

THE TOLLER

CLEVELAND, OHIO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 29th 1921.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

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Gompers and Mexican Reds

By LINN A. E. GALE.

Mexico City.—If Samuel Gompers had any doubts about the existence of Bolshevism in Mexico, those doubts were dispelled during the convention of the American Federation of Labor in this city.

Bolshevism has been flaunted in his face and dinned in his ears on every side. The assembly room of the National Preparatory School in which the sessions were held, was fairly plastered with Communist literature. Copies of "El Comunistita de Mexico," "El Boletin Comunistita," a manifesto to the Mexican workers and countless circulars calling on the delegates to repudiate Gompers and reaction, were scattered about and distributed to the delegates.

Leaflets signed by "The Council of Workers, Soldiers and Peasants of the Yucatan Region," and by "The Soviet of the City of Mexico," have made their appearance in vast numbers. A translation of one of them, entitled, "The Day of Vengeance," follows:

"The manipulators of the working class can continue with their deceptions and their treacheries.

"Senseless workers can forget their duty and their own interests.

"Human jackasses can go on in their present condition with their eyes shut.

"And moreover....

"The Pan-American Labor Congress, composed of representatives (?) of slaves of the capitalist system in all parts of America, can sell out these slaves.

"The delegates who ought to issue revolutionary call to all America, can find themselves with the sugary soporifics of Samuel Gompers.

"But....

"The day of vengeance is coming.

"Don't forget it, comrade.

"Bolshevism is coming to Mexico. It will come anyway. It would be more prudent for the rulers and the so-called labor to keep their hands off and let us establish the dictatorship of the proletariat peacefully.

"The deceivers can do what they want to. But they will fail terribly if they betray their brothers again in this Congress.

"The members of the unions affiliated with the Pan-American Labor Congress want to affiliate with the Third International and want an open and honest struggle in favor of Communism.

"If the delegates do not hear these demands of the workers....

"The delegates will fail. They will fall with Gompers as all similar scoundrels have fallen, as the czar fell, perhaps....

"Take care, moderate Socialist, "Linn A. E. Gale," comrade" who is comrade in words but enemy in acts. Take care. Your end is near.

Mexico City.—Felipe Carrillo, Red Congressman from the state of Yucatan and one of the two leaders of the Socialist Group in the Mexican Chamber of Deputies, spoiled Samuel Gompers' good time at the banquet January 15 given by Secretary of State Plutarco Elias Calles to the Pan-American Federation of Labor delegates at San Angel Inn, near this city.

Near the close of the banquet yells for a speech from Carrillo became incessant. Once the band began to play and drowned them out for a time. Then Gompers took a hand and called the attention of the delegates to the fact that they would be late to the afternoon session on account of the dinner and might better adjourn until Monday. A motion to this effect was carried but immediately the calls for Carrillo were renewed and on suggestion of Luis N. Morones, head of the Mexican Federation of Labor, Carrillo was given the floor.

The speech of the Yucatan Socialist was short and fiery like all his discourses. He wasted no time in compliments nor did he take the trouble to call Gompers "Senor" (Mister).

"Already the words of Gompers and Comrade Morones and the others who have spoken here are being sent around the world by the news agencies," thundered Carrillo. "But what I am interested in is the Social Revolution. That is where we are going and what we must prepare for. We are going to have it peacefully if we can. If we

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Capitalist Press Editor Imbibing Inspiration for Editorial Against Bolshevism

Proley and Tariat

By Seymour Deming.

William King and John Plot were neighbors. William owned all the meadow and wood he could see from the turrets of his gray stone castle eastward to the hills where the sun rose. John owned all the fields and streams which he saw when he stood on the terrace of his white marble manor house and looked westward to the pincered ridge where the sun sank in a glory of golden clouds.

But neither was contented. Each wished to own both west and east. It grieved William to look westward and see John's acres. It grieved John to look eastward and see William's land.

Neither Mr. King nor Mr. Plot worked. All the labor of both houses was done by two powerful hairy apes which had been owned by these families since long before the thickest trees in their parks were slender saplings. The name of Mr. King's ape was Proley. Mr. Plot called his ape Tariat. Old as these apes were, so old that nobody could remember when they were not full grown, yet they always seemed young and strong. Each had the strength of a dozen men. But they were hideous to look at—their backs bent with heavy toil, their hairy sides, their low brows, their eyes, small and gimlety. Every one feared them except their masters, and even their masters

feared them in their secret hearts.

To conceal their fear they governed their apes harshly, giving them only the coarsest food, keeping them worn out with hard labour, and making them sleep on straw in the stable. If the apes disobeyed they were flogged till they howled with pain and their backs were covered with bloody welts.

These two apes were both clever and stupid. They were clever with their hands but stupid with their wits. They were so much stronger than their masters that they could have freed themselves anytime had they only known how to use their heads. But their masters took good care that they should not learn. Every morning they stood their apes up and made them repeat a lingo of nonsense, with this at the chorus.

I have no brain: I cannot think; I do not wish to learn. O master use thy wits for me. That I my bread may earn.

After which Mr. King and Mr. Plot would gravely recite:

Remember what you owe to me. I found you living in a tree. Without my brain to guide your hand You'd starve with plenty in the land.

This nonsense was repeated again and again until the apes believed it. And, if they began to doubt, Mr. King and Mr. Plot drugged their minds by burning poisonous fumes under their nostrils, or bewildered them by waving colored cloths before their eyes and making strange gestures, and especially they kept the apes drugged with liquors when they were not working.

Yet the two masters took great pains to train their apes in certain matters. The training of the two was, however, exactly alike.

Mr. King was careful to keep Proley well enough fed so that he could do as much work as possible. But he spent more time teaching him to use a heavy club than in teaching him to do useful work about the place. He was a harsh, strict master and never let Proley do as he pleased.

Mr. Plot was no less careful to keep Tariat well fed, yet he spent more time teaching him to work than to fight and the club Tariat carried was not so large as Proley's. But Mr. Plot was a more indulgent master, often giving Tariat a whole day to do as he pleased. He even talked of letting Tariat go free some day.

Both masters used their apes to rob and terrorize their neighbors, who, though they too owned apes, were not able to defend themselves because their apes were so much smaller.

This also Mr. King and Mr. Plot had different ways of doing.

Mr. King gave his neighbors no warning and excuses. When he saw a

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"Spy" Scream the Bureaucratic Screech Owls.

Reactionary Union Officials Find Plenty of mud to Sling When Cleaner Weapons Fail.

Are you a little Bureaucrat in your Union? And is there a lot of talk among the members about the Shop Delegate and Shop Committee system of conducting the struggle against the employers? If you are, and if there is, we wish to direct you to the nearest mud puddle, you're going to need it—and badly too, and soon.

You are going to need a lot of mud to throw at the live ones in your union for it is the only argument you have to combat their arguments with. Your own mismanagement of union affairs, your inability to conduct a successful strike against the boss is an argument against you that you cannot hurdle. So, it's the mud puddle for you. If you can't be reasonable and logical, you can at least sling filth. In fact, why SHOULD a real, genuine, LABOR LEADER stoop to arguing about the merits of a union matter when there's a mud puddle within reach?

Of course every one and everything within the radius of your dirty means will be covered with your filth, as near as is in your power. But that doesn't mean much for you. The agitation for the Shop Committee and the Shop Delegate System will continue. And your mud slinging only proves to your members how badly they are needed. The demand will grow. You cannot bury it in a mud puddle, nor kill it by calling names and telling lies. The old form of union bureaucracy is doomed. It is a luxury the workers can no longer afford. Besides, you are useless. And you will have to go—mud puddle or no mud puddle. The rank and file are onto you.

The following letter and leaflet show the direction of the wind in labor unionism.

Chicago, Jan. 15—1921.

EDITOR OF THE TOLLER.

Dear Comrade:—

It might be of interest to you to know, in connection with the enclosed leaflet, that the Toller was dragged into the case. Not content with slandering the revolutionary workers the Amalgamated Officialdom of Chicago charged that The Toller is an organ of the Department of Justice, that it is printed in the Federal Building, and that stool-pigeons and provocateurs write for it.

All these accusations merely show that The Toller has been effective in its work of propaganda. It has succeeded in impressing upon the minds of the more intelligent workers the idea that only a union which is controlled by shop delegates and shop committees can represent the true interests of the workers.

The officials of the Amalgamated, or for that matter, the officials of any other union, do not like to see such ideas penetrate into the heads of the workers. It represents a great danger to them. They might have to go to work and that is not very much to their liking. That is why they hate The Toller and try to discredit it, but The Toller will go on with its good work and neither slanders nor threats will help the union bureaucracy.

We regret the necessity of attacking the officials of the Amalgamated at Chicago at this time. The great struggle which the clothing workers of New York and Boston are waging demands the greatest solidarity. No fights can be tolerated in the union at the present but when these officials descend to such dirty tactics they must be answered.

Yours for Solidarity:

A. Verblin.

The leaflet follows:

Fellow Workers of the Amalgamated:—

The present is a very critical period for the workers of America. On all sides they must meet the fierce attacks of a united master class. Against these attacks the workers present no united front because they are kept divided by the bureaucracy of the American Labor Movement.

Especially is the present a very critical period for the workers of the clothing industry, who are organized in the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America.

Thousands of workers are going around idle. Factories are closed or working part time. Starvation and cold stares the clothing workers in the face.

The bosses are taking advantage of the situation. They are determined to force the workers back into slavery.

The bosses in New York have started the fight. The Boston and Baltimore bosses followed. Thousands of workers in these cities are locked out and are now in a life and death struggle to prevent the bosses from forcing upon them the old sweat shop conditions.

At such a moment unity, solidarity in the ranks of the clothing workers is an absolute necessity. At such a moment anyone that creates disunity, disrupting the organization, is a traitor to the workers of the Amalgamated.

At such a moment what are the Amalgamated officials of Chicago doing? They are going around spreading the most slanderous lies against the most conscious, the most active and most revolutionary workers of the organization.

When at such a moment a high official of the union can get up at a meeting and say that those workers who advocate the cause of the Third International are spies and provocateurs, then that official intentionally creates suspicion, lack of confidence, disunity within the rank and file and betrays the cause of the striking workers.

The officialdom accused our revolutionary worker in particular. That worker was active in his local. He attacked the machine at every opportunity. He was elected as a delegate to the Joint Board. There too he fought the machine. He became dangerous to the officialdom.

Before the election of officers of Local 39 they spread rumors and insinuations. After the election they were forced to come out in the open. The officials through their representative accused him of being one of the spies and provocateurs.

COMRADES, WHERE IS THEIR PROOF?

For six weeks they have been promising "proofs". "Next week, next week," they say. Where is it? Let them bring it forward. It is easy to slander, to spread rumors, but let them produce the evidence.

They tried to slug him at union meetings. They have kicked him out of the union headquarters. They have searched him and threatened to kill him if he comes to the headquarters.

They have done all these things and to cover up their dastardly deeds, they raise the cry of "Spies and Provocateurs." WHERE IS THEIR PROOF?

The forces of the capitalist state persecute the revolutionary workers, and these officials who call themselves "labor leaders" are very willing to help the capitalist government persecute the class-conscious workers.

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That Poor Louse



Who Gets Pinched Thrown In Jail Refused The Right To Work Forced To Join The Army THEN Insists We Are Free

