

THE TOILER

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"How Do You Like Your Boss?"

The conflict between the editorial and news pages of the capitalist press is often a source of surprise to the uninitiated and of amusement to those who are in on the know, to use a colloquial expression. Due to the fact that capitalist editors are paid to smooth out the wrinkles that appear in our complicated and conflicting social life while at the same time being compelled to some extent at least to give the facts of news value, these two duties often come into sharp conflict with some astonishing results which even the most cursory reader cannot fail to observe.

Let us take the Cleveland Press for February 2nd. On the editorial page is a cartoon by Darling, entitled "How Do You Like Your Boss?" It depicts a fence dividing Russian an American industry. Russia, a hungry lean and ragged individual, surrounded with broken machine parts and a tumbled down factory; while Bolshevism scans in consternation a paper labeled "bankruptcy". On the other side of the fence sits the great American working mule dining sumptuously from a full dinner pail from which protrudes the shank of a chicken, sandwiches, pie and fruit. Factories with plumes of smoke flowing from their chimneys, and jaunty Uncle Sam with a pay roll from an interesting background. Surely, a striking contrast—if it were only true!

A glance at the facts as they exist is all that is required to condemn this piece of nonsense and journalistic bastardy. Every one in America, possibly excepting the editor of the Press, knows that American industry is at a standstill; that there are nearly 5,000,000 unemployed in this country at this time; that industry is not booming nor is there any indication that it will boom in the near future. Hunger, want, privation and absolute suffering is the portion of American workers. If the editor of the Press was anything but a mental prevent hire do prostitute the truth, he would quit his job before casting this insult in the faces of his proletarian readers. Probably it is because he DOES know the true facts of the condition of industry that he dare not publish the truth—he might be on the unemployed list.

Aside from a consideration of the most patent and universally recognized facts, let us turn to the news pages of the same issue of the Press for its own condemnation. Doing so, we find a number of items indicative of the tremendous pressure and high speed of American industry at this time.

- Here are the items: The City Rent Commission acts to aid unemployed tenants. The City Employment Bureau has found eight (8) jobs for married farm laborers! The Pennsylvania R. R. at Wellsville cuts working force 60%. Lack of funds halts water main extension at Canton. Columbia Steel Co. at Elyria is working with 50% normal force. Car riding in Cleveland has decreased 5%. Service on all lines is being cut and Company proposes a 20% reduction of carmen's wages. Van drivers are locked out because they would not accept a wage cut. State Department of Agriculture states many farmers have left the land after being rendered bankrupt by declining prices. That in spite of falling prices in building material no improvement in the building situation is shown. Considering that the Press is not a news paper, but only an advertising sheet for capitalist wares and a murder-tale bearer, this is considerable news of current events to glean from one issue. Any worker can supply additional facts from observation and experience to prove that the Press editorial pages are in violent conflict with the facts of industry as related in its news columns. In other words, the editorial page is a lie.

Let us consider the state of Russian industry just now. Every student and observer that has visited Russia has stated and proved over and over that the break down of Russian industry had reached it lowest level JUST BEFORE THE BOLSHEVIKS CAME INTO POWER, that is, during the reign of capitalism. That immediately they gained control, in spite of counter-revolution, invading armies from this country, France, England and Poland, in spite of a world blockade, industry, in the sections they controlled has steadily moved upward. Anyone familiar in the least degree with conditions prevailing there now, now, when American industry is dead, knows that conditions are rapidly improving. Figures will prove that in the lines of grain, coal, clothing, oil production and every essential industry the gain is doubling and trebling. These are facts recognized by any one pretending to be at all familiar with actualities. They should be, and we think they are known to the Press whether it wishes to admit it or not.

But of course, keeping the facts from the public is the real purpose of the lying capitalist press of which the Cleveland Press is but one part and a very insignificant one at that. We merely use it as an example which can be verified daily by any observant reader.

"How do you like your Boss" is a misfire. In a city of over one hundred thousand unemployed it becomes a boomerang which returns to bump the thrower upon his senseless noodle. It provokes the reader to draw his own conclusions in respect to the truthfulness of the capitalist press and shows him how necessary it is that such weapons be made the first object of control of the proletarians when they come into power in order that the real truth may be told the workers.

The conviction of the five members of the Socialist Party Executive Committee and their sentence to twenty years imprisonment has been set aside by the Supreme Court.

And now we know just who it is that wants Debs in jail. His name is Wilson, the White House Guardian of the morals and liberties of the American people.

EDITORIAL PAGE OF THE TOILER

'Communism and Christianity' Receives Attention of Chamber of Commerce

Not only do the Chambers of Commerce attempt to establish the Open Shop, which means a closed shop to union men and women, but it also seeks to set the bounds of working-class reading and thinking. The autocrats of history who have hanged, guillotined and burned to death the thinkers of the past have nothing on these modern destroyers of progress and free thinking.

New ideas are acceptable to the masters of bread who control the Chambers of Commerce only if they support their rule and intrench their property rights. The man or woman who states a truth in opposition to their conceived right to rule unmolested over the masses and determine for them the lives they shall live and the thoughts they shall think, is considered a fit object of their wrath and they will leave no stone unturned to have them removed from their way.

Bishop Wm. M. Brown, the former Episcopalian Churchman, who has renounced the dogmas of religion and accepted Darwinism and Communism as the rule of his life and advocates them for the workers of the world has won the condemnation of this influence that today, as ever before, stands in the road of the worker's emancipation.

'Communism and Christianity,' a book just recently published, which has happily already reached a circulation of many thousands of copies, is the cause of the taking up of the cudgels by the property interests against Bishop Brown. We urge every worker who reads this paragraph to order and read this book. We ask each of you to place a copy in the hands of every church-goer of your acquaintance, and get their opinion as to whether the publication of Bishop Brown's book should be allowed to continue. See advertisement on this issue.

We reproduce here the letter from the Janesville, Wisconsin, Chamber of Commerce which Bishop Brown has received and his answer thereto.

JANESVILLE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE Janesville, Wisconsin January 23, 1921.

To the President, Bradford Brown Educational Company, Inc., Galion, O.

Dear Sir:— There recently came to my attention a book bearing the title 'Communism and Christianity,' written by William Montgomery Brown, and published by your company.

The book is the most Un-American piece of literature that has ever come to my attention, and I am today appealing to the Attorney-General of the United States to stop its publication. I want to appeal to you to stop the publication of this book without making it necessary for the forces in this country which propose to protect the nation, to expose your company and you and the author of the book. You may as well realize that such books as the one to which I refer cannot be printed and distributed in this country, and you may as well direct the energies of your company to something constructive. The intelligence of William Montgomery Brown is too good to be used in a destructive manner.

Yours very truly, Lucian O. Holman, Manager.

Galion, O., Jan. 24, 1921. Mr. Lucian O. Holman, Manager, Janesville Chamber of Commerce, Janesville, Wisconsin.

My dear Mr. Holman:—

Your letter of Jan. 22nd is at hand and I am this day forwarding it to the President of the Bradford Brown Educational Company, Inc.

As a member of the company and the author of the booklet, I take pleasure in saying that while I regret your attitude and action, I do not blame you; for, during nearly all of my life, I would have been of your way of feeling and doing.

With every good wish of the season, I am,

Very cordially yours, Wm. M. Brown.

Communism and Christianity: Analyzed and Contrasted from the Viewpoint of Darwinism, by Bishop William Montgomery Brown, D. D. Paper, pages 184, artistic cover, price 25 cents. Six copies mailed for \$1.00. Comments by eleven persons. One of the most startling and revolutionary books ever issued. It comes like a meteor across a dark sky. Send twelve copies. It is the best book I ever read to open the eyes and set the brain working. It held me tight I call it a sermon. The text is astounding: Banish gods from skies and capitalists from earth. Bishop Brown is the reincarnation of Thomas Paine and his book is the modern Age of Reason. Every comrade buys one and comes back for more. It will do a wonderful work in this, the greatest crisis in all history. I think it is one of the most important books of a Socialist nature issued in a number of years. It is full of marvelously good material and will open many eyes. Send twenty-five in a jiffy, and three hundred for next meeting. The author, an Episcopalian ecclesiastic, has squarely renounced all theology and unreservedly accepted the Marxist philosophy of economic determinism. In this book he approaches the subject of Socialism from a new angle and has produced a propaganda work that will be of intense interest to all. It can sell three thousand within sixty days. Write for terms to book sellers and to propagandists. Twentieth thousand now in press.

THE TOILER, 3207 Clark Ave. Cleveland, Ohio

KNOCKED SENSIBLE BY A POLICEMAN'S CLUB

(How Unemployment Changed the Mind of an ex-soldier) By Don Kameny.

After almost five years of hell and high promises the workers seem to be worse off than they were before. Unemployment is here again, loosed like a grey plague, upon the land. Millions are now eluted in the embrace. Hunger, want, misery and uncertainty follow in its trail. Even those at work are compelled to hug their jobs closer to their greasy shirts in a constant fear of the fateful word that will hurl them into the ranks of the anxious army that always hovers about the factory gates.

To many people a comfortable circumstance, "unemployment" is merely a disagreeable word, but to millions of us in the working class it is a harsh, brutal fact. As strange as it seems, when the whole world is crying out for the products of human hands, many a strong, honest, willing worker must vainly wander about looking for a chance, as Robert Burns says, "to beg his lordly worm to give him leave to toil."

The writer of this has been a steady worker all his life; made pretty good money and been fairly well satisfied. I spent eight months in France trying to "make the world safe for democracy" and, after the armistice, worked hard at home for "increased production." Now, somehow or other, they tell me we have "overproduction" and so I am out of work and my job has been taken by an "open shop scab," working under the "American plan."

A lot of this is quite new to me in spite of the fact that agitators have frequently entertained me with talk about such things. But I have always brushed revolutionary talk aside as the vaporing of irresponsible maledictors. I have always believed that a willing man could always find work to do.

Somehow I also had the notion that unemployment and such things were only for the other fellow and not myself—who had always made good and had even fought in the trenches to "make the world a better place to live in." Least of all did it ever strike me that in America, men like myself—millions of them—could be thrown on the streets and be obliged to employ themselves.

I have been out of work a little over a month now, and the fact that I have been living in a fool's (or slave's) paradise all my life has just dawned on me because of this experience. Sometimes it takes this sort of stuff to far a man loose from prejudice. So far I have kept my family together, but the hard part of the winter is still ahead. I am toughened to hardship myself but the thought of my little woman suffering with me seems so unalloyed and so cruel. Sometimes I almost regret that the world-war did not wind up in a world-revolution. At least we would not have to face things like this. Russia, I guess, is about the only country on the map where men are not starving for want of work. The harder it gets for a lot of us here the more we think of how the workers managed things in Russia.

The other night a big thought dawned upon me all of a sudden. You have heard of men being knocked senseless by a club before now; well I was hit with a club, all right, but with me it had the very opposite effect. All my life I have paid but little attention to what agitators call "capitalism." It happened however that a policeman tapped the idea into my skull—in other words it was a night-stick that knocked me, not "senseless" but sensible. Since then I have seen conditions in their true and ugly light—just as I now know they have always been.

It happened this way: I had sat down for a moment in a little park near the railroad tracks. I was tired out from a fruitless all-day search for employment. Pedestrians, lunched with the cold, were hurrying along the icy sidewalks. Luxurious automobiles were purring up and down the street. I sat alone on the bench and it seemed the whole world—excepting myself—was comfortable and secure. Through the smoke and steam of the railroad yards I could see the dim-lit skyscrapers of the city tower, high-massed and huge, into the

darkening sky. At this moment these grey buildings, and the gaunt factories and bleak streets seemed to weigh upon me like a nightmare. I felt like a hunted animal in a hostile environment. Not knowing where to turn next and being ashamed to go home to report my failure, I dropped my chin on my coat to keep the cold wind from lashing my face. It seemed incomprehensible that I, who had always felt myself a part of this busy world, should find myself thrown in the discarded like a useless thing—a willing worker who had always done his best.

Then came the revelation. I didn't know he was a policeman when he told me to "get the hell out of there" or perhaps I should not have answered as I did. At all events the impact of the club on my skull let in a blaze of light that will illumine my brain to the end of my days.

When I looked at the landscape about me as I started to trudge homeward everything appeared miraculously different. Wherever I looked it seemed to me the world bore the imprint of private greed. There was nothing in it that I or my kind owned or could own. We were simply chattals to be used or discarded at the will of a gigantic invisible autocracy—and the policeman and all that stood back of the policeman, were parts of a rotten system of labor repression. The factories, railroads, stores—the very dwellings in which the majority of us live and work are all owned by somebody else. There is nothing in fact that we own but our labor power and we cannot dispose of this unless some master of bread gives us permission to do so. The world has been stolen from us while we were asleep. And those who possess it will keep it as long as we remain asleep. But I felt that I, at least was awake—thoroughly and unmistakably awake.

For instance I was suddenly aware of the fact that the disbarbered—the likes of me had built all this mighty jungle of modern life, and that it, by rights, belonged to us and not to the other fellow who now claimed ownership. I felt that all these factories and railroads and things that we built and operated for another man's profit should belong to us and that there should not be anything, anywhere that is owned by the gang of bilkers who, having autocratic industrial and political power, keep the workers in a state of helpless subjection. And I may as well confess it, I longed for a mighty dictatorship of the proletariat in America to uproot Capitalism as was done in Russia and to make the land safe for Labor.

For one bright moment the vision of society free and regenerated loomed



Argentine transport workers have tied up hundreds of ships in a strike which is spreading to all parts, even to the ranches.

Secretary of War Baker, states that the present unemployment is splendid time to reduce the expense of getting men into the army. No advertising is needed now, hunger is urge enough.

2000 Negroes and whites competed for 100 jobs at 30c per hour at the Municipal Employment Bureau at Baltimore last week. Hunger knows no color line. Neither does the Boss.

We're getting back to normalcy with a whoop, or with soup! Cincinnati Machinists have opened a soup kitchen in their headquarters. This is the first soup house in Cincinnati since 1903.

This is called progress.

G. Bernard Shaw states that after a thorough investigation of the species known as the 100% American patriot, he came to the conclusion that he was 95% village idiot. Correct, Bernard.

Union miners have been barred from jury duty on the jury selected to try the 24 men accused of participation in the battle between citizens and private detectives at Matewan, W. Va. last May.

The rights of citizenship count for nothing against being a union man with ideas.

Employees of the General Electric plant at Schneckady have had their wages cut 10% and all bonuses sliced off.

The White Motor plant at Cleveland has discontinued furnishing music at the hash room during the lunch hour. Employees have been notified that forces will be reduced another thousand men March 1st with a three day week instituted for those remaining.

The "break the Brotherhoods" campaign of the railroad Companies has started with a drive for a reduction of wages of 2,000,000 men.

25% production for three days a week is the present schedule of the Ford automobile plant at Highland Park, Detroit.

None of this Blue Law advocacy or Negro burning have as yet been laid at the door of the Reds. Strange.

A bill has been introduced in the New York Legislature for prohibiting an Alien from acting as a picket in strikes or as a strikebreaker. What we need is a law preventing Alien employers from ordering lockouts.

"All well and happy" wireless Martens on way to Russia. That's more the reactionaries who sent him home can claim.

A significant statement emanates from the New York Stock Exchange. Trading in Russian Imperial bonds has been stopped due to fact that no interest has been paid on them by the Soviet Government. Also as there seems no likelihood of the Soviets falling trading will cease.

before my mind. I saw how great and glorious and happy the world would be if it were freed from the curse of capitalism. As I went onward through the wintry streets my blood was fairly tingling with the vision. The policeman's club was under a magic wand to fill a man's mind with pictures such as those that burned themselves into my bewildered brain. If it takes an honest-to-God revolution to bring about this great social readjustment and make it possible for the workers to rule the world and render justice to the worker, the prize will be well worth the price. I guess the Bolsheviks were right. All power to the workers!

Workers, Spread the Light of Socialist Truth

Read, think. Sell literature to other workers. Get on the Firing Line with Socialist weapons.—Books, Pamphlets. The education of the workers must be their own work. You can help by reading and selling the literature from this office

- Books About Russia: BARBAROUS SOVIET RUSSIA.—McBride ..... \$2.50 WHAT I SAW IN RUSSIA.—Lansbury ..... \$1.50 RUSSIA IN 1919.—By Arthur Ransome ..... \$1.00 RAYMOND ROBINS' OWN STORY.—By William Hard ..... \$2.00 Labor Laws and Protection of Labor in Soviet Russia 25 Nicolai Lenin, His Life and Work, Zinovieff ..... 25c Communism and The Family, Kollontay ..... 10c Structure of Soviet Russia, Humphries ..... 10c
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Here are four new pamphlets that are exceptionally worthy of every worker's serious reading. The Sickness of "Left" Communism—Lenin ..... 50c The International Council of Trade and Industrial Unions—A. Losovsky ..... 10c Two Months Activity of the International Council of Trade and Industrial Unions—J. T. Murphy, 5c Dictatorship of the Proletariat—Kameney ..... 10c