

"The idea becomes power when it penetrates the masses."
—Karl Marx.

SPECIAL MAGAZINE SUPPLEMENT
THE DAILY WORKER

SECOND SECTION
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Middle Western Feudalism

By
DAVID
COUTTS.

MUSCATINE, IOWA.

THIS town is the graveyard of craft unions and hopes of the workers. Following the button workers' strike fourteen years ago the spirit of Muscatine died. At that time little business started in friendly to the strikers, but as soon as the factory owners brot in gunmen and militia little business changed front.

They wanted law and order, peace and harmony; so the strike was lost after twelve months of battling. The workers were defeated in a decisive battle and reduced to a state of serfdom. Little business has had to give up its "independence" and become the vassal of the millionaire owner of Muscatine.

THE button workers defeated the first attempt to use gunmen to protect strikebreakers. The thugs were driven into a hotel and surrounded, and only the pleadings of the "best citizens" saved them. They were allowed to depart, only to return later with three times the force. This aroused the entire town and the national guard was called out to protect "law and order."

Apparently the spirit of the strikers could not be broken from without. They then resorted to the tactic of the French socialist, Briand, they called the strikers to the colors in the national guard to break the spirit of their own strike. Most of the guardsmen were button workers.

Since the strike there has been no organization whatever in the button factories.

Lumber Baron's Empire.

THERE are six button finishing and about twenty button cutting plants in Muscatine. Some of the finishing plants also have cutting departments. Button cutting plants are being placed in the little hamlets in the country and the farmer and his boys are doing the cutting when he is not working sixteen hours a day on his rented acres.

In the early days of Muscatine, old man Musser owned a lumber yard and prospered. He soon blossomed out into a lumber baron, owning forest tracts and saw mills, and during the war got mixed up in some deal to grab forests and was "investigated" by the government. Old man Musser left his son a lot of millions and the baronetcy of Muscatine.

TODAY young Musser is said to be worth a hundred million. He owns two or three button factories, two large sash and door factories, a number of banks and forty per cent of the business men have got to "see" him to do business.

Old man Musser was "good" to the town and gave a library, public park and other trinkets to decorate his domain. Needless to say that panels bear his name in big letters to show the "beneficence" of the departed master.

"Sweating System" for Slaves.

THE men and women employed in sash and door factories work nine hours per day, 5½ days per week, for from \$12.40 to \$19.25. In the button factories the average wage for a week of fifty hours is \$14.50. Beginners get \$2.50 per day.

About two weeks ago an expert button cutter, who has been following this work for over twenty years, got \$12.85 for fifty hours work. Another good button cutter got \$18.00 for a full week and had a family of four to support. A very few of the younger men, by maintaining terrific speed, make up to \$25.00 for a full week.

This is all piece work and prices are cut every time orders fall off,

which appears to be often now. A gross of buttons in Muscatine is 168 at the factory and all breakages count against the worker.

Women make as much as some of the men. They, too, work piece work, sewing buttons on cards at two cents a gross.

AS soon as children get big enough they are forced into the factories to add to the family wage. With the cost of necessities high in Muscatine the slaves cannot even afford a ten-cent movie.

"American Peasants" Cut Wages.

There are many small farmers around Muscatine. They come to "town" every Saturday and stand around on "Main Street" visiting. They also come in during the winter to cut buttons, or to cut ice, ten hours a day at \$2.25 to \$2.50.

In order to reduce the workers and farmers still further these small

Gladstine, a Jewish gentleman who owns one of the largest dry goods stores in town, is trying to collect for a lot of material sold to the klan during its days of prosperity.

A number of the socialists, who could not afford to pay twenty-five cents a month dues to the party, out of their small wages dug up \$10.00 to help the klan save the country. The present mayor was elected on the republican ticket, which was the klan ticket. He was formerly a member of the socialist party, then flirted with the democrats before joining the klan and the republicans.

THE socialists have had a local in South Muscatine for many years. This suburb is about two miles out, a working class section to which no attention is ever paid. There is no side-money in the job of alderman. The socialists have wanted a sewer system there for the past twenty

town, there is a big task before the Workers Party and the trade union movement. First to revive the hope of a small militant minority and organize them into the party. Then follow this up with an intensive organization drive for the labor unions, making it a concerted, united campaign to sweep every worker into the union. To overcome the power of the feudal baron this movement must take on the appearance, it must actually be a revolt, a rebellion against the intolerable conditions now being imposed upon the workers.

THESE small towns are a vast reservoir for scabs and strikebreakers. They must be educated and organized, or their 100 per cent psychology will be used to crush the rising spirit of the city workers everywhere. A united front for an attack on ignorance is needed.

THE CHILD SLAVES



plants are being placed out in the country, where the farmer can cut buttons for the boss two or three days and then work on his rented or mortgaged acres the other part of the week. Or he may work full time during the winter months in the factory. In this way the wages are kept down to the lowest, the farmer having his house and much of his own food, will work cheap.

TO understand the small farmer's situation: He is a relic of the individualistic, "land and liberty" age. He knows nothing of hours, wages, organization or working conditions. The only money he ever sees is the few dollars he gets for butter or eggs. His other products are mortgaged and transferred by check to the banker. Even \$2.00 for ten hours looks big to him with his simple needs supplied in great part from his land. So the slave drivers in Muscatine are using the peasant to beat down the proletariat in the city.

Kluxers, Socialists and Rubber Tired Farmers.

IN spite of the small wages depriving them of the movies, hundreds of the slaves and small business men joined the klan. The organizer got from three to four thousand dollars for membership fees at \$10.00 each. The klan is now on the decline and will soon be history in Muscatine. Mr.

years. They got it all "fixed" once, but a petition was circulated which was signed generally and shelved the proposition. They have elected their socialist alderman regularly and this goes to show the outside world that Kaiser Musser of Muscatine loves his socialists.

There are many retired farmers, "Rubber Tired," Dad Walker calls them, living in Muscatine. The residential section has the appearance of prosperity, with good houses on paved streets. Bond issues for paving or sewage in the working class districts are generally defeated by the self-satisfied, retired farmer.

Labor Union "Ghosts."

THERE is a carpenters', bricklayers' and street carmen's local in Muscatine. The Typographical Union, electrical workers and barbers also have a few members. A member of the Typographical Union writes about two columns a week for the local capitalist daily, which, although it is apparently honest, lacks even a semblance of inspiration. There is an atmosphere of hopelessness among the workers which gives these little locals the appearance of ghosts. They are the symbol of the vanishing spirit of what was once the scene of a decisive battle.

Throughout Iowa, and especially in towns like Muscatine and Marshall-

M. Karakhan



Ambassador to China, who conducted the treaty negotiations resulting in close ties between Soviet Russia and the Chinese Republic.

The Farmer--A Victim of Conspiracy

By H. T. AHRENS.

AN analysis of the farmers' present economic position gives proof that he is the victim of a conspiracy by those who are the beneficiaries of the capitalist system and who wish to perpetuate same at all hazards.

The present system has served its purpose and outlived its usefulness. The greatest danger of a collapse lies in the inability to keep the workers employed.

The country which has a judiciously organized industrialism and cheap transportation, flanked by a working class which is able and willing to exist cheaply and is willing to slave during long hours, will be the successful competitor on the international market.

America is not in this position. The industries are waterlogged with fictitious values. The working class makes more demands on life than other nationals. The products both raw and finished in most cases have to be transported over long distances. It is admitted that America stands before a crisis. There must be greater and more successful competition on an ever narrowing world's market or the industrial worker will only find work during a part of the year.

In order to compete on the international market the worker must have a lower cost of living. The farmer now appears as an actor in the great drama. The farmer was deflated for more than one purpose. When the financial czars refused the financing of the grain trade, which financing was only then resumed when cereals had been reduced to one-half of the former price, then was enacted the first act of the great drama. Bread was cheapened to the breaking point, the wheat grower became a bankrupted pariah. Under the guise of benevolence the emissaries of the master class were

loosed upon him, they counseled that he engage in other branches of farming along with growing cereals. Bread had been cheapened to the lowest point, it was intended that the price of milk, butter, eggs, vegetables, meats, wool, etc., should follow the same course. Then living cost would have been reduced and a reduction of wages would have taken place.

THE wheat growers found it impossible to follow this advice, partly on account of inadaptability of the soil and partly because the work of raising wheat left him no time to enter other branches. Aside from bread, living expenses are not reduced and the wheat farmer is of all wealth producers the greatest victim, a veritable pariah. Relief and the end is not in sight under the present regime.

The deflation of the cereal farmer meant the bankruptcy of over a million within his ranks. Thousands became renters of their former possessions while multi-thousands migrated to the cities becoming competitors on an already crowded slave market. The influence of the industrial workers' new competitor will be felt at the proper time, for a starving human will do anything to relieve hunger. If the drive for the open shop is successful, the unemployed ex-farmer will, more than any other factor be the cause of its inauguration.

THE third act of the farmers' drama is about to begin. If a certain nation or individuals are enslaved all nations and all individuals will feel the influence of the unjust burdens. The farmers of America are bound to descend to the level occupied by farmers of other countries. The American workers will gravitate to the level occupied by the lowest paid and the worst enslaved since all must compete on the world's market.

WE are living in a period of transition, the capitalist system is breaking down under burdens never

carried by the workers of the past ages. The figures representing the exactions have astronomical proportions, they can not be borne. If the producers of wealth choose to stagger along under these burdens then we will enter upon another dark age with the light of progress extinguished.

PALLIATIVES solve nothing, there must be change of the system. The question of the day is: Shall humanity be enslaved by the machine owned by the few? or shall the producers enslave the machine by entering upon an era of the dictatorship of the proletariat?

OPEN LETTER TO BANKRUPT AND MORTGAGED FARMERS

By JARAW.

COMMUNISTS have been telling you that the way to security and happiness lies in Communism. They say that the foundation of happiness is economic security, and that economic security can be secured only by well organized co-operation in the farming industry. Communists tell you that they advocate a class government of wage earners and dispossessed farmers, and that you will have to cast in your lot with them and their program to attain this goal of well-organized co-operation. They say that to reach this goal the farmers must not only be freed from the powerful opposition of judges, newspapers and legislatures, and the banking class which controls them, but that they must have the active and conscientious support of a class government of wage workers and dispossessed farmers. Now at last the falsity of the Communist viewpoint has been ably shown by Mr. Arthur Brisbane, writing for Hearst newspapers in the large cities of the country.

MR. BRISBANE says: "Are there opportunities left for young Americans in the far west or are the opportunities all gone? . . . Under the homestead act and the desert land act, the two brothers (Hodge) took up about 500 acres here, on the Mohave desert. . . The Hodge ranch shows what work can produce

in the desert. . . Seventeen acres of alfalfa yield each season 127 tons, which sells at the railroad siding a mile and a half away for \$27 a ton—\$3,429 worth of alfalfa from seventeen acres. The desert land, plus courage, hard work and water, yields \$184 to the acre. . . Given enough young men of courage to develop the unlimited resource of the nation, including crops that the deserts can produce, and there is no need to worry about the future of the United States."

THUS we see how untenable the Communist program for farmers becomes, in the light of intelligence, compared with the program of the well trained and critical mind of Mr. Arthur Brisbane. The cure for the economic ills of the farmers of this country is not in co-operative effort, with the sustained and wholehearted support of a class government of dispossessed farmers and wage workers, but rather in this: Leave your wheat, oats and corn lands, which you hold by grace of the banker who has the mortgage on them, and which you plant and reap by grace of the seed company; leave your dairy and chicken ranches, to which you and your whole family are now enslaved; go west near Barstow, Arizona, and take up a desert claim and raise alfalfa.

The solution is this, not Communism.

HUGHES SEES RED AND FADES OUT

By M. RASGON.

WHEN ex-secretary of state, Charles Evans Hughes, was a boy and had just performed the patriotic feat of cutting down a cherry tree, his mother took him to a gypsy and asked her to gaze into the future of her prodigy son.

The little Hughes did not wear whiskers yet, nevertheless he was considered a very bright child. His faith in Santa Claus was so great that he made a vow not to use any razors at any time of his life and that accounts for his curly whiskers.

On entering the destiny shop Mrs. Hughes announced that she wished to

purchase \$5.00 worth of future for her son. The future teller caressed the then smooth face of little Hughes and said: "I can see in your innocent eyes that you will be a great man. When you grow into manhood you will run for president but the you will run hard the only thing it will bring you will be short breath. Another man Wilson will beat you. But don't get discouraged. You will be a great man. Men of wealth and position will come to you for favors and you will be paid handsomely. You are destined to be a leader of men. You will lead them thru the wilderness of Washington to the oily land of Mexico and you will not lead empty handed.

"But there is one warning I make to you: Beware of the color of red. The color of red will play a dominant part in your life. Whenever you see red—run."

Well, many years have passed since that memorable day but the fear of red and the warning of the gypsy never left the field of Hughes's consciousness. He even forbids his wife the use of rouge and his children never wear red ribbons or ties. But as the saying goes you cannot escape your fate.

It happened that in a distant country a peasant woman by the name of Russia gave birth to a red giant. The giant, his name was Revolution, from a tiny infant grew to such proportions that soon his head reached the shores of America. His red rays penetrated the marble stone of the White House laboratory where Mr. Hughes was busy on a new anti-red experiment. And for the first time in his life Mr. Hughes saw RED!

He was found unconscious. They called Professor Coolidge, an expert on that particular disease. After futile effort to bring the prostrated Hughes to life the professor pronounced him politically dead. The funeral was held on the 4th of March. His resting place is Bermuda.

EBERT'S EVIDENCE



The spirit of the late social-democratic president of the German republic produces proof of his patriotism during the war.



BUILDERS AT WORK

We Have an Agent in the Lehigh Valley

He Uses Bolshevik Methods

IN Russia, Pravda, the great official organ of the Russian Communist Party has been built up by many methods. But one method has been particularly effective in building the Communist Press in the world's first workers' republic. This method we have often pointed out to our BUILDERS and agents as a means by which we can build "our daily" in this country.

Many of our active Communists, especially since the addition of the T. U. E. L. page have been doing this with splendid results. The method is to write a story on the conditions prevailing in your shop, trade or union and to order a bundle for sale and distribution at the place written about.

The latest agent to follow this sure method to success in this particular Communist activity is City Agent A. Hoffman of Easton, Pa., who covers that city, Phillipsburgh, N. J. and his end of the Lehigh Valley section. He has sent in stories written by himself and by others and orders to follow. We point out this comrade so that others may follow his splendid example. You will hear more from this active Communist BUILDER who has for a long time been giving efficient work to building up the Communist press in this country.

The Second Annual Sub Campaign

In this column you will find the names of BUILDERS sending in NEW subs to "Build The DAILY WORKER" on March 26. Some, you will note by the number, have sent in more than one sub. Will your name soon be listed here?

- BIG PINEY, Wyo.—Chas. Matson (3).
- PHILADELPHIA, Pa.—Lena Rosenberg (3); Lillian Berman.
- NEW YORK, N. Y.—L. E. Katterfeld (3).
- NEWPORT, R. I.—Jos. F. McGoff, C. Fernandez.
- CHICAGO, Ill.—Gus. Versteegen (2); Sam Hammersmark.
- MILWAUKEE, Wis.—G. S. Shklar (2).

The Transformation of the French C. P.

By G. MARRANE.

GREAT efforts have already been made since the Fifth Congress to re-organize the French party on the basis of nuclei.

In the Paris district the old sectional organization has already disappeared and the members in the factories and establishments have been distributed among nuclei.

There was some hesitation at first among the workers. The chief cause was the fear of being sacked and of not finding employment owing to the solidarity of the employers against the Communists.

A proof of this was the example of the factory nucleus of the Delage Workers, where the seven members were sacked in a few days.

THAT experience was an excellent lesson to the workers, who thereupon became prudent and constituted their nuclei illegally. They thus learned that it was very easy to escape the vigilance of the factory police. At the N. works, as a result of curtailment of work, 2,000 workers were discharged.

Of the 50 members of the nucleus, only three comrades were discharged. This was obviously mere chance and proved that the management do not know who the members of the nucleus are.

Sometimes a nucleus secretary was

marked and discharged. The next day, thanks to the connections between the nuclei a job was found for him in a neighboring factory and he became a member of a nucleus in the same district. Such examples are not isolated. The constitution of the nuclei permits the placing of our members in employment thru Communists who are not known, or thru sympathizers.

THE hesitation which at first existed has given way to great enthusiasm.

One of the difficulties in forming nuclei is the small number of members in the little factories.

To fulfil the duties demanded of them our comrades felt that recruiting ought to be undertaken. They have shown ingenuity in organizing propaganda and have brought into the party the comrades in whom they have confidence. In a small factory in the District of X, employing about 150 workers there was only one Communist who was attached to a neighboring nucleus.

With the help of that nucleus he made 17 new members in three months, which has since made it possible to organize a nucleus in that factory. This case is apparently exceptional, but since the Fifth Congress the Federation of the Paris Region has made 3,000 new members with the help of the nuclei.

THE nucleus has a bureau consisting of 3, 5, or 7 members, accord-

ing to the size of its membership. A member of the Young Communist nucleus is a member of the nucleus bureau, and vice versa. The bureaus meet frequently. In the large nuclei such as that of the M. works, the bureau meets almost daily.

Each member of the bureau is responsible for a special piece of work. In the M. nucleus, the bureau of which consists of nine members, there are eight commissions; political, organization, newspaper, women's trade union, foreign affairs, contact with the factory and documentary committees.

Each member of the bureau is secretary of one of the commissions and therefore responsible for its work.

Propaganda in the factory is organized in a secret manner. The factory paper is distributed before the arrival of the workers, on a day and at a time fixed by the bureau. The same is the case with leaflets.

IN all the factory offices, as for instance, the washing rooms, the cloak rooms, the lavatories, etc., the factory newspaper is stuck up together with the quotations from Lenin which are printed daily in Humanite, side by side with the title.

The factory management has taken measures and is having the offices especially watched. As soon as a paper is noticed it is torn up. Our comrades then organized "posting." Every nucleus member has a fixed time for posting with the result that the newspapers and tracts follow each

other in succession every quarter of an hour, and in spite of the vigilance this form of propaganda reaches the whole staff.

THE nucleus meets once a week after work, and once a month on Sunday mornings in the case of factories which have several shifts.

At these meetings there is always a report on the agenda, usually by a member of the bureau.

The secretary or the delegate reports on political questions to the conference organized once a week by the federation. The same with the delegates on the district committee. The bureau then reports on the work of the commissions and the work for the week is determined. Discussion is then opened and a vote taken on the political questions under consideration.

ALTHO our comrades on the whole have not had a theoretical training, the discussion are even more interesting than they used to be in the sections. With this new organization the workers understand that the Communist Party is their party. This is one of the essential reasons for the increase of our influence in the Paris Region. The workers are not alone in understanding this, it is understood by the employers too. They are conducting a furious campaign against the Communist Party which no doubt will end in making it illegal in the near future. This is proof that it is proceeding along the right lines.

Thoughts in a Cell

A GROUP of striking men and women of the ladies' garment industry started their march courageously, full of hope and inspiration on the picket line in front of the shop on strike.

It was a beautiful morning, the sun was shining brightly and a mild wind was like a message of the coming spring. However that lovely breeze of an early spring morning did not reach the group of strikers, because before they had a chance to look about, they were arrested at the behest of the boss for walking peacefully in front of their place of work.

THE aim of the wily boss was to break their spirit, as bosses usually try to do. The police were well paid and consequently had to make a good job, and keep them as long as possible under arrest. Therefore each of the strikers was placed in a separate cell, or as it is called the "lonesome cell."

One of the girls, a born rebel, whose resistance is strengthened when confronted with greater difficulty, was laughing sarcastically when she was led into the lonesome cell. She thought of the folly of the foolish servants and slaves of the capitalist machine who expected to discourage them by using such methods. In her mind she read thru once more the article written by Shachno Epstein, editor of the Freiheit, which appeared in Sunday's issue of March the 8th, "International Women's Day." While she was reading this article in her imagination, she forgot all about where she was, why she was placed in the cell etc. Her mind was busily engaged. "Shachno Epstein," she said to herself "in his article on the new woman wonders why an artist of the new generation such as David Bergelson does not picture the woman who leads, the woman who fights in her self-defense." There is only one answer to this question: that it takes a Communist to observe the actions and motives of the new woman. For most of the other artists picture only the women of the past.

THE woman who lived in a narrow little world, whose chief aim in life was love and whose main interest was to attract men. She paid attention more to her appearance, in order to attract men. The more she was used for the physical satisfaction of man the more she specialized in the pursuit of his love. She did almost everything in her power to please her master, his orders were law to her, her personality was submerged in his.

Consequently there was no reason on earth for her to develop her own individuality.

The artists of the new generation do not see the woman of today who is gradually breaking away from her dependence on the love relation alone. The new woman besides love demands respect for her personality, consideration of her as a human being, recognition of her own self, and freedom for complete independence and self development, so that she can become a useful factor in society.

THE woman of today can no longer find refuge in the matrimonial field as did the woman of the past, because married life today in her opinion only enslaves the partners to each other. To preserve happiness in married life the two must be united in passion, love, respect, comradeship and must consider each other as free human beings. To achieve the above conditions, economic independence is the prerequisite, or else marriage can never be a success.

Thus the rebellious girl in her cold and dark cell turned to Communist writers for consolation, saying to herself: "It is you who see the 'new woman,' for whom it is not only longer important merely to be on an equal social plane as man. The new woman strives equally with the man for the emancipation of all the oppressed, that is, the entire working class. The new woman tries to free herself from all the bourgeois prejudices and stands alongside the men revolutionists. For she finds that the battlefield of the revolutionary army invites them; and that the struggle is but one!"

THE keeper who opened the door of the prison cell interrupted her reverie. She, as well as the rest, were set free and went back to the picket line.

Result of Intervention in Ukraine.

MOSCOW, March 27.—The Ukrainian commission for the relief of the victims of foreign intervention has computed at 65 million gold rubles the total sum of claims, which number about 33,500. Over 4,350 were killed, 2,030 have been registered as wounded, and about 10,000 as crippled, during the intervention incidents.

Write us a letter—tell us how you work, what are your wages and shop conditions—and then order a bundle for distribution in your shop.

LIVING IN STEEL TOWNS

IT is appropriate that in Pittsburgh, the stronghold of the mighty steel trust, there should be organized the first group of Communist worker-correspondents. We hope that this will be the first of many similar groups that will form lines of communication for the Communist press and some day make it unnecessary to depend upon capitalist news services.

The DAILY WORKER will be a real mass organ when all its news is gathered and written by worker-correspondents in every industrial center. This article is the second contribution of the Pittsburgh worker-correspondent group. It deals with life and living conditions of the workers.

This is the kind of material that the DAILY WORKER wants. It is not intended that the articles and news stories should do more than conform to a certain readable form so far as style is concerned. It is desirable that each correspondent develop his own inclinations but clearness, reasonable brevity and observation expressed in forceful description should be striven for.—Ed. Note.

A TYPICAL SWEAT SHOP

By LABORISTO.

It would afford any ambitious worker pleasure to get acquainted with one of the most complete sweat shops here in the "Iron City," the E. J. Thompson Automobile Factory, at Lexington Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa. Let me introduce the place to the readers of the DAILY WORKER. When I applied for a job the manager, Mr. Pillsbury, promised me the day rate of 75c but later I learned that most of the work was piece work.

Of course the rates are so low that even men with 10 years' experience in the trade can hardly make more than ordinary day wages therefore in order to make a little extra after they have toiled for 8 hours and 45 minutes at piece work speed these poor devils in the shop still keep on working two to four hours overtime. Few workers can stand this strain and there is a continual hiring and firing or quitting in the place.

Only the most trained and most willing to work an average of 11 hours a day at the enormous speed required can stay.

Mean Boss Hard on Beginners.

The foreman in the metal trades department of this sweat shop himself a worker but intrusted with looking after the rest is of the typical kind grouchy, mean and bullying. It is hard enough to start a new job especially in a new trade even when the boss is reasonable but when he is mean, hollering, and swearing and tries to discourage you instead of giving helpful criticism, your job becomes a real hell, particularly when you know that work is hard to find elsewhere.

The company seems to have a great many orders and is putting on men in the metal department. Three of us, who started the same week could not claim to be experienced, and got a lower rate, 55 to 75c, while an experienced man's day rate may be 80

to 90 cents. We were also put on piece work the third day, but never given a chance. We were given only two or three pieces of the same kind making it impossible to get used to the job. The work can easily be learned, if you get a chance to stay at it some time, but after a week they got two more experienced men, and we three were "canned" the morning they started.

Short Pay Checks.

When I received my pay check I objected that it was about \$6.00 short according to the rate the manager had promised me. I was told, however, that my rate was only 65 cents as not experienced. Pillsbury had said nothing about cutting on my rate. One of the other fellows, a young boy, told me, that his rate was cut from 55 cents to 45 cents. The company had given us no written agreement so what could we do about it?

Thanks to the DAILY WORKER, we can at least expose this factory, its management, and their damned methods.

Letters From Soviet Russia

LIFE IN RUSSIAN RED ARMY.

I DO not know whether our comrades abroad know how we live. Anyhow I think it is worth while to tell them about the life of the young Sivash Artillerists.

Sivash is a bay, a very swampy place where Wrangel had one of his main strongholds. Our division drove Wrangel out by attacking him from the rear and thus settled his fate. Hence our division is called the Sivash Artillerymen.

Discipline is very strict, but it is secured by continually and at every opportune moment explaining to the Red Army men their rights as well as their obligations, their role as the defenders of the Soviet Union. For this purpose we have, in addition to military training, political education classes two hours daily. During these classes Red Army men study the Soviet constitution, the history of the Soviet power and the history of the Red Army and the civil war. The Red Army men are also taught geography reading and writing, arithmetic and agriculture. In our artillery regiment we have no illiterates, but there are illiterate people in the infantry regiments. They are formed into separate groups or squads and are taught to read and write being set free from drill and other work.

Definite hours are given to general physical training and to the study of sanitation and physics.

On the whole six hours a day are given to study and the rest of the time they have at their own disposal and may spend it just as they like if they inform their immediate relief.

For their recreation there is a club with a number of circles, a school for political education, a dramatic circle, a circle for general education, etc. The club has a library and reading room, it publishes a wall newspaper which does not even spare the commander of the regiment if he has been at fault in any way. There is also a military correspondence circle to which all Red Army men who contribute to the paper belong. In this circle they learn how to write for the newspapers, etc. Once a week there is a dramatic performance in the club, and we also have "youth" socials, "military" socials, etc. The club works for the whole regiment. We must admit that the club of our regiment is not as efficient as the clubs of other regiments.

In addition to all this we have a Lenin "corner" with various sections in every battalion of the regiment. In these "corners" there are small libraries and about eight different newspapers. Readings and informal talks take place in these "corners," as well as party, young Communist and Red Army meetings. Similar meetings are held once a month for the whole regiment.

Very frequently (every week) we are taken to the cinema. We also visit the workers in the factory which is our patron. We also visit museums and aquariums (there is a very good one in Nikolaev). This is just the general outline of our army life. Altho we are taken away from our homes we do not feel isolated.

The Red Army which is a proletarian army is a school, and young peasants are right when they say:

"We must study otherwise we will come back to our villages just as we left them, and what would be the use of that?"

And we get a military training and education and become more efficient as we go on. Thus your bourgeoisie will never be able to take us and our Union unawares.

There is still much to write about—our economic situation, our shortcomings, the link between the workers and peasants, etc. But I will leave all this for my next letter, that is to say if you are interested in it and if I receive a reply from you.

Today I want to describe just one more fact. Not so long ago we had

The letters from our Russian comrades are being read with interest, but most of the value of them will be lost if they arouse no desire to build the Communist press in America by similar methods—contributions from worker-correspondents, news of the life and struggles of the masses written by those who are part of them.

These letters from Russia should receive replies. They can be sent to the DAILY WORKER and will be forwarded promptly to the proper address. There is no better way than this of binding the workers of both countries with a comradesly bond.

in the regiment the trial of the commander of the platoon. He was charged with having compelled a Red Army man to run about 15 minutes wearing an anti-gas mask as a punishment for some misdemeanor. The revolutionary military tribunal sentenced him for exceeding his powers to 12 months solitary confinement. Does it happen in your army that commanders are tried in this fashion?—G Koten, Red Army man of the 15th Artillery regiment, Nikolaev, Ukrainian Soviet Socialist Republic.

FROM A TEXTILE WORKER.

DEAR Foreign Comrades: As I know that your bourgeois press is not only giving you a wrong idea of the life of Russian workers, but is even distorting facts, I, who am myself a worker, will endeavor to describe in this letter our factory life

longer periods, and they also receive their full pay. In 1924 over 600 of our workers spent some time in rest homes, sanatoria, and health resorts.

WORKING women—the mothers—are well looked after, and perhaps their privileges are greater than those of men. For instance during pregnancy they are given two months' leave of absence and two months after the birth of the child. During these four months they receive full pay and their places are kept open for them.

During the 9 months when she is nursing the child, a working woman works only 6 hours instead of 8 while receiving full pay. During this period she receives a special monthly grant.

WE have children's homes and creches where mothers can leave their children and can be certain that they are better looked after there than at home. All this is provided free of charge. Our working women have

A Worker Hails Soviet Russia

Hail to you, Soviet Russia
Where the red flag is unfurled.
Between its folds are letters of gold,
Calling Workers of the World
To unite in one big union; you have a world to gain.
And so come along and join the throng
You have nothing to lose but your chain.

CHORUS:

Hurrah for the boys of the Red Army,
They are Russia's fighting sons,
With all their might they fight for the right
And they know how to use their guns.
Out of the oil fields of Baku
Wrangel is running yet
Hurrah for the boys of the Red Army
And long live the Soviet.

Hail to you, Soviet Russia
Hail to you once again
I'm writing to you, tho the lines are few
From this land of greed and gain.
In tones of the bells of Moscow
I can hear revolution ring.
Hail to you, Soviet Russia
This song to you I'll sing.

(Steve Green, Garrison, N. D. 5-2-25.)

to help to give you a right idea of it. OUR factory where I work and about which I am going to write is in the center of the textile industry, in the Ivanovo-Voznesensk District. It is a cotton mill which employs eleven and a half thousand men and women. This is what happened here: After the October revolution our workers took the factory into their own hands and kept it going. The workers chose from amongst themselves capable people from the bench, and these elected persons became the head of the management. Our workers were not long in realizing that they themselves were the true masters of this gigantic enterprise.

ONCE workers have assumed power they begin to improve the conditions under which they have to work and live, and they improve production at the same time. This also happened here. They formed a protection of labor department which looks after the needs of the workers; provides them with suitable clothes and footwear, fats (if necessary for the kind of work they perform), etc. We have special rest homes where those whose health has suffered can spend from a fortnight to one month with full pay. Workers who are tubercular are sent to sanatoria and health resorts for

been given equal rights with men and are drawn everywhere into social work. In our factory there is not a single organization without its quota of women. They are on the factory committee, in the club, in the co-operatives, etc.

THERE are women who occupy responsible posts such as chairman of factory committees, factory managers, etc. In our factory engineers are only employed as experts. Relations between them and the workers have undergone a complete change. Our workers have no longer to submit to rough treatment by the engineers, as the latter are aware that they will be dismissed for such behavior. And the time is not far distant when we shall have our own engineers, technicians, chemists, mechanics, etc., who have sprung from the working class.

FOR young workers there is in our factory an apprenticeship school where they get a thoro training and from where they can enter higher educational establishments. Their labor is also protected.

The factory has a club where the workers can increase their knowledge. It has a well-stocked library and a reading room, and all sorts of circles and sections are organized by the workers themselves. The former mas-

ters would not have given all this to the workers, and neither will yours.

FOR adult men and women there is a higher grade school. The attendance there is not very numerous—about 300 people a day. Our workers have a great desire to learn and to improve their minds. On leaving this school they will go to higher educational establishments, as the doors of universities and technical colleges are opened wide to our workers.

THE adult and young workers of our factory publish wall newspapers. Thru this press many shortcomings are remedied, production is improved and old customs and habits are fought against—the achievements of these wall newspapers are very great indeed. Production is growing from month to month.

Our workers are anxious in all their doings to carry out the injunctions of the leader of the world proletariat, Comrade Lenin.

DEAR foreign comrades, should this letter be reprinted in your press, I will write to you regularly every month in more detail and will describe the life of our peasantry.

My comrades and I await your reply, and shall be particularly glad to receive a letter from the textile workers in your country.

With Comradely Greetings, Malyshiev, Workers' Correspondent of the Wall Newspaper Rodnikovsky Rabotchy.

OUR ARMY IS GROWING

By NADIEJDA KRUPSKAYA.

FOR a long time, for many centuries, Russia was an economical, and culturally backward country. When, thirty years ago, a revolutionary workers' party arose, our working class was a down-trodden, enslaved and dumb mass. Only he who saw not only the present, but also the future, and was able to view the movement from an international standpoint could believe that this class would one day become a staunch upright and disciplined fighter, and would be absolutely victorious.

And for this reason the Russian labor movement never for a moment forgot its blood relationship with the international labor movement, and it never will forget it. For the proletarians of our Soviet Union, such days as May 1, and March 8, are days of international brotherhood, days of the greatest importance.

In the Union of Soviet Republics in the last years there has been expressed with enormous force the urge of the masses for independent activity. The movement has spread rapidly, fresh thousands of working women of our Union—working women and peasant women—awoke to a conscious life. They flocked to the ranks of those to whom the cause of the victory of the international proletariat is dear, who passionately long for the emancipation of all workers and devote their whole lives to this aim.

"Our army has grown greater" can be said today by the class-conscious proletarian women of all countries. Every year the army of class-conscious, closely-knit proletarian men and women, who are fighting shoulder to shoulder, will become greater.

And no power in the world will be able to resist this army.

Give your shopmate this copy of the DAILY WORKER—but be sure to see him the next day to get his subscription.

Русская Вечеринка

Yes, that's what we mean: Russian Vecheerinka, which will be given this Saturday night, March 28, at the House of the Worker (formerly Soviet School), 1902 W. Division St. A short play in Russian and dancing will follow. A good time is promised to those who will attend.

Abramovich's Honor

By Moissaye J. Olgin

RAPHAEL ABRAMOVICH, the agent of the Second International, is not satisfied with the American Communists. We do not blame him for it. We have unmasked him. We have compelled him to make clear to the American workers in general and to the Jewish workers in particular, where he stands. In an open letter published by him in several papers in the Yiddish and English language, he speaks about "the energetic self-defense of our comrades." He forgets, however, to point out that this "self defense" operated with the aid of police, detectives, and sluggers. The blot of this "self defense" will glow forever on the forehead of this "socialist" counter revolutionary.

Abramovich is not happy over the reception accorded to him by the workers. Yet he would not admit that it is his political platform the workers are protesting against. He is out to convince himself and others that a special conspiracy against him is on foot, that the Communists have "embarked on a course of vituperation and vilification," that the present writer is "the very initiator of the dirtiest and meanest personal calumnies" spread against him. (Quoted from the Yiddish text published in *The Freie Arbeiter Stimme*, which seems to be the original.)

It would hardly be necessary to reply to this new sally of a despairing menshevik. We have conducted our campaign in the open before the eyes of all the workers. Those who frequented our meetings or read our publications know that we conduct a political campaign, not a campaign of personal vilification. We expose Abramovich as a traitor because he betrayed the great proletarian revolution in Russia and because he kept on betraying the very principles which he asserted to be his sincere convictions at one time or another. I personally heard from the mouth of Abramovich in 1920, when he still lived in Moscow, that he stood on a Soviet platform, that he accepted the entire Soviet constitution and that he was only angry with the Communist government for not adhering to "its own revolutionary laws." A few months later Abramovich was engaged in a vicious campaign against the Soviet republic as a whole. I personally heard Abramovich advocating something akin to the new economic policy when this policy was yet impossible. When, however, the N. E. P. was inaugurated by order of the Soviets, Abramovich only intensified his struggle against the Soviets. In personal conversations Abramovich, in 1920, assured me that he stood nearer to the Soviet system than to the right wing socialists. Later, however, Abramovich found his haven of rest in the arms of the Scheidemanns and Noskes. This is treason, and it proves that Abramovich is not in earnest about his "principles," that he uses them as weapons against the Soviet republic. This is what we assert at our meetings and in our press, and it is not necessary to dwell upon it in the present connection.

But Abramovich brought in a new element into his desperate struggle. He informs us that "the man who lent him the money and made it possible for him to leave Russia was Moissaye Olgin who was at that time in Russia." Abramovich, who is so displeased with what he calls personal fights, resorts here to a personal means of attack. He wishes to create the impression that I was in accord with him in 1920, that I was then an opponent of the Soviets, and that it was therefore that I helped him leave Russia. It is, certainly, unnecessary to refute those allegations. The American workers still remember the articles written by myself in 1920, immediately after my return from Russia. They will not have forgotten my description of the menshevik as "barking at the moon." They will recall that even before 1921, beginning from 1918, I conducted a campaign in favor of Soviet Russia both in the press and in lecture halls in the English and Yiddish languages. My visit to Russia in 1920-21 only in-

tensified my devotion to the proletarian revolution and gave me a clearer conception of Communism and the Communist International. These are facts on public record, and it is unnecessary to repeat them. Abramovich's insinuation will not mislead even his backward readers. His present letter, however, throws a lurid light on his own personality, and it is therefore that I am compelled to say a few words about it.

It appears from this open letter that Abramovich deceived me in 1920. I didn't wish to tell about it openly, because I maintained that personal affairs should not be brought into political struggles when we have enough material to expose our enemies. I was an intimate friend of Abramovich in the course of 15 years, between 1905 and 1920, and I wished to keep buried the things that happened under the cloak of old friendship, even if subsequently we became political enemies. I therefore, refrained from bringing up the money incident. But

he was a loyal opponent, not an enemy of the workers and peasants' republic. He lived then on a payok (food ration) given to him by the Soviet government. He told me he worked in some kind of Soviet institution and therefore received a professor's payok—a privilege enjoyed by very few in Moscow. Immediately after my arrival in Moscow, in the very first few days, he began telling me that he was going to Germany to do work for the Soviet government. He had worked in Vienna in 1913-14 in a patent bureau, and considered himself a specialist in patent questions. We did not discuss the specific kind of work he was to carry out for the Soviet government, but that he was being sent abroad and that he was to do work for the Soviet government in Germany. He reiterated several times both alone with me and in the presence of his wife. More than once he made calculations showing that he was short of funds. True, he said, there would be no rail-

revolutionary work. When he read an article of mine in a pro-Soviet Russian paper in Berlin, he was displeased with its friendly tone towards Soviet Russia; he considered it "sentimental" and "exaggerated." Everything friendly towards the new regime in Russia was for him both sentimental and false. Already at that time I saw Abramovich in his true colors. I must confess, I was sorry I had loaned him money. I said to myself that had I known how he would behave abroad I would not have helped him. But the loan was an accomplished fact. I did not wish to demand the money returned. "What's over is over" I thought to myself. I would not have unearthed this incident even at present had not Abramovich resorted to it in his difficult situation.

In his open letter Abramovich says "It goes without saying that I accepted no commission either from the Communist Party or from the Soviet government, and that I could not have accepted any." However, in 1920, he told me he was going to Germany to carry out a commission by the Soviet government. Abramovich says, "I never received and could not have received any money either from the Soviet government or from the Communist Party." However, in 1920, the money to be received from the government entered as an item into his calculations made in my presence. The question is when was Abramovich lying; in 1920 when he borrowed money from me, or in 1925 when he wrote his open letter? (The money has not been returned up to now.)

Once more: We did not want to unearth the whole story, but let Abramovich reap what he sowed. I have followed Abramovich's activities thruout these years, but I have never believed he could fall so low. He should have refrained from such an ugly step, as is his present letter, even if it be for the sake of past friendship. It seems, however, that when a man begins to fall, there is no limit to his degradation.

A Royal Pastime



Mrs. Snowden Displays a "Socialistic" Interest.

since Abramovich started this story, it is necessary to make the facts known.

Here are the facts. When I came to Moscow in 1920, Abramovich characterized himself as a left winger, almost a Communist. He told me he was even in favor of his party members joining the Red army in order to combat the counter revolution. When I asked him why he would not do Soviet work under the leadership of the Soviet government, as did, for instance, the famous philosopher and economist Bogdanoff, who was not a member of the Communist Party, he explained to me that he would not be accepted. For this he blamed the Communists, who, he said, had political grudges against him. He personally made believe he was a friend. At the time of my arrival in Moscow, the Bundist Liber-Goldman was in jail. Abramovich told me he disagreed with Liber. Later when Liber was freed, I met him in Abramovich's house. Liber sensed in me a friend of the Soviet system, and therefore looked daggers at me. When he left the house, Abramovich told me that he was nearer to the Communists than to Liber, and that Liber accused him of being a Bolshevik. In short, Abramovich made the impression that

road expenses between Moscow and the frontier of Estonia or Latvia, as this would be cared for by the government; true, part of the expenses would be covered by the government; but, the man had a wife and two children, he would have to buy clothes and to rent a house in Berlin, which would entail an expense of several hundred dollars. It was on the strength of these assertions and calculations that I loaned him \$200.00. I loaned them to a friend of the Soviet regime. Not by one word did Abramovich betray the fact that he was going abroad to participate in socialist conferences, that he was going with the intention of starting a broad campaign against Soviet Russia. Plainly speaking, he deceived me. He knew I was friendly towards the Soviet government. He saw me leaning more and more towards Communism. He never said a word about his counter revolutionary plans.

When, after an extensive trip over Soviet Russia, I came to Germany in March, 1921, and visited Abramovich's house there, I became aware of my error. By this time Abramovich had published two or three copies of his notorious "Sozialistisches Vestnik." He had returned from a congress in Vienna. He was engaged in counter

International Notes

Russia.

Heavy Industry Grows.

MOSCOW.—The "Bolshevik" works have produced the first specimen tramway switches and siding rails. Hitherto these articles were imported from abroad.

Rest for Working Men's Wives.

KEIV.—The commission for better working class conditions has acquired five rest homes for workers with families. These houses can accommodate up to 100 families per month. In the summer season the people's food department will open in all summer resort dining hall where meals will be served at popular prices. This will enable workingmen's wives to rest from their household duties.

Poland.

WARSAW.—Two brothers of Karl Radek, Afanasy and Vassili, have been sentenced by the Polish authorities to six months in jail apiece without any charges being brought against them.

The two Radeks had been discharged from the sugar plant in Revno where they had been working and were on their way back to their home village, when they were halted and arrested by the government authorities. The government had nothing against them—besides the fact that they were Karl Radek's brothers, of course—beyond the vague suspicion that they might be intending to cross the border to Soviet Russia. The first sentence was three months and a fine of 500 zloti, but since the brothers could not pay the fine the sentence was changed to six months.

Comrade Josef Skrzypa, Communist deputy in the Polish parliament, speaking in the name of the Communist fraction, demanded the release of the Radeks, and the prosecution of the authorities responsible for their arrest.

Letters From Our Readers

Daily Worker Makes Converts.

To the DAILY WORKER:— How doth Communism grow! Especially with the DAILY WORKER in the house. I have supplied a neighbor of mine for nearly a year with my copy—a very bright and conscientious young man, but who is crippled physically from disease. He soon developed an appetite for Karl Marx, and not long ago read for the first time a copy of the Communist Manifesto.

It is now of textbook importance to him. He said recently to me: "I do not see how it is possible for the people to remain long in darkness with such a work in circulation. It is a beacon for the hand and a guide for the feet."

I told him the socialist party had been boosting it for years and he was still further mystified. He said they could not have read it understandingly.

Soon afterward he read Marx's "Revolution of 1848" and "Civil War in France," which were like amenal bath, and followed with great delight, Vols. I and II of "Capital." Beginning when I first met him with a religious complex, he now revels in the full and glorious light of Communism and is super-grateful to me for having introduced it to him.

The comrades here do not know of him because he walks slowly and painfully. They may soon learn because he is improving.

The glow of the new light has animated his spirit. A renewed desire to live induced him to go to the hospital and the treatments he is receiving, are gradually restoring elasticity to his partially ossified joints, and he wants to join the growing army of Communist workers. In his ward he met a bright young Italian of revolutionary tendencies and now he wants to give him a copy of the DAILY WORKER containing a good article on Sacco and Vanzetti with the object of inducing him to join the Italian branch of the Workers Party here.

Of course, he is not yet a member of the party. He will further use copies of the DAILY WORKER to give to a radical but uninformed physician and other individuals who would be benefitted by a knowledge of our great movement and who, in turn, would benefit others. Verily, how doth Communism grow!

I am enclosing you \$2 on the second call for insurance policies. I at first only sent you \$1, and your kind acknowledgement made me uneasy in conscience. You said I had done my full duty as a Communist. Oh, how short I am from performing that duty. I should send you at least \$10, nay, ten times as much so long as the wolf is not actually barking at my door.

But I will content myself for the time by doubling my former subscription, and will hold myself in readiness to answer future calls whenever you may make them.—Milton Harlan, San Francisco.

False Leaders Divide Workers

To the DAILY WORKER:—My heart burns within one, as I meditate in silence over the greatest question that confronts the world today, more especially America. It is the organization of the working class. I am colored. You don't know what it means to be black. My brothers you don't realize these curtains of hell. I see thru a glass darkly. I have never known liberty or freedom. I have often cherished the hope that some day I might be able to exercise those greatest gifts to man. I have travelled from the Atlantic to the Pacific and across the Pacific and the stormy Atlantic. This flame of hate, I met on every land. There is a task ahead. A gigantic one. That is to organize the ignorant colored and white men. Ignorance and superstition seem to reign in the working class. I never saw such hate manifested toward colored people by white men. It seems to have been born after the world war. I can only say, there are cer-

tain leaders of organizations in this country, I mean in America, who are wrecking and dividing the workers. These union leaders seem to be on their last legs. There will be but a few of these unions left in this open shop drive which is now on. The United Mine Workers Union is nearly gone. I am from the coal fields of West Virginia. Such conditions! Such suffering!

These ignorant white men and dumb, superstitious colored men are such slaves, and so helpless. The white workers is building a wall of hate against his fellow workers. Here in Baltimore, Md., because of this hate, colored people live five and six families in a 4-room house, tho there are thousands of empty houses. A colored person is afraid to try to rent one of them or even ask about a house. If he does, he and his family are liable to be beaten to death by a white mob, while the police look on. East, West, North and South, they are all the same. This flame of hate is from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and wherever the American white man has put his foot. Even to foreign countries he has carried this slogan: "The Negro is no good," or "Anybody that carries a black face is an inferior." That is his religion and his god.—James Ford.

"Socialists" Now Free.

The DAILY WORKER—in their last deliverance the socialists say that in their collaboration with certain capitalistic labor and liberal elements, in an effort to put their brand of capitalism to the front, the party "demonstrated to the American workers that it is entirely free from dogmatism and sectarianism."

Granted. An open confession is good for the soul.

But what is "dogmatism?" It is to put emphasis on an idea as fundamental. For examples:

Christian dogma—Immaculate conception, atonement, etc.
Catholic dogma—Saint Peterism, etc.

Materia-Medica dogma—Disease is caused by nerve impingement.

Osteopathic dogma—Disease is caused by want of proper nerve and blood circulation.

Another dogma—Disease is caused by wrong proportions of blood elements.

Republican dogma—Unshackle big business.

Democratic dogma—"Me too."

Socialist former dogma—Class division caused by capitalism, to be cured by socialism; the class struggle, class consciousness, etc.

To be "free from dogmatism" is to cease emphasizing any particular idea.

What then becomes of the other statement that the party's "banner is still unsullied?"

"Free from sectarianism." What is sectarianism? It is devotion to an organization as an important or necessary instrument in carrying forward certain purposes, such organization being an embodiment of certain ideas. From all which it follows that to be "free from dogmatism and sectarianism" is to be all things to all men, and emphasize nothing.—L. D. Ratliff.

Let the Traitors Go.

To the DAILY WORKER: Altho not a member of the Communist Party I am heart and soul with you, comrades. I understand your sacrifices and admire your courage. I have faith in you because I feel that you are sincere.

Years ago I trusted the Abe Cahans and the Abramoviches, but today these poor weaklings have turned against the workers. Today they suddenly discovered that Karl Marx and class consciousness are "bunk." Today they are fighting for wealth, for agrandizement, like the rest of the present day politicians. Today they kiss the hands of kings and wear knee breeches at regal receptions. Today they are hob-nobbing in "best society." But let them go.

The leadership of the proletariat

must be in the safe keeping of men and women devoted to the cause of labor to their last drop of blood and the sooner the weaklings drop out the better. I am sure I voice the sentiment of many millions of workers all over the world when I say:

Long live every man and woman who remains faithful to the cause of the working class. Long live Soviet Russia, the inspiration of every worker in every land. Long live Leninism, the spiritual embodiment of every workers' hope. S. P. Slavin, Stamford, Conn.

642 N. Dearborn St.,
Chicago, Ill.

Editor DAILY WORKER:

Dear Comrade:

I have read the apology appearing in this Saturday's issue of the DAILY WORKER, and I want to say how proud I am to belong to a movement which has the courage and the confidence to correct its mistakes, and to make the fullest amends so freely and frankly. It shows the difference in our spirit. I have just shown it to a non-Communist friend who is very much prejudiced against us, and it has had a most favorable effect on him. I'm showing it around to others. It is a practical demonstration of our honesty and our candor, and will vastly increase our prestige among thinking people.

Let us take the opportunity of suggesting to our readers that on the occasions when we ride in taxis we may just as well make a point of support-

Premier Cabs, for altho as you say the Premier company is a collection of capitalists with the usual characteristics of their kind we should do what we can to show our solidarity with the union by supporting the "only concern of its kind that is unionized to any extent."

Sincerely yours,
Andrew Shelley

More About Kuzbas.

Springfield, Ill., Feb. 15, 1925.

To the DAILY WORKER: Here is a letter from my brother in Kuzbas, Russia. I am sending it for you to publish as I thought it might interest some of the comrades in this country.

Sincerely yours,
May Vidor.

Kemerova, Tomsk, Gub. A.

Dear Joe: I take the time and pleasure to answer your most welcome letter that I received today. I am not going away from here. There is good hunting and fishing. There is fox, bear, deer and everything you want so if you come over you will have lost of fun hunting.

It is the way they told us in the U. S. it would be, at least it is to me. I can speak the language and I get along fine.

Food is not high here. You can get a large goose here for 12 cents in U. S. money, weight 10 to 15 pounds. You can buy 40 pounds of beef for 30 cents.

Your friend,
Lawrence Vidor.

JUST PITY THE POOR

JUST when the capitalist press is showing how the workers and the "public" alike have robbed the poor corporations and coupon clippers there comes the discouraging announcement of profits that run only into the millions when they should run into billions, according to every rime and reason.

Lets Take Up a Collection.

Here comes the Columbia Gas and Electric company in New York, with a net profit of only \$6,707,273 during the year.

Gross revenues of the company and its subsidiaries for the twelve months amounted to \$26,727,581, against \$21,002,999 a year ago, and net operating earnings, after depreciation, were \$11,332,529, against \$9,464,330 in the twelve months of 1923. For the month of December the gross totaled \$2,500,386, and net available for dividends \$962,290. The latter compares with \$785,735 a year ago.

Then crawls the Brooklyn-Manhattan Transit company out of its poor shack to tell us that it got in clear profit only \$2,598,517.

The continued growth of gross monthly revenue and in surplus after charges which characterized the first twelve months following reorganization has continued, the report shows, in the current fiscal year, and the six months gross of \$21,448,951 compares with \$19,576,897 for the corresponding period of the preceding year. Net after charges amounted to \$2,598,517, against \$1,836,712 a year ago. At the close of the first year's operations under the reorganization plan, June 30, 1924, the system's net after charges was \$4,022,065, equivalent, after preferred dividends, to \$3.37 a common share.

Another pauper hobbles humbly to the arena of the sympathizing "public."

The annual report of the Commercial Investment Trust corporation for the year 1924, published yesterday, shows net profits applicable to dividends on the company's stock of \$2,275,146, which compares with \$1,858,506 in the preceding year. After dividends on the preferred stock there was a balance for the common equivalent to \$5.37 a share.

Enough to Move a Stone.

Even more deplorable conditions are confronted in some of the larger companies. For instance: Detroit Edison company, including

all constituent concerns, for year ended Dec. 31, shows that gross revenues increased 7.6 per cent to \$34,163,286 from \$31,724,184, while earnings available for interest charges increased 9.6 per cent to \$10,265,562 from \$9,359,726. Net income was 18.5 per cent over 1923, or \$6,401,858, against \$5,147,551.

It is said that Standard Oil and United States Steel are running on a much narrower margin, bordering on dividends that shiver along the hundred million dollar price.

The Load Line.

It is quite a time since the late Samuel Plimsoll started his campaign to arouse the people of England to the shocking danger to which "laissez faire" subjected the British seaman. After a life struggle, Plimsoll succeeded in moving the British parliament to enact a law which compelled the ship-owners to mark on the side of their ships a line below which they were not permitted to load their vessels. In 1906, Mr. Lloyd George, then president of the board of trade, obliged the shipping interest by LIFTING this load-line up, and thereby allowed more cargoes to be carried at the risk of the seamen's lives. Thousands of seamen have been sent to watery graves owing to that action of Mr. Lloyd George's. We expected that when the labor government reached office in England, one of its first acts would be to lower the load-line in the interests of those who go to sea. We have mentioned this matter before. We mention it again, to intimate that the Snowdens, Thomases, Shinwells and other labor ministers are too busy attending the king and his missus at the court functions to trouble much about the load-line, the P. C. 5, and other matters of importance to the seamen.—Australian Seaman's Journal.

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MUSIC - LITERATURE - DRAMA

HANS KINDLER, the Dutch cellist, until recently first cellist of the Philadelphia orchestra, was soloist with the Chicago Symphony orchestra on the twenty-third regular program of the season at Orchestra Hall. He played a work new to Chicago, a cello concerto by Frederick Boyle, an Australian composer at present living in Philadelphia. Kindler is one of the great cellists of the day. But Boyle's concerto, which was written for Kindler, is not one of the great works of the instrument's literature. Boyle did the conventional thing, a long concerto, rather strict on form, with some melodic bits buried under a lot of bombastic finger exercises. Such works are unnecessary, for there are too many such concerti as it is.

The program opened with a symphonic "tableau," "The Spring," by Alexander Glazunov. This is really nice spring stuff, suggestive of the flowers that bloom in March, tra-la, and of the songs of the little birdies that sing in the trees. But if the songs of the birdies did not sound so much like the forest music in "Siegfried" one could give Glazunov more credit.

Glazunov's work is based on an poem of the Russian author Tutchew. It more than interesting to note that in discussing Tutchew the ultra-respectable gentleman who writes the program notes for the orchestra, and who insists upon calling the prewar capital of Russia "Petrograd," quotes from none other than Moissaye J. Olgin, member of the central executive committee of the Workers Party of America.

A far more important Russian work, the "Manfred" symphony of Chaykovski, opened the second half of the program. "Manfred" is my favorite among the composer's seven symphonies. Its title signifies that it is based on Lord Byron's drama of the same name. A quotation from Chaykovski will give the fifth both of the symphony and of Byron's play:

"Manfred wanders in the Alps. Tormented by the fatal anguish of doubt, torn by remorse and despair, his soul is the prey of sufferings without name. Neither the occult sciences, whose mysteries he has fathomed, and by means of which the powers of darkness are subject to his will, nor anything in the world can bring to him the forgetfulness which alone he covets. The memory of the beautiful Astarte, whom he has loved and lost, gnaws at his heart. Nothing can lift the curse which lies heavily on Manfred's soul, and which unceasingly and without truce delivers him to the tortures of the most grievous despair."

Operatic stuff, this, and the symphony is operatic too. It has the grip and the thrill and the passion of Claykovski at his best.

Another glorious old timer, that grows better with every hearing, the Irish rhapsody of Victor Herbert, closed the program.

Popular Priced Opera.

Popular priced opera is to have its season in Chicago just before Easter, when Fortune Gallo's two San Carlo grand opera companies arrive at the Auditorium on March 30, for an engagement that includes seven evening performances and two matinees.

Does your friend subscribe to the DAILY WORKER? Ask him!

DRAMA AND DANCE GIVEN BY KENOSHA RUSSIAN BR. SUNDAY

A performance and dance will be given by the Russian branch, Workers Party, of Kenosha, Wis., this Sunday, March 29, 2:30 p. m., at Tatra Hall, 17 North Main street, Kenosha, Wis. Actors from Chicago will perform. The proceeds will go for the Russian Communist daily, Novy Mir. Come and have a good time!

TAMAKI MIURA



As Madame Butterfly.

San Carlo Opera

FORTUNE GALLO, manager of the San Carlo opera companies, will merge his two organizations into one for a week's run at the Auditorium theater starting next Monday night. The San Carlo is probably the best travelling opera company in America today. Some of its members, like Tamaki Miura, are considered the authentic interpreters of certain roles.

The week's repertory for Chicago is made up of old timers, the battle scarred warriors of a thousand opera seasons. The schedule follows:

Mondays, March 30, AIDA—with Roselle, Tommasini, Cervi.

Tuesday, March 31, MADAME BUTTERFLY—Miura, Onofrei, Valle.

Wednesday, April 1, (Matinee)—CARMEN—Jackson, Hart, Interrante.

Wednesday April 1, (Evening)—TRAVIATA—Lucchese, Onofrei, Basiola.

Thursday April 2, CAVALLERIA AND PAGLIACCI—Axman, Salazar, Saro, Tommasini, Basiola.

Friday April 3, BOHEME—Roselle, Onofrei, Kargau.

Saturday April 4, (Matinee)—MARTHA—Lucchese, Kent, Onofrei, Interrante.

Saturday, April 4, (Evening)—IL TROVATORE—Saro, Salazar, Basiola, De Mette.

Sunday, April 5, FAUST—Onofrei, De Biasi, Roselle.

The Carmen performance will be done in English with a Chicago cast, using the translation of Charles Henry Meltzer of New York.

The ballet will be done by the Pavley and Oukrainski company.

Mine "Super" Kills Marianna Movie Show

A committee representing the International Workers' Aid, in Marianna, Pa., after waiting for months for an available open date, hired a theater for the showing of the Russian feature film, and started to advertise. A couple of days later the theater manager cancelled the date and was very uneasy in the face of damage suits staring him in the face. But the threat of a few dollars in damages was not as heavy as the threat of the mine superintendent, so the coal diggers will have to work out some other plan of seeing this Russian feature film—that has delighted a hundred thousand American workers.

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WORKERS' ESPERANTO ASSN.,
525 7th St., Rockford, Ill.

Art Exhibit

NEW YORK, (By Mail)—A clothing cutter who creates cubist conceptions of a shoemaker in oil colors on canvas, an Italian decorator and house-painter who paints bright landscapes in off time, and a Scandinavian carpenter who makes decorative wood cabinets and carves bone or sculptures marble are some of the workers—union men—exhibiting their artistic spare-time productions with the Independent Artists Society, at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, New York.

For the ninth year this organization, which democratically admits all exhibitors without jury or prize awards upon payment of a nominal sum, is holding its exhibition. John Sloan and the recently deceased Geo. Bellows, early contributors to the radical artistic magazine, The Masses, were largely responsible for the formation of the Independent Society to give young and unknown artists a showing.

Maurice Becker, labor cartoonist, has two beautiful paintings from his Mexican experience in the exhibition: Women of Tehuantepec and El Camino, the latter a woman with work-lined features.

The Japanese Communist, Eitaro Ishigaki, has a modern painting in sombre tones of a Man With the Whip, the horseman driving hordes of cowering workers into towering factories.

Comparatively few of the pictures deal with the rich, strong, dramatic life of workers. The wealth of material in that field is ignored except for a few drawings and a water-color of six o'clock factory closing. Rose Pastor Stokes has two drawings, one of Anna.

Peter Vroldsen, the Scandinavian carpenter, is a bachelor who studied sculpture in his spare time. He has a marble bust of Svea, a Norwegian working woman, among his works. In-laid in his cabinet he has tried to portray artistically the equality of man and woman and part of Norse mythology.

Prosper Invernizzi is the Italian landscapist who paints houses for a living and paints pictures for his pleasure. Morris Kantor is the clothing cutter whose gaily colored conical and cubical forms express the shoemaker.

'BEAUTY AND BOLSHIEV' AT THE WICKER PARK THEATER IN CHICAGO

The famous movie "The Beauty and the Bolshevik" which has drawn a gathering of 7,000 people when it was shown in Chicago sometime ago, is coming back to town for one evening only. It will be shown on the Northwest side, at Wicker Park Theater, 1139 Milwaukee Ave., on Wednesday, April 15, from 6:30 to 11 p. m. continually. The proceeds will go to the International Workers' Aid, the Russian Communist daily Novy Mir, and the Polish Communist paper Tribuna Robotnicza.

All friendly organization are requested not to make other affairs or meetings on that date.

"Ido for Workers" (Textbook in German or Russian).....50c
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GRAND BAZAAR

given by the Czecho-Slovak Section of the Workers Party for the benefit of "DELNIK", at the **BOHEMIAN-AMERICAN HALL, 1438 W. 18th Street**
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Contest for a \$400 Radio Saturday Afternoon Children's Day

The S. P.— In Memoriam

(Lines addressed to the recent convention of the socialist party, held after an injection of LaFolletteism had failed to rejuvenate its shrivelled carcass).

A feeble old Party an Ape once addressed.

"How much I admire you, I've often confessed.

The source of your vigour, as I understand,

Is found in a small but most powerful gland.

"Now, I'm an old Party, as everyone sees,

Very deaf, very blind, very stiff in the knees,

Very weak in the back, weaker still in the head—

For practical purposes folk say I'm dead!

"I'm not! It's a rumour! It's worse—it's a lie!

O I would do anything rather than die.

My business with you, Mister Monkey, to start with,

Is to ask if your gland you'd be willing to part with.

"I'm a yellow old Party, but I'd give my lot

For one-half of the vigor you seem to have got.

I'm here with my forceps your secret to win,

Agree—sniff this bottle, and let me begin."

"What ho!" said the Monkey, in manner most rude,

"You don't dream that glands would do you any good!

You're a shrivelled old Mummy, sans heart, guts and brains,

For Parties so circumstanced nothing remains.

"You final decease would leave ev'ryone grateful.

Gland wouldn't help if you ate the whole plateful.

Go, seek out a solitude fit to pop off in—

The workers feel happy to stand you your coffin!"

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The Sure Cure For Those Yankee Blues

By MICHAEL GOLD.

FOR years I suffered from the Yankee blues. Do you know what this disease is dear reader? It is the state of being in chronic rebellion against your environment. You walk down Broadway, for instance, on a fine windy March morning. The sun and keen blue sky and the magnificent skyscrapers give you no thrill, however. You are watching the faces of the people going by. They are dull, pasty, narrow-minded faces—young and old faces behind which you know you will find only one thought—the thought of money. So you do not enjoy the fine morning.

The intelligent revolutionist in America inevitably gets feeling sad; for on every hand he is surrounded by greed and stupidity. If he is sensitive, he is always fighting the things he meets; the result is the disease I have named the Yankee blues.

ONE day I found a few hundred dollars and decided to go to Europe, like other "young intellectuals," to find a cure for these Yankee blues.

I spent six weeks in England, but England failed to cure my Yankee blues. In England one finds conservative old and young men who live in the past as an escape from capitalism; scholars who write like the Elizabethans, and statesmen who think like bloody Castlereagh, whom Shelley denounced as a murderer. I did not like the classic Oxford literature of England, with his effeminate ways and talk, and his silly scholarship. Neither did I like the new commercialism that is sweeping England—American salesmanship, advertising, and other capitalist innovations. The labor government of Ramsay MacDonald depressed me, even more than does the American government of Coolidge. I hate liars, hypocrites, labor imperialists and such people; men who preach christian pacifism while out of office, and then bomb native villages in Mesopotamia while in office, as did MacDonald.

SO I left London and went to Paris. A beautiful city Paris, but capitalism has conquered there, also. The American bourgeois has made of Paris his luxury shop and barroom and house of prostitution. Paris is disgusting to a man who hates commercialism. One sees so many beautiful young girls on the streets and in the dance halls, lovely daughters of the working class who have been trained to regard their bodies as machines for the making of money. The gayety of Paris that American business men rave about is the gayety of a whorehouse; it is tainted with American dollarism. The intellectual life of Paris is dead—most of the young artists and writers have fallen into a sterile, superficially brilliant cynicism outside of a few men like Barbusse and Rolland, there is no literary work of any value being done in France.

SO I went to Berlin. This city was the worst horror of all. The streets filled with gross, overfed bourgeois bodies of men and women; the theaters stinking with them. In every little stationery store pictures of the kaizer and von Hindenburg and other royalties are for sale. Sad, ragged workers on the street cars; servant girls who work for nothing, just the few tips they get, defeated, ignorant paupers and bloated war profiteers dwelling side by side. Chaos, and the only thrill of hope was the occasional sight of some young Communist on the streets; a young man, bare headed, his shirt open to the cold winds at the throat; dressed in corduroy coat and breeches, the uniform of the young Communists; a bold fearless stern youth in rough clothes, walking like a silent threat among the jeweled, silken bourgeoisie on the streets.

NO cure there for the Yankee blues. Capitalism at its last gasp, but capitalism still. I decided to go to Russia. One day I got on a boat at a London pier. The red flag flying from the masthead; the ship belonged to the Russian co-operatives. It is a six-day trip from London to Leningrad. The second day out I learned that our boat was loaded with sixty tons of

T. N. T. for the Russian army, besides several million dollars in silver coined at the British mint, and other interesting cargo. An exciting trip; once we had to pass with our T. N. T. thru five miles of floating, uncharted mines in the Baltic Sea; the captain did not sleep that night. Exciting, but not as exciting as coming into Kronstadt harbor, and seeing the whole Russian Soviet navy at maneuvers, thousands of young lads crowding the decks and saluting our dipping flag as we sailed by.

My Yankee blues began to leave me in the week I spent in Leningrad. They left me entirely during the three months I spent in Moscow. I now regard a trip to Russia as the only sure cure for those capitalistic Yankee blues.

RUSSIA is no Utopia; it is still about a hundred years off from Utopia; but it is on the way to it, while western capitalism is on its way to new wars and a new hell. In Russia you get the feeling of a great mass of social-minded human beings, all working and thinking and planning and fighting and dying for a common great end, and not for petty individual ends. A plan, an ideal; no cynicism or discouragement, but a vision; that is one feeling I got from Russia that helped cure my Yankee blues.

In Russia working men may be as poor and poorer than American working men; but they are all learning something; they are using their minds. They have faith in the future. They hope. They know no doors are closed to them; that if they show any intelligence they can rise to the top where that intelligence will be used. They know their sons can go to college; they know their daughters will not become prostitutes. They feel and act like free men; they march thru the streets singing in their rough factory clothes; they work in the shops like freemen, knowing that if a superior officer becomes arrogant or tyrannical, they can have a voice in dismissing him. They know that if they are sick or out of work, they will be taken care of. They don't worry over finding a job; they don't try to save money for their old age; there's no need for it. There is much poverty in Russia, but there are no wage-slaves; and all this was another thing that helped cure my Yankee blues.

IN Russia, too, youth is supreme. The old have died off; the average age of the country today must be around twenty-seven. Youth surrounds one everywhere, hopeful, strong youth. One sees procession of boy and girl pioneers, from seven to twelve years old, marching proudly behind drums and bugles, under the

red flag. One sees young men and young women walking the streets; leather coats, caps, rough clothes, boots, blouses, the girls with bare legs, the boys with shirts open at the throat; swaggering, arrogant, brave, working youth, Communist youth, full of energy and hope as they build the future. The consciousness of their power is on every face; and intelligence is there, too, and a love of humanity. I have never seen youth like this before; it does not yet exist anywhere else in the world. Young normal-minded athletes they are; interested in football and the theater and Communism; interested in life, and in society. They are the pride and hope of Russia, this new youth. They too, cured my Yankee blues.

AND then there was the friendship one found in Russia. I came expecting to find nothing but grim politics, but I found warm friendship too. The Russian have the temperament of a primitive people; they are hospitable, warm, emotional, loyal and brave; but they have, also, the intelligence of a civilized people—they are mature men and delightful simple children at the same time. They do things for one; they surround one with warmth and laughter. One learns to love the Russians to distraction. They never talk money, they do not judge anyone by his position or his salary; they appreciate the differences of each nation; they have no prejudices; they open their houses to the whole world. They are so eager to learn about the things you know; over the samovar they talk the night

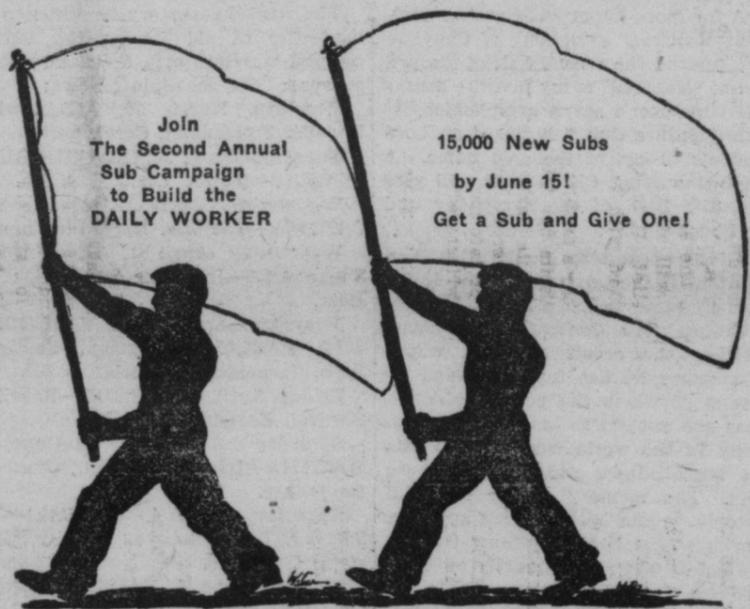
thru, and it is more stimulating than Coney Island, or a Broadway cabaret, or the Hippodrome, or any of the colossal things people buy with huge sums of money in America in a frantic search for amusement.

IN all my time in Russia I met hundreds of people, but not one of them told me some scheme he had for getting rich quick in a hurry. What a relief from the Yankee blues! And not one of them tried to use me in any way, or tried to make me feel he was superior. Not one did I meet who did not feel the necessity of humanity working together toward some common end; not one did I find who would not go out simply and quietly to defend the revolution; no heroics, no bombast, it was just in their bones.

After the hurry and ambitions of America the nervous American finds the slow, steady, cheerful and constructive Russia of today the surest cure for those miserable Yankee blues.

**OLGIN SPEAKS HERE
FRIDAY, APRIL 17,
ON RUSSIAN VICTORY**

Comrade Moissaye Olgin, co-editor of the Russian Communist daily *Novy Mir*, is coming to Chicago. He will speak Friday night, April 17, in the Russian language on "What Did the Revolution Give to the Workers and Peasants of Russia?" All friendly organizations are requested not to arrange other affairs on that date.



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