that has reached you through the capitalist press of the country is one-sided, distorted, malignant. Every possibility of the truth simmering through was precluded by the immediate suppression of all labor papers during the days when stories of roving bands of terrorists were foisted upon the country. A strict censorship was even placed upon telephone and telegraph intercourse the night of the occurrence.

With the affected workers gagged and the public mind in a white fever of credulity, the reactionary forces were able to circulate a lying version of the events. Briefly, the charges made against the accused men are these: That two or three weeks before the Armistice Day parade members of the I. W. W. had plotted to kill ex-service men; and that in conformity with this plot they stationed themselves in windows and other places of concealment and without provocation fired on those who were marching in the parade.

Here are a few bare statements of fact. How do the charges look in the light of these?

1. "Two or three weeks before the tragedy," when according to the Mayor's statement "the plot to kill was laid," no plans had as yet been made by anyone in Centralia for a parade. The first intimation in any form that a celebration of Armistice Day was being planned was a small item in the

"Local Notes" column of the "Centralia Hub," on November 4th, only ONE week before the unfortunate affair.

2. The route of the Armistice Day parade was a distinct departure from the usual Centralia parades. The I. W. W. Hall is four blocks from the business section of the town where parades are usually confined. In other words, those in charge directed the marchers a good distance out of the way in order to pass the union's headquarters. In view of the consequences we ask: Why?

3. Several of the I. W. W.'s involved, including the worker already lynched, are themselves ex-service men. Yet the only motive adduced by the enemies of labor to explain the act is that the accused men were angered by the uniform.

4. The uniformed men killed and wounded in the affray fell INSIDE the Hall. Does that look like a deliberate attack by the inmates?

5. Testifying at the Coroner's inquest, Dr. Frank Bickford, one of the paraders, said "THAT HE WITH OTHERS HAD STOPPED IN FRONT OF THE I. W. W. HALL AND SOMEONE SUGGESTED THAT THEY RAID THE HALL." (Centralia Hub.) "I SPOKE UP AND SAID THAT I WOULD LEAD IF ENOUGH WOULD FOLLOW, BUT BEFORE I COULD TAKE THE LEAD THERE WERE MANY AHEAD OF ME. SOMEONE NEXT TO ME PUT HIS FOOT AGAINST THE DOOR AND FORCED IT OPEN, AFTER WHICH A SHOWER OF BULLETS Poured THROUGH THE OPENING ABOUT US." (Seattle Post-Intelligencer.)

Not only do these indisputable facts give the lie to all charges of a plot and deliberate, unprovoked shooting. They also show that those who are now charged with murder shot in self-defense—and that only after their property was violently invaded and their lives threatened. In defending themselves they struck a blow for Free Assemblage in a hall for which they had paid rent.

We must bear in mind that an attack on the I. W. W. Hall would be quite in line with the unlawful, vicious acts perpetrated in the past against the organization and its individual members. Imprisonment, lynching, tar and feathers, shooting in cold blood, destruction of homes,—every torture has been visited upon members of an organization whose legality is intact despite the efforts of an army of corporation lawyers to outlaw it.

When the excitement inspired by a corrupt press has subsided and America begins to think and see straight on the Centralia matter, it will realize the absurdity of the accusation against the arrested men and the horrible crime committed by the murderers of Wesley Everetts. It will understand that ten men would never plot to shoot into a public parade of hundreds unless they were stark mad. But madmen could not plot even a mad project. It will realize that no motive can be established for a deliberate shooting such as is charged. If the killing had been planned and unprovoked, would the plotter have chosen a vantage point where escape was impossible?

Workers! judge for yourselves, NOW, before Capital succeeds in strangling eleven more who dared question the domination of wealth.

Justice and law is on the side of these men. They stood up bravely in defense of their constitutional rights. They fought the battles of labor and are therefore marked for annihilation by the overlords.

Russia. It accuses the agents of Winston Spencer Churchill, British war minister, and M. Clemenceau, former French premier, of endeavoring to incite Poland to a "senseless, criminal war against soviet Russia."

The declaration asserts that the soviet government from the first recognized the independence and sovereignty of the Polish republic, and that this will be confirmed at the February meeting of the supreme executive committee of the soviet. Further, it declares, there are no territorial, economic or other questions which cannot be solved peacefully by negotiation, concessions and mutual agreements, such as are now being arranged with Esthonia.

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EMIL HERMAN TO SERVE HIS ENTIRE SENTENCE

Seattle, Wash. — Because he had never removed a small sticker written by Jack London against militarism, which was on the wall of the state office of the Socialist Party at Everett, where he became secretary, Emil Herman is in Federal Penitentiary at McNeil's Island for ten years.

His case was recently appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States but that body refused to review the case, and Herman must complete the remaining eight years of his term, unless a general amnesty for political prisoners is declared.

SEES NO I. W. W. PERIL

LABOR MEDIATOR TELLS JURY STORIES ARE FALSE.

TACOMA, Jan. 29.—Edgar A. Snyder of Seattle, a mediator with the United States department of labor testified today in the trial of thirty-seven alleged I. W. W. charged with violation of the state syndicalism law that he had found nothing destructive in I. W. W. literature.

"I have never met an I. W. W. who advocated violence," he declared. He added that he has interviewed hundreds of them.

BRITISH READY TO TRADE

LONDON. — The peaceful invasion of Russia has already started and as soon as the ice-bound harbors are clear orders have been booked to keep great fleets moving indefinitely.

Hundreds of tons of Siberian butter are en route to England, followed by wheat, flax and fats from the Ukraine. The British Foreign Office points out that, because of the favorable rate of exchange for England, traders will be able to force down the high prices demanded for various products in Denmark, Holland and Sweden. At the same time it is intimated that if lifting the blockade does not materially weaken Bolshevik Russia, full recognition of the Lenine and Trotsky government is inevitable.

UNREST SPREADING AMONG FARMERS.

Farmers, in reply to government questionnaires, show resentment with idle profit-takers of city; threaten to curtail production to get even with unjust economic conditions.

Indications of a wide spread and deep seated resentment among the American farmers against the conditions under which they must work and market their produce is revealed in the replies of more than 40,000 farmers to a questionnaire sent out by the postal department. In fact, so threatening is the attitude of the farmers according to the replies received, that officials admit the whole economic structure is threatened.

A summarization of the replies were made in a report submitted to the senate postoffice committee by George L. Wood, superintendent of the postoffice department's division of rural mails on Jan. 29th. Mr. Wood stated that of 200,000 questionnaires sent out into the agricultural states, views of over 40,000 farmers had been obtained, the intention of the questionnaire being to secure suggestions from the rural producers as to ways in which the postal department could aid in the putting down of the cost of living.

Answers show the major complaints of the farmers in numerical order to be:

Inability to obtain labor to work the farms, hired help and the farmer's children having been lured to the city by higher wages and easier living.

High profits taken by middlemen for the mere handling of food products.

Lack of proper agencies of contract between the farmer and the ultimate consumer.

Many of the replies indicated that the writers contemplated either leaving their farms or cultivating a smaller acreage because of one or more of these three major grievances and because of the growing feeling against nonproducing city dwellers.

One postal official stated: "Such a condition at a time when the predominant cry is for production and still more production cannot but constitute a grave menace."

Excerpts from a number of letters taken at random from the more those on file at the postoffice department, showed the trend of thought among at least a considerable proportion of the farmers of New England, the middle western states, Georgia and the eastern agricultural section.

"The time is very near," wrote a farmer at East Chatham, N. Y., "when we farmers will have to curtail production and raise only what we need for our own use and let the other fellows look out for themselves."

Declaring that the whole onus of the high cost of living rested with the middleman, a Missouri producer advocated the establishment of municipal markets to be served by parcel post direct.

"I sell butter to the dealer for 45 cents a pound," his letter said, "and the same butter sells to the consumer for 80 cents a pound."

"You may ask what we would do with the middlemen. I will suggest that it be arranged for them to go on the farm and help produce things. I understand that they might not resist working fourteen hours a day, but if we get by the near future there will have to be some useful work done by every one."

The tendency away from the farms to the city was blamed by a middle western farmer for the high cost of living.

"I attribute it a great deal," he wrote, "to the good times in the cities. The young men can go to the city and get big pay for eight hours work, while farmers have to work fourteen to sixteen hours a day at hard manual labor. All of the young men in this vicinity of any account move to the city, and there are only a few old men left to farm."

Declaring that while the farmer had to take what the commission man and retailer would pay him for his product, he was compelled to pay whatever the dealer asked for his clothes, farm machinery and other necessities, another farmer said:

"Farmers work from twelve to sixteen hours a day. City labor works six to eight hours a day. The city man makes two or three times as much as the farmer. The farmer labors and produces, but gets a smaller return than any other class."

Reds Drive On - And On - And On!

LONDON, Jan. 30.—Red cavalry has forced passage of the Manyth River, in southeastern Russia, defeating the anti-bolshevist forces, a Moscow wireless today claimed.

The Soviet government claimed capture of 5000 prisoners in a twoday battle south of Yefremouff.

In the region of Perekop, the communists said, fighting is proceeding with alternating success.

COPENHAGEN, Jan. 29.—A peace treaty between Esthonia and Soviet Russia will be signed today, according to a Reval dispatch to the Politiken. The Berlingske Tiden's Helsingfors correspondent says the signing of peace between Letvia and Soviet Russia is expected in a few days.

LONDON, Jan. 29.—Reports have been received here from Reval that Gen. Nicholas Yudenitch, commander of the Russian northwest army, which

HE MOVED

The engraver who makes our cartoons moved his plant this week — that's why we go to press without one. All set with one for next week tho.

Is This 100% Americanism?

CANON CITY, COLO., JAN. 16. The Daily Record tonight prints the following editorial. The owner and publisher of the Record is Guy U. Hardy, member of Congress from Colorado.

"WANTED—A ROPE" "When the 249 Reds were deported they raved and cursed the government, and vehemently declared that they would return and wreak vengeance upon every agency that stands for law and order.

"And they will return—be sure of that. "There are only two effective means of curbing a Red—iron bars or a coffin."

Colorado has recently passed a law against anarchy making the advocacy of lawlessness a 20 year felony. Mr. Hardy, however, being one of the eminently respectable citizens of the town, it is not expected that the government will bring any criminal action against him.

WHAT SOCIALISM MEANS Socialism means that the true object of industry should be to produce the necessities of life for the common good and not for the profit of certain individuals.

Socialism would assure comfort, independence, leisure, and education for all. It would relieve industry from the burdens of rent, interest and profit which private ownership now puts upon it.—Manchester Labor Leader.

WANTED AT ONCE 100 field workers to get subscriptions for THE TOILER

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Toiler subscriptions are easy.
The Toiler deserves your support. Get
into harness.

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Skygac's Column.

The press reports that European Governments owe us nearly ten thousand million dollars, borrowed money. This is as much money as the entire United States expended in its whole existence from July 4th 1776 to the time Woodrow the hypocrite was elected president.

Some Wad!
But who do they mean by 'us'?
There is none of that money coming to me.

England owes the most of it. Now she is whining about being let off from the payment of the interest for a few years. Says she can't afford it. Yet she has just spent in seizing Persia and getting control of the Caspian oil fields TWICE as much money as she owes the U. S. for interest!

That's the English view of self determination!

When two sets of robber capitalists and their governments fall out over the payment or non-payment of much moneys we should worry! And bleed and fight and lie! And be a hero-savior somebody else's dollars for somebody else.

Let England fight her own battles and pay her own bills.

Workers are robbed they work, not by foreign nations but by the wages system. If that's sedition Mr. Palmer make the most of it. It is also a profound economic truth and the truth which is at the bottom of your present industrial unrest.

You can't deport ideas.

You can't convict conviction.

Mr. Palmer. Paste this right under your hat. It is a lesson in one hundred percent Americanism that you do not seem to have learned, to-wit; In America, according to the constitution which you give lip service to and accuse the reds of not knowing, men are accountable to the law for their ACTS, not their beliefs. For instance one may believe in free trade, even when the country has a high 'protective' tariff. If however one translates their belief in free trade into

acts and is caught at it he is not prosecuted as believer in free trade but as a smuggler.

It is my belief that Mr. Palmer's red raid mania is not prompted by any 100 per cent Americanism but is merely the reaction after having been bitten by the presidential bee.

Get this straight, the government is NOT persecuting or prosecuting Communists, but only WORKING CLASS communists. If the government was sincere in the prosecution of ALL the communists it would be a different matter and it would have some big fish in its net.

A senator in commenting upon the candidacy of Hiram Johnson for president was quoted in the daily press as saying that he was not adverse to Johnson but would back any Republican who could "kick Wilson out of the Whitehouse". Wonder if he wants the kicking done legally and without violence?

If Sammy Gompers is not a bit more careful in the way he criticizes the anti-red bills introduced into a frightened congress by some of the backward-in-thought-and-economic-information he is apt to be listed as "dangerous" and then where would his megal ticket be? By the term "dangerous" it is understood, dangerous to the interests of the dominant class.

The present industrial unrest so learnedly discussed is in reality a world wide determination of the common people of the world that they will not be shut out.

The capitalists are sowing the wind today. Hot air and propaganda. No need to question what will the harvest be? He that soweth that also shall he rip.

Little gobs of printer's ink
Greater gobs of guff,
Thus the administration
Throws its foolish bluff.

The Wilson Administration will go down in history noted for its 2.75%

"Zapataland"

An amazing flood of misinformation has reached to the four corners of the earth in the last few months regarding "Zapataland", which is described as a "rebel communist state in the present day Mexican Republic" with a population of four million people and a history of seven years of remarkable achievements. To read the glowing account of this alleged Communist Utopia one would think that the combined dreams of Socialistic and idealistic philosophies all the way from Plato down had been translated into reality and concentrated on this particular spot on the globe.

In the first place, Zapata was captured and killed by soldiers of the Carranza government under the command of Gen. Pablo Gonzalez a little less than a year ago.

In the second place it must be understood that the wonderful fairyland of Communism alleged to have existed in Zapata's territory was mostly a myth.

Even in the heyday of his greatest strength, Zapata never controlled more than a fraction of the land said to have been under his sway. Nor did he have four million followers or anything like that. There is no way of telling what is the population of the isolated mountain sections which he for a time dominated but it is not likely that they amount to more than a hundred thousand or two, according to the most generous estimate.

It is true that Zapata had a crude sort of Socialism in practice in a small portion of the state of Morelos in the central part of Mexico. It is not true that so-called "Socialism" was of any higher order than the primitive Communistic living that obtains among various savage tribes today in

undeveloped parts of the earth. It was simply the Communism of native tribes that live in a tropical climate where little work is necessary, little clothing is worn, and practically no modern inventions or industries exist. Nothing more and nothing less.

The idea of such a tribal state being advertised the world over as a brilliant and striking example of Communism put into practice is even comical.

Most of this literary effervescence is directly traceable to one William A. Gates who wrote a series of articles on "The four Governments of Mexico" in the World's Work, an American monthly magazine in the spring of 1919. It now develops that this man Gates was closely allied with some of the most vicious and blood-thirsty bandits that curse Mexico and if he was not actually in their pay, it was only because he was instead in the pay of American capitalists who seek intervention in Mexico. By his own admission he visited leaders of various gangs of brigands and some of the rebel chiefs in an effort to arrange a union between them. His obvious purpose was to bring these minority factions together under some leaderstrong enuf and bold enuf to oust Carranza. There is excellent reason to think that Gates was sent to Mexico by American oil magnates with this specific object in view. He went back to the United States and wrote the series of articles mentioned, giving the American public a jumble of distortions and misrepresentations and even absolute lies that was calculated to demonstrate the important need of intervention in Mexico.

(Continued on page 4.)

Let The Eagle Scream.

Every time the eagle swoops down upon the Toiler our circulation soars. A powerful WORKERS PRESS is an answer to the rape of Democracy under governmental supervision. Let all those who resent the present un-American and high-handed methods of the administration send us just one new sub to the Toiler and we will have the largest circulation of any paper in America. Just drop us a line saying here is my answer and enclose a sub. Talk it over with the boys in the shop. They want to answer too. Then let the eagle scream and swoop!

USE THIS BLANK TO SEND THE TOILER TO A FRIEND.

Name

Street

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"Red Specials" in Kussia.

We do not know if Lenin got his idea from the "Red Special" such as was toured by the Socialist Party in 1912 with Debs as presidential candidate, but wherever he got the idea the following description of the success with which it is being carried out in Soviet Russia proves how the idea may be made to work for the education and organization of the workers.

Lenin's first "red Special" began its work early last fall and is thus described in the German Bolshevik paper the Kommunist, as reproduced in the Stockholm Bolshevik paper, Folkets Dagblad Politiken, on Dec. 16.

The train which is called by the peasants and workmen Lenin's train has lately returned to Moscow after a circular tour in the western parts of the Soviet Republic. This train consists of fifteen carriages, adorned with pictures in bright colors with plain and vigorous revolutionary inscriptions. It contains a cinematograph, a bookshop, and a branch of the telegraph bureau, which at very station placarded the latest news and sent out bulletins with the latest telegrams. In this train were representatives of nearly all the People's Commissariats and a staff of agitators.

"The train was away about two months. It traveled through the Governments of Pskoff and Vitebsk, Latvia, White Russia, and Lithuania, and extended its journey to Kharokoff. It covered 3,500 versts. At all the places through which it passed tens of thousands of leaflets and proclamations were flung out; it distributed socialistic or revolutionary pamphlets and books, organized popular meetings, lectures, and gatherings, conducted propaganda and educated and animated the masses. The representatives of the Commissariats who accompanied the train visited the Soviet institutions and informed themselves regarding the work of the local Soviet organs, corrected their mistakes and supervised

their work. Masses of workmen and peasants assembled round the special train, and "flying popular meetings" came into being. The speeches were held from the roofs of the carriages and, like a fall of snow, revolutionary leaflets and pamphlets were hurled out from the bookshop.

"During its journey the train distributed books, newspapers, and pamphlets to the value of over half a million rubles, distributed free more than 150,000 proclamations and leaflets, put up more than 15,000 placards, and provided 556 organization with various publications. About 90,000 workmen, peasants, and soldiers of the Red Army were present at the lectures, meetings, and gatherings; about sixty lectures were organized on all kinds of subjects; the train's arrival and departure at the station. Sometimes the reception was very ceremonious. In addition to its propaganda work, the personnel of the train introduced improvements in local organizations, listened to the wishes and complaints of the inhabitants, and where they ascertained that misconduct had taken place immediately proceeded to carry out an investigation.

"At present efforts are being made to organize five of this kind, likewise boats with similar functions for the Volga and its tributaries; also motor lorries, which make it possible to get to places where are neither railways nor waterways. Before long a train named 'October Revolution' will be sent to Middle Russia and the Don districts. Two other trains, 'The Communist' and 'The Red Army', will be ready very shortly. The whole of Soviet Russia will soon be covered with a living net of similar trains and boats. Thanks to them, the centre is coming into close contact with the republic's remotest districts; it learns their wishes, answers their questions, and instills into them enthusiasm for the revolutionary battle."

He Was The Propaganda.

ANISE, in Seattle Union Record.

This was the story told
By a young man
Back from France:
"When I came back
To my old JOB
And DIDN'T get it,
I wasn't so much surprised,
For I hadn't really believed
All those fine words
They handed me when I left.
I knew it was natural
For YOUNGER Fellows
To push their way to the front,
And I didn't feel SORE
At anyone.
I got myself a job
As laborer on a building,
Thinking myself
As GOOD as anybody,
Sure to rise from the bottom
By faithful work,
And hoping soon
To get MARRIED
To the best girl going.
Well, it happened one day
Through somebody's blunder
One of the gangs of men
Was left IDLE
And hung around
In the half-finished cellar
WAITING
For somebody else to finish,
And just about that time
The BOSS from the office
Drives up in his auto,
Giving us all

The ONCE OVER,
And sees those idle fellows,
Mad as a wet hen, he hikes
To the boss of construction:
'FIRE AT ONCE,' he says,
'EVERY MAN in that cellar.'
Well, now as it happened
Just at the minute he said it
I was crossing the cellar
Carrying two-by-fours,
To a gang on the floor above.
I had been working all day,
Faithful and steady,
But I got fired with the rest.
There wasn't a single word
Of EXPLANATION
That they would take
From a single man of the bunch.
They wouldn't even LISTEN
As if you were HUMAN.
It was just:
'OUT WITH YOU,'
Like DIRT from a building.
That was when I learned
What AUTOGRATS are.
I who had fought
For DEMOCRACY
And found myself not FIT
To SPEAK to my boss,
But just like a bit of brick
That he BUYS and SELLS.
That boss is a high-up man
In damning the REDS.
I wonder if he would be
SURPRISED to know
That HE was the PROPAGANDA
That turned me Bolshevik!"

HAS IT COME TO THIS, PROFESSORS?

I noticed in the papers that Miss Helen Taft among other women are advocating a raise in salary for college professors; that with the advance in the cost of living, she claims the professors have decreased their standards of living 50 per cent. Have the professors lost their manhood, or is it that they cannot apply the economics they have been teaching in school? You have read arguments of this sort in the paper by professors who should know better: people are poor because they drink too much, or that the housewife uses the telephone to have her meat and groceries delivered, instead of carrying the basket to the market; also that the people should eat more beans, because they are more nourishing than cake and pie. We were also told that if we don't like our job and are not getting enough pay, why we have the liberty of going elsewhere.

Miss Helen Taft also mentioned that men like Jack Dempsey get 300,000 dollars for one fight and ball players getting 120,000 dollars a season; now why does she mention this? Why don't she apply the teaching she received in school; that is that the professors should become fighters and ball players, they have the same liberty as the workers to change their jobs.

Is it because they are afraid that they will be called a Bolshevik if they demand more money, or is it that they are so muddled with the false teaching of economics that they don't know how to act. It seems ridiculous to me that such learned men must have women to advocate a rise in salary for them.

Probably their wives will teach them the true economics, and some day, they will be an their feet again. The same economics for the professors will work for the toilers, and I hope when the professors have found the true economics they will insist on teaching the truth, so there will be a much clearer understanding among the people.

Come out with the Truth, professors, be men once in your lives, even though you may be called a Bolshevik. The people demand the Truth.

JOHN F. SMITH

CORRESPONDENT TO LEARN OF LENINE REGIME.

DORPAT, Feb. 2.—Through joint permission of the Estonian government and of the Moscow government, Arthur Copping, a newspaper correspondent is about to visit soviet Russia to report on conditions now prevailing in that country.

At present, he says, the vital problem is not what did the Bolsheviks set out to do nor what occurred in the early stages of their power, but what sort of government are the Bolsheviks running now, and what are the fruits of that government.

In an interview, Mr. Copping stated: "Since coming to the Baltic states I have in gathering information resulting from Yudenitch's advance, stepped a new stratum of evidence, hostile to the Bolsheviks. But, on working the ground carefully, I detected isolated facts of contrary tendency.

"At Gatchina, that beautiful domain of imperialistic Russia, south of Petrograd, what was my surprise to find the town and palace unharmed, and the abundant art treasures of the district in cultured custody.

"It was a tantalizing moment when a Gatchina school mistress spoke nicely about bolshevism.

"You must not suppose," she said, "that it is merely a system of violence and spoliation. On the contrary, its professors were idealists honestly striving to uplift human society."

"Then came a witness who amazed me by the nice things he said about the Bolsheviks from whom he had fled, notably as to infinite pains taken over the feeding, instruction, recreation and general welfare of children.

"Leaving prejudice behind, or at any rate, desiring so to do, I go into Russia seeking the truth."

ASSOCIATION THREATENS SUIT TO OPEN DOORS.

NEW YORK, Feb. 2.—The American Commercial Association to promote trade with Russia decided at a meeting here today to send a mission to soviet Russia to foster commerce. To its executive committee were left the details of the commission's personnel and date of departure.

Meanwhile "pressure will be brought to bear" on the federal government to lift the present restrictions against trading with that part of Russia in control of the Bolsheviks.

A suggestion that one of the members of the association seek a writ of mandamus from the United States supreme court to compel the state department to permit American firms to do business with Russia, either through the soviet government or with the soviet government direct, also will be considered by the executive committee.

The Black Sheep.

CHAPT. XVII.

The Other Side.

That evening for the first time in the eighteen years of her existence Olive Anderson listened to the Rev. Mr. Goodman's sermon with critical ears; she was actually interested in what he had to say. She desired to learn and not merely to sit in church for custom sake. She wanted to know if what that boy had said were really truth or fancy. But from the parson's lip escaped no hint of the mechanism of man's social relation. His sermon consisted of the usual platitudes, "be good, do good," "contribute for the conversion of the heathen and God will bless you."

She listened intently being conscious of a growing resentment to the things the preacher said. She asked herself the question, "Is that man saying all these things simply because we pay him to say them? Does he dare to ask God's blessing on officers whom he knows to be crooked simply because we elected them? Does this man really sell his soul for bread or is that boy lying? At that thought Jack's face would appear before her a picture of calm power. She felt intuitively that the truth was with him and not with the preacher.

From the preacher her thought turned to her father; he cared little for the church; he was a man of the world. Her father had come to Dakota in the early days when the territory contained nothing of importance but Indians, mosquitoes and alkali. He had worked hard in this youth, selling whisky to Indians, stealing cattle from ranchers and later selling real estate. That was the business in which he was still engaged. It furnished him the money that made him respectable. He furnished the money with which his wife and daughter help to defray the expenses of the church. He had farms, but did not work them; they were rented. Thus Anderson was a man of business. He was expert in but two things, money and the way to get it. His renters called him 'wolf' and other choice names. His wife called him Gus when she spoke to him, and that was not often. Mrs. Anderson was a religious fanatic who could not tolerate her husband's materialistic attitude of mind. But to his daughter, he was papa. These two loved each other sincerely and devotedly. His daughter was his idol whom he tried to keep in ignorance of the business affairs of this world.

At home that evening she sat moodily at the piano and to played furtively, odd strains of songs and hymns, stopping from time to time. She pillowed her chin in the palms of her hands and sat motionless, as if gazing at something far out in space. Her father, enthroned in his old Morris chair noticed her restlessness and wondered. He knew that she was deeply stirred by something, but what that something was he could not define. It hurt him to see her troubled, but he did not speak of it; instead he let his paper slip from his hands, and entwined his clumsy fingers upon his spacious abdomen. Thus he sat and watched her. He inclined his head at such an angle that his steel rimmed spectacles slid half way down the bridge of his nose, causing his large blue eyes to fall unscanned on the slender form of this daughter. There was a look of sincere love and devotion in his eyes.

Usually he would sit for hours and enjoy her playing, but this night she had about her an atmosphere that got on his nerves and made them tense and restless. Her mood even seemed to affect the piano, or so it seemed to him; the instrument did not play, it wept. And then there would be times that it rang with defiance.

He filled his pipe and emptied it into his cuspidor after one or two puffs; then he filled it again; his trembling fingers scattering a fine spray of tobacco over his greasy stained vest. The girl played a few bars of "Lead kindly light," and then walked over to the window and stood peering out into the darkness. Out side the wind was blowing a gale driving the snow in clouds over the ground and waiving dolefully about the eaves of the house.

"Are you not well Olive?" her father asked kindly. "No," she answered, "and there's a good reason for me feeling blue and down hearted. I have been down to visit the jail today. They have a young boy who ought not to be in such a place. He told us some awful things about our selves, and I am really afraid that they are true. He told us that our religion doesn't play a very big part in our daily lives. He practically told us that it was nothing but a social toy, and when I heard Rev. Goodman preach this evening I was constantly reminded of that boys words.

"I've heard of that kid," her father confessed. "Small Head and Duffy seem to be afraid of him. They tell me he seems to be well posted on town politics — but then I suppose he did it reading while decent people worked."

He had no more than said the last word when he saw that he had offended her, and Anderson would rather do anything than cause his daughter pain. At least he thought so and in this he was perfectly sincere; he did not realize just how far he was bound by propriety ties. "I think you're unfair to him," she said almost pettily. "I tell you papa that he is not an ordinary hobo." Then suddenly changing the subject she asked, "Why did they arrest him any way? Why did they arrest all these men? Only a few of them fought. They say it was to get their money. That isn't so is it papa?" "Well, — we might as well take their money, my dear if we don't take it the saloon keepers will." Then excitedly, "that's what I have against this church stuff; they bring young girls in contact with jail birds and gallews fruit instead of running their church show. Let men of the world, run the affairs of the world. A jail is no place for the daughters of decent people to be hanging around. A jail is a place to punish offenders — "thou catching himself in an angry mood he suddenly changed his tone, saying: "then you must remember that those 'mes help out on our taxes." "But it ain't right," the girl protested forcefully. "You rob these people out of pure selfishness. It is horrible. It's unjust. It is mean. I did not believe it when they told me, now you tell me the self same thing. I'm as hamed of you, ashamed of myself, ashamed of everything. It is sickening."

"Now, now Olive, don't take yourself too damned serious," her father argued. "You know that the saloon keepers will get their money as soon as they get out of the state, and they will make them drunk to boot. We just beat the saloon man to it and keep them sober in the bargain. We really take this money for their own good." Then suddenly changing the argument he said with a slight expression of disgust, "I am surprised to see you sympathize with these bums, when its patently against your interest. There ain't no business sense in women. I've told you that often enough. Business and politics is a man's job." Then tenderly, "You just play the piano and sing in the choir, and go to school, and leave the hoes to us. We men have to raise the money to keep you, so don't bother us."

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"But if you elect officers for the purpose of robbing working men then it is they and not you who pay the taxes. I was surprised when that boy told me these things. And now I am disgusted, not with him, but with every thing."

Anderson laughed merrily. "When I save sixty or seventy dollars on taxes and use that money to get you some nice clothes or fix you up a nice pew in church then its all different, ain't it Olive?"

"If my clothes and happiness must come from robbery I will not wear them. I shall go out and earn money for myself. I will not wear things which have been stolen from working men," she said pointedly.

"Not working men but hoboes," her father corrected.

"Not hoboes but victims," his daughter snapped. "Daddy don't say such things, you don't know that boy, you haven't heard his story. He earned his money by honest toil. Even tho he drank, it was his money. Duffy took it from him and you voted for Duffy knowing that he was unscrupulous." She said no more but walked over to the piano and sat down. Here she remained silent and motionless until her father asked her what she was thinking.

"I was thinking," said she, "That the night is dark and that those boys are far from home, just because we are too stingy to pay our honest taxes. I am hurt, mortified!" She arose and sailed majestically out of the room.

"Well I'll be eternally damned," muttered Anderson. "Women have no sense when it comes to business." He emptied his pipe, stretched himself and prepared to retire.

Olive spent a restless night. Jack Thurston had preached for her the one and unforgettable sermon. He had spoken the word that had touched the secret spring of her dynamic energy. He had cracked the enamel of her environment and brought into play the dormant powers of her heredity. He had made her happily miserable. Happy because she had learned the truth and miserable, on account of the dismal nature of that truth. He had fired the shot that broke the wall of her delusions and brot her face to face with the real and battle scarred world.

The next morning on her way to school she overtook her chum and class mate, Miss Tillie Duffy who was jauntily braving the bitter north wind armored in a splendid coat.

(Continued on page 4.)

The Toiler

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CLEVELAND, O., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 6th, 1920

THE AMERICAN HOME.

The other day we saw a picture entitled, The Great American Home. The time was evening; the husband was lying asleep upon the "sitting room" couch, the daily paper crumpled upon the floor by his side. The breadwinner of the family has apparently taken flight from this world's sordid cares in the arms of Morphews. The wife stands before him dressed for the street. She is upbraiding her worse half for his disinterestedness in the business at hand—a trip to the movies. The artist had depicted in striking lines the boredom that resides in millions of homes and the means by which the victims attempt to escape.

For we can but view the present day movies as little else than a means of momentary escape from a worse affliction—the boredom that arises from certain conditions of life. Seldom indeed, does a picture appear which has either the virtue of interest or education as an excuse for its existence. The cinema, with its tremendous possibilities for education and truth revealing, is used principally as a soporific to the working class. (I trust it will not be disputed that the movie is the worker's theatre). A moment's respite from a dull day of drudgery, a tiny thrill to stir the blood a little faster, something to excite the mind; the glimpse it affords into another, and often, an unreal world; "a place go", this is the movie as it is. What straws the human biped snatches at before he finally succumbs to the almost irresistible suction of the quicksands of common, every-day menotomy and aimless living.

The other Saturday afternoon we stepped into one of Cleveland's libraries. It was a rainy day and we that as we entered the quiet lobby, what a retreat for an afternoon's reading. Most Cleveland workers have a half day holiday on Saturday, and we felt a keen sense of disappointment to find the entire library vacated with the exception of the attendants and one little boy and a bespectacled young man. In a ten minute's walk from the library, we passed five movie theatres. They were jammed. We looked at each "bill of fare" and found only the usual "wild west thrills," comics and lovmaking scenes advertised. And we asked ourselves, WHY?

But you are mistaken, gentle reader, if you think we placed the blame for this condition upon the American home. Not by any means. We are compelled by the force of logic to regard the home, whether American or any other, as a product, not a cause. If we are to place the blame for the aimlessness, purposelessness and general all around emptiness of the average human life, we will seek it in the general economic conditions surrounding the great majority. And, doing so, we find that the great mass of mankind are but tiny units of a great industrial machine, under its rule individualism never has a chance, the machine crushes it out. It creates automatons, mannikins, who have lost the power and incentive to strike out adventurously on untrod lines. It has re-created man, after its own image—a creature devoid of all save the ability to produce profits; devoid of ability to make headway against the benumbing influences of the machine life; an automaton which obeys orders, and failing to receive them, drifts without deep purpose upon whatever tide rises high enough to lift him out of his lethargy.

This is why the American Home is but a place to eat and sleep—and why the pitiful offerings of the popular movies find such ready takers.

UNAPPRECIATED.

Accept as a truth, the fact that the world has never appreciated the teacher. Also, make room for this fact in your head, that unless you can show the ruling class of any society that your teaching will conserve their immediate economic interests, you will be left to starve in the street, however great be the truths of your philosophy. In fact, you may consider yourself fortunate if you are left to starve in peace, lucky that a mob be not sicked upon you and you be stoned to death. The way of the teacher is hard—and growing harder. Just now there is a nation-wide agitation about the situation in our public schools. The teachers, who have heretofore pruned themselves more or less upon the supposition that they were in the "professional" class, are learning that they are yet amenable to the same economic laws as the day laborer. They have failed to recognize the necessity of amalgamating themselves into labor unions for the sake of self preservation. Now, that the economic shoe is pinching harder and harder, they are giving up their "profession" for better jobs. From the four corners of the country the cry has gone up that the teachers are leaving the schools. Investigations of teacher's wages and living conditions are under way and many are the solutions offered to improve the matter. Some are rather novel too. Out in South Dakota it has been proposed as a means of combatting the high cost of being a teacher, that they cut out the gee-gaws and wear plain gingham uniforms. But we think that as long as pretty young teachers can pick up any old kind of job that will insure silk stockings and such, they will hardly fall for this method. Pittsburg furnishes what looks like a business like solution. Thirteen men teachers there who were in army service recently, have proposed to the board of education that they be put on an army basis for pay and board. Thirty three dollars a month and board and lodging they say, is more than they now receive. In Indiana, many country

EDITORIAL & PARTY NEWS PAGE.

SPARKS.

If we had ever doubted it, we are now convinced that getting subs for The Toiler is dead easy. Why? Oh, just because a comrade out in Kansas sent in a bunch of 26 this week at one whirl. What's more, he promises us as many more next week, so we are doubly convinced. His name is F. Evans and he is a miner, which probably accounts partly at least for his activity. And we are brought to think that if one comrade can do this well in ONE mining camp—well, that others should be able to do the same. How about it, you miners?

Comrade A. M. Toohy of Toledo, spoke at Akron Sunday the 25th. Comrade Toohy reports a very good meeting. Local Akron is holding meetings each Sunday and they are proving lively ones too.

"We want to thank the comrades who renew their subs for the many many 'little boosts' they send us in the way of three months subs for acquaintances. We'll guarantee that these friends will thank them for putting them next. Every little boost means a move forward.

"The best in this country for the workers"—that's what comrade J. Manovich says about The Toiler. Well, We'll agree.

Comrade Glenn L. Dallos of New Philadelphia, O., is in the field for Toiler subs. Two yearlies proves he knows the job.

Comrade Ira Jones of Millfield says the miners about there need The Toiler. Result he remits for \$5.75 worth of subscriptions. Which would seem to indicate that where there is a need it can be filled. How about the workers you know, comrade?

Down at Huntington, W. Va., comrade F. H. Payton is making the fur fly rounding up subscribers. About every three days we receive a handful from him.

And we repeat here, that we want Toiler agents in every township. Write us, we will offer you a chance to do effective work in the Movement that will please you.

Comrade Carl Guillot of Canton remits \$10.00 for literature and the defense fund. Good for Carl, we say.

An open forum will be opened in Youngstown soon, we are informed. And we say it is good idea and we request that all Youngstown readers connect up with the live bunch that are putting this across.

Sales of Debs splendid picture are going good at the State Office. If you have not gotten one send us a quarter and create a pleasant surprise for yourself.

How many Toiler press stamps can you show in your dues book, comrade? Get them from your Local secretary. Also and by the way, are YOUR DUES paid up? Don't sabotage the Movement by becoming delinquent in dues payments.

And we say it again with particular emphasis—that the way to make a movement grow is to arrest its adherents. We can prove it. Party business has not been as good for many weeks as for those since the big raids were made. Pull a few more like the last one Mr. Palmer and we will enlarge our activities another 100 per cent.

schools are closing on account of inability to get teachers.

All of which brings to the fore the question of why teachers are not paid enough to enable them to stay on the job! The difficulty with our educational system is that the funds for its maintenance are raised thru property taxation. Property holders naturally desire to keep taxes down. They hate to part with any of the emoluments that arise from the holding of property. They look upon it as akin to robbery. Naturally, they don't want to be robbed. We live under a system that demands of each that he grab all he can and keep it if possible. Naturally the social conscience is undeveloped! Teacher's wages are low because taxes are low or the funds badly administered. We are niggardly with our teachers because we have failed to develop a social consciousness which realizes the value of the teacher's services to the body politic. The fact of the hundreds of thousands of illiterate native Americans proves how miserably our present educational system has failed. As long as the funds for the maintenance of public schools are raised from property taxes, and the property owning class make and administer the laws, we will have but a makeshift public educational system with starvation wages for our teachers.

The deficiencies in our educational system will, among many others have to await a decided change in the economic system before they can be rigted. In the meantime, we hope the teachers will learn that they are but working folks and that they will join hands with the rest of us in not only maintaining a decent standard of living, but in helping to build an economic system which will allow the fullest development of education for the coming generations.

Comrade B. F. Hollenbaugh of Bucyrus, states that he is exceedingly busy supplying luxuries for the bosses' but nevertheless, finds time to round up a half dozen subs. Every hour spent in this kind of work is an hour GAINED.

With emphasis, we state that the only thing worth being afraid of in this world is INACTIVITY in the cause of Industrial Democracy. Better fight shy of it comrades. There's a job for you and if you fail whom do you expect to do it?

Another order for dues stamps from Local Cincinnati means that the hall wreckers there have conspicuously failed in their dastardly attempts to break up the Local.

As an indication of the success of the Akron Local meetings, comrade Cunningham, literature agent remits \$40.35 for literature and orders another hundred Bullitt Reports. Going some, Akron comrades.

Wm. True of Dayton is selling his quota of sub cards. We suppose this means another order for \$5.00 worth more in the near future.

"Yours for many more," writes comrade J. D. Schieber of Payne as he renews and sends another.

"I wish that every worker would read such a paper as the Toiler," writes comrade W. S. Jones of Columbus. Well, he does his part with three yearlies and two trial subs.

We appreciate the cordial letter from comrades W. H. Adams and the goodly bunch of subscriptions which he sends us. Comrade Adams writes that even the comparatively independent mountainer are waking up to the fact that there is something wrong with our social system under which the masses contribute to the welfare of the classes. He also orders a number of books and pamphlets.

A sample copy brought us his sub, Walter Brown, Cheshire, O He says some nice things about The Toiler. Thanks for boyh, comrade.

Say, wait a minute. Give this week's cartoon the "once over", and express your satisfaction by sending a dime or a dollar for the Cartoon Account. Of course if you don't like the cartoon, don't remit. Which will it be? There are more where that one came from.

Comrade P. Luhn of Cincinnati, secretary of German Communist Party branch refers to the Toiler as "an enemy paper." We appreciate the joke. Comrade Luhn forwards 6 subscriptions. Such enmity as this can be borne. Now Luhn has a copy of Lenin working in his neighborhood.

An order of a dozen copies of Bullitt Report to comrade Ilkenhans of Hamilton is positive proof that he is doing some constructive educational work there.

Order a copy of the Manifesto of the Third International. It's but 10c and the Party members who have not read it are missing valuable information.

Now, are we right when we say that comrade C. R. Denbow of Akron is a new booster. Right or wrong, the two yearlies he sends indicates that he knows how.

Comrade A. Storm of Niles is after them, too. Seven subs from him and of course he chooses Lenin as a premium.

OPEN FORUM MEETINGS.

NORTH CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH OPEN FORUM.

The public is invited to attend the Sunday evening open forum lectures at the North Congregational Church at East 72nd and St. Clair Ave., Cleveland. Questions will be requested from the audience after each lecture as well as three minutes speeches.

HOSEA PAUL Will speak Feb. 8th Subject: Lincoln, the Man, and the Myth. Lectures begin promptly at 7:30.

It just occurs to us to ask if you are one of the lucky 25? You don't know about that? What we mean is, are you one of the 25 comrades who take advantage of our premium offers each week and get your choice of good literature for \$5.00 worth of sub-cards? If you haven't yet gotten in on these offers, a good time to start is NOW.

"No other paper interests me so much as The Toiler". This word of appreciation comes from comrade Wilder of Norwood. He renews and sends three "trials" to others. We don't know a better way to prove his words than that, do you?

Our old time booster J. S. Faubus of Combs Ark., is back on the job we note. Five he delivers this past week. We wonder if he can do it each month?

A pleasant surprise came to us last week when the mail brought us a letter from our friend and comrade Samuel Sadler, now a compulsory guest of Uncle Sam at McNeil Island Penitentiary. Sadler and Hulet Wells were given sentences of two years each for alleged anti war activities. Wells is doing his bit at Leavenworth, having been transferred to the latter institution when the Seattle Labor Council, of which he was one time President, began an investigation of his ill treatment at McNeil.

J. W. McCann of Wampum Pa. sends \$6.00 for sub cards. A copy of Lenin goes to him for premium.

To the many comrades who have sent us one or more subscriptions this past week, we wish to thank you all. It is the little boosts that count, for they prepare the way for bigger ones in the future. Keep on the job comrades, for it is by your constant efforts that our propaganda is carried on.

Comrade N. C. Howell of Delphos N. M. will go on the road shortly on a business trip. A house to house canvassing trip with the Toiler and literature as side lines is his plan. Here's hoping he makes good, for we know that where there are workers there our message should go every day in the year.

Drop a quarter in the Cartoon Account and see the "picture" next week. You'll like it.

Ever hear a picture talk? Well, listen to the Toiler cartoons. Hear anything?

We wonder if the cartoons we print are worth as much to you as the price of a movie. What say? Let a quarter speak for you — or a dollar.

BILLY SUNDAY SPEWS.

The Columbus Citizen credits Billy Sunday, the notorious, with the following, claimed to have been spewed from his filthy mouth on the 15th of January.

"The next job of housecleaning will be to rid our country of this gang of good-for-nothing, God-forsaken, weasel-eyed, hog-jowled, bull-necked, rag-shagged, bob-tailed, riff-raff bunch of radical, revolutionary, anarchistic, Red, I. W. W. Bolshevik imp who are a deadly poison to every element of American civilization.

"Then we can sing 'My Country, 'Tis of Thee' and 'Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow' with a new meaning".

Coming from a proffered "deciple" of the Lowly Nazarene, whose gospel was meekness and love toward the misguided, the oppressed and the outcasts of society, we desire to express ourselves as believing that Billy Sunday is just a plain ordinary skunk with the spirituality of a hyena, the sympathies of a snake and the intelligence contained in 1000th of 1 per cent of the brain of an ass—and a faker besides.

WAR ON IGNORANCE.

We have declared WAR on IGNORANCE. Will you enlist in the ranks of the ENLIGHTENERS? We intend to establish in the State Office of the Communist Labor Party of Ohio a Book and Pamphlet Department second to none in the nation. We will handle only the best of the Revolutionary literature of the past and present. We will also publish new literature of our own. We have since Jan. 1st gotten one pamphlet off the press, another will be ready for sale in a few days. Others are contemplated.

The co-operation of all readers of THE TOILER and of all Locals and literature agents is earnestly hoped for. The demand for new and good revolutionary literature is greater than can be supplied. We want YOU to help us supply this demand of the workers for ENLIGHTENMENT. Every worker can sell pamphlets every week to shopmates and other workers. Every Local must carry a full line of the best there is.

Every Class-conscious Worker must help Strike Down the Monster, Ignorance, that Enslaves the Workers.

HERE IS OUR LATEST LIST. READ IT EVERY WEEK FOR ADDITIONAL TITLES.

- Crimes of the Bolshevik 10c each, 10 or more 6c each.
- Russian Socialist Constitution 10c each, 10 or more 6c each.
- Soviet Russia 10c each, 10 or more 6c each.
- Russia, Articles by Tchicherin, Eastman, Lenin, 15c each, 10 or more 11c each.
- Debs Goes To Prison, 15c each, 10 or more 11c each.
- The Dream Of Debs, 10c each, 10 or more 6c each.
- The Trial of Debs, 10c each, 10 or more 6c each.
- Mr. Block and The Profiteers, 10c each, 10 or more 6c each.
- Manifesto of the Communist International, 10c each, 10 or more 6c each.
- The Class Struggle, Kautsky, 25c each, 10 or more 18c each.
- Communist Manifesto, 10c each, 10 or more 6c each.
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RUMINATIONS of a REBEL

(By TOM CLIFFORD)

The Cleveland Press, running "true to form," has again demonstrated its ability to blow hot or cold, as its interests, or the interest of the class it represents, may deem necessary. In the realm of mental gymnastics the high and lofty tumbling of this bourgeois phonograph is in a class by itself. During the past three years it sponsored violations of the Constitution which reduced that document to a mere scrap of paper; it aided and abetted the persecution of those who contended that both the letter and spirit of the fundamental law of this nation was being ruthlessly violated; it not only winked at but openly glorified the mob, and spared no effort to condone the lawlessness under the guise of patriotism. In fact, during these years of terrorism, in which thousands of workmen, in violation of the Constitution, were railroaded to jails and penitentiaries, no evidence was apparent that it respected constitutional rights any more than does the ordinary bourgeois. It is only when its ox is in danger of being gored through the sedition bills now pending in Congress that it suddenly invokes the Constitution it helped to shelve at the behest of the master class. In a late editorial we find the following: "When force is opposed to argument, the result is tyranny." All of which is true, but it is also true that the Press never said so while tyranny was working overtime and then some in this zupatalland of the free. Free speech and free assembly is of no moment to capitalistic sheets like the Press, but when the freedom of the "press" is endangered by sedition laws framed by those lacking the judgement to exclude the latter from its provisions, old "economic determinism" rises to the occasion and emits a roar about "constitutional rights" that makes the solons at Washington back up instantly. As an exemplar of hypocrisy the Press has all the rest of the capitalist "educators" faded to a finish.

But the Press is not alone in this seeming "eleventh hour repentance." Apparently orders have come from "headquarters" to assume a reactionary attitude and play up the Constitution and the rights supposed to inhere in it to check the fire they have fanned into a conflagration. In short, they have discovered that "too much is too much," and they evidently fear that the people will not stand any further invasion of their rights. Watch the editorial pages of the daily papers and note with what remarkable unanimity they sing the song of Constitutional rights. Of course, the only rights they lay any store by

are the honored privileges of the bourgeoisie to plunder the masses and immerse themselves in the practice of their nefarious business of receiving the public.

Some foolish people are still hoping that our government will exercise some measure of paternalistic regard for the common people and compel the profiteers to be decent. What a wonderful thing is hope! It is questionable whether it be a blessing or a curse. As a sedative it might be considered the former, but when we assume a rational view of this state of expectancy the verdict must be for the latter. For hope is the dominant factor in keeping the working class in a condition of inertia. It behooves the master class to keep hope alive in the breasts of the workers as long as possible, for therein lies their only "hope" of security. Prolongation of the era of ever increasing living costs may at any time rouse the sleeping giant of labor, and hope deferred too long may inspire him to seek a remedy at the ballot box. When that day arrives the doom of the bourgeoisie will be sealed and profiteering be laid away in the tomb of time. So mote it be.

Timothy Shea, President of the Brotherhood of Firemen and Engineers, is doing the bucking broncho act against the Cummins railroad bill, and denounces it as an attempt of the financial interests to disrupt labor organizations. Well, well! Mr. Shea is getting quite pugnacious. Why should he expect these gentlemen to do otherwise? He has a "hunch" that when the railroads are returned to their former owners on March 1 they will reduce the wages of the railway workers and break any resulting strikes by fining and imprisoning the strikers. Sure thing, Timothy! You have the case diagnosed correctly. They will do all that, and more by the help of the capitalist government you and millions of other workers perpetuate by your votes. By the way, Timothy, we never heard a word of remonstrance from you when this same capitalist government was jailing Socialists. Its your turn next.

Donations of millions are going to colleges to provide "higher" education for the sons and daughters of the master class, while the teachers in our common schools are quitting by thousands because of their inability to exist on the meager salaries paid. It looks like a systematic plan to impair the efficiency of our public schools so that the children of the working class will secure but little mental training and thus become more servile slaves.

"Zapatalland"

(Continued from page 2.)

It was for this reason that Gates painted Zapataland in such colors and ascribed to Zapata's little savage territory a significance that it never possessed. It was all a part of the American capitalist conspiracy to intervene in Mexico. Gates' campaign of misinformation was one of the preparatory steps toward intervention.

The Carranza government is by no means a radical but there is no assurance that if Zapata had ever become president it would have been any better under him, and there is little question that if Villa had become the ruler of the country, he would have inaugurated a series of brutalities as bad as those of Porfirio Diaz without the redeeming feature of Diaz' genius for construction.

In a word, Carranza is a liberal with good intentions and broad sympathies who has never been able to carry out the revolutionary promise of restoring land to the peons because of the danger of intervention but who has produced a large measure of order in the long suffering Republic. He is not as says Gen. Zogg "a member of the Socialist Party of Mexico". There was no Socialist Party at the time of the revolution and if there had been one he would not have longed to it. He is simply a liberal—no more.

Zapata was a native Indian with vague proletarian ideas, but too provincial to have been able to govern the country if he had secured the power. He was an ardent champion of restoring land to the masses and continued his guerilla warfare against the Carranza government because of Carranza's failure to accomplish this restoration, so he claimed. In reality Zapata would have been unable to give back the land to the people as Carranza. Carranza's mere attempt to tax foreign oil corporations a little more has nearly brot on war with the United States. It is obvious that any steps toward nationalization of land would have produced still more serious results.

Villa is a drunken blood-thirsty butcher of the worst sort with considerable military genius. He is not a Radical nor anything like one and any

pretensions he may have made to that effect are simply camouflage to excuse his hideous crimes on the American border.

Felix Diaz is a nephew of president Porfirio Diaz and stands for the same imperialistic ideals as his czar-like uncle. The other so-called rebel chiefs of the country are simply bandits who claim to be in revolt against Carranza because of political reasons but who would fight any government unless they had fat sinecures under it.

As I have said, none of these men are Radicals but it is only just to say that the Carranza government is far more stable and democratic than a government headed by any of these other men would have been. Even if he had been given a free hand, Carranza would have done no more than install a mild system of state socialism in Mexico. It is not even certain that he would have done that.

Probably somebody will ask "What about Socialism in Yucatan?" This may be answered briefly and definitely. There never was any Socialism in Yucatan so far as the state government was concerned. Gen. Salvadore Alvarado, an ambitious politician, rode into power as governor of the state on a semi-Socialist wave and a whole state administration of Socialist officials was elected. Some excellent reforms were inaugurated and conditions greatly improved. One of the most important changes was the transfer of henequen groving from the control of private capitalists into the hands of the state which paid the workers and sold the crop to concerns in New York. However, that was as far as it went and the Socialist Party of Yucatan was immediately utilized by Alvarado as a political machine for the advancement of his ambitions to be president of Mexico. There are some honest Socialist left in Yucatan but they comprise but a small portion of the much advertised Socialist Party of that state. In the last election Carranza soldiers were used to assist in defeating the Socialist ticket and electing candidates of the Liberal Party. The contest was simply an ordinary political scramble in which the Liberals were probably as Socialistic as the "Socialists". The Alvarado experiment, like Zapata's imag-

MUSINGS IN CHAPULTEPEC.

By Linn A. E. Gale.

Sunday afternoon in January. A typical Sunday afternoon in Chapultepec Park, the garden spot of Mexico City.

The golden sun high above in a mighty ocean of azure sky and fleecy clouds, poured its torrid rays in unstinted measure upon me as I sprawled out in dreamy, torpid ease on the soft, comfortable couch of green grass.

Some rods away I could see the continuous stream of automobiles and carriages and fashionably dressed men and women passing to and fro along the wide drive that leads to ancient and historic Chapultepec Castle.

A clump of lushes and small trees in another direction partly hid from view the beautiful lake, the lake house and the groups of children gathered at the water's edge.

An occasional tree, a bit of underbrush and a stray plant, here and there, dotted the slightly undulating lawn on which I lolled at full length in languid contentment. A gentle breeze, faintly fragrant with the pleasing and delicate odor of Mexican flowers, lightly brushed my face at times. A lone bird chirped cheerfully from the limb of a nearby tree, relapsing into periodical silences as if lacking sufficient ambition to sing continuously.

Half-dozing, half-awake, vague thoughts wreathed themselves in and out of my mind as cigaret smoke curls up one moment and then dissolves in air and fades away the next....

The day, the scene, the very atmosphere, were all so characteristic of Mexico—the serene, tranquil, primitive Mexico of majestic mountains, winding valleys, unceasing sunshine and rich and prodigal soil—the drowsy, indifferent Mexico that lives and lets live, uninterested in the gelid calculations of modern commerce, the savage competition for profit and power, and the mad race for the capture of foreign markets.

Here, where I lay and mused, had once strolled the Indian aborigines, living in native solitude and contentment until the greedy, querimonious foreigners came with itching palms and feverish brows, to build counting houses, mills and stores among the beautiful pueblos, hills and plains of "Nueva Espana".

Here the liberators of the race, Hidalgo, Juarez and those who came after them, had looked lovingly on this land of wealth and plenty, and vowed to make it truly free for the humblest and lowest.

Altho a little way off gay crowds were motoring in the broad boulevard, dining in Cafe Chapultepec, listening to the music from the band stand by the park entrance, witnessing a ball game in the public diamond or watching the children speed across the open-air skating rink, latter-day civilization had made little impress on this refreshing spot at once so vernal and verdant.

An oasis of Nature, free from uptodate "conveniences", sordid shop cries and the bedlam of "business", the very place seemed redolent of rest and repose.

The Class Struggle? There was no Class Struggle here.

War? These conquettish, laughing sunbeams, slowly waving grasses and whispering zephyrs know no war. They neither slay nor urge others to slay.

Only Man, brutalized and debased by a cruel, senseless system, stoops to such iniquities as wars. The blockade of Russia, the starvation of women and children, the financing of bandits to provoke intervention in Mexico, the sinister propaganda that would embroil the nations in another orgy of blood-letting—Nature knows nothing of these things.

What a relief to escape from the poisonous, pestiferous stench of capitalism and inhale the sweet, wholesome air of a retreat near to Nature's warm, generous heart!

Like this balmy, reposeful field, just away from the clatter and clamor of the noisy street, is Mexico—a quaint, primeval land of glorious landscape bright flowers, luscious fruits and fresh, health-inspiring air that half-intoxicates with its delicious ozonecent—a country pristine, immature, untainted with the virus of commercialism....

Crude, archaic, uncultivated, is this "backward" Mexico of ranch and river and llano. It has no skyscrapers, no roaring "L's", no money-crazed mobs that push and crowd and rush in never-ending nervousness and hysterical haste for the sake of the Almighty Dollar. Hills and dales still constitute the greater part of the country. Its cities are scattered and few. There are luxuriant parks even in the smallest villages. The humblest adobe hut no less than the splendid residences of Spanish and American architecture, has its flower pots, foliage and plants.

Let not the harsh hand of international capitalism and militarism profane this flowery oasis that, untamed by the tools of greed and uninfected with the germs of gold-getting, still sends its bloom out in the world-wide desert of death and desolation, avarice and anguish!....

Brisk, metallic voices smote my ear and woke me from my reverie—voices of "efficient", energetic business men absorbed in developing the country and exploiting its rich resources.

"Fine building lots this park would make", said one of them. "Of course, you'd have to keep some of it for a park, but it's a hell of a shame for it all to be wasted in this fashion."

"God! What a fortune there is here, with proper development and under a decent colonial government with Americans to run things! And labor is cheap as dirt here!"....

My musings were over.... Capitalism is omnipresent like the Deity. One cannot escape it even in a secluded spot in beautiful Chapultepec Park on a gorgeous Sunday afternoon....

TO MY SON.

— By W. E. REAYNOLDS. —

Truth consists of an accurate knowledge of the relation and one fact in existence bears to all other facts in existence.

Know the Truth, the simple, true things,
Know the reason WHY men do things,
Let this be the rule of life that guideth you.
They have fooled you with false preaching,
They have fooled you with false teaching,
They have soaked you in convention thru and thru.

They would make your mind a garrett
Where you'd gabble like a parrot,
All the out-worn junk and phrases
Creeds, and ologies and hazes
That befog the minds of older men then you.
Oh, but can't you hear it calling, calling,
Like the sands of life a falling, falling,
Can't you hear the TRUTH a calling,
Calling you?

Know the Classes, know the Masses,
Know them most for stupid asses,
Who accept a faith for fact,
Who believe but dare not act,
Who can not hear the TRUTH
That's calling you.
That race, when young, possess
Little knowledge—mostly guesses,
Then each guess by sire repeated
Wildier grows—and slender—meated,
Till as lies they should be treated—
Nothing like the TRUTH
That's calling you.

Know out-doors in all it's splendors,
know the text that Nature renders,
Know that God needs no defenders
In the far-flung battle-line
Or in the pew.
Change effects by changing causes,
Use your head, with frequent pauses,
To hearken to the Truth that's calling,
Calling, calling you.

like the storm just the same," they were gotten in that way?" Olive asked earnestly. "Oh, just because," Tillie answered woman like. "You see it drives the hoboes to the coast, and dad promised me a nice set of furs if he was lucky enough to catch another bunch of bums." "Could you wear them if you know

America, The Workers And The Ballot

"The successful business man, no matter how wealthy he may be, has but the same voting power as the laborer. America affords equal rights and opportunities for all."

The above falsehood is a closing paragraph in one of the many leaflets distributed by the Loyal American League of Cleveland, the successor to the American Protective League of notorious fame. Leaflets of this character are distributed in practically every large manufacturing plant in Cleveland for the "instruction" of the workers along the lines their economic masters would have them learn. And it is no different from the others in the amount of falsehood contained.

Cleveland has afforded some striking instances of the "power of the ballot" in the hands of Cleveland workers. Very recently the socialists elected two city councilmen and one director on the school board. After a short service in the interests of the workers, the two councilmen were ousted by the vote of council according to instructions from above. Their places were immediately filled by a republican and a democrat chosen by the council (?). About the same time, the school board member, A. L. Hitchcock, whose activities in the interests of the teachers and pupils had brought down upon him the hatred of all "business interests" of the city, was "framed" by enemies of the workers and he was put away in Atlanta prison for two years on a charge of obstructing the sale of liberty bonds. In this manner, has the so-called power of the ballot operated in the city of Cleveland.

Then there is the case of Berger. Twice elected to Congress, he is denied admittance by the politician puppets who warm the seats in that delectable institution. By this perfidious act, thousands of American citizens have been disfranchised, the power of their influence and their ballot destroyed by the dictatorship of capitalist interests. The Loyal American League may prate of the power of the worker's ballot and attempt to deceive them with their silly sophistry, but the wide-awake worker is watching events with a sharp eye and is forming his own conclusions and choosing his own weapons for the coming struggle with his exploiters.

We may also mention the socialists of Albany as an example of the questionable value of the worker's ballot. The issue there is not yet decided, but whichever way it goes, we must keep in mind that if the assembly believes it is a proper policy to pursue, it will at any such time deprive the recalcitrant workers of any political force. Whether the socialists are allowed to be seated or not, the issue will be decided solely upon the grounds of political expediency and not upon legal and moral grounds.

In the face of these proofs of the supremacy of capitalist interests over the power of the ballot in the hands of American workers, can they be blamed if faith in the country's constitutional guarantees succumb to a swift and violent death? The workers have witnessed repeated assaults and violations upon their political liberties and the supposed sacredness of the ballot. They have seen with what craftiness of capital-serving minions their historic rights of citizenship were violated when they attempted to use those rights in their own interests. They are being taught that their so-called rights are theirs only when used to keep their masters in power and themselves in slavery to them.

The American worker is learning the difference between "rights" and "privileges". He is being taught in the hard school of experience that rights conferred by constitutions under capitalism cease to be of value to him in the struggle for a larger life and freedom. He has seen himself divested of these "rights" repeatedly. He is learning that the only rights worth any thing to him are those which he himself takes by his united power with his fellows. He is learning that his "rights" are merely privileges conferred by capitalism so long as they are allowed not to be used in the worker's interests. When an attempt is made to use them, they are snatched away and whether the "sacredness" of the constitution is violated or not cuts no ice.

But we do not mean to infer that workers should not use the ballot. Far from it. But we do assert that it has a secondary value in his struggle for economic liberty. As a means of propaganda, it has a very positive value and should be used to the limit. Let us vote as we strike—all together and for ourselves and if we are disfranchised when the ballots are counted, then let us tell the world of it and thus educate the workers in the class-character of capitalist political institutions.

DEBS:
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Life & Letters
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DAVID KARSNER

WEEKLY MEETINGS
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FEB. 8th THOMAS DEVINE OF TOLEDO
FEB. 15th TOM LEWIS OF CLEVELAND.
ATTEND THESE MEETINGS.
YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED.

lips of her father and her friend. She resolved to find out if other people that in the same way about this bloody business. She would ask her teacher and the parson and every other influential man or woman with whom she could come in contact what they thot of it. She would not rest until she knew why that boy with tousled hair and steel grey eyes had to stay behing prison bars for the crime of defending his honor and his property.

(Continued next week.)