

The New Magazine

Supplement of **THE DAILY WORKER**

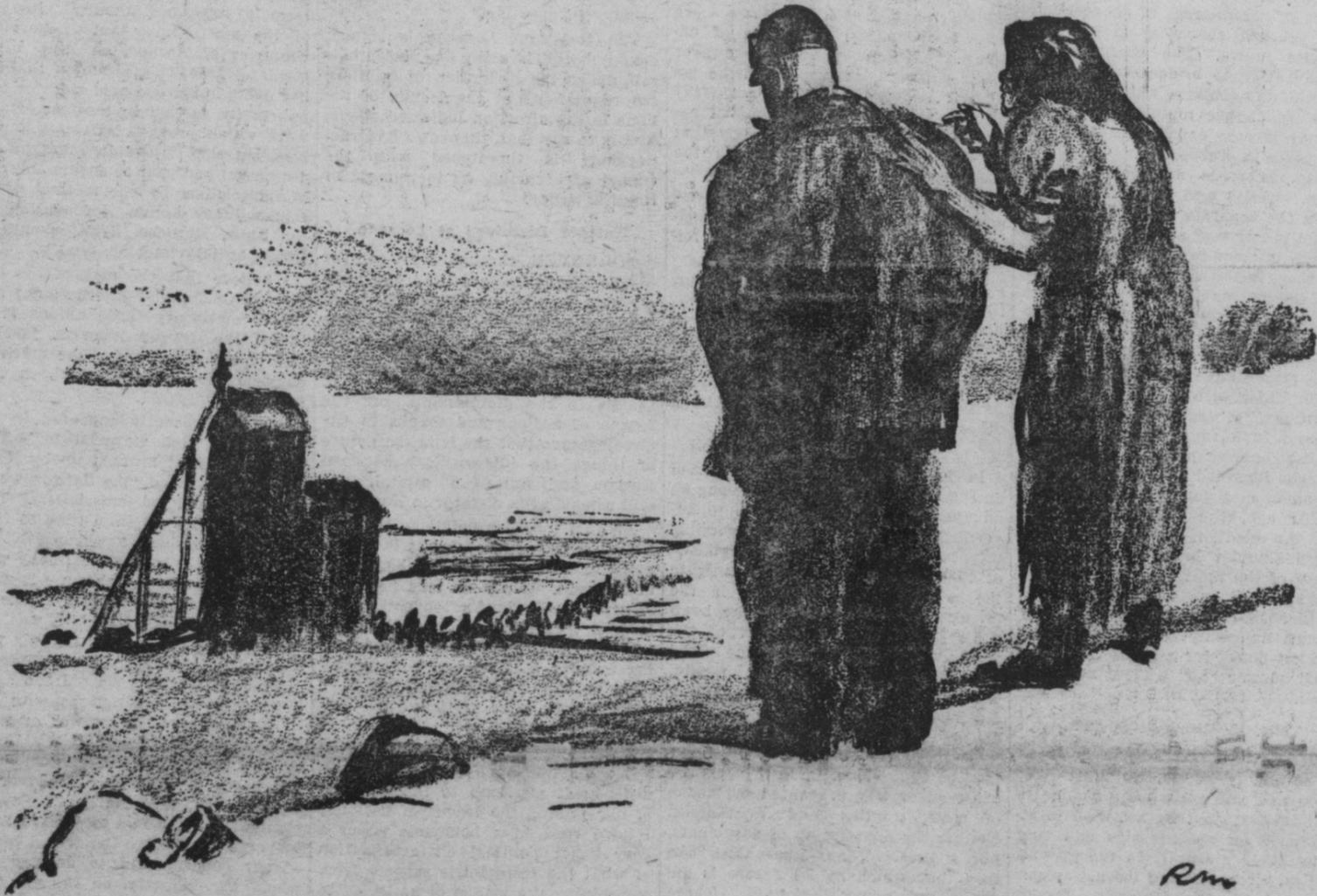
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Editor

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290

In the Anthracite



"Those fellows going to work—are they scabs?"

"No, they're union maintenance men. They have to take care of the boss' property while we strike."

MAKE IT A HUNDRED PERCENT STRIKE!

IN the anthracite coal fields of Pennsylvania we have a strange sight. The coal miners' union—the United Mine Workers of America—is a powerful organization. Under its leadership the coal diggers are on strike for some very simple, elementary demands which every worker understands at a glance to be necessary for the lives of these coal diggers. The workers go out on strike to win these demands. Common sense would tell you that in order to make the best possible chance of winning it is necessary that every man in the mines should stop work. What is the purpose of stopping work? What is the purpose of walking out of the mines and leaving the boss without any workers to run the property for him? Of course, it is to deprive the employers of the opportunity to heap up profits. With this weapon hitting at the pocketbook of the boss, the worker puts pressure upon the boss to make him concede the demands.

But do all of the workers go out on this strike?

No! Some of the union men are ordered by the union officials to stay at the jobs in the mines. These are the maintenance men. The union officials authorize these union men to stay in the mines to take care of the property of the boss.

What is the purpose of keeping the maintenance men at work? The answer is simply: To prevent the deterioration of the boss' property, that is, to prevent any property loss to the boss.

So the purpose of the strike is to inflict a property loss on the boss, and the purpose of keeping the maintenance men at work is to prevent a property loss to the boss.

Why does the union work against itself in this way? Is it not plain that if the workers want to compel the boss really to give in to the workers' demands, they would all go out and thereby compel the bosses to rush to them to make concessions?

What is wrong?

The truth is that the coal operators have made an ideal arrangement—for themselves. The coal mine bosses have their own agents as the chief officials of the coal miners' union. John L. Lewis, Rinaldo Cappellini and others are the officials of the union, but at the same time the agents of the boss. These union officials serve the boss by directing the policies of the union so as to keep the maintenance men at work and protect the boss from any great loss—to make it unnecessary for the boss to make any concessions to the workers.

The policy of the most advanced of the coal diggers is: "Call out the maintenance! Make it a 100% strike!"

The workers all over America and particularly coal diggers in other fields and the railroad workers, should support the anthracite coal diggers' strike with all of their power. When coal diggers anywhere go on strike, the coal diggers all over the country should go on strike at one time. The railroad workers should refuse to haul scab-dug coal. And it is very simple and plain that the anthracite miners should immediately compel their officials to call out the maintenance men. It is time to put an end to the practice of the union scabbing against itself—fighting the boss and helping the boss to beat the union at the same time.

FIGHT WELL, MEXICO!

A WAR of the United States against Mexico is rapidly developing away from a mere possibility and toward an immediate certainty. At the present moment the causes of the coming war are nakedly exposed. The cause is simple: that the United States capitalists who have by various devices wrung concessions of big property rights in Mexico, now demand to be given complete control over the Mexican government, the setting aside of the Mexican constitution, the right to veto in their Wall Street offices any law which the Mexican congress may pass which does not conform to the American capitalists' desires for the exploitation of Mexican labor at a few cents a day, and the stealing of the oil wells, the copper and silver mines and all other valuable national resources of that smaller republic.

It is the American workers' duty to oppose with all means in their power the effort of American capitalists to enslave Mexico.

It is the duty of Mexico to stand firm and to protect its people from the effort to make them slaves of American imperialism. It is the duty of the Mexican workers to rally the Mexican labor movement as the leading force to prevent the surrender of Mexico to the American Wall Street by the present government of Mexico. It is the duty of the United States workers and the American labor movement to make themselves the allies of the Mexican workers to fight against this aggression.

Mexico must protect itself from the American invading exploiters, whether in war or in peace.

More power to Mexico's arms!

—R. M.

Soviet Union and the League of Nations

By A. I. Rykov.

We publish below a verbatim report of that part of Comrade Rykov's great speech on the activities of the central committee of the C. P. of Russia at the party conference in the Moscow governmental district, which deals with the relations between the Soviet Union and the league of nations. Ed.

JUDGING by the expressions of opinion of a number of responsible statesmen of the bourgeois world, plans have been made for a whole series of conferences of an economic and political character in the immediate future. The bourgeoisie is endeavouring to bridge over in some way the antagonisms which exist and those which are maturing, in order, as they love to express it, "to establish peace in Europe."

This enormous number of conferences, treaties and agreements between the separate states do not and cannot in any way solve the questions of vital interest to capitalism, neither can they, in the slightest degree, prevent the danger of war.

It is very symptomatic that in recent times, the bourgeois and menshevik press as well as statesmen of great repute have begun to invite the Soviet Union also to join the "league of nations." It was especially pleasing to read invitations of this kind in English newspapers, which have hitherto regarded the government of our union as a gang of robbers. Only a year ago, the conservative party won the election by means of the forged Zinoviev letter and under the slogan of the fight against the Soviet Republics. If one of us were asked whether he believes in the sincerity of such an abrupt right about turn, I do not doubt for a moment that he would answer "no" without any hesitation.

Trick to Discredit Soviets.

WHEN our enemies begin to speak so kindly of us, we must ask: "Does this not mean some change in their tactics; do they not wish to attack us from another side and beat us by other means?" In the present political circumstances the newspaper campaign for including the Soviet Union in the league of nations aims at discrediting us in the eyes of that part of the working class which still cherishes pacifist illusions.

The "MacDonalds" of the whole globe are persistently spreading amongst the working class the version that the league of nations is an institution which is to ensure peaceful development to mankind. As long as there are sections of the working class who, in their hatred for war, place any kind of hopes in the league of nations, it is more advantageous, from the political point of view, for our enemies to carry on the discussion with us just in this direction, in order to represent the Soviet Union as an enemy of peace. For this reason, Chamberlain in his fight against the Soviet Union, for this reason the 2nd International in its fight against our party, are endeavoring to find ways to stir up even part of the working class against us, to influence even isolated groups of workers in their favor thru agitation. Every step in this direction, however small it be, naturally represent for Chamberlain, for MacDonald, for the 2nd international, a great victory.

Instrument of War.

ON principle we take up and carry thru a fight for the point of view that the league of nations is an instrument not of peace but of war, not of liberation but of oppression, further that the propaganda for the opinion that capitalist countries might find a remedy for war within the capitalist society, is a crime and not an error on the part of the 2nd international. In our opinion, war was, is and will be inevitable under the rule of capitalism; war is insolubly bound up with capitalism, is part of its very nature.

Locarno.

THE chief significance of Locarno is that Germany has once more been forced on to her knees, that she

has once more been compelled to take her oath on the monstrous treaty of Versailles, that Germany has been dragged into the league of nations, in which, in view of the present situation, she cannot carry on any independent policy. Today, after Locarno, there are two governments in Europe which have maintained complete independence in their foreign policy: the British government in London and the Soviet government in Moscow. All the other governments are in the bonds of the Anglo-American bloc and are dependent on the treaties dictated by this bloc which, for the sake of form, are registered under the league of nations, the league of nations however being a direct instrument of the policy of imperialism. The last (6th) autumn session of the league of nations showed sufficiently clearly that in this institution, England is the mistress of the situation.

An American newspaper correspondent describes the policy of England in the league of nations, as follows:

"In any conflicts which may occur, Great Britain trusts more to her navy, her air force and her army than to obligatory arbitration procedures. The arbitration agreement is binding for all except London which intends to be the arbitrator in conflicts between other countries."

(New York Times.)

In Locarno also, England carried on this policy. In spite of its being an advantage to the bourgeoisie to advertise Locarno in every possible way, in order to deceive the vigilance of the peoples, in order to mitigate the mistrust of the masses in the present governments, even the bourgeois journalists reveal part of the truth about Locarno. Thus, one of the English newspapers of best repute, which is closely connected with the diplomatic world and with the English foreign minister, writes:

"It must not be believed, that permanent equilibrium in Europe can be achieved or war prevented by means of new treaties and guarantees. Neither the drawing up of documents, nor a protocol, nor guarantees can turn that which by its nature is unstable into something stable. There are many and various European questions which have already become dangerous and which may lead to sharp controversies in the comparatively near future.

For Great Britain it is at any rate very important that, at the time when these questions come up for decision, she should have a completely free hand." (September number of the Round Table.)

In all our newspapers and in a considerable part of the foreign press, it was pointed out that Locarno was aimed against the Soviet Union, although nothing was said about the Soviet Republics. In order to put this assertion in a more concrete form, I quote the explanations that were given by England and France in connection with the entrance of Germany into the league of nations in the question of article 16 of the constitution of the league of nations. This article states that every country belonging to the league of nations, is, on the basis of the resolutions of the league and in proportion to its own strength, under the obligation of participating in the armed conflicts of the league, i. e., in carrying out military sanctions for enforcing the resolutions of the league of nations.

World War Against Russia.

IN the present international situation and in the present relation of forces, we can be sure, from the beginning, that, if any bourgeois country which is a member of the league of nations, begins a war against the Soviet Union, the league of nations will find the necessary formula for representing us, and not its member, as the attacking party. Thru her membership of the league of nations, Germany will automatically be under the obligation of carrying out the resolutions of the league of nations even if they be directed against us. Germany tried to make reservations for herself with regard to this article.

In our opinion however, she did not achieve anything positive. In the letter to the allies, the following concrete explanation was given:

"The obligations which the said article (article 16) imposes on the members of the league of nations, must be understood in the sense that every power which is a member of the league of nations, is under the obligation of cooperating loyally and in fact to ensure the observation of the statutes of the league of nations, and of resisting any attack in a measure which corresponds with the military and geographical situation of the country in question."

The treaty of Locarno is signed, consequently Germany has placed herself under the obligation of fulfilling the regulations of the league of nations in the direction indicated above, that is to say that, thanks to Locarno, Germany is threatened with the danger of becoming an instrument of English policy.

Entente Dissolved at Locarno.

MOREOVER, through the treaty of Locarno, the entente was dissolved, i. e., the war alliance between England and France lost its force and significance. England has freed herself from the fetters of the entente but, being in a situation in which, thanks to the dictatorship of the league of nations and thanks to the circumstance that she is in the nature of things the intermediary between Europe and American capital, she still remains the dictator in Europe.

All this together points to the fact that a re-grouping of forces is taking place in Europe under the hegemony of England. When we take into consideration England's endeavors to keep a free hand for herself in the solution of various questions concerning eastern Europe, and her antagonism to the Soviet Union, we have every reason to be cautious.

Why do we not join the league of nations?

What significance does the bourgeoisie itself attribute to the question of our joining the league of nations? I have read in a bourgeois paper a very exact political characterisation of what the bourgeoisie expects from our joining the league of nations. In this characterisation it is stated that it is expected that the entrance of the Soviet Union into the league of nations will bring about a "political capitulation in the east and an economic capitulation in the west." This is expressed very clearly and exactly.

Will Never Betray Colonials.

THE league of nations is a shop which deals in peoples and sells them as it sees fit, in the form of "mandates" to the so-called states of high culture. The latter however defend their rights of mandate by force of arms and mercilessly enslave the peoples under their tutelage. For this reason, the east would naturally regard us as traitors if we were to stand behind the counter of this shop. We shall not agree to this. We shall continue to rejoice in the development of the movement for national freedom among the oppressed colonial peoples.

Joining the league of nations would mean for us an economic capitulation in the west, because we should then be bound by the resolutions of the bourgeois majority in economic questions also.

I do not believe that those governments or those papers which propose our joining the league of nations, or at least write about it, are honest. I believe that they know from the beginning that we shall not join the league of nations and I am convinced that the only object of these invitations is to enable MacDonald and his comrades to say to the workers, whom they continue to deceive by maintaining that the capitalist world is capable of avoiding war and by representing a conference which prepares for war, as a peace conference, that: "The Soviet Union, by refusing to join the league of nations, is responsible for its own isolation," as was said in the resolution of the 2nd international.

They hope to bring about a political

and economic renunciation on the part of the Soviet Republics of everything they have done hitherto, a renunciation of their program, of the October revolution and of the most essential principles of their existence. They have not achieved this in open fight, they now hope to do it through an enveloping maneuver.

New Wars Under Mask of Pacifism.

THE present period can be characterized as one of a fresh attempt to consolidate imperialism under the mask of pacifism. This attempt is dictated on the one hand, by the extremely straitened financial situation of the most important imperialist countries of Europe, on the other hand by America's attempts to have her debts in Europe paid more or less punctually, further by the fear of new wars which prevails among the peoples, but also by the unsuccessful endeavors of last year to ensure the rule of imperialism by the method of direct military action (occupation of the Ruhr, Morocco, Syria, events in China, anti-Soviet bloc, etc.)

I believe that the task of the day for the Communist International and the revolutionary trade unions is to reveal the danger inherent just in this pacifism, for under the mask of pacifism, new wars have been and are being prepared.

A notice recently appeared in the papers on "Red Imperialism." This theme was first brought up by Kautsky who invented "the danger which threatens from red imperialism." This idea now crops up from time to time in other foreign newspapers. We must combat this stupid calumny with all the means in our power. It must be pointed out that as long ago as at Genoa, the Soviet Republic was the first country to propose the only possible plan for the complete disarmament of all states. We did the same in 1922 in the negotiations with our Baltic neighbors. Every worker within and without the Soviet Union should thoroughly understand that our party is absolutely in favor of disarmament, that the Soviet government will be the first to declare itself prepared to dissolve the armed forces of our country and to destroy our whole war industry, on the one and only condition that other countries do the same.

Forces Real Armament Limitation.

I RECALL a conversation I had with Lenin about peace and disarmament in which, in referring to some international conference or other, he said that the bourgeois governments are making all kinds of hocus pocus in the questions of disarmament and of limiting the construction of large and small warships, and that by such measures they will deceive one another and the workers.

"Is it not better," said Lenin, "to propose the limitation of military expenses on the condition that there be a real, genuine and objective control as to whether these limitations are observed? In carrying out this control, the workers ought to participate to such an extent as to guarantee that the classes which are interested in war cannot practice deception in this connection."

If such measures are proposed for disarmament and the limitation of armaments in Europe, the Soviet Union will be the first to support and defend consistently such an initiative.

It would be stupid beyond words to believe that the economic stabilisation and a so-called "political pacification" of the bourgeois countries would solve the questions of vital interest to capitalism. Capitalism is, it is true stronger today than it was in 1920-21—in the period of the most serious crisis—in the period of the most radical fight for power of the working class in a number of countries. The stabilization in itself is transitory. The whole period of stabilization will be accompanied by crises of varying intensity, by crises which the labor movement in the west must make use of in order to organize the revolutionary forces, to prepare itself for the period when further attempts to stabilize capitalism will prove impossible.

And It's Worse Than This in China!

By James H. Dolsen.

IN my book entitled "The Awakening of China," which will be published by the Workers Party in March, I compare the condition of the Chinese workers, men, women and especially children to that which prevailed among the working masses of England during the early years when the factory system was first displacing hand industry. Altho the workers of China, thus effected number millions where the workers of England numbered hundreds of thousands, there is, indeed, so marked a resemblance that we can see here before our very eyes the same social material for the study of which Karl Marx had to resort to the archives of the British Museum and the great libraries of Paris. One trouble with us all is we do not realize that the drama of history is taking place before our very eyes.

I was again impressed with this fact the other day in a most curious fashion. I happened to drop into a second-hand bookstore and by the merest chance, picked up the second volume of a work by C. Edwards Lester, entitled "Condition and Fate of England," published in 1842. A glance at the first page interested me, tho I had never heard of its author, and I doubt if ten others in this country have. The book concerned the horrible sufferings of the British workers who were dispossessed by the introduction of the factory system in that country, and was an eloquent plea in their behalf from the humanitarian standpoint.

The following quotations from this forgotten volume will give the reader some conception of the agonies thru which the Chinese workers are passing right now, in this year 1926. Remember, that the conditions in China are even worse than those depicted here, tho their prevalence in the England of the first half of the last century seemed "monstrous" and "appalling" to the writer at that time.

In order to show the conditions among the factory operatives of England, Lester quotes the London Morning Post, of February, 1841:

"Thirty thousand children, many of them under eight years of age, are worked in cotton factories even now in many cases, more than twelve hours a day. Nay, these helpless are compelled (as was fully proved before a parliamentary committee) to walk after the machinery from twenty to thirty miles a day. The cruelties proved by irresistible evidence, to be committed on these helpless victims of our gambling system of trade, are sufficient to chill the blood of every person possessed of the ordinary attributes of humanity."

Would Kill Every Third Child.

"For several years," Lester comments, "the destitution and distress of the lower classes (workers) have been steadily and rapidly increasing. The cry of helpless poverty is going up from every hamlet in Great Britain... The state of society is so deplorable, there are political economists who have proposed as the only measure of relief, if the present state of things is to continue, that every third child born in the three kingdoms (Britain, Scotland and Ireland) should be instantly put to death."

He points out that not only were the conditions horrible beyond belief among the factory workers, but that there were great numbers enduring even worse conditions in the hand-industries and small establishments which were forced to face the competition of the growing capitalist system.

"Let us contemplate," he continues, "the condition of infant laborers out of the factories. Their number probably exceeds, says the London Quarterly Review, ten times those who are engaged in the cotton, woolen, worsted and linen factories... No laws regulate their wages, employments, or hours of labor. They are engaged in the manufacture of lace and silk, and in all the various trades of the kingdom; and the sufferings they endure are probably far greater than were ever inflicted on the children of the large factories... The following are a few of the principal employments in which children are engaged. In manufacturing lace, silk, hosiery, porcelain, earthenware, pins, needles,

printing, buttons, paper, etc. There is scarcely a branch of the immense system of British manufacturers which does not demand and exhaust the strength of your children. A history of these infant sufferers would appal the stoutest heart..."

He quotes the Review's conclusions: "It is a monstrous thing to behold the condition, moral and physical, of the juvenile portion of our operative classes, more especially that which is found in the crowded lanes and courts of the larger towns,—the charnel-houses of our race... Damp and unhealthy strata left altogether without drainage; frail tenements, low and confined, without convenience or ventilation; close alleys and no supply of water; all these things overtopped by the ne plus ultra of rent, reward the contractor and devour the inhabitants."

"Emerging from these lairs of filth and disorder, the young workers—'rising early, and late taking rest'—go forth that they may toil thru the fifteen, sixteen, nay seventeen relentless hours, in sinks and abysses, oftentimes even more offensive and pernicious than the holes they have quitte..."

Child Slaves in the Mills.

Lester reproduces the testimony given before the parliamentary commission which investigated the situation of the working class of England. In order to prevent being charged with partiality, he selects for examination the investigation into the lace-making industry, in which, he explains, the toil is "less prostrating for the children than many other kinds of labor." He warns the reader that the situation so far as child-labor was concerned was much worse in other kinds of production.

Mr. Saunders, a large lacemill owners, is being examined:

Question—Have you many lacemills in your district?

Answer—I have about thirty mills.

Q.—What are the usual hours of work in those mills?

A.—The usual hours are, about Nottingham, twenty hours a day, being from four o'clock in the morning till twelve o'clock at night; about Chesterfield, the report I have had from the superintendent is that they work twenty-four hours, all thru the night, in several of the mills there.

Q.—Are there many children and young persons in those mills?

A.—The proportion is less in lace mills than in others, but it is necessary to have some of them. The process of winding and preparing the bobbings and carriages requires children. Those that I saw employed were from ten to fifteen years of age.

Q.—Are the children detained in the mills during a considerable period of the day and the night?

A.—... I should say, that in most of the mills they do detain them at night. In some of them the report states that they are detained all night in order to be ready when wanted.

Q.—Are the children that are so detained liable to be detained thru the day, and do they sometimes begin their work at twelve o'clock at night?

A.—In the mills at Nottingham there are owners that make it a rule that they will not keep the children after eight, or nine, or ten o'clock, according to the inclination of the mill-occupier.

Q.—Where are those children during the time they are detained in the mill?

A.—When detained at night and not employed, I am told they are lying about on the floor.

Q.—Is it customary to close at eight on Saturday evening in the lace mills?

A.—I think it is.

Q.—How then do they compensate for the loss of those four hours work in the mills?

A.—By working all night on Friday; those are the mills in which they pay so much for their power...

Q.—Is there any possibility of their obtaining education under those circumstances?

A.—None, whatever, except on Sundays.

Q.—But after one hundred and twenty hours work in the week, is it possible that they can have much capacity for study on the Sunday?

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A.—It is not always that the same children are kept twenty hours, because some mills have two complete sets of hands for their machinery, and they work the same set of hands only ten hours.

Q.—But even under those circumstances, it must frequently happen that the same children are employed during the night twice or thrice in the course of the week.

A.—The practice generally is that they take the night work for one week, and then the next week the morning work.

Q.—So that during one whole week they are employed in the night work?

A.—Yes.

Q.—At the end of a week during which they have been employed in the night, do you think they have much capacity left for study on Sunday?

A.—No. My opinion is most decidedly that either turning out at four o'clock in the morning or being kept out of bed all night must be most injurious to children, both to their physical constitutions and their mental powers.

Q.—The law, as it stands, does not prevent the children from being employed even twenty hours?

A.—It does not apply to lace mills.

Q.—Therefore the period of duration which the child is employed depends upon the varying humanity of the individual proprietor of the mill?

A.—Yes.

Q.—You say it sometimes happens that the children come to the mill at five o'clock in the morning?

A.—It is reported to me that it does so happen about Chesterfield.

Q.—If a child is kept in winter till twelve o'clock at night and has to go home and return to the factory in the morning, a distance of two miles, does he not undergo fearful hardships?

A.—Certainly.

Mr. Bury, another manufacturer, was questioned.

Q.—Do you not find that this night work is extremely injurious both to the health and morals?

A.—Yes.

Q.—And that though the children may not be worked during the whole time, so long a detention from their homes is extremely prejudicial?

A.—Yes.

Q.—Are they not called up at all hours of the night?

A.—They are when the lace ma-

chines are at work. They are generally at work twenty hours per day...

Q.—And the children from nine to fifteen years of age are obliged to be in the mills during the whole night and day, too, and even when not detained the whole night, they are usually detained till ten or eleven at night?

A.—They very seldom get out till ten or eleven. They are probably not employed, but they must be either in more than eight hours a day actually the mill, or on the premises for all that length of time, and where the lace mills are worked twenty-four hours a day, the children must be during the whole of that twenty-four hours, either on the premises, or where they can be called out of bed whenever they are wanted.

Q.—Consequently it often happens that they do not go to bed at all?

A.—Yes.

Q.—Is that for one day after another?

A.—Regularly...

Q.—What opportunity have the children of education?

A.—None whatever.

Q.—Are not young people of both sexes crowded together at all hours of the night?

A.—Certainly.

Q.—Are the children often called to begin their work at twelve o'clock at night?

A.—Yes.

Reviewing the evidence of the inspectors, Lester quotes the London Quarterly Review (concerning the silk manufacturers): "Suffice it to say, that ten hours of labor in each day are assigned to children of tender years, of eight, of seven, and even of six; mostly girls, and so small, as we learn from the inspectors, that they are not infrequently placed on stools before they can reach their work."

Is it any wonder that the Chinese workers are rising in rebellion against horrors of exploitation even worse than what happened in England a century ago? Only by their establishment of a workers' republic can they end the increasing miseries which are being forced upon them. And such a republic can be established by them against the resistance of the imperialist powers only by an alliance with Soviet Russia, and thru the combined strength of the industrial workers and the peasant masses combined.

THE BEYOND—By HENRI BARBUSSE

TRANSLATED BY LYDIA GIBSON

(Synopsis of previous instalments.)

The scene is the Riviera, a luxurious resort where the idle rich spend their winter on the southern coast of France. There we find Hubert Allen, a young aviator, and Carla, a beautiful girl whom he intends to marry. There also is the Baron de Ghest, an enormously wealthy financier and industrial capitalist whose factories are nearby. In the baron's factories are many workers who live in misery and poverty. Mark, a very shrewd chemist, is employed in the baron's laboratory in experiments with a terrible new poison gas and new explosives for warfare. Baron de Ghest engages Allen, the young aviator, to make a mysterious air-raid on China. Before the time for his intended flight to China, Allen enters into an altitude contest to win the Zenith Cup. If he can win the cup, Allen expects to marry Carla before leaving France. The contest starts. Allen is the first to go up. After he has mounted high into the air, suddenly all becomes dark beneath him. He sees tongues of flame thru heavy clouds of smoke below and his airplane is tossed about in a severe disturbance of the air. Bringing his plane back to earth, Allen discovers the hangar and factories in ruins and the grandstand of the flying-field in flames. But the strangest of sights meets his eye—all the people in the grandstand and on the flying-field are sitting or standing about, apparently undisturbed in the strange postures of wax dummies. He finds that every human being in sight has been struck dead, so suddenly that they still stand or sit in attitudes exactly as tho they were alive. The poisoned gas has been turned loose by an explosion in the factory and everyone has been instantaneously killed. Allen, alone, was too high above the explosion to be killed. The ghastly sight strikes terror into his heart. Looking for Carla he rushes into the great fashionable hotel, finding many people in their rooms in attitudes of real life, but all dead. Carla has disappeared.

CONTINUATION OF CHAPTER VI. (Continued from last Saturday)

Then hell begins.

I advance on the thick carpet that muffles the sound of my footsteps. I throw myself into the rooms of this sumptuous dwelling, to surprise life in death. What were they thinking, what were they doing, these people, protected by walls, by servants, by all the mechanical and electric perfection of living, caged in the tapestries and the network of nerves of this architectural labyrinth, imagining themselves perfectly sheltered? What was going on in the intimate chapels of the town, at the beginning of the day, in one moment of time? I shall seize it, I, myself. No man of flesh ever possessed so great a power to plunge himself into the destinies of others!

But I did not know what I was attempting.

To see them in their rooms, is not the same as in the theatre of the open air; it is more sepulchral and more terrible. I draw near someone who is doing something; I don't interrupt the solitary one in the eternal attention that he pays to a detail. It is he who is the master, and I must submit. Death is upon him.

The first room that I enter. Death, in flesh and bones, dominates me. It has the form of a seated man. . . . As I advance, I see the reflection of a man before his mirror in the full glare of daylight. He looks at himself and he sees—as I see—the marks of age: the writing of wrinkles, the scratches, the rings of skin which surround and dull his eyes, the folds around his mouth like clenched fingers—that imitation by which age replaces our faces—and his eyes are desperate. I do not know him, but I can hear what he was saying to himself under his breath at the moment that he became eternal. He has shameful reason for his desperation.

I see two enlaced in death upon a bed. From these the odor of death assails my nostrils as I come near: they have been dead a long time. In spite of the disfiguring grimaces, their names leap to my lips. Jean Niollis and "La Fornarina." It was gossiped about them: "They disappeared to share a perfect love, in spite of papa's opposition!" I see on the sheets, soiled by the flesh, the black revolver, square, efficient, the frenzied motor of a string of bullets. Even while they were being gossiped about in the drawing rooms, their bodies were two tombs; they rotted, so far away from everything, so far from each other.

In another room, a man sits meditating, his head bowed. His figure seems familiar to me. . . . I lean over to look up in his face. Mark!

An expression of insatiable suffering wrenches his dead features. His eyes are still wet. He wept beside the bare table alone in this room.

Mark, the brilliant, the gay; the engineer who concentrated like a machine upon his work; the reflection of the great gay world, Mark was crying here alone a little while ago.

Why? What desolation buried him in this room that was not his? I do not know. I only know one thing: Mark was not what I thought him. I was mistaken every time I talked to him; he was a stranger. The reve-

lation is so strong that the words catch in my throat. We know only strangers—and I am afraid. These ordinary tragedies—he whose gayety nourished a secret gnawing, those who were too skillful in life to be able to stand up to it, he to whom old age had shown the secret strings of his being—these daily tragedies, that I touch because a wind tore loose the veils that covered them, are more than beautiful and more than moving, only because of that uncovering.

They bare my eyes to an abyss: Beings struggle as they can, playthings of their desires and of their passions, of the inclination of their hearts, ever since the multitude has been passing pell mell before the thin line of sages. They are unlike, but in the depths of each one alike weighs the anguish of the living thing.

One glimpses this, but one does not see it. One has pity, but one can give only scraps of pity, because one does not know. Know, who? I? No. I thought I was inside the cages, but there are other cages around the real secret of each one. In reality I am—confronted with the petrified surface of tragedy—a blind man. Dead love, dead suffering. . . . I have only the beginning or the end. The crowd that I pass by is as flat as a picture.

I feel this deeply before the splendor of an unclothed woman standing before the mirror. White and bending back, this admirable thing bends its arms like the handles of a vase. The splendid body curves itself, the humid threshold of its nudity half revealed.

In the bewilderment of the moment, I touch her. My hands wonder, is she still warm? My hands weigh upon her shoulders, and she comes toward me. She seems to lean upon me! I thrust her back, I feel the ribs, the full cage of this heavy spectre. Her sight, a rigid line coming from her pale eyes, a lance that blinds me, crosses mine, and passes to one side. There is a supernatural barrier between this magnificence and myself. I cry it aloud, and with a burning ardor I push away from myself this flesh of another world; she falls across the bed, rigid, in one solid black, without having even told me whether she is yet cold, and I flee from the terrible idol. I cannot peer thru a single mystery, and I cannot read death. Everything escapes my understanding!

NO, no, not quite everything escapes me. . . .

I do not know why, but for some obscure reason I continue by sheer force of will, with squared shoulders, in my labor of looking.

Some rooms are empty. In others, I see. . . . I see. . . . I must see more, and my drunken rage for knowledge grows and grows. I break doors that will not open, I enter, I come out, I violate all privacy.

Of this flotsam, heaped up in their sepulchral shells after the ebbing of the sea, there are some who sleep, or dress themselves, or eat with one eye on a newspaper, or do nothing at all, with all their might. I am acquainted with almost all of them; I have elbowed them at parties, or chatted with them, while they were yet actors and actresses of life.

But the immobility, that infinite immobility, torments me when I look even a few moments at one of these bodies, with all its gestures stopped like a clock. The immobility throws over these stupidities a solemn horror; truly it is the climax of this masterpiece of desolation.

I laughed the other day when I heard that a grand duke, stuck in bed in his room, made a duty of absorbing a bottle of sherry brandy every morning, that had been left on his night-table. But here he is, and the contact is terrifying. At sight of the haggard eyes and the scar-like grin of this personage of the imperial species—sallow as the picture post cards of himself—contemplating the ruby of his wine-glass on the stained sheet, I am harrowed by the weight of the reality.

But I think desperately that I am not profiting by the power which is mine at this moment: To see in the large, in numbers, to see all—to be the first man who has done so.

I, the aviator who is used to seeing my vision enlarge itself in world-waves, the pieces of the country and the towns all spread out, to read at a glance the writing spread out like tatters of newspaper on the ground; I who am used to seeing geography running under me as tho I were immobile, and the earth turning, I want to break open these particular cases, traps that have caught my fingers. To see everything. . . .

I throw myself from one to the other.

The obscene gesture of that impeccably proper Englishman, the smutty gesture of that exotic around whom, in drawing-rooms, heads used to bow like wheat in the wind. The prosperous merchant fondling a youth—and bank-notes on the table. Those women whose moist smiles meet—one incredibly rich, with gray, untidy hair and teeth so new that they make a white spot. The thin hips of the little whipped girl, stretched out like a vivisection experiment on the carpet!

Lord and Lady Melborune—that old couple of legendary respectability—hairy, tipsy, unbuttoned, as alike as two old witches, threaten each other, with bruises on their faces. And the gentleman with the historic French name, locked and bolted in his room, looks with burning eyes at the famous ring in his hand, stolen two weeks ago from the Marquise de Palerme. And that reputed prince of the blood, imprisoned in isolation, writing a check. And the jeweled and sparkling hand of the pretty young poet with the blond varnished hair has just written clearly: "I warn you, my dear girl, that in that case I shall make the facts public. . . ." His head is lifted over the paper. He stares blindly at me with great long-lashed eyes whose brilliance is a little tarnished, whose pupils are a little dimmed. He takes me as witness to his right to plunder.

To see all. Something comes to my aid as I grope toward totality: a growing repulsion. Horror clutches me and pushes me onward.

They are ugly. I cannot rid myself of the impression of their dreadful ugliness, all of them.

I know they are much uglier than I believed. I surprise them in an ugliness that soils my eyes, in its morning nakedness. They are crude. They are still—most of them—shapeless, swollen with sleep and age. They need cleaning, the action of water and razors, soap, the industrious activities of the toilet. Others need the dose of cocaine, or some other hideous remedy, to pull them together. Only the very, very young are not, in the state of nature, caricatures of themselves.

Another ugliness, another ugliness. . . .

On my face a laugh begins, but breaks: The old general in his flannel undershirt, but with his brilliant kepi on his head, is playing with lead soldiers. . . . his coagulated eye, his eye of painted iron, englobes the metal insects. For several years his retirement has prevented his playing with living flesh. But during the war he made tragic history with disastrous unprepared assaults, and inexorable orders given to his council of war—and carried out. The first time I saw him I thought he was like the Devil, then later I said: "He's only an old clown!" But I look at the old maniac with his toy soldiers, and I think of the soldiers swallowed up through his incompetent mania, and I say again: yes, he is the Devil!

The rich American at his neat and polished desk, his scraped face of a high-class manager, and his mentality of a telephone. He has more money than all the rest put together. He is blond. The thin golden calf frightens me half out of my senses.

Everything escapes me? No, not everything.

I was sorry for them a little while ago, at every step I grieved, at each ruin I said: "How terrible! Destroyed forces, lost possibilities. . . . Who knows but they might have done something good, something beautiful, something great. . . ."

Something good, something great. . . . I go on repeating, groaning that endless prayer. But I answer myself: "Something good! Not they!"—because now I begin to understand, dreadfully to understand, things and people.

But I also begin to feel exhausted. Fatigue cramps my belly and climbs up my legs, from running from niche to niche in this enormous museum where the statues wait for the end of time.

I become hardened. Is it because satiety fills my head and breast? Isn't it rather because I respond more and more strongly, I say almost aloud:

"They would never have done a single good or great thing!"

They begin to be all alike. I look at them stubbornly, one, another, another, I see their resemblance. They are all marked with the same brand. They are all of the same species:

The Attack on Mexico

By Manuel Gomez

"QUICK action!" You never saw anything quicker. The imperialist bulls could not have been far away to start with. Mexico's new oil and land laws make them see red. The smell of oil is in their nostrils. They move ominously forward, horns lowered, ready for the charge. Poor Mexico! Unless you are some torero, you will soon be gored to death.

The brazen warning of this cartoon from the Chicago Evening Post is repeated in similar cartoons and in editorials and special articles printed in a host of different capitalist newspapers all over the United States.

The campaign against Mexico is approaching its climax. It began more than six months ago when Sheffield, the oil trust ambassador, informed President Calles that the claims of American capital would have to be "met in full." Then followed the first explosive and insulting note from Secretary of State Kellogg, inexplicable at the time to many, in which it was declared that the recognition of Mexico was "not final," that Mexico was "on trial before the civilized world."

Mexico was on trial to see whether or not she would enforce her constitution, which protects the republic against encroachments of foreign capitalists. The laws recently adopted are a step in that direction. They limit the estates of foreign landowners in Mexico and provide that no foreign oil, mining or other corporation can operate in Mexico without first agreeing to disclaim special privileges and to accept the same treatment as Mexican corporations before the law. American absentee investors, unwilling to give up privileges that enable them to bully the Mexican government by constant threats of diplomatic intervention on their behalf, declare that the new laws are retroactive. They are not. They merely carry into practice a constitutional provision that was adopted nine years ago and that was in effect when Mexico was recognized by President Wilson. That American imperialism was able to make the Mexican constitution a "scrap of paper" for nine years is an indication of the seriousness of the danger that now hangs over Mexico.

With increasingly bolder strokes, the lords of Wall Street are carving out a worldwide empire, the primary base of which is in Latin-America. The Rio Grande to Cape Horn rail-

road, to which is to link the entire continent to Wall street last few years American troops have with hands of steel, fixing the imprint actually invaded Mexican soil. Period of imperialist control over vast territories, has already been begun. Some sections of track have already destroying banditry, now with the been laid in parts of central and south America. Plans have been developed for the long-projected U. S. to Panama concealed struggle for Mexican oil highway. For thousands of miles that the tumult has been loudest, south nearly all the territory is already under American imperialist control. Only Mexico stands in the way. Stubborn and unyielding, hold-threatening war now. Where Mexican ing firm to its national autonomy in oil is concerned one can depend spite of governmental betrayals, upon "quick action."

Mexico has won title of "the rock of Latin-America." Every possible pretext has been of all oppressed elements against the seized upon for blasting thru this exploiter of the western world!

fought against—which I reconstruct in my mind hastily as I unearth it. The terrifying sight of a drunkard, standing with fists on the table, leaning like a crumbling tower, blind drunk. . . the woman who hides her face in her arms, and the little child sitting on the floor, bored with his play and gravely watching his father.

Nothing unexpected in all this. Instead of the romantic episodes that a writer might have strewed along my way if he had imagined my adventure: a consumptive in whom the war bore its fruit, women worn out by the dust, and alcoholic fathers of terrifying height. Monotony, banality! But because of the torrent unfurled on the world, this banality seemed to me for an instant as it really is! What a tragic fairy-land if we really saw what we see!

There is a debasement which I can no longer avoid seeing. There is the grinding pressure of the happy on the bottom-most, the proof that their well-being is made of the misery of the others, the proof of the systematic condemnation of vast masses to bestial uncertainty of life, to dirt and ignorance. This crushing of the poor is poor itself, without thought, stupid—a bottomless pit.

I saw awhile ago at the glittering hotel a great titled lady, renowned for her generosity, who smiled in her soft arm-chair, like a statue, —and the pious smile of that padded old lady seems to me now as revolting as this rabble. Because her bounty is only a royal caprice, and the old woman in her armchair is the heavy statue of Charity, built on the flesh of living sacrifices.

There is not only the debasement. There is the imprint, and it is more important. The



QUICK ACTION

(From the Chicago Evening Post, Jan. 20, 1926. A brazen boast of an American capitalist paper that the American government will attack Mexico with military force unless Mexico changes her property law to suit the American imperialist bandits.)

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stains of luxury from above filter down and dye the vanquished army below. I find the shame of the rich feebly aped by the slaves. The corruption above is contagious—the serf is drawn to the cabaret as a prisoner to the airhole of his dungeon—. And the iron law of success is contagious, since those above have made it the one law of life. In miserable and in commonplace walks of life, men struggle with tooth and nail, to success against the rest. I have seen sordid and hateful parsimony, torn in little bits from the less fortunate—as I have seen the child in his tinsel soldier-cap playing soldier; or the sickly lad with his nose in the secret instruction of the scouts, leering at the striking workers and dreaming of the day when he can play policeman or soldier against them. Even to the bad taste of the rich that filters down in the rubbishy decoration of cheap houses and smears them with ugliness, I have seen it.

I never bothered myself with what wasn't my business. I don't know anything about social questions. But here face to face with it, I have to admit that the worst crime of the powerful of the world, is not so much that they swindle the masses for their own advantage, as that they force the masses to imitate them ignobly; struggle, dunghill, each-for-himself—misery, rottenness and blood.

At this moment of my life I feel lifted above myself. I have come to the reason of things, and it effaces my personality and my personal tragi-comedy. To go back to causes, is a calvary, but it is the calvary of an honest man.

(To be concluded next week in the New Saturday Magazine Supplement of the Daily Worker—the issue of Saturday, January 30).

the Rich, the Dominators, the Rulers.

The beatific smile of the courtesan stricken in the midst of her adorning at the moment paint and powder has made her the queen of day, the pinched grimace of the little blond top polishing his nails, the despotic impatience of the fat rake who fumbles in the bosom of the pretty chambermaid, while his bloated wife, with closed eyes and slippery smile, sleeps in the other twin-bed, all say: "I, I am more important here than anyone else. I can do anything I please. Everything is allowed to Me, to Me, to Me. . ."

Their secret is visible in the signs of their death: voracious egoism. It is natural. Yes, it is natural, it is hateful.

The climax of this masterpiece. . .

I see now only the sovereign obscenity, the universal coarseness, of this wallow of wealth. In time common things float up; I remember bits of scandal that were coupled with certain names, gossip that ran in their lifetimes, whispered intrigues; and the stories of parasites, idlers and adventurers, are confirmed or made worse on every side.

I have only pried into one single row of rooms, the first I happened upon in a fashionable hotel. I know that everywhere the same sight awaits my eyes and my Last Judgement—in this whole country, in this whole world. To spell out, door by door, the disorder of an epoch, a whole lifetime would not be long enough for that!

I have had enough of this vision, enough of dirty linen and entrails! The sights I have seen weigh me down, entangle me like complicity in crime. Aloud I accuse them (but my voice, a strange burst of sound, unheard, returns to me):

"By what right do you dispose of everything?"

They laugh. They continue to laugh as tho they heard me. I shake my fist at them. My one poor arm against the universe! My arm soon falls. My head is bowed, and I bend toward the open eyes of a sliky little dead dog: innocence, simplicity, childishness, almost sacred, in the heart of the corruption of men.

I go down to the street. I sit on the curbstone, with my head in my hands. . . All these things. . . didn't I know them? No. I said that I knew them, but I lied. To know is harder than I thought.

I think of life. I suffer in my very blood the calm and silence of the minutes, and the chill of the sun. The need of motion fills me like a hunger—to see myself move, since there is no-one but myself. I must have a mirror, and I am not comforted until I see myself advancing, pale and strange to myself, on the mosaic floor of a vestibule.

Two steps away, in a large garden, is planted a mimosa tree. The downy tassels of the flowers, like drops of yellow silk, spatter across the light green leaves and the branches. It the bush living? Has the terrible gas killed the plants too? A problem. . . it would be too frightful if the flowers and trees too. . . With my fingers I caress the firm little winged leaves, and the golden flowers which seem warm to me; and they light a ray of hope for me.

. . . Along the sidewalk, as I bend my head, the moving axis of an empty world, I make a discovery: a bit of carrion, and in it crawling worms: living organisms, that move! That little bundle of writhing worms, awakes in me joy, respect, glory!

THE avenue. Briskly I turn into a little sidewalk that ends in an alley.

There are not only the rich. There are the people who work and who make everything go. Their old quarter of town is as dead as the other. They, where are they?

I see dens, ramshackle garrets, stifling cellars; pale thin women asleep over their work: in the damp yards children playing with gar-

A woman with delicate features, young as springtime, with dusky hair and muddy hands: she smells bad: it is not her death, it is what remains of her life.

In a kennel of rotten stones, a young man whose death was not much hastened by the deluge: hollow-cheeked and hollow-eyed, his bony lips half-opened to the bad air of the cellar, he was dying in the filth. On the rag clenched in his thin hand, even his blood is dirty. Only one ornament in the room—his War Medal. This is a Hero, one twenty-millionth of that anonymous crowd that cemented victory—the vested power of Wealth—with their viscera.

Among the big tenements, the flats all alike, humble lives, all alike, are hidden. Sometimes, destitution so terrible that it could not be

A Holiday Excursion in Leningrad

Moscow Correspondence
by William F. Kruse.

DO Russian workers believe in holidays? They surely do, and they—and their social order—makes use of them on every occasion to broaden and enlarge the workers' fund of knowledge of his country, his class, his tradition. Thus over practically every holiday vast mass excursions are arranged by which thousands upon thousands of workers spend a few days in cities far from their homes, there to become acquainted with their fellow workers and their conditions and achievements.

Over the Christmas holidays Moscow and Leningrad exchanged 2,500 excursionists. The immense tasks of organizing such a vast pilgrimage with the perfection of system and order that prevailed thruout, was no small accomplishment. It was no free-for-all affair but a pro-rata quota was assigned to each "Meskon," to each trade union unit in Moscow. Thus ten workers could go from among the hundreds in the Comintern, ten from the Gosplan, five from another, etc. The actual choice of those who were to go devolved upon the union committee. The expenses of the trip were negligible—less than the cost of the railroad fare for a fifteen-hour railroad trip, say New York to Cleveland, and four days' food, shelter and entertainment. Only eighteen rubles, (\$9.00) were charged. A circular was distributed to those intending to make the trip outlining the program and what was to be taken along—bedding, lunch for the train, a cup, soap and towel, etc.—and also instructions to appear at one of the many clubs at Sunday noon before the trip for further instructions. At these meetings the itinerary was explained in detail, the accommodations to be furnished were exactly described, questions asked and answered and mandates distributed. The day before the trip the shop chairman distributed a final notice giving exact time of gathering at the station, which trams and busses reached it, and yet with every necessary detail covered.

THE station at the time of departure was jammed yet there was not the slightest confusion. Thanks to the directions everyone knew just exactly what to do and where to go. Here and there a call from some belated lost sheep would lift itself from the crowd: "Vtoraya gruppa!" and an answer from some corner or other would give the needed directive. Everyone came on time—that is, nearly everyone. Those who waited until the last minute were good naturedly but sharply kidded by their companions. Anyone who did not come on time was entirely out of luck for the train left on the minute—and all groups we saw were full.

A word as to our monitor, or "Starosta." A finer type of human would be hard to imagine. He was a big, blonde engineer from the Gosplan, standing at least six feet, eight inches in height, without an ounce of excess weight on him. He looked after his flock like a veritable shepherd, seeing to it that all 30 were present, that they had their baggage, then that they were supplied with sleeping places, that all had had a chance to see what was to be seen, and that the voluntary translators had fully explained the important points to the unfortunates who could not understand Russian. Aside from the Comintern group he was the only party member in the 20 excursionists, and there were only two Komsomol (Young Communist League) members—the great mass being every-day nonpartisan workers for whom the Soviet government is opening undreamed of opportunities for travel and recreation.

ARRIVING in Leningrad after a night of singing and jollification—and a little sleep—we load our baggage on a sled and march off to one of the many colleges in whose classrooms and the excursionists are quartered. In our case it is the Zinoviev Communist University, formerly the Tauride Palace, scene of the Duma

meetings and of the first provisional governments. Here we find our sleeping quarters, generally two groups to a room, men and women in different rooms. Our beds are straw ticks placed on blackboards laid over long benches. Not eider-down on feather-weight springs, to be sure, but a welcome improvement over the bare boards of the train. Whenever the enthused excursionists really get ready to get to bed they could sleep on a picket fence in a boiler shop.

After eating bread and tea (one EATS tea in Russia) we are shown around the building in which we are housed. It is a fine old structure, of purest classic line, with magnificent colonnaded hall and rotunda. The princes for whom it was built may turn in their graves at the thot of the student bulletin boards in the lobbies, and the Red Army airplane in the grand salon. As we pass from room to room attention is paid to the historic events that transpired in each.

A SHORT walk takes us to the Smolny Institute, a one-time finishing school for noble damsels, but now better famed as the seat of the Bolsheviks and of the workers' and soldiers' deputies during the stirring November days of 1917. Here we also see the room in which Lenin lived and worked during this period. This finishes the official sight-seeing for the day—but the free-lance touring just begins after a quick supper at the school. A short street car ride takes us to the Nevsky Prospect and here the thousands of excursionists from Moscow and elsewhere lose themselves in the other thousands of promenaders. It is Christmas eve and the churches are just letting out their worshippers, almost exclusively older people and of unmistakably bourgeois stamp. These also add themselves to the masses on the Nevsky—but different masses these—hundreds of sturdy sailor boys of the Baltic fleet—85 per cent of whom are members of the Komsomol and only one per cent altogether nonpartisan. The Nevsky is broad, well-lighted, the sidewalks laid with beautiful tiles, the shops sparkling with lights and exceptionally tasteful window displays. All in all, Leningrad is a much broader—a European—a world—yes, almost a cosmopolitan city, whereas Moscow is typically Russian. Both are extremely beautiful, but in two widely different ways. Much German and some French is spoken on the streets, the natives are so interested in their visitors that mistaken observations (in German) passed among us are on several occasions quickly caught up and corrected by passers-by. Unfortunately the reconstruction of the Nevsky is not typical of all parts of the city, many blocks of walls or erstwhile fine buildings still gape and yawn uncovered and untenanted. Only when industrial and commercial Soviet Leningrad not only regains its prewar strength but far outstrips it will these beautiful walls and unfinished buildings be needed.

THE next day takes us to the top of St. Isaacs Cathedral. From this, the highest point in the city, a beautiful panorama unfolds itself, and it is ably described by a young woman teacher who has climbed the long stairs with us. This tremendous church was built by forty years of forced labor of the serfs and how the tremendous monolithic columns of red granite—fifty feet high and at least five feet thick they seem, the coating of frosted snow making them seem made of mauve velvet,—how these monsters ever got into place with the primitive machinery then used is a mystery to the building trades workers in our group.

In the church itself Christmas mass is being said before a mere handful of devout worshippers as hundreds of callous excursionists wander about. The excursionists pay no more attention to the priests than to the paintings and carvings, they impatiently await their turn to get up into the tower to look at the city.

From the church to the harbor. Another little lecture, then a long tramp

thru the receiving sheds where we see plenty of stuff with American labels. "Packard Eights," "Fords," these, with their sub-label "Amtorg" tell what lay beneath the mysterious banquet of American financiers favorable to Soviet trade—that banquet so mysterious that every news agency in America frantically and vainly called their Moscow representatives for two days for the story, and they could not get it until after it had appeared in the Pravada. This is not the first time that the truth about America has appeared first in the Russian language. Long ago Lenin wrote a most illuminative treatise on the American farming problem which, now being translated into English, will be eagerly sought after in America. The harbor shows many improvements, mighty new electric cranes, new inventions of automatic conveyers, all these are proudly shown us. A visit to the steamer "Krasnoya Znamya" (Red Flag) finishes the day. Across the slip, under steam, lies the ice-breaker "Lenin," the most powerfully engined ship in the Baltic, bar none. Like the leader whose name it bears its service is greatest when obstacles and danger are most menacing and ordinary powers are unequal to the occasion. Nearby lie the "Bolshevik" and the "Karl Marx," as well as a big Swede and a German.

THE day following there is a trip to Tsarskoe-Selo, the one-time suburban home-site of the czar and his sa-traps, and now a city of splendid children's and adults' recreation homes. These erstwhile domiciles of a dozen parasites really make the most splendid playgrounds for thousands of workers' children. A very few of the palaces are maintained as museums of antiquity and the immeasurable fortunes spent on the amber and ebony and marble are as much beyond belief as the inutterably bad taste of the monarchs themselves, when they insisted on putting thru their own ideas of decoration. The former palaces of Catherine and of Alexander, which were in use up to 1917, are open to visitors. The latter's interior furnishing especially shows a striking tastelessness. The best that can be said for it is that here the czar quit czar-ing.

Finally Peter and Paul Fortress, associated with the suppression of every popular uprising against the hated autocracy, from the Dekabrists to the Bolsheviks. This also is now a museum and crowds come eagerly to look at the cells where their one-time champions were held, tortured, or executed. Some of the cells are located far below the Neva's water line.

Back across the river we find Russia's "Louvre," the "Hermitage," in which countless art treasures have long been stored. Whole rooms filled with original Rembrandts, Rubens, Van Dykes and other old masters, several Raphaels and a sculpture by Michael Angelo are here with countless other treasures. This collection has been greatly enlarged by works taken from various private collections. A passage leads into the Winter Palace which is rapidly being converted into a modern museum of Russian art. Thus in a very real and practical sense the workers feel that all this wealth filched from their forebears by the czars and capitalists has been restored to them. Very proudly these workers, many of whom went thru the thick of the revolutionary battles, now say to one another: "Well, anyhow, our fight was not in vain."

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Christianity, One-Hundred-Percentism, Lynching, General Dawes and-General Bootlegging all covered by the skirts of the ku klux klan.

The Negro in American Labor History

The First Negro Labor Congress (Dec. 6, 1869)

By Amy Schechter.

This is the second of a series of articles by the same author in the Saturday Magazine Supplement of The DAILY WORKER. The first article appeared in this section on Saturday, January 9.

IN the preceding article it was shown that the advanced element in the post-civil war labor movement believed the future of the emancipated Negro workers of the south to be indissolubly bound up with the American labor movement as a whole. This view was, unfortunately, not shared by the great majority of the organized (white) workers. Governed by the deep-seated prejudices which arise wherever slave labor exists side by side with wage labor, and where the slave is identified in the popular mind with the system of which he is the victim, many trade unions discriminated against the Negro worker, rendering him antagonistic to the labor movement, and flinging him into the arms of the bourgeois politicians of both races.

William Sylvis and the other forward-looking leaders of the National Labor Union, who, after emancipation, had taken the initiative in declaring for the solidarity of white labor with Negro labor, were powerless to enforce the lifting of the ban against Negro membership in the unions. The National Labor Union, as has been said, was a loose federation of national unions and central labor bodies; and its committee had no control over the affiliated trade unions, acting rather in an advisory and organizational capacity.

At the Chicago congress of the National Labor Union a delegate stated that "although there were a number of colored mechanics in New Haven, we have so far been unable to induce the trade unions to admit them." Some delegates inclined to the view that the question was similar to that of the foreign-born workers, the Germans, for instance, who voluntarily organized in national unions of their own. But William Sylvis, the leading figure in the labor movement of the time, and a keen analyst of contemporary conditions, held that the matter was extremely urgent, and said, "This question had already been introduced in the south, the whites striking against the blacks, and creating an antagonism which will kill off the trade unions unless the two be consolidated."

Trevellick, Sylvis' most active aid in the organizing work of the National Labor Union, declared, in the course of the discussion, that, "The Negro... has already stood his ground nobly when a member of a trade union."

A case which attracted general attention and took on the character of a test case was that of the Negro printer, Douglass, who was refused admission to a local Washington union in 1869. The constitution of the National Typographical Union in which this local was affiliated contained no clause regarding racial discrimination in reference to membership and Douglass appealed to the national convention, but his appeal was turned down. The case aroused a good deal of bitterness, and was brought up as typical of union discrimination at the Negro Labor Congress held at the close of that year.

This discrimination on the part of its affiliated unions naturally militated against the possibility of drawing the Negro workers into the National Labor Union as an integral part of the organization. Another factor of equal importance was the fact that very real divergencies existed between the immediate needs of Negro labor and white labor at this period.

In the first place the sense of a allegiance (quite inevitable at that time) of the Negro toiler to the republican party as the party of Lincoln and emancipation, brought him into opposition to the policy of independent working class political action which was the foundation upon which the National Labor Union was built. Then, the question of money inflation was an issue of immediate importance to the white worker of the industrial north, whose wages were paid in

greenbacks while the prices of commodities were fixed in gold (which caused a tremendous depreciation in real wages); but the newly emancipated Negro worker was not yet consciously interested in the problem.

Another, and the basic, divergency followed from the fact that the great mass of Negro labor was agricultural, and the workers represented in the National Labor Union, industrial. After generations of sowing that other men might reap, the Negro agricultural laborers naturally felt a deep longing to possess land of their own, and like the Russian peasantry, linked together "land and freedom." Even the view-point of the industrial Negro worker was influenced by this great need of the mass of his race, and thus the demand for a liberal homestead policy became his central legislative demand. This question could not possess any such interest for the members of the National Labor Union, the great majority of whom were skilled industrial workers, though they did carry on a campaign against the wholesale grabbing of public lands, upon which so many of the vast fortunes of our "best families" were founded.

In July, 1869, the first state convention of Negro workers met in Baltimore. The convention report emphasized the discrimination against Negro labor, and recommended that a nation-wide organization campaign be carried on among the Negro workers. This convention issued the call for a national congress, to be held in Washington, D. C. on December 6th on the same year. The separate Negro National Labor Union was planned, the parent body assisting in its organization.

The convention-call, endorsed, among others, by the union of the (Negro) employees of the Chesapeake railroad stated among other things that the purpose of the congress was: "To consolidate the colored workingmen of the several states to act in cooperation with our white fellow-workingmen in every state and territory in the union who are opposed to distinction in the apprenticeship laws on account of color, and to act so cooperatively until the necessity for separate organization shall be deemed unnecessary." The tone of the call, as well as the fact that the state convention publishing the call sent five delegates to the National Labor Union convention held in August at Philadelphia, shows the existence of a definite will toward cooperation with the general workers' movement. And in the course of an organizing trip through the south in the spring of the same year, William Sylvis several times remarks the sympathetic attitude of the more advanced elements among the Negro workers toward the National Labor Union.

This tendency toward cooperation was opposed, however, by bourgeois politicians, intent upon using the workers of their race for their personal advancement and upon delivering their vote intact to the republican party. A pre-convention editorial appearing in the Workers' Advocate issued an urgent warning to the Negro workers to steer clear of this type of counsellor:

"On the 6th of December, 1869, the first national labor convention of the colored laboring men of the United States under the auspices of the National Labor Union will be held in the city of Washington, D. C. We earnestly trust that it will frown down any attempt to transform it into a politico-partizan assemblage. The colored people have too much at stake at the present juncture to allow any of the political charlatans, who are so profuse with their sympathy and advice, and who are ever-ready to ride upon any hobby upon which a little capital may be made, to guide their councils. They must act and think for themselves—independent of party dictation—if they expect the support of their white fellow-toilers.

"The action of the National Labor Union is an earnest that its professions of sympathy are no lip service; that its members are prepared to...

aid by every means in their power the dissemination of those principles which have proved so advantageous to the white mechanics of the north. Let them therefore eschew all schemes of a chimerical character,.... and act upon the principle that their true friends alone can be found in the ranks of labor, and their safest counsellors in those whose interests are identified with their own...."

The fear that an attempt would be made to capture the convention for the republican party and to use race-hatred to stifle the dawning consciousness of common class interests with the white workers, proved to be only too well founded. Samuel P. Cummings, a member of the National Labor Union, who attended the sessions, gives an excellent account of the process.

"The convention of colored men at Washington last week was in some respects," he writes, "the most remarkable one we ever attended. We had always had full faith in the capacity of the Negro for self-improvement, but were not prepared to see, fresh from slavery a body of two hundred men so thoroughly conversant with public affairs, so independent in spirit, and so anxious apparently to improve their social condition as the men who represented the south in that convention.

"The convention was called to order by Myers, of Baltimore, and Geo. T. Downing, of Rhode Island, was chosen temporary chairman; and upon assuming his position Mr. Downing made one of the best speeches on the labor question we ever heard. It was a gem in its way, and had his counsels been heard, some unpleasant things might have been avoided. But there were a few who evidently had some secret purpose to serve, who tried to make the convention the means of carrying it out. Prominent among these was Mr. J. M. Langston, the famous colored lawyer of Ohio, who evidently aspiring to the leadership of his race, and who we hear has been promised a high position in the government if he can control the colored vote of the south, in the interest of the republican party. Mr. Langston certainly possesses ability, but very little discretion, at least his course indicated it, for on the first evening of the convention he took occasion to insult the white delegates from Massachusetts, and warned the delegates to beware of us, intimating very strongly that we were the emissaries of the democratic party, which was certainly new to us, who have until this year acted with the republican party." (They left the latter party to agitate for a national labor party.—A. S.)

Upon Sella Martin taking the floor in answer to Langston's attack, the latter's supporters tried to prevent Martin from being heard, but he stood his ground and spoke in strong condemnation of Langston's tactics.

"He said forcibly and truthfully," continued Cummings, "that the interests of the laboring class on this continent were identical, and that they should work harmoniously together for the furtherance of the cause of labor.... we are happy to say the convention finally adopted his views.

"Whether their course in forming an independent National Labor Union was wise or not, time alone can tell... It is useless to attempt to cover up gulf between the two races in this country, and for a time at least they must seek each to work out a solution of this labor problem in their own way. At no very distant date they will become united, and work in harmony together, and we who have never felt the iron as they have must be slow to condemn them because they do not see as we do on this labor movement. For ourselves, we should have felt better satisfied had they decided to join the great national movement now in progress. But fresh from slavery as they are, looking naturally as they do on the republican party as their deliverers from bondage, it is not strange that they hesitate about joining any other movement...."

A number of the resolutions adopted by the congress clearly show the hand of the bourgeois politician. There are resolutions recommending frequent conferences between employers and worker, ardently advocating loyalty to the government, unequivocally condemning strikes. The resolution on education is typical:

"Resolved that education is one of the strongest safeguards of the republican party, the bulwark of American citizens, and a defense against the invasion of the rights of man... We feel that it is our duty to educate them and impress them with the fact that all labor is honorable and sure road to wealth... that the habits of economy and temperance combined with education and independence are the great safeguard of free republican institutions, the elevator of the condition of man, the motive power to increased trade and commerce, and to make the whole of this land the wealthiest and happiest on the face of this globe."

Then there is the following Hillmanesque resolution on the relations of capital and labor:

"Resolved: That we do not regard capital as the natural enemy of labor; that each is dependent on the other for existence; that the great conflict daily waged between them is for want of a better understanding between representatives of capital and labor; and we therefore recommend the study of political economy in all our labor organizations... as a basis for the adjustment of the disputes that arise between employer and employe."

The most important definite recommendation of the congress, according to the accounts available, was contained in the memorial on agricultural labor in the south, with its proposal to remedy the evils existing in this connection by "making labor more scarce," thru the medium of "making laborers landowners by means of homestead grants." The New York Tribune (Dec. 11, 1869), gives the following account of this memorial:

"The chief matter of interest was a memorial... setting forth that the average wages of agricultural laborers in the south was but \$60 per annum, that the planters were combined to keep labor down; that this combination was made more bitter from political motives, and its influence was so great that it was impossible, as matters stood, for the colored laborer to exercise civic privileges, except at the risk of his livelihood, poor as that was. To remedy this, labor must be made more scarce, and the best way to do that was to make the agricultural laborers landowners. Congress is to be asked, therefore, to subdivide public lands in the south into twenty-acre farms, to make one year's residence entitle a settler to a patent, and also to place in the hands of a committee a sum of money, not to exceed two million dollars, to aid the settlement, and also to purchase lands in states where no public lands are found, the money to be loaned for five years, without interest."

The congress platform omits most of the main planks of the parent National Labor Union, such as the taxation of the wealthy for war purposes, the establishment of a federal labor department, the incorporation of unions, greenbackism, the solidarity of men and women workers, the demand for the abolition of convict labor, etc. In addition to the resolutions mentioned above it adds resolutions on the equal rights of Negroes to jobs, endorsement of the Freedman's bureau, endorsement of the republican party, etc. About the only definite point of agreement in the two platforms is the emphatic demand for the abolition of the importation of contract oriental labor.

In the period between the first congress and the second (and last) held two years later, the Negro organization fell more and more completely under republican domination, as will be shown in the succeeding article, finally severing all relations with the National Labor Union when the latter began to take definite steps for the organization of an independent national labor party.

A Great Little Pamphlet

By Arne Swabeck.

"WHEN Lenin died the world stopped for a moment." Thus begins the third chapter of the new pamphlet "Lenin, Liebknecht, Luxemburg," by Max Shachtman, published by the Young Workers' League. A great little pamphlet.

The role of Lenin and his two great followers, whose names are now on the lips of millions of workers, is briefly pictured in the pamphlet. It is a short historic sketch of some of the important incidents of imperialist developments and the epoch of imperialism, when the period of preparation of the working class for the revolution is ended and gave place to the period of direct onslaught against capitalism.

The description of Lenin's role is of necessity brief and deals mainly with some of his activities before the November revolution, in leading the conscious working class movement toward the formation of the revolutionary world party. Yet it is sufficient to establish throughout the pamphlet the truth contained in the introduction by Robt. Minor:

"Among the three working class heroes pictured here Lenin, Liebknecht and Luxemburg, it should not be forgotten, of course, that Vladimir Ilyitch Lenin was the leader of leaders, the creative mind whose leadership was necessary to the full greatness of others. So this is in fact the story of Lenin and of two of his great disciples who, like him, were martyred to the cause of the working class."

FROM his birth, at a time when his father was in prison, convicted for high treason against the German empire through the revolutionary upheavals in Germany, during the latter part and immediately after the world war, Liebknecht, pictured by Shachtman, is essentially the leader of the revolutionary youth, the tireless, heroic fighter against German imperialism, the idol of the war weary German workers.

Organizing, under fearful obstacles, the international opposition to the treasonable social democratic party. It is a description of Liebknecht fighting, suffering and jailed, but ever alert ever carrying the banner of mass revolt; in speeches, at mass demonstrations and in the German reichstag.

In the historic session of December 2nd, 1914 when war credits were voted by this body, supported by the social democrats, Liebknecht, in exposing the imperialist war aims, made the following declaration as described in the pamphlet:

"The class struggle alone is the salvation of the proletariat, and we hope that we will carry on very soon the class struggle in open international intercourse with the proletariat of all countries, even with those with whom we are at war. In this international struggle rests not only hope for the democratization, for political and economic emancipation of the working class, but also the one hope for the mass of the people concerned even during the war. . . . Away with the hypocrisy of the civil truce. . . . Forward to the class struggle! Forward to the international class struggle for the emancipation of the working class and against war!"

Then further on in the same chapter we read about the foulest deed ever perpetrated by white guard hoodlums.

"Liebknecht is seated in an automobile. A very brave trooper strikes him twice on the back of his head with a revolver. Karl sinks down into his seat, half unconscious. The auto is driven swiftly to a wooded section of the city. They stop. Karl is ordered out of the motor car. Still dizzy from the blows he has received he is ordered to walk along with the offi-

cers. For a few steps he is allowed to walk, then, on the pretext that he has attempted to flee, he is shot in cold blood. The honorable Captain von Pflugk-Hartung fires the first shot. The officers then busy themselves trying to eliminate all traces of the murder."

"Karl Liebknecht is dead. . . ."

And yet—"Liebknecht lives in the Young Communist International! The inheritor of the traditions of the former Socialist Youth International is gathering the revolutionary forces of the revolutionary youth of the world."

THE chapter on Rosa Luxemburg clearly brings out her great role in the Polish, and German pre-war socialist movement and her activities during the war and the immediately following upheavals in Germany, and her fight against Marxian corruption. Broadside after broadside she fired into Bernstein's revisionism as stated in the following words:

"Bitterly did she scourge the social democratic traitors; scornfully she lashed to tatters their false arguments of national defense and skillfully she exposed the imperialist roots of the war."

From one battle to another she marched forward in her tireless activities to organize the Communist Party. The size of this task is indicated by the following statement:

"The young Communist Party was too loosely organized. Despite the pleas of Karl and Rosa that revolutionary parliamentarism was necessary, the first congress of the party rejected participation in parliamentary elections. Their healthy reaction to the opportunism of the so-

cial democrats was driving the young, inexperienced Communist Party toward sectarian ideas. The masses were not awakened to the struggle. The masses were tired of war and were under the illusion of having secured 'peace;' they were lulled by the social democratic phrases about socialization which never materialized."

This little pamphlet does not overlook the many mistakes made by Rosa Luxemburg, and yet gives no comfort to Paul Levi and other renegades who seek to capitalize her errors. The answer to this has been best summarized by Lenin as quoted in the pamphlet:

"An eagle may descend lower than a chicken, but the chicken can never rise like an eagle. Rosa Luxemburg was mistaken on the question of independence of Poland; she was mistaken in 1903 in her estimate of the Mensheviks; she was mistaken in her theory of the accumulation of capital; she was mistaken in defending the union of the Bolsheviks and mensheviks in 1914 along with Plekhanov, Vandervelde, Kautsky and others; she was mistaken in her prison writings in 1918 (on coming out of prison, however, at the end of 1918, she corrected a large number of these mistakes herself.) But notwithstanding all her mistakes she was and remains an eagle; and not only will her memory be highly esteemed by the Communists of all the world, but her biography and the complete collection of her writings will be useful for the instruction of many generations of Communists in all countries. As for the German social democrats after the 4th of August, 1914,—"a foul corpse" is the appellation which Rosa Luxemburg gave them, and with which their name will go down in the history of the international labor movement. But in the back yard of the labor movement, among the manure piles, chickens like Paul Levi, Scheide-

mann, Kautsky and all that fraternify, will be especially enraptured by the mistakes of the great Communist."

WE mentioned before that the chapter on Lenin is of necessity brief as the colossal work of this great leader could not be treated adequately in the few pages of a pamphlet. It does, however, bring out the brilliant polemics against the serious deviations in the earlier socialist movement, polemics which as a matter of fact are much more than the word implies, we should rather say a revealing of the decisive hand of the leader surely and unhesitatingly guiding the young movement developing within the socialist parties to full maturity to complete the task of its role materializing in the greatest monument to Lenin's work, the organization of the world proletarian party, the Communist International.

Lenin's leadership is recognized in the brief notes first in his struggle against the "Economists," secondly against the so-called legal Marxists led by Peter Struve who landed in the camp of Baron Wrangel, one of the last of the counter-revolutionaries; thirdly in his piercing analysis of the collapse of the second international and other instances.

The pamphlet pictures Lenin in his most important role, building from actual life, watching the young movement carefully guiding it in its growth, giving definite direction as described in the following words: during the historical session of the first Petrograd Soviet:

"And there also, as he looked down from the balcony on the sessions of the Petrograd Soviet, he saw coming to life the prophetic vision of Marx in 1850, who saw the workers' state as the councils of workers, and Lenin observed in this soviet the reflection of the future Soviet state, the only working class authority during the revolution."



By Fred Ellis

Bootlegger: "Kookoo, you and I are pillars of society. Together we help to take up the slack and make it possible for the business world to carry on in spite of increasing difficulties. Co-operation is the word."