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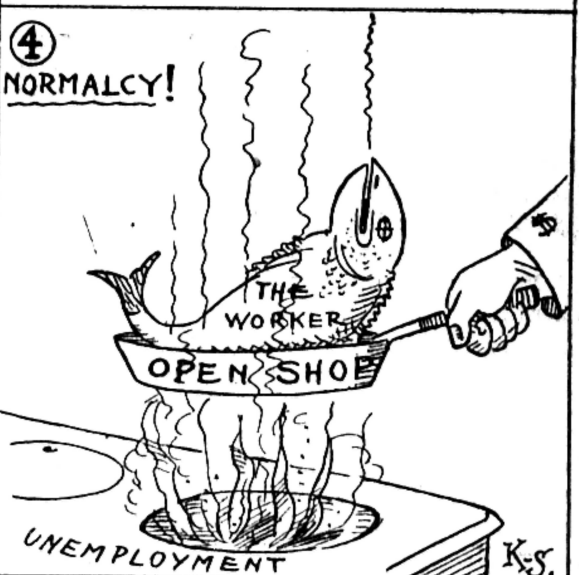
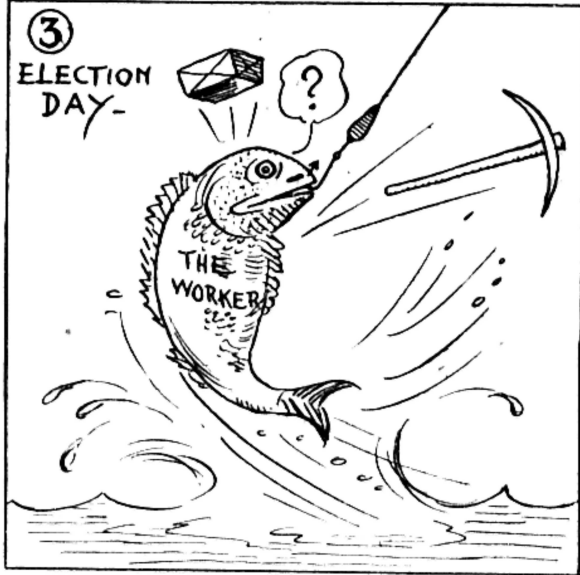
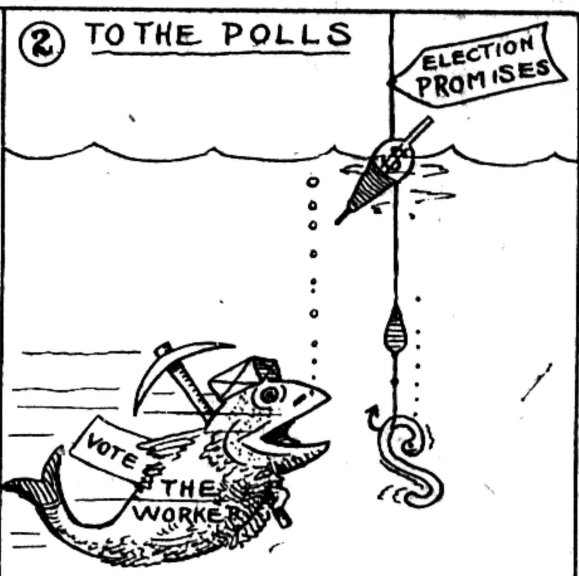
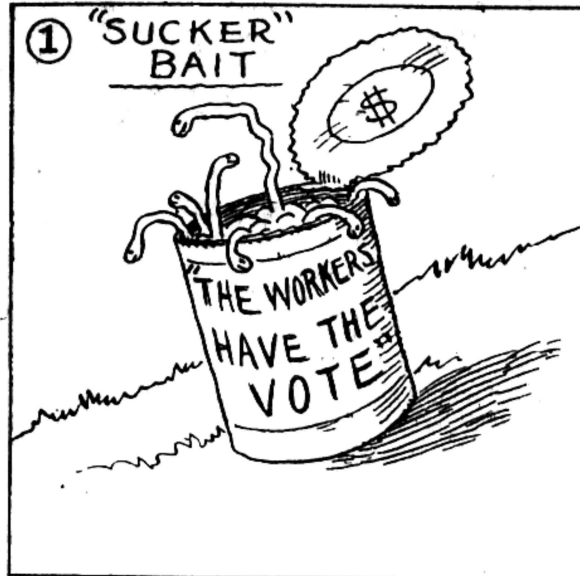
THE PUBLISHER  
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# The TOILER

No. 154.

CLEVELAND, OHIO, SATURDAY, JAN. 15, 1921.

Price Five Cents



*The Story of a Poor Fish!*

K.S.

# The Financial Octopus and the Pen Knife

By Searchlight.

David killed Goliath with a sling shot—in the Bible. You can smash the rock of Gibraltar with a gavel—in your dreams. Or slay an octopus with a pen knife—in the movies.

Not long ago we had a strike—a most wonderful strike! A whole department in our shop went out on strike—the storage battery department. The most skilled and valued department in the whole factory—every man of it. The management was paralyzed—with anger—and hired a whole new department. And now the storage battery workers are looking for jobs. They were replaced in less than 24 hours, AND THE REST OF THE PLANT AND OF THE HUNDRED ODD PLANTS ALL OVER THE COUNTRY NEVER STOPPED WORKING.

You see, we workers are proud of "our" company. Its one of the big companies of the world, it has a virtual monopoly in its field, owns factories all over the continent, and sells its products all over the whole creation. Of course that makes us proud.

Here in Cleveland we are known as the National Carbon Company, Makers of Columbia and Ever Ready Products. That flashlight your son carries in his blouse when he plays "burglar"—we made it. Every drug store and electrical shop in the land, every stationery and sporting goods store, shows a window display of the famous Ever Ready Daylo Flashlights, "The One Dependable Light"—"The Light That Says: There it is." In far Honolulu and Hawaii, in China and Japan, in Tierra del Fuego and Madagascar, the one dependable light says: "There it is."

That battery that rings your bell—its ours. That storage battery that starts and lights the other fellow's auto—its ours. Every carbon and metal brush that carries current from and to every dynamo and motor in the land—is ours. You go to the movies—and it is the Ever Ready projector carbon that floods the screen with light and capitalist propaganda. That's why we Carbon slaves are so proud.

Go into an electrical shop and ask for a dry cell. They will offer you the famous Columbia Red Label dry cell, or the Gray Label, or the Blue Label. Or the Columbia Ignitor. Or one of the Ever

Ready brands. "No," say you, "I will buy an unadvertised brand of some independent rival company. It may be cheaper."

Very well, the proprietor trots out a rival brand a few cents cheaper. ITS OURS!! He trots out the W. E. battery (Western Electric Company) We made it. We put on their label for them. You can't get away from it—its ours. Or is it the Mesco you want? That's ours too. Or you cross the Rockies to get away from us and our Cleveland shop. You get the Great Western Power battery—and that's ours too. Manufactured on the Pacific Coast in one of our factories there. We even make the batteries of all our competitors,—and that puts us Carbon slaves ten ahead.

But you don't begin to know how big we are. Listen to this: "Authorized 1,000,000 shares common of no par value (which doesn't mean that they are worthless, but that the promoters didn't even set a limit upon what they were to be worth at the start.) And \$5,600,000 8% cumulative preferred; par \$100. Principal plant is located at Cleveland, Ohio; other plants at Fremont and Fostoria, O.; Clarksburg, W. Va.; Jersey City, N. J.; Niagara Falls, New York City and Long Island City, N. Y.; East St. Louis, Ill.; San Francisco, Cal. Company owns the entire capital stock of the Canadian National Carbon Co., Ltd., Toronto, and all its branches. . . . and never yet missed paying a single quarterly dividend on either its common or its preferred stock" . . . and has cut several melons besides.

So reads the report of E. T. Konsberg & Co., members of the Chicago Stock Exchange, in a booklet written to induce capitalists to buy a share in the right to receive some of the fat profits in the toil of us carbon slaves. That makes us proud—such a fine endorsement of "our" company as a sure thing investment.

BUT THAT ISN'T ALL. The National Carbon Company with all its dozen factories and endless branches is only one coal in the coal pile. "PRACTICALLY ALL THE COMMON STOCK OF THE NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY HAS BEEN ACQUIRED BY THE UNION CARBON AND CARBIDE CORPORATION," says the stock brokers report. With all "our" factories, "we're" no

more than the peanut in the elephant. Union Carbon and Carbide Corporation is the elephant that swallowed the peanut.

Another page of the stockbroker's tells us all about the elephant. Listen:

"The Union Carbon and Carbide Corporation owns substantially all of the common stock of Union Carbide Co., National Carbon Co., Inc., Linde Air Products Co. (manufacturers of Oxygen, Hydrogen, Nitrogen and other gases); Prest-O-Lite Co., Inc., Electro-Metallurgical Co., Oxweld Acetylene Co., Michigan Northern Power Co., Union Carbide Co., of Canada, Ltd, Electric Furnace Products Co., Ltd., Haynes Stellite Co., Dominion Oxygen Co., Ltd AND OTHER SUBSIDIARY COMPANIES."

"As of May 1920, THE CORPORATION CONTROLLED A TOTAL OF 33 COMPANIES." And each of these had many factories and branches. Many of them have as many factories as the National Carbon Company. They manufacture and deal in and monopolize the fields of "calcium carbide, all gas producing materials and gas, metallurgical and chemical substances; "coal, coke, oil, lumber etc.; iron, steel, silicon, carbon, copper, aluminum, etc. etc. and any and all alloys, compounds etc.; also to manufacture and deal in electrical appliances etc. etc." and so on for seventeen lines of closely printed type in the stockholders' booklet.

THE OCTUPUS REACHES ITS PROFIT-GRABBING TENTACLES INTO EVERY BRANCH OF MODERN INDUSTRIAL LIFE AND SELLS ITS PRODUCTS THRUOUT THE WORLD. The Union Carbon and Carbide Company, which manufactures nothing, which is nothing but A CORPORATION organized to OWN other corporations, a holding company, is in turn owned by the big financial bank combines that own most of the world.

And my fellow-workers of the storage battery department of the Cleveland factory of one of the companies that is such a puny peanut in such an elephant, which elephant is one of the kernels in a larger peanut that has been swallowed in a still larger elephant—they were going to beat that combine by a strike of one department.

IF OUR WHOLE FACTORY STRUCK—the strike would be broken to smithereens in a week because every one of the dozen other factories would supply the middle Western trade with the identical products that we were trying to shut out

of the market, and ALL THE MONEY WOULD GO INTO THE SAME POCKETS that we were trying to empty (What a job). And the workers in New York and San Francisco, in Indianapolis and Toronto WOULDNT EVEN KNOW THAT THEY WERE SCABBING ON US. And if all of the 33 companies with all of their hundreds of factories were to get into one big union and go out together, even then, the one big union of capital called the Union Carbon and Carbide Combine would call upon the union of unions of capital, the National City Bank, to support it during the "rainy day," and would line up the newspapers against us, and the schools and movies against us, and the army with its machine guns against us (remember Gary and General Wood) and the courts with their injunctions against us, and the whole slave-slugging machinery of capitalist government and power against us—and lick us even then.

Then what to do, Comrades? "Lay down and die?" Crawl like curs with our tails between our legs and whine for mercy? Sigh devoutly for pie in the sky by and by? NOT ON YOUR LIFE!

If they line up 33 companies and over 100 factories against us, if they line up billions in investments and the whole chamber of commerce power against us—we'll have to take away the 33 companies and the over 100 factories and all their investments and all their power. We must—or be slaves. And we can. But we can't do it with a departmental strike. We can't smash Gibraltar with mallet. We can't slay an octopus with a pen knife. Modern wars can't be fought with sling shots. Machine guns can't be fought with pop guns. WE MUST GET WEAPONS TO MATCH THEIRS. AND, BROTHERS', WE CAN AND WILL. WE HAVE THEM READY TO HAND.

To the one big union of business, which we buck up against, no matter how petty our strike, WE MUST OPPOSE THE ONE BIG UNION OF THE TOILERS OF THE LAND. Their power is in their money; ours in our toil. Which is greater? Need you ask? If their stocks don't give profits, what power is in their stocks? If we don't work, where are their profits? If we down tools, all their paper gilt-edge coupon power goes up in smoke. What happened to Russian bonds? and roubles? and stocks? when the workers asserted their power?

If they use the courts and the militia and the police and the army against us, we'll take those dangerous play toys away from them. That's what the workers in Russia did. Now they have their

own red guard to whip the exploiter into a corner where he whines and snarls and begs for mercy. It wasn't as hard as it sounds. For just as their profits were made up of our toil, so their army was made up of us, and their police of us. They can't do their own fighting and they have to use us. And if we get used to the one big union idea in the shops, we'll get used to it in the army too, and the police force too.

Their money-power evaporates if we down tools. Their money power lies in us. Their army power lies in us. The next time they get us into their army, we'll make it our army, for it is of us, and shall be for us.

You see they are not as strong as they look. If we just line up solid—as they do—our class against their class—why there's nothing to it. They look so big, because they're all lined up. We look so little because we march out to meet them in

tiny groups—one shop at a time—or one department at a time.

But if we get the whole bunch into line, our numbers against theirs, brother, who wins? Our strength against their weakness—who wins? What looks like their strength is ours. Their wealth is in our labor. Their factories, we built and run. Their army—our sons and brothers.

Listen brother—here's the plan. Its only two lines. Memorize them. Tell them to your shop mates and make them memorize them. To your brother or son or friend on the "force" and make him memorize them. Tell them to your union brothers and make them memorize them. If you're ever drafted again, remember them in the army and repeat them there. Now get them: The first is easy: "WORKERS OF THE WORLD UNITE." And just as soon as we've done that, comes just as easy: "ALL POWER TO THE WORKERS."

## Prison Greetings To Striking Clothing Workers

Comrades and fellow-workers, you are today engaged in a bitter struggle. You are resisting an effort to drive you back into the shops as meek slaves. The hardships of the struggle will be terrible. Individually, you entered this struggle with empty pockets and hungry. The bosses know no hunger. Their children do not look up to them pleadingly and ask for more bread, a pair of new shoes, or a needed dress. Your bosses will not have to borrow by hook or crook to meet the angry demands of the rent collector. They will not pace up and down on the picket line with torn shoes and heavy heart in all kinds of weather, in snow and slush, and biting frost. They need not fear the policeman's club, the cruel judge, and the gangster's blows. They will be comfortable, well-fed, and contented throughout the period of your bitter fight.

I know you will fight, that you will strike together as men, that your deeds will be an honor to the memory of the working-class struggle. I am sorry that I can't be with you to suffer with you and fight with you. I send my best wishes. Let the example of your solidarity spread fear into the capitalist class.

Today you are fighting for your existence. All

the agencies of capitalism are opposed to you. The one big union of capitalism is the capitalist government. It opposes you as workers. Its laws legalize exploitation in the work shops. It legalizes unemployment. It legalizes the robber billions of the capitalist plunder bund. The one big union of capital with its militia, police, machine guns, courts and jails stand in murderous and formidable opposition to the aspirations of the working-class for working class freedom and opportunity. The one big union of capitalism will oppose every effort of the working class to end the system of wage slavery. In opposition to the one big union of capitalism is the revolutionary one big union of the working class. As members of the working class, your struggle tomorrow will be in the ranks of the revolutionary workers to defeat the one big union of capitalism and to establish on its ruins, all powerful, the one big union of the working class, the dictatorship of the proletariat, the government of the workers.

In your immediate struggle, I wish you success with all my heart. I send you cheer and greetings.

Yours for Communism,

Benjamin Gitlow.

## Woolen Blankets

By Will B. Aller

Leaving the Great Lakes region, travelling South one becomes cognizant of a not clearly defined change which is more than physical and geographical; a dimly perceived sense of being in a somehow "different" land. It was with this feeling uppermost in my mental senses that I crossed the Ohio River; and I immediately thereafter concluded that this stream very clearly defined in a geographical way the division of North and South and all that those two words signify in the many differences that exist between these two sections of this wide land.

That subtle change which I so dimly perceived before crossing the river became immediately more pronounced until, very shortly, as our train speeded deeper into the South, the North and the characteristics which make the North the North had vanished. I realized that we were in the Southland; the people were different, they looked different, acted differently from their Northern relatives. They talked a different tongue with quaint idioms of speech that brought back to me my childhood on the edge of this Southland.

Aside from these clear differences of speech, manners, and customs that now so completely absorbed my attention there yet remained one unanalyzed impression which cried out for definition until I snapped ORGANIZATION at it and quieted it. Subsequent observations convinced me that this definition was correct and that the one great difference, tho a vanishing one, between North and South is that of organization. The North is organized—the exploiters of human labor have taken care of that. They are beginning to do the same in the South on an increasingly larger scale as capital finds investment opportunities.

\* \* \*

Springfield, Tennessee possesses two institutions upon which its civic pride swells. These are its churches—and its Woolen Mill. I investigated the churches from the outside only, but I went thru the woolen mill.

The Superintendent obligingly showed me thru. The Springfield Woolen Mills Company weaves but one product—woolen blankets. It was doing quite well before the war, it has been doing much better since the end of the reign of Peace, for the

war needed millions of woolen blankets. The Superintendent showed me the intricate and to me, marvelous machinery; the skilled workers, men and women—and children at work at the looms. And then he was called away. And because I was left without a guide I stumbled upon Columbus Hunt.

Since I made the acquaintance of Columbus Hunt woolen blankets have meant more to me than ever I thot they would. When I turn down my woolen blankets at bed time I seem to see Columbus bending over his task in the linted atmosphere. I feel that somehow I owed something to Columbus; as tho I had no right to the comfort of my woolen blankets. I'd sleep better if I had not talked to Columbus Hunt.

\* \* \*

"I made a dollar sixty-five last week", he answered, to my question of what were his weekly wages. "This week I will run up to two and a quarter". Columbus looks fifteen. "Have you got your pay envelopes", I asked. Columbus obligingly fished them out of his pocket and handed them to me in testimony of the truth of his words. They lie on my desk now. When I look at them I think of a child's grave. The name, written in the hasty, Business College—clerk style across the envelope and the weekly wage jotted down are like a tombstone.

I learned a lot about Columbus for he was friendly, glad to have a stranger take an interest in him. Columbus is an orphan. His father was accidentally drowned and his mother committed suicide. Columbus was left homeless until, with that characteristic generosity of the poor, he was offered a home with other workers in the mill.

Cora Fuquay is a blanket weaver, one of the most skilled in the mills. She receives 15 cents for every blanket she weaves. These blankets retail in the stores at as much as \$18.00 each. Her wages run from \$13.50 to \$16.00 weekly. She is the sole support of her widowed mother. They live in one of the "company houses" near the mill for which they pay \$2.00 per week rent. In this home Columbus was invited to share its slender resources. Widow Fuquar patches his worn clothes and between Cora's wages and his own and the courage

which only the poor possess, they survive and serve the Mill.

While I talked with Columbus, I thought of the many churches up in the city. And recalling the deeply religious characteristics, or at least church-going habits of the Southern people, I asked "Do you go to church". I was immediately ashamed for having asked him. "No", he answered slowly, while a crimson flush covered his young face, "a preacher did come down and ask me to go to Sunday-school, but I told him I didn't have any clothes". So Columbus does not go to church. Perhaps the church people of Springfield and the Mill Company do not place a very high value upon the soul of Columbus Hunt, child slave. For he still has "no clothes" with which to bridge the gap that divides him from his more fortunate kind in the House of God.

When Industrial Capital erected the Mill Company's plant, it did not import any of the militancy of Northern wage-labor. Upon the poverty, inexperience and ignorance of the Southern workers, it built its looms and spindles. And while the efficient methods of Northern machine production are carried on thruout its plant, there exists no sign of that awakening among the workers which is now becoming their most pronounced characteristic in the more industrialized states in the North.

Even the message of A. F. of L. craft unionism has never penetrated the darkness that surrounds and buries in a cloud of night the workers in this plant. No gleam of that wider mission of Labor to serve mankind as its governing and organizing agent has penetrated this darkness. The dream of hundreds of years of labor struggles for a united working-class is yet un-sensed by the workers of the Springfield Woolen Mills Company.

The ten hour work-day rules. "Have you ever had a Union", I asked an operative who seemed a bit rebellious. "No", she answered. "To talk labor unionism to these workers would be to speak a language they would not understand". From the standpoint of the owners conditions are about ideal.

Two years and a half after the close of the war the war posters still cling to the walls before each machine. "The blankets you weave to-day may save a soldier's life. Do your bit", reads one that hangs before each weaver's machine. From the story I afterwards heard of the huge profits made in this factory during and since the war, I am convinced that the posters served at least the pur-

pose of increasing the product—and the owners' profits.

\* \* \*

I left the mill and walked out upon the grounds. Near the mill, too near, are the homes of the workers; blocks of cheap wooden shacks set close together like blocks of wood. All are Company owned. These shacks which the Company rents at a rental that must have long since returned hundreds of per cent on the investment represents the only "welfare" work which the Company has done for its employes. There are no yards except back yards the width of the houses and in every one is that abomination of crowded quarters—the outside toilet, or as they are called in the South, the privy. There is no grass and no flowers and no garden; there is no room for them to grow. There are no electric lights in these workers "homes". There is no water piped to them. Water is supplied by pumps—one pump to about a dozen or more houses. Everyone carries water, someone is always running to the pump, sometimes two blocks away for a pail of water.

Probably eighty per cent of the 400 workers in this plant are women and girls. Many of them are married, mothers of families. There are a number of young boys employed, who, like Columbus Hunt, should be in school in preparation for a useful citizenship instead of enriching stockholders for a pittance of 3½ cents per hour.

Perhaps the interest of the Mill Company in its employee's welfare is best indicated by an incident which occurred. As I passed, a woman carrying a pail of water turned from the path into the doorway of her house. "Do you buy your coal of the Company", I asked, pointing to a pile of coal out in front. "Yes", she answered. "What did you have to pay for it". "Well", she hesitated, "the bill was \$30.01. They took out two dollars a week for fifteen weeks and this week they took out \$3.20. I don't know what it was for". The Mill Company has evidently learned the uses of usuary.

\* \* \*

The advertisement of the firm of Lawrence & Eckles, shoe dealers, appears upon one of the pay envelopes of Columbus Hunt. I felt that a visit to this plant would be incomplete without an interview with this firm. I accordingly called upon it. I was at once made a confidant. "Have you seen our Woolen Mills?" I was asked. I explained that I had the pleasure of a visit to the mill and was greatly interested. Intimate inquires brought forth a story

of profits that would gladden the palms of profiteers and labor exploiters, while my informer's eyes danced with an avaricious light. The workers had apparently "done their bit".

"And about the workers", I mildly asked, thinking of Columbus Hunt. "O, they are satisfied. We treat them fine. Fine wages, good houses. No, they have nothing to complain of".

But they HAVE something to complain of as I had learned. It is the same complaint that workers all over the world are complaining of and it is this one thing which links them up in spite of their backwardness, with the workers everywhere. They feel insecure in their jobs. They think their wages will be cut the first of the year. And they are afraid. For they have no organization to fight for them and to unite them into a solid, fighting

body of workers who cannot be bulldozed and starved and beaten back to work at less pay. They have no Union—alho the owners have.

And it is this unending insecurity of the worker in his job, his knowledge that the one who owns the machine also owns him; this knowledge of being another man's vassal and serf and slave; THIS is the thing which will not down, which rises up and up before all Labor and strikes deep into the fibre and soul of Labor—and makes it bend every effort to be free, and teaches it how, thru organization of class-conscious bodies of workers to strike the chains from its limbs and to take control of the factories and mills and mines and to run them for the workers. For they only, carve and carry and weave and build. They are the only useful ones.

I hope Columbus Hunt learns how to help.

## FARMERS OF AMERICA

By Floyd Ramp.

At last the American Farmer has had a concrete example of how much his city partners think of him. Big business has once more proven its undying friendship for those who produce the great mass of raw material which city workers convert into the finished commodities. These commodities feed, clothe and satisfy the needs of workers everywhere. Even farmers look to the city for a large part of the supply of things that add to their comfort.

We are positively sure of one thing and that is that the price of corn, wheat, cotton and meat have decreased in price. Something had to be done to reduce prices and our hard working farmers were given the honor of bearing this burden.

Furniture has not decreased in price and if there is one thing the farmer needs more it is some adequate furniture. Machinery and farm implements are still being sold at about five times what they should be sold at to in any way correspond with the amount of labor that a farmer puts into a bushel of wheat, corn or potatoes.

More farmers are broke or on the verge of bankruptcy today, than before the war or have been any time since the old Populist days.

I wonder how long it is going to take the American farmer to learn who it is that is making the money off the farm products.

I wonder how long it will take farmers and city workers to understand each other thoroughly enough, so that they can get together and shake these capitalistic parasites off their backs? How

much longer are they going to remain indifferent to a system of society that allows hundreds of thousands of parasites and idlers to live upon their labor?

The Russian peasants have learned at last that Socialism—Communism—Bolhevism are, after all, their friend and not their enemies; and cossacks that once fought so bravely for the old Czarist regime are now staunch supporters of a new social order known as Communism.

According to a report of the People's Commissar for Agriculture in Russia we find this statement—"It was soon seen that the economic interests of the workers and peasants (farmers) were identical. Together, they had control of the means of production, distribution and exchange. Until the farmer gains control over his products and comes to an understanding with the city workers who must also gain control of their products, there can be no real peace and stability in society.

Farmers, understand your problem and join your forces with the city workers and no force on earth can oppose you successfully.

Until you have done this, the lot of the slaves will be your lot; and the city workers, brothers of yours in the process of feeding and clothing the people, will remain as the poverty stricken masses. Arise—build your farmers, organizations and join with your brothers in the city. Free yourselves from this degrading slavery: Build a system that will put all men at useful work—shake the parasites from your backs.

## THE TOILER

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## Another Lesson For Labor

"The whole movement to place workers and employers upon a basis of equality before the law has been nullified."

With the above lugubrious words, Samuel Gompers defines the effect of the Supreme Court's decision in the case of the Duplex Printing Press Company against the International Association of Machinists. The Court's action favorable to the Company nullifies the Clayton amendments to the Sherman Anti-trust law which, before this final test in the Supreme Court, was supposed to be a bulwark for Labor against capital.

The final act in this drama which Labor and Capital have been playing is a significant one, marking with dismal failure more than a score of years' activity of the A. F. of L. along a certain line, false in theory and impossible in practice. Let us see if we can find the lesson therein.

Because of a "long train of usurpations and abuses," culminating in the famous Danbury Hatters' case, wherein by the decision of the Court, the employers were entitled to and did collect huge indemnities from individuals who went on strike and organized a boycott against the company's product, the A. F. of L. (after thirty years' effort)

instituted a tremendous agitation which resulted in the Clayton act. The effect of this amendment to the Sherman Anti-trust law was, to place labor unions outside the operation of this law. This so-called victory was hailed far and wide as an epochal one for Labor. We know now just how much of a "victory" it was, for now has come the test of these thirty years efforts.

The Machinists in the employ of the Duplex Printing Press Company went on strike. Not only did they strike, and here is where they lost out in the count with the Court, they attempted to induce other workers to strike with them and they attempted to boycott the Company's product. The Company claimed this extension of the strike weapon outside the circle of the immediate strikers was a "secondary boycott," and illegal. The Court upheld the contention. The defense of the Machinists was the Clayton act and its anti-injunction-granting clauses. "The secondary boycott," says the Court, "is illegal and not a part of the normal and legitimate aim of a trade union"—therefore unprotected by the benign influence of the Clayton act.

Fear and trepidation abide in the ranks of organized labor. It has other cases pending in the courts and now, with this decision against it the future for it in the capitalist tribunals looks dark indeed. From Gompers down to the least of the leaders, they seem to sense the meaning of this court decision so favorable to capital and so antagonistic to Labor.

For "thirty years" the A. F. of L. has been engaged in a fight for equality of capitalists and workers before the law. This fight has, by Gompers' own words been but wasted effort. No equality has resulted. None is anticipated by Gompers or any other of the leaders in the A. F. of L. Just what line of action these fakers will now pursue to gain "equality" with the master class before the masters' courts is not revealed. Perhaps, in the present and growing battle with the masters for its very life, the A. F. of L. will forget the "equality" for which it expresses such a yearning, and be satisfied with an existence.

The trouble with the A. F. of L. is that its efforts have been bent toward attaining the impossible. It has been striving for "rights" in the courts of the master class, never recognizing that where there is no control there are no rights. It has been begging and pleading with the capitalist State for rights supported and sustained by statut-



es—to be interpreted in a court where Labor does not and never has exercised any power. In short, the A. F. of L. is attempting to establish a "right" devoid of the only basis there is which will guarantee the exercise thereof—**power**.

The capitalist controlled Supreme Court has now thrust down the throat of the A. F. of L. its paper "right"—its guarantees of "equality" with the Masters. It says, "Here are the results of your thirty years effort to attain equality with your masters, go choke yourself therewith."

The A. F. of L. may well guess the connection between this Court decision and the present Open Shop fight. Quite early in the game, have the employers shown their intentions. In fact, the whole Open Shop campaign has been conspicuously above board and plainly stated. "We are going to smash the unions," has been thrust before the eyes of workers in a thousand ways. Now, so early in the battle have the employers brought their heavy artillery into action. With one smashing decision, the capitalist class and the capitalist State tell the workers, "Your desires to attain equality, with the capitalist class before the courts is denied. Strike

and attempt to induce others to strike with you and your union treasury and each individual striker is liable to damages in my courts."

The capitalist class is not afraid of individual union strikes. They fear only the strike which is an industrial strike. They fear more the strike of workers in two or more separate industries. They fear a line-up of workers striking in sympathy and in support of each other. That is why they will not tolerate "secondary boycotts." They have brought into play their tool, the highest Court in their own capitalist State to establish a precedent for future use against the A. F. of L. Whether the leaders in this organization will see the light is not likely, but the rank and file members in this hour when their organization stands helpless in the present struggle, will learn that what Labor must have is not equality before the law of the capitalist State, but **ALL CONTROL IN INDUSTRY** and **ALL POWER IN GOVERNMENT**. This only, must be the goal of workers.

And the first step must be the repudiation of the reactionary heads of the A. F. of L.

## "Within Or Without"

Being an answer to the article by that title in the Dec. 11th. issue of the Toiler.

In dealing with this very important question we must first take into consideration our objective.

The objective of class conscious workers in an economic organization is to build a powerful organization, so constituted that it may be easily and efficiently used by the working class wherever and whenever their interests so require, and to carry on propaganda and educational work so that it may function properly in any crisis.

There is no set rule for carrying out this work, circumstances alter cases. What is logical and good tactics in one country need not necessarily be good tactics in another, nor is that which was good tactics yesterday necessarily good tactics today.

Whether we should work within the old reactionary A. F. of L. unions in this country, or whether we should withdraw and build dual organizations depends upon the conditions of the old organizations.

Are their constitutions flexible enough to allow of their structure being changed to meet the changed conditions in industry, and to allow us to function in educational and propaganda work?

Do they control a large enough proportion of those workers who are eligible to their ranks to make the battle from within worth while?

The answers to these questions determine the basis from which we must work.

We must reach the Masses, and it would be the height of folly for the elements working within such organizations as the United Mine Workers, the Building Trades or a host of other well built, compact organizations controlling the majority of the men who are eligible to their organizations, to secede from these organizations and to build small, "clear", hairsplitting groups who seclude themselves from the **MASSSES**, and who thereby are doomed to impotency in their very inception.

But would we for instance insist that the Amalgamated Clothing Workers destroy their organization and join the United Garment Workers merely because the latter is an A. F. of L. organization?

The conditions which inspired the conclusions arrived at by the writer in *La Vie Ouvriere*, and also by Lenin in his "Infantile Disorders of the Left Communists" are based on conditions throughout

the Labor movements in Germany, France, England, Italy and other old world countries. England where 70% of the workers are members of their resp. organizations. Germany, where practically 100% of the workers are members of their organizations. France, Italy Norway and Sweden also have the majority of the working class organized in economic organizations.

The number of workers in an organization as compared to the number of workers eligible to the organization must be taken into consideration.

Can an organization, The A. F. of L. for instance, an organization of 4 million workers in a country with 40 million workers, be truly called representative of the working class in this country? Or is it not true that with all of the years of experience, we are still in an infantile stage of economic organization.

Take the International Association of Machinists, from which most of the members of the Amalgamated Metal Workers Of America have been expelled.

At their last convention it was reported that they had a membership of 350,000. Of these about 200,000 are railway employes who under an efficient organization, which could really attempt to solve the problems confronting them, should belong to a railway employes association.

Another 100,000 are shipyard employes, whose problems will also compel them sooner or later to amalgamate with the other shipbuilding organizations.

In Detroit out of a field of 150,000 workers who are eligible to their organization they have a membership of 700. In Toledo, Cleveland and other manufacturing centers their numbers are equally small.

The class conscious workers employed in the Metal And Machinery Industry have nothing to gain by joining the International association of Machinists. The Grand Lodge machine depends for its support upon the Railroad and Shipyard membership, and defeated all resolutions submitted by the membership in the Metal & Machinery Industry by a solid block of 2 to 1.

For the Metal & Machinery workers to capture the I. A. of M. would be to capture an empty shell.

#### Revolutionary Industrial Unionism.

The main factor contributing to the lack of growth of so called revolutionary organizations of the type of the W. I. I. U. and sme sections of the

I. W. W. is the stress which is laid on their so called revolutionary preambles.

It is safe to say that less than 1% of the workers in the United States today subscribe to the theory that a revolution is necessary to alleviate their social miseries. Therefore an organization which bases its appeal to the workers on a revolutionary organization, restricts itself to those workers who are already class concious.

Merely a statement of revolutionary aims in a preamble need not necessarily restrict the growth of an organization, (witness the I. A. of M. preamble which claims it is "based on the class struggle"). But to attempt to organize on a revolutionary basis today is suicide, and draws from Lenin in this well deserved ridicule in "Infantile disorders of the left Communists." "These workers, unions, they claim, will be (will be)! all embracing, and for participation in them the only (only)! requirement is "the acceptance of the soviet system and the dictatorship of the proletariat."

**FRED HURTIG**

Endorsed by Dist. Council No. 4.

A. M. W. of A.

## Answer By the Editor

We think comrade Hurtig is more in accord with Lenin and the Third International, than opposed.

Comrade Hurtig seems, however, to dwell under an erroneous conception of the duties of Left elements in their relations to the reactionary trade unions. No where does either Lenin or the Thesis of the Third International on the Trade Unions state that Left or revolutionary unions already built up and functioning should break up their organizations and re-enter the body of the mother union from which they sprang. We do not think the intention is to create such an impression.

We do not agree that the rules governing Left elements toward the trade unions are applicable only to European conditions. There, as here, there has been a great influx of new members into the unions. This influx is world-wide and similar in all countries. Fundamentally the conditions are not dissimilar.

We must not assume that because the larger portion of the wage earners in a country are outside the labor unions, that the same tactics are not to be used. The workers in the unions are the ones who are organized. They are the ones who are in the vanguard of the fight. They are the ones who

are partially class-conscious. They are the ones who can be reached and touched with the message of revolutionary action because they are ORGANIZED. It is the ORGANIZED portion of labor who must lead. Workers eligible to membership but remaining unorganized outside cannot be reached adequately until they are inside. The use of Left tactics within a labor union are not to be predicated upon a question of proportion of eligible workers remaining outside, as comrade Hurtig states.

And finally, we will quote again the only conditions named in the Thesis of the Third International as sufficient cause for withdrawing from conservative unions. "All voluntary withdrawal from the industrial movement, every artificial attempt to organize special unions, without being compelled thereto by exceptional acts of violence on the part of the trade union bureaucracy, such as expulsion of separate revolutionary local branches of the unions by the opportunist officials, or by their narrow-minded aristocratic policy, which prohibits the unskilled workers from entering the organization, represents a great danger".

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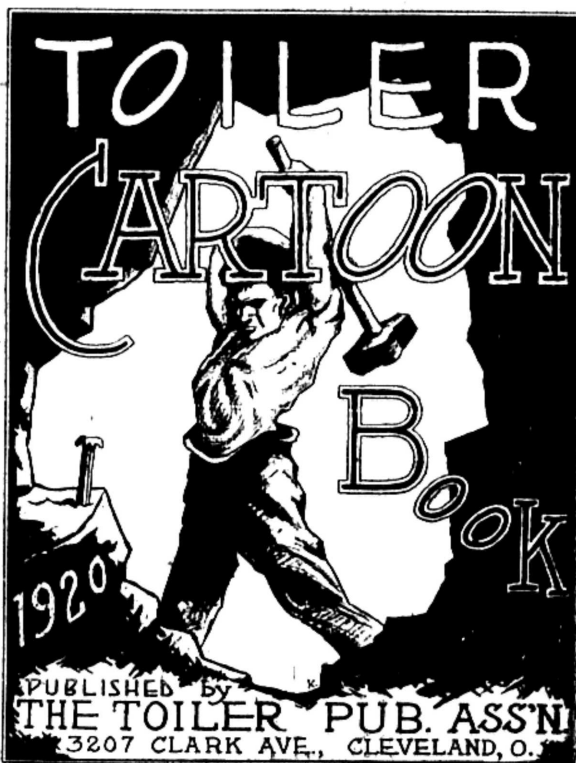
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# Twenty Years

By Mary Heaton Vorse.

Recently in Chicago, after a meeting, I went to get a sandwich with a group of labor men. As I looked around the table, it came to me with a shock that I was the only person there, but one, who was not condemned to a long jail sentence. For all the people at the table were members of the Industrial Workers of the World convicted in the famous Chicago case.

Ralph Chaplin sat next to me. I had been talking only a few minutes before with his wife, a girl of extraordinary loveliness. She had not come out with us to supper because she had gone home to put her little boy of seven to bed.

Ralph Chaplin is a gifted idealist, a poet as well as a man of action. His quality of uncompromising courage made me think of Jack Reed. It is upon such youth that the strength of a people is founded, men ready to suffer and with gifts to make people understand the beliefs which have stirred their hearts. And his wife is like him. It made you feel right with life to see them together. They face a 20-year sentence.

Ralph Chaplin is to be put in jail because he belonged to an industrial union, a legal organization.

Ralph Chaplin was Editor of "Solidarity." And that is why he was given twenty years. It was a pretty bad crime for anyone to hold a red card. The talented ones were selected for 20-year sentences. Apparently Judge Lankford could not bear that a man of attainments and gifts should belong to the organization of the I. W. W.

Charles Ashleigh is another poet. What had he done? He had been an I. W. W. He has a sentence of five years. He was one of those against whose sentence even Captain Lanier of the Military Intelligence protested. One wonders if the Captain had ever read the poem by his distinguished relative called "Jacquerie." And so Charles Ashleigh is among those who are slated for Leavenworth, where he has already spent two years.

Opposite me sat George Hardy, the

General Executive Secretary. He was one of those who got off easy. He only got a year and he has already served his sentence. No one knew exactly why some got long sentences or why some short ones.

Bill Haywood, at the head of the table, as a matter of course, was given the maximum sentence; that means a death sentence if it is carried out.

Since the beginning of the war between 3,500 and 4,000 members of the I. W. W. had been persecuted simply because they belonged to that organization. There are more than one thousand I. W. W. members in prison today. Almost without exception these men are in prison for their opinions—either for things that they said or for things that they wrote. One hundred sixty-six of these are Federal cases; 98 were convicted in Chicago, 37 in Sacramento, and 28 in Kansas City, Kansas.

These men were convicted of a "conspiracy to unlawfully and feloniously and by force prevent, hinder and delay the execution of certain laws of the United States, concerned with the government's preparation for and prosecution of the war."

The next day I went down to I. W. W. Headquarters to find out more detail about the cases. There is nothing harder in the world than to try to find out the cause of an I. W. W. sentence. The men do not know what it is that they are supposed to have done—except that they belonged to the organization.

Take the case of Vincent St. John, for instance. St. John is an old-time miner, and for some years he was general executive secretary, and then he gave up his position and left the organization and went back to mining. For five years before the war he was engaged with his hole in the ground down in South Mexico. The scrap of evidence that was brought against him was a list of people who would be possible secretaries in Haywood's place should Haywood be arrested. St. John's name figured in this list. He had not

even been asked if he would accept the position. He had never seen the list. But because of this jotted memorandum that contained his name and because of the fact that five years before he had been secretary of the organization, he has been given ten years.

As I write these things, they do not seem credible. Yet they are so.

"My case isn't so much," St. John told me, "Clyde Hough's case is a lot worse than mine. After all I was arraigned. That is more than Hough was."

Here is the incredible tale of Clyde Hough. Hough is a fine young fellow of twenty-six, an American, a fighting wobbly. When registration day came, he with some other fellows paraded down to the county jail of Rockford, Ill., and gave themselves up. He was sentenced for a year and a day in Bridewell, and while he was in jail, the famous alleged conspiracy of the I. W. W. took place. Bear this well in mind. Hough was in jail from Registration Day on. He was in jail when the Espionage Bill went through. He was in jail during the whole period in which members of the I. W. W. were supposed to have entered into a conspiracy against the United States to impede the draft. Yet they took him from the jail, brought him to Chicago, placed him on trial without arraignment and sentenced him to five years.

Sam Scarlett was one of the 20-year men. There was no evidence that Scarlett had conspired, and he wasn't an editor. But Sam Scarlett has had a hard time being an industrial unionist. He was one of the men held in the famous Mesaba Range case, held for murder as accessory after the fact, and kept in jail for many months.

At the end of the trial when the judge asked Sam what his nationality was, Sam made the mistake of getting gay. He answered:

"I am a citizen of the world."

"That will be about all," said the judge. "Twenty years."

Andreytchine is another of the 20-year men. Andreytchine is a Bulgarian. He is a man in his early twenties, and with an education that far outstrips that of most university men in this country. He was opposed to Bulgaria's alliance with Germany. But he was one of the dangerous intellectuals. He edited the Bulgarian I. W. W. paper. When I see George Andreytchine I cannot realize it.

These cases are picked at random. They could be paralleled many times over. There are details connected with these Chicago cases which illuminates the attitude and methods of the Department of Justice. For instance, twenty-two people were indicted who during periods of from one to five years had had no connection with the I. W. W. The prosecutors just took the names of all the leaders and everybody who had ever been connected with the I. W. W. periodicals, or who have held any executive position, and indicted them all.

They did not even take the trouble to find out if they are alive or dead. This is no rhetorical way of speaking. Murdered Frank Little, who had been taken from his bed and lynched in Butte the summer before, was actually indicted for conspiracy.

If I am telling more about the Chicago cases than any of the others, it is

because I happen to know more about them. It is not because the Sacramento cases and those of Kansas deserve less attention. Their lot was even harder, if possible, than those of the Chicago cases. For one year men were confined in Kansas without bail, in a jail of a scandalous reputation for filthy conditions. Men went insane in that jail. Among the Sacramento cases five men died. The doctor asked the release of a man dying of consumption. He died in jail.

The simple fact is that, when war came, the people who own things in this country seized on the war as a pretext to make a drive to break up the I. W. W. Their organizations have been raided. The police violence has merged on mob violence in the illegality of its action. I. W. W. locals and headquarters have been searched without warrant, papers have been illegally seized, furniture and property destroyed time after time.

Concerning all this welter of illegality one man had the courage to lift his voice in protest. This was Captain Alexander Sidney Lanier. He was a lawyer, who, as an officer in the Military Intelligence, studied the cases and came to the conclusion that, although he detested the I. W. W. and their works, it was his duty to write a letter to the President "to expose

the grave injustice the record discloses." He did this because he believed "that the indictment was fatally defective in that it does not give or convey to the defendants sufficient information of the nature and cause of the accusation against them.... That evidence is insufficient, on the whole, to show and establish beyond a reasonable doubt a conspiracy..." "There was not," he stated, "a scintilla of evidence against Charles Ashleigh, Leo Laukie and Vincent St. John," and they were absolutely innocent and wrongfully convicted."

Things look dark. The Circuit Court of Appeals has refused a rehearing. All that now remains to be done is to carry the case before the Supreme Court by a writ of certiorari. Writs of certiorari are very seldom issued by the Supreme Court; it only does this in cases of great legal importance or of great public moment. It does not look as if there were a bright chance for the Supreme Court's being persuaded of the need of doing this. So that, if a writ of a rehearing is refused and a writ of certiorari is denied, everything is over as far as the legal end goes. There is nothing to hope for them, but a pardon.

From The Liberator.

## STEEL!

A review of:

"Men and Steel", by Mary Heaton Vorse, Boni and Liveright, New York.

"The Great Steel Strike" by W. Z. Foster, B. W. Huebsch, New York.

"The Interchurch Report on the Steel Strike", Harcourt, Brace and Howe, New York.

Steel is power!

"The men who have iron prevail. The iron masters have always had power."

"No industry is as imposing as steel, no industry so knocks at the door of imagination."

"The steel towns make all the raw stuff of life as we know it. Here is the case of our civilization. In the steel towns they make the raw material for all the swift moving things: the wheels of great machines, the engines which move trains and ves-

sels and airships, the framework of high buildings. Our civilization is forged in the steel towns."

"Men and Steel" by Mrs. Vorse, gives a vivid picture of this great industry, and what it means in our complex social life. The picture is exhilarating—and appalling. As we follow it we begin to see the importance of the men whose unfailing faithfulness and ceaseless energy go to make the "principality of Steel."

"If these men stopped working our civilization would stop."

They stopped working, 365,600 of them. It was the first great test of the power of labor against the power of the "principality of Steel".

Great forces are coming to expression today, and they are changing the world so completely that if one is away from active participation in it, the changing of the social environment can almost be

seen from hour to hour. To mark the important phases of this change we may pick out certain events, certain persons, or certain books, as symbolizing the passing of society from one phase to the next. The great steel strike of 1919 may be used to mark the passing of our national labor movement into a new period, that of great mass-movements, united action of diverse groups, the first steps toward complete unification.

The strike shook the social structure of the nation. One institution came tumbling down in ruin—the capitalist class destroyed it themselves when they saw the great strike shake it loose from their complete control. The Interchurch World Movement had been conceived as an instrument of capitalism. John D. Rockefeller Jr., went over the country speaking for it; millionaires gave liberally; everyone expected the new undertaking to provide profusely of social chloroform. But the great steel strike shook the social structure so hard that it woke up some of the Reverend Bishops and technical experts. The result was the Interchurch World Movement Report on the Steel Strike, by a Commission of Inquiry of the most respectable character; a marvelous piece of comprehensive, accurate and impartial research. Within six months the capitalist class had destroyed its creature which had played it false. The report was “bad-medicine” for the exploiters. May we hope that it may become a symbol for the breaking of capitalist control of the intellectual class?

Foster's book may be cited as marking the arrival of a new type of leader in the labor movement, corresponding more closely to the new conditions and temper of the masses; a type, at once canny and practical, intelligent and efficient, fearless, but not revolutionary. As clearly as Foster is distinct from the Communists, he is as clearly different from the old trade union bureaucrats. The publishers call his book one “of the first importance in American labor history.” That it undoubtedly is, and it is more; it is of the few first-hand discussions of the tremendous technical problems involved in the organization of masses of men, and of the technical methods being evolved in the stress of these movements. Because it comes right out of the fire of practical events—events which mark the beginning of a new period in the struggle of labor in this country, it behooves all realistic members and students of the movement to become familiar with, and learn from this book.

Foster's conclusion regarding the outcome of the struggle is worth repeating:

“Even the densest of the strikers could see that the loss of the strike was due to insufficient preparation; that only a fraction of the power of unionism had been developed and that with better organization better results would be secured. And the outcome is that the steel workers have won a precious belief in the power of concerted action through the unions. They have discovered the Achilles heel of their would-be masters. They now see a way out of their slavery. This is their tremendous victory.”

But it is Mrs. Vorse who has gripped the essentials of this mighty conflict and placed them between covers for you and I to read, to feel, and to realize. “Men and Steel” is such a book as was not written before. Making no pretensions beyond “reporting” the strike and interpreting in terms of the human lives behind it, this small book of 185 pages is a tremendous document. Through it you reach back of the obscuring details and feel the pulse and the breath of the children, the women and the men who fought this battle; you see what it means, you feel what it means, for over a million people to live in conditions which could force them into such a fight. Mrs. Vorse's writing is not sentimental; her style has a clean-cut, spare, athletic quality much like the woman herself: but the reader who can go thru her book without being

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mightily stirred, without a surging-up of a great social solidarity with these class-brothers of ours, and of gratitude toward them for their fight, such a person is fit for treason and unspeakable things. The book is supreme "reporting" and most valuable history, but it is above all a great epic. Here is a sample, so you may not suspect me of "puffing":—

"The endurance of woman was a bulwark of the steel strike. Women like this, young and burdened by the cares of their children, upheld it. Women who live without diversion, isolated by poverty from all that is beautiful in life, women whose eyes rest on nothing that is fair except the faces of their children, sacrificed for the strike.

"During this time I went with Father Kaziner to see one of his parishoners.

"That women", he said, "should go to the Commissary. She's too tired to work as she does'."

"As the door opened a smell of suds enveloped us. The room was full of clothes. I have no memory of the furniture of the house. The tubs of water, the baskets of clothes, the heavy men's clothes drying on the line, hid everything else. On the floor there were puddles of water. More clothes were boiling on the stove."

"You could not tell if the woman who had answered the door was young or old. She was tired even beyond embarrassment. Her dress was slopped with water and her hair was wet from the steaming tub which she had just left."

"'Excuse, Father,' she said, 'The pails are so heavy, when I come from the court I spill some always'."

"'Haven't you gone to the Commissary?'"

"'Not yet, Father.'"

"'Are you going?'"

"'Not yet, Father. I wash for boarders.'"

"'How many boarders?'"

"'Four. They sleep upstairs; me down.'"

"The baby woke up and began to cry. She hushed it mechanically."

"'It is too much for you, so many boarders,' Father Kaziner said."

"'How shall I live thru the strike without boarders?' she asked him, hushing the baby on her damp shoulder. 'It is always so; it's always strike. Without boarders how shall I

live since I come to this country? I come nine years ago. There is a strike in New York. By and by they lose. My husband get a letter from a friend. He says there is work in the mines. We go to the mines. Not far from here, Father, that was. There come a strike right away.'"

"'You've been in strikes almost all the time.'"

"'Yes.'"

"'How did you get on?'"

"She deserted the difficult English for her own language. Finding some consolation in his mute sympathy, she talked on monotonously. She was without protest as she sat and told of one strike after another, of bearing children and losing them, as one might speak of storms at sea. Strikes seemed to her normal. Strikes had followed her for nine years in her wanderings around America. She seemed like a stupid woman. She had the uncomplaining quality of a tired beast of burden."

"I said to her, 'I should think you would be tired of strikes.'"

"Suddenly from her depths there flamed out at me her inner conviction. 'If we don't strike what will happen to our children? It will always be the same for us working people if we do not keep together.'"

I watched the Steel Strike from inside of a prison. I had time and opportunity to study almost all of it that found its way into print. Let me tell you that these books bring the whole situation together, in every vital point, into one great whole; as you read the tremendousness of it grows on you. The Interchurch Report handles the statistical and "official report" side very comprehensively, in 277 pages crammed with facts. W. Z. Foster gives you a straight-from-the-shoulder account, from the organization leader's point of view, and elucidates the program and policies of a new school of labor leaders. Mrs. Vorse clothes each of these massive skeletons with flesh and sends the blood coursing hotly thru their veins. Take the three books and spend a few weeks with them. When you are through you will have developed your education in current history, economics, sociology, labor organization, and half a hundred other things; you will also have felt the thrill of working class solidarity in its great mass-movements; and you will thank the people who made

these books, both writers and publishers. By their help we can all make this great event an intimate part of our lives; and this is the best way we can extend the power of our brothers who were temporarily defeated in the Great Steel Strike. Jan. 1, 1921. Russell Hankins.

## "Charity"

Jane B. Lee.

### BENEVOLENT INSTITUTIONS.

As already indicated in the introductory chapter, "charities" are highly specialized capitalist institutions. There are those dealing with adults, those—maneuvering (with) in the realm of adolescence; and those manipulating with the inarticulate portion of bourgeois victims—childhood.

A Roman ecclesiastic is credited with the wise saying: "Give me childhood up to the age of seven years, and you may have it ever after."

The meaning of this is quite obvious: childhood is the age of plasticity. Impressions received in that period remain indelible for life.

### Moulding plastic childhood.

To mould childhood into the human material most suitable for capitalist usage, namely: submissive slavish beings, without individuality, spirit or dynamic force, charities swoop down on the workers' children: after the head of the family is disposed of in the appalling way described in our first chapter, care must be given the children (workers, as a rule, are no celibates). A child-agency makes its appearance; the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children is set in motion (note, please, the high-sounding title and the atrocities perpetrated under it).

Hehe too the capitalist state, the lackey and vassal of the modern industrial barons, comes to their aid in lending sanction (of the "law and order" brand) to the most brutal and pernicious network.

According to law, children may be removed from their natural homes on any one of three charges: neglect, waywardness or delinquency. Under the head of neglect, legally interpreted meaning physical privations such as: lack of wholesome surroundings—sunshine, hygienic and sanitary conditions, requirements which the workers, in the vast majority of cases, can not and do not possibly fulfill, the Society for

the Prevention of Cruelty to Children can inflict all the cruelty it is capable of and to its credit (if we may choose the credit side of the ledger for the audit) let it be said it actually does a good job. By dint of this legal hot air, the child agency has no difficulty in proving its case when choosing neglect as its basis for court-action. Waywardness, from the legal standpoint, is: growing up without salutary control, exposed to bad influence. Translated into terms of real work-a-day, living, proletarian conditions, conditions very frequently necessitating the additional few dollars per week of the wife and mother to make ends meet, thereby depriving the children of the care otherwise bestowed upon them by her and exposing them to bourgeois conceptions of immorality, here likewise, the Society for Prevention etc. has a brilliant "case" whenever their spies or investigator's report shows that the mother is employed (perchance, in the very plant belonging to one of the Board of Directors). Last but not least, there is the delinquency count. Under the guiding wings of this capitalist angel a preponderating number of workers' children may be removed from their homes to be placed in institutions. The reason this is not done on the majestic scale permitted by the law is simple enough: a child removed from its home must be furnished some other-place of abode. This is an expense, an infinitesimal one for the child proper to be sure, but a tremendous overhead expenditure. There is, besides, the larger desideration in having the father support his offspring: the maintenance of a child imposes a heavier burden, enhances productive energy, makes a readier more subservient wage slave; capital must utilize and exploit this human factor for all it is worth.

Of course, in all this there is a contradiction, a contradiction viewed in the light of the scheme in these benevolent societies, but capitalism is the very embodiment of paradoxes manifesting themselves all along the line. But to proceed with the delinquency proposition.

### Preserving privilege.

Delinquency, legally conceived is moral depravity and one of its forms is applied to child-psychology and esoproperty. When this juridical concept is applied to child-psychology and especially that of the proletariat its injurious effect becomes self-evident.

Children are governed by their instincts, which, in their turn, are controlled by the outer senses. Having been unduly careless in the choice of parents, the workers' children, in a vast number of cases, are deprived of the possibility of satisfying their natural craving for the things their bourgeois brothers (or, rather, step-brothers) have in abundance.

To quote a little boy brought to court on a charge of theft. "I ain't no thief; I took the box of candy. I like sweet things and mamma, she des not get them for me, so I got them." The plea of this poor fellow more eloquent than any rhetoric could ever make it because natural, truthful and spontaneous was most pathetic. Little did he suspect that in his primitive, unsophisticated speech there was the essence of our social fabric in a nutshell. Crime so-called because those who commit it, can not procure the things they are entitled to in any other than illegitimate way! Accordingly the child daring to take the thing denied it by virtue of its proletarian rank is deemed a menace, a potential one, if you please, according to capitalist jurisprudence, and as a result, snatched out of its parents' home to be placed in an institution.

The next act in the tragedy is the appearance of the policeman who serves a warrant on the parents. The writer of these lines has never seen a more appalling spectacle than the one presented on those occasions. Clinging desperately to one another, mother and child are forcibly torn away from father by the iron grip of the "wardian" of the law. Many a case of heart-failure nay, premature death is directly traceable to this violence perpetrated by capitalism, in the form of benevolent institutions, on the workers but who cares! Certainly not the horrible specter called charitable societies at whose back and call these abominations are carried out.

The kind of home substituted for the natural one, the mode of treatment received, the results to the inmates, etc., etc., all this we will deal with in our next chapter.