

OIL MEN PAID STOCK LOSSES OF OFFICIALS U. S. Scandal Makes Britons Forget Troubles

BRITAIN IS FACED BY GIANT TIEUP

One Million Dockers Threaten
Strike Today

(Special to The Daily Worker)
LONDON, Feb. 15.—One million dock workers prepared today to quit work tomorrow and tie up every port in the United Kingdom unless a last minute settlement cancels the strike order.

Scenes at the huge docks of the port of London at daybreak were of unprecedented activity, as shipping companies speeded efforts to clear cargoes before the impending paralysis of transports should set in.

Seek to Break Deadlock.
Dock workers' executives and employers were in conference seeking to break the deadlock that has existed since Feb. 1.

The threatened strike is national in scope. It was voted at a meeting of national delegates representing the Transport and General Workers' Union, (300,000 members) the National Union of General Workers (443,000), the National Amalgamated Union of Labor (170,000), United Order of General Laborers, (150,000), Amalgamated Society of Enginemen, Motormen, Electricians, etc., (40,000) and other similar organizations.

Demand Wages Restored.
The men's complaint is that wages, since 1920, have fallen from 16 shillings a day in the large ports and 15 shillings a day in the small ports, to 10 shillings and 9 shillings respectively.

They ask reversion to the former rates and a guaranteed week.
In the larger British ports today there are more workers than jobs. Consequently the men line up at dawn and a foreman picks in order the number he needs for the day.

LADIES' GARMENT WORKERS GETTING READY TO STRIKE

"Take Back Expelled
Membership," Demand

A strike committee of seven has been elected by local 100, comprising the Dress and Skirt Makers' of the International Ladies Garment Workers' Union, to set a date for a walkout in Chicago, if the final overtures made by the union to the bosses are rejected.

Strike talk along Market Street had filled Wicker Park Hall, with local 100 members who manifested an intense interest in the possible battle against the arrogance of the employers who have flatly refused to discuss any change in the present unsatisfactory agreement which expires on Monday, February 18.

Report was made upon efforts to secure additional concessions from the organized employers, who are only a small section of the trade. Employers are to be classified in three groups; firstly, eleven large firms that organized in an association which had signed the expiring agreement; secondly, forty or fifty firms which had signed agreements individually with the union and thirdly, the non-union shops.

Union Overtures Rejected.
After letters warning of the expiring agreement had been sent to the first and second groups, the first group's association representatives and attorney had held two conferences with the International Ladies' Garment Workers representatives on Feb. 8 and 13, both without results owing to the overbearing attitude of the association's spokesmen, particularly its lawyer, in refusing even

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DEADLY MEDICINE



They Say the Teapot Oil Dope Has Killed the Republican Party.

ARMY TURNS HERRIN OVER TO BIG BIZ

Rotarians, Babbits and
Legion to Rule

HERRIN, Ill., Feb. 15.—Herrin is no longer ruled by the Ku Klux Klan. That task is now assumed by the Chamber of Commerce. Major General Milton Foreman went to Herrin ostensibly to restore law and order.

What he actually accomplished was to organize the bankers and business men and some labor officials, whose names are kept a secret for obvious reasons with a view to deposing the regularly elected officials of Williamson County, and establish a dictatorship of the so-called "non-partisan" elements under the leadership of the American Legion.

The work of the Ku Klux Klan was too crude. The new regime is expected to function more smoothly and effectively but more detrimental to the interests of organized labor.

Young Not Arrested.
The militia took no action against the Ku Klux Klan which violated the law in assuming dictatorial power in Herrin, and threw its officials in jail. S. Glenn Young, Klan brigand, was dismissed. He still remains in Williamson County and he is indicted his arrest is not yet reported. Only one battalion of troops is now left on the scene. The Chicago militia men left today.

Klan Volunteer Law Upholders!
The decision to withdraw the troops was arrived at after Judge E. N. Bowed announced that on his own initiative he had decided to call a special grand jury on March 3rd, to fix culpability for the riots. The American Legion, Klansmen and anti-Klansmen alike, agreed to offer themselves as deputy bailiffs to the court. The business elements are stepping on each other's heels in their hurry to get on the Chamber of Commerce bandwagon.

Negro Workers Get Cause Before Race Congress Despite Miller; Demand Unions Drop Color Line

The Negro All-Race Assembly, or Sanhedrin, closed last night with the Workers Party representatives winning thru a declaration of a campaign for removing the color line in the labor unions still discriminating against the Negro.

This labor program calls for "An appeal to the American Federation of Labor for the fullest and equal recognition of Negro workers, in practice as well, as in theory," and it demands that the Negro press give its full co-operation in educating Negro workers to the need of organization.

Machine Revising Labor Report.
At the last moment, before THE DAILY WORKER went to press, it was discovered that Dean Kelly Miller's appointed committee on "Permanent Results," was attempting to revise the labor program and that its revision would not be submitted to the Sanhedrin.

It is not believed, however, that the most important feature will be stricken out.
The Workers Party educational program calling for a constitutional amendment forbidding any segregation of races will be accepted in modified form by the education committee, but its findings will also go before the committee for Permanent Results.

Real Estate Sharks Oppose.
Influence of real estate sharks of the Negro race appears to have killed the most vital clause in the workers report on housing which attacks the segregation evil by demanding that all landlords be compelled to let their houses to the first comer, regardless of race, at listed prices. Final copies of the resolutions as modified by the Committee on Permanent Results, will be printed in the next issue of THE DAILY WORKER if they are ready then.

Labor Will Force Issue.
Negro labor will continue to function in the All Race movement to force thru more and more of its program for the betterment of the workers and farmers who represent 98 per cent of the Race—however much this labor program is opposed by Dean Miller and the business men of the Race working with him.

Permanent organization of the Sanhedrin is being effected as this is being written. Seven men will be selected by the committee for permanent results and these seven men

will run the organization until the next Congress.

Miller Represents Government.

Dean Miller will sit on the temporary governing body of seven, so the too-respectable, negative policy is in danger of continuing until the next congress which may not be called for a year. Dean Miller's policy is one that reflects the Negro policy of the government. He is professor of sociology at Howard University, a government subsidized institution at Washington, D. C. Working with him are the most conservative elements in the Race—exploiters of labor and professional men who cater to white capitalists or gain by the maintenance of the policy of segregation.

The committee of seven will function until the next congress which will be elected by all Negro organizations that wish to join. Each national organization will be allowed five delegates, with an additional one for every 50,000 members; and state organizations will be represented at a decreased rate. The final shape of the new constitution is being worked out in committee and will be

(Continued on page 2.)

OIL SCANDAL ALTERS ELECTION LINE-UP, SAYS LONDON DAILY EXPRESS

LONDON, Feb. 16.—The Teapot Dome disclosures have altered the whole course of the forthcoming presidential elections in the United States, the Daily Express said today. "The situation created by the Washington scandal may have a world wide effect."

The British press today featured on front pages the situation in Washington, temporarily sidetracking the labor government and its troubles, the impending dock strike, reparations, etc.

\$1,000,000 SLUSH FUND AIDED LOSERS

New Investigations Start;
McLean Summoned

(Special to The Daily Worker)

WASHINGTON, Feb. 16.—Officials high in the government lost heavily in stock market plunges a year or more ago and a \$1,000,000 "slush fund" was used to cover their losses, according to private information given today as a tip to the Senate committee investigating the oil reserves scandal.

When the plight of the officials became known to some of their friends in Wall Street, \$1,000,000 is said to have been raised and transferred from a New York to a Washington bank.

Relation of the \$1,000,000 fund to the oil scandal is expected to be established by disclosures showing that big oil men subscribed the money.

This million was used purely as a loan, according to the story told the committee and all of it was repaid but \$200,000.

A dispute over the \$200,000 which still is believed unsettled caused hard feeling between the Wall Street men who raised the money and at least one who was involved as a borrower from the fund. Thru this hard feeling the senate committee hopes to ferret out the truth about the transaction.

McLean to Be Grilled
Edward B. McLean, millionaire Washington publisher, is reported hurrying north from Palm Beach to tell the committee whether he knows anything about the fund. A subpoena was issued for McLean and he wired his newspaper in Washington he was leaving immediately.

Some prominent New York financiers, supposed to be "in to know" on everything in the street, are to be called to see if they can advance any information.

Senator Walsh, leading investigator, announced Otto H. Kahn and Benjamin F. Yoakum, former railroad president, would be subpoenaed.

Calling of McLean created a new sensation. It was his testimony regarding a \$100,000 "loan" to Albert B. Fall which really opened up the present startling scope of the inquiry. This testimony was given at Palm Beach some weeks ago when McLean told Senator Walsh that Fall borrowed \$100,000 in checks to buy a ranch, but three days later returned the checks uncashed and said he had arranged to get the money elsewhere.

Fall previously had said he got the purchase price of the ranch from McLean. McLean's story started a whole train of disclosures, including E. L. Doheny's story of a \$100,000 loan to Fall and J. W. Zevely's story of a \$25,000 Sinclair loan and gave the committee many new leads bearing on the leasing of the naval reserves.

Vanderlip Present
Frank A. Vanderlip, New York financier, was scheduled as the first witness before the senate Teapot Dome committee today, to tell whether information or rumor led him to say that the sale of the Marion Star by the late President Harding ought to be investigated.

While the committee was questioning Vanderlip, President Coolidge was expected to select another lawyer to succeed Elias H. Strawn, Chicago, whose nomination as "presidential counsel" to prosecute the oil lease cases was withdrawn late Thursday after the senate Teapot Dome committee notified the president that Strawn's connection with two Chicago "Standard Oil Banks" made his confirmation impossible.

Atlee Pomerene, Ohio, the other lawyer nominated, was not withdrawn, in spite of objections to him and indications from the White House

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"A WEEK"

By IURY LIBEDINSKY

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CHAPTER I.

IN THE spaces of mother-of-pearl, between the piles of grey motionless clouds, the joyful sky was turning a dark blue. For three days the Spring had been sunny, the streamlets had broken thru the snowdrifts and were beginning to carry them out of the town, to the river, and the streets had become noisy and dirty. But on the fourth day the Spring dozed again, laid her head on her knees and went to sleep, sitting somewhere in a distant forest glade; and only once, before noon, the sun smiled on the earth and then went off again behind the motionless clouds. But the joyfulness of Spring remained; only it was behind everything, just as the sun was behind the grey, blue and pallid lilac clouds which, for hours, hung over the earth like grey wet stones.

If you were to climb past the railings and little houses of the outskirts, slipping in the sticky mud, to the hillock which the sun had already cleared of snow, where there is a solitary weather-beaten rock, and were then to look back, you would see below you the little town lying under the hillock, stretching all the way to the river, with its blocks of grey wooden houses. There are few people to be seen; probably all asleep; dogs bark, and with the Spring the cocks are crowing loudly. On the broad streets and in the narrow lanes glimmer the remnants of the last snow. There are few big two-storied houses, but many churches. Solitary factory chimneys pour into the sky endless ribbons of black smoke, and, far beyond the town, the ash falls on the snowdrifts.

The sturdy, dust-gray watchtower sent out, croaked and regular, one after another, five even blows into the dim silence, and, after two quiet minutes, in reply, singing sounds flew from the belfries, lingered in the air, and fell, far beyond the town in the grey mist of the villages.

At this so quiet hour, when the sun, a dull-white spot, had long passed noon, people were coming together to the Circus building on the broad square. They were walking by the low railings, on the scattered snow-tracks, across the waste spaces where last year's withered thistles stick up thru the snowdrifts, they were stepping across the street, full of the mud of Spring, and walking along the footways cut in the earth. They were hurrying, met each other, greeted each other sometimes, smiled at each other, men and women, more often young than old, in grey coats, in worn out blue and black overcoats. Different smiles, eyes, gait, manners, and yet there was something common to all of them, as if one and the same distant morning sun were lighting them all.

In the Circus it is quiet all day and the big grey rats slip noiselessly about the yellow twilight arena. But now the double doors, on which hung tatters of old bills and announcements, were opened wide; the mutilated words and sentences cut off short, spoke of something past and gone. It was lighter now in the Circus, and the people poured into their places, rising higher and higher round the arena, and filled the huge building with a suppressed noise of step and voices.

Two persons appeared at the round table standing in the middle of the arena. Single voices from all parts of the Circus threw names to them, and then, by the will of hundreds of lifted hands, Comrade Klimin, a man in a soldier's coat, whose features, but for his fine, quietly observant eyes, were indistinct in the half light of the Circus, announced from the middle of the arena:

"Comrades, I declare the meeting of the Town District of the R. C. P. (Russian Communist Party) open. On the agenda list is a report of the President of the Soviet of Public Economy on the economic situation of the district. No objections? . . . I call upon Comrade Ziman."

The Circus grew quieter and quieter, and the assembly of people, like a huge, grey, affectionate beast lay at the feet of the President, and its many-eyed stare was fixed upon that other, the one who was also standing in the middle of the arena, and with a nervous hand was crumpling scraps of paper.

Inaudibly, dully raising his voice, on figures, poods of corn, sazhins of wood, the number of locomotives, huge sums of money, numbers of days and weeks, Ziman made his report. But all listened greedily, and all understood—the talk was of house-keeping, goods, fuel, food, and question after question, conveys of little scraps of paper, flew on to the table of the Praesidium.

Ziman told how the town was far from the big main railways and connected with the rest of Russia only by a 500-verst branch line. The district was almost without forests, it had very little coal of its own, and the railway had almost ceased working. And it had been a bad harvest, the corn-collection had taken the last, and if no seed were forthcoming at sowing time, there would be famine in town and country.

Every one knew what those words meant; hunger would urge the peasantry to senseless, violent revolt, the factories would cease working, the workmen would scatter, and the robber bands who wander far off in the steppes would grow bold, approach the railway and spoil the track. To bring seed, fuel

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Get Someone Else To Start Reading "A WEEK" In Today's Issue

BRITISH WHITE GUARDS ORGANIZE AGAINST LABOR

Out in the Open as Workers Rule Threatens

(Special to The Daily Worker)

LONDON, Feb. 15.—British aristocrats and sons of the bourgeoisie met last night at the famous Cecil Hotel, in black shirts to sound a warning against the possibility of British labor expecting to gain power by peaceful methods.

From all over the British Isles came delegates of the Fascisti to the first open function held under the auspices of the English section of the Fascisti. Mussolini's agents were there in great number, headed by the Italian ambassador. The leading Italian families were represented.

The British Fascisti admit that there is no danger of the present British Labor Party endangering capitalist rule at present but should they gain a majority, the Black Shirt brigade would go into action and establish an open dictatorship. The moth-eaten constitutional tradition of peaceful transition will be given a rude jolt by the British 100 per centers.

German Strikers Battle with the Police in Stettin

STETTIN, Feb. 15.—Police fired on rioting dock strikers today, killing one and wounding seven. One policeman was wounded.

BERLIN, Feb. 15.—The national state of emergency in Germany, proclaimed when the nationalist movement in Bavaria threatened dissolution of the confederation, will be abolished March 1.

General von Seeckt, commander of the Reichswehr, and nominal dictator, wrote to President Ebert suggesting the state of emergency be rescinded.

President Ebert thanked the commander, and added: "I agree to the abolition of the state of emergency beginning March 1."

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Ladies' Garment Workers Get Ready for Big Strike

(Continued from page 1.)

to discuss some improvement in conditions and a slight change in wages which would better even a little the miserable earnings now being paid the girls who turn out the expensive dresses for the "better classes."

Demands had been made for discussion upon an increase from the scale which now leaves many girls dependent on their own earnings, or even with loved ones to support, only \$16, \$18 or \$20 a week on which to eke out an existence. The association scorned the plea that working girls needed more than the minimum necessary to avoid starvation which is euphemistically called "a living wage," and one fat-necked boss whose appetite for the higher things of life never ranges above "Getting Gertie's Garter," indignantly protested the suggestion that working girls might like to attend the opera. "Why, I never go to the opory," he had grunted.

New Bosses' Associations.

Negotiations being broken with the association, warnings had been sent to the individual members of it that the union may be forced to strike. These individual bosses had in two cases broken from the old association and informed the union that they were organizing a new association of the manufacturers in the trade on the Northwest Side, and that another association was in process of forming. The letter of warning as to impending strike which was sent to the non-union shops had gone unanswered.

The possibility of the union reaching an agreement with the newly organized and reorganized association members complicated conditions so that it is yet impossible to say whether or not the strike will be forced upon the union, but as every agreement expires on Monday, Vice-President Perstein demanded that a strike committee be elected at once, and he specified that such committee would alone decide the date of the strike.

Take Back Expelled Before Strike!

Plea From Floor.

At this point the destructive effects of Perstein's expulsion of the most active and devoted members of the union for connection with the Trade Union Educational League became manifest. Member after member took the floor in passionate plea that the expelled members be taken back into full union membership before a battle against the bosses be engaged.

"How can the International officers expect the union to win in a fight with the bosses when these officers have destroyed the fighting spirit of our union by expelling its most active members? What are we going to do without Dora Lipshitz, who in strike after strike has given every ounce of energy and every minute of time to leadership in the strike—and who now is expelled and is not even allowed in this hall? Can we who know how much the union has been weakened by expulsion of our best members undertake responsibility of accepting on the strike committee? And can we accept knowing that after the strike is over, maybe we, too, shall be expelled, like Dora Lipshitz was?" Such were the questions put by the first girl who got the floor, and she continued with the demand that before strike action was taken that the expelled members be re-instated. This brought the first exhibition of real enthusiasm shown at the meeting; members rose to their feet and strained their ears to hear the pro-

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Negro Workers Speak Despite Sanhedrin Head

(Continued from page 1)

reported in the next issue of The DAILY WORKER.

Labor Seizes Convention.

The indignation which the delegates have been feeling against the machine control of the convention showed in the tumult of applause that came when Labor took the floor in spite of Dean Miller yesterday noon.

The chairman was announcing that those interested in labor could talk in a small side room while the convention continued in session in the main auditorium on other subjects.

He didn't get away with it. Otto Housewood, a union printer from New York and representative of the African Blood Brotherhood, called out:

Labor Sabotaged.

"Dean Miller, you have been sabotaging this convention from the first day. You promised labor a hearing before the convention because it was the most important issue. We demand a hearing. Ninety-five per cent of the members of our Race are workmen."

There was a burst of handclapping and an elderly clergyman cried out: "Ninety-five per cent—better say ninety-eight."

Miller gaped and said Housewood was out of order but members of the audience whose labor sympathies had not been known before began popping up demanding the right of Labor to be heard.

Labor Defeats Chairman.

The chairman's opposition was in vain. Speaker after speaker began taking the floor and the audience applauded every attack on the chairman's policy of barring the labor issue.

Miller gave in and turned the meeting over to a labor discussion—first taking pains to have T. Arnold Hill, of the Urban League, a conservative he had appointed to the labor committee, in the chair.

Lovett Fort-Whiteman showed the vital need of unionism among the Negroes:

Negro girls are being accepted in the garment industries in place of white girls, he said, not because they employers is favoring the race, but because they are unorganized and can be exploited more.

JAY LOVESTONE

Author of "The Government—Strikebreaker" and "What's What About Coolidge"

will speak on

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Chicago Firemen Expect City Council Will Grant Raise

George L. Frank, president of the Firemen's Association of Chicago, said yesterday that the prospects of the firemen of Chicago getting a raise of \$500 a year from the city are bright. If any compromise of less is offered they will continue to fight for the original demand of \$500, he said.

The firemen presented to the city council at their last meeting a petition containing 450,000 names asking for a raise at once.

At the present time firemen are working for wages ranging from \$1,640 a year to \$2,000 a year. They work for 24 hours and are off duty but subject to call for 24 hours. The raise of \$500 a year will apply to all firemen from class D men to captains.

Cleveland Window Cleaners Strike for More Wages

CLEVELAND, Feb. 15.—Window cleaners of Local Union 110 went on strike here yesterday. The Cleveland Federation of Labor is backing them up due to the company's refusal to recognize our local and sign a new agreement which calls for a closed shop, a 44-hour week and \$1 an hour for experienced window cleaners.

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(Continued from Page 1)
were that Mr. Coolidge considered the fight on Pomerene merely political and would insist upon his confirmation.

New Investigations
The senate committee was preparing to pursue several lines of inquiry. Testimony of John C. Shaffer, Denver, and Chicago newspaper owner yesterday, indicating that Fall began negotiations with Harry F. Sinclair for leasing Teapot Dome soon after Fall took office in 1921, will be followed up, because at the time the naval reserves were not even in Fall's jurisdiction and the committee wants to know whether he had some understanding when he entered the cabinet that the reserves would be transferred from the navy to the interior department. Such evidence would clinch the evidence of fraud and corruption in making the leases and would make certain their annulment by the courts, committee members believe.

Investigation of the \$1,000,000 "slush fund" reported loaned to government officials by oil men went ahead quietly as E. B. McLean, Washington publisher, sped to Washington to be the first witness concerning the funds.

Senator Wheeler, Montana, author of a resolution for investigation of Attorney-General Daugherty, decided today to let his measure lie on the table for a few days so as not to conflict with the Teapot Dome inquiry proper.

Cross Examine Vanderlip
Frank A. Vanderlip, New York financier, who dragged the late President Harding's name into the oil inquiry by saying the sale of the Marion Star, the President's newspaper, ought to be investigated, faced the senate Teapot Dome committee today.

Examination of Vanderlip was begun by Senator Lenroot, who at once asked about Vanderlip's speech, near Ossining on Lincoln's birthday. "On the evening of February 12 did you make a speech at Ossining?" "No, at Briar Cliff, near Ossining. The subject was 'Courage in Leadership.'"

"You are credited in the newspapers as having said at that time

SAYS SECRETARY OF TREASURY IS MORE GUILTY THEN DOHENY

(Special to The Daily Worker)

WASHINGTON, Feb. 16.—Senator Reed of Missouri, in a wholesale speech, discussing the federal government since the beginning of the war, said of Secretary Mellon:

"I submit that Andrew Mellon holds his office of secretary of the treasury in violation of the law which prohibits men engaged in trade from holding that high position. At the time he assumed his seat he was a director in 68 great banks and industrial corporations, and was the chief owner of one of the greatest trusts on earth. He, too, is heavily interested in oil. There is scarcely anything the earth produces or man creates that does not pay its tribute to this secretary. He writes the tax laws and he sought in that last congress to reduce the income taxes of 12,000 millionaires by the sum of \$90,000,000. The saving to himself and his associates would have run into the millions, but this does not seem to shock the public conscience."

"What is the difference between Mellon's attitude and that of Doheny, if Mellon can write the tax laws, why should not Doheny write the oil laws? Poor Doheny had to act indirectly thru a cabinet officer. Mellon acts directly and is paid for acting as a cabinet officer."

that there was something wrong with the sale of the Marion Star by the late President Harding?" "What I said, was that there are rumors in Washington and current thruout the United States and among the rumors this story. That is sub-

stantially what I said the rumor was. I said the rumor rose far above gossip. Rumor From Responsible People. "It was something like the whispering campaign that was heard in the month before Mr. Harding's election. I believed out of respect for memory of Mr. Harding that these scandalous rumors should be downed."

"What information did you have?" Lenroot asked. "Only of having heard this story from responsible people." "And you thought it your duty to give it publicity?" "I thought it my particular duty."

Senator Walsh called attention as the hearing started to a newspaper story which stated the subpoena for Vanderlip was issued at request of democrats.

"I desire to say that if any democrats conferred about the matter I did not know of it and I do not believe it," Walsh said. Walsh then told of how the subpoena was issued. He said he met Senator Lenroot privately and they agreed Vanderlip should be subpoenaed.

No Legal Evidence.
Lenroot then made a statement concurring. "I regret that so inaccurate a statement should be made in this connection," Walsh said.

Continuing his statement Vanderlip said: "As the rumor was known in every newspaper office it seemed to me about time for it to be brought to the surface and the scandal stopped."

"Did you say that in your speech?" asked Lenroot. "I did."

"Then you cannot give this committee any information?" "I have no legal information. I have heard some reports about the price of the transaction. What was bought, as I understand it, was only a part interest. I do not even know of my own knowledge the exact price paid."

"The current story was \$550,000. I've heard it was \$600 a share. I don't know how many shares were involved."

"You now think you are performing a public duty in making a statement of that kind without one basis of fact whatever?" "Well, that is your opinion," said Vanderlip, not answering the question.

"You charged this committee with neglect in a public speech without taking the trouble to ascertain the facts?"

"If you tell me you had legal reason to take the course you did, I'll say your action was warranted. But I still think you could have passed legislation in the senate compelling Fall to testify without immunity," Vanderlip insisted.

"Do you think we can pass laws violating the constitution?" "I don't know—you do sometimes."

Fire Takes 11 Lives.
MONTPELIER, Vt., Feb. 15.—Eleven persons are believed to have lost their lives in a fire here today. Early reports said the damage would reach \$200,000.

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Here and There

WEATHER FORECAST.
(For Saturday, February 16.)
For Chicago generally uncertain. Fair and bright sunshine around Ashland Auditorium.

THE FOUR-BIT MYSTERY.
Chapter 1.
Join the joyous movement (Continued).

In a speech at a meeting of the Daughters of 1812, the Rev. Dr. Grant said: "True they say that Mr. Lincoln swore, but who didn't in those days, especially if he was connected with politics or the army." And who wouldn't today—if he was connected or not!

Chapter 2.
At the Red Revel on (Cont.).

CURRENT FICTION.
(The Week's Best Smeller.)
"The industrial struggle which came, lasting up to the days of the world war, for increased compensation to wage earners, for the bettering of their condition, while it has never been fully settled, does not appear at present to be acute. The rewards of labor engaged in commerce, transportation and industry are now such as to afford the most liberal participation in all the essentials of life."—President Coolidge.

Chapter 3.
Saturday, February 16 (Cont.).
Pres. Coolidge made another speech. Ho-Hum!—Now what's next? But These Investigations Must Stop Some Place!

The Chicago Tribune reports charges that Forbes sold pajamas badly needed by the veterans. Bare the facts. Let the public see what's in the army!

BRICK LAYER.
Chapter 4.
At the Ashland Auditorium (Cont.).

Chapter 5.
You'll help the Labor movement (Cont.).
Chapter 6—The End. (Thank God!)
And you'll have a helluva fine time!
WALT CARMON.

Promise Probe of the High Price of Bread in U. S. A.

(Special to The Daily Worker)
WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 15.—Federal investigation of charges that a "bread trust" is robbing American consumers of nearly \$500,000,000 annually is promised here today.

Minor to Speak in Milwaukee and Waukegan.
With the great Teapot Dome scandal stirring the country, the lecture to be given by Robert Minor Sunday, Feb. 17, both at Waukegan, Ill., and Milwaukee, Wis., on the subject of "Who Owns Congress?" should attract particular interest. In Milwaukee the lectures will be given at Miller Hall, State and Eighth Sts., at 8 p. m.; in Waukegan at Workers Hall, 517 Helmholz Ave., at 2:30 p. m.

Irish Meeting Sunday Night.
Sam Hammersmark, advertising manager of THE DAILY WORKER will be the main speaker at an Irish meeting Sunday night in Emmet Memorial Hall at 8 p. m. His subject will be "The Effect of the British Labor Party Government on the Irish Republican Movement."

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This Coupon Pays A Premium Copies of 'A Week' Free!

NOTICE

Beginning Feb. 14, the Labor Defense Council will give away a copy of Iury Libedinsky's vivid novel of revolutionary Russia for every sheet of Ruthenberg Appeal Coupons.

WE MUST NOT LET RUTHENBERG AND FOSTER GO TO JAIL FOR LACK OF SUPPORT

By selling Ruthenberg Appeal Coupons you will do your bit for the Michigan Defense and at the same time build up your library.

THE DEFENSE NEEDS \$15,000 BY MARCH 1ST!

Buy and Sell Ruthenberg Appeal Coupons!

GET BEHIND THE RUTHENBERG APPEAL!

Coupons Sell for 10c, 25c, 50c and \$1. A Full Sheet Sells for \$6.

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The Red Revel

Saturday Eve.
February 16th

HUSK O'HARE'S TEN WOODEN SOLDIERS

GERMANY'S WORKERS CALL

Amalgamated Trust and Savings Bank
371 WEST JACKSON BOULEVARD - CHICAGO, ILL.
No. 3943 Date: January 29th, 1924
Foreign Money Order to: Willi Munsenborn, General Secretary
Reading at Internationale Arbeiterhilfe, Unter den Linden
Berlin W 8, Germany
From: Friends of Soviet Russia
Foreign Amount: \$500.00 Five hundred Dollars no cents
Amount Received in Dollars: \$500.00 Payable in United States Dollars
The Amalgamated Trust & Savings Bank will accept for the receipt and check here the right to issue on certificate of the Amalgamated Trust & Savings Bank to the extent of the amount of the Amalgamated Trust & Savings Bank.
All checks under this advice are to be deposited only when the check is returned to the Amalgamated Trust & Savings Bank and accompanied by 25c. Collect. Retained at their normal rate of exchange.

BREAD! BREAD! GIVE US BREAD!

And the powers-that-be Answer

WITH RELIEF BASED ON CONDITIONS that the German workers agree to accept the form of government chosen for them by the bankers who are willing to make the loans.
WITH RELIEF BASED ON POLITICAL DISCRIMINATION which will assure the distribution of funds to those trade unions which agree "to help fight Bolshevism" in Germany.

With Machine Guns
With Diplomatic Notes
With Huge Loans
With Military Occupation

Soviet Russia Sends Grain AMERICAN WORKERS AND FARMERS

Answer quick! What is in YOUR heart today?
How much is your feeling of INTERNATIONAL SOLIDARITY with Germany's workers worth?

Famine Relief WITHOUT Conditions-WITHOUT Political Discrimination

\$500 initial outlay and \$2000 monthly will open and maintain an American Soup Kitchen in Germany.
WE CABLED \$500 on January 29th and \$2000 on February 2nd.
HOW MUCH WILL YOU GIVE TOWARD THE \$2000 FOR MARCH?
Friends of Soviet Russia and Workers' Germany.
32 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Illinois.
Enclosed find \$..... as my contribution to the support of the American Soup Kitchen. I pledge to send \$..... monthly for this purpose as a concrete expression of my feeling of solidarity with Germany's starving workers and their families.
NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
Trade or Profession..... D. W.

Committee for International Workers' Aid

THE DAILY WORKER

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J. LOUIS ENGBAHL, Editor
WILLIAM F. DUNNE, Labor Editor
MORITZ J. LOEB, Business Manager

Entered as second-class mail Sept. 21, 1923 at the Post-Office at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879.

Advertising rates on application.

MacDonald's Government

Premier MacDonald's opening speech, followed by that of Clynes, in which the house of commons was told that the Labor Party government had abandoned the capital levy, that it would not attempt it "without national approval," has been accorded a much more favorable reception from the capitalist press and the opposition in the house than from the labor members and the rank and file of the Labor Party.

According to London dispatches, there is much disappointment in labor ranks and most of the applause following the outline of the government's policy came from the conservatives.

The labor men sat "glum and silent" says one correspondent.

The mass of the British workers have built high hopes on the accession of the Labor Party to power. It is going to manifest more and more impatience as the MacDonald government increases, as it will, its efforts to conciliate the middle classes and to convince the Tories that their privileges and surpluses are in no serious danger.

The money for the housing campaign, for construction projects of other kinds to relieve unemployment, cannot come from the impoverished workers.

Two million unemployed brought the Labor Party to power and it must solve this problem.

The kind words of the spokesmen of the British capitalists mean nothing. There will be sabotage aplenty when loans are needed to carry out the government program.

Only a capital levy will bring the needed funds, but to institute it and make it effective the Labor Party government will have to have more iron in its blood than it has yet shown.

No government can be fair to both classes in society and in its attempt to enact this role the MacDonald government will either fall or continue as did the social democracy of Germany—as the smoke screen of the big industrialists and financiers.

Boldness and resolution will rally the British workers to the Labor Party movement. A kindly regard for the feelings of the opposition will alienate the best elements of the British working class and leave MacDonald and his cabinet at the mercy of the cleverest ruling class the world has ever seen.

We wish the British Labor Party government well. It is the only bright spot in the darkness of western Europe. But we hope that British labor can and will learn the lessons of world history since 1917.

The Minnesota Daily Star

"Martial Law to Control Anti-Klan Mobs in Herrin District."
"Bayonet Rule to Keep Mine Mobs in Hand."

The above headlines, conveying very definitely the impression that it was the Klan that was persecuted in Herrin and that the miners were the creators of the disturbances, are from the Minnesota Daily Star—an alleged farmer-labor paper published in Minneapolis. Its farmer-labor character is due solely to the fact that thousands of farmers and workers gave up their hard-earned dollars to launch this sheet if the above treatment of news of lawless terrorism by anti-labor forces is a guide to the policy of the paper.

Starting with a policy of "fairness" and with one eye always on the advertising receipts, the Minnesota Daily Star is now merely a personal organ of yellow politicians who live in daily fear of the formation of a genuine Farmer-Labor party that will end their juggling with the fortunes of the men and women of labor who furnished the money for their publishing venture.

The policy of the Minnesota Daily Star today is less progressive than that of the Scripps and Hearst papers. It is purely a revenue-gathering proposition and not even successful in that as the fact that it has just gone into the hands of a receiver shows.

Its mental bankruptcy and intellectual dishonesty has evidently been of such a flagrant character that increased advertising revenue has not made up for the withdrawal of a support by its disillusioned farmer and labor readers.

The Star today is neither fish, flesh, fowl or good red herring in spite of the great numbers of the latter it has tried to drag across the trail left by the capitalist class in their mad rush for loot.

Its treatment of the outrages on the miners at Herrin is what passes for clever journalism with the management of a sheet that has lost all militant virtue and now is trying to crawl into bed with the hangers-on of American capitalism.

American Subtlety

After revealing in detail the corruption of the French press by the czar's gold, Lewis Gannett, in The Nation for February 6th, remarks:

American journalists are hardly subject to such crass corruption as these documents reveal in the French press.

We hope that Comrade Gannett will not be offended when we ask how he gets that way. Crass means gross, or stupid and unrefined, according to our dictionary. Perhaps the article was written before the extremely frank Mr. Bonfils of the Denver Post testified before the Senate Teapot Oil committee in great detail as to the black-jack methods employed by himself and henchmen to extract from Harry F. Sinclair juicy sums of the currency of the realm.

There is also the incident of the Albuquerque journal purchased to ensure its silence and it is here that we come upon the chief difference between the corruption of the French and American press. The French sheets were paid to boost long and loud the advantages of the Russian loan. American newspapers are paid generally for silence and lots of it.

Comrade Gannett's ideas of what constitutes crassness and ours differ slightly in relation to another field of American journalistic enterprise. Page advertisements of huge department stores employing thousands of underpaid girls, coupled with the fact that no adverse publicity affecting these concerns ever creeps into the news or editorial columns of the capitalist press as long as the advertisements are forthcoming, is a fairly obvious if not an actually crass method of the silent treatment for revenue purposes.

It might also be remarked in this connection that there is a great scarcity of unfavorable comment concerning the Standard Oil Company in the news of the Teapot Dome investigation nor has any capitalist editor seen fit to point out that the present scandals is only the culmination of years of governmental corruption fostered by the Standard Oil interests.

Full page advertisements of Socony gasoline, pyralin toilet articles, mineral oil laxatives and the thousand and one products of Standard Oil concerns carried by the metropolitan press may be a more gentlemanly means of ensuring silence on unfavorable developments, but certainly they are just as effective as other methods of subsidizing the press and just as easily detected.

In one respect the finance-capitalists of America have the advantage—they own outright many of the papers from which the American people get their information on public questions.

God Bless the Teapot

What is one man's loss is often another's gain. The shocking revelations in the Teapot Dome oil inquiry have hit hard many of the most prominent leaders of the democratic and republican parties.

This blow that has been struck at the so-called representative character of the government of this country should not blind the workers to the fact that while the Teapot scandal is being investigated and while McAdoo, Fall, Denby and others are being held up to the scorn of the public eye, there are many other cases of graft and corruption known to the Senate and the President, but not being investigated.

There is no use denying that many a capitalist politician and industrial magnate is now blessing the Teapot because they feel that the longer this investigation lasts and the more the Wyoming steal continues in the limelight, the less chance there is of their being investigated for lesser and greater crimes and the less likelihood will there be of their being caught.

The instances of capitalist spoilation of the country's wealth are legion. Just now the Senate itself is confronted with about a dozen cases of corruption involving some of the most responsible men of the government. Political expediency coupled with the lack of time have alone delayed the exposure of another oil scandal in California, the handing over of concessions by General Wood to some of his capitalist friends in the Philippines, the crimes perpetrated in the Veterans Bureau and Engraving Bureau, the wholesale robbery involved in the war frauds, the new million dollar bond duplication theft, the Bok peace prize, the Mellon scheme propaganda campaign and Mellon's protection of millionaire tax dodgers.

The Teapot affair and the above enumerated outrages committed against the working and farming masses of this country in the interest of the capitalist class, are only symptoms of the whole diseased condition of economic and political system. In all these steals, the good and the bad, the liberal and the reactionary, the democrat and the republican alike, have been drawn in. Party lines, personal character lines have vanished for the onslaughts of class lines—the principle of making the biggest profits possible and serving the class that rule society today thru its owners and control of the mean of production and exchange and the governmental apparatus.

Some time ago "Labor," the official organ of the sixteen standard railway unions, carried a four column cartoon depicting William G. McAdoo in the act of hanging a picture of a railway worker in the gallery of war heroes.

Latest reports from the editorial rooms of "Labor" are to the effect that oily finger-prints have been discovered on the frame of the picture.

Start Reading "A Week"—Here's First Installment

(Continued from Page 1)

would be necessary. Fuel was prepared in the district of Zizhni-Elansk, in the hill, 200 versts away by railway and could not be brought in a week. The collapse of the sowing campaign was almost inevitable. And the speaker called for stoicism, but his words were dry, did not sink into the meeting, and hung unwanted and homeless like little bits of paper in the wind.

Ziman ended, and a Red Army soldier with a browless, broad red face, opened discussion of his report. He said he had fought on the front for two years for the Soviet Government, and in the villages everything was getting worse and worse. They were injuring the villages by the corn-collection, there was a lot of scoundrelism in all these economy committees, food committees and soviets of public economy. It had become extremely hard for a poor man to live. We have cleaned the people out of corn and now we howl about it. Ah! He wrung his hands and returned to his place.

"What? Are we to be hungry again?" A second began tearfully from the middle of the arena. He was thin, with a scar on his neck, and he took a long time in telling how hard it was to live on a ration of forty pounds of flour a month, with a family. "There's thievery going on," he added viciously at the end of his speech.

But there were also other speeches and more of these than of the first kind. Workmen and Red Army soldiers walked excitedly into the middle of the arena and, hampered by the unaccustomed attention of the crowd, they made clumsy speeches, upbraided Ziman, but agreed that they ought to hold out stoically. To sit with folded hands, there was no stoicism in that, and they sought a way out, feeling for it, like blind men. But the meeting did not understand their disconnected words, and one orator disputed with the one who had spoken before him, the both meant the same thing.

And Ziman in the end stopped making notes of criticisms for his concluding speech: small, wretched, he jerked his head with nervousness, listening to the reproachful, seeking speeches, and was worried precisely by those of the speakers who saw somewhere a way out. He did not see it, and muttered, angrily, "Demagogu. . . Meeting stuff. . . And the orators went on spasmodically bumping into glass walls, and could not tell the meeting of their clear plans, but talked of some detail or other, of how, from somewhere, "it would be possible to get axes." The meeting grew excited, and people shouted from their places, regardless of the President's bell. And then a man above middle height, round-shouldered, came out, and took an old blue cap from his square head, disclosing a high forehead with a deep wrinkle in it.

"I call on Comrade Robeiko," said the President, and the meeting tried to be silent in order to hear a speech that would not be loud.

For Robeiko must not speak. He has consumption of the throat. He had not meant to speak, but had listened, and for a long time had been thinking, "Ziman is helpless and cannot see the way out which many of the speakers see but cannot put into words." He thought regretfully. Why had the Party Committee brought this report to a big meeting? And all the time he had waited for somebody to name the way out, to put it into words and save Robeiko from unnecessary suffering. . . . For Robeiko must not speak. Sounds tear his throat into rough red bleeding scraps. But he must say a little, just a few words, and the question will be clear, and all will have bright faces, for all will know how to name the road, the way out, that many dimly see.

He began to speak in a low voice, fearing to awake the pain which just then was slumbering deep in his throat. . . . But nothing could be heard, people stretched out their necks like martyrs, and Robeiko made up his mind. . . . his voice, as it were, made a jump, and all heard every word, and all had grateful faces. But every word, like a sharp splinter of glass, rose to his larynx and tore into scraps its delicate fibre and it hurt him so that tears slipped from his eyes, and the sweat stood on his forehead, and his voice clanged and broke.

He said that Ziman had told the meeting the truth and that they ought not to reproach him for this. For not Ziman had created this truth; he had told them of the danger, and for that they owed him thanks. Only there was no need to lose their heads; they needed only to look about them and somewhere a way out would be found. It was necessary quietly and calmly to look about them. Surely the party, in its day, had found the way out from worse holes than this. Their strength and wisdom lay in quiet investigation and determined action.

There was a way out. Many saw it but did not know how to talk of it. It was clear enough that the whole difficulty was fuel. If they could get a little fuel they could at once bring wood from Nizhni-Elansk. "And if we have the wood we can in a week bring the seed for the sowing. Everything depends on fuel, on a few hundred cubic sashins of wood. . . . Where can we get them?"

Obviously, there were many gardens in the town, and twelve versts outside, at the monastery, there were big woods. There was wood for them and plenty of it. In a week the fuel from Nizhni-Elansk would be there and they could begin to bring the seed. But all must be done quickly and decisively; they must themselves take axes and saws, stand at the head, compel the slackers and the bourgeoisie, bring in the Red Army and all the workers. Only, they must hurry; if in two weeks the seed should be here, then in a month the fields would be sown.

But his speech was cut short by a dry, breaking cough. For a minute, for two, he coughed, and the crowd waited eagerly, many, many sympathetic faces gleamed before him, and he coughed on, twisted himself with coughing, and all saw it, he was silent, and only took breath, first one and then another.

The little town under the unchanging sky slept as it were with a heavy after-dinner sleep. In every house geraniums shone in the windows, and on their beggarly but pretentious leaves lay flowers like purple and red flies. Oh, how many of these ash-colored wooden boxes, street upon street of them, how stuffy and close in each one of them! Many grim ikons in the high corner and on little tables, covered with crocheted table-cloths, albums bound in velvet. Dirt in the kitchens, black-beetles running on the walls, and flies dimly buzzing on the window-panes.

The life of the people who live in these crowded houses is like a grey September day, when a drizzle of rain sounds monotonously on the window, and thru the panes, lined with the running drops, you can see a grey railing and a red calf wandering in the mud. So, year after year, this life goes on. Every day early in the morning elderly women milk cows, go to the market with baskets, and then in the kitchen after dinner wash the greasy dishes. And bald-headed men with dull eyes, in old patched breeches and mended boots, go to their work, buy and sell something or other, and work at some industry, each one alone in a dark room. On Sundays the women smooth their hair tightly down, put on purple, yellow or blue dresses, take the children to church, and in the evening gather together to drink tea while the men get drunk with vodka or beer and bump their foreheads on the table.

All of them, at that hour when, dimly drooping its wings, the sound of the bell calling to the Saturday evening services floated mournfully over the town, all of them hid dislike for those who were meeting in the Circus, and this morose dislike united the whole town in a single black cloud invisible by men.

At this hour Raphael Antonovitch Senator went for a walk, Raphael Antonovitch who lived in the two-story stone house on the ground floor of which was a chemist's shop.

They had requisitioned the chemist's shop. . . . They had taken down the black board with its affectionately inviting gold letters, "The Rozhdstvensky Drug Store, R. A. Senator." And now, instead of that, insolently, from a red board, black letters were shouting, "Health Department, Communal Drug Store, No. 1."

Raphael Antonovitch stood on the sandy hillock, drank in all the hidden dumb dislike that poured out of the little houses, dissolved in it his own bitter resentment and hatred, and silently sent it all in the direction of the Circus where that incomprehensibly hostile life was going on. A little stout man in a grey coat and a worn hat (one of those hats nicknamed "Good Day and Goodbye") he stood for a long time on the hillock. Little malicious eyes glittered under the brim of his hat, and when he turned round and went slowly off a bit of fat red neck showed and on it a lot of snort black and grey hairs.

He helped his wife in the house-work, asthmatically cut wood, took the hogwash to the cow, and while his wife was milking it silently watched the white stream running from under her fingers into dark milky froth. . . . And the regular sound of milking, the peaceful grunting of the pigs behind the railing, the perfume of the cosy, twilight cowshed, all this comforted him and he told his wife:

"I had been at the Khanzhins! His brother has come from Tula. He says that the end is soon coming. The people are revolting against the Bolsheviks, the Poles are wanting to fight again, and even the workmen in Moscow. . . ."

"God in His mercy grant it," murmured his wife, and Raphael Antonovitch walked up and down the yard with his hands behind his back, counting, as his custom was, the logs left over from the building of the house, for fear lest some should have been stolen.

But, when the grey cloudy day, hiding the joy of Spring so deeply that it was as if it did not exist, ended in a scarlet sunset, and the sun, melting the clouds, gave the earth the last gold of its slanting evening rays, and went off somewhere behind the houses, behind

the woods, behind the fields, behind the yellow sandy hillock, and when the clouds hanging over the sunset rejoiced with nervous tenderness at something momentary and fugitive and accompanied the sun with a trembling of elusive singing tones, then by the dark staircase past the dirty water-closet and wash-tub, hurriedly, Raphael Antonovitch fled to his own room and groaned with his asthma.

For, at this scarlet hour of sunset, the "Internationale" proudly floated from the Circus, and, with the power of hundreds of voices was carried over the town to the evening sun, like a red avenging angel, and Robeiko would be coming home at once, for he had taken lodging in the house of Raphael Antonovitch, who did not like meeting Robeiko and was afraid of him.

CHAPTER TWO.

UNDER the quiet light of an electric lamp, in a study furnished in oak, the meeting of the Party Committee began. Robeiko made a short report. He told the comrades of his plan for getting wood. But they were inattentive, talked among themselves in loud whispers, during the report, and smiled friendly at each other. It was pleasant after a whole day of exhausting, nervous work, to see the familiar faces of their comrades. And consequently the flaming appeals of Robeiko were quenched like sparks falling in water. No one seconded his suggestions, but, when he had finished the report, Ziman proved at length that the whole project was impracticable, that the melting of the streams would prevent the bringing of the wood to the railway, and that there were not enough saws, axes or carts. . . .

Small, like an unpretentious dull figure out of a ledger, he caught by the wing Robeiko's flying ideas.

Then Karaulov objected, the military Brigade Commander, an old Cossack with a dark yellow face, framed in a thin little beard. He puffed out clouds of smoke from his pipe and muttered in a dull voice, "There are a lot of bandits hanging about round the town. . . . and here are you proposing to take the Red Army soldiers twelve versts away. For without them you will not cut down the monastery woods. With mobilized bourgeois and half-dead Soviet employees, you will not get far. . . ."

And Robeiko, lacerated by his cough, and spattering the rich, flowered purple carpet with spittle and green mucus, replied to Ziman with figures from a note-book and with a hoarse voice told Karaulov that there was no other way out, that the revolution demanded. . . . that they would have to take the risk.

"You risk that they will take the town, cut the Communists to pieces, cut off the district from the center for several months. . . . distinctly, maliciously, in a voice not loud but audible by all, said Karaulov and then suddenly raised his voice and cried angrily, "What are you fooling about, Robeiko? Causing a revolt is no sort of joke. Ask Klimin, and he, as head of the Cheka (Cheka is short for the Russian word meaning Extraordinary Commission, the Revolutionary Police dealing with Counter-Revolution, Banditism, Espionage etc., etc.) will tell you what unrest there is just now in the villages."

But Klimin was inattentive and silent. He was thinking of something happy and serene, and his eyes were merry and tender. He started at hearing his name, left his dreams and with unconscious dislike followed Robeiko's words, fully agreed with the quiet objections of Ziman, with the disgusted exclamations of Karaulov, and everything that Robeiko said seemed the result of his invalid fantasy.

"You must exert your wills, to get out of the blind alley. . . . Otherwise we shall have the fields unsown!"

And, coughing, Robeiko pointed with his hand to the darkness of the window. Klimin followed his hand with a glance and looked the night in the eyes; the night was looking simply and sternly into the room, and Klimin imagined the boundless breadth of the wide country, covered by the quiet canopy of the night. The fields waiting under the darkening snow-drifts, the fields waiting for the sowing, the mouzhiks (peasants) gathering in black throngs on fine days on the benches by the cottage doors, and talking of the weather, of the harvest, and then remembering that the granaries were empty, that there was no seed, and separating silently, anxiously waiting for help from the town, while with each day of waiting a dark hatred of the Communists, of the food committees, of the Soviets, was rising in their hearts.

And Klimin suddenly understood why Robeiko burned and trembled, understood that there was "no way out," and instantly his practical clear judgment awoke, clear-sightedly taking in the whole project, and Klimin thought out in his own mind exactly how to realize it, and, with strong, sonorous voice, he now supported Robeiko.

Robeiko was quite unable to speak, took breath, half-lying on the soft divan, and nodded his head with a smile, listening to the voice of Klimin who instantly attacked Ziman with practical suggestion, when they voted Karaulov alone, "contra," lifted his big strong hand with its crooked frost-distorted fingers. The other members of the Party Committee were alight with that same steady, quiet fire that burned in Klimin's words.

Immediately after the sitting of the Party Committee, the Commission met to which had been assigned the task of realizing the project for getting wood. Its members were Klimin, Robeiko, Karaulov and Ziman.

Tomorrow, under the guidance of the Commission, by the will of the Party, work would begin.

Tomorrow in the newspaper, the leading article would shout to everybody of the danger of famine, of the need of action.

Tomorrow at meetings and assemblies the military Commissars and agitators would explain to the attentive Red Army soldiers that if they wanted to see the fields sown they would have to go and cut wood.

Tomorrow from all the stores Ziman would collect saws and axes while the Communal Economy Committee would mobilize carts.

Tomorrow Robeiko, with extreme pain for his throat, would carry thru the Trade Union Council a proposal for the mobilization of the Trade Unions, and in the factories the general meetings of the workmen would pass clumsy resolutions. . . . Tomorrow!

(To be continued Monday)



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