

The New Magazine

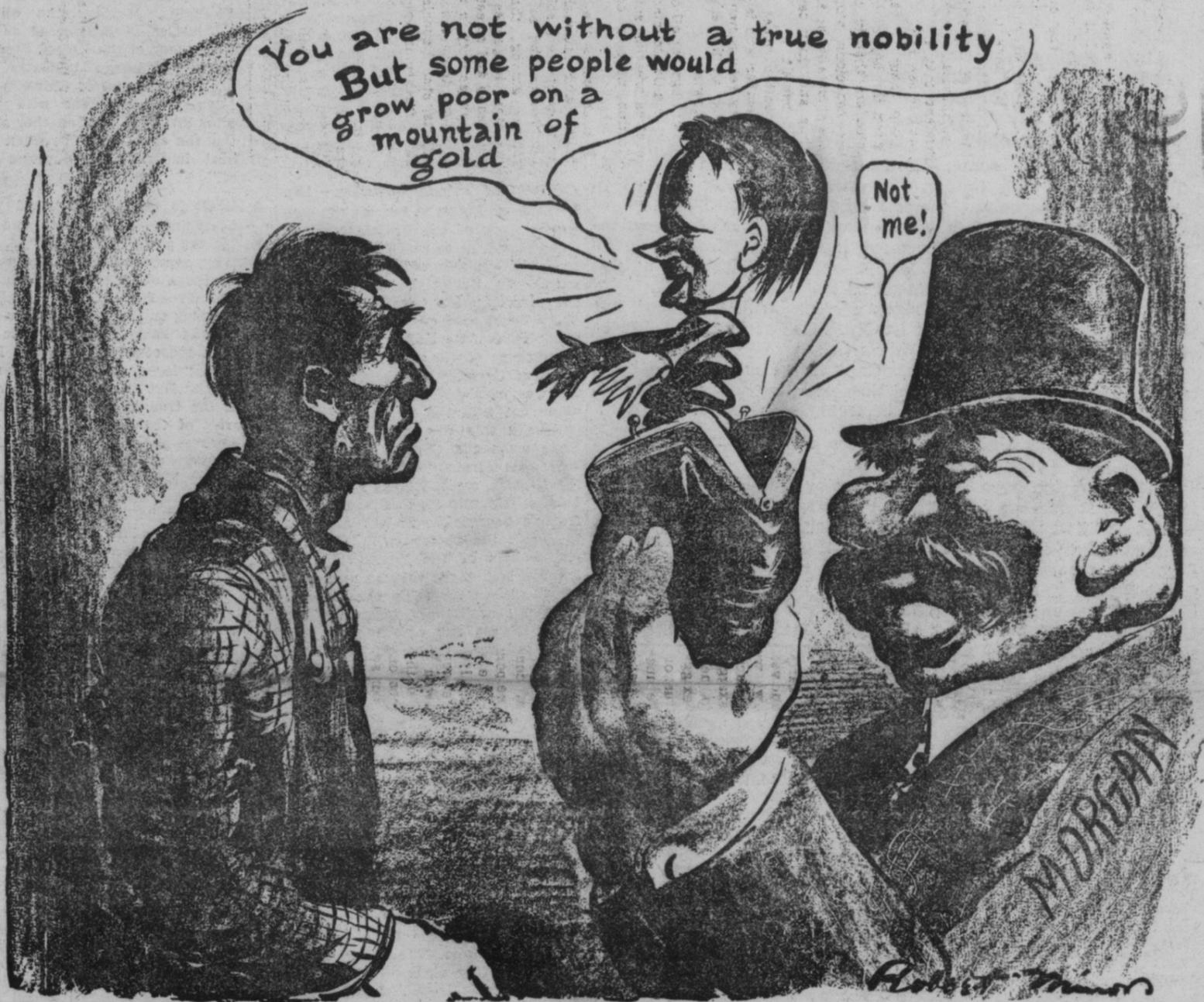
Supplement of **THE DAILY WORKER**

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Editor

Second Section: This Magazine Section Appears Every Saturday in The DAILY WORKER.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1925 290

The Jumping Jack



Mr. Morgan's Mr. Coolidge Informs the Farmers that Nothing Can Be Done About It Under Democracy.

The "Golden Peace"

Also the United States Signed the Treaty of Locarno—but with Invisible Ink.

THEY signed the treaty of Locarno with gold pens.

Sir Austen Chamberlain signed with a fountain pen made of solid gold—handle and all—probably made of newly imported ore from South Africa; and probably with ink from India and upon parchment made of Australian sheep-skin. For the treaty is a triumph of British imperialism.

But it was also a movie show. The most ponderous statesmen of Europe moved about the big, decorated hall under the glare of calcium lights such as are used at Hollywood. Thruout the solemn ceremony they kept their faces carefully turned so as to be caught in the camera-reels—the same as Norma Talmage or Mary Pickford, or like Charlie Chaplin in "The Gold Rush."

Not that it is not serious. On the contrary, it is the most deadly serious affair of many a month—an affair intended to balance off the revolution in China and the revolt of the Druses and of Abd-el-Krim and the successful consolidation of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics.

The Locarno affair is the signing of a treaty for the most colossal plan of many powerful governments. But the glare of the white lights and the noise of the fast-moving camera machines is necessary for this treaty. For this treaty of war is also a movie show entitled: "Peace."

WHAT is the treaty of Locarno—this "golden treaty of peace?" It is a world conspiracy against the working class of the

world, against the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics which belongs to the working class—not of Russia alone, but of the entire world—and against the hundreds of millions of victims of capitalist Britain, capitalist France, fascist Italy and imperialist America, in the colonies of Asia and Africa.

The treaty of Locarno is an attempt to arrange the line-up for the biggest of all wars—the rapidly developing second world war. It is a treaty attempting to consolidate an imperialist united front for a war of extermination against the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics, for a civil war of enslavement against the workers of those countries whose governments signed the treaty of "golden peace," and for a universal extension of the war of bombing airplanes and battleships against the hundreds of millions of Africa and Asia.

That is why it has to be called a "treaty of golden peace." That is why the movie cameras have to click; that is why it has to be put forward to the working class in a million cinema theaters thruout the world under the false title: "The signing of the golden peace of Locarno." If it wasn't advertised as "peace" the working class of the world too quickly gather the fact that it is war. So the best genius of the movie camera industry is put to work so that a hundred million simple working men and women in thousands of cities and towns will watch the screen where the images of the great statesmen are shown

(Continued on page 2)

signing the "golden peace," and will believe and will glow with gratitude toward the butchers preparing their death. Probably never before was a single movie reel exhibited as this one will be.

HERR LUTHER, chancellor of the German republic, smiles his best into the camera lenses—for this movie must be shown in the theaters of Berlin. Monsieur Aristide Briand stretches his leathery mouth into a grin, for the picture must be shown in Paris. Monsieur—that is, "Comrade" Vandervelde, the king's "socialist" of Belgium, must have posed his best, for the picture is to be shown as one of "peace" in the Brussels working class districts.

The cameras' click sounded almost like machine guns as Doctor Benes of Czecho-Slovakia leaned almost across the table to exchange stage-gestures and grins with Chancellor Luther, his proverbial enemy of Germany—for this movie is to be shown within a few days in all the movies of New York and Chicago and Prague and Vienna, Paris, London and Berlin,—under the title of "The signing of the golden peace of Locarno."

SEVEN nations signed the treaty. "Sir" Austen Chamberlain (who received the Order of the Garter just the day before in order to give him a title for the occasion) signed for Great Britain, and Mr. Baldwin was accorded the privilege as well Herr Luther for Germany, and—

Where is Mussolini?

Mussolini didn't come. He wanted to come, and was wanted. But the British foreign office was reluctantly obliged to advise him not to come. There would have been difficulties of railroad travel on English soil; railroad trains might have refused to run with Mussolini on them, in England. Great Britain's signature is on the treaty. But it appears that the England that signed the treaty was not all of England.

The British government signs a treaty with Mussolini, but restless British workers won't let Mussolini come to London to sign the treaty!

There are **TWO** Englands. Capitalist England signed the treaty. Proletarian England did not sign the treaty. And this indicates the key to the fate of the treaty of Locarno.

WHERE was the United States when the treaty was signed?

The United States did not visibly sign the "golden peace."

Yet, hovering over Locarno, dictating, bulldozing, and sharing in the formation of every line and syllable of the treaty—was the United States government (acting, of course, for American finance capital.) The treaty of Locarno is a British-American imperialist document. Of the two great powers, only Great Britain visibly signed the treaty,—but written in invisible ink under the names of the other powers is the signature of the United States of America. When the time comes to read the signatures under this pact of

criminal world conspiracy, — when the gun-powder is poured onto the page—then the signature of the United States will become visible.

This is already admitted by Coolidge in his message this week to congress. He boasts with unconcealed glee that the Locarno treaty represents:

"the success of this policy which we have been insisting ought to be adopted, of having European countries settle their own political problems without involving this country."

What Coolidge means is that the big finance capitalists of the United States conceived, ordered and put thru the big imperialist combine in such a way as to leave themselves in a preferred position as the natural lords of the world who did not even have to put their own signatures to it. The United States did not have to sign the treaty; its signature is understood; it is understood that the towering master of world-credit is "in" on any world conspiracy among its debtors.

Coolidge in his message to congress even goes so far as to claim personal responsibility for the Locarno treaty, mentioning the fact that he had "publicly advocated such agreements in an address made in Massachusetts" last July. Coolidge called Locarno "the third step"—indicating that the whole policy of European imperialism has been gradually bent into form by the maneuvers and coercion of the United States government and the Morgan bank over the governments of Europe. The form now—after the financial bargains of Morgan & Co. have been safely completed—is satisfactory to the United States. (He omits to say that it is not a purely American, but a British-American triumph.) But otherwise the president of the United States indicates under a thin concealment his claim that HE—little Coolidge!—has succeeded in bringing about the subjection of Europe to British-American imperialism.

THE biggest of all the bullies of capitalist imperialism—the creditor

and overseer of the capitalist world—is playing a tremendous role in all of the machinations of the present day. We have seen the events come thick and fast. The great "pacifist" nation of Wall Street played peace from 1914 until it paid to play war. Then it came out of the war as the creditor of the world, as the coldblooded Shylock bargaining over the bones of ten million dead. Nations changed and patched their financial systems to the dictation of a single American banking heirarchy, two of whose petty servants became the president and vice-president of the United States. After the servants of this banking house had drawn up the Covenant of the League of Nations as a "league of imperialists to strangle the nations," the general judgment of American capitalism found that the murderous coalition plan did not yet pay sufficient toll to the Shylock of the world, and refused to sign. Then, when the terms were bettered for Shylock, the same imperialist world-plan was revised under the new name of the "World Court." But still the terms for blood money were insufficient. For several years longer the dickering went on. Then, nation by nation, the powers of Europe were humbled by their own threatening decay. Came a series of monster loans totaling hundreds of millions of gold dollars. France came running to Morgan and company. And England, and the British dominions of Australia and Canada, and Italy. Morgan bought nations cheap.

Now the time had come. Coolidge takes responsibility for the Locarno treaty; and Coolidge says the United States will join the world court.

A few days before his message to congress Coolidge gave the word that Morgan and company were ready. Mr. J. P. Morgan seldom gives interviews himself. But the little servant Coolidge told a meeting of the New York chamber of commerce that now the United States is ready to join the world court. This was the word from the house of J. P. Morgan & Co., and from the colossal heirarchy of finance capital whose monarch Morgan is.

BUT the new Knight of the Garter—"Sir" Austen Chamberlain—appears as the diplomatic victor above

all in this successful conspiracy. The British king knighted him with the Order of the Garter for his success. He deserves forty thousand British ladies' garters for this triumph, and from the point of view of the British working class he deserves one "garter" of hemp, for his pains.

It is a bargain for Morgan, but it is an attempted guarantee for British imperialism against all of the terrors which threaten the quaking empire. It is an agreement for the complete national enslavement of Germany—not only of the working class, but even on the petty-bourgeoisie of Germany. It is an arrangement to hold off the hungry militarists of France from disturbing Britain's designs in Europe. It is a war agreement by which the cracking British empire is to be defended by a "united front" of all imperialist powers. It means war against China, India, the native nationalists of Africa, Syria and Mesopotamia—and against the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics—a war in which British imperialism occupies the front trench and Wall Street-Washington imperialism becomes the supposedly inexhaustible reserve.

GERMANY stood between two choices. Either to become the conquered slave of the British-American plunderbund, or to reach out its hand to the only nation which could be its friend—the Soviet Union. Nothing but an orientation toward the Soviet Union could preserve the national independence of Germany. The dastardly treason of the social-democratic party, of Germany immediately after the war consisted in preventing the alignment with the Soviet Union; it continued this role until the time came when the German bourgeoisie could rule Germany directly, and then the German capitalist class took the helm openly into its own hands. The German bourgeoisie at last was able to decide the choice (with the continued help of the "socialists") in favor of selling the German nation into colonial slavery. By the Locarno "golden peace" the German workers and peasants and also the German petty bourgeoisie become the slaves of British-American finance capital. . . The German big bourgeoisie, from the point of view of German national independence, becomes the gilded prostitute of British-American imperialism. In exchange the German bourgeoisie receives a promise of military protection from the wrath of the German working class and peasantry.

BY this treaty France at last surrenders its claim as an independent nation and slinks with bowed head into the ranks of the subject nations of British-American imperialism. For France also there was no other choice but Russia. The slavery of the French working class becomes intensified, and the Dawes plan becomes the constitution of the French republic.

BUT all the orders of the garter and all the moving picture shows of the "golden peace" cannot conceal the enslavement also of the British working class by this "triumph of Great Britain." Not Great Britain, but the United States clambers to the top in the struggle for the world market. The prospect of a military free hand for war against Africans and Asiatic peoples does not make British factories run, not quiet the temper of the British working class in unemployment and facing foreign wars.

The morale of the capitalist society is falling into decay, and the morale of the working class is being strengthened. We can't forget that Mussolini couldn't come to London. This and other small incidents show that there is real need for this monstrous advertising of the "golden peace." Nor is the peace among the conspirators a permanent thing. The discovery of British spies in stealing the secrets of French military airplanes (before the ink was dry on the "golden peace") is not the only reminder of the mutual plans for assassination on the part of the powers that have entered this supposedly "permanent" world conspiracy of Locarno. The emissaries of Chili appeared at the league of nations to declare furiously that the United States is making a single vast colony of Wall Street thruout South America.

The mailed fist of Washington is hammering at every door in South America. There are no markets for Great Britain there! This is the private domain of American capital. Her own wars of conquest in the western hemisphere are being planned by the United States. War with Mexico is being prepared. Every effort or servile political leaders of Mexico "peacefully" to sell their country to United States capital cannot remove the causes of friction. Strangely like the events in China, events in Mexico are bringing the Mexican working class into direct conflict with the big Gringo masters in New York. At this moment, proposed laws for the protection of Mexican workers against the most extreme degrees of exploitation are taken up as American political issues in the capitalist newspapers of the United States, Mexico, like all of South America, is considered as annexed territory of the United States.

Coolidge's message indicates the approach to conquest of China in the first stage by agreement with "the countries involved." But another stage will be the open clash between the piratical imperialist "countries involved."

AHEAD is the second world war, beginning on the basis laid by the "golden peace of Locarno." A war involving every country on the globe, with millions of Americans, Germans, British, French, Italians, Belgians, etc., fighting on the plains of Asia and Africa and being driven to the attempt at the conquest of Soviet Russia—dying for the "golden peace of Locarno." But it will be a war in which the true interests of the vast majority of the earth's population—the workers and toiling farmers of all these countries and equally the one billion population of Asia and Africa—will be forced upon their consciousness. The transformation of the war between nations into the war between classes will come.

The working class of the countries of Europe is being driven to learn the lesson. The American working class lags behind, but it, too, will learn. Even now the transformation shows some signs of beginning in the affairs of the labor unions. The problem in America is a primitive one, relatively. It is the problem of hastening the crystallization of the American working class as a class. Even Japan sees the birth of a labor party. America will see it too.

THE most precious privilege of every honest and intelligent worker in the United States is now to make himself or herself a part of the great revolutionary movement. The Communist International will be the organizer and backbone of the resistance to this monster world-conspiracy. Obviously there can be but a single world-leadership. And equally obviously the Communist International will be that leadership. Every worker who is strong enough to take his part in the front rank should endeavor to be within it.

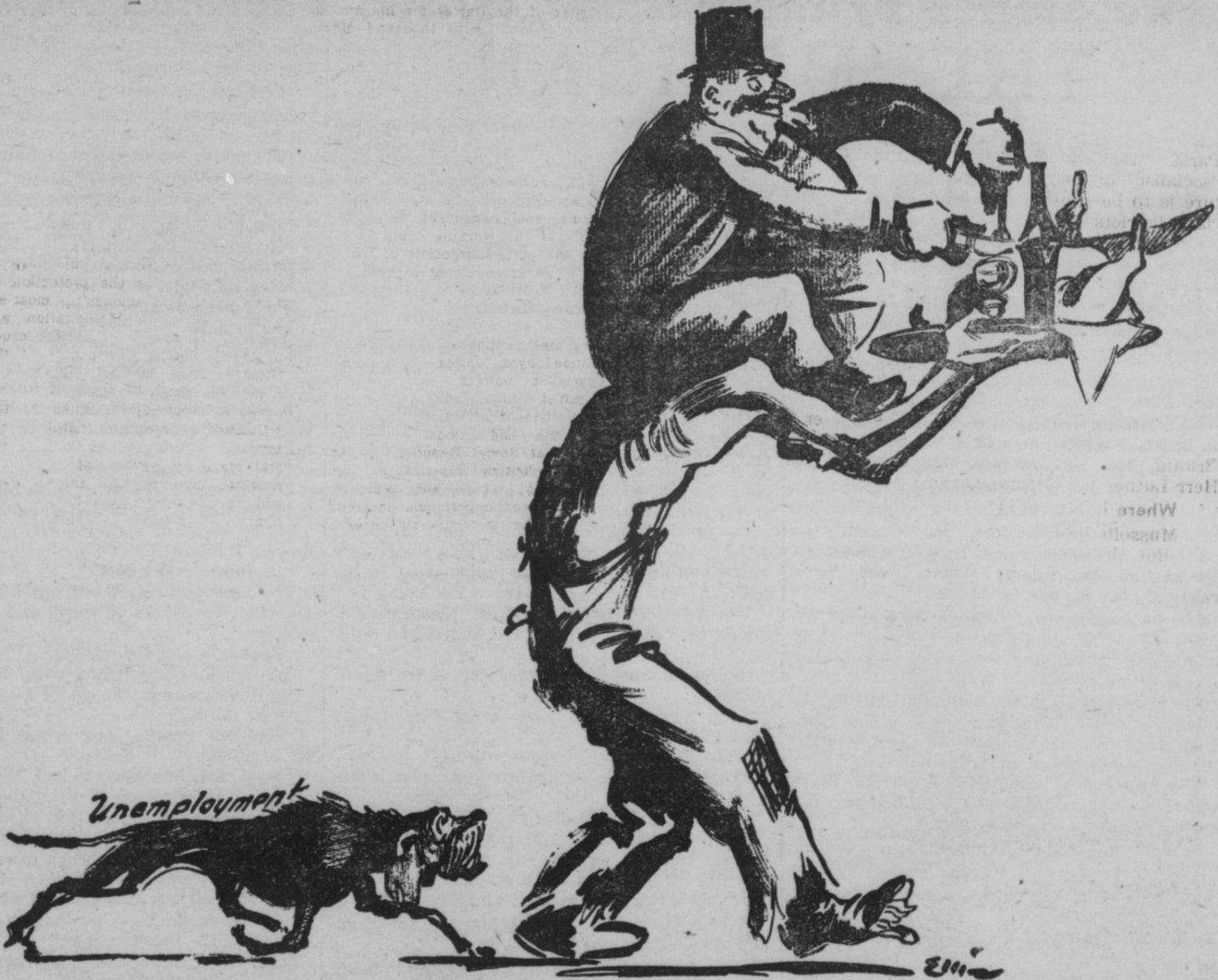
NOW is the time when scores of millions of workers should be set into motion in England, Germany, France and the United States—as they are in the Soviet Union—against this "golden" Guarantee Pact of British-American imperialism.

The cry should be "Down with the Guarantee Pact!"—"Long Live the Guarantee Pact between the workers of the United States, Great Britain, Germany, France and the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics!"

A Splendid Article on
Communist Theory

By
LENIN

In the Next Issue, December 19,
of the Saturday Magazine of the
Daily Worker.



Christmas Dinner

A Picture by FRED ELLIS.

What Are the Conditions of Labor in America?

By EARL R. BROWDER.

OBJECTION is sometimes raised against the statistical material gathered by the research department of the Workers Party; material which shows the increasing rate of exploitation of labor and the absolute decline in the standard of living; the objections being on the ground that the figures are incomplete and therefore prove nothing, and that the actual conditions of the workers, as disclosed by direct investigation, are on the whole improving. To what extent are these objections valid?

Admitting that the statistical investigation is far from complete, it must still be insisted upon, that almost all figures, compiled by many independent institutions (all of them either hostile to labor or "neutral"), disclose the same tendency of increase in rate of exploitation and an absolute decline in the standard of living, the spread-eagle claims of Hoover and Coolidge to the contrary notwithstanding. The only way in which improvement of labor standards can be shown is to compare present conditions with the period of peak prices right after the war, when labor was at its lowest point. The true tendency is disclosed by a longer-range comparison (as in Paul H. Douglas' "Wages in 1890-1923") and by the current development in the present period of "prosperity."

For the moment, however, let us ask what are the actual living conditions of labor as disclosed by empirical investigation?

A sample case may be taken from the "aristocracy of labor," the railroad workers.

In the "Railway Clerk" for December, 1925, page 479, may be found the following letter from a railway employe. It says:

"After nearly forty years spent in railroad service I am today receiving a wage barely sufficient to provide a

very meager existence. Yet I am holding one of the highest rated jobs in the freight accounting department. During my forty years of railroad service I have never received more than enough to maintain a very restricted standard of living. Yet I have been more fortunate than most of my fellow workers. There are just myself and my wife. We are both economical. We are careful with our household expenses. We wear inexpensive clothes, and wear them longer than we like to. We live in a modest apartment, yet one-fourth of my wages go to the landlord each month. My gas and electric bills have doubled in the last three years.

"I have lost more in wage reductions since wages were at their peak than I have gained in reduced living costs, statistics to the contrary notwithstanding. My wife and I are deprived of amusement; we both like music and the drama but seldom get to see a good show, and never an opera. An occasional picture show is about all we can afford.

"I have saved less during the last year and a half than during any similar period in the last eight years. After forty years of service I have been unable to save anything like enough to provide against the time when I shall probably have reached the age when my earning power ceases.

"The company in whose service I have given the better part of my life—a company which has enjoyed uninterrupted prosperity for years, particularly the last four, and can well afford to increase our wages, refuses to do so, but expects me to be loyal and watchful of the companies interests and render efficient service. I have been loyal and I have been a hard worker; but what has it gotten me? I and my class deserve a wage increase and I am willing to take whatever action is necessary to get it."

The union to which this worker belongs is not red, has not the faintest pink tinge. It is 100 per cent American in the true Gompersian sense. But its official organ comments upon the letter, saying: "This man voiced the protest of two hundred thousand railroad and express clerks and station service employes. Literally that many workers of our classes are today receiving wages that mean a restricted life, privation, and in thousands of cases actual want."

It is true of railroaders (and out of the 1,800,000 employes on the railroads it is true of at least 1,500,000—while the more privileged receive only 20 per cent to 50 per cent more wages) then it is even more true of the steel workers, the miners, the textile workers, the rubber workers, etc. The building trades seem to be an exception, but this is largely an illusion, and to the extent that it is true, is very temporary. Even the printers, with their "mighty union," the International Typographical Union, have been steadily losing ground. The automobile workers are being constantly driven down to the level of other industries, in spite of the tremendous expansion of that production. Our railway clerk, quoted above, spoke not only for two hundred thousand clerks, he spoke for ten million workers in America who are living on the ragged edge of poverty.

What is to be done about it? The official leaders of American labor are exerting all their powers to completely reorientate the unions away from strikes and struggle, towards class collaboration, towards "B. & O. plans," towards company unions, towards insurance and labor banking. This class collaboration movement is growing more menacing every day. It is gnawing at the very heart of unionism. The Trade Union Educational League, and the Communists, have

been for years pointing out the only road of progress for labor. This is the road of greater solidarity of labor, stronger organizations, and militant class struggle. And even the most conservative workers are being pushed in our direction, even against their conscious desires.

It is an important symptom of what is brewing in the ranks of labor, when such a conservative organ as "The Railway Clerk" can say:

"The workers are sick and tired of this buck-passing. They have been trying the conference table method of adjusting their wage questions for five years now. They prefer the conference table to the picket line, but their experience with this method has shaken their faith in its efficiency. They have presented, first to the carriers and then to the Labor Board, masses of data on wages, living costs, and what-not, but their statistics didn't stick. Not because their statistics did not prove their case, but because gentlemen who are accustomed to analyzing statistics with an eye only to profit and loss are not much impressed with the story they tell of cramped and half-starved lives. An elegantly phrased wage-submission is more pleasant to contemplate than an ultimatum; but the workers have learned that it hasn't the effect of the latter on wage boards and railroad presidents."

This argument from one of the very unions which has been most active in the labor banking, insurance, and B. & O. plan movement, is the declaration in bankruptcy of their present tactics. And it is a sign that the masses of workers are beginning to put severe pressure upon their leaders. Further, it is the final proof that we are correct when we point out the increasing exploitations of the whole working class by American capitalism.

Two Stories by the Russian Writer, Vsevolod Ivanov

THE 'MERICAN

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A MUZHNIK with bandaged head, drove his pie-pald horse wildly along the lane. His body was glued to the flat back of the horse; his face twitched, his fists were swinging in the air; gleeful yells issued from his throat:

"Brothers—we've caught—a 'Merican!"

Okorok shouted:

"Oh-ho-ho!"

Three muzhiks, carrying rifles, appeared in the lane.

Behind them, walking with a slight limp, was an American soldier, dressed in a khaki uniform.

His face was young and clean-shaven; his parted lips showed his teeth chattering from fear; on his right cheek, close to the cheek-bone, a muscle was trembling.

A lanky, gray-haired muzhik, who was escorting the American, asked:

"Who's chief here?"

Vershinin spoke up: "What's the matter?"

"He's the chief—him!" shouted Okorok. "Nikita Yegorich Vershinin. Come, tell us how they got him!"

The muzhik spat to one side, and patting the American soldier on the back, as if he had come of his own will, began to tell the story with the garrulous eagerness of an old man:

"I've brot him to you, Nikita Yegorich. We're from Voznesnski county. Our band has been following the Japs a long, long way."

"And what village are you from?"

"Ours is a town. The small town of Penino,—you've heard of it, maybe?"

"They say it burned down."

"The damned dogs! They burned the whole place right down, little father, so we all took to the hills!"

The muzhiks came closer, saying:

"Sure! The same evil had come to us all!"

The gray-haired muzhik continued:

"There were two of them, the 'Mericans! They were driving a cart with tinned milk. Such fools they are; they come to fight, and they stuff themselves with milk and 'chucklade.' Well, we nipped off one of 'em, and the other threw up his hands. So we took him along. We wanted to turn him over to the elder, but now, here's a whole company!"

The American stood erect in soldierly fashion and without taking his eyes off Vershinin, as if the latter were a judge.

The muzhiks crowded closer.

The odor of tobacco and sour peasant-bread floated to the American, enveloping him. The mass of crowded bodies gave forth a warmth to turn the head, and dry, feverish wrath stirred into flame.

The muzhiks began to clamor:

"Now then!"

"Shoot him, the damned dog!"

"Give'm hell!"

"Make an end of him!"

"Go to it!"

The American soldier hunched his back slightly, and, guardedly pulled in his head between his shoulders; at this movement the fierce wrath of the muzhiks flared up still more strongly.

"They burn our villages, the sons of—!"

"They act like masters here!"

"As if at home!"

"Look how they've butted in!"

"Who asked them?"

Someone shrieked in a piercing voice:

"Get at him!"

At that moment, Pentefi Znovov, who had been a longshoreman at Vladivostok, climbed up on a wagon and, as if pointing to something that had been lost, shouted:

"Wait!"

And added:

"Comrades!"

The peasants gazed at his mustache, shaggy as a fox's tail; they looked at the unbuttoned flap of his trousers, thru which his swarthy body was visible, and grew silent:

"There's time enuf for killing! That is simple! That is easy! Look how many are piled up in the street already! But I think, comrades, we ought to fill him up with propaganda and let him go. Let him smell the Bolshevik truth. That's what I think!"

Suddenly the muzhiks uttered a roar of laugh-

ter that came pouring out thickly, like grain from a bag:

"Ho-ho-ho!"

"He-khe!"

"Ho-o!"

"Button your pants, you devil!"

"Go ahead, Pentya, fire away!"

"Knock it into his head!"

"He's a man like others, after all."

"Eyen a stone can be chiseled."

"Out with it!"

The sturdy Avdotya Steshchenkova raised her dowdy skirts, bent down, and nudged the American with her shoulder:

"Listen, you fool, it's for your own good."

The American soldier surveyed the hairy, bronze-red faces of the muzhiks, and the unbuttoned flap of Znovov's trousers; he listened to the incomprehensible speech, and politely screwed up his clean-shaven face into a smile.

The muzhiks walked around him excitedly, shifting him about in the crowd, like a leaf over water, and bawled at him, as people shout to the deaf.

The American raised his head, blinking as if gazing thru smoke, smiled, and understood nothing.

Okorok shouted to the American at the top of his voice:

"You must tell them there—everything—it's no good like this!"

"Why should you interfere with us?"

"They make you go against your own brothers!"

Vershinin said stolidly:

"You are all good people; you must understand. You are, we may say, peasants, like us; you till the soil, and all that. The Japs, well, they gobble rice; with them it's a different story!"

Znovov stamped uneasily before the American, and stroking his mustache, said:

"We are not highwaymen; we're trying to bring order. They don't know this in your land, I suppose; it's far away, and then, again, your soul is of a foreign land."

The voices rose and thickened.

The American glanced around helplessly and said:

"I don't understand!"

The muzhiks at once became silent.

Vaska Okorok said:

"He can't get what you say. He doesn't know Russian, poor devil!"

The muzhiks walked away from the American. Vershinin was embarrassed.

"Send him to the rear; what's the sense of bothering with him," he said to Znovov.

Znovov would not give in, repeating stubbornly:

"He will understand! Only it's necessary. . . He will understand!"

Znovov was thinking.

The American remained standing, continually shifting one foot, and swaying slightly.

A scarcely perceptible shadow of wistfulness agitated his face, as a light wind the haystacks.

Sin-Bin-Ou, stretched on the ground near the American, covered his eyes with his palm, and drawled out a high-pitched Chinese song.

"What a torture," said Vershinin plaintively.

Vaska Okorok offered hesitatingly:

"Perhaps some book will do?"

All the books at hand were in Russian.

"All they's good for is to roll cigarets with," said Znovov. "If we could find one with pictures."

Avdotya walked over to the wagons that stood along the paddock fence; she rummaged in the coffers for a long time, and at last brot out a

worn, dog-eared textbook of religion, the kind used in the village schools.

"Perhaps this,—'religion'?" she asked.

Znovov opened the book and said in a puzzled way:

"The pictures are all 'bout religion! We're not going to rechristen him. We're not priests!"

"Try it, just the same," suggested Vaska.

"But how? He won't understand, I guess."

"He might. Go ahead!"

Znovov called to the American:

"Hey, comrade, come here."

The American approached.

The muzhiks gathered again, once more exhaling the smell of tobacco and bread.

"Lenin!" said Znovov firmly and loudly, and then smiled, as if in spite of himself.

A swift tremor passed thru the American's body; his eyes sparkled, and he responded joyfully:

"There's a chap!"

Znovov smote his breast with his fist, and, his palm patting the backs and shoulders of the muzhiks, he shouted, speaking for some reason in broken Russian:

"Sovietska respublika!"

The American stretched out his arms to the muzhiks; his cheeks quivered, and he shouted excitedly:

"That is pretty indeed!"

The muzhiks burst into joyful laughter.

"He understands, the son of a—!"

"The rascal!"

"And our Pentya, look at our Pentya reeling off American!"

"Send their *bourzhuis* to hell, Pentya!"

Znovov hastily opened the textbook of religion, and pointing to the picture showing Abraham about to sacrifice Isaac, while god was suspended in the clouds above, he began to explain:

"This one, with the knife, is a *bourzhui*. Look at his fat belly; it needs only a watch and chain. And here, on the logs, lies the proletariat, do you understand? Pro-le-ta-ri-at."

The American pointed to his chest, and stuttering joyously, he said proudly:

"Pro-le-ta-ri-at! . . . We!"

The muzhiks embraced the American, touched his clothes, and with all their might squeezed his hands and shoulders.

Vaska Okorok, grabbing him by the head and looking into his eyes, yelled exultantly:

"Lad, you tell them there, over the sea. . ."

"There, that will do, you fidget," Vershinin lovingly remonstrated.

Znovov continued:

"So, he, the proletariat, lies on the logs and the *bourzhui* chops him up. And there in the clouds is the Jap the English, the 'Merican, all that trash; the 'imperialisma' herself sits there."

The American tore off his cap and yelled:

"Imperialism! Away!"

Znovov angrily threw the cap to the ground.

"Imperialism and the *bourzhuis*, to the devil!"

Sin-Bin-Ou jumped over to the American, and pulling up his falling trousers said rapidly:

"Russki respublika-a. Chinese respublika-a. 'Mericanski respublika-a no go-od. Japanee no good; must, must get respublika-a. Must get, must get Red respublika-a. . ."

And glancing around, he stood on tiptoe, and slowly raising his thumb, he said:

"Shango."

Vershinin commanded:

"Give him something to eat. Then lead him out to the road and let him go."

The old man who had brot the prisoner asked:

"Shall we bandage his eyes when we take him? Ain't he going to bring them here?"

The muzhiks decided:

"Not necessary. He won't give us away."

*Good, in Chinese.

ON THE RAILS

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MOUNTED on a round-bellied horse that was as shaggy as a mastiff, Nikita Vershinin rode along the bushes near the railroad embankment.

The muzhiks were lying in the bushes, smoking and getting ready for a long, stubborn wait. Their shirts—scores, hundreds of motley spots of color—flashed on both sides of the embankment between the crossings—over a distance of almost ten versts.

A lazy horse; a bag instead of a saddle. Ver-

shinin's legs dangled down and his boot painfully rubbed his heel thru the carelessly wrapped rags.

"Look here, boys, there must be no women!"

Vershinin was saying.

Detachment-commanders drew themselves up soldier-fashion, and briskly, as if steadying themselves thru soldierly deportment, asked:

"Any news from the city, Nikita Yegorich?"

"There's an uprising."

"And how's the military advances?"

Vershinin struck the belly of his horse with his heel and started off, feeling sleepy fatigue in his body:

"Advances are good, lad. Remember, we mustn't make a mess of our end of it."

The muzhiks lined up along the embankment as if for mowing. They waited.

The embankment looked unnaturally, disagreeably empty. During the last few days echelons of refugees, of Japanese, American, Russian soldiers, had passed eastward, one after the other. Then a thread snapped somewhere and men were thrown in another direction. There were rumors that the peasants coming from the hills were plundering the refugees, and the soldiers were envious. Armored Train No. 14-69 was dashing between the stations, and it alone prevented the soldiers from dropping everything and making off.

The guerilla staff was sitting in the switchman's booth. The switchman stood dejectedly at the telephone receiver and asked the station:

"Is the armored train coming soon?"

Next to him sat a guerilla fighter with a calm face; he held a revolver and he was gazing at the switchman's mouth.

Vaska Okorok was baiting the switchman:

"Don't get cold feet. We'll make you a cook."

And pointing to the telephone he said:

"They say that the learned Bolsheviks in Petrograd talk with the moon."

"Well, who can help it, even if it's so?"

The muzhiks sighed and looked at the embankment:

"Truth can climb even to the stars."

The staff was awaiting the armored train. Five hundred muzhiks were detailed to the bridge. Long Russian carts brot logs to the embankment, so as to prevent the armored train from coming back. Crowbars lay near the ties—ready for tearing up the rails.

Znobov said grumblingly:

"Truth and truth is all you know. But we don't know ourselves what it's for. What do you want to talk to the moon for, Vaska?"

"Just from curiosity, that's all! Perhaps we don't want to build a muzhik on the moon."

The muzhiks roared.

"Damned sinner!"

"Darn his hide!"

Here we're trying to dope out how to lose as many men as we can, and he goes babbling about the moon. How are we going to take the armored train, damn you?"

"We'll take it!"

It ain't a squirrel that you can just nip off its tail."

At that moment Vershinin arrived. He entered breathing heavily; with a weary movement he took his cap on the table and said to Znobov:

"Soon?"

The switchman at the telephone said:

"They don't answer."

The muzhiks sat silently. One of them began to talk about hunting. Znobov remembered the incident of the Revcom in the city.

"That light-haired fellow?" asked the muzhik who had just been talking about hunting; and right off he began to spin a yarn about Peklevanov: that his face is whiter than wheat flour, that women cling to him like frogs to a lily, and that the American minister had offered seven hundred billion to induce Peklevanov to assume the American faith, but that Peklevanov had answered proudly: "We won't accept anything into our faith, even for nothing."

"Son of a—!" said the muzhiks admiringly. For some reason it was pleasant to Znobov to listen to all this lying, and he felt moved to tell something himself. Vershinin took off his boots and began to rewrap his foot-cloths. Suddenly the switchman spoke timidly into the telephone:

"When? Five-twenty?"

And turning to the muzhiks he said:

"Coming!"

And as if the train were already at the booth, they ran out and, shouldering their rifles, mounted the carts and drove eastward to the wobbly bridge.

"We'll make it!" Okorok was saying.

A shout was sent forward.

They looked at the rails that stretched with a glimmer among the trees.

"Rip 'em up, and that's all."

And from another wagon came the retort:

"Can't be done. Who'll put 'em together again?"

"We'll go straight in the train, brother!"

"We'll just roll into the city!"

"We can't afford to meddle with the track!"

Okorok shouted:

"Brothers, but they have men!"

"Where?"

On the train. Special men who fix the track, don't they?"

"You're a fool, Vaska; and what if we kill them off? All of 'em?"

And getting into the spirit of it, they all agreed:

"That's the stuff . . . Kill 'em off!"

"No, no, there'll be nobody to fix the track."

They kept looking back to see if the armored train was coming. They were careful to remain under cover of the woods, for rarely did men expose themselves along the line—the armored train fired on the run.

Hearts were beating with fear; the men flogged their horses, urging them on as if shelter awaited them at the bridge.

About two versts from the switchman's booth they saw a rider on the embankment.

"Ours!" shouted Znobov.

Vaska took aim.

"Shall I nip him off? Or is he ours?"

"The devil he is! Would I be aiming at him if he were?"

Sin-Bin-Ou, the Chinaman, who sat next to Vaska, restrained him:

"Wa-it, Va-si-ka-a!"

"Wait!" shouted Znobov.

The rider came nearer. It was the muzhik with the bandaged head, the one who had brot the American.

"Is Nigita Yegorich here?"

"Well?"

The muzhik shouted joyfully:

"We come there, and we find—Cossacks. Near the bridge! We shot 'em down and turned back."

"Where from?"

Vershinin rode up to the muzhik and, looking him over, asked:

"Did you kill them all?"

"All, Nikita Yegorich. Five of 'em, god bless their souls!"

"But where are the Cossacks from?"

The muzhik slapped his horse on the mane:

"Well, the bridge ain't blown up yet, Nigita Yegorich. It's standing."

The muzhiks yelled:

"What's that?"

"Pravokater!"

"Smash his mug for him!"

The muzhik began to cross himself hastily.

"On the cross! It ain't blown up. They blew themselves up near a rock, 'bout two thousand feet from here. Must have been tryin' out the dynamite. All we found was a part of a man's leg, with a bit of pants around it,—and all the rest . . . gone!"

The muzhiks were silent. They went forward, but suddenly stopped. Vaska, his face all distorted, cried:

"Brothers, but the armored-train will get away to the city! Brothers!"

The crowd of muzhiks who had been sent to the bridge swarmed from the woods.

One of them said:

"There are logs piled up on the bridge, across the track, Nikita Yegorich. We're answering the fire of the Cossacks. Well, there ain't many of 'em."

"Shall we go to the bridge?" asked Znobov.

At this moment, for some reason, they all looked back. A stream of smoke was spreading lightly over the forest.

"Coming!" said Okorok.

Znobov repeated, fiercely flogging his horse:

"Coming!"

The muzhiks echoed:

"Coming! . . ."

"Comrades!" rang out Okorok's voice. "We must stop it!"

They leaped from the wagons, grabbed their rifles, and rushed to the embankment. The horses walked off to graze, munching busily and swinging their bridles.

The muzhiks ran up the embankment. They stretched out on the ties, inserted the magazines; all was ready.

The rails moaned softly. The armored train was approaching.

Znobov said in a low voice:

"It'll just cut us in two. They won't even bother to shoot!"

Suddenly all of them realized this, and they quietly crawled into the bushes, again leaving the track bare.

The smoke was becoming thicker. The wind tore it into shreds, but still it crawled stubbornly over the forest.

"Coming! . . . Coming!" the muzhiks shouted, running up to Vershinin.

Vershinin and the whole staff, all wet, were lying shamefacedly in the bushes. Vaska Okorok smote the ground angrily with his fist. The Chinaman squatted, silently pulling up leaves of grass.

Znobov said hastily, with fear in his voice:

"If only we had a corpse!"

"What for?"

"You see, there's a law—when they run over a

corpse—the train must stop. To make out a protocol . . . certificate and all that!"

"Well?"

"Well, suppose we had a corpse. We'd put it across the track. They'd cut it and stop, and then, when the engineer comes out, we shoot him. Then we can take the train."

The smoke was growing denser. A whistle sounded.

Vershinin jumped up and cried:

"Comrades, who volunteers . . . on the track . . . to be run over! We've got to croak, anyhow. Well? . . . And then we'll nip off the engineer! But it's more likely she'll stop before running the man over."

The muzhiks raised their heads and glanced at the embankment that looked like a funeral mound.

"Comrades!" Vershinin shouted.

Not a sound from the muzhiks.

Vaska threw his rifle aside and began to climb the embankment.

"Where to?" shouted Znobov.

Vaska snapped back angrily:

"You go to hell! Sons of—!"

And extending his arms along his body he stretched himself across the track.

The trees were already murmuring and echoing, and shreds of yellowish-red smoke, like foam, were leaping over the tree-tops.

Vaska turned around with his face down. The ties smelt of pitch. Vaska put a handful of sand on one of the ties and rested his cheek on it. The sand was warm and big-grained.

The muzhiks' voices came from the bushes indistinctly, like wind among the leaves. In the forest the rails were rumbling.

Vaska raised his head and shouted toward the bushes:

"Got some home-brew? . . . Heart's burning!"

A yellow-bearded muzhik crawled up to him on all fours, with a flask of home-brew. Vaska took a drink and placed the flask by his side.

Then he raised his head, and brushing the sand from his cheek, listened intently to the rumbling: the blue trees were rumbling, the blue rails were rumbling.

He raised himself on his elbows. His face contracted into one yellow wrinkle, his eyes were like two blood-red tears. . . .

"I can't! . . . My soul! . . ."

The muzhiks were silent.

The Chinaman threw his rifle aside and began to climb the embankment.

"Where to?" asked Znobov.

Sin-Bin-Ou, without turning his head, articulated:

"Lo-ne-some! . . . Va-si-ka-a!"

And he stretched himself next to Vaska.

His face, yellow, like an autumn leaf, became darker and more wrinkled. The rails were moaning. Whether it was a man crawling back down the embankment, or the bushes receiving someone . . . Sin-Bin-Ou did not see, did not know. . . .

"I can-not! Brothers?" howled Vaska, crawling down.

The grass grew slimy. . . . The sky grew slimy. . . .

Sin-Bin-Ou was alone.

His flat head with the emerald eyes, like the head of a cobra, touched the ties, tore away from them, and swaying, rose above the rails . . . A glance around.

In the bushes the motionless heads of the muzhiks were staring with waiting, hungry eyes.

Sin-Bin-Ou lay down again.

And once more the emerald-eyed cobra swayed upward, and once more a few hundred heads stirred the bushes and gazed toward him.

Again the Chinaman lowered his head.

The rough, yellow-bearded muzhik shouted to him:

"Throw the flask over here, Chink! And you'd better leave the livorver here . . . What do you want it for? . . . Really, now . . . And I could use it."

Without lifting his head Sin-Bin-Ou took out the revolver; he swung his arm as if to throw the weapon into the bushes, and suddenly shot himself in the back of the neck.

The Chinaman's body clung close to the rails.

The pines threw forth the armored train. It was gray, square, and the eyes of the locomotive burned an angry red. The sky became overcast with gray mildew, the trees stood out like blue cloth. . . .

And the corpse of the Chinaman, Sin-Bin-Ou, clinging closely to the earth, listened to the ringing reverberation of the rails. . . .

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Taken from the book of short stories, "Flying Osip," by courtesy of International Publishers Co., Inc.

Coolidge Is Afraid of the Black Man

By Elsa Bloch

CALVIN COOLIDGE, in his message to the congress just opening its session in Washington, saw fit to include—at the very end of the document—a few words about the group which of all the exploited working class of the United States is the most exploited, the most persecuted—the workers of the Negro race.

WHAT Coolidge had to say about the Negro in America is of importance, not as an expression of the personal opinion of Coolidge—for it is not as an expression of his belief that the president sends this annual message to congress—but as indicating the trend of opinion and the probable course of action of the group of bankers and industrial capitalists who are behind this and every other expression of the government. It is particularly significant as indicating the opinion of the leaders of that party which for over sixty years has been held up to the Negro race as its only possible saviour, the republican party.

AT first glance, the few sentences which the message devotes to the question of the Negro workers are without definite meaning. They seem—at first—to consist of a few doubtful compliments, a few meaningless abstractions, and a few half-hearted promises, to which no one need pay much attention.

But look further. For every promise made to the Negro workers, some phrase is brought in a little later which definitely repudiates that promise! What Coolidge gives to the Negroes with one hand, he promptly takes away with the other.

Then look once more. There is not only a negation of every promise made, but there is actually a threat, politely veiled, but none the less a threat, that the government will not tolerate any attempt on the part of Negro workers to do away with the abuses from which they suffer. And there is a very definite assertion that the party for which Coolidge speaks does not for a moment consider the Negro as worthy of real freedom or real equality.

"It is fundamental of our institutions" says the message, "that they

seek to guarantee to all our inhabitants the right to live their own lives under the protection of the public law. . . . This does not include any licence to. . . . violate the established customs which have long had the sanction of enlightened society."

AND just what are these customs?

Why, segregation, of course, and inferior education, and inferior homes, and all of the practices which make up the burden of social inequality that degrades the Negro race! These are the "established customs" of which Coolidge is speaking. These are the practices which he is so eager to have us realize are fundamental to our present society. The custom of forbidding the Negro to live except in a narrow section of the cities, and the practice of mobbing a Negro who dares to go outside of this pale—as a mob so recently attacked a Negro physician in Detroit whose home was outside of the prescribed limits—these customs are not injustices,—they are "established customs which have long had the sanction of enlightened society."

President Coolidge, in his eagerness not to alienate any of the votes of the votes of the race-proud and prejudiced middle-class whites, and in the hope of driving a wedge into the solidly democratic south, is following in the footsteps of President Harding, another representative of this same party, who in October, 1922, committed himself as "uncompromisingly against every suggestion of social equality."

THE average white worker, unconscious of the burdens under which his fellow workers of the Negro race suffer, and the average Negro worker, unless he is trained to take note of delicate shades of meaning implied in a phrase, may see nothing significant in Coolidge's wording. But the southern cracker, the northern real-estate dealer, and others whose profits depend upon keeping the Negro down, will hear and understand.

The Negro, says Coolidge, "should be protected from all violence." But a little later on he adds that the "right (of Negroes) to live their own lives. . . . does not include any li-

cense to injure others materially, physically, morally. . . ."

Clever phrasing! The implication is that the Negroes, as a race, are especially liable to do physical and material injury to others—that they have in their character something brutal, something beastly, which makes it necessary for the president to remind them that they must keep this instinct in check. And it is just this belief, which Coolidge has strengthened by his message, which is the basis for the lynchings and burnings and hangings of the south. It is just this damnable lie, driven into the consciousness of the whites by a selfish master class which thrives on conflict between races, which gives the excuse for the terrorization of the Negro in the southern states. Does a Negro show undue self-respect, does he assert his rights in a way displeasing to the masters? Then how easy it is to raise the cry that he has attacked a white girl, how simple it is with this lie to gather the mobs that will do away with this self-assertive Negro!

No, President Coolidge does not mean to take from the race-hating crackers their excuse for terrorization.

"BUT," says Coolidge, "it does mean the full right to liberty and equality before the law." Notice that phrase, "before the law." There is a definite line drawn between civil and social equality. But we know too well that it is not necessary to make a law and to have that law placed upon the statute books in order that a nasty discriminatory practise may be put into effect thruout the whole social system. There is no law—in most states—requiring Negroes to live in certain parts of the town. But the law can and does protect the real estate dealer in his privilege of choosing his own customers. And there is a law—a very definite law—which will bring to trial a Negro who, like Dr. Sweet of Detroit, fires to protect his own life and the lives of his family from the attacks of a mob.

But even in the case of laws which definitely accord equal rights to the races—there are so many loop-holes thru which the race-hating lawyer may

crawl. A law in Louisiana declares that there must be no out-and-out discrimination between any one group of people and any other group. But another law, setting off distinct section of the city of New Orleans for Negroes, is held to be not in conflict with the first, because—if Negroes are not allowed to buy homes in the white district, why, neither are whites allowed to buy homes in the Negro district!

No. If the law means anything at all to the Negro, it is significant, not for the protection it is supposed to afford him from injustice, but for its work as an instrument of this very injustice.

ONE thing more: Coolidge is careful to tell the Negroes that they have no right to "incite revolution." This is a new phrase in reference to the Negroes. No former president has found it necessary to issue a warning against "inciting revolution" among the Negro race. And to what does the phrase refer? To nothing less than the historic event in the life of the Negro race, the assembling together in October of this year of a group of men and women, representing definite groups of Negro workers, to consider their problems in the light of clear reason and to plan definite and concrete steps to do away with these injustices. Coolidge is referring to the American Negro Labor Congress, branded by the old parties as a "tool of the reds."

Coolidge and his party find it necessary to issue a warning to the Negro race. They find this warning necessary because the first Negro Labor Congress repudiated forever the policy of going to the white master, hat in hand, to beg for a few crumbs from this master's table. The Negro Labor Congress, say its leaders, will not wait upon the president to put into his message a few half-promises which need never be kept. They do not need the "sympathy and kindness" which Coolidge offers them. They have declared their intention to fight their own battles, to take what is their hard-won right. And, if the Negro Labor Congress remains true to its pledge, no "warning" or threat from Coolidge and his party will cause them to turn back.

The Nature of Future Warfare

(A Speech in Moscow).

WHAT will be the nature of future wars?

The work done by the Military Scientific Societies of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics and in general accomplished by its military scientific-theoretical thought already provides sufficient material for us to give a fairly exhaustive reply to this question. The first element determining the nature of any future war which the Soviet Union may be compelled to conduct, is its peculiar social-class nature. The war which the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics will wage, will not be a national war. It will be a revolutionary class war. This means that our army will not fight for any kind of narrow-national interests, will not fight in order to conquer or to encroach upon the property of other peoples, but in order to protect the conquests of our revolution from the attacks of the internal and external class enemies of the proletariat. This factor is reflected in our entire constructional work. It is just this which determines the worker and peasant class nature of our army. It permeates the entire system of our organization, and finds its reflection in the methods of training and teaching in the army and in a number of other practical results.

Another characteristic of future wars will be their all-embracing and decisive nature. There will not be a clash over trifles which can be quickly solved. No, the future war will be between two different social-political and economic systems, each of which

excludes the other. How does this arise? This arises from the class nature of the Soviet state.

Our state is organized both politically and economically on a quite different basis from the bourgeois world surrounding us. A profound and irreconcilable contradiction lies at the basis of our economic and political organization and the organization of bourgeois states, and once this contradiction commences to be solved by military methodism, it will lead to a sharp, profound and in all probability long drawn-out encounter. This latter factor is in the first place connected with the fact that we ourselves, our Soviet Union, represent very palpable dimensions both from the point of view of the size of the population and also from the point of view of our economic resources. On the other hand we will have against us all or a considerable part of the bourgeois capitalist world, which in turn can raise tremendous forces against us. That is the reason why, when it is a question of a serious encounter, this can hardly be decided within a short space of time by a knock-out blow.

The third factor which influences the nature of future warfare in a decisive manner is the factor of technique.

The experience of the imperialist war has shown what a tremendous role technique will play on the future fields of battle. The development of aviation, chemistry and wireless telegraphy, etc., open up very wide perspectives in this connection. At the present moment it is even difficult for us to picture how the army which

has proceeded the furthest ahead along the path of technical development in bourgeois countries, will emerge from the field of future battles. The weapons they will use will probably be very different from what we have seen during the imperialist war. The war of the future will to a very large extent, if not entirely, be a war of machines. This fact again brings us face to face with a number of new demands.

Finally, the fourth factor which in my opinion will characterize our future war is the factor of mass formations. I consider that once it is a question of deciding serious conflicts, all the forces at the disposition of the combatants will be thrown into the struggle. At any rate, we must not picture future struggles as far as we are concerned, as though we may be able to get along with small armed forces, without touching the wide masses of the population and without harnessing all the resources at the command of the state. I say: "At any rate—as far as we are concerned," because with regard to bourgeois armies, I admit that the fact of the internal class struggle becoming more acute, may compel them to resort not to the arming of the entire mass of the population, but to placing all their hopes in technique. We may observe signs of this even at the present moment. But even under such conditions they will at the same time bring forward such forces which we will be able to fight with by bringing armed masses on the scene.

The above are in my opinion, com-



THE MACHINE MAN.
A Drawing by Willi Geissler.

rades, the four main factors which compel us to arrive at definite conclusions with regard to the nature of future wars which we will have to conduct.

Next Saturday's
MAGAZINE SUPPLEMENT
of the Daily Worker
an article on
REVOLUTIONARY THEORY
by
LENIN

A Red British Miner at Work

By MICHAEL GOLD.

Foreword.

WHEN I was in England last year, I attended a summer school conference lasting a week of the Plebs movement. This is the movement for real Marxian working-class education, which has fought the English brand of Brookwood—A. F. of L. "impartial" education, and which has been so militant and successful that it has begun to outstrip the bourgeois-laborist outfit in trade union importance. In fact, it has become so powerful that the Trades Union Congress at its session a year ago, decided to recognize the movement of which the Plebs group has been the dynamic nucleus.

This conference was intensely interesting. William Paul, W. T. Collyer, and other active Communist leaders held sessions, also J. F. and Winfred Horrabin, Mark Starr, Ellen Wilkinson and other outstanding figures. There were warm debates, and a real process of education in working-class realities. Fascism, imperialism, Russia, economic geography, trade union unity, and proletarian art were some of the matters discussed. There was also football, cricket, hikes, and excursions in the afternoons, and sing-songs every night, at which I had the pleasure of teaching the forty odd British workers there the songs of the American proletarian revolution—which, up to now, have been mostly the wobbly songs.

I never enjoyed myself more socially or intellectually, and I kept thinking what a fine idea such vacation week conferences would be for American workers.

One learns at these conferences, and one forms fine rank-and-file contacts. There were agricultural workers, clerical workers, machinists, furniture workers, textile workers, and a group of miners—all intelligent men and women with a real grasp of the labor struggle. Thru their eyes I got a clearer and more accurate picture of British proletarian life than I could have gotten by personal investigation in less than a year or two, or maybe more.

One of the miners was George Williams, a tall, powerful looking young chap, about 30 years old, who came from Mansfield, in Nottingham. I had many walks and conversations with him, and before the week was over, I felt as if I had never met a finer type of worker anywhere. When I think of the English labor movement now I think of this strong young miner, with his slow north-country dialect, and his deep, steady, fearless way of tackling problems.

A real rank-and-filer—a miner since childhood—he goes to work at six every morning. He has two children and wife, and has to support them on the \$10 a week wage the British miners now receive—when they are lucky enough to be allowed to work. At night George's work begins all over again. He carries a great deal of the miners' problems for his district. He is organizing secretary for the national minority movement for Nottingham, and he serves on executive and other committees for his trade council, local labor party branch, cooperative, labor college, and Communist Party branch. He has to conduct a large correspondence by hand; the writing doesn't come easy to him, for he has had to fight painfully for his education. He is always active, and now he is conducting a factory newspaper for the mine where he works. Everyone knows him in his district; the workers in his mine know they can trust him in anything, even the most of them are not Communists, as he is. What I liked best about him, too, is that he has just begun growing. Painfully, gamely, he crowds in a lot of study and reading into his overworked life. And it is all done so sanely—so steadily—without fireworks, phrasemongering, or ostentation. Nothing can stop him—he is the proletariat, the new world growing up amid the storm and destruction of the old.

Recently Comrade Williams sent me a long letter and copies of the

new "shop nucleus" newspaper which his Communist group publishes, and which he edits. The letter is an interesting flash into British life to-day, and the newspaper seems to me a fine model for similar papers in this country.

Extracts from Williams' Letter.

"Dear Mike:

"Pleased to hear from you again. You ask about my election to the board of guardians. (He ran on the regular labor party ticket). I was unsuccessful, owing to the attitude of the 'labor skates,' as you call them. They gave no assistance in the clerical work or outside in the ward. Instead, they worked very quietly but surely against us. They are even holding back my campaign expenses, which the miners' union was supposed to pay. It is a bit rough when a working-class fighter has to fight so-called labor representatives for his dues. But we will get these expenses, I am sure.

"I have been nominated by my branch of the national minority movement to run for the town council at the forthcoming municipal election. Altho I was nominated as a trade unionist, the liberals msrde the labor party turned me down again last night. We have really some good and amusing scraps with them. They talk about us getting our orders from Moscow, but they get theirs from Ramsay Mac and Jimmy Thomas and ven if we were getting orders from Moscow, I think Ramsay Mac is nearer to King George than is Moscow.

"I'm glad you enjoyed your visit to Russia. It must make a red confident beyond words to go there. It does us good to think about it, and to know that the workers own and control one-sixth of this earth's crust, which they lifted right off the imperialist's pawnshop counter. No more of that filthy imperialist game now—no more promises of Constantinople in exchange for workers' freedom. But to see Russia—to see it in operation, must inject new life into a man.

"I should very much like to go out to the mining areas of Russia visit the mines, work in them for a week or two, then come back to our chaps—stump the district—and tell them what is waiting for the taking. God, what powerful propoganda it would be. I may get sent yet. Perhaps I do not know sufficient of the theory of the party to undertake such important work, however. I know theory is what I badly need to balance my practical knowledge amongst the workers in the pit here. Well I am going to get it somehow.

"So you were proud of our trade union delegation when you saw them in Russia? Let me tell you, there are some very solid comrades in the left wing official movement, even the we of the Communist Party and National Minority Movement are still unofficial. By the gods, we are unofficial, but we are giving the lead in the politics of the country, bar us as they may. We gave the lead on unity, which resulted in the greatest manifestation of working-class solidarity in British history, recently; the miners' fight. The left wingers, associates with the Russian report, have done well on this miners' fight, and they are continuing at Scarborough this week, at the Trade Union Congress, Swales made a fine opening address, which gave us hope and inspiration, coming as it did from an old trade unionist.

"A. J. Cook was staying with me a fortnight ago. He told me Swales was a genuine fighter and altho he could not grapple with the Dawes plan complication, was a real rebel. He also spoke highly of Herbert Smith, as having along with Swales an abundance of courage. Cook himself has done really well. He addressed four meetings here in the open air to huge crowds of workers. At three of the meetings he spoke for over two hours—at least six hours of solid talking in a day. He talks as he feels, and puts real energy into the job. But when night came both voice and energy were gone. He must take more



WHITE COLLAR SLAVE
By Willi Geissler.

care of himself—he is a very valuable man to the miners of England. He is to be here again next month for lectures on working-class education and a big public meeting. There will not be a seat to be got an hour before the meeting starts.

"I am getting tired Mike, and will have to go to bed. . . .

"At this point, I return to this letter 15 days later; the first chance I have had of finishing it.

"What with trades councils, labor party, trade union, cooperative, labor college, national minority secretary's work, and other work, not mentioning ordinary and special jobs for the Communist Party, and not at all mentioning the seven hours every day inside a hot pit 600 yards below ground—on top of all this they have 'lumped' a pit paper to me, two copies of which are enclosed. I have just sent No. 3 off to the printer's—we have grown up in two issues from a mimeograph to a regular printer's—so popular is the paper already.

"I see America is not to have our

Who Is the New Red Army Commander?

(Moscow Correspondence by WILLIAM F. KRUSE.)

THE body of Michael Frunze, late Commander in Chief of the Red armies, after lying in state three days and nights at the Dom Soyuz, was buried beneath the Kremlin wall on a Tuesday. Hundreds of thousands followed the body into the Red Square as a last tribute to the departed hero.

Five days later the same hundreds of thousands, in the same Red Square, were acclaiming the new Commander, Comrade Voroschiloff.

WHO is Clemente Yefremovich Voroschiloff?

He is a Ukrainian, born 1881 in the Ekaterinoslav province, Bachmurt district, of a peasant family. His father, landless, was a village wage worker (batrak). At the age of six the future Red Army commander started to work. He had only two years of folk school which were ended in 1895, after which, in 1896, he began his life work in the factory—and in the revolution. Investigated and arrested several times by the police, in 1900 he was discharged for revolutionary activity. From that time onward for seventeen years he remained under police surveillance until the revolution.

HERE are some of the high points of his record:

1904: Elected to Central Committee of Social Democratic Labor Party.

1905: Became active labor organizer in Lugansk, imprisoned for eight months.

1906: February: Elected to Stockholm Congress of the Russian Social Democratic Labor Party.

1907: July: Arrested at close of the party congress at Kiev, and in October sentenced to three years exile in Archangel.

1907: December: Escaped and fled to Baku where he resumed work.

1912-1917: Worked in close co-opera-

wicked Communist Saklatvala contaminating your pure, innocent country. Aren't you glad you're saved?

"There is a possibility of further immediate trouble in the coalfield owing to the coal-owners breaking away from the conditions of the truce.

"Good luck to the American fighters for the great working class movement.

"Fraternally,

George Williams."

The "Rufford Star."

The pit paper Williams edits is called the "Rufford Star"—after the mine where he works. It is one of the best examples of such a paper in English I have yet seen. It is simple, militant, and above all, practical. It discusses real immediate issues in a concrete way. Its language has the sap and directness of workers' speech—no puerile attempts at rhetoric or high-falutin bombast. The workers are not confused with too much theory, and yet the national and international class war is explained and driven home to the workers' mind.



EDUCATION
By Willi Geissler.

tion with Kalenin, arrested several times.

1917: Organized the revolt in the guard regiments, elected regimental deputy to Petrograd Soviet where he was active in Bolshevik fraction.

1918: November: Member of Ukrainian Soviet government.

1919: February: Commissar for the Interior, Ukrainian Soviet government.

1919: July: Member Ukrainian Council of Defense, and Political Bureau of the Ukrainian Communist Party.

1921: March: Elected to the Central Committee of the Russian Communist party, and to service on its south-eastern bureau. And from this time on continuously on the Central Committee of the R. S. F. S. R. and of the U. S. S. R.

Military Record.

1917: We find him a soldier in the guard, and by his influence able to win the soldiers over to the side of the revolution.

1919: May: Elected commander-in-chief of the Kharkov Military District, and he effectively liquidated the bandit bands of the Hetman Grigoriev. A month later he was given command of the 14th Army, another month and he was in charge of the Ukrainian interior front and member of the Council of Defense. In November he was a member of the Revolutionary War Council and leader of the First Cavalry Army.

1921: Sent, with other delegates of the Tenth Party Congress, to liquidate Kronstadt counter revolutionary revolt. In May of same year he became commander in chief of North Caucasus Military District.

1924: Commander of the Moscow Military District and Member of the Revolutionary War Council and of the Presidium.

1925: Commander-in-chief of the Red Army of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics.

In the Flames of Revolt Twenty Years Ago

(Reminiscences of the Revolutionary Days of 1905, by an old Rebel).

EDITOR'S NOTE:—In connection with the 20th anniversary of the revolution of 1905 we publish this series of word pictures of the revolution as told by a comrade who participated in the events of that time. This is the fourth story.

By M. A. SKROMNY.

IV.

The Demonstration on Skulianskaya Rogatka.

THE attacks by the patriotic hooligans against peaceful workers, students and Jews became bolder and bolder, and finally culminated in the autumn of 1904 in the murder of an old innocent woman. She was the owner of a small tobacco store.

A group of hooligans came into the store and asked for cigarettes. After serving them she requested payment for the cigarettes. Instead of paying her they began to beat her, finally killing her.

About a week before that happened, a worker, a party member, was badly beaten up in the city park. Many similar incidents occurred before. This murder was the last straw that broke our patience. We decided to arrange a political demonstration of protest. A special meeting of the Boyevoy Otriad (military organization) was called and plans made for a demonstration. It was decided to turn the funeral of the victim into a political demonstration.

By order of the united conference of all the revolutionary organizations of the city all party members quit work on that day and came down to the hospital from which the funeral procession was to start. About nine o'clock in the morning the big courtyard of the hospital was crowded to capacity. The courtyard was circled by a tall stone wall and had a big gate thru which two ambulances could pass.

The "B. O." (as the military organization was called) took up positions at the gates, which were at once locked, and in the office of the hospital near the telephones. The administration was informed that the Russian social-democratic labor party was now in charge of the hospital, and that we will not interfere with the regular work of the hospital, but would see to it that no messages shall be sent to the police. Nobody was allowed to leave the place without the permission of the "B. O." and a telephone conversation was listened in to by the members of the "B. O."

About ten o'clock while the autopsy was being made in the hospital, we opened up in the courtyard the first open-air meeting in the city. Speakers representing the Russian social-democratic labor party, the social-revolutionary party (S.-R.) and the Jewish social-democratic organization (Bund), made fiery speeches exposing the murderous policy of the bloody czaristic government. They pointed out that the real murderers are not in this city but in Petersburg (now Leningrad, than the capital of the czar). They spoke about the bloody persecutions of the workers in the shops and factories, the miserable sufferings of the landless peasants, the lack of all freedom to fight their exploiters which workers abroad have, no unions, no possibility to meet, no possibility to organize legally, etc.

"The only way left to us is the revolutionary struggle for the overthrow of czarism!" said one speaker

"Let's then fight this bloody monster that is killing us in the shops and factories, by long working hours and unbearable working conditions, let's fight the government that is using the murder of innocent people as the shield for its defence! Freedom for the workers! Land for the peasants! Down with czarism!"

The meeting lasted for over an hour. While the meeting was going on, the "B. O." held a meeting of its own. Every member of the "B. O." who was not stationed at strategic points was called into the park which formed a part of the great courtyard

of the hospital. There all the preliminaries were gone over again and final instructions were given. Cartridges were passed out to those who were short and everybody warned again not to fire until we will be fired on, or attacked.

When the meeting was over and everything ready, the "B. O." began to line up the crowd eight abreast before the gate. The bier was brought up to the front and the gate swung wide open.

The hospital is located near the city limits. The cemetery is a few miles away from the city. It was the general custom to carry the caskets to the cemetery on the shoulders.

The strongest group of the "B. O." was concentrated in front of the procession, the rest were scattered in the center and on the flanks. We expected to be met by police at the cemetery.

About a mile away from the hospital, when we reached the highway Skulianskaya Rogatka, a scarlet banner went up in the center of the procession. It was in the form of a pillow slip and about the same size. The breeze filled it up with air making the white letters on the red background plainly visible. As we read the words: "Down with absolutism! Long live the Revolution!" hearts began to beat faster. Up till now we had been talking of fighting czarism under the red flag of the revolution, but this was the first time we actually marched under the red banner openly defying our enemies. The thrill passed all over the ranks. The members of the "B. O." clasped tighter the guns in the pockets. All eyes were on the red flag.

About a block farther we encountered a mounted policeman. He was standing on a side street watching the procession pass. He saw the red flag but did not stir. As soon as we passed he rode off at full speed in the direction where we came from. We understood that something was up and an attempt was made to get in touch with the leader of the "B. O." but before we had time to do it, a cry went up: "Dragoons!"

We had been attacked from the rear! Our main forces were concentrated in front and in the center around the red flag. As the panic began only a few members of the "B. O." succeeded in making their way to the rear in face of the rushing mob.

In the middle of the street a company of dragoons was galloping at us with drawn sabers, on both sides the gendarms and police were running with drawn revolvers. As they came nearer they began to fire. The fire was immediately returned by the few members of the "B. O." who had fought their way to the rear in order to hold back the attack as long as possible to give the crowd a chance to disperse.

A captain of the police fell wounded. The police and gendarms stopped hesitatingly. The dragoons could not stop. By this time they were madly rushing at us. They cut into the crowd trampling it under the hoofs of the horses. The sabers began to fall right and left, sparking in the sun. The police and gendarms recovered their wits and began to fire again. As they reached the crowd after it was already disorganized by the attack of the dragoons, they also drew their sabers and began to stab and cut right and left.

The crowd fought back with bare fists, stones picked from the street, boards from the broken fences, etc. The members of the "B. O." used their guns as long as they could, but most of them were wounded at the first onslaught of the dragoons. One comrade who put up a stubborn fight was cut up almost to ribbons. He died on the spot.

The air was filled with shrieks and groans of the wounded, the cries and swearing of the police. One police captain was especially fierce, crying madly: "Shoot them! Stab 'em! Kill 'em!"

The battle did not last very long. The forces of the government won a big victory. There were about two

hundred revolutionists wounded, lying in the street and only a few policemen injured. A couple of hundreds were rounded up. The street was littered with battered hats, broken boards, walking sticks, etc., when the friendly nurses who were warned by the comrades arrived from the hospital with firstaid supplies. By that time some of the patriotic hooligans arrived and began to beat up the arrested and wounded. The nurses and doctors who came up began to protest to the head of the government forces and it was stopped.

Gendarms were stationed at the hospital to round up everybody who will apply for aid for gunshot wounds

or saber cuts. But they did not catch many in this way, because the friendly nurses would lead the wounded out thru a side door. One leading comrade for whom the police was looking and who was slightly wounded, was lead out of the hospital dressed in womens' clothes and wrapped up in a big shawl.

Thus ended our first open fight against the czarist government under the red flag of the revolution.

A few months after this affair the fierce police captain was shot and killed in the center of the city. He had a mounted policeman as a body guard, but the latter ran away as soon as the firing began.



"BANISHED FROM PARADISE"—Our Own Version of a Bible Story from "Gudok," published in Moscow.)

Research Department Book Reviews

THE NEW NEGRO: A NOTICE OF ALAIN LOCKE'S BOOK.

By EARL R. BROWDER.

"The New Negro, An Interpretation," Edited by Alain Locke, New York, Albert and Charles Boni, 1925. Price \$5.00.

"THIS volume," begins the editor in his forward, "aims to document the New Negro culturally and socially—to register the transformation of the inner and outer life of the Negro in America that have so significantly taken place in the last few years." And no matter how many reservations may be made, as to the adequacy of a book which almost completely ignores the economic basis of its subject, the book stands out as a ringing challenge to American society. The Negro has become conscious of himself. He feels the powers of all humanity within his own spirit. He brings these powers to expression and finds them equal to the best of the "superior races." A revolution takes place in the minds of the Negro masses!

A review of this important book, which summarizes the cultural processes that have been going on among the Negroes for some years, particularly since the war, can be written only after a careful study of it. The book is just off the press. Its table of contents immediately marks it as a noteworthy work, which must be brought to the attention of everyone who realizes that the awakening of the Negroes to consciousness is one of the most important and interesting facts of American life. This notice, preliminary to a later review, is intended to serve only to arouse interest in an important book, not to pass judgment upon it except as to its importance.

The book opens with essays: "The New Negro" by Alain Locke, "Negro Art and America" by Albert C. Barnes, "The Negro in American Literature" by William Stanley Braithwaite, and "Negro Youth Speaks" by Alain Locke. Then there follows the work of Negro artists, in fiction (selections from six Negro writers); poetry (from nine poets, including Claude McKay, James Weldon Johnson, and Georgia Douglas Johnson,

who are familiar to readers of the Liberator and the Workers Monthly); drama (from three Negro writers, including a play by Willis Richardson); music (four contributors). Five essays on "The Negro Digs Up His Past" complete Part I of the book which bears the general title of "The Negro Renaissance."

Part II is entitled "The New Negro in a New World." It lacks the color, the energy, the self-confidence of the first part, and shows the "New Negro" groping thru the devious paths of bourgeois culture and bourgeois institutions, quite evidently not himself, not at home, but as yet unable to sound a clear note of protest against the distortions of established middle class social forms. As one of the contributors says: "When I visit the Business Men's Association, the difference between this gathering and that of any Rotary Club is imperceptible." And Part II of "The New Negro" reeks thruout of the atmosphere of the Rotary Club.

This is, of course, inevitable. Only thru bitter disillusionment will the New Negro find his way out of the marshes of the middle-class "culture" of America and shake the last fetters from his mind. Only when the Negro finds his intellectual home with the revolutionary working class, abandons his dreams of a bourgeois paradise, will he reach his full stature. As yet we find but faint echoes of such development in books such as "The New Negro." To hear the real note of the future on the problems of "The New Negro in a New World" one must turn toward the American Negro Labor Congress.

The book closes its 445 pages with a rich bibliography which is of great value. And the book itself, as a product of the printer's and binder's art, is a thing of beauty of which the publishers may be proud; not the least pleasing feature being the splendid portraits and decorations by Winold Reiss. A serious review of the book must be undertaken after more prolonged study than has yet been possible—and perhaps by more competent hands.