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Our Latest Visitor From Russia Tells of Soviet Experiences

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Scaring People

By Floyd Ramp.

"The Bolshevik press calls for the immediate overthrow of capitalism." Here is a statement that persists in appearing in the capitalist press, evidently being used as a method of scaring the people. I suppose some people are scared by such headlines but others are not scared at all, but are saying, "Well, its about time something was being done." People who have worked and suffered under capitalism are not easily scared when some one announces that this rotten old system is to be overthrown. People who have walked the streets looking for work; people who have been trying all their lives to save enough money to own a home and have failed; people who have never had anything but work and have never enjoyed any of the beauties of life are not scared by the announcement that the system of society that has proven such a failure, from their standpoint, is to be overthrown. They are only anxiously waiting for that very thing to happen, saying, "Nothing can be worse and more unfair than the system we have now: capitalism."

The Bolsheviks undoubtedly do call upon the workers to overthrow capitalism. Any intelligent worker, any worker, conscious of his position in society not only calls upon his brothers to overthrow capitalist society, but he insists upon it. He will have his way some of these days, I am quite sure. Every day, more and more workers are talking about this very thing. They are talking about what Russia has already done and what they are going to do very soon. The day is not far ahead.

For sixty years Anarchists, Socialists and Communists have been advocating the overthrow of the system that gives to a few all the advantages and all the good things of life. They have understood the real cause of all their disappointments and have tried to organize to make life worth living.

Is it necessary to apologize for wanting to bring about changes in the social order? If you have decided that the present system of society is bad it is necessary that one should whisper a word of it. It seems to me that it should be shouted from the house-tops.

The present system has failed, failed miserably. It no longer meets the needs of the people. Millions of people all over the world are hungry and out of work, and this system does not provide them with either. Six years of war left twenty million victims all over the world. Everywhere, in every country in the world crime is in every street. Man-kind is desperate. Something must be done.

There is something wrong. This wrong must be righted. Every one who has made anything like a thorough investigation of the situation says that in order to remedy things capitalism must go, and another method of social organization must take its place. Capitalism is the thing that is wrong. Socialism or Communism, which ever you may desire to call it, must take the place of capitalism. Then our problems will be solved.

Things cannot go on as they are. There must be a change. If Communism will solve them, then we must have Communism. To-day there is nothing

but disorder. We must have order. Hate is in every heart. Hate leads to disorder and bloodshed. You cannot have love as long as humanity is divided into two great classes whose interests are opposed. One class has everything. The other class has nothing. One class does not work at all. The other class does nothing but work. One class has all the joy and leisure, so much of it in fact, that it breeds degeneracy. The other class has no joy and no leisure, and too little of joy and leisure also foster degeneracy. This must all change and in order that there may be found a solution to these great problems, there must be a fundamental change in the structure of society. Some new arrangement must be tried. A new social order must be born.

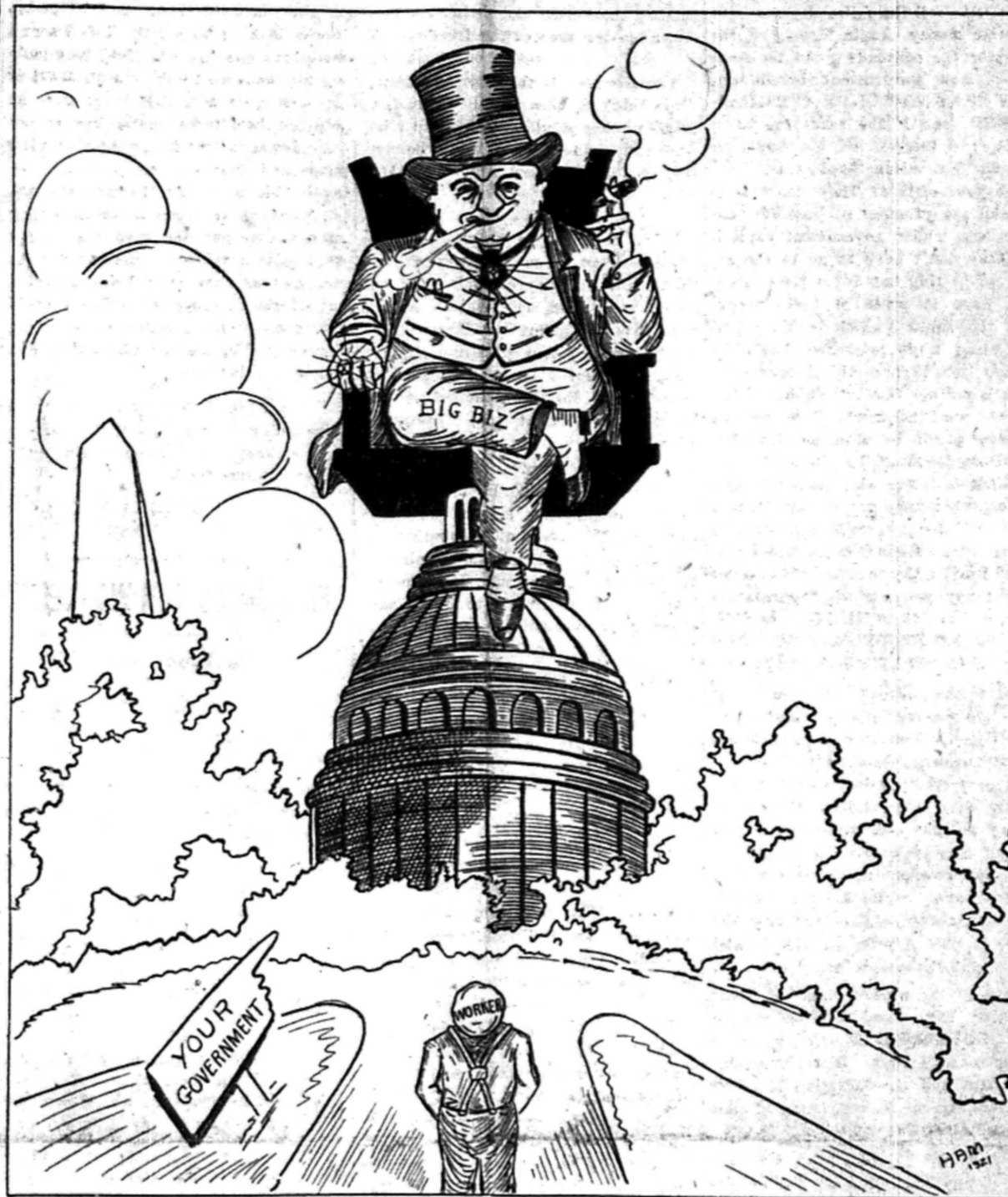
All life is suffering from a disease. This disease must be cured. If your body is sick you must find a remedy. You must change your diet or do something to cure yourself. The same principle holds for the world. We must cure the world of its disease.

There is a remedy for this disease. Of this we are sure, absolutely sure. There is plenty of food to eat, and clothes to wear, and material with which to build houses, but we have not got them in our possession. These things are not properly distributed. A few own and control the source of supply and the machinery with which things are made. We must control them. All must work. All must produce what they consume. There must be no one in the world who does nothing but idle. Let me repeat it again. All must work.

Russia has overthrown capitalism. There the way is clear to apply the remedy to the disease. Capitalism in England, in France, and in the United States is trying, in every way, to defeat the Russian people in their work. They, the capitalist classes, also believe that Communism will solve these problems and that is why they are trying to defeat the Communists of Russia. If Russia succeeds in properly feeding, clothing and sheltering the Russian people; if they are able to add more joy and comfort and leisure to the life of the great masses, then the masses in other countries will insist on overthrowing the capitalist system in their countries and this is the very thing the capitalist classes do not want. It destroys their privileges; it takes away their advantages over the masses; it compels them to go to work. Capitalists are quite content with things as they are, and they are going to resist any change. The great masses of the people on the other hand are discontented and want a change. They are going to get it.

Russia is not going to be crushed. She is not going to fall. We will fight with her to see that she has a right to try her plan of social regeneration. Communism will have its day. We insist that every worker stand ready to defend this new idea. New ideas have the right to live. We are convinced that Capitalism has nothing to offer us and we stand ready to defend, and to try something else.

Something must be done. Some new way must be tried. Why not Communism?



IT GOVERNS YOU — BUT WHO OWNS IT?

EXTRA!

Here's A Free Speech Town

(Special Correspondence)

Dixon, Ill., Feb. 12th. The curtain dropped here yesterday on the last scene of a "free speech" play that has been a hangover since July 3rd 1919, with the hero socialist soap boxer vindicated and the villain Mayor and Police Chief in irons (figuratively speaking).

The play began on the above mentioned date when Edgar Owens, then State Secretary of the Socialist Party of Illinois, later active in the Communist Labor Party, climbed upon a soap box on a prominent Dixon street corner and began to read a portion of the Report of the Commissioner of Education showing that in 1904 only 14% of children entering school finished the grammar schools; and of those entering high school, only 10% finished. At this point the Mayor (playing the role of Villian) busted up the meeting. For this violation of "constitutional rights" Owens had the Mayor arrested. This is probably the first time in this country that a capitalist Mayor has been arrested at the instance of a mere socialist soap boxer on such a charge.

At the trial a jury of business decided that the Mayor had a perfect right to bust up a socialist meeting. Owens notified all concerned that the meeting would be continued on the 31st. With all hands present including the addition of a few "extras" in the form of deputy sheriffs, Owens on the date opened the last half of the speech by reading from the Walsh Industrial Relations Report where it is stated that one of the leading factors making for industrial unrest is the interference with free speech by police and mayors. This was too much for the Mayor, so, as if to prove the truth of Walsh's statement, he knocked Owens backwards into the arms of the Chief of Police. A charge of "resisting an officer" was lodged against Owens. He was found guilty the next day, the resistance consisting in not obeying the orders of the Mayor. Owens appealed to the Circuit Court.

Now a year and a half later in Judge Stransky's Court the case was opened up with attorney H. A. Brooks.

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Progressive Unions --- Take Notice!

Some time ago the Workers, Soldiers and Sailors Council of Philadelphia initiated a movement directed to the end that unity of action of all Independent, Amalgamated Unions and the I. W. W., might be brought about. One of the Organizations affiliated with this body, and one of these forming the backbone of this movement, is the United Association of Railway Employees, which has now a membership of approximately a quarter of a million, and into which some of the locals of the Railroad Brotherhoods have recently gone in a body, indications being that more will follow.

Owing to the limited resources of the Council we were only able to prosecute our appeal and state the proposition by means of letters addressed to various organizations and by publications in the labor press. In these communications there was recounted briefly a history of the rebellion against the A. F. of L. method of organization, resulting in the formation of the I. W. W. the Amalgamated Unions and the thousands of Independent Unions throughout the country. This communication also stated that as the progressive unions were at present constituted, they were absolutely powerless to protect the interest of the workers in the face of present conditions and stated that the only way such protection could be accomplished was by welding themselves into one great, solid, unified mass for the purpose of acting in concert. That this did not mean that the various individual unions would be compelled to submerge their identity. It merely meant that all progressive unions should act as a whole upon all matters that concerned them as a whole, for example, with regard to unemployment, wage cutting, the open shop etc.

This Council also stated that we could see no other way to bring this unity about save by a convention of duly elected delegates from such progressive organizations. We therefore asked all organizations with which we were able to come in contact to send us a reply, stating whether or not they were willing to send delegates to such a convention should it be called. This brings us to the purpose of this letter.

Owing to the limited economic resources of this Council we regret deeply that we are unable to personally contact ourselves with every organization which has responded to our appeal, and because of this fact we are compelled to take advantage of the only medium through which we can make reply to the many communications received, and to come in contact with other labor bodies: that is, by means of the labor press.

The Council asks every organization which has written to it to consider this general letter as an answer to its communication. It asks any member or such a union to call to the attention of his body the fact that he has seen this letter.

To the members of those progressive unions who have not yet come in contact with our appeal, we ask of them as fellow workers in the fight that they go to their unions and bring up the following question, and get their union to act upon it either one way or the other, and then send a letter to the undersigned, as to what action was taken, whether for or against. Remember, that it is absolutely useless to send letters of approval or sympathy with this effort. In order to know where we stand we must have a definite action of the union, one way or the other. The question to be decided is: "WILL YOU SEND DELEGATES TO A CONVENTION (TO BE CALLED WHEN A SUFFICIENT NUMBER OF PROGRESSIVE UNIONS HAVE SIGNIFIED THEIR ASSENT) TO REPRESENT YOUR ORGANIZATION IN BRINGING ABOUT SUCH CONCERTED ACTION? Mr. Union man, remember that this applies to you in particular who read it: It is your duty to bring it up in your union. Please have your union send either your acceptance or rejection of this question to the undersigned.

Fraternally

LEONARD W. BELZ,
Corresponding Secretary,
3051 North 9th St. Philadelphia, Pa.

Mrs. Clare Sheridan, English Sculptress, Tells America of Her Experience while "Doing" the Communist Leaders of Russia.

By PAUL JASPER.

Very few people have had the opportunity of visiting Soviet Russia. Therefore, the message that each brings back is awaited with extreme interest. We have now in our midst a new arrival who had the opportunity and pleasure of visiting Russia. This newcomer is different from all others who have brought us news from that great country. We have heard from political men, journalists, reporters. But now we hear the voice of one who comes to us "neither as a propagandist nor as a politician, but as an artist," who related her observations just as she witnessed them.

Our visitor is Mrs. Clare Sheridan, a famous English sculptress who holds a prominent position in English society. She is a first cousin of Winston Churchill, the English Statesman, — and her aristocratic and bourgeois connections need no further comment. The sculptress talked of her trip to Russia at a lecture given in New York at the Aeolian Hall, Wednesday afternoon (Feb. 9).

It is interesting to learn that the American consul at London at first hesitated in the vise of Mrs. Sheridan's passport, saying "how are we to be assured that you are not a Bolshevik agent?" From the moment the lecturer began one learned that she spoke neither as a Bolshevik, nor as an anti-Bolshevik. She merely stated what she had seen in that twentieth century laboratory. Many things appeared unclear and meaningless to her. She is unable to understand the great change that is taking place there, because in her own words "I haven't read Karl Marx. My mind has very great limitations. Politics bore me. I don't care what government governs anybody. If I didn't like a government I shouldn't try to alter it. I should go somewhere else. Therefore, I relate my experiences in Russia from the unpolitical point of view of an artist."

How Mrs. Sheridan went to Moscow.

It was in August 1920 that Mrs. Sheridan was invited by M. Kameneff, Soviet envoy at London, to go to Russia and sculpt the heads of the Soviet leaders. Both the August dullness (it being the holiday period in England) and her desire to sculpt the head of Lenin "the most interesting man" of the present period, prompted her to accept. And so she left without consulting her 'family', assuring us that one particular member would surely have prevented her from leaving, and travelled to Moscow, via Stockholm. She had always thought that the Bolsheviks were terrible, ferocious people. Kameneff deceived her in this impression. So she expected to find them ferocious the nearer she would come to Russia. Meeting Litvinoff in one of the Scandinavian countries, she was quite surprised to discover how human and ordinary was his family. She was astonished to see the cheerfulness of the Litvinoff family, having been informed by the English press that the Bolsheviks were horrible and distorted creatures of Nature. . . . But we all learn sometime!

We were told of her arrival at Stockholm, of how different it was from the former numerous trips she had made to that city where many winters were spent in artist's work. On all former occasions her visit was known to His Royal Highness, the Prince, whose wife (the daughter of an English aristocrat) was a close friend of Mrs. Sheridan since childhood. Previously, the royal motors had come to meet her and her arrival was well-heralded. But now she came quietly and unknown and in the company of a Communist, a Bolshevik! And who greeted her this time? The party was met by Strom, Left-Wing leader of the Swedish Socialist movement and Bolshevik representative at Stockholm. She had but a few hours to spend there before her boat left. She called up the Prince who was amazed to hear that she was leaving for Russia. When he saw that she was determined to go, his one remark was "how uninteresting you will find us (meaning European royalty) when you return." How true! Even a Prince can think these days!

Art and Drama in Russia.

Mrs. Sheridan was well treated in Moscow, which resulted in creating the impression that therefore she was a Bolshevik. But her numerous statements that she was not convinced us that the trip was undertaken for purely artistic reasons. The wonderful environment of reconstruction in Moscow most impressed her. She said — "Destruction seems to be over. Everyone is working overtime, like supermen to restore the ruins—. There is an entire absence of social life," meaning rather society life. And this absence gave her the necessary leisure to attend to her work. She was evidently glad to get away from society life and forget about society functions. For one of artistic temperament this spirit of reconstruction must surely have a splendid effect.

It was interesting to hear her contrast of the art galleries of Moscow with those of London. "The picture galleries and museums were open and well catalogued. I was surprised to see them full of peasants who were interested in the old masters and collections of futurist paintings. One hears many rumors that art works of Russia had been destroyed and the contents of the museums scattered. I saw the museum of the Kremlin perfectly catalogued and in beautiful condition". And we were told how in 'civilized' London the art galleries were practically empty. How Strange it seems that in the so-called "brutish and disorganized" Russia the poor peasants can show such an interest in art and culture.

Then followed a few words on the Opera. "To look at the stage, its brilliant scenery and splendid singing you might suppose yourself in Paris or London. But a glance back at the audience and you can't believe your eyes. It is a dream. The people are all workmen and they are so attentive and appreciative." While in London, she said, the opera is only for the "most cultured" who always come in late and talk throughout the performance. Another contrast between the 'civilized' London (of the bourgeoisie), and the 'uncivilized' Russia of the Workers and Peasants' Government.

"As to the people in the streets, I saw people completely without joy, people who never laughed or sang, with expression full of

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Workin' For the Guv'ment

By a P. O. "Clerk"

The Yellow Socialist Party of the United States is always fond of telling us that the post office is "an example of Socialism." Oh, yes, the Post Office is Socialism in practice—ask us, who work there, we know.

You see, I'm a "clerk"—leastways, that's the way the government classes me. I had to take an examination before I was appointed. I had to have at least a public school education to stand a ghost of a chance with that exam—and so I thought in my youthful innocence (this was back in the days before the war) that I was to have an honest-to-goodness white collar job. My first clerical work was "killing slugs," which is standing next to a pile of packages and making post marks with a rubber or steel hand stamp on postage stamps—8 hours a day regularly and the rest called "overtime" but just as regular—and not even allowed to talk to the fellow next to me, while I did that skilled work. Later they set to "dragging ship," which is the act of clerical work in which stevedores indulge. Dragging ship means going up on the receiving platform and dragging the heavy sacks of foreign mail from the autos to the chutes and there giving them a ride down into "the hole."

By the way, while I'm at it, let me tell you something about that "hole." You see, "the hole" is the name of the sub-basement of the "G. P. O.", the Park Row, New York, General Post Office. A fine looking building—externally—but Dante's Inferno has scarcely a shade on "the hole" when it comes to heat in summer and to ventilation any time. Winter days it's colder than a barn. Summer days, when the side walks are baking and there's not a whiff of air coming down there, it's hotter'n-hell and we "clerks" work in our undershirts (or did till women invaded our ranks) and reek with perspiration. They didn't pay much attention to our discomfort until some of us "clerks" were overcome with "heat," which was mostly bad air, and then they decided to let us up 10 minutes out of each hour for air on the dog days, but its up to the super to decide what kind of a day is a dog day. At that the wasting of 10 minutes five or six days a year comes cheaper than installing adequate ventilation in this shining example of "socialism," and consequently don't cost the post office department anything, so the hole is the really abode of all G. P. O. clerks handling 3rd and 4th class mail.

Well, what with sweating in the hole my undershirt, "shaking out" dusty mail sacks in the back of the basement, the dustiest, dirtiest place I have ever been in and I haven't been living next door to heaven most of my life either, what with "dragging ship" up on deck, and killing slugs, and slinging things around generally, and never doing any more clerical work than writing the name of its destination on a fall mail sack, and afterwards taking a turn at the pneumatic tubes where I got my face grimed up and my one time nice white collar blackened with grease and oil—I finally got the idea into my cranium that I wasn't a white collar clerk after all, but an ordinary worker like the rest of my brothers and friends.

We Try a Union.

About the same time, a lot of other folks were getting the same idea, and when one of them had the courage to "kiss union, I chimed in: "Me too." In this shining example of "Socialism"

our union lasted about as long as the famous snowball in hell. A few of the most active "broke" which is the post-office term for canned, a bunch of us got 400 demerits, which meant no raise, and those who remained were thoroughly cowed slaves without even the courage to hand together in self defense. About all that survived the shock was a couple of harmless, vote-trading, politician-endorsing, sick-death-pension-and-benefit societies.

Then the cost of living began its spectacular and meteoric rise (only it differs from meteors because they come down sometimes) and because our jobs were government jobs and our wages fixed by act of congress; during the famous "silk shirt" period of the war, we sort of ran out of shirts altogether, cut out betting on the baseball games, cut out smoking, knocked off on the pie and milk that we used to indulge in when we were "stuck" for three or four hours overtime, and cut out all the other "luxuries" that fall to the life of a "government employee." I don't know how the married men stand it. As for me, the girl I was going with got sick and tired of waiting for congress to pass a law giving me a living wage, and she married a fellow who wasn't a "clerk" and who was able to strike for a chance to live.

I've been a P. O. clerk now for over 7 years and never once got anything resembling a living wage. Not knowing any trade, I haven't much chance to change either. Now I'm a top-salaried oldtimer and get \$1,800 per annum, which is something like half of the \$2,500 which my boss, Uncle Sam, says in his own department of Labor publication is a minimum for a worker with wife and three kids to get along on. I stand a fine chance of ever having a wife and three kids...

Here's The Funny Part of It.

I suppose by this time, you're sick of listening to my complaint and can't keep from shouting: "Why in hell don't you organize?"

Well, here's the funny part of it. WHEN YOU'RE WORKING FOR THE GOVERNMENT, EVERY STRIKE IS A REVOLUTION.

That isn't only the verdict of the Reds either; it's the verdict of the government! It's the theory which Vice President Coolidge used when as Governor of Massachusetts he broke the Boston police strike with the aid of Sammy Gompers. Its justification openly asserted for refusing to let us unionize. Its the pretext on which the President of France broke the strike of the government employed railroad workers of France when they struck on the government lines. His stunt was simple. He drafted the whole bunch of them into the army, then assigned them to railroad duty (scabbing on their own jobs and their own strike) and DECLARED THAT EVERY REFUSAL TO WORK WAS A DESERTION FROM THE ARMY AND VIOLATION OF MILITARY DISCIPLINE, SUBJECT TO COURT MARTIAL.

You see, brother, THERE IS NO STRONGER FORM OF CAPITALISM THAN GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP BY A CAPITALIST OWNED AND CONTROLLED GOVERNMENT. What the yellow Socialist Party fights for when it "fights" for government ownership of railroads and coal mines and such, is STATE CAPITALISM, that form of capitalism which guarantees profits and guarantees slavery.

Comrade Railroad-Worker, there are those among you, false leaders and betrayers, who clamor for government

ownership of the railroads. Do you know what it will mean for you, fellow railroad worker? Do you know what it will mean for the coupon-cutters who exploit you?

For them, insured—absolutely insured profits. The government buys their watered stock, and pays for all the water. Fine.

Then the government has to borrow money to pay for the stock. It issues bonds. Who buys the bonds. Why the fellows who sell the railroads, and with the same money. Again fine. And the profits on the railroads go to the same fellows, now government bondholders, ONLY THAT NOW THEY ARE GUARANTEED, and if the roads run at a deficit, the interest of the bonds is made up by taxation. Again fine.

And your strikes? They don't have to make the pretense of passing anti-strike laws under government capitalism. They don't have to go to the expense of getting out injunctions. They don't have to prate in their papers about the public (which is their profits) being made to suffer. You'll be working for that mythical scarecrow which is neither fish nor flesh, neither workers nor those who live on the workers, you'll be working for that marvellous fiction, "The Public."

Take it from one who has been there, brother, when they try to talk "State Socialism" to you, tell them they're talking State Capitalism, State Guaranteed Profits, the open use of the army without any pretense of "preventing violence," tell them THEY ARE TRYING TO RIVET UPON YOU THE CHAINS OF STATE SLAVERY.

You of the railroads and you of the mines and you my fellow workers in the Post Office, if you have in you a spark of proletarian manhood, if you have the courage to rebel against the degrading slavery that is capitalism, if you are willing to risk your chains (we have nothing else to lose) in a struggle to guarantee freedom to the generations to come upon earth, if you want to hasten that day so that you may live to see it, the place to BEGIN is with the capitalist government.

First let the workers take all power into their hands, and then we can use OUR GOVERNMENT, the workers' State, to take over the railroads and the mines and the factories, and free ourselves forever from the curse of class rule and class slavery.

A Workers' Dictatorship will not have to buy the railroads. A Worker's Dictatorship will not have to guarantee profits and exploitation. A Workers' Dictatorship WILL HAVE NO STRIKES TO BREAK for we will not have to strike against ourselves. A Workers' Dictatorship will have only one object, to break forever the power of the masters. And having broken it, having put the whole crew of social parasites to work and having brought up their sons where free work is a joy and the lust for exploitation a crime and disgrace, that new generation of the freedom-loving sons of men will need no dictatorship, neither capitalist nor proletarian, neither armies nor prisons, nor almshouses, nor lying press, nor bought courts, nor any of the whole machinery of enslavement and degradation that class rule has visited upon human society.

So now, all together, brothers we slaves in the post office, and you slaves on the railroads, and you fastened to the machines, and you down in the mines: "ALL POWER TO THE WORKERS."

O. B. U. Forms Council of Action

Altoona, Pa.—The fight of the railroad workers on the Pennsylvania system against the policy of union-smashing and wage-reduction which Vice-President W. W. Atterbury of the Pennsylvania Railroad announced when he started for Chicago to present the side of the company to the United States Railway Labor Board in session there is centering round Altoona.

A vigorous campaign is being carried on here by the One Big Union particularly among the shopmen in the P. R. R. shops here which are the largest in the country, employing at normal capacity 20,000 workers.

Daily meetings are being held at shop gates, on the streets and in the labor union halls and resistance to Mr. Atterbury's policy is the sentiment expressed everywhere.

The 45,000 organized coal miners in the surrounding district are also preparing for action against the wage-cut which threatens to take away from the miners the concessions granted during the war-time period.

Altoona units of the O. B. U. are organizing a Council of Action which will convene at Altoona on Feb. 22nd to devise ways and means of action against the bosses plans to cut wages of union men.

Along The Soviet Front

By Propaganda Pete.

Japanese commercial bodies are bringing pressure to bear upon the government for the establishing of trade relations with the Soviets.

Our benevolent Uncle continues to furnish free transportation to thinking workers. Detroit, Cleveland and other cities last week furnished numbers of deportees. All European revolutionary and semi-revolutionary countries are receiving their sons and daughters from America—the land of the free!

The trouble is that workers sometimes think. If they would refrain from thinking they would soon become 100% Americans—and then all would be well, they could stay here and enjoy OUR liberties.

With Wrangle in Crimea—"Along these railings in an endless row hung the corpses of the champions of the Social Revolution, quite naked, marked with insulting placards. There hung men, women, young girls and children many days until the smell became unbearable. So did the scoundrels of the White Guards treat the workers". Pravda.

Telegraphic communication between Constantinople and Angora has been restored. The army of occupation endeavors to isolate Constantinople but arms smuggling continues. Many people leave the city secretly to join Kemal Pasha, the revolutionary leader.

The Finnish peace delegation returning to Helsingfors from Moscow state that the foreign press reports of conditions there are much exaggerated. Conditions are steadily improving and all is quiet and orderly.

"Rosta Wien" reports that the All-Russian Commission Against Illiteracy spent 4,500,000 rubles during 1920. From 600 districts 119 report that they now have no more illiterate people. The Commission plans to teach 3,000,000 people to read and write during 1921.

The electrification of Russian Soviet industries, homes and buildings continues. Russia now possesses 595 electric stations as against 250 in 1916.

The German government has forbidden any activity of the Society for Emigration to Russia. Apparently Germany does not fancy losing her skilled workmen.

The extent of the peasants' support of the Soviets may be ascertained from a recent report of the Commissary of Agriculture wherein it is stated: "the deliveries of grain are quite satisfactory. The problem now is to arrange for its transport to the consuming centers. The transport system is improving daily and the transport workers are doing their duty".

Moscow. The Woodworkers Union which numbered 64,000 in March, 1920, June 100,000, September 120,000 and in November, 230,000, is now preparing to unite with the All-Russian Societies for Communal Organization.

On January 15th the Communist Party held meetings over the whole of Russia in memory of Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg, the martyred German revolutionists.

As the result of the expulsion of the forces of General Wrangel from the Crimea the Russian Commissariat for Public Health has at its disposal more than 7,000 beds in the sanitariums on the Crimean Peninsula, says a dispatch from Moscow sent out by Rosta, the official Soviet news bureau. These places are to be occupied by invalid workers and soldiers selected with the aid of the trade union central bodies in Moscow, Petrograd, Kharkof and Ivanovo-Vosresensk. A special mission has been sent to the Crimea to make other sanitariums there fit for the same purpose.

During the year 1920 there were given in Moscow about 100 lectures on problems of hygiene, and thirteen big meetings, attended by more than 100,000 persons, were held.

Rosta also reports that the section for science and technique in the Supreme Economic Council has established a bureau for foreign science and technique which is to establish regular communication with the scientists of the West in order to study new inventions and technical methods and to inform the Western nations of Russia's scientific work.

Central labor bodies are continuing in increasing numbers to demand opening of trade relations between this country and Russia.

At present there are in Soviet-Russia 272 agricultural schools, of which 77 were opened in 1918, and 26 schools of forestry.

Unemployed Angered by Refusal of Work

Wheeling, W. Va., Feb. 10, '21.

Having had a few copies of Your paper handed me by a friend, which I read with keen interest, and thinking that perhaps you might be interested in the following little incident, am narrating same to you.

On Friday morning Feb. 4th, at 6:30 o'clock I went to the employment office of the National Tube Co., Riverside Works, looking for a JOB. Here I found more than one hundred (100) men looking for the same thing — a JOB. When the men were told that there were no jobs for them there was an uproar and they demanded work, saying that their wives and families were starving. Being unable to pacify the men the employment agent called in the company guards who put the men out. There were quite a few ex-soldiers among the men and as they were being escorted out of the employment office I could hear some of them mumbling something about the "Democracy which they had fought for in France."

For a while I thought that the men were going to take possession of the mill without even compensating the present owners for it.

HAROLD MARTIN, Wheeling, W. Va.

ECONOMICS FOR WORKERS

By Floyd Ramp.

5,000,000 PEOPLE OUT OF WORK. Five Million people out of work. Five Million! Five Million!

One seventh of the people who perform the work in all our industries are out of work.

There are still other thousands out of work that never come to the attention of the investigators.

If placed at work and kept steadily at work these five millions could do many things. They could build houses to live in. They could build roads. They could erect new school buildings, and around them beautiful playgrounds where children could have a healthful place to play. They could reclaim great tracts of land.

What I can't get into my head is why people should have to stop working when they are in need of anything. If I want a suit of clothes and know how to sew and run a machine why should I not make myself a suit of clothes? If I can drive nails and saw a board, why should I not build myself a house if I need one? If I am a shoemaker and can make shoes, why then should I not make myself a pair of shoes? In other words, if I am any kind of a worker and want anything, why in the world cannot I work and produce any one of a thousand things and exchange the thing I produce with someone else for the things they produce? He has wants, so have I. All people have wants, so have I. There are thousands of things that I want, and there are likewise, thousands of things that other people want. Why are we not allowed to produce them, and to exchange them, so that all our wants are satisfied?

I can easily imagine people being out of work when they have everything they want. But to think of millions of people being out of work when they are thousands of things that they want and among these the very necessities of life is a situation that is rather difficult to understand. Can someone master this problem for me?

I see by the paper that five hundred Russians have petitioned the government to allow Soviet Russia to send a ship over to the United States to take them back to Russia. Is it possible that these people are so ignorant that they can't see the wonderful opportunities that exist for all mankind in the United States? Maybe they have been convinced that Russia also has opportunities. Is it possible that they could think that after all the U. S. is not a free land of opportunity that they once thought it? This Lenin seems to have a wonderful power for fooling men.

Referring to the general industrial situation in Russia, Rosta says that the cloth factories turned out 2,383,000 arshen (an arshen equals about 28 inches) of cloth in November for the civilian population and 1,400,000 arshen for the army. The flax output of the Ukraine in 1920 amounted to 340,000 puds (a pud equals 36 lbs.). During December the Petrograd tobacco factories turned out more than a billion cigarettes. The government of Nizhni-Novgorod has organized an airplane mail service between its capital city and Moscow, Kazan and the main towns of the adjoining governments, as well as in the interior of the administrative district itself.

"Dissolving" the Amalgamated

By Mary Heaton Vorse.

The demonstration of 19,000 members of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers gathered together in Madison Square Garden showed what they thought about the attack made on them a few days before by the manufacturers. The manufacturers had applied to the courts for the "dissolution" of the organization. It had applied on the ground that the organization's object was "the taking over" of the clothing industry.

I arrived at the Garden a few minutes late. Outside a row of police were lined up. No more people could come in; the place was packed already. Here was assembled the industry—the tailors together with the cutters, the shirt makers, the makers of boys' clothing. They were all there. But although they lined the place from top to bottom, they represented only a fraction of the workers in New York City.

It was a jolt to see the industry there before one's eyes. Rows on rows of men and women up to the highest gallery. From the speaker's platform—a sea of faces. This is an expression which has had its features worn off from over usage since the day it was fresh minted; and yet there is no other phrase that comes as aptly, looking down at them.

One says glibly enough that the industry in New York comprises 65,000 people. It comes off the tongue like the multiplication table. But look into the faces of some nineteen thousand people and you get another vision. Suddenly you translate from figures into terms of men and women, a city full of them, and of the lives dependent upon them.

Now almost all these people were idle. They were suffering the rigors of a lockout because a little group of people sitting in an office, led by men who were not even employers, had decided on a lockout. That was the story told by Dr. William M. Leiserson. And now this same group was trying to destroy this great organization whose members had so lately emerged from the sweatshop and whose only safeguard against the return to the sweatshop days was that organization.

Sixty-five thousand people kept from work, 65,000 people threatened with the loss of what was most precious in their economic lives, to suit a handful of irresponsible men.

Consider the terrible charge against the Amalgamated. It has been accused of desiring that the workers should own the tools of their trade and receive the full product of their labor. What a shocking idea! An industry run for service instead of for profits. Call out the police!

But no one need worry. The tailors in New York—the Amalgamated Clothing Workers—are not planning to "take over the industry". It is the bosses who are advertising the idea, they are advertising the idea very widely. Why, some day if they keep on advertising the notion of the workers owning the industry, it might get into the workers' heads. And once such a bee got lodged there, it might keep buzzing around and buzzing around...

And the very best way to advertise such a horrible thing is for a little group of employers to attack an organization which has had the praise of every labor student of this country for its progressive and constructive policies. The very best way to advertise the idea of the workers owning the industry is for a little group of employers to try to plunge a whole industry into sweatshop conditions. It seems irrational to do such a thing, to attack the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, but people when they are frightened do irrational things. The great thing they fear is the unity of the workers. For when there

is Unity then there will be Power. So the answer to this fear is to try to destroy the Amalgamated, to disperse the power of the workers, to make them. It was to protest against being plunged back into sweatshop conditions that the people of the Industry had come together in Madison Square Garden. The crowd assembled there was a quiet crowd, and yet an undercurrent of excitement like a flame rippled through it. An impressive thing to see the flame, the heart as protest, combined with restraint and order. This crowd had the consciousness of power which unity gives. It had no need to be noisy. A mob makes a noise; it imagines it has power in so far as it makes a noise. But a quiet army of drilled men can disperse a mob. This crowd had the discipline and order. You do not sacrifice the flame of the spirit when you confine it within the walls of discipline; you merely school this spirit for use. Fire confined in the walls of a furnace smelts ore to iron and transmutes iron to steel. Fire unconfined destroys.

The flaming spirit of this audience, its attention, its swift magnetic responsiveness to the speeches, all told the story that there was a mighty spirit in the Amalgamated that was ready to endure. It was a mute echo of President Hillman's words, when he said that they could wait six weeks or six months, if necessary to win, and that this organization could not really be "dissolved."

Many people spoke. But the words that stand out in my mind were from Frank P. Walsh, who told these people: "The Amalgamated is the greatest agency for Americanization that I know I have seen it came up from its infancy, I have seen it in a few years transform a sweatshop trade into one where American living conditions were possible. And if this is not Americanization, I do not know what is!" A quote from memory only. I have neither the power nor the full content of his words, only the central thought.

So this audience of protest sat there, responding, applauding. The packing of Madison Square Garden was a demonstration. Down the ages people, the workers, have demonstrated to show their just indignation. It is the earliest form of advertising. It was only by pouring out of their houses into the public squares and buildings, by processions, that the people has made its voice heard down the centuries. So the industry demonstrated. It sat there composed, orderly, electrically alive from the floor to the ceiling, demonstrating to a little group of men that it was useless to try to dis-unite them. And when Cantor Rosenblatt sang, the enthusiasm of the crowd flamed forth its love of beauty, in its appreciation of music.

Around the big oval of this Garden were mottoes such as: "THE AMALGAMATED GOES FORWARD; IT DOES NOT GO BACK."

And I imagined another one which was not there:

"AS ALL GOOD THINGS ARE PRODUCED BY LABOR, IT FOLLOWS THEN BY RIGHTS THAT THESE THINGS BELONG TO THOSE WHOSE LABOR HAS PRODUCED THEM."

But the Amalgamated did not go as far as that; they left those words to Abraham Lincoln.

The Russian national institute for the experimental study of human labor has called a conference of representatives of all scientific circles for the purpose of promoting investigations of work from the standpoint of physiology and psychology.

By Going After Them

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Should Black Workers Join White Unions?

The very necessity for asking this question, indicates the inexcusable backwardness of the American labor movement. That a worker should join hands with other workers of whatever race, creed or nationality should be accepted — and recognized as a matter of course.

Yet, this is no justifiable reason for the Negro workers supporting their enemies. Again white labor is learning. The Montreal Convention of the American Federation of Labor is a favorable sign. We are not over optimistic, however.

The Deadly Color Line

The Messenger has correctly elucidated the problem which confronts labor unions in respect to the admission of Negro workers. The problem of admitting Negro workers into white labor unions is an old one beginning many years back in the period following the black man's emancipation from chattel slavery.

It is now admitted by intelligent union men that the best security against strike breakers is to get the workers into the labor unions. This applies with equal truth to black men as well as white men.

The prejudice of white workers against black workers is due solely to the relative position of the races in the past and to the fact that these prejudices have been kept alive and working overtime by capitalist propaganda cunningly devised for the express purpose of maintaining a wall of separation between these workers.

A case in point is furnished by the discrimination exercised against black workers by one of the painters' unions in Cleveland.

Illusions About "The Dictatorship of the Proletariat"

By David S. Reisz.

There can no more be a dictatorship (or rather: BY) the proletariat AS A WHOLE, than there can be a dictatorship (or rather: BY) the capitalist class as a whole.

Either expression is inaccurate, for either expression presupposes unanimity or at least majority participation or approval of the dictatorship either by the capitalist class or by the working class.

When Communists speak of the dictatorship of the proletariat, they do not have in mind the dictatorship participated by all the members of the working class.

To the Communists the expression: "Dictatorship of the Proletariat" means: Dictatorship by the majority in the Communist Party in the interest of the working class.

What happened then in Russia, may happen elsewhere. It is unlikely that all, or even the sufficient politically voting majority of the working class in this country, will, while capitalism lasts, discontinue supporting the various conflicting organizations, and, by a calm reasoning process decide to support a Communist political party.

It is unlikely that the workers will be ready under Capitalism to abandon the issues raised by the Republican, Democratic, Farmer Labor, and Socialist parties, by the I. W. W. and A. F. L. unions, and that they will make a sufficient voting majority to usher in Communism either on the S. L. P. ticket or on the ticket of the United Communist Party of the U. S., section of the Third International.

"The Dictatorship of the Proletariat" seems to be an illogical and objectionable slogan for propaganda purposes. "All Power to the Workers," or "All Power to the Labor Unions," while not perfectly accurate expressions, seem nevertheless to be much more likely to meet with response by the members of the working class affiliated with any and all organizations.

This union refuses to admit Negroes to membership. It is also emphatically opposed to the introduction of machine sprayers. What is the result? Negro non-union painters are employed to use these machines.

For labor unions to disregard the necessity of a policy of inclusiveness applied to all workers is to play directly into the purposes of the capitalists. The Open Shopper. The color line is deadly, it must be obliterated in so far as unionism is concerned.

ing in Russia: "All Power to the Soviets" or "The Dictatorship of the Proletariat?" EDITORIAL NOTE:— Philosophers sometimes erect a straw man for the express purpose of showing how easy it is to knock him down.

We do not believe it will be necessary to print a new dictionary to get a genuine definition of "Dictatorship of the Proletariat." Comrade Reisz states in paragraph two that the expression is inaccurate when applied to either the capitalists or the proletariat.

Comrade Reisz almost gave a correct definition in paragraph four. But in order to complete it let us see just what the dictatorship of the proletariat is where it is in force.

Now, the Communist Party, saturates both the latter categories with its agents and emissaries for the purpose of recruiting from them active, courageous and revolutionarily conscious elements for the express purpose of enlarging and sustaining itself.

Can someone tell me the difference between patriotism and capitalism? All the definitions that I have seen of the former seem to run something like this:—Patriotism is letting the capitalists do just as they please.

Now, we believe with this knowledge of actualities we are able to complete the definition comrade Reisz began in paragraph four. To the Communists "Dictatorship of the Proletariat" means: Dictatorship by the majority of the Communist Party PLUS the support of category No. 2, PLUS the acquiescence of category No. 3, such acquiescence being a form of support also.

Now, the Communist Party, saturates both the latter categories with its agents and emissaries for the purpose of recruiting from them active, courageous and revolutionarily conscious elements for the express purpose of enlarging and sustaining itself.

Could someone please tell me just what part of this thing they call capitalism is so very, very good? Some way or other I just can't see it. Of course you understand that I am not rich. I'm not a millionaire and I am inclined to think that I never will be.

Professors and teachers are so very busy these days trying to teach children the new brand of patriotism (millionaire patriotism), that they have no time left to teach the causes of unemployment. I understand that the schools and the universities are run and controlled by the millionaires, just as is the press and the pulpit, so why should the working people complain? Anyway the teachers are patriotic and loyal, that's something.

"FOR FUTURE HISTORIANS"

By Jean Rappaport.

Most people believe Mr. Hoover to be an ardent philanthropist, but it is little known that he is an even greater historical enthusiast. However much his heart goes out to the suffering millions, his efforts to alleviate their suffering seem superceded by an insatiable desire to procure—by hook or crook—documents of historical value.

Mr. Hoover is the head of the European Relief Committee. It is the duty of this Committee to care for the destitute of Europe (overlooking, as usual, the destitute in their own country). We now learn that Mr. Hoover has succeeded in getting his hands on 375,000 volumes of secret documents of Bolshevik and other European countries.

The funds for this work came, as all funds come, from the pockets of the workers, who, Mr. Hoover apparently believes, take greater interest in historic data than in helping to care for their starving brothers across the way.

Since Mr. Hoover is a trustee of Stanford, that College will come in for the greater part of the booty. Already there are six thousand volumes deposited in the University's Library.

The Money that was tearfully coaxed from the pockets of the workers for "relief" seems to have been a good "investment"—for Mr. Hoover.

In the second to the last paragraph comrade Reisz objects to the "Dictatorship of the Proletariat" as a slogan. It happens that the "Dictatorship of the Proletariat" is NOT a slogan. It is a WEAPON and a necessary one too against capitalists.

A government that is always increasing its forces for internal resistance cannot lay claim to liberal tendencies, but must accept the accusation that its people are becoming more restless and that the government is becoming more reactionary.

Could someone please tell me just what part of this thing they call capitalism is so very, very good? Some way or other I just can't see it. Of course you understand that I am not rich. I'm not a millionaire and I am inclined to think that I never will be.

Christ drove the gamblers from the Temple but it didn't help much—they OWN the churches now.

What is the soul or the body of an out-of-work worth? Nothing, on a declining labor market.

There are 356 unemployed men for every job declares the Illinois Free Employment Bureau. That's normalcy.



PARIS.—The French newspapers are making terrible revelations of the poverty in which many of the greatest French savants are forced to live.

Madame Curie, the inventor of radium, has barely funds enough to employ a single assistant in her famous institution.

The heroic doctor Inffroit the latest victim of X-rays, died recently in such poverty that the municipality had to pay for his funeral. The laboratories of the well-known scientist Brantly are falling into ruins.

The first woman doctor to practice medicine in France, Madame Madeleine Bres, has just been discovered by the newspapers living in extreme poverty and completely blind at the age of 82.

That's the way a capitalist nation treats those whose lives are devoted toward science and the making of a better world. In Soviet Russia every advantage possible is afforded scientists to do their work and the highest awards are given them for scientific work and research.

The shopping centers of London have for several weeks been visited by disabled former soldiers with barrel organs who, with pitiful displays of their wounded condition, unemployment and impoverishment manage to collect some pennies from the crowds.

But it was a war for democracy — if democracy means starvation, misery and all its attendant evils.

Sir Phillip Gibbs of English royalist affiliation is now in America telling Eastern audiences that the thing that will put Europe on its feet is America's cancelling the debt of a thousand million pounds sterling which the British government has borrowed.

Send Sir Phil up to talk to J. P.

The magnanimous delinquent in the White House has commuted the sentence of brave little Mollie Steimer from 15 years to two years and six months. Mollie will remain in prison then until November 1923.

About everything that was done for the past five years is now under investigation. It seems that we are just getting interested in what we have been doing. God, we shot everything that was done was done right!

While Great Britain is revising her methods of governing-subjugating the Indian nation, the natives are holding elections for secession from the Empire.

New York labor and liberal forces are organizing to combat the entry into that state of the Klux Klan, which they claim is simply the White Guard of capitalist interests.

An investigation of the riot which took place at Cincinnati on Feb. 12th, when a gang made up of women and members of the American Legion attempted to stop Oswald Garrison Villard, Editor of the Nation, from making a speech, is under way.

The Mooney defense has scored another victory. Affidavits have been presented by Captain Richard Smith, formerly of the Army Engineer Corps, which state that he saw Mooney and wife on a roof of a building miles from the scene of the bomb explosion at the time they were claimed to have been planting the bomb.

In contrast to the American Legion's anti-social activities in breaking up public meetings, is the action of Carl Galvin, National Chairman of the World War Veterans. Galvin has directed a communication calling upon President Wilson to either turn Debs out of jail or to place in the cells beside him the war profiteers and hypocrites who 'outraged, plundered and profaned' the country during the war.

Cool miners in the Pittsburg Kans. district are creating an insurgent movement based on account of alleged irregularities in the recent elections of U. M. W. A. officials. They claim that manipulations of balloting was carried thru in order to elect the administration officials.

The State Department states that "Russia is in economic vacuum". We don't know what that is, but it must be something a whole lot worse than conditions here—for you know of course that we are in a condition of "economic readjustment".

What a fine thing it is to have an education like the State Department possesses!

A line on the crime wave is furnished by figures from the insurance companies. Losses by fire they state, are in direct proportion to the business decline. Those lines in which the declines have been greatest have the largest numbers of fires to their credit.

Three hundred homeless, jobless and moneyless men attended services at St Augustine's Chapel in New York the other Sunday. After the sermon they decided to remain and use the church as a place to "flop". But the Reverend, Doctor, etc. etc. refused. They were chased into the street.

Christ drove the gamblers from the Temple but it didn't help much—they OWN the churches now.

What is the soul or the body of an out-of-work worth? Nothing, on a declining labor market.

Brindell, the extortioner, turned out to be one of our regular 100% patriots on the witness stand. Fanny ain't it how the stripe runs the same?

While the Foreign Relations Committee is holding sessions to discuss whether the Soviet government will pay its commercial accounts it is gaily reminded by Senator France that European governments have purchased 3,500,000,000 worth of goods from this country within the last two years which have not yet been paid for.

Seattle, Wash.—The contention of a logger at a meeting of King county members of the legislature to discuss a resolution providing that Americanization be taught in lumber camps, that bathing facilities, clean blankets, sanitary sleeping quarters and decent food would do much toward Americanizing the camps closed any further talk on the subject.

There are 356 unemployed men for every job declares the Illinois Free Employment Bureau. That's normalcy.

Watching the Clock

By Floyd Ramp.

The New York Globe is publishing a series of one page propaganda lessons for workers and among others I have read carefully the one called "The Clock Watcher."

A large picture occupies the upper half of the page and illustrates two workers. One is attentively pursuing his daily task. The other is taking a good stretch and incidentally casting a shy glance at the clock, and it was just eight minutes to five.

The lower half of the page is filled with print in very large type, and these are the words used:—"Training his hand and mind to be honest with himself is a vital part of man's education. It involves development of latent abilities and those prized qualities of usefulness which take steadily and surely to success. The worker who habitually watches the clock is cheating himself more than he cheats others. He is on his way to failure."

"In the picture is shown the 'Clock-Watcher' scowling resentfully at the timepiece as it ticks away opportunity. He is the last to punch the time clock in the morning and the first to face it at night. He is a mental and moral slacker, an unproducer.

"A cross the isle is the calm-faced producer so deeply absorbed in his duty, so anxious to turn out unblemished work that he forgets the momentous swing of the pendulum. He has caught hold of the infinite thing humans call honor and will not let go. The work his hand finds to do he does with all his might. His countenance shines, his muscles tingle and his hammer rings with shrill joy. He is the faithful man doing his part in the world's work happily and lending a helping hand to others. He is making sure that what he constructs will stand the strain to which he knows it will be subjected in service."

"He is making sure, too, of his own future by giving the best that's in him. He does not drop his hammer when the whistle blows at five o'clock if a rivet needs a stroke or two to make it grip and hold as it should grip

and hold. He cares for his reputation and that of his mill."

"The worker who forgot the clock occupies a higher place, steady and conscientious still, esteemed alike by the men under him and by his employers, — a leader in industrial affairs, prosperous and helpful to others."

"To which class of workers do you belong?"

(This Article is one of a series — Be sure to read them all — "America First")

Publicity Association. Bulletin No. 110.

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I wish I could reproduce the picture so that the idea would be complete just as the capitalist who is paying for it, intended. I know there are thousands of workers who will be influenced by this picture and these ideas. More than the workers, who have had so much experience, will the children who read this propaganda sheet be influenced. The children whose minds are not so mature will see only the surface of the thing. They will be unable to philosophize about it as can men and women of mature minds. Now let us analyze this whole thing and see just what it means and what it is trying to accomplish.

The Beginning of Slavery.

In the beginning let us ask the question, "Why does a man get the habit of watching the clock?" This habit was undoubtedly born when one man began to work for another. (Before the era of clocks the slave watched the sun.) It grew as the capitalist system developed and as the employers, slave owners, began to bring the entire system to a scientific basis. The employer became very exact in his every method, and this extended to the men and they in turn began to be exact. I don't suppose the master or employer was ever very exacting about their putting work on time but he was always insisting that they be there at a particular time each morning. Naturally the men began to think about these things themselves, so they decided that if they went to work at a certain time they would also quit at a

certain time. Perfectly reasonable.

As industry became better organized an dmodern machinery took the place of the more primitive methods, this made necessary a greater amount of system. Once the worker was interested in his work. That was in the days when he was more than a cog in the machine, as he is at the present time. As his work became more simple, when it was reduced to a few simple movements then he began to lose interest in the work. Now he is interested only in his pay envelope, his hours, and the conditions under which he works. All of these things have been the last thoughts of the employer, and on the other hand the employer has thought of only one thing, and that is profits. He worked the men as long as they could stand and gave them as little as they could barely exist on. As far as safety was concerned he did nothing until he was compelled. He even worked tender little children in his mad rush for wealth taking no consideration as to the life or future of anyone or anything but his own pocket-book, and now he dares to criticize the man because he is not interested in his work.

This whole page is devoted to the interests of the master. Yes, I call you master, for that is exactly what you are and in your own laws to this very day you refer to yourself as a master. There will come a time when the worker will be interested in his work, but it will not be while you are in control of the great wealth producing factors of the world.

You dare to refer to your mill as "his mill." You know he does not share in its ownership or the management of it, so why do you say "his mill?" It is not the worker's mill. It is the master's mill.

You pose as the saint after all that you have tried to do to American labor. You who have watched the people walk the street looking for employment and at the same time were negotiating with steamship companies to bring other thousands to these shores so that you could get slaves cheaper, you dare in

the face of these facts, to complain about a man's watching the clock. This man had better watch you for you are the blood-sucker that has sucked his life of everything that is of interest. You are this very day trying to break the unions that he has developed for the purpose of protecting himself against you. You, who are rolling in wealth have the audacity to try to shame a man for watching the clock, who works for you a pittance.

Hypocritical praise.

On the other hand you laud the man who is industriously pursuing his task. If he would work two or three hours overtime occasionally and not charge you anything for it you would laud him still more. If he would refuse to join a union of his class you would praise him to the sky and picture him as an example for all working men. We know you and your dirty, soft-handed church methods; how you have paid priests and preachers all these years to preach contentment, and reward in heaven, to the slaves while you grew rich and powerful. Now you resort to the subtlest kind of propaganda in your kept press to try to delude them further. We are on your track and will act as an informer upon you. What do you say about us when we expose your subtle methods? Why, you want to organize mobs to hang us. You lie about us and do everything you can to poison people minds against us. You call us Anarchists, Socialists and Bolsheviks. You put us in prison and beat us for telling the people the truth. This is your record.

We welcome your propaganda however, for it gives us the opportunity to meet you and expose your lies and your false teachings. Labor must watch the clock. It must watch you; it must organize against you and when it is strong it must hurl you from power and become master itself. You have this to look forward to for it is coming. Your years are numbered. You have played with us long enough. You have rolled in wealth till you are weak and useless and now we will strike you and win our way to honor that you in your disgrace dare to mention to us. Honor can be expressed only in our struggle against you. To listen to your suggestions, your moralizing only brands us with

shame. We are against you. No longer will we listen to your talk about us getting together with you to make arrangements. We are at war with you, and the battle will not be over till we have won. We will reduce you to the ranks of workers yourselves before we are through. We will bring you down to the ditch and let you taste the struggle. Your hands will see the callouses that we have known so long. Your hearts will sink in weariness over the tasks that you will be made to perform. You have laughed at us long enough. We are aroused and now you can expect no mercy. All these years we have toiled and suffered and watched you parade in your arrogance, but now we will declare our manhood and raise the banner of freedom high. All your banners and all your creeds will be dragged in the dust; and if you dare oppose the cause of right and justice, you too will be trampled under our feet.

Which Class?

You ask, "To which class of workers do you belong?" I answer, we belong to the class that sees you in all your hideousness, all your grasping subtle plans, all your lies, all your poisonous hypocritical poses and we are watching the clock for the hour when we can hurl you from power and become masters of our own destiny. We belong to the class that is conscious of its position in society, and who are organizing everywhere to fight with you for the struggle for bread; for life. We are the class that throws back into you, face the precepts that are based upon privileges for only one part of the human race, and we place before you and the entire world a new social order based upon justice to all. The truths that we base our ideas upon will survive all your base attacks and they will live and become the watchwords of millions of crusaders. Yes, even now they can be heard around the world; you are already trembling for your safety and tomorrow you will be cast from power. We do not care for the patronizing of those who employ us; for we hate them. We will continue to hate them till the hour of our emancipation. We will measure men by one standard, do you hate the things that are and will you fight for the better things ahead? With that as our measure of manhood we will conquer all before us. We "watch the clock" for the hour of our emancipation from wage-slavery.

EXTRA! HERE'S A FREE SPEECH TOWN.

(Continued from page 1) an old time socialist, in charge of the defense. Trial by jury was waived, attorney Brooks relying solely upon the

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The Boss

By Katherine Fisher.

He was waiting, like me, on the station platform in a small Pennsylvania city for a train which was an hour late. He was about 40, solid-bodied, with a round face and brown eyes. A few questions about business and labor conditions in the place set him talking in a genial manner, at times comically at variance with his words. He employed 20 men, he told me, making plush for car seats.

"Business is good," he asserted, "and wages are good, but working people aren't grateful. Why, I gave all my men two days at Atlantic City—gave 'em \$15 apiece and paid 'em for a half-day Saturday, just the same as if they'd worked. Then I thought I'd see if they would be grateful enough to work hard enough to make up for that lost time. D'ye think they were? Not a man o' them."

"I believe in paying for a day's work if you get it. I raise my men's pay without their asking. They haven't asked to have it raised—but twice since I have been in business. But I'd die before I'd have a union in my shop. Anybody coming in my office and telling me how to run my business? Not me. It's just foreigners have these ideas. Americans are all right. Yes, I'm an American. My father was born in Ireland, but my mother was born here. They both worked in the mill. We were Catholic, but my father got Socialistic. He gave up his religion. He was an agitator—that's what he was. He didn't get ahead any. There were 13 mills in Philadelphia he couldn't work in. 'Stead o' saving his money he spent it—spent it trying to keep up with the Joneses, keeping us looking like the Joneses' kids, sending us to private school. When I went in business for myself I took him to work for me. And what d'you think he did? Went around agitating among my men. Told them they wasn't getting a square deal. My own father! I had to fire him. When he came to die he thought he was still a Socialist. I said to him, 'Father, do you know you're going to die and you know where you're going. Well, he come back into the church. They always do. They don't really believe that Socialist stuff. Everybody knows if a man's got brains he'll get ahead. If he hasn't got brains he don't deserve to get ahead. Most men have no brains."

legality phase of the matter. Loaded with "authorities", the defense waded into the case and soon riddled the opposition.

In summing up the evidence Judge Stransky said, "the evidence presented by the prosecution does not show that the defendant was the aggressor; on the other hand, the evidence introduced by the prosecution proves that the Mayor was the aggressor. Therefore, the Court finds the defendant 'not guilty' as charged, and the costs of the action are assessed against the City of Dixon."

"I'll be back to finish that speech when the weather gets warm," Owens told the Judge. "Oh, you go to hell," laughed His Honor.

Law and Order! We hear a lot about this subject these days. Law and Order! Law! Yes, we sure have plenty of law. We have damn little order, however. All we have is disorder. Would you call a great war order? Is lynching negroes, and even whites order? People are being killed and robbed by the thousand every year in this country. What kind of order do you call this?

"Your theory worked better," I interposed, "when industry was so organized that a man only had to get ahead of two of three or half a dozen to get to the top. Now, he has to get ahead of thousands. Are you satisfied with a system that allows only one in thousands to succeed?"

"Sure, I am. Lemme tell y', I went to work when I was 13. Every dollar I made I saved a quarter out of it. When I took a new job I says to the boss: 'Do I work where you see what I do?' That was my system. The more I did for the boss, providing he saw what I did, the better for me. I wouldn't work for no sub-boss. And I wouldn't work where I had to ask for a raise. Now, I say let my men lead to their work. I'll pay them, what's right."

"Who decides what is right?" "I do. Ain't my money running the business?"

"It couldn't be run without labor. And the workers think they ought to have some say about how much they shall have to support their families."

"It's awful what men expect these days. Take the steel industry. Ninety per cent of the costs is labor costs. Those steel workers get \$16 a day. And most of the stock is owned in one-share lots by the employes. And them agitators went in there and stirred 'em up. They'll be shot up or strung up if they try it again. If a man's got no brains he shouldn't marry. Now, when I started out for myself I said, 'I'll make \$30,000. I'll need that much to take care of my family right. But my wife isn't grateful. Nor my children. My wife wants to send my daughters to the convent. But I won't have it. For one thing I don't want them coming home knowing so much they can correct my grammar. The parochial school will do for them. Those convent sisters, though, are the best people on earth. They work for nothing—just for their living and God. There's nobody like 'em out in the world. Nobody's grateful. Listen. Lemme tell y'. When you hear about selling preferred stock to employes, it means the owner's getting out of business. That's what I'm doing. Leavin' it to 'em."

"And you're making as much as you can before you pull out?"

"You bet. I'm sick of it. But I'm going to have enough to take care of me and my family before I quit."

With all our thousands of policemen, detectives and soldiers we have less order than countries where there are less laws and fewer policemen. How can you have order in a country where millions of people cannot find work.

No we will never be completely satisfied. Of this I am quite sure. But still I am just as sure that a well fed, well clothed, well housed person is more completely satisfied than the fellow who only has a little food, an ugly suit, and a room. I am quite sure I'd be happier and better satisfied if I had a little bungalow and a garden. Its not for this so-called complete satisfaction that we are concerned with, but we insist on a much higher degree of satisfaction than we have at present.

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OUR LATEST VISITOR FROM RUSSIA TELLS OF SOVIET EXPERIENCES.

(Continued from page first.)

suffering. I think they must have suffered for generations. There simply is not enough food to feed all. The children and the soldiers are the only classes that are well taken care of." We were told that the children of all classes have everything and are in splendid health. What special care do the children of the workers in this country secure? None whatsoever!

Modeling the Communists.

The first one to sit for the sculptress was Zinoviev who was present in Moscow for a short time. He is president of the Petrograd Soviet and chairman of the Third International. We were told that the latter is an international workingmen's organization, which had it existed in 1914, would have perhaps prevented the world war and we would still have world peace. Zinoviev did not like the idea of being sculpted and was very fidgety and never sat still. The second sitter was Dzherjinsky, president of the Extraordinary Commission, which is more commonly referred to as the "Red Terror." He is a Pole, a recluse, an ascetic, a fanatic, a weird personage. He sat in perfect stillness. He was quiet as a Sphinx and with his small eyes appearing to be swimming in tears, a man of sorrow. I congratulated him on his stillness and he said: "Yes, one learns how to be still in prison — a quarter of my wife — eleven years — was spent there."

After several other Soviet officials had been sculpted, word came that Lenin had promised to sit on any Sunday. "Lenin does not work on Sunday and he is the only one that does not. Lenin takes the week-end off and goes shooting. Goodness knows what he shoots. Word came to me to go to his office. I went upstairs and several women secretaries pointed to a swinging door and said 'he is there.' I went in and discovered Lenin sitting at his desk, a heap of paper in front of him. Lenin said: 'I have no interest in art and I know nothing about it. I must go on with my work, so you must proceed with yours while I am engaged.' I tried to prevail upon him to stop work, but that first day he appeared to me to be a great thinking machine that did not wish to be disturbed. On the second day, however, he was more communicative and disclosed himself as most determined in his opinions.—As for me I think he regarded me as a person who barely justified her existence by working. When I told him that I work seven hours a day in England, he looked at me with apparently more approval."

After Lenin came Trotzky. "Outside Trotzky's office I found a soldier with a bayonet. I managed to get past him and found

Trotzky at a desk in a big bare room. Apparently he had promised to be amiable for I found him the most sympathetic of all leaders. He had an appreciation of art and literature and showed himself a many sided man of many moods. One day he talked seriously of politics. The next he discussed literature. Again he was as mischievous as a schoolboy."

Mrs. Sheridan related an experience with the Bolshevik war minister, escorting her home in his car after a late sitting. Most of her work was done at night. This episode deals with her return home at a time when all the population of Moscow had to be indoors after midnight. "We were stopped at the bridge by several soldiers. Of course I expected Trotzky to put his head out of the window and say in a lordly fashion: 'I am Trotzky, let me pass.' In fact I cried out to him to do so. But he said to me in effect: 'Shut up! I did and the man in the front seat produced an ordinary pass which permitted us to travel on. I realized then that while Trotzky was charming as a companion, he might not be a very safe escort."

Mrs. Sheridan Appreciated in England.

Not having been afforded the opportunity of seeing the 'heads,' the writer will quote from a letter from an English fellow-worker who had the opportunity of seeing Mrs. Sheridan's work. He writes: "I went to see the exhibition of sculpture by Mrs. Sheridan who for some months was in Moscow where she put into marble the Soviet leaders — besides learning a little of what they stand for. The result has been commotion in the bourgeois circle from which she comes, and a hail of delight from the workers at her splendid sculpture. The bust of Lenin was splendid. Before it was an everlasting queue of workers arriving to pay its homage. Trotzky, Zinoviev, Bukharin, Gorki were all there. When we left the hall we felt we had left behind the only friends this poor miserable world has. But the three hours spent running from one statuette to another, meeting the models in spirit, bathing in the wondrous personalities of these great men and women (there were several studies of women leaders and women schoolteachers, the builders of the coming commonwealth) were well worth the meager half-crown charged for admission. I came away thinking of an old legend in Greek Mythology of a Goddess, before whom only the true and noble might stand, since all others were stricken dead with the glory of her beauty. I wonder whether Churchill and Curzon went to the exhibition? And whether Churchill noticed that grim smile on Trotzky's face? Being of an artistic nature, he should have noticed also the splendid noble contours of Lenin's face, that genial smile and youthful enthusiasm of his face."