

WORKERS OF THE  
WORLD UNITE

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## MORE DETAILS OF LYNCHING COME TO LIGHT

Everetts, Returned Service Man, Leaving I. W. W. Hall When Attacked by Centralia Mob.

CENTRALIA, WASH.—Further facts coming to light regarding the lynching by a mob of Wesley Everetts on Nov. 11th, near this city, reveal that he was one of the occupants defending the I. W. W. Hall when the mob attacked it in front.

He succeeded in leaving the besieged building and had reached the next street when he was sighted and pursued. Perceiving that he was the object of violent intentions he turned and defended himself as best he could.

He was overpowered near the riverbank and kicked and stamped upon until all but senseless when he was dragged to the city jail where a rope was placed around his neck. At this juncture, Chief of Police Hughes is said to have drawn his gun in a bluffing manner saying: "The first man who drows that rope over the cross-arms of the telephone pole will be shot." The rope was thrown over but the Chief did not shoot.

Craftier council prevailing, the lynching was deferred until after dark, at the suggestion, some say of the Chief, the prosecutor or other official, the time then being about three o'clock in the afternoon.

Everetts, in a greatly weakened condition, was thrown back into the jail which became the center of a crowd of Legionaries and business men who swarmed into it and with no one interfering with their coming or going. It is certain that Everetts was in the midst of those who had possession of the jail and was badgered unmercifully in the evident effort to extort from him some confession which they desired.

At about 7 o'clock in the evening, pitch dark at this season, he was taken out of the jail, and with every light in the town extinguished was dragged in tow of an automobile to the river bridge. Here he was tortured for a time, but with his life spark dwindling lower and lower, he is said to have defied them to the last and repudiated their proffered confession. Whether hanged immediately before or following his death is not certainly known as those who tell of it were not close enough in to say.

A fifteen foot rope was tied about his neck and to a beam of the bridge from which he was hurled.

The body, totally divested of clothing save his shoes, from having been dragged by the automobile, was left dangling to the bridge all night, and throughout the night there came and went a succession of automobiles bearing mixed parties of men and women to view the gruesome spectacle. Cars were parked in a semicircle with their head-lights converging upon the dangling body of Wesley Everetts, another martyr of the social revolution!

Girls and young women were taken out on smutty adventures to view the naked body of the "dead wobbly."

In the morning the body was cut down, again dragged through the streets to the city jail and there dumped upon the floor in the corridor

## BABSON SAYS DE- PRESSION IS COMING.

Business Seer Tells Industrial Chiefs Everybody Will Slack Work Suddenly.

Captains and lieutenants of industry held their own forum Jan. 16, at Cleveland. The speaker was Roger Babson, founder and president of the Babson Statistical Organization, Wellesley Hills, Mass., who made three addresses before business men.

Mr. Babson addressed the Cleveland Advertising Club in its club rooms in Hotel Statler at noon on "America's Undeveloped Resources."

In the afternoon he spoke before 300 clients of his organization of business advisers on "The Labor Situation." For an hour Mr. Babson's clients asked questions on business and labor conditions. Some of the largest industries in Cleveland were among those seeking advice.

Mr. Babson is a business seer. In 1913 a man in his organization predicted a general war would presently start in Austria.

Mr. Babson does his forecasting from statistics, plotted in curves which rise and fall like the silhouette of lunar mountains. He spreads out his pictures of what has happened for him to project the curves of the present into the future.

"The clock is likely to strike 12 in the fall of this year or the spring of next," he said. "The next period of depression won't be from overproduction or banking conditions, as in the past, but the thief will come in another way."

"The present period of prosperity will be brought to a close through psychological or spiritual reasons. More and more people are slacking on the oars of production. Some morning we shall find everybody slacking at once."

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in plain sight of nine other prisoners, occupants of the Hall, who had been overpowered while defending it. The corpse of Everetts with its torn and mangled flesh and the horribly mutilated neck around which the noose still clung was placed there in the view of his comrades to break down their spirit. The other prisoners were then taken out singly, as if to be lynched, and told they would get the same as Everetts, if they did not make a certain confession dictated by the mobsters in possession of the jail.

The program was followed for two whole days the remaining prisoners being in each instance given to understand that those removed had actually met the fate of Everetts, until only one remained.

The exquisite mental torture may better be imagined as worthy of Torquemada.

In the end four men held on suspicion of being I. W. W. were removed and compelled to dig a grave and bury what remained of Wesley Everetts, at a spot that will be for ever hallowed by a memory among workers of his supreme sacrifice for a better world.

(All money and funds for aid in the Centralia Defense should be forwarded to George Williams, 318 North Wyoming St., Butte, Mont.)

## A LETTER FROM ELLIS ISLAND

TO THE COMRADES OUTSIDE THE "ISLAND OF TEARS":—

Here upon the so called "Island of Tears" are gathered hundreds of soldiers of the proletariat army from all parts of the United States and of many nationalities. What fate we are going to meet we do not yet know. But we do know that we have earned the most bitter enmity of the representatives of the existing order and that all means will be used to try to make us harmless to capitalism.

We are ready for anything and everything. We are ready to carry on the struggle against international capitalism to the finish. According to the United States constitution, every person has the right of consultation with his attorney before testifying. This right has been denied us and so we are answering the persecutors with a silence strike. In other words, we refuse to talk, or give answer to any question. With this we are trying to demonstrate to the workers that there is no democracy in the United States for the working class. A glorious spirit prevails among us. The icy waves, splashing around our prison walls do not weaken our courage, nor do the ruling class agents. Our courage in fact has been strengthened by this new experience.

Twice every day we walk in the open air. Ranks are formed. Comrades experienced in the art of soldiering instruct us how to march and manoeuvre. Undoubtedly the government agents consider us a veritable army, real soldiers of the revolution.

The time "inside" is taken up by sports and discussions. As often as possible concerts are arranged for the evenings, for we have amongst our number good talent, some professional actors and musicians. International and other revolutionizing songs are sung.

We call upon the comrades on the outside to do all in their power to solidify their ranks. Do not worry about us. Do not waste much means in our defense. The great majority of us have admitted we are Communists. Our plans are decided. We are refusing individual defense. We demand to be tried as a mass and is Communists who do not deny their principles.

Your duty on the outside is tremendously large. Yet you must face the enemy and battle until victory is yours.

And so we demand that you must do everything to unite the Communist Parties immediately. We, here on Ellis Island, regardless of which of the two Parties we belong to, are only Communists. If there are leaders amongst you who stand against unity, push them aside. He who still propagates this unnecessary spite is not worthy to be named Communist. Do not spare your energies and determination in the propagation of our principles. May the workers soon establish their own rule in the United States. May the Revolution soon be a consummated fact. Down with capitalism. Long live the workers international!

Signed

LETTISH GROUP OF COMMUNISTS.

Ellis Island, Jan. 13th, 1920.

## Dollars Needed FOR Baker's Defense!

Charles Baker, organizer for the Communist Labor Party, has been arrested, and is charged with violation of the Lever Act, by interfering with the operation of the coal mines in the state of Kansas.

Baker defended the miners in the recent coal strike. For this, he is now indicted and out on bonds approximating nearly \$70,000. He will be tried in the Kansas courts in February.

Money is needed NOW for his defense. Baker has always stood by the workers. Now the workers must stand by him. Let your dollars work for freedom for Chas. Baker. Send all remittances to

The Communist Labor Party of Ohio.  
3207 Clark Ave. Cleveland, O.



Remember!

DEFEND  
those who have stood by you

## KERENSKY RE- VIEW RUSSIAN AFFAIRS.

LONDON — France, England and the United States, shocked by the gigantic "steamroller successes" of the Soviet armies throughout Russia, are "merely reaping inevitable results of their pernicious policy of aiding monarchists and other enemies of Democracy since the armistice."

Alexander Kerenski, former premier of Russia and at one time the idol of his home country and the hope of the allied powers, gave vent to his feelings in the above fashion. And he added that the Bolsheviks would continue "to interfere in Russia's internal affairs."

Kerenski is now residing in semi-seclusion in the heart of the picturesque Kentish Hills, near Turnbridge. He is rapidly regaining the health he dissipated during his brief and hectic hour of world fame. Virile, mentally alert and still retaining much of the magnetic personality responsible for his meteoric career, Kerenski lives in anticipation of the near future, when he hopes to resume his crusade for his country's regeneration. He realizes his mistakes of the past, dream-fabric that opportunity once more will knock at his door.

Kerenski Realizes Mistakes.

He realizes his mistakes of the past, chafing at delays and obstacles of the present and looking optimistically toward the future. He is surrounded by a group of the intellectuals and who are now middle of the readers, not radical enough for the Soviets, not conservative enough for the monarchists and despising both.

"Russia," said Kerenski, "is enduring Bolshevism and the ultra-radical members of the Left in order to escape the equally dark monarchistic representatives of the Right. I predicted 18 months ago that this would be the inevitable aftermath of the scheming intriguing European governments interfering in Russia's internal affairs."

"The declarations of Lloyd George and Premier Clemenceau that they would not aid the monarchists was commendable," said Kerenski, "but so far they are merely empty words."

"Statesmen well versed in politics," he added, "believe speech was given man the better to conceal his intentions when preferring no publicity on the work he does in the dark."

Bitter Against French and British.

He declared that Russian Democrats are the most bitter against the French and British. He expressed his disappointment in America, which, he said, "alone would be able to frustrate the Japanese and Allied design."

Boris Bakhmeteff, who now occupies the Russian Embassy at Washington and apparently accepted as the Russian spokesman there, Kerenski declared to be no representative of Russia but merely one who is now accepting orders from Kolchak, "the same as he would from any other who may follow."

Kerenski said he was not surprised at the anti-Ally demonstrations in Vladivostok and other Siberian cities.

"I am most concerned about Secretary Lansing's purported acquiescence to give Japan a free hand in Siberia," he said. "I am hoping that is untrue, because it is not right and would be most dangerous for the future peace of Russia, China, and the United States."

"Acquisition of the coal and iron deposits in Siberia would make the Japanese economically independent and enable them to carry on an imperialistic program which would make a potential enemy of democracy and an ever-growing menace to civilization."

The Akron Rubber factories have Schools where their Salesmen are taught efficiency. Efficiency to make money of course. One of them carried it to its logical conclusion by robbing a blind Newspaper Vendor of his receipts in Worcester, Mass., according to the Akron papers.

Victor Berger is out under \$145,000 bail for making a Socialist Speech, the Saloonkeeper in Chicopee Falls, Mass. who sold the liquor that killed 33 people there is out under \$10,000 bail.

## THE SPIRIT OF MID-WESTERN LABOR

— By SCOTT NEARING.

"Patchwork" is the word that best describes the labor situation in the middle west. From the highly organized miners of Illinois to the anarchic conditions of the Mesaba range; from union towns like Toledo and Cleveland to cities such as Akron, Rockford and Gary, in which the unions claim less than 10 per cent of the workers, there are all degrees of labor strength and of labor opinion. The mid-western labor movement is far from homogeneous. Its feelings have not been formulated. It reflects the chaos of a vast territory, divergent nationalities, conflicting industrial policies, and a movement that has not yet come to itself.

No man and no organization in the middle west is in a position to speak the sentiment of labor, because no crystallization of labor sentiment has taken place. The workers themselves are groping. They do not know where they are or what they want.

Recent events like the steel strike, the coal strike and the convention of the Labor party are straws that suggest the drift of labor opinion. All three events raised novel issues. The steel strike represented an effort, by an organizing genius, to unite on a national scale 20-odd old line American Federation of Labor organizations in a common cause against the common enemy—the steel corporation.

The coal strike placed the most powerful international union of the United States in direct conflict with the federal government over the right to strike. The Labor party convention—directed by the Chicago Federation of Labor—was held in the teeth of the Gompers' opposition. These three events mark the advance of the labor movement into unexplored territory, were reasonably fair tests of labor's attitude.

The most pronounced feature of these events is the passing of the old leaders, those who have forgotten how to follow rank and file opinion. To use Lloyd George's phrase: "Wherever these leaders turn, they find themselves in the fog." Evidence of their inability to grapple with the situation crops up again and again. During the tense hours when the officials of the Mine Workers were debating whether they should obey the injunction, Lewis, flustered and upset, exclaimed: "We haven't a chance! Public sentiment is 100 per cent against us. Even organized labor isn't for us. We are standing alone!"

A similar point of view was stated by one of the leaders of the steel strike who was commenting on labor's prospect. His face relaxed; his eyes grew weary, almost dim: "They have us on the run," he said bitterly, "and I don't see when we are going to be able to stop running." Neither guess was anywhere near the truth. There was ample public sentiment and a well nigh universal labor sentiment behind both strikes.

The labor group to which the steel strike leader referred was not on the run, quite the contrary, the men were fighting with their backs to the wall. Neither leader understood. Both felt the isolation that comes with passing power. Both had developed a complex of inferiority that, in a leader, presages a speedy downfall.

The uncertainty in the minds of the leaders was even more pronounced at the Labor party convention. Men upon whom the promoters of the convention were depending to strike a keynote, seemed stunned and dazed. For the most part, their speeches consisted of denunciation of the type that was heard in labor conventions during the late nineties. They protested and complained, crying out with the anguish of children who have been punished for something they have not done. At intervals they stumbled on some thought that met with an unexpected response from the delegates, as when Chairman Hayes, in the course of his remarks said: "We want America for the Americans (scattering applause). We want Russia for the Russians. (Mad enthusiasm. Hats thrown into the air. Delegates on their feet, wildly cheering.) We want Mexico for the Mexicans. (Another outburst.)" The speaker was evidently as much surprised as though he had unearthed an explosive shell in his backyard. There were few Russians in the room, and no Mexicans. The

speaker had no reason to suppose that he was appealing to any special interest when he made the chance remark which proved to be the event of his speech.

Quite different was the feeling of the rank and file at the convention. Among the delegates there were no international union officials. There were but few "labor politicians." Most of the men were direct from the pit and the bench. The convention looked like a district gathering of the United Mine Workers. Few of the delegates had ever attended a convention before. They were there for business, and they took the convention as one of the serious events of their lives, reflecting the same grim determination that was shown by the miners after Judge Anderson had ordered them back into the mines. They came to the sessions regularly and conscientiously; they took an active part in the discussions; they followed the debate carefully; it was as easy to get a thunderous "no" on a vote as it was to have an uproarious "yes". The delegates meant business and they discussed and voted with a vim.

The convention was typical of the spirit that is growing among the workers in the middle west. Many of the delegates came to this December meeting with sweaters instead of overcoats. Some wore the hats in which they were accustomed to work. They left their jobs and reduced the size of their pay envelopes in order to speak for their shopmates. There was scarcely a hand in the convention hall that had not a hard, rough palm.

The mid-western cities—particularly the larger ones—are filled with cross currents of agitation and propaganda. Those foreigners who speak broken English are cowed and very bitter. Few of them will come out to meetings or take any part in public activities. They fear raids and arrests, but they do not hesitate to express themselves in private. Among the American born, there is a restless, impatient spirit—a lack of interest in work; a desire to go somewhere and forget. Movies are crowded. Theaters are filled. Anything that promises a change is followed with eager haste, and then dropped as soon as it fails to meet the demand of an insatiable appetite for "something doing."

At Gary, where a little knot of the faithful have stood out for weeks against the combined pressure of the civil and military authorities and the economic power of the steel corporation, there is no longer any hope of winning the strike, but there is a futuristic earnestness, a spirit of solidarity and a promise of results "the next time."

The rank and file of the miners were not worried by the injunction. They are as accustomed to injunctions as they are to strikes. They did not return to work when they were ordered back at the behest of the court. They did not go back, in many cases, even when the 14 per cent settlement was made. Many of them feel that they have been victimized by the authorities; they are convinced that they have been "sold out" by their own leaders. They are in no frame of mind for either compromise or arbitration.

The rank and file of the workers in the middle west are not radicals. Far from it! They are not joining the I. W. W., the Socialist movement, or even the Labor party in great numbers. They are determined to stand by the institutions of the United States—at least for the present, but they are not "100 per cent Americans." They are puzzled and a little frightened; they are not sure of the next step, but of two things they seem convinced—first, that the economic and social rigors of the present society have become well-nigh intolerable; and, second, that the men who are at present vested with the title of "labor leaders" are not leading labor. Thus the members of the rank and file are left to shift for themselves. That they are learning the lesson rapidly is indicated by the bitter struggles between the conservative and radical factions in local labor groups throughout the middle west.

The middle west contains the germs of working class action—drastic and even revolutionary in character. Glenn

Continued on page 4.)

## THE ANTICS OF JUDICIAL MONKEYS.

Perhaps the worst instance of ludicrous comedy in the annals of mock Justice so noticeable of late in the courts of the state of Washington, is the temporary injunction issued by Judge (???) Webster of Spokane. This injunction is issued against 65 persons of Spokane County restraining them from participation in the I. W. W. or any part thereof.

An injunction against people prohibiting them from belonging to an organization of their choice.

Think of it. Enough to bring a cackle from the lips of every dead tyrant. A huge satire on the Constitution and an insult to the intelligence of humanity. Here is proof positive that Justice is as dead as a smoked mackerel in the court over which this Webster presides. It is enough to jar one loose from his reason when he contemplates to what ends these characters will go. For if a Judge can restrain 65 from doing certain things why can't he restrain 65,000 or 65,000,000? He can and will, because this judicial imbecile is not restraining individuals so much as he is suppressing ideas, and the growth of the idea will determine with him how many people to enjoin.

However, as much cause as there is for gloomy pessimism in the contemplation of such a step by a so-called judge, yet we know that Labor will go on, amused not a little later on at the recollections of the ludicrous antics of the judicial monkeys of today.



# THE LABOR STRUGGLE HERE AND EVERYWHERE.

(By the Federated Press.)

## Working Class Must Forge New Weapons

GLASGOW, Scotland.—Jerome K. Jerome, noted British author and publicist, now special contributor to the Liberal organ "Common Sense" of London, in a recent address to the Socialists of Glasgow expressed the deliberate opinion that parliament is played out, and that "parliament was never meant to serve the common people." Said Mr. Jerome in part:

"Members of parliament do not represent the people but a party, and the people have no control over them. Mr. Lloyd George can do what he likes, and will hand out jobs as baits to labor leaders whenever he wants to appeal to the country. Recent bye-elections showed that the people were crazy to get rid of the present government yet it smiled at these signs and held on.

"It might be that by an accident labor might attain a parliamentary majority; the press might, as a trick, permit of a labor government as an awful example. But what would happen then? It would go down in a week of reaction, or what is worse, it would give way to middleclass ideals.

"Let labor look at France, with its plutocracy, and let them remember that Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Chamberlain went into parliament as people's men.

"What has killed kings, however, will also kill parliaments when they prove unfaithful to their trust.

"Parliament was never meant to serve the common people, and a labor government would simply find itself hedged around by the monied interests imposed by the forces of capitalism. Parliamentary government was fashioned by the commercial classes to secure themselves against feudalism. It was not designed to enable the working classes to emancipate themselves. The working classes will have to forge their own instruments of government."

## Roumanians Boycotted Elections.

BUCHAREST.—Seventy per cent of the people of Roumania boycotted the government during the legislative elections by refusing to vote. The Socialist party, the Unionist party, the League of People and all the subject nationalities, numbering about 420,000 citizens, withdrew their candidates and their ballots in protest against the absolutist government.

The government aided in suppressing the labor vote by excluding 400,000 men, most of them union members, because they were "still considered mobilized," and in neglecting to register 300,000 others.

In spite of the fact that only 30 per cent of the people voted, the Liberals, who were the real masters of the government, suffered a humiliating set-back and elected only 100 members. Seven Socialists were elected, in spite of the fact that the party members had all refused to vote.

## RUSSIA TO SOVIET CONGRESS

MOSCOW.—The following notification has been issued from the Moscow wireless station:

The All-Russian Central Executive Committee has decided to grant admission to the Seventh Congress of the Soviets of Russia in an advisory capacity to representatives of all those parties who have decreed the mobilization of their members for the defence of the Soviet Republic.

These parties are: The Russian Communist party, Ukrainian Bolshevik Communist party, Menshevik Social Democratic party, Revolutionary Communist party, Internationalist Social Democratic party, The "Bund," Ukrainian Borotbisti party, Ukrainian Social Revolutionary party of the Left, the dissident fraction of the Social Revolutionary party, "Poale Sion" party, and the League of Maximalist Social Revolutionaries.

Each of the above named organizations will be allowed to send two or three representatives to the Congress.

## MILLIONAIRE LIST GROWS 2,000 A YEAR

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Twenty thousand persons in the United States are now rated as millionaires, income tax reports show.

The millionaire class includes all persons whose incomes for the calendar year are at least \$50,000, or five per cent of \$1,000,000. This, of course includes some high salaried executives whose private fortunes do not total \$1,000,000.

The millionaire class, as computed, however, also includes many persons whose incomes are well above \$1,000,000 a year. Thus, for the last full year for which reports are available, 67

persons paid taxes on incomes ranging from \$1,000,000 to \$1,500,000 a year. The average tax paid by these persons for the year was \$249,948.

In the calendar year of 1913 approximately 7,500; in 1917 there were 19,103. During the four war years more than 12,000 new millionaires were created.

## SIGN OF THE TIMES

A laborer in Seattle aged 40 offered to sell his Interstitial Glands for \$20,000, and then expected to pick up a poor set for \$5,000, and thereby be \$15,000 to the good. This must have been his last resort after having failed every other way to make money honestly.

## WORKERS NOTICE.

It has come to the attention of the Christian Science Monitor (Boston) through the London Daily Herald, that the monkeys that are used on the Island of Sumatra to pick the coconuts out of reach of the human being in the tops of the trees, that they consistently refuse to work overtime. They come down promptly at 4 o'clock every afternoon says the Monitor and no threats, promises of bonus or entreaties will induce them to pick one single nut more. This surely should be copied by many American workers, because they are not the recipients of Surplus value, the monkey knows it, why don't we know it? Monkey-sense will take its place alongside of Horse-sense.

MEXICO CITY, D. F.—Another appeal has been issued by the Communist party of Mexico to American comrades, calling for a general strike in case of war between the two countries.

The appeal says: "The scattered bandit tribes do not cause one-millionth part of the suffering that another war would cause.

"It has been proved that most of these bandits are either supported by foreign financial interests who want 'banditry' as an excuse for intervention in Mexico, or else buy their guns from other foreign interests that are willing to coin profits out of the atrocities of thugs and thieves.

"The Mexican proletariat has no problems that the Mexican proletariat cannot solve. Alone and unaided, it overthrew the modern Nero, Porfirio Diaz, and wrote a liberal constitution. Alone and unmolested by alien armies, it can rise above the impediments left by 300 years of bondage."

LONDON.—A movement has been launched for an ex-soldiers' International—organization in which the ex-soldiers of all the belligerent countries "shall unite to bury national animosities, and to proclaim the reconciliation of the peoples in an imposing manifestation denouncing war." The initiative for the movement comes from France, belying the common belief that every French soldier entertains vindictive hatred for the Germans.

After the war, a few wounded French soldiers started the Republican Association of Ex-Soldiers. It is now one of the strongest bases of internationalism in France, and although its membership is only 100,000, its influence has been enormous.

Upon the invitation of this organization issued by Raymond Lefebvre, its vice-president, British, Italian and other ex-soldiers' national organizations are joining into a great body. An international conference will be called as soon as organization is complete.

MOSCOW.—Only one case of cholera has been reported in Russia. In Petrograd since June 15 as the result of a vigorous campaign against the scourge made by the commissar of public health, vaccination has been made obligatory in the red army.

MOSCOW.—Upon the suggestion of the workers, the Moscow soviet has constructed a model town for workers in the outskirts of the city. A considerable number of four-family apartments have been built, each with a vegetable garden.

## WE WILL DEDICATE OUR WORK

To the memory of those were slain at Everett, at Wheatland and Butte; at Calumet and Cabin Creek and Centralia.

To the memory of comrades, wives and children who fell at Ludlow.

To the comrades who are buried in federal prisons, because they were found to be unpurchasable by the money power.

To their wives, mothers and children, who are bravely bearing their burden of sorrow.

Hope on—fight on: calumny, prisons and death have been met, and must still be met. But we are ever

# GALILEO AND DEBS.

Galileo was one of the great geniuses of all time. He devoted his life to a search for truth and the spreading of new light among his fellow men. He died a martyr to his convictions, broken in health and spirit under the iron heel of tyranny. The ruling class of that day made him a victim of the inquisition, because he said the earth moved around the sun! It was only a few hundred years ago.

Nothing exemplifies the all round genius of Galileo better than his invention of the telescope. Word reached him in Italy that a Dutch spectacle-maker had invented an instrument that would make objects look larger and nearer than they really were. Without any further information Galileo thought the matter over and decided that such an instrument could be made by a series of glass lenses. With his own hands he set to work and produced a telescope that would magnify double. He kept on perfecting his invention till he made instruments that would magnify 32 or more times.

With these telescopes Galileo added to our knowledge of the stars more practical discoveries than perhaps any other man who ever lived. He saw that Venus and other planets were not round like the fixed stars, but changed their appearance from crescent to full like the moon at different times. This and other discoveries of his was convincing proof that the planets revolved round the sun.

Now in those days the church wielded temporal as well as spiritual power. It controlled the government as well as religion. And the church had always taught that the earth was the center of the Universe. So when Galileo made propaganda of his scientific discoveries and in books and lectures tried to tell the people that the earth moved, he was arrested for teaching ideas that differed from those of the ruling class, and finally was made a prisoner of the inquisition. Like Debs he was an old man when thrown into prison, broken in health. Unlike Debs, however, Galileo's sentence broke his spirit and he died a wretched old man. The ruling class did everything to discredit and vilify him. He was a devout Catholic, but the church refused him burial in consecrated ground. At this because he said the earth moves round the sun.

There is much evidence to show that the ruling class understood the truth of Galileo's discoveries and precepts. But they were afraid to have the people told the truth. Just as the educated ruling class today study Socialism and understand its truths, but try to crush it because it would turn the people against their rule and special privileges. There is ample evidence in the speeches and writings of our last three presidents, Wilson, Taft and Roosevelt, that it is not thru ignorance that they have opposed Socialism. It was because the church knew that Galileo had convincing proof of his propaganda and would win the people to his side that they imprisoned him. The danger of astronomical discoveries lay chiefly, indeed, in their truth. Just as today the "danger" of Socialism, the "menace" of Bolshevism, lie in their economic truths. The rulers well understand this, but because the truth would endanger their class rule, they try to keep it from the people by imprisoning and vilifying those who try to enlighten the masses. The church has long since paid the penalty of making Galileo a martyr to his convictions. In trying to keep scientific truths from the people, by persecuting Galileo and hundreds of others, the church only discredited itself, and has fallen from its once high estate when it ruled supreme over the larger part of Europe. Will our martyrs of today be similarly vindicated? Will Debs, like Galileo, come into his own and go down in history as a great preacher of new truth and enlightenment? Will posterity laugh at Wilson and Taft and Roosevelt for persecuting and vilifying Socialists today, just as we laugh at the potentates of three centuries ago for persecuting and vilifying Galileo for teaching astronomical truths that endangered the power of the ruling class, just as Debs stands for economic truths that are "dangerous" to capitalism. In the end the people insist on their right to know about scientific truths and everyone today understands that the earth revolves round the sun." Will the people today insist upon their right to hear what Debs and Socialism has to teach them? It is certainly a supreme insult for any government to tell the working class what they shall not read, whom they shall not hear speak. No free people should stand for such indignity.

Perley Doe.

drawing nearer the Justice and Liberty that is on goal.

J. C. C.

# FIT TO GOVERN.

By Anise

Over in England

Winston Churchill

Was getting WORRIED,

For district after district

In little by-elections

Was choosing

LABOR MEN!

And even the big newspapers

With their keen noses

For POWER

Were swinging round to Labor,

So Winston

Thought it his DUTY

To WARN the nation:

"Beware," said he:

"Be not stampeded

Into a labor dictatorship,

Now at the moment when Labor

Is LEAST FITTED

For the responsibilities

Of government!"

Well, it seems that Winston

Wasn't exactly the person

To make that little speech,

For a bitter cry arose

From the Labor Journals:

"WHO is this VETERAN

Of GALLIPOLI

And Antwerp

And Cambrai,

To talk of FITNESS

To GOVERN?"

And at those words

The hearts of women

All over the land

Called out

For their LOST SONS,

And the cold anger of men

Who had seen comrades

On the hot, pest-ridden coast

Slaughtered USELESSLY

For a mistake—

Turned against Churchill

For the BLUNDERING

And the MUDDLING

That wasted the youth

Of England.

And thus

Are men's hearts turning

All over the world,

Not against ONE

Mistaken battle,

But against a whole

Mistaken SYSTEM

Of MANY battles;

Not against Churchill only,

But against ALL

Of Churchill's BREED,

The statesmen of earth

Sitting in high places

Playing their game of power

They who have WRECKED

A civilization

And BANKRUPTED a continent

They who plunged into hell

Whole PEOPLES,

By their ambition

And brainless muddling,

But who still have the nerve,

To talk loftily

Of fitness to GOVERN,

Instead of slinking away

And hiding in shame

At the DESOLATION

They have made.

# THE FUNERAL OF GENERAL NIKOLAYEV.

The Red General, Formerly a Tsarist General, Was Hanged by the White Guards in Yamburg.

General Nikolayev, who, during the capture of Yamburg, was hanged by the Whites, was solemnly buried on October 5th by Red Petrograd. He, formerly a general in the army of the Tsar, was, according to the papers in Petrograd, one of the first to enter the command of the Red Army, and took over the command of the Xth division. The hangmen of the White army could not forgive him for that and he fell as the first victim of the White Terror in Yamburg. The Soviet of Petrograd sent two representatives to call for the body in Yamburg. Eye witnesses report that after Yamburg was taken, General Nikolayev was the first one to be hanged. "They are murdering me but the idea of the Communists cannot be murdered," were his last words.

The whole of Red Petrograd participated in the funeral, October 5th. All troop detachments and all organizations of the city assembled with standards and bands at the War Commissariat, where the coffin stood, covered with beautiful wreaths, in the decorated room. The coffin was carried on t amid the firing of salutes and the singing of revolutionary songs. Zinoviev made a short farewell speech. "Today," he said, "we bury the fallen hero Nikolayev. In this for us so heavy and dangerous time, he gave his knowledge, his

power, and finally his life in defense of the cause of labor. He was a general from the old time but this did not prevent him from entering the Red Army as a leader and defender of the Socialist Republic. His enemies hated him for this. It even seemed that the bullet was too good for him, and they killed him, this old fighter, with a rope.

"He died as a hero. He seriously believed in the cause that he defended. The land owners and lackeys of the old time besought him to enter the ranks on their side and promised him great advantages, but he rejected their offers and preferred this heroic death.

"His act will not be forgotten. His name will shine as a star to coming generations. Our whole army and republic uncovers its head in his memory. His memory will shine forever. Let us follow in his steps. May every fighter in our army be willing to follow his example and may there be many men like him amongst us.

"Praised be he, who gave his energy and his life for the cause of the workers and the peasants. Long live our Red Army and our victory."

The Red hero was buried, according to the wishes of his family, in a small obscure workers' cemetery, that belonging to a china factory—thousands of Red soldiers and citizens accompanied him to his last resting place.

Thus Soviet Russia honors the officers and generals, who serve and fight for the great cause of Socialism and the proletariat.

# The Black Sheep

CHAPT. XIV.

Sunday Mornig (continued.)

Jack sat on the edge of his bed swinging his legs and stroking the fuzz on his chin. His mind was ingrossed with the things Collins had told him regarding the ancient labor unions. It was all so different from what he had been taught by his parents and the dominie concerning the origin of Christianity. And yet, Collins gave him by far the more reasonable explanation. It had originated in the needs of the poor; it was the answer to the soul's cry for liberty; to its longing for a greater scope of self expression. No wonder, that the Bible said of Christ "the poor heard him gladly." He thought of the text that said, "Those that sat in darkness saw a great light" and again "Stand ye in the freedom with which Christ has made you free, and be not again taken with the yoke of bondage." These and other thoughts were racing thru the boys brain. At last he asked, "I say Collins do you really believe that there is such a thing as a personal God?"

"No," the other answered, "intelligent people do not entertain that idea now. Gods are only personifications of man's desires. Devils are the personification of his fears. His religion, and by that I mean his church affiliations represent his class position in society or rather the social phase of it. Church membership for a working man simply advertises his stupidity."

"You must admit that the churches are becoming more liberal," Rudolph suggested; "they no longer teach their ancient superstitions, such as a brimstone hell and the six day creation and all that old junk. The preachers are becoming civilized."

"You mean they are becoming extinct," Collins retorted, "when science enters a church that is the first sign of its mortification. Remember the church has a two fold purpose, the first is to act as a show window for the wearing apparel on the backs of the female parasites, and the second is, to act as a chloroform cap for the workers. The workers and their masters do not go to the same church building; they go to churches of the same denomination. They sing from the same hymn books; they read selected passages from the same Bible; that keeps up the delusion of the identity of interests. The only difference is that the preacher in the rich man's church praises his pew renters for their benevolence, while in the poor man's church the preacher tells his victims to be contented with their lot and not read socialist literature.

"There are very few churches exclusively dedicated to the workers. Capitalism has learned to chloroform them in mass by means of revivalists. These devils hand out the bunk as of yore. Hell for those who dare to think for themselves and 'pie in the sky' for those who swallow what they dish out. They teach entirely a negative attitude toward life. It consists of a long series of don'ts. It may be summed up like this don't think, don't strike, don't covet, don't swear, don't drink, don't smoke, don't do anything your manhood bids you do, and great shall be your reward."

"But the workers are getting away from it," Rudolph argued. "That is the way it appears to you. Remember that you look at things from a different view point. You were raised in a ghetto, where your body was starved for bread, but your mind was fed with truth. You were raised in a radical, I might say revolutionary environment. It is different with me. I was raised on the nitrous oxide of damnation, and on the morphine of gold standard bliss. Only last summer I wandered into a Gypsy Smith meeting and there I saw Mr. Block and Henry crying to the skies for salvation. They were singing their 'heads off,' apparently very happy over the prospect of getting their surplus value when the worms have had a barbaque on their carcasses."

"Still you seem to believe in the moral power of the church," Rudolph said. "You favor prohibition, that is a typical church reform."

"Yes I favor prohibition," Collins replied, "simply because it will force some of the boys to remain sober long enough to get a chance to use their heads. Booze befuddles the intellect; it renders it incapable of absorbing intelligence. The church never favored prohibition until drunkenness became a menace to machine industry, especially railway transportation. A person did not like the idea of being ushered into the glories of heavens as the result of carelessness on the part of a drunken engineer. Take it from me, fellows, prohibition will be forced on the people as soon as capitalism starts a war big enuf to produce a real scarcity of workers. When production will depend on the personal efficiency and endurance of the workers, then

the masters will see to it that there is no booze to be had.

We must give the capitalist credit for being long headed where their personal interests are concerned. They take pains to prepare the public mind for a necessary change to their interests. That is why they are sending out sky pilots and temperance workers to preach sobriety. They know that sobriety will be needed when workers shall have been made scarce. It works on the same principle on which they use missionaries. We all know that missionaries are sent into so called heathen countries for two purposes, to educate the heathen in the use of american manufactured articles, so as to expand the market for them, and second to fool with the heathen's religion which will naturally make him sore so that he will either kill or hurt the missionary. This then makes the excuse for sending over an army and enslaving the heathen—for his own good of course. The surplus value so acquired, is naturally not in the reckoning.

"Now I do not say that all missionaries are conscious of this when they go. A fool does not need consciousness. Gods move in mysterious ways thru the halls of the chambers of commerce. But very often the missionary does know and acts upon his knowledge. The Hawaiian Islands are a case in point. The natives loathe the very name of missionary, because these sanctimonious devils stole nearly everything the natives had and then sold out the country to legalize their crimes."

"The ass knoweth the crib of his master," Jack quoted, "and the preacher knoweth the source of his income. It is never from on high but sometimes from higher up."

"You know it," agreed Collins. "Material interest is at the bottom of it all. All is governed by it with the exception of the working class. They often seem to act against it."

Jack suggested that there was a good reason for this singular phenomenon. Said he, "it is doubtless due to the fact that labor has been bored to slavery; they are domesticated animals whose life habits no longer conform to their personal requirements but rather to the requirements of the masters of the world. They have been specially selected for slavery and of them is sheer folly. Of course I may be mistaken, in fact I hope I am mistaken, but I recognize in such men as George and Herman, Rudolph and yourself nothing but unfavorable variations. We belong neither to the master or the slave class with the result that we are hated by the one and suspected by the other."

"Unfavorable variations are doomed to extinction," suggested Rudolph. "That is quiet true when they are unfavorable to the natural environment. Thruout the ages the rebel types have died childless; that is why they are not more numerous. But capitalism develops the world's markets, and educates the world's peoples in the like this don't think, don't strike, don't covet, don't swear, don't drink, don't smoke, don't do anything your manhood bids you do, and great shall be your reward."

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"Perhaps not and yet I cannot accept your view in its totality. It appears to me that the church is a molding force, rather than a force that is molded. Think of her power during the middle ages," said the boy.

"When she was a property institu-

(Continued on page 4)



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## WHO IS AFRAID?

The hurricane has already spent its fury. The storm swept across the country and gathering up in its whirling arms a few thousand alleged "reds", it has swept them into (and mostly out of) prison, where they were rated, thumb marked, photographed and some probably will be deported. Rising without warning except in a few localities, where the tip was somehow given, the nation woke up one morning to the fact that it had been "raided". The newspapers followed with volleys of lurid "news" of terrors that would be visited upon the offending "radicals". They kept it up as long as there was a hair to hang a "red" story by.

Somehow or other, no one seemed to get very excited. A sense of disgust seemed to pervade the general atmosphere which was directed at the government's alleged drive at radicalism. The public is becoming used to ponderous publicity campaigns for one thing and another. It is sufficiently fed up on such that it no longer waxes delirious over artificial and trumped up governmental campaigns, especially when directed apparently at the political rights of citizens. So much of repression was accomplished by the government agencies during the war, people hoped for a cessation when the armistice was signed, only to be disappointed by further encroachments upon the historic liberties of American civil and political life. They are growing jealous of what little is left them in the way of personal and political liberty. Campaigns of repression directed against the "reds" have lost their savor upon the public palate.

In all probability no one will be deported who does not desire it. The average foreigner, especially Russian, is only too anxious to get passage to his home land, if it is free, so much the more acceptable. Most radicals are becoming used to jail terms, while that life has lost its novelty, it has also lost its fear for them. If by chance in the capitalist courts, a "red" is sentenced to serve time, he looks upon the matter in a philosophical manner. He is neither deterred from following his conscience in the pursuit of industrial democracy for the working-class, nor does he hesitate for a moment in fear of prison bars.

Members of the Communist Labor Party have nothing to fear from governmental raids. Ours is a legal political party. Its methods are open to the public view. It has nothing to hide. It courts every opportunity to carry on its activities where all may see. If the government desires to know what the Communist Labor Party contemplates, it can learn at any time. If it will not be convinced by the propaganda which we publish, then it has the power to give us the streets for public meetings where our speakers will be glad to tell our message to all who will listen.

These things being true, what has any Communist Labor Party member to fear? The answer is, he has nothings to fear.

## KINDRED SPIRITS.

Capitalist class "justice" offers some striking contrasts if you have an eye for color. Consider the case of one W. A. Kistler, embezzler, of Warren Ohio. Mr. Kistler confesses to have robbed the county in which he was treasurer of the modest sum of \$30,000 odd dollars and some other odd cents. He is now explaining why and wherefore in court. To date a certain lady, other than his wife, is playing an important role in the lurid story.

Newspaper reports state that Mr. Kistler is doing very well while in durance vile pending the outcome of the case. The sheriff has extended every courtesy which will make the county jail as "homelike" as possible. The prisoner has been given a large room in the Woman's department—this is rather tough on the woman's ward. Electric lights are provided, also rocking chairs and a real bed, not just an ordinary lousy jail mattress or plain board or concrete floor, not by any means. Mr. Kistler states that his health is improving.

Now, we do not begrudge Mr. Kistler his bed and rocking chairs. Our method would be to give every prisoner humane and decent surroundings. But we are citing a contrast. Here it is. A few weeks ago—until he became so ill that his life was feared for, Eugene V. Debs was caged like a wild animal in a cell for 14 hours out of every twenty-four in the Atlanta Federal prison. Debs is known over the whole world for his great and loving heart. Millions love him as they do their own families. He never filched a penny from any one, but has given all he ever earned except a bare subsistence to the unfortunate. He has refused to line his pockets with gold, and he could have done so times innumerable. He chose rather, to remain with the poor and the unfortunate, that he might help lift them up. His life has been one long service to the oppressed.

Debs is only one. The jails of America are filled today with men and women whose crimes are that they sought to lift the fallen and make easier the path of the world's toilers. Capitalist society has condemned many of them to long prison sentences. Robbers, embezzlers, thieves of all descriptions get out of jail with only a few months to their credit. It is a usual custom, especially where the prisoner has "influential" friends on the outside. It is as tho the capitalist class recognized in the thieves a certain kinship that must be upheld. As a matter of fact, there is little difference between robbing a victim at the point of a gun and doing the same in the regular way—where the victim performs his daily task. Capitalism has immeasurably more respect for the thief than for the philosopher, if his philosophy endangers the existence of the robber system—capitalism. The thief is extolled, the humanitarian is jailed when he is not assassinated. Such do the daily court records give us in the way of social contrasts.

The Newcomer to Akron is greeted with a sign at the Union Station "The City of Opportunity". Truly—since Akron in the past year sent more people to the Electric Chair in Columbus than any other city in Ohio.

"I am after some of the new books", writes comrade Frank Renko. He orders Bullitt's Report and states he will send subs for some of the premiums later.

# EDITORIAL & PARTY NEWS PAGE.

## HYPOCRISY REVEALED.

Slowly but surely the perfidy and hypocrisy of the bourgeoisie is being revealed. It is becoming apparent to even the hitherto most credulous dupes of the governing element in society that deceit and duplicity, rather than honorable procedure, are the means universally employed by them to perpetuate their reign of exploitation.

The testimony of Wm. C. Bullitt, attache of the Peace Conference, before the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, is a startling expose of the conspiracy of the Allied governments to wreck Soviet Russia. This, however, is no surprise to readers of history. No one conversant with the long record of chicanery employed by the master class, and the merciless use of force when necessary, to maintain their supremacy over the lives of the workers, expects them to be anything but liars, knaves and butchers, yet never before has the cloven hoof been so openly exhibited as since the close of the World War.

Mr. Bullitt relates a story of duplicity that is amazing for its brazen effrontery and practically every prominent representative of the Allied governments is charged with insincerity and double dealing. Returning from Russia, whither he had been sent for the "declared" purpose of studying conditions with a view to a declaration of peace with the Soviet government, he reported to the Peace Conference the terms the former would accept, while practically embracing all demands of the Allies. He tells in detail of his efforts to secure consideration of these terms and how the representatives of the various governments "passed the buck" on to others until the expiration of the date specified for a meeting, and all but charges these representatives with lack of intent to carry out the project. Reading between the lines one can discern the insidious machinations of the world imperialists to prevent recognition of the Soviet republic on any terms whatever.

Even though the matter be taken up on the floor of the Senate, as is probable during the further discussions on the League of Nations, it is safe to prophecy that the capitalist press will carefully refrain from giving it any publicity.

Every reader of The Toiler should procure a copy of "The Bullitt Mission to Russia". At the present time nothing is of more importance than the enlightenment of the workers regarding the nefarious practices of the rulers they have been taught to respect. This report will go far toward acquainting them with the real character of those who control the State to further their own selfish ends.

TOM CLIFFORD.

## RUMINATIONS OF A REBEL.

— BY TOM CLIFFORD —

Victor Berger, twice elected to Congress from Wisconsin, and twice refused his seat by the loyal henchmen of capitalism who compose that body, may find some comfort in the knowledge that he is not the only victim of a world made safe for democracy. The five candidates of the Socialist Party elected to the New York assembly had the same "kibosh"—firmly, calmly and deliberately—put on their ambition to represent the working class in that emporium of legislation. The reason given for the "knockout" is the same as that advanced for the persecution of members of the Communist Labor Party. They are charged with being "revolutionists," and no denial of the soft impeachment will receive the slightest consideration from the "patriots" who have the might to exercise the right to prevent contamination of their sacred temple. Maybe this arbitrary procedure will have the salutary effect of making real rebels out of these milk- and water-protesters. The mills of the gods are still doing business at the same old stand and experience is a great educator.

Since last March 8,000 soldiers have deserted from the army that is being created for the purpose of holding the workers of this nation in subjection. To an humble observer it would appear that some of the strenuousness now being expended in rounding up innocent foreign-born residents might be more effectively utilized in controlling the insurrection in the army—speaking of course strictly from the bourgeoisie standpoint.

An occasional shaft of criticism is still being hurled by the capitalist dailies at the profiteers, but we notice that these later philippics have the erstwhile stinging denunciation largely removed. The worst that now appears is a mild reproof, coupled with a reminder that continued exploitation of the consumers is liable to breed Bolsheviks. Of course the editors are aware that profiteering cannot be prevented and are only making a grand stand play to the public, but what must be thought of the "mutt" who persistently supports a profit system while continually bellyaching about the practice of its ethics? His carburettor needs adjustment.

The steel strike has resulted in a fiasco. The gentlemen comprising the Steel Trust must be chucking over the ignorance of the workers that enabled them to close down their furnaces and place the blame on the strikers. If the leaders of the strike were ignorant of the fact that there was an overproduction of steel due to the lack of markets

they are not fit for the positions they occupy. But were they ignorant? I hardly think so. The Steel Trust has gained more than a victory. An impending calamity—the total or entire closing down of the industry—has been averted. The possibility of that happening just now is the nightmare of capitalism.

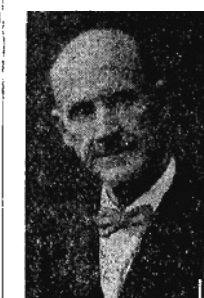
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And now the coal miners, through the beneficent operation of a Federal court injunction, have returned to their jobs and are performing their duty to society. They now admit that whatever obligation they owe to their wives and children is of secondary importance.

Maybe they can partly meet the latter with the 14 per cent advance to graciously accorded them by Brother Garfield. Any way, hasn't the government promised to look further into the matter, and what more can they ask? It is true that some of them are manifesting a spirit of insurgency, and even go so far as to say that their officers should have emulated the example of Debs and gone to jail, but these misguided malcontents forget how helpless they would be without the wisdom of their leaders to guide them. Then, perhaps, it is the will of Providence. Let us pray.

\* \* \*

Were it not for the phenomenal astuteness of those guardians of the public welfare, the secret service sleuths the nation might now be writhing in the throes of revolution. Yes, sir, you may not believe it, but they nipped it right in the bud. A few thousand men, scattered throughout the country from Maine to California, if you believe the newspapers, were just on the eve of precipitating a social cataclysm when the watch dogs of our nation swooped down upon them. That's the kind of dope the people are expected to absorb, and strange to say, there are some one hundred per cent mutts that lick it up like a cat does cream.



## DEBS: HIS AUTHORIZED Life & Letters by DAVID KARSNER

"I give to you as the author, and to Boni and Liveright as the publishers my word of approval and hearty endorsement of your book. You will write just the kind of a book that Time and History will require, and in every line, on every page, you will be speaking for me with my authority, given to you without reservations or qualifications."—Eugene V. Debs to David Karsner. Address: COMMUNIST LABOR PARTY OF OHIO, 3207 Clark Ave.—Cleveland, Ohio.

## Communist Spirit Thrives Among Ellis Island Exiles.

The following letter was recently written by one of the deportees on Ellis Island to his brother:

"Between bad stomachs and the U. S. Department of Justice, it is hard to decide which is causing more trouble to the officials at Ellis Island. A week ago the probabilities were that they did not figure on having concentrated so many 'Reds' here.

"Now that they have us here the investigation committees come around, stay a while, and go away muttering, 'Damn those Bolsheviks! We can't understand them.' Of course they can't understand us, not even if they live 1,000 years.

"It must be admitted that the U. S. Department of Justice is working very hard to destroy the idea of Communism. Little do they know what they are doing. Instead of destroying Communist principles and ideas, they are helping in their progress.

"Our organization here is a miniature of a commune. The basis of existence is the predominance of the collective spirit as against the spirit of individualism. So far has this developed that it is becoming difficult to tell the characteristic of one Comrade from that of another.

"Touching and interesting scenes are to be seen every moment of the day. When we first came here, the greatest luxury was to procure a shave. A Comrade receives a razor from home, and without any invitation a line is formed and all are shaved.

"Another luxury is rye bread. A Comrade receives some rye bread and distributes it among the Comrades. Another Comrade receives a can of cigarettes; half he keeps and half is turned in to the commune. Word comes to us that the lady Comrades are in need of money. Before one can count three, \$61.50 is raised and sent to our lady Comrades. These instances can be multiplied ad infinitum.

"There are nations who express their instinct for music through the individual, such as France and Italy. There are nations who express their instinct for music through the people as a whole. The glory of Russian music lies in the folk song and revolutionary songs, the result of years of persecution. The most wonderful spectacle is that of the Russian Comrades singing their folk songs.

"But the officials do not seem to like these songs, because they constantly interrupt and tell us that we make too much noise. Well, we can account for this: 'He who has no soul for music is either a scoundrel or a fool.' And so the spirit of Communism is daily unfolding itself here on Ellis Island, with the officials gaping and mumbling to themselves, 'Damn those Bolsheviks! We can't understand them.'"

## The Truth About the Czar's Assassination.

(From the Moscow paper "Pravda"). (The following translation of a Russian document from the Moscow Communist newspaper "Pravda" throws an interesting light on the charge frequently repeated in the American bourgeois press to the effect that the Bolsheviks killed in cold blood the ex-Czar of Russia and his family. This document shows that not only were the Bolsheviks not guilty, but that the murder was committed by a political opponent of the Bolsheviks to discredit them.)

The Revolutionary Tribunal presided over by Comrade Matveyev, after a two-day examination, finished the case of the murder of the ex-Czar Nicholas Romanoff, of his wife Alexandra nee Princess of Hesse, of their daughters Olga, Maria, and Anastasia, and of divers persons with them.

As the results indicated, 11 persons in all were killed. The number of defendants was 28; three of them, Gruzinov, Yakhontov, and Malyutin being members of the Yekaterinburg Soviet, two of them, Maria Apraxina and Yelizaveta Mironova, being women, while the rest were officers of the guard. After a long examination of the witnesses and defendants the complete picture of the murder was revealed. The ex-Czar and the rest were shot and were not, according to plan, subjected to any ridicule. Yakhontov, the chief defendant ex-member of the Yekaterinburg Soviet, admitted that the murder of the ex-Czar's family was organized by him for the purpose of discrediting the Soviet regime in the interest of the Left Social-Revolutionaries to whom he belonged. Accused that good news about him was due—Yes it came, he Resigned.

## WAR ON IGNORANCE.

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

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

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

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

Crimes of the Bolsheviks 10c each, 10 or more 6c each.  
Russian Socialist Constitution 10c each, 10 or more 6c each.  
Soviet Russia ..... 10c each, 10 or more 6c each.  
Russia, Articles by Tchicherin, Eastman, Lenin, 15c each, 10 or more 11c each.  
Debs Goes To Prison, 15c each, 10 or more 11c each.  
The Dream Of Debs, 10c each, 10 or more 6c each.  
The Trial of Debs, 10c each, 10 or more 6c each.  
Mr. Block and The Profiteers, 10c each, 10 or more 6c each.  
Manifesto of the Communist International, 10c each, 10 or more 6c each.  
The Class Struggle, Kautsky, 25c each, 10 or more 18c each.  
Communist Manifesto, 10c each, 10 or more 6c each.  
Evolution and Revolution, 10c each, 10 or more 6c each.  
How the Farmer can get His, 10c each, 10 or more 6c each.  
Scientific Socialism Study Course, 10c each, 10 or more 6c each.  
Industrial Autocracy, 10c each, 10 or more 6c each.  
Marxism and Darwinism, 10c each, 10 or more 6c each.  
Slander of the Toilers 5c each, 10 or more 3c each.  
Socialism Utopian and Scientific, 15c each, 10 or more 11c each.  
Shop Talks on Economics, 10c each, 10 or more 6c each.  
Think or Surrender, 15c each, 10 or more 10c each.  
Violence or Solidarity, 5c each, 10 or more 3c each.  
Bullitt Mission to Russia, 50c each, 10 or more 40c each.  
Communist Manifesto (cloth), 60c each, 5 or more 40c each.  
Evolution Social and Organic, 60c each, 5 or more 40c each.  
Law of Biogenesis, 60c each, 5 or more 40c each.  
Jack London's Works, 60c each, 5 or more 45c each.  
Debs Authorized Life and Letters—Karsner, \$1.50, 5 or more \$1.25.  
Russia in 1919, Ransome, \$1.50, 5 or more, \$1.25.  
Lenin, the Man and His Work, Williams, \$1.50, 5 or more \$1.25.  
Pelle the Conqueror, \$4.00 (2 volumes).  
Philosophical Essays, Dietzgen, \$1.25, 5 or more \$1.00 each.  
Savage Survivals, \$1.25 each, 5 or more \$1.00 each.  
Socialism for Students, 60c each, 5 or more 40c each.  
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it the Soviet Government. Yakhontov, who was responsible for the order, evidently got himself elected to a high Soviet position in order to be able to accomplish this treachery, but was finally discovered and punished for the coldblooded assassination. The party to which Yakhontov belonged, the Left Social-Revolutionaries, is generally considered as the most treacherous opposition to the Bolsheviks, and this party was, before the establishment of the Soviet regime as well as since then, a terrorist party, which by its deeds of violence against individuals has always been discrediting all constructive revolutionary movements. It is interesting to note that when members of this same party killed in a similar manner Count von Mirbach, the Allies praised them to the skies.)

The other defendants, including Gruzinov and Milyutin, declared that they did not know of Yakhontov's treason, and that they executed his commands.

After the speeches of the prosecutor and the defense, the tribunal found guilty of the murder of the ex-Czar's family et al only Yakhontov, and sentenced him to be shot. Gruzinov, Malyutin, Apraxina, Mironova, and 9 Red Guards were found guilty of robbing the victims and were also sentenced to be shot. The rest were acquitted. The following day the sentences were carried out. The decision of the Tribunal is the best proof that the Soviet Government has taken all measures to detect and punish those who were guilty of this senseless murder. The clever plan of the Social-Revolutionaries failed.

The Toledo Blade complains that Kolchak was whipped last week, but that good news about him was due—Yes it came, he Resigned.



# THE SETTING SUN OF CAPITALISM.

— By WALTER B. DILLON. —

Once when I was a boy I made a trip by coaster from New Haven, Connecticut, to Machias, Maine, and during the six months that it took to complete this voyage I saw the sun go down in many different ways and under many and varying conditions. Tonight, facing as we all do the setting sun of Capitalism, I recall particularly the night that we rounded Cape Cod in one of the worst sou'westers that is given to any sailor to experience.

Up to the time we reached Martha's Vineyard, the weather had been ideal, the sound a blue pond, the breeze a summer zephyr, and the landscape beautiful and serene in all the clothing of late summer. But as the afternoon grew towards a close and the sun prepared to dip below the western horizon, a peculiar lull apparent even to me, a landsman, seemed to throw a pall over all. Our sails flapped listlessly in the intermittent breezes, the captain cast repeated and troubled glances at the heavens which to me appeared bright enough, and remarked to my father that we probably had a rough night before us.

As the afternoon wore on I grew sleepy and finally went down into the cabin and fell asleep in a rocking chair. My last waking memories were of two other vessels, one to the starboard and one to port of us, like ourselves with every sail bent, running wing and wing, trying to get the last ounce of speed out of the fleeting breezes, in order that we might round Cape Cod before the impending storm broke.

To me, we three vessels were merely running a race, and my thoughts were wholly devoted to matters of relative speed, happy when we appeared to be gaining on the other two vessels, angry if they seemed to be gaining on us. How like the grown boys of today as they look on at the struggles of the social elements, the workers who understand the current bending every energy in preparation for the impending gale, and the shirkers amongst the workers looking calmly on and lending no hand to avert disaster, even as I looked on that day off Cape Cod.

The storm struck in all its fury—but I slept on. It bore us in its teeth slowly but surely towards the treacherous sand bars. The men of the vessel fought valiantly, but I—I slept in ignorance of danger, slept while others sweated, groaned, suffered and cursed in the agony of their battle with the elements. Perhaps the weight that I could have added would have averted disaster, an atom by myself but the sorely needed atom that would

have swung the battle—but I slept on. The good old vessel tossed and churned the seas and the men fought bravely to the last, but the elements proved victorious and we finally crashed bows on to Peaked Hill bar, plowed the full length of the vessel and hung with our stern caught fast.

The jar as we struck and caught threw me across the cabin, rocking chair on top of me. Still sleepy I picked myself up and sat down again, but another heavy sea sent me sprawling. Again I sat down and again went sprawling, and as I picked myself up my father came down the companionway, lantern in hand, dripping from the elements. His first words were: "Well, Walter, if we go down I will lose a valuable chest of tools, but I will carry you safely to shore."

Fully awake at last, I went up on deck and took the wheel. Luckily for us the tide was rising. The captain warned me to swing out to sea just as soon as I could feel her answer to the helm which we hoped almost hopelessly would happen at or near high tide. At last we swung clear, I held her grimly on her course, and the men of the vessel manned the pumps, reefed sails and we all fought our way around the cape into the untroubled waters of Duxbury harbor. It was high moon before any of us awakened and took an inventory of our losses and damages. They were quite grave but far from hopeless and we immediately began to repair them preparatory to another and fresh start.

This incident in my life, comrades, I am telling you because it so vividly portrays the struggle we are now engaged in. The few years just previous to 1914 were as the hours of the morning and early afternoon of that day on Long Island Sound; the present is the late afternoon of that same day; and the night—the night, comrades, is before us.

The setting sun of Capitalism is slowly sinking behind the hills of yesterday. In that sun the Capitalist Class sees all to plainly the demise of all that they hold dear. The sun is of a deep red hue, symbolical of the rise of the Socialist Commonwealth on the morrow. You and I, comrades, bid the setting sun good night, and we would go peacefully to our rest in the full knowledge that the dawn of the day would bring love and happiness to the whole world. But the spirits of the dark will not have it so, and as the sun sinks to its rest we Communists, the captains of the human vessels sailing on the sea of life, are warned of impending evil, and instead of going to our well earned rest we remain

awake and watchful for the breaking of the storm.

The masses of the workers go calmly to their sleep, prototypes of myself on that day on the sound. Would that they could sense the storm as we Communists sense it, but they can't and so we are left to fight the battle all through the night. Let us, then, be vigilant. Upon us depends the future of the race, and the rising sun must find us still on deck though battle scarred and weary.

The "Iron Heel" of capitalism is now beginning its ruthless grind, and though we Communist Labor Party members and the members of the Communist Party are getting the brunt of the attack, our former comrades in arms, the Socialists, are receiving their share of attention.

Even in the strenuous night of our battles with the forces of Capital we can find time to smile at the plight of these same Socialists. The situation in particular of those Socialists in New York City who have now been barred from their seats in the State Legislature is very ludicrous. These are the men, mind you, who voted for and supported the Liberty Loans, who were averse to the St. Louis Proclamation after it became extremely hazardous to support it though they were perfectly in harmony with it so long as it was still an academic proposition. These are the men, if you please, comrades, who themselves or through others like them voted for the Liberty Arch across Fifth Avenue, New York City, on which is inscribed amongst other names supposedly symbolizing the heroic victories of American troops in Europe, the name MURMANSK.

MURMANSK, where the soldiers of working class Russia were slaughtered while defending their working class republic against the armies of Allied Capitalist governments; MURMANSK, the blackest and ugliest smudge on the escutcheon of all working class organizations that failed to rise in a very gale of terrific wrath to avenge their brothers who were slaughtered there; MURMANSK, where the first really great battle of the workers and the capitalists was fought. And Liberty Arch, standing across Fifth Avenue, emblazons to the world that passes beneath its shadows that we are proud of America's part in the slaughter of the workers of Russia at MURMANSK.

In the bitterness of our hearts at this base betrayal of our comrades in Russia, we might at first feel inclined to laugh now at the discomfiture of those so-called Socialists who are themselves today the victims of the same brutal tactics of the same Capitalists, but we cannot afford to desert them as they deserted their former comrades. Their plight, comrades, is quite just, and they deserve their fate, but as the fight we are waging is against the Capitalist Class and these men are members of the Working Class and victims of the Capitalist Class, we must forget their wrong to us and spring to their defense.

The long and bitter night of Capitalism's last stand is before us, comrades. Many workers who ought to be on deck ready to fight the elements and keep the good ship safely on her course are below decks blissfully sleeping in total ignorance of the dangers ahead, even as I slept that day years ago. But the shock of the bars ahead will awaken them, and in the meantime we must bend our backs to the task of keeping the ship at least over the waves instead of under them.

The night may be long but the dawn is a certainty. Though the fight rage all night and the elements keep the ascendancy at all stages we know that the dawn will come and so we will keep on fighting though our ranks be thinned, our organization all but shattered and our nerves a taut set of silken shreds. Our knowledge of the goal to which we have set our course will renew our courage and with gritted teeth we will throw back the hordes of Capitalist Huns at every repeated attack.

The sun of Capitalism is setting, comrades, and the long and bitter night is about to swallow us, a night fraught with all the suffering and torment of a Capitalism in full knowledge of its impending demise, and resolved to die in an orgy of blood and terror, with its gleaming teeth and frothing mouth open to tear and rend every worker who stands in its path. But long as the night may be, and great as may be our suffering, we know that the Red Dawn will bring to all humanity the high ideals and generous warmth and light of true brotherhood, not to a chosen few, but to all mankind.

To the new day, comrades, let us devote our every energy and thought, and through the long night of Capitalist bestiality let us comport ourselves as befits the progenitors of the New Era. Erect and unswerving we will face the fire of Capital, gentle but just in our attitude towards those who seemingly are never able to get down off the fence, smilingly indifferent to personal insults or persecution but merciless and terrible in our exactions against those who cause suffering and misery to the Working Class as a whole.

Capitalism's sun has set, comrades. The darkness has set in. Let us turn from the black pall of the Capitalist West to the brightening East of Socialism's Dawn.

Long live the Worker's Commonwealth!

## BABSON SAYS DEPRESSION IS COMING.

(Continued from page 1)

Mr. Babson's addresses on the labor situation before his clients in Hotel Statler and before the employment managers in the Chamber of Commerce were similar. He made these statements at both places:

"The worst of all forms of wild oats is the talk in favor of direct action. I question whether it does much good to put people in jail or deport them for talking about such things, but, nevertheless, all talk in favor of direct action is wrong. Revolution is impossible here.

"The appeals to patriotism have lost their force. The only means of reaching the wage workers is to let them learn by experience. Let them try in a small way some of the things which they wish to try. If these experiments are successful we all want them."

After his address before his clients questions were asked of Mr. Babson. Some of these and his answers follow:

Q.—Is it not possible prices will reach a point where people will stop buying?

A.—It would seem so, but it is not apparent yet. People are still buying the more expensive articles.

Q.—What is going to happen to rents?

A.—Rents are likely to stay up. Houses and apartments have been too cheap. I would advise you to lease for as long as you wish.

Q.—Why do you predict prosperity will last longer with a Republican than with a Democratic victory?

A.—Republicans represent the money, the initiative and largely the brains of the country, and the Republicans, if elected, will give the country one more hyperdemic. President Wilson once told me the Republicans were all brains and no heart and the Democrats all heart and no brains.

Q.—How soon will Liberty bonds be at par?

A.—In five years without question. They are the best investment at the present time, because in the depression they will possess the quality of absolute safety.

Q.—What do you think of profit sharing and bonus plans as remedies for labor trouble?

A.—Theoretically I believe in these plans, but I have not yet seen a satisfactory scheme.

## The Black Sheep.

(Continued from page 2.)

"You told me with no chance of escape." "But they may be sincere," Rudolph ceded in persuading your parents to protest "many of these women are."

How he changed their love into hate. I remember, that during that discussion you said that the preacher controlled the economic life of the community. You were mistaken. What you should have said was, that he greatly influenced the social life of the community. You must not confuse the two terms."

"Let me illustrate: the church will bound a young girl whose fire burned a little too brightly upon the altar of a suicide's grave. The church will make life a hell for a fatherless child. A church will dismiss a preacher who accidentally uses his brain, but neither you nor any one else has ever heard of her dismissing from membership, a banker on account of the way he got his money. He may have obtained it by financing gambling dens or renting rooms to a vice syndicate. If he has the money he is a respected citizen, and child of God. They never mind, the fact that Christ loved the poor; that forgave the Magdalene; they never think of the fact that he forgave the thief. You must not forget that the cross is the emblem of the church, and during the days of the Roman empire the cross was the terror of the slaves.

"The preacher could persuade your father to send you out in the world unprepared for the battle of life. All he had to do was to point out the fact that your ideas would weaken your father's power over the rest of the family. Suppose however that the preacher had begun a series of sermons on the evils of interest, rent, and profit, or suppose that he had preached the necessity of a four dollar a day wage to the wandering worker, what then in your estimation would have become of that sky-pilot?"

"He would have been 'canned' for conduct unbecoming a minister," the boy answered.

"Exactly." "This law of 'Economic Determinism' is a wonderful thing; it enters into every human expression, love, affection, friendship, trust, all that is purest and most beautiful in life seems to be affected by it," said Jack.

"He owns the land, the fruit, the coal—he owns you body estate and soul." Rudolph quoted from something he loved to quote poetry. He envied many on otherwise lonely hour with passage from 'Omar Khayam' and the 'Kasidah'. Church bells rang again and a few minutes later female voices were heard in the adjoining rooms.

Collins' blue eyes flashed. "Church Jones, by God; he fairly hissed. That is what I call the last hair on the tail of the limit; rob a man of his created value, rob him of his earned wages; rob him of his liberty and then force him to listen to their infernal bunk with no chance of escape."

"But they may be sincere," Rudolph protested "many of these women are."

"O Hell! so are snakes!" Collins retorted. Then turning to the boy he said: you talk to 'em kid, I'm going to sleep." He crawled into the bed and turned his face to the wall.

## GOMPERS FRIENDS.

They own the meat we eat, And own the coal we burn. They own the shoes that's on our feet And own the milk we churn.

They own the gas that gives us light And own the clothes we wear. They cause the wars and make us fight, For us they do not care.

They own the lights upon our streets. And I must tell you straight, They even own the Congress of this old United States.

Now, Brothers, listen, this surely is unfair —

It is a grand thing for the poor man That they do not own the air.

One of the poor men.

## THE SPIRIT OF MID-WESTERN LABOR.

(Continued from 1st page.)

Plumb received an ovation at the Labor party convention. He is welcomed with like enthusiasm everywhere. The miners believe that they should have a share in the control of the mines, not because the leaders have told them so, but because of a deep-seated conviction born of long and bitter experience with the present system. The efforts of Foster and his co-workers to organize the packing houses and the steel mills through the machinery of the American Federation of Labor, has convinced many of the workers in these industries that the industrial union, or even the "one big union" presents, not only the easiest way but the only way out of the present difficulty.

Meanwhile the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, proceeding on the assumption that "for us the revolution has already come," recruit their membership to a 100 per cent basis; control the hiring and firing in many of their shops; tie the clothing centers together in a great industrial union, and gathering their membership weekly, in the big Carmen's auditorium in Chicago, give them, free of charge, and as a part of the return for their union affiliation, a concert by the best talent obtainable in Chicago, and a talk by some leader of economic or social thought.

Individuals fall by the way. Leaders lose step and are pushed aside, but the column of the common life moves steadily along. That is what is happening today in industrial centers of the middle west. Those who make up the bulk of the column are not at all sure where they are going, but they feel quite certain that they are on their way.

# THE YANKEES IN SIBERIA

From The Nation.

In "The Press and the Siberian Situation," published in the International Relations Section of November 8, reference was made to the general public indignation in Vladivostok over the suppression, by order of the American Command, of the liberal newspaper Golos Primorya for its publication of an article dealing with the behavior of Americans in Siberia. We reprint below the article over which the controversy arose. It is entitled The Yankees, and appeared in Golos Primorya (Vladivostok) of August 28.

I.

Not so very long ago we knew of the trans-Pacific Yankee only through pictures. He seemed to us then a sort of magician in his star-spangled hat and his bright striped trousers; so very tall, and with a wedge-like, pointed little beard.

We knew that this Yankee, as by a magic wand, created at home towering skyscrapers; that he built gigantic steamers, invented machines. It appeared that the Yankee's life was passed in strenuous work, in the roar of monstrous machines, in the brilliant, blinding light of electricity; to us he seemed living in an unfamiliar atmosphere, master of nature, commanding her bounty by the mere pressure of the electric button.

And in our time of national crisis, we fixed our rainbow hopes on our Yankee friends beyond the seas. Soon, very soon, he would come to us, with real, genuine help. That was why he was a friend! He would press any one of his numerous buttons, and laden steamers would go out to us—a mere trifle to him. It seemed so simple and so natural. The Yankee's factories produced endlessly varied machinery, tools, and articles of first necessity. It would only be a trifle to him. He could do everything!

Friends in need are friends indeed. It is not true?

We all spoke of America, hoping so for her coming, and we thought that after this war we should look no more to the detestable Germans for the things we needed. We would open our great markets to America and her exports, and in return she would bring us her experience, knowledge, and capital, and help us to increase the productive powers of our industries, to exploit, our mines and our forests.

We were genuinely happy to welcome the first Americans, who came from so far away to give us a helping hand. We rejoiced and we hoped, with the confidence and faith so inherent in us Russians.

The Yankee came, not in his star-spangled hat and bright striped trousers, but in a business suit; not lean, but well set up and well fed, looking in no way different from our own speculators. He came

without his magic wand, but he spoke much and with great grandiloquence about himself, and he wondered what we wanted. And when we modestly enumerated our needs, he smiled at our trifling demands, and said: "Oh, yes! We'll send you many steamers, everything, all right!"

And we began to await the promised steamers, and many of us watched hopefully for the smoke of America's vessels on the horizon. What talk there was about our idle mining and forest resources! We thought that now, with the coming of the enterprising Americans, their systematic exploitation would begin, enriching ourselves and them. The question of transportation, too, seemed solved: the Americans would take the railways under their care, their carrying capacity would at once increase, for it would be a simply problem for American specialists; besides, rolling stock was already on the way. At last we should no longer wait a year at a time for a chance to ship our goods.

We even forgot the Bolsheviks. It was only necessary to behold the brave, husky, disciplined American soldiers and it was clear that Bolshevism must fall before their awe-inspiring forces.

Time passed. We came to know our visiting Yankees better, and soon all hopes began to melt away. We were disillusioned. Some said: "Our friend the Yankee in only getting ready". Others only waved their hands in despair. There were even some who doubted the authenticity of our Yankee, who said he was spurious, and that the genuine Yankee was still at home. With her highly-developed industries America could do everything; didn't she make coffee out of old soles?

How simple and trusting we Russians are, like grown-up children!

But if we Russians are simple, the Americans are not less so, who think they are conquering our hearts and our markets and are doing something big. Only at home, where everything is under their absolute command, are they creators. Here, where one must build from the ground, where obstacles rise at every turn, where vision is needed, and where one must risk much, Americans fail, losing courage and faith, caring only about the invested dollar.

Their representatives made dragon-like conditions: immediate orders for large quantities of goods, with cash guarantees, and still greater orders for the future, also cash down; as though one could, under present conditions in Russia, at once introduce and accustom the population to new goods and machines. Things were no more hopeful in our export of raw materials. The Americans have not yet learned to buy them from us directly, but do so through Japan.

It is less troublesome; the Japanese buys, re-ships, and the American pays a handsome commission.

We Russians are simple, but simpler still is Mr. American.

Time does not wait. Pretty soon the German travelling salesman will come, offering the most liberal terms, for German industries and foreign trade are great and strong, and her representatives adapt themselves to all varied circumstances.

I wonder what the Y. M. C. A. boys are thinking about that!

II.

Two years ago, in Japan, at the Hotel Imperial, a few Russian ladies of my acquaintance gathered for a social chat after dinner. I introduced to them my new young American friend, who spoke some Russian, wore his evening clothes easily, gracefully knocked the ashes off his cigar, and whistled a few popular and common American tunes.

In our little circle he deported himself freely, even familiarly, with the ladies, and talked much nonsensical stuff; but when the conversation turned to art and literature, my American friend listened with great wonder, in silence, although the talk was about English and American writers. He did not know them, and everything seemed new to him.

The ladies soon became animated, and imperceptibly the interest turned to themes of love and success in life. One of the ladies proposed that each should tell an entertaining story of some beautiful daring in which the narrator was the hero. We cast lots.

I told of a lively affair which pleased the ladies very much. The ladies modestly and adroitly got away with some facetious, witty nonsense. The turn came to the American who related the following. He lived once in a house where a beautiful young girl was staying. He became greatly infatuated with her, but she paid no attention to him. Once, when no one besides them were at home, he entered her room without knocking and seizing her began to kiss her. "And what did the girl do?" asked one of the ladies. "She could do nothing," he answered complacently. "I held her fast by the hands." This free confession aroused a long outburst of laughter, but he did not understand that the merriment was due to his utter stupidity. He remained convinced that we admired his "beautiful daring".

When the ladies took their leave, and we remained alone, he said thoughtfully: "How lucky you Russian are!" "Why?" "Among you, one may enjoy the company of women and girls, pay court to them, appear with them in society, at theatres. . . ." "Do you not enjoy these pleasures at home?" "No!" he declared emphatically. "If one pays too much attention to a girl at home, it is likely to end badly; she will either demand that you marry her or begin to blackmail you." "Blackmail!" I almost rose

from my chair. "Very simple. She will demand a handsome payment because she spent her time with you, was seen with you, because she expected a proposal, in a word, because you were attentive." "But suppose nothing really happened between you?" "No matter. If you don't pay her, she will sue you in court, and will win, because the law is on her side."

It oppressed me as a nightmare: the lady, blackmail, the curious law-suit, and justice on the side of a blackmailer.

Then he told me how cruelly American society is persecuting prostitution, and what hideous shapes, thanks to laws, secret vice is assuming, driven to ugly, underground methods. It was hard to believe that life could become so deformed in the free American states.

I greatly pitied my handsome young American, dressed so showily, making dollars so fast, but without the slightest interest in or understanding of art, literature, music, which open beautiful worlds of exalting, soul-enobling emotions. But my American friend, lying back in the deep easy chair, his feet thrown far out, lazily moved the points of his shining patent-leather shoes up and down, whistling the while a popular air. In the commonplaceness of his stupid little air one felt the true reflection of American life—noisy, deafening, showy, but without depth and content, and so foreign to Russian culture.

III.

Of course it is a trifle—that stupid, commonplace air. One might overlook it, if its place were only the backyard and the alley. But if noisy coarseness has occupied the central position in American song, it then offers condemning testimony. Music is the most free and sublime of the arts. It reached its apogee only at the uttermost limits of Jewish culture. It is the utterance of the most mysterious emotions of our souls, for which language is poor, color pale and poetry incomplete. As no other art, music is the blamelessly exquisite image of man's spiritual life. Music does not repeat or imitate as do other arts. Music is a going out into the world of hopes and dreams, into the immeasurable empire of sound, a yearning for perfection.

And what do the Americans give us? Noisy, rude saucy little airs, galloping, trotting airs, such as circus horses like.

My childhood was passed in Little Russia. I learned to love songs woven of beautiful words, harmonious and rapturous as a prayer. When, for the first time, I overheard a stone-cutter singing, "Never was my love for thee so cruel, old haz!" I was seized with deep consternation. Such mockery seemed like the vulgar hiccoughing of a beast. Never could I

bring myself to compromise with the coarseness of the factory worker who assimilated only the negative side of city life, the underside of culture.

In American songs I feel this "old hag" tune pervading all, a spiritual emptiness, cynicism and pertness, and I cannot compromise with it, for to me, a Slav, a song is a thing of beauty, as prayer and music are—the image of a bright hope.

American literature, too, is infected with "Pinkertonism". Characteristic is the work of Jack London, a brilliant, gifted, and original author, but discarding of brutal strength, of cruel, despotic, conquering, coarse men—little else. The animal in man shut off from his vision the deep, noble, compassionate soul of man a thousand centuries old.

American architecture has given us skyscrapers, vast, grandiose barracks, and the bungalow; the latter, however, has a charm and originality of its own. I know of no American sculpture and painting, but apparently they are undeveloped and inferior; otherwise American multi-millionaires would not roam over Europe greedily buying up, without thought of worth or price, all objects of art. Have they really awakened to spiritual things, or are they buying rich and famous decorations for their palaces? I hesitate to pronounce judgment. But it seems to me they are moneyed men with enormous stomachs buying luscious viands. One may buy pictures for dollars, but one cannot buy understanding of beauty which belongs to the soul that hath glory in it.

Universal, insolent, lying advertising; monstrous industry; enormous skyscrapers; feverish chasing after the dollar; these have crowded out all spiritual values.

I once watched, on a screen, an exhibition of American industrial development. I was at first with wonderment at their genius, their progress, but soon this vastness transfixed me with dread. I felt that these giants with their yawning traps and terrible antennae had overtopped man himself, had seized him in the flying wheel with steel paws, and had long enslaved the inventor. These black monsters with their infernal roar have smothered the spirit of man, killed the sense of beauty and sublimity.

Great strength is too often paralleled by weak intellectual development. Nature, so wasteful in the world of vegetating things, is frugal with man; endowing him with great physical strength, she limits and curtails his intellect. Whom she endows with strength, she deprives of an additional weapon for the struggle of life.

And American culture—is it not like the low-browed athlete of great muscular powers developed at the expense of mind?