

# THE TOLLER

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## With These Posters, Trotsky recruited the Red Army of 3,000,000 Men, Drove the Reactionary Forces of Kolchak, Denikin and Yudenich to Surrender and Saved Russia for Socialism!



**SOVIET POSTERS**

We have recently received a number of posters from Soviet Russia, which we are reprinting on this and the opposite page. In tone and execution they do not differ much—at least this is the case of the four military posters—from the posters turned out by artists in other countries working on similar subjects. It is likely these military posters are of various dates, they indicate the varying objectives of the military effort of Soviet Russia. Thus, those on the opposite page urging men to enlist for fighting in the Urals (IV and V) may be a year old, for it was in January, 1919, that Kolchak's armies had advanced furthest into European Russia. No. 1, on this page, is an admonition to fight for the Donetz coal-fields, in other words, to help recover southeastern Russia from Denikir. Its top line reads: "The Donetz Coal must be ours!" At the side are the three sentences: "If there is no coal, the trains will not go. If there is no coal, hunger will be with us." At the bottom is the line: "Victory over Denikin's hands means victory over hunger." Just what part these posters played in raising the spirit of the Red armies to the point of victory, we do not know, but their work is done, and all the tasks they urged the workers to perform have been fulfilled. Probably No. IV, is the most recent of the posters: it deals with the defense of Petrograd, probably against the Yudenich assault of October, 1919.

But Soviet Russia is interested more in the arts of peace than those of war, as is once more suggested by the two posters at the bottom of this page. In such cases, the large words read: "Organize Reading Huts," while an extensive text at the bottom, too small to be legible in the reproduction, explains the necessity of spreading education and culture in the villages. Evidently it is intended that the peasants of the New Russia shall have educational opportunities that were greater than what they enjoyed in the Russia of old.



Of the three posters on this page, the two upper ones are encouragements to enlist in the armies fighting for the recovery of the Urals. IV reads: "Comrades, all out for the Urals! Death to Kolchak and the other lackeys of the Czar and capitalism." V reads: "Forward, to the defense of the Urals!" VI, below, is a summons to defend the cradle of the Revolution, Petrograd, against the advance of Yudenich. It reads: "All Our Lives in the Defense of Petrograd!"



Pictures from "Soviet Russia"

### Cheerful Greetings from Chicago Jail

The attorneys for Marguerite Prevey, is being done to have her returned to who was kidnapped from Columbus jail and taken to Chicago by Illinois authorities March 3rd, are engaged in a legal battle for her release on habeas corpus. It is expected that before this issue of The Toller reaches its readers, the courts will have rendered a decision on the case. Everything possible

Comrade Prevey sends a cheerful message of "I'm all right, don't worry about me," to all comrades.—But we wish to add that ever comrade can show his loyalty by helping pay the costs of comrade Prevey's defense. Send all funds to The Toller.



## The Kansas Court of Industrial Slavery

— By Bill Smith —

In a political sense Kansas is the most picturesque state in the Union. From the time Jim Lane, — bushy haired, wild eyed, with an enormous medal jangling from a ribbon around his neck, and a six shooter bulging from his hip pocket, invaded the U. S. Senate in 1861 as its first senatorial representative, it has been a sort of political museum.

It has furnished many amusing and interesting characters and has enacted many fantastic and Quixotic laws; and just as Kansas seems about to settle down to a methodical and reasonable way of living — something busts loose!

This time it is Gov. Henry J. Allen and his Court of Industrial Relations who has not heard of Henry Jay—he of the inexhaustible ink pot and perpetual over flow of superheated air! On every conceivable question that has troubled mankind in the last twenty years Henry has been "Johnny on the Spot" with a solution. Do you know "Who struck Billy Patterson?" Ask Henry—for you know Solomon is dead.

After the paid and corrupt press had the public well fed up on the iniquitous and criminal conduct of those arch villains—the striking miners, Henry Jay assembled the sun flower solons in solemn conclave for the purpose of putting a curb of iron on these malfactors—and he got just what he wanted, in an institution that smells of the Dark Ages and reeks with the odor of the Inquisition—and it is called "The Court of Industrial Relations."

Formerly legislators were intelligent human beings who possessed both independence of thought and action. But now it seems, far too many are merely political scullions and scoundrels. Some have that globular hair matted knob that shows above the collar button carefully treated with a vacuum cleaner before entering upon their legis-

lative duties, and then they have no more idea than a kangaroo, what laws they are to make until the Big Cheese tells them what he wants. This cringing servility of a legislative body—no matter how stupid or mediocre—is indeed pitiful. There are vastly too many political serfs in all our state legislatures to-day, who do just as they are ordered to do.

But Henry got his court. This is composed of three members, who are called "judges"—and mark you—all appointed by Henry Jay! They get \$5,000 yearly of the people's money and they have the power to fix wages, change labor contracts and do about every thing else under the sun that God Almighty overlooked. Its principal object is to strangle and ham string labor, and legalize slavery in the State of Kansas.

It seems strange when one ponders over the early history of Kansas and recalls how bitterly she fought human slavery—to now find it the first state under the regime of capitalism to reintroduce it! At one sweep this new law nullifies the 13th amendment to the U. S. Constitution, The English Magna Charta, the Bill of Rights and even Christ's Sermon on the Mount itself!

Under this enactment a laborer is chained to the job! Let him dare to resort to the usual means to better his condition or wage—that is, to strike,—a \$500 fine and imprisonment awaits him! And you may bet your last cent that he will get it! Let us ask,—is there a working man in America with brain so small and warped, who would think for a moment, that he could appear before a court presided over by the political puppets of Henry Allen—or any other governor—and expect justice? So much for the strike—but here is where this Kansas Law gets on its hind legs and paws and snorts and bellers—"to order, or foment a strike," entitles one

to the nice little gift of a \$1,000 fine and five years in the penitentiary!

At the present rate of pay—and the limited days he is permitted to work—what miner or other worker could put up that 500 or 1,000 dollars? He could only do, 25 thousands of his comrades have done from the days of Christ down—suffer indefinitely in prison. Why could they not have been more generous and have made that fine \$29,000,000 so the boys could all feel like Rockefeller?

Boys do you get that word "foment"? When a general round up is desired that word "foment," means anything that a judge desires it to mean that will afford an excuse for fining and sending an innocent man—whom they don't overly love—to the penitentiary. If one will canvass the "judicial" decisions of the last five years, he will note many horrible outrages against common sense, due to this twisting and juggling of words that only finds its equal in the blood smeared courts of the Spanish Inquisition. Once it burned a man because he looked "askance" at the king who was passing by to witness the burning of a lot of undesirables. They whole question hinged upon what "askance" really meant—and further the poor fellow could not help it, as he was cross-eyed. But that did not cut any ice with the Court of Industrial Relations, of that time,—for they found him guilty and sent him to the stake.

This law of Kansas recognizes no geographical limitations,—it oozes all over the U. S. A. like a gob of buckwheat butter. Now when the rail way maintenance and shop workers threatened to strike on the 17th of Feb. Henry Jay polished up his Industrial Court and was ready for them! Word flashed from Topeka that warrants would be issued for all the leaders of the Brotherhood of Maintenance and Shop men no matter when

they should happen to be! Just a word here;—one year from now all the mines of Great Britain will be nationalized;—the miners have served notice that they refuse to further give their labor, lives and blood for the up-building of colossal fortunes for a few persons and corporations. When the miners of Kansas and elsewhere gaze across the waters and see this new condition,—what greater thing could happen to put them in a "foment"? Did the labor leaders of Great Britain know of the yawning prisons awaiting them in Kansas, they would surely stop this mad progression toward human rights. Huh! What did you say?

But you will find nothing in this Kansas law—nor any law that has been passed at the instigation of the sleek and paunchy minions of capitalism where operators are really subject to fine or imprisonment. They may close the works indefinitely—they may entail untold suffering on the working classes by non employment to create artificial shortages,—they may profiteer to their hearts content,—making their hundreds and thousands percent. blood money, and who shall say them nay? But let the working man ask for a decent living and resort to any method to secure it—the vampires of capitalism get busy and you hear the creaking of the opening prison doors!

Henry Jay loves the laboring man;—and one may venture, that when the Kansas solons sat in spell bound rapture hypnotized by the torrid blasts of Cleoronian eloquence that Henry yodeled forth,—their sandy patches of alfalfa kently waving to and fro in the sultry breeze of his oratory,—we will venture, that all the time his star lit eyes were piercing their very vitals he was thinking that at last he had a scheme whereby he could furnish Alex. Howett and his devoted comrades with nice new suits

of clothes, free of charge,—nice, nifty, sporty suits with stripes on them.

Every Pharisee, and all the devotees of Dives, and the worshippers of the Golden Calf are patting Henry Jay on the back;—and is it any wonder as he capers over the "country brassing this freak court of "his fiddlers three," that he feels as swollen and important, as a five cent balloon at a country fair?

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The capital controlled and degenerate press, whose every sense of decency and truthfulness has long been dead, acclaims this Kansas freak as something of almost divine origin. We cannot quote from all, therefore shall present as a fair sample the comment of the St. Paul Press, which discussing this court and labor differences generally, says:—"And there is no way to end it this side of eternity except with a club from without. THE INDUSTRIAL COURT IS JUST SUCH A CLUB." Here you see this diabolical scheme to destroy the rights and freedom of the working class unwittingly exposed in its true character. It is a club! It was not designed to be fair to labor,—nor was any of these so called industrial laws ever designed to better conditions of labor. The ulterior aim of all of them is to curb and destroy labor organization. No one is deceived concerning the purpose of these laws but the very fools who design and make them.

The fiat has gone forth from the maledorous secret chambers of capitalism—that Labor Must Be Crushed No Matter at What Cost. In pursuit of this aim it has perpetrated folly after folly—and madness upon madness, to stem the tide that is soon to overwhelm it. This recalls the ancient adage, that is "Whom the Gods would destroy, they first make mad."

These exploiters of the human race, with narrow cowardly picayune souls, tremble as they see the writing on the wall—traced by the finger of Destiny in burning and imperishable letters,— "Labor Shall Conquer!"

**WASHINGTON NEWS LETTER**

— By PAUL HANNA. —  
Staff Correspondent,  
The Federated Press.

WASHINGTON.—Housewives that have no other way of knowing may learn from the federal reserve board's review of February that the cost of living climbed higher instead of falling during that month.

That arm of the government is very scientific and thorough, it is said. It extends credit to manufacturers and merchants in every corner of the land. It knows what they are doing. It receives reports from them every day on the demand for commodities and the run of prices.

And it reports that "notwithstanding the decrease in prices of some classes of goods" the general cost of living moved steadily upward during the month.

Regional directors for the federal reserve bank system unite in the widespread demand that wage earners produce more and consume less. So we read that "labor conditions throughout the country are fairly stable, but unfortunately there is a tendency in various districts to restrict production."

That means the working class still bankers after fewer hours of labor and more time for themselves or with their families. It all comes under the general head of "menace to our civilization."

From the Philadelphia region comes word that "there is a brisk demand for manufacturers of all kinds, but the danger of further price advances is well recognized." The demand is so brisk, in a word, that another little boost in prices won't do us any harm.

On this general theme of "recognition," the Atlanta regional directors have a word to say, thus: "The need of increased production is recognized." Just another hint to the loyal workman that he will not be popular until he consents to give more and take less.

(Continued on page 4.)