

Skygac's Column

"Blessed are the meek" says the Book, "for they shall inherit the Earth." Mebbe so. Mebbe so. At any rate those who are class conscious and bellacout DO inhabit the jails and penitentiaries.

According to the proposed new legislation, about the only excuse accepted for allowing a crowd to congregate will be to praise Jesus and sing the Star Spangled Banner.

When the bourgeoisie spellbinder draws a crowd, that isn't a crowd. It is a distinguished audience.

It is hard to pour oil on the troubled waters of the Mexican situation for the reason that oil causes most of the trouble.

If you are economically orthodox, animated by the desire to get rich, (no matter how questionable) and sanction the present code of things you are a thoroughly patriotic and may be classed as a hundred per center.

If you are economically unorthodox, if you place the man above the dollar, no matter how self sacrificing or loyal your Americanism has been, or how disinterested your motives, you will be classed as an anarchist or bolshevik and hounded as an enemy of society.

Confronted with the necessity of making a choice between two classifications, where does a real mandomestic business what will happen to the bourgeoisie?

It was Bobbie Burns who wished some power the gift to give us, to see ourselves as others see us. The Journal of Paris commenting on the "Autocratic Action" of Wilson in "firing" Lansing calls the event, "a striking example of the autocratic regime the facade of which is democratic."

"President Wilson," the paper continues, "returns after his mysterious illness and comes to the conclusion that Secretary Lansing during his absence has been ruling as Lansing wishes and dismisses him. National representation and popular sentiment are not even consulted in reaching a decision in which Louis XIV would have used more formality."

In its editorial on the incident the Libre Parole remarks: "Mr. Wilson, who has governed his country seven years without the least regard for national representation, who threw America into the war after winning the election on a peace program, and who dominated over the peace negotiations, returns from a mysterious illness to accuse his foreign minister of governing autocratically during his absence. Isn't that laughable?"

Newspaper account of a recent raid in New Jersey said that about 26 of the reddest retd were busy printing a leaflet entitled "The Truth About Centralia".

Let Us Congratulate Ourselves

We wish to congratulate our readers and ourselves too, upon the coming series of lessons in Proletarian Science which begin in the next issue of The Toiler. This work, by W. E. Reynolds will prove to be the greatest series of educational lessons which ever appeared in any Socialist publication. Comrade Reynolds is well known in Ohio, having lectured for many of our locals in the past and he is recognized not only as one of the best platform lecturers, but his writings in the socialist press have for years gained him a most enviable reputation. Whether comrade Reynolds speaks or writes his work is characterized by originality, true scientific conception and deep erudition. That "Reynolds knows" socialist economic from A to Z and can present his subject in the most entertaining manner is known to thousands of socialists in all states of the Union.

The Toiler has published many good things, in fact, we take pride in giving our readers the best obtainable. In publishing the series of study lessons, we feel that we are adding to the value of The Toiler as an educational organ. That this series will prove to be of intense interest and value to our readers goes without saying. Every reader should interest himself in organizing a study class and thus reap the full benefit of this course. Local Secretaries should at once line up the members for study class work. Nothing will add interest to your Local work more than this. Organize a study class now.

Good work, Watson, good work! We must not allow the truth about anything to be circulated in America!

A popular rhymester was right to the point when he has a character suggest that Mr. Palmer get busy and deport the whole administration! It sure would go a long way toward making America safe for Democracy!

The supremacy of Rome was localized but at the present rate of speed it begins to look as tho the supremacy of the rule of the proletariat was to be world-wide.

Meat is to be cheaper according to the reports of the packers. Now that it has been decided to let Europe shift for itself no more meat is to be exported. They decided to let Europe shift for itself right after the bottom dropped out of Foreign Exchange. No longer are we sorry for poor bleeding Europe as it is no longer profitable to be sorry! With the bottom dropped out of Foreign Exchange what will happen to the export trade?

With the bottom dropped out of the Export trade what will happen to domestic business?

With the bottom dropped out of domestic business what will happen to the bourgeoisie?

Yes, Verely Congress has SOME problems to solve!

These are the days when it behooves the budding young scion of bourgeoisie stock to learn to do something useful so he may have some excuse for being allowed to stick around in the New Society.

Cook County Jail Prisoners Will See Another Execution.

Chicago, Feb. 17.—Prisoners in the Cook county jail will be permitted to witness executions despite protest by women's organizations, public officials and others, Sheriff Peters announced Tuesday.

"The mere hanging of a particular subject is not meant to punish that subject alone," said the sheriff.

"but the real object is to punish the criminal class. If capital punishment means anything at all, it is a deterrent to further crime and an example to others. The very class it is intended to reach is that confined in the jail."

Wouldn't this antideluvian sheriff have taken an unholly joy in the operation of the ducking stool and the burning of witches?

Notice that last statement of his. Here he is judge and jury as well as executioner!

What a splendid example of the brutal, stupid, ignorant officialdom of America today!

An atavistic hangover from the dark ages in full power in the twentieth century.

To Remind You

That you like our cartoons. Of course we know you do. You like them because they are so good you can't help it. And because they are good you want to see more of them. You want to see one in each issue of The Toiler—and you will—if you will just help finance the cost of having the drawings cast. Our cartoonist donates his work, but the engraving company is a profit institution. Send a little to make sure of a cartoon each week just as good as the one on the front page.

Receipts to date:
Leon Vetta, Homestead, Pa. \$1.00
M. Slavik, Warren, O. 50
A Comrade 1.00
Previously acknowledged . . . 8.00
Total \$11.50
Expenses \$25.14

HERE IS ONE ANSWER TO "ARE CARTOONS WORTH WHILE"

"And last but not least, \$1.00 to keep up the cartoons, for the cartoons will impress a person's mind more than a whole book, as some haven't time to read much, others cannot read, in either event a good cartoon will tell its story in a jiffy and it may even attract persons who are also lately against socialism, make them see a truth that volumes of reading could not do. The last cartoon is a hot one and one of the best ones yet, so keep it up. If cartoons aren't of any benefit, why do all the capitalist papers use them so freely?"

With best wishes to you and the movement, I am
Cordially yours,
Wood O. Maxwell.

THE I. W. W. CASE AT MONTESANO

The trial of the 11 members of the I. W. W. growing out of the Armistice Day parade tragedy at Centralia, Wash., is on in full swing at Montesano, a nearby city. After two weeks spent in selecting a jury, the prosecution began its presentation of witnesses and evidence on Feb. 9th. Guns, shells, bullets and other materials used by the defendants were identified by the Sheriff, John Berry. Other witnesses were E. C. Dohn, state engineer, Sidney Gallagher, city engineer and C. M. Bevans, photographer. A small plot of that section of the city in which the shooting occurred is a part of the exhibit of the prosecution. All of the buildings in which the defendants are alleged to have stationed themselves in order to fire on the parade, as well as Seminary Ridge, where the prosecution will attempt to prove I. W. W. were stationed and from which point shots are claimed to have been fired into the parade, was also shown.

Finally Elsie Hornbeck was put on the stand. She is a slim, dark girl of Semitic features, bookkeeper in the North End garage, across the street from the Avalon hotel, from which the state contends some of the firing on the parade was done. Before the parade came along, she declared, she saw a man leaning out of the south window of the Avalon. He had dark hair and a thin face, but wore no hat, she said. "Could you identify him if you saw him now?" asked Special Prosecutor Abel. "I might," the girl answered. "Look at these defendants, and then tell me." She scanned the defendants briefly, and said: "It was the first one." That was Eugene Barnett, who the prosecution has contended stood in that window and fired. At that moment Vanderveer began a counterfire against the state that



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Judge John M. Wilson, who is presiding in the trial at Montesano.

George F. Vanderveer, the fighting attorney who is defending the I. W. W. at Montesano. Attorney Vanderveer has handled many notable cases for the I. W. W. The defense of the organization at the Everett, Wash., trials a few years was in his hands. The I. W. W. were acquitted. He was also counsel in the big Chicago cases in which Wm. D. Haywood and many other well known leaders were implicated. Vanderveer was at one time prosecuting attorney of King County (Seattle) Wash.

Judge John M. Wilson, who is presiding in the trial at Montesano. Judge Wilson presents subject for study by all interested in the big labor trial. Practically unknown, this trial has lifted him into the spotlight where he is being subjected to a merciless scrutiny.

Rumors that a large delegation of I. W. W. members were to flood the town has failed to materialize. Scores of American Legion members and special deputies swarm the streets and keep watchful tab on all strangers.

The strong point of the prosecution up to this time has been the submission of the "confessions" of Loren Roberts, a member of the I. W. W., who it is claimed by the prosecution made a complete confession to the police a few days after the shooting occurred. It was only after a hard day's fighting that the prosecution succeeded in getting Robert's alleged confession into the court records. Attorney Geo. F. Vanderveer sought to get permission to prove that Roberts was insane at the time the confession was made, but this he was denied.

Then when the prosecution succeeded in getting the alleged confession of Loren Roberts into the court record, that confession arose to damage their case by emphasizing certain points invaluable to the defense. No denial has been made by the defendants that some of them fired on the Centralia parade; nor that some of them doubtless killed Warren O. Grimm.

Admission that these things are true, interlocks with Attorney Vanderveer's contention of self-defense. Roberts' alleged confession, which the jury is instructed to weigh on whatever merits it may appear to have, contains these declarations:

"That the Industrial Workers had been warned at least two days in advance of Armistice Day that their hall was to be attacked, and because of this prepared to defend it. That one of their members and the woman who owned the building in which they were quartered had notified the city authorities of their fears of a raid, had asked for police protection, and had failed to get it. That Roberts and two companions who the alleged confession says went with him to a hilltop with guns shortly before the parade, were instructed to fire on anybody who might attack the I. W. W. hall as threatened, but were not to fire until the hall was attacked.

That one of those three men declared that day that he "hoped to Jesus there wouldn't be any trouble."

Turn in Case Favors Defense.

The case took a sudden turn in favor of the defense late last week. It was a dramatic development, the breaking down of testimony by one of the state's chief witnesses.

The story of Tom Morgan, former I. W. W., who had turned state's evidence to save himself at the expense of the 11 other defendants, had been told.

was crushing in its significance. "That was three months ago," said Vanderveer. "Have you ever seen Barnett since?"

"No," said the girl. "How did you know he was in this line of men?" demanded Vanderveer. "How were you able to pick him out so quickly? You never looked at the other end of the line at all. How did you know he was in here at all?"

Vanderveer hurried all this at her at once. The girl was nervous, hesitant in her replies, as indeed she was throughout the whole cross-examination by the counsel for the defense, and she had to think long and hard before she answered various questions.

Now she answered: "I was told he was in here."

"Who told you?"

"A man outside in the hall."

"Who was he?"

"I don't know. He was waiting there."

"Waiting for what?"

"I don't know."

"How did you happen to talk with him?"

"I don't know. We were just talking."

"What did he say?"

"I don't know exactly. He was talking about the defendants in general."

At this point Vanderveer scored a master stroke. It was like a big moment in a tense drama. He demanded that the girl go out into the hall and point out the man. She looked quizzically at Special Prosecutor Abel. The attorneys for the state growled at "the futility of this stage play."

But meanwhile the girl had left the stand under Vanderveer's insistent glare, went out into the hall with him, and came back a moment later—to say her informant was not out there.

The prosecution had neglected to voice an objection.

"I would have granted it if you had made one," said Judge Wilson.

"Will you say under oath that Barnett is the man you saw in the window of the Avalon?" demanded Vanderveer.

Elsie Hornbeck looked helplessly at Special Prosecutor Abel.

"He looks more like the man I saw in that window than any of the rest," she said, in answer to Vanderveer's question.

"Knowing that it is a matter of a man's life or his death," said Vanderveer, "will you say under oath that Eugene Barnett is the man you saw in the Avalon window?"

Elsie Hornbeck lowered her eyes. She was breathing heavily, and was a pitiful figure. Her eyes lifted, and turned toward Abel.

"Look at me!" thundered Vanderveer. "Answer my question. Will you

swear that Barnett is the man?"

"Yes."

Then Vanderveer, by questioning her, brought out the fact that she had been visited several times by persons in behalf of the defense—once it was an American Legion man.

"Were you ever shown a photograph of Barnett?" Vanderveer demanded.

"Yes." Presently she admitted she had seen two photographs.

"And when I asked you if you had ever seen Barnett since three months ago, you answered no," said Vanderveer. "Look at Barnett," he commanded. She obeyed. "Is he thin faced?"

"Well, his face isn't fat," she said.

Actually Barnett's face is full. No one with good eyesight would ever describe him as thin-faced. Elsie Hornbeck said that the first photograph of Barnett was brought to her by the American Legion man; the second, apparently a duplicate of the first, was shown to her by Frank Christensen, one of the special prosecutors.

The girl left the stand shaken.

THOUGHT WAVES

By C. A. Mosely.

The statesmen at Washington do not rise to the occasion; they rise to points of order.

"I am inclined to think," said the congressman, beginning his speech. And then remembering that thought sometimes induces brain fever, he asked permission to print it in The Record.

"It is obviously impossible," as the member of the New York assembly said of the varn that a man had stood on the curb and spit on a flag carried in a parade. Only an artilleryman, if anyone, could hold such a record for long distance and high rate of expectation. It makes a good headline, though.

There seems to be an impression that the attorney general is suffering from the unusual combination of a hot head and cold feet.

Mr. Charles H. Grasty, who is described as "a veteran newspaper man" writes in the Atlantic Monthly, and says of him: "In a large executive position, like, say, the presidency of the Steel corporation, I confidently believe that he would make an unprecedented success." Well, that is one estimate of Mr. Wilson with which we can perhaps agree.

Our Elysian correspondent asked Frederick the Great what he thought of senate bill No. 2715. He replied: "Voltaire, the old rascal ought to have put it into my head to organize a National Security league and convince the peasant boys that compulsory military service was the greatest democratizer since Pharaoh made the fellows build the pyramids."

Hearst thinks that the Democratic party is slated to lose enormously in the next election, but that the Republican party will not profit thereby. Possibly when the Republicans have appraised the legacy, they will, like the disappointed heir down south, exclaim: "Darned if I ain't sorry the old man died!"

Over in England, when they get tired of a cabinet and show it the door, they speak of it as the fall of the government, and no one gets excited about it. Over here, if you even criticize the administration, they say you want to overthrow the government, and pretend to mean it. Which shows that the king's English—even now does not always mean what it says.

He Said It.

Rabi Judah Magnes in a speech delivered at the Chicago Coliseum 28-29 is reported by the Chicago Tribune of 29-20 to have said: "We wish the American workers to understand, as the British and Italian and German and Russian workers NOW understand that economic power CAN and MUST be used to achieve political ends."

"Economic dictatorship must be taken out of the hands of the small oligarchy of big business men and their satellites, lawyers, teachers and legymen, and the power put in the hands of those to whom rightfully it belongs—the masses who work with hand and brain."

The Black Sheep.

CHAPT. XIX

The girl listened to the exhortation of the preacher in a quiet and dignified manner. She was fully aware of the inconsistencies of his argument. She had always considered herself to be a Christian; she had read the Bible, that is, those passages of it which are generally referred to by preachers and pious laity. She had conceived christianity to be the expression of the golden rule in every day affairs; a power that sweetened the life and ennobled the ideals of mankind; a force that purified and exalted their educational, social and political institutions. It was her real, the unexpressed ideal, so to live, that the good people should love her and the bad respect her for her sin erity. In that she was an anomaly among her kind, religious tenets are used for social purposes; they flourish on Sunday; they are hung upon the clothes rack on the Sabbath evening and taken down again when the church bells ring the next Sunday.

Olive wanted her christianity to be applicable to the problems of life; to be for the good of the living, and not to deal with the problems of the dead alone. As was it existed for the benefit of the dying. The church had long forgotten the communal table; the holding of all things in common. Modern christianity in contradistinction to the primitive locks instead of opens prison doors. She could not understand why God should want to put us in this world to fight sin and unrighteousness and then command his preachers who are to make his will known to the world to keep themselves unspotted from its contamination. In short she did not know where she was at and she told her parson so. She told him that she was blind and that it was quite evident that his reverence could not see. She told him, that it was dangerous for blind people to follow men who could not see. That in the wilderness of injustice and cruelty with which man was surrounded we were in need of men who could rise to duty inspite of loth.

While she spoke the preacher sat limp in his chair. To him it was a voice that came from out of the abyss of reality. It was a soul's cry for the real and only salvation. The preacher realized it but as his stomach was greater than his heart he dared not respond. She opened the door slowly all the while pouring her indignation into the parson's ear. They were not calmly spoken but with a divine earnestness, with an abandon that makes martyrdom possible.

The preacher answered her no more. He only looked at her in horror and amazement and remained in that attitude until she had left his home. Then he walked over toward the little looking glass on the wall and stood before it. "She tells the truth," said he to himself, "but what am I to do. I have preached for thirty years. I have never done any harm. But where and when have I ever done any good? I have censored men to say 'I believe' I have attacked men as individuals for their immorality, but how am I to fight institutions? It is institutions which make or break a man. It's an awful crime that is going on in this place, when even a child can see it, but what am I to do? Preach the forgiveness of sins, which is simply a license for more sinning. Then justifying himself, he turned away, saying, "I leave it to the Lord. I can't risk my salary."

In her room that night Olive went over the entire jail scene. She wrote down in a little note book all that Jack had said and beside it what the parson had said. She read it over time and again, but could come to but one conclusion, and that was, the boy had spoken the truth. He would be justified if he hated her, and all the people like her. It did not occur to her that Jack was but recently emerged into the working class; that he was hardly weaned away from the bourgeoisie. So profoundly had he impressed himself upon her imagination that she had not been aware of Collin's contemptuous attitude or of Rudolph's antagonistic spirit. To her, right and wrong were definite things. They were absolute standards. Her people were doing wrong. It was wrong now, had been wrong in the past and would be wrong in the future. It was a double sin, a sin of omission on the part of the officials and of omission on the part of the people. If had always been her idea that if wrong were pointed out people were willing to do right. Now she found that such men as her father, Duffy, Cranston and Goodman justified crime upon the ground of expedience. She had even caught herself excusing the robbery of the Indians upon the self same ground. While the idea of giving the land back to the Indians, now that it had been improved and bought by innocent white men, also seemed impossible. She came to the conclusion, that a wrong once committed could not be righted except thru another and possibly greater wrong.

Her interview with the two men, the convict and the preacher had rent the veil of her temple, and revealed to her what she called the soul of the world. The more she thought of what Jack had said, the clearer she could see the cross of exploitation lying upon the shoulders of Labor; the clearer did she behold the sad and tortured face of Christ in the toiling masses of mankind. It caused her to wrestle with two great concepts of duty, one of which was to her parents and the people to whose class she belonged, in which case she had to make herself content with the world and its ways, or she had to defy the laws and rules of that world and dedicate her life to a struggle such as Jack was waging to make the world what she thought it to be. Of course this desire was utopian. She did not realize that the very mob for which she would sacrifice herself, in the hour of her bitterest need, might turn upon her and rend her limb from limb, as they did to Hypatia. That they might burn her at the stake as they did Joan of Arc. These things did not occur to her. She knew that she had to make a choice between the worshippers of the cross, and the followers of the Christ. And she desired to choose the latter believing sincerely that her god man, Jesus, was the incarnation of the good and the useful in human kind. And she was right. Early christianity was a labor movement or rather was planted in the labor movement already in existence. She did not know these things. She only felt them.

Olive Anderson was laboring under a delusion. She thought that she was choosing the side of labor, in reality she was choosing Jack. She looked at the world thru him. She measured labor and its problems by the big blonde boy, she had seen in an iron cage. All she knew, of the vast mechanism of production were steel grey eyes and roughish smile. His logic appealed to her brain; but he appealed to her sex. Olive, the thinker, really wanted justice done for justice sake, but Olive the woman, saw the boy first and as a back ground to him the masses of mankind.

Thus she wrestled all night. In the morning she came down stairs with heavy eyes, her father greeted her with the information that he had heard of her activity in the boys' behalf. He told her that she had been very indiscreetly, that she didn't know the boy, that there was a good chance that he was nothing but a common criminal. He further told her that he would call up the preacher and tell him that he would "kneek his block off" if he ever sent his daughter again, "to peddle church junk to bums in the can." At this his wife took violent issue. It was Olive's duty to visit those in prison and preach the word to them and if her husband wanted to live the life of a heathen that was his affair, but her daughter was going to be a christian and preach the word.

"Just when Olive asked her to go with her to the Judge and to Smallhead and get this boy out, then the mother immediately changed her tune. "Evel does have to be punished" but while they are punished we must preach to them. To which the girl replied, that mother seemed to be glad that there was some one in jail to preach to. She told her that christian actions were better than christian words. That it was her idea that the best way in which she could show her christianity was to tell the people of the wrongs they were committing and to restore the boy to liberty.

Of all this the mother would have nothing. She would go and pray with an innocent man condemned to death by a corrupt judge, but would not do a thing to stay the hangman's hand. Her creed was not to concern oneself with the affairs of this world except to get what was necessary to eat and wear by legally approved methods. That is the reason she had taken an infidel for a husband. She had never agreed with his views on theology but was thoroly agreed with his methods of "bringing home the bacon." The truth was she only ate the bacon and did not concern herself about its origin. The origin of things were a mystery to her. She was only concerned with their destiny, and the destiny of the things Gus Anderson bred home, was his wife's back, her stomach or her church. She concerned herself much about the heathen in China. She could tell long tales of their poverty, their ignorance and their superstition, caused by a bad government and a worse religion. But she knew nothing of the poverty on alkali flat, caused by the machinations of her husband in the real estate business. When it came to misery her philosophy was, that distance lends enchantment to the view.

During the altercation between the girl and her mother the father took a hand. "Well, Olive can be a christian," he roared, "without going hobnobbing with jail birds. Her sympathies get the best of her, and the first thing you

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