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THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1920.


## A New Party

Speaking of Wilson's accomplishments—his last were his greatest and the worst.

Who but a Wilson could have elected a Harding and the most avowedly reactionary administration that was ever saddled upon this country?

Who but a Wilson could have elected Cummins of Iowa, Wadsworth of New York, Reed Smoot of Utah, Brandagee of Connecticut, Shortridge of California, Curtis of Kansas and Willis of Ohio?

Who but a Wilson could have defeated Governor Smith of New York?

Who but a Wilson could have destroyed the democratic party—eight years ago the hope of the nation? Nobody but a Woodrow Wilson.

There is nothing before this country for the next four years but black reaction—due to Woodrow Wilson.

There is nothing for the workingman, be he American or foreigner, except what the moguls of Wall Street will.

There must be a third party—the democratic party is dead, the republican party is putrid.

There must be a third party composed of men and women who belong to the masses and who are able to think clearly, act cleanly, and perform honestly. There is no room or need for any party, such as the Committee of Forty-eight would have us to join, or the type created by the yellow or professional time-serving Socialists. The third party must in season, and out of season, in congress, legislature and out in the byways of men, preach—practice—the ideals and principles which have glorified the movement in the past and will yet again; and without which it is not worth the fighting for, it is not worthy of the reverence and loyalty of the people.

In the past, and in the present, political expediency has held full sway; that stalwart band of "extremists" who in every bitter fight impart the enthusiasm to the people which wins through to victory, have been silenced and scorned by those who regard the winning of votes of infinitely greater importance than the retaining of a principle. Like "military necessity" in the world of the imperialists, "political necessity" in the world of politicians covers many a crime against the common people.

There can be no question that a reorganization of the masses is essential and that new methods must be applied to the work of the future. A new birth must take place before the stricken forces of labor can be organized upon the political field. Let us commence that new organiation right here and now; let it be carried out on truly working class lines; let the old soulless doctrine of political expediency be consigned to the scrap-heap and keep company with the democratic party and in its place, let us establish the unalterable determination to make fidelity to the principles of working-class freedom the beginning and the end of the industrial and political movement of the workers.

## The Nemesis of Capitalism

During the recent convention of the American Mining Congress, the governor of the Colorado chapter, George E. Roberts, told of the decreased production of gold. Mr. H. N. Lawrie, chief Precious Metals Division of the American Mining congress, in his speech delivered before the convention last Monday, tells the same story. The situation we find ourselves in is critical, indeed.

There is an economic law, which states that the use of paper tokens, i. e., dollars, etc., is limited. The sum of such tokens must bear a certain relation to the gold supply. If that law is broken, then society must pay the penalty. Break a natural law and you will suffer in health. As the laws of nature apply to the human organism, so the economic laws apply to the social organism.

When the war broke out factories, shops, etc., received a new lease of life. There was no necessity on the part of the manufacturers to look for orders. They came without the asking. The demand for labor was so great that the government created a "Work or Fight" law, in order to compel every worker to do his share towards helping to win the war. With the sudden development of industry and the increasing production of commodities the need for more and more credit was accelerated. But it was found, as the above two speakers inform us, that the gold supply failed to keep pace with the demand for credit. It was found, even in 1914, before the war had really commenced, that the bank deposits were increasing twenty times as fast as the supply of gold. So the banks found themselves in a tight situation. The war made it absolutely necessary that we should have more money, more credit and more gold.

The banks and the governments found it necessary to issue more money in the form of paper tokens. Many of you will recollect the appearance of many new dollar bills. These dollar bills did not represent gold, neither did they represent any new value. It takes labor and plenty of it to produce a million dollars' worth of gold, but it does not require much labor to print a million dollars in bills. If the paper tokens are introduced into circulation in place of a part of the gold, then no depreciation takes place. On the other hand, if gold is withdrawn and paper money is issued in excess of the amount of gold withdrawn, as is the present case with every country in the world, a change takes place. A change that social reformers and one-eyed economists have failed to observe—the prices of commodities are now determined by the amount of paper money in circulation. In explanation, if you print three times as much paper money and place into circulation, commodities, in general will cost three times as much. You can never, no matter how you may stretch your imagination, make five twenty-dollar gold pieces equal to three one-hundred-dollar bills. That is why you have the high cost of living.

The banks have drifted from their moorings. They cannot obtain the necessary amount of gold to back up their paper money. They must do one of two things. They must issue more paper money and cause prices to steadily rise, or they must curtail credit, which will choke up production and finally bring chaos. As Herman Cahn points out, in his "Capital Today"—. . . . No man living can fail to see that the financial mechanism, a tool whose usefulness in its day can scarcely be exaggerated, has broken down finally and irretrievably. Necessity will then prompt everybody to put his hand to the removal of the debris and the bringing about of the New Order out of chaos."

## Increased Production

At the present moment there is a great howl going up about increased production. Even so-called representatives of labor are joining in the cry. The following classical utterance of Jack London's, taken from "John Barleycorn," gives you some idea of what those who do not work, want those who do work to do!

Work! I, who had worked with men, found that I didn't know the first thing about real work. A ten-hour day! I had to pass coal for the day and night shifts, and, despite working through the noon-hour, I never finished my task before 8 at night. I was working a 12 to 13-hour day, and I wasn't being paid overtime as in the cannery. . . .

Work! I did more than the two men whom I had displaced. They had merely wheeled in the coal and dumped it on the plates. But while I did this for the day coal, the night coal I had to pile against the wall of the fire room. Now the fire room was small. It had been planned for a night coal-passer. So I had to pile the night coal higher and higher, buttressing up the heap with stout planks. Toward the top of the heap I had to handle the coal a second time, tossing it up with a shovel.

I dripped with sweat, but I never ceased from my stride, though I could feel exhaustion coming on. By 10 o'clock in the morning, so much of my body's energy had I consumed, I felt hungry and snatched a thick double-slice of bread and butter from my dinner pail. This I devoured, standing, grimed with coal dust, my knees trembling under me. By eleven o'clock, in this fashion, I had consumed my whole lunch. But what of it? I realized that it would enable me to continue working through the noon hour. And I worked all afternoon. Darkness came on, and I worked under the electric lights. The day fireman went off and the night fireman came on. I plugged away.

At half-past-eight, famished, tottering, I washed up, changed my clothes, and dragged my weary body to the car. It was three miles to where I lived, and I had received a pass with the stipulation that I could sit down as long as there were no paying passengers in need of a seat. As I sank into a corner outside I prayed that no passenger might require my seat. But the car filled up, and, half way in, a woman came on board, and there was no seat for her. I started to get up, and to my astonishment found that I could not. With the chill wind blowing on me, my spent body had stiffened into the seat. It took me the rest of the run in to unkink my complaining joints and get into a standing position on the lower step. And when the car stopped at my corner I nearly fell to the ground when I stepped off.

I hobbled two blocks to the house and limped into the kitchen. While my mother started to cook I plunged into bread and butter; but before my appetite was appeased, or the steak fried, I was sound asleep. In vain my mother strove to shake me awake enough to eat the meat. Failing in this, with the assistance of my father she managed to get me to my room, where I collapsed dead asleep on the bed. They undressed me and covered me up. In the morning came the agony of being awakened. I was terribly sore, and worst of all my wrists were swelling. But I made up for my lost supper, eating an enormous breakfast, and when I hobbled to catch my car I carried a lunch twice as big as the one the day before.

Work! Let any youth just turned 18 try to out-shovel two man-grown coal-shovelers. Work! Long before midday I had eaten the last scrap of my huge lunch. But I was resolved to show them what a husky young fellow determined to rise could do. The worst of it was that my wrists were swelling and going back on me. There are few who do not know the pain of walking on a sprained ankle. Then imagine the pain of shoveling coal and trundling a loaded wheelbarrow with two sprained wrists.

Work! More than once I sank down on the coal where no one could see me, and cried with rage, and mortification, and exhaustion, and despair. That second day was my hardest, and all that enabled me to survive it and get in the last of the night coal at the end of 13 hours was the day fireman, who bound both my wrists with broad leather straps. So tightly were they buckled that they were like slightly flexible plaster casts. They took the stresses and pressures which thitherto had been borne by my wrists, and they were so tight that there was no room for the inflammation to rise in the sprains.

And in this fashion I continued to learn to be an electrician. Night after night I limped home, fell asleep before I could eat my supper, and was helped to bed and undressed. Morning after morning, always with huger lunches in my dinner pail, I limped out of the house on my way to work.

I no longer read my library books, I made no dates with the girls. I was a proper work-beast. I worked, and ate, and slept, while my mind slept all the time. The whole thing was a nightmare. I worked every day, including Sunday, and I looked far ahead to my one day off at the end of a month, resolved to lie abed all that day, and just sleep and rest up.

## An Irishman's Martyrdom

The following editorial was written by Fred Willis, a prominent Englishman, now resident in the city of London:

Terence MacSweeney is free at last. No walls or brick or stone can hold for ever the spirit that is set on liberty. His English gaolers have not even the satisfaction of feeling that they have advanced their cause by his death. For they know they have damned it irretrievably in the eyes of the world. We common Englishmen of the working class bear a great load of shame upon our souls because of the cowardice that allows our masters to perpetrate unchecked their deviltry in Ireland—of which this man's death is but one dramatic example. Our punishment will be—nay, is—equally great. What punishment could be more degrading than to have such governors? To the people of Ireland we cry in all sincerity: "We are not responsible; we repudiate the assassins of liberty." But, indeed, the cry is false, and in our hearts we know it. For we **are** responsible. There is not a decent Englishman living today who does not feel himself a worse man, in that while abhorring the crime of a great Irishman's death, he has been weak enough to allow the criminals to perpetrate it at their leisure—and go scot free.

Modern governments are, generally speaking, committees of the ruling class, conserving and caring for ruling class interests.

## They Shall Be Remembered

### THE DEAD WHO DIE FOR FREEDOM.

### MacSweeney, Fitzgerald, Treacy, O'Connell, Barry.

**TERENCE MACSWEENEY.**

The long drawn-out agony and passion of Terence MacSweeney is ended.

It is ended on the 74th day of his hunger strike by his death in Brixton prison.

Already the news has been flashed throughout the world, and wherever man is still man and not a mere beast there is nothing but admiration for the heroic struggle and heroic death of this solitary prisoner in its hands.

With the exception of his comrades on hunger strike in Cork jail—and one of them Michael Fitzgerald, is already dead, as others may be by the time these lines are read—there has been no endurance like this of Terence MacSweeney's in all the long and fearsome history of tyranny.

Even at the end the foul fiends in whose hands is the fouler instrument that masquerades as government in England could not refrain from inflicting more and worse suffering on the dying and his living relatives.

Who but the militarist imperialists of England would drive the dying martyr's wife and sister away from his side while his very life blood was ebbing away?

Who but the militarist imperialists of England would dare to administer food to the dying hunger striker against his still indomitable will, when they very well knew that that would add to his agony and accelerate, as no doubt it did, his death?

Yet will not the people mourn?

There is no need to mourn for the brave, whether they die on hunger strike, on the field of action, on the gallows tree.

There will be no mourning in Ireland for Terence MacSweeney and his dead comrades. No mourning, but rejoicing that this Irish people, in the hour of its highest tragedy and greatest trial, gives to freedom and to world hero souls and hero bodies of men and women like this.

And so when Terence MacSweeney's worn body is brought home to rest beside his murdered comrades in his native city of Rebel Cork, and the workers of Ireland cease from toil to honor the dead, there will be no sorrowing, no mourning, but a raising of hearts, an exaltation of spirits, which not all the might and the glory of England's empire can crush or conquer.

**SEAN TREACY.**

So too shall it be said of Sean Treacy, the young Tipperary man shot dead in action in Talbot street a fortnight ago.

In the history of Ireland, of revolt against tyranny and oppression, of battle for freedom of whatsoever kind, Sean Treacy's name will shine as brightly as even Terence MacSweeney's.

He was not indeed the chief magistrate of any great Irish city, nor the representative of any Irish constituency, nor had he made any mark in literature.

But he was a soldier of freedom, a young man of that militant Army of Freedom whose heroes never die.

Lies and slanders have been, and will be, uttered against him.

But they cannot dim his fame. He did his duty as he saw it, he paid the price, and he was willing to pay the price.

He fell in action as became a soldier.

And so too with Willie O'Connell.

**KEVIN BARRY.**

No less will be the fame of that other and younger soldier of liberty, Kevin Barry.

Indeed it may well be that Kevin Barry's name will go down to history with an honor and a glory accorded but to few great names in the long roll of the fighters for freedom.

For Kevin Barry's sacrifice is unique in all history.

In its way it is akin to that of the Manchester Martyrs, Allen, Larkin and O'Brien, of whom it was sung that, with a new song's measure they trampled an empire down.

What is the achievement Kevin Barry's name is associated with?

He was taken prisoner in action.

He was charged with murder.

He was convicted of the charge and sentenced to the supreme penalty.

He refused to recognize the jurisdiction of the court, he refused to plead, he refused the assistance of lawyers.

Defiantly and logically he declared his allegiance to the duly constituted government of Ireland, asserted that the action he took part in was an act of war waged in defence of that authority, and reminded his captors and his people that he was no criminal, but a prisoner of war.

These things have got little attention in these days, when murder after murder, burning after burning, outrage after outrage are piling up an almost intolerable burden on the people's shoulders.

As we write no one knows what is to be his fate.

We suspect that having condemned him to death the Occupation will confirm the sentence and have the murder of Kevin Barry carried out, probably by hanging, as they do with felons.

Was not Henry Joy McCracken a felon? And Robert Emmet? And the Manchester Martyrs?

Were not Connolly and Pearse, Clarke and MacDermott, Kent and MacDonagh, and Plunkett murdered?

One more "felon," one more murder—what do these things matter? They are but milestones on the road to freedom.

And when all but the evil deeds of the Lloyd Georges, the Greenwoods, the Friends, the Macreadys, the Laws, the Carsons and the Churchills are forgotten, mothers will teach their young sons to fight and die for freedom as young Kevin Barry fought.

Mourn not for them now.

Their name and fame are secured.

That for which they fought and suffered, sacrificed and died, will come, and their deaths and their sacrifices have hastened it.

They are but few out of many who have gone, out of many who have yet to go. They went gladly and willingly.

Terence MacSweeney, Michael Fitzgerald, Willie O'Connell, Sean Treacy, and Kevin Barry—THEY SHALL BE REMEMBERED FOR EVER.

(Reprinted "Watchword of Labor.")

## Why Workers and Farmers Should Organize Banks of Their Own and How They Can Manage Them

(By FREDERIC C. HOWE, Secretary, Committee on Banking and Credit of All-American Farmer-Labor Co-operative Commission.)

SECOND ARTICLE.

There is scarcely more difficulty about running a bank than there is about running a co-operative store. That may seem an extravagant statement, but it is true. A merchant extends credit to thousands of persons a year. He has no security save the honesty of the customer. Almost all men pay their bills. If they did not, society would have to be reorganized. A merchant sells merchandise.

A banker sells credit. He does what the merchant does, only he does it with security. He demands collateral. He insists on an endorser. He takes a mortgage. He lends to few people. He knows all about them. If the banker does a strictly banking business and gives no favors to insiders, his losses should be negligible. Not a single national bank failed in 1919. The 65,000 workers' and farmers' banks referred to earlier that are found all over Europe have almost no losses.

The first thing to establish is confidence. People will be slow about placing their savings in new banks, especially banks organized by persons who have no banking experience and have little property. The creation of confidence is the first thing to be provided for. Confidence will be created by the right kind of organizing committee. It must be above reproach in every respect. In a farming community men of substance should be enlisted in the enterprise. If a farmers' organization backs the bank, that will in many instances be sufficient.

Among working groups, the union or the lodge must select its best men for the organizing committee. There should be no favoritism here. It may be wise to keep the stock within a single organization, or it may be wise to distribute it among a number. That is a question to be decided by local condition. There is no question about the ability of any one of the railroad brotherhoods or other international unions to organize a bank and to make a success of it from the start. The funds of the organization itself, especially if backed by the local lodges, would provide sufficient capital and deposits to make the bank a profitable venture.

The size of the bank will depend on the size of the town, the kind of business the bank intends to transact, and the organization that is behind it. In a country district the capital might be as little as $10,000 or $20,000. That would be sufficient in a small town. A substantial group of farmer organizations or a union of co-operative societies should have a larger capital, while a railroad brotherhood or other international union should have from $200,000 to $1,000,000. The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers organized their Cleveland bank with $1,000,000 capital and $100,000 surplus.

A surplus should be paid in with the capital stock. This gives the bank that much more capital to work with. It gives it leeway in case of any losses. It gives it standing in the community.

The laws in many states fix the minimum capital required. It usually depends on the size of the community. The same is true of the national bank act.

Banks may be organized as national or as state banks. Again, banks may be commercial banks, savings banks, or trust companies. Many banks are all three. The kind of bank we have in mind should perform all three activities.

Charters for a national bank are issued by the comptroller of the currency at Washington, to whom request should be made for application papers. Charters for state banks or trust companies issue from the superintendent of banking or the secretary of state at the state capital. Up to very recently any one could secure a charter for doing a banking business. It was a right open to anybody, the same as any other business.

Within the last few years, however, the banking interests have secured the passage of laws in a number of states which place power in the hands of the banking commissioner to refuse a bank charter. He is authorized to examine into the character of the applicants, which is a perfectly proper requirement if honestly administered. He is also given power to determine whether there is need of more banks in the community, which is a wholly indefensible power.

The bank commissioner is usually a banker. The bankers want to create a banking monopoly. By these laws they have converted banking from a right into a special privilege. It is in danger of being made an exclusive monopoly closed to all save whose who got in at the start. The legislature of the state of Iowa passed a law in 1919 prohibiting the organization of any more banks for a period of two years.

What are the relative advantages of national and state banks? Generally speaking, a state bank is more adjustable to the kind of services which people's banks want to perform. The powers are more ample, loans can be made more freely on real estate, the inspection is not so rigid, and in most states there is less likelihood of adverse administration by state examiners or officials. This, again, is a matter of local conditions.

A national bank is carefully examined by bank examiners. It is safer. It has more dignity. It can perform a savings and trust company business, just as can a state bank. It has certain standing because of these things, and will probably create greater confidence among depositers. National bank charters are only issued after examination.

Up to date there has been no apparent purpose on the part of the national banking authorities to create a monopoly in the banking field by the refusal of legitimate applications. State banks often permit of branches. The national bank act does not. Trust powers are granted as a matter of course in state banks, although a higher capitalization is often required than for a mere commercial or savings bank.

Generally speaking, a perfectly sound proposition in a small town should choose a state charter unless local conditions urge otherwise. In a larger city or for large transactions the choice between a national or state charter must be made in view of the particular circumstances of each case.

The committee on banking and credit of the All-American Farmer-Labor Co-operative commission, Machinists' building, Washington, D. C., will advise and assist groups of workers and farmers who desire to organize their own banks.

(To be Continued.)

## DENIED WORK

(Continued from Page One.)

noon Saari to supper, at about 5:30 o'clock.

According to statements made to Acting Coroner Buckley by Mr. and Mrs. Christian, and relatives of Saari, the man had no apparent reason for suiciding. He was said to be in good health and to have been plentifully supplied with money. The only supposition that has been given to account for his suicide is the fact that since his return from a visit to St. Louis last Sunday, he had "rustled" at various mines without obtaining employment.

According to the story told the acting coroner, Saari returned from a visit to one of the mine offices about 2:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon. He appeared restless, according to Mr. and Mrs. Christian, who operate a grocery store at the Curtis street address, and paced the floor nervously until about 4 o'clock, when, after removing his coat, he left the store, presumably for his cabin at the rear of the lot. At 5:30 o'clock Mrs. Christian went to the cabin to call Saari, but found him absent. She looked into a woodshed nearby and there was confronted with the sight of Saari's body dangling from a rope tied to one of the rafters.

Mr. Christian immediately notified the authorities and then cut the body down with the assistance of R. V. Odgers, a neighbor. They state the body was still warm when taken down.

Saari gave no intimation of his intention to kill himself, according to Mr. and Mrs. Christian. While pacing the floor of the grocery store, however, they said, Saari noticed his sister-in-law writing a letter and inquired if her hand was trembling. She replied humorously that she was nervous she was writing to a sweetheart, whereupon Saari said, "Well, if you had as much on your mind as I have, there would be some reason for you to tremble."

Saari was born in Croatia, but came to Butte about 20 years ago. He had been employed in the local mines until last October when he quit his work to make an extended visit in St. Louis.

An inquest will be held Saturday or Monday, according to the coroner's office. The date will be fixed late today.