# Sink That Peace Ship!

By JAY LOVESTONE.

If every worker and farmer would only get the chance to read the "Social Activities" page of the Washington newspapers!

What splendid propaganda these gayety columns contain against the enemies of the city and country workers!

What hell and damnation these columns pour into the camp of the "friends of labor"!

What damaging evidence these columns array against the "dirt-farm Senators and Congressmen!

Here is a typical gem culled from the "Society Page" of the Washington Post, regarded by many as the official mouthpiece of the royal family on Capitol Hill:

"The President and Mrs. Coolidge entertained aboard the Mayflower yesterday afternoon, their guests being for the most part recruited from the Senatorial contingent. The party included Senator and Mrs. Tasker L. Oddie, Senator and Mrs. Frank B. Willis, Senator and Mrs. Arthur Capper, Senator Frederick Hale, Senator and Mrs. Edwin F. Ladd, Mrs. Mae E. Nolan, member of Congress from California; the Commisioner of Indian Affairs and Mrs. Charles H. Burke, Mr. and Mrs. David S. Barry, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stearns, the Rev. and Mrs. Jason Noble Pierce and Mr. and Mrs. Frederic William Wile."

**Coolidge's Flagship.**

So here we have it! President Coolidge has learned something from Henry Ford. The strikebreaking Chief Executive has organized a peace ship, as it were—a ship where he signs peace with his political foes on his own terms. The Mayflower, the country's royal yacht, has become the peace ship of the Administration. On this boat the over-advertised "dirt-farmer" Senator Frazier from North Dakota has been entertained. On this boat the senior Senator Ladd from North Dakota has been twice entertained.

These tactics are pretty simple. A Senator's constituents get restless. There is danger of the Senator pretending to listen to the complaints. He soon threatens to become an insurgent. But in the eyes of the Administration pretensions are dangerous nowadays when they are popular. The President then arranges a cruise down the Potomac. The "insurgent" Senator gets an invitation from the President himself. If necessary even Mrs. Coolidge does the inviting. The "insurgent" is tamed. The "progressive" is flattered. After all, what is the Senator for if not to receive honors and be taken into "decent" company. The royal Mayflower goes down the Potomac—quite often they say even beyond the three mile limit. And down forever go the faintest progressive pretentions!

**Ladd is Thru.**

This is the story of the fake progressive Senator Ladd. His younger colleague Frazier has become somewhat frightened at the furor that his maiden trip on the Mayflower has brought on amongst his bankrupt farmer constituents in North Dakota. So Frazier is, for a while at least, thru with exhilarating Potomac air.

But Professor Ladd, oh well, he is different! He is an ex-professor of agriculture and therefore knows something about husbanding and raping virgin soil. Apparently the Profesor Senator Ladd is convinced that his political Puritanism has been raped by his maiden Mayflower trip. Apparently he has become convinced that his constituents have already seen thru him much more than he had ever dreamt of in his worst nightmares. It would seem that Ladd knows he stands no more chance with the poor farmers whom he has fooled and betrayed. Ladd is now bent on building up new political fences with his new angels.

For the poor farmers and the exploited workers the story of the complete disgraceful collapse of Senator Ladd teaches many a lesson.

**Some Pertinent Questions.**

Let the farmers of North Dakota ask some questions from the ex-insurgent Senator Ladd. Let Senator Ladd answer them and explain if he can. Otherwise let North Dakota farmers kick him into the alley.

Now, Senator Ladd, do you think that associating and hobnobbing with the worst enemies of the farmers helps the bankrupt farming masses in any way at all?

Do you think that the farmers who voted for you, the farmers whose debt increased more than a hundred per cent in the last decade, are helped by your Saturday afternoon cruises with Coolidge who has told the farmers to go shuffling for themselves?

Do you think that your peace treaty with the Wall Street Administration will be of any aid to the thousands of farmers who have deserted their farms because they could not raise enough money to pay even taxes to help finance your pleasant Mayflower trips down the Potomac on Saturday afternoons?

What business have you whom we have sent to Washington to fight for us against the big railroad interests of making merry with the reactionary Senator Hale who has voted for the Esch-Cummins railroad-bonus Act that is responsible for so much of our misery today?

What business have you dining and wining Senator Oddie who boasts of being one of the most powerful cattle kings in the land while we are paying millions in ransom to the Beef interests?

Do you call these cruises down the Potomac with Coolidge and his boss Frank W. Stearns, the millionaire textile operator and Boston banker, service to us who are in desperate want here in North Dakota?

Is that what we sent you to Washington for?

No, Senator Ladd. Perhaps you think that the blessings and the benign influence of the Reverend Jason Noble Pierce aboard the Mayflower may wipe away your sins. We who are facing disaster and ruin and hunger in North Dakota don't think so. We know you by this time. We are thru with you and thru with you for good.

We will never send you again to Washington to enjoy pleasant cruises on the Potomac with our worst enemy, President Coolidge. We have tried you, Mr. Ladd. You have been found sadly wanting—criminally negligent of our interests. The President's political peace ship has become the ship bearing your dead political hopes. The farmers will sink that ship and with it will go down forever the political hopes and aspirations of you Mr. Ladd and your kind, that "friend of labor" from California, Congresswoman Mae Nolan.

**ready, with the aid of foreign power to destroy the independence of our country."** That is the main charge against us. And the social-democratic leaders are testifying it. But how could they do otherwise without severing their friendly relations with the government, which pays high salaries to many of them. In the **Sosialidemokraati** of August 17th, appears an appeal to the workers of this country. It bears as a heading **"Leave the Communist Party."** The appeal declares: **"If you don't want to yield up the independence of Finland, if you don't want to be defeated in the struggle against the bourgeoisie of this country, there is at least time to denounce communist principles, to leave that (communist) party, and to return to the old Social-Democratic Party . . ."** These few quotations shows the game being played by the social democratic leaders in the suppression of our party.

We felt somewhat encouraged when reading in the papers that comrades in Norway have boycotted a Finnish bourgeois choir on its visit to Christiania and that the Communist youth of Norway are heading the boycott-campaign against the bourgeoisie of Finland. It is a fine example of international class solidarity.

We in the prisons of barbaric Finland want to proclaim to the workers of the world, that altho we are in chains behind iron bars,, we are not defeated. The struggle will be carried on by those outside, whatever form it will take. In Comrade Ralph Chaplin's words: "We make a vow no tryant might shall make us bend a knee." Jailed or free we will fight for the common cause of the proletariat.

## When Glory Comes

By J. O. BENTALL

New York and the rest of the world has been aroused by a piece of startling news such as comes only after the death of some neglected genius.

The news, however, is not of the genius and his work, but of the exciting fact that a rich woman rescued his dead body from the potters' field.

Johannes Sophus Gelert had labored in obscurity till he was tired of life. He had produced masterpieces of art that had made him famous as a sculptor on two conti-