

The New Magazine

Supplement of

THE DAILY WORKER

Robert Brown
Editor

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

SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1926

290

Paralyzing the Railroad Workers



The railroad magnates of the United States, together with the reactionary bureaucrats of the railroad unions, have entered into a conspiracy against the interests of the overwhelming majority of the railroad workers. As a result of this conspiracy came the Watson-Parker bill, which was passed by the house and senate and has now been approved by the president of the United States. The bill has become law.

Demand the repeal of the Watson-Parker law!

A Law to Enslave American Labor

WHAT is this Watson-Parker Bill?

Who is backing it? Who is championing its adoption into law?

The Watson-Parker Bill is being backed and championed by the Association of Railway Executives. P. E. Crowley, president of the New York Central, is heartily in favor of the prompt enactment of the bill. Daniel Willard of the Baltimore and Ohio takes the same position. C. H. Markham of the Illinois Central is a great friend of the Watson-Parker bill. And for the Association of Railway Executives as a whole speaks in favor of the bill. A. P. Thom, its general counsel.

In a statement issued by the Association of Railway Executives urging the enactment of the Watson-Parker bill, we find the following:

Demands for very large increases in wages are now pending and the carriers are looking to the proposed bill as the method of dealing with the situation now presented. Unless this machinery is afforded, there will be no effective governmental machinery to deal with the situation and there can be no assurance against serious public inconvenience that may result.

Crowley, Willard and Markham are greatly worried over the convenience of the public. They are getting gray as a result of their continual vigilance over the well-being of the masses, and this is why they are favoring the Watson-Parker bill.

But what is this "serious public inconvenience that may result" if the Watson-Parker bill does not become law. It is friction between the railroad companies and their employes. Possibly, a strike. And why a strike? Because there are now pending before the railroad companies "demands for very large increases in wages."

The thing becomes clearer. The railroad companies are facing wage demands from their workers. The railroad magnates are therefore demanding "effective governmental machinery to deal with the situation." Hence, the house of representatives and the senate—true servants of American capital—are adopting a bill which fully protects the profits of the railroad capitalists by imposing upon the railroad workers a regime of virtual slavery.

Reactionary bureaucrats of the railroad unions also favor the bill.

The statement of the Association of Railway Executives makes it appear as if the Watson-Parker bill has the support of the railroad workers. The statement says:

The carriers have the assurance of their employes that the machinery of this bill will be availed for the purpose of adjusting these (wage) demands.

Who has given the railroad companies these assurances? Certainly not the membership of the railroad unions nor the thousands of the unorganized railroad workers. Not a single railroad union in the country can produce records to show that the membership of any of these organizations had voted in favor of the Watson-Parker bill.

These assurances were given to the railroad companies not by the workers, not by the rank and file membership of the railroad unions, but by the reactionary officials of these unions. In fact, what we are dealing with here is nothing short of a conspiracy against the railroad workers engineered by the railroad magnates jointly with the reactionary bureaucrats of the railroad unions.

We find the evidence of this criminal betrayal of the interests of the railroad workers in a news report published in Labor,

(Continued on next page—page 2)

DEMAND THE REPEAL OF WATSON-PARKER LAW

(Continued from page one)

the official organ of the railroad unions, in the issue of May 15, 1926. There we read that the Watson-Parker bill

"Was the outcome of conferences during the summer and fall of 1925 between representatives of practically all the railroads and 20 railroad labor organizations."

And that:

"Finally, the provisions embodied in this bill were submitted to a vote of the respective parties. They were accepted by all the representatives of labor."

And who are these representatives of labor? What kind of labor representatives are those who can accept a bill which differs from Mussolini's terroristic methods against Italian labor only in form but not in substance? For the truth is that the Watson-Parker bill, while somewhat "nicer" and less brutal in form, is almost an exact replica of the anti-labor legislation of Mussolini which is breaking up the Italian trade unions, outlawing strikes, etc.

All these "little" things, which mean everything to the railroad workers, do not seem to matter much to the reactionary officials of the railroad unions. On the contrary, such reactionaries as Bill Lee, Robertson and their like are doing all in their power, behind the backs of their membership, to put over the Watson-Parker-Mussolini bill. Robertson, for example, is altogether "delighted" by the passage of the Watson-Parker bill. He says so himself in a statement that he issued upon the adoption of the bill by the house of representatives. We quote his statement in full:

We are naturally delighted with the passage of the Railway Labor Bill. We appreciate deeply the splendid support given this measure by its friends both in congress and outside, whose vigorous, loyal work preserved and translated into law the agreement of railroad managements and railroad labor to co-operate in promoting peace and efficiency in the transportation service. We believe that the rights of the employers, the employes and the public are all properly safeguarded and that their respective and joint interests are distinctly advanced by the passage of this bill.

Thus speaks Robertson, the president of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Engineers, and with him all the reactionary union officials, all the "chief executives" of the standard railroad labor organizations of the United States. They are all in favor of "peace and efficiency in the transportation." Are they also in favor of protecting the interests of the railroad workers?

Peace and Efficiency for the Capitalists—A Reduced Standard of Living for the Workers.

Did Bill Lee and Robertson ever think of this? That as long as the railroads belong to the capitalists and are run for their profit and enrichment, just so long will "peace and efficiency in the transportation service" mean more oppression and worsened living conditions for the railroad workers.

What does industrial peace mean?

The people who speak most about it are the capitalists and all those who serve them. Why? Because the assumption is that the disturbers of industrial peace are the workers, the trade unions, the "labor agitators," etc. Even when an industrial conflict is caused directly by the employers, thru a lockout, as was the case in the British miners' strike the blame is placed upon the workers and their unions.

This is quite natural. The employers, as a rule, are satisfied with conditions as they are. The workers are not. The employing class is the ruling class, which holds in its hands the wealth and political power of the country. The fewer the changes, the better for the employers.

Not so with the workers. The workers are the exploited, the oppressed, the persecuted. The workers are, therefore, the dissatisfied class, the class that grumbles, and kicks, and presents demands and struggles. The workers are also the producing class, the very basis of social life. It is for these reasons that the workers, being the producing class and the dissatisfied class, appear as the natural "disturbers" of industrial peace. And it is precisely for the reason that the employers are the parasitic class and the satisfied class that they are the natural champions of "industrial peace." But why should Robertson and Bill Lee be in favor of this so-called industrial peace?

The Watson-Parker Bill Establishes Peace For the Bosses.

For the railroad companies the Watson-Parker bill does the following:

It provides them with elaborate governmental machinery to compel adjustment mediation and arbitration, in fact, if not in word, of all grievances and wage demands of the workers against the employer. It is the old Industrial Court of Governor Allen, defeated by the Kansas miners under the leadership of Alex Howat, only the poisoned teeth of the animal have been skillfully and cleverly concealed.

It provides the employers and the government with an effective instrument to make strikes practically illegal.

It opens for the employers a wide door for the extension of company unionism on the railroads. Tamed, emasculated, shop-unions controlled by the employers instead of real independent labor organizations fighting in the interests of the workers.

It makes increases in wages dependent upon the increase of efficiency and increase in railroad rates. This is accomplished by the mere fact that the bureaucracy of the railroad unions is mak-

ing the labor organizations responsible for "peace and efficiency in the transportation service." Bill Lee, Robertson and the rest of them are joining hands with Crowley, Willard, Markham, etc., to charge "what traffic will bear," to speed up the workers on the job in the best "scientific" manner, and to reduce the unions to complete impotence by imposing upon them the elaborate governmental machinery for adjustment, mediation and arbitration provided by the Watson-Parker bill.

Bill Lee has tried to put over something of this kind last year. He had formulated a proposal to abolish strikes and to establish "peace" in the railroad industry. But the attempt was made in such a crude and "undiplomatic" fashion that everybody could see at a glance its reactionary and anti-labor purposes. Hence, Bill Lee proceeded in a more cautious way which resulted in the birth of the Watson-Parker bill. Bill Lee knew exactly what the Watson-Parker bill was about when he remarked to some of his fellow union heads that "the membership is now talking of wage movements but we will stall them off until the passage of the Watson-Parker bill and then there will be no wage movements."

This is what the Watson-Parker bill does for the employers and is aiming to do to the workers.

Class Collaboration With a Vengeance.

The collaboration between the railroad union reactionaries and the railroad magnates in putting over the Watson-Parker bill is a gross example of what class collaboration really means and where it is leading to. It is the logical outcome of such "peace" maneuvers as the B. & O. plan, or the Hillman-Nash agreement in the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, and similar schemes of co-operation between union officials and the employers. It proves that class collaboration is class betrayal, the surrender of the workers to the merciless exploitation by the bosses.

The Watson-Parker Bill Must Be Repealed.

The workers and the entire labor movement must energetically oppose the Watson-Parker-Mussolini bill. If the bill is approved by the president, as it is most likely to be, a campaign must be initiated thruout the country to repeal it. This step is dictated by the most vital interests of the American labor movement. Already there is talk of a similar bill for the mining industry, and if the workers of this country will permit, they will in time be placed under an industrial regime even worse than that of the Mussolini regime in Italy.

The Watson-Parker bill must be opposed with all its might by the labor movement of the United States.

Demand the repeal of the Watson-Parker law!

An American Worker Awakens.

(Big, blonde, dressed in a college boy's mackinaw with broad black and white checks, nervously twisting its middle button, with big fingers, he was telling of the strike to an audience of workers like himself.)

I work in the dye works and believe me it's tough.

Steam and poison. If the dyes get in your shoes you get poisoned.

You have to wrap your lunch in old sacking so the steam and dyes don't get into it.

Women work there too. Imagine it, women in a place like that. They have to wear wooden shoes.

Imagine it. Women wearing wooden shoes. In America.

We formed a mill committee but the boss wouldn't talk to us. Then we went out on strike. We picketed the other mills and the other workers came out.

Then the police began.

They arrested the pickets. They beat up a lot of the boys. They beat up women, too.

Imagine it! In a free country like America.

We got out a flag and the chief of police rode right over it.

Imagine it—in America.

The chief of police is a German. He served a year in jail in Germany.

Then he comes here and claims to be a 100 per cent American. Imagine it!

We got out a lot of children and had a parade and the police knocked down and clubbed the children.

Imagine it—in America!

This fellow that organized the strike—the bosses don't like him.

They've had him in jail a lot of times, but we always get him out. He worked in the mill with us.

The last time he was in jail we had the big fight on the bridge.

The cops tried to keep us from crossing the bridge to the mill. They were right on the end of the bridge, but I fooled 'em with my bunch. I took my bunch around the other way and got in behind them. It was a big fight.

Then the bosses got out an injunction so we couldn't go around the mill only one at a time.

Imagine it, in America!

Then they wanted us to meet them without our organizer.

We told them no.

Then they said the mill workers weren't behind him.

So we had a big meeting—15,000.

15,000 people voted not to make no settlement without our organizer.

15,000 people voted with their union cards.

There won't be no settlement without our organizer.

We need some money and we hope you people will help us till we get a settlement, but there won't be no settlement without our organizer.

—W. F. D.

The Diminishing Empire of Ice and Snow

Byrd's Navy Publicity Stunt.—The History of Polar Exploration.—Who Owns the Arctic?—How's the Weather at the North Pole?

BY THURBER LEWIS

THE rush for the Arctic is on again. There is still unexplored territory in the great frozen top of the world. This is enough. Here is the urge. Not until every square foot has been seen will the urge subside.

But these days it is different; no more wearying sledging in the insufferable cold over jagged ice-floes; no more ships crunched like egg-shells by the frigid, giant finger of the Arctic sea. Now you fly thru the air, warmed by the heat of a whirring motor, guided by instruments that can't go wrong.

Byrd Second **W**HEN Commander Byrd flew twice around a silent spot in the ice of the Arctic that his instruments told him was the northern end of the earth's axis he performed a feat that of itself was not very marvelous. On the 6th of April, 1909, another commander of the U. S. Navy, Robt. E. Peary, with a Negro named Henson and four Eskimos, had reached the elusive spot by dog-team. This was the crowning achievement of centuries of exploration. Byrd was only the first to reach the pole by air. In but a few hours his great Fokker plane traversed the journey from King's Bay, Spitzbergen, to the Pole, and returned—a distance of 1,600 miles.

Publicity **I**T would have been far more fitting had Roald Amundsen, in his lighter-than-air craft, the Norge, gotten there first. This great explorer has given the best part of his life to delving into the unknown regions of not only the North but the South—the perilous Antarctic—as well. But the United States Navy is an insatiable publicity glutton, and so Byrd beat him to it.

Amundsen a **A**MUNDSEN'S expedition will prove more valuable. He was not so interested in merely reaching the pole. Amundsen has done more than any other man to make complete the scientific lore of the two ends of the earth. The observations, physiographic, magnetic, astronomic and meteorological, that he made on his flight from Spitzbergen to Alaska will prove far more valuable than the mere glory of Byrd's hasty dash for the navy. What is more, Amundsen flew his vessel over a region—between the pole and Point Barrow, Alaska—hitherto undiscovered.

Traveling by air, but a few years will need to elapse before the whole Arctic and Antarctic regions will be mapped like the state of New York. But behind the easy cartography of these convenient days what hardships, what suffering, how many deaths were the companions of even the most meager advances into the land of the midnight sun!

First Northern **T**HE father of Explorer a Greek. them all was a Greek. Pythias started from what is now Marseilles, France, then known as Marsallia, in 325 B. C. He visited England, Scotland, the northern coast of Germany, and pushed on well up along the Norwegian fjords. Nothing more is heard of northern journeys until 825, when Irish monks found what they called Thule, our Iceland. Icelandic Sagas tell us the monks were there before the Norsemen. A century later Eric, the Red, outlawed for murder, fled from Iceland and found Greenland to the west.

During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries many famous navigators, among them Sebastian Cabot, Hendrick Hudson and William Barents sent out by merchant companies and governments of Europe, threaded their perilous way among the labyrinthian straits and innumerable islands north of Labrador and west of Greenland. They sought a new road to India. They were convinced there must be some way to get around the northern end of the newly-found continent. Wrecked ships and many frozen, life-

less bodies were paid for countless efforts to find the new route. But the Northwest Passage was not found until 1906. The man who ultimately made the journey from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the first inter-ocean sea voyage north of Magellan, was none other but the hardy Norskman, Roald Amundsen. His little ship battled the ice for three years before it pointed its battered nose into Bering Straits.

The Fatal **P**ERHAPS the most extensive interest in Arctic exploration occurred following the ill-fated expedition of Sir John Franklin, an Englishman, in 1845. With no word from Franklin for three years, anxiety began to be felt and ship after ship was sent in search of the baronet and his party. While no trace of Franklin and his crew save the crushed remains of one of his two ships was ever found, the searching parties, sailing the Arctic for years, added 7,000 miles of coast line to the map of the polar region.

Only a few of the many famous expeditions following this can be mentioned here. In 1879 Lieutenant De Long of the United States Navy commanded the "Jeannette" as it sailed into Bering Strait to cut its way thru to Norway. The craft was wrecked in the ice off the coast of Siberia. In attempting to make back to civilization in small boats De Long and two of his crew perished, the rest being saved. But the expedition was invaluable, not because of what it found, but because of what happened later. Years afterward the wreckage of the "Jeannette" was found off the coast of Greenland—proving that the Atlantic and the Pacific exchanged currents across the top of the globe.

The "Vega" **P**ROFESSOR NOR-DENSKJOLD left Norway in 1875 in his ship "Vega," bound round the north of Europe and Siberia. For four years he and his crew struggled with the ice until finally in 1879 the little vessel steamed into Yokohama. This was the first time the "Northeast Passage" had been traversed.

Another famous "drift" was that of Fridtjof Nansen in the "Fram" in 1897. Convinced of the existence of a current across the Arctic circle, as evidenced by the wreckage of the "Jeannette," Dr. Nansen built a craft, specially designed to be lifted aloft by the contracting ice-floes instead of crushed, with which to essay the perilous journey. With a crew of eleven men he set out, became perched on an ice

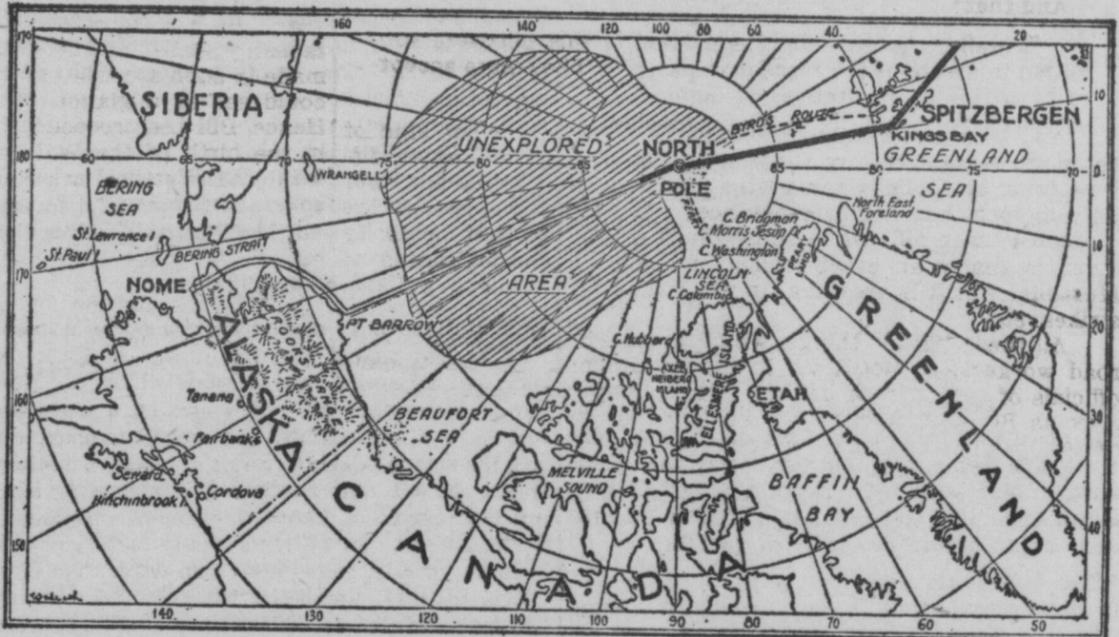
flow and drifted for three years. The little vessel was carried by the ice right over the top of the earth, passing near the pole and finally breaking out of the ice off Spitzbergen after having described something of a half-circle around the Arctic.

No Place to **B**UT it was not until Go But South. Peary made his daring run by dog-sled from Cape Columbia, northernmost Greenland, to the Pole and back, that the great feat was accomplished. For the first time man stood on the spot where there is no latitude, no longitude, and where all directions are south.

Equally epochal were the many attempts to reach the South Pole. The quest started centuries later than the search of the North and the hardships of Antarctic travel are even worse than in the Arctic. Mountainous islands, great glaciers, treacherous open lanes and yawning crevasses make Antarctic exploration much more difficult. Roald Amundsen was the first to conquer the bottom of the world. A year later Capt. Robert Scott also reached the South Pole. A famous explorer, Shackleton, who had made several remarkable trips into the Antarctic interior, made his last in 1921, expiring with his men for lack of provisions and exhaustion.

Air Attempt **L**AST year Roald Last Year. Amundsen and his companion, Lincoln Ellsworth, attempted the first airplane trip to the North Pole. They were forced to a landing with their two planes and it was not until after 20 days of strenuous effort that they were able to free one of the planes and return. The first air trip to the pole was made by a Norwegian named Andree, in 1897, who started off in a captive balloon. Aided by a brisk norther, he was carried at a good speed straight for the pole. Andree sent out a carrier pigeon to say he was approaching his destination. Nothing more was ever heard of him.

Who Owns **P**RACTICALLY all the the Arctic? unclaimed lands of Arctic have now been brought under the sovereignty of one state or another. In the 1917 treaty with the United States on the occasion of the transfer of her West Indian Islands to this country, Denmark is accorded the right of complete economic and political domain over the whole of Greenland. Just after the outbreak of the world war Russia laid claim to all islands lying north of Russia and Siberia. In 1919 the Supreme



Here is a map of the Arctic. The flight of the Norge is graphically detailed as is also the route taken by Byrd and the trail followed to the Pole and back by Peary in 1909. Since Amundsen's flight over the shaded area, known as the "Blind Spot," very little of the Arctic now remains unexplored and unmapped. How soon aerial transportation will make it possible to exploit valuable ores and minerals certain to be found under the ice of this region will depend upon the rapidity with which technique develops.

Economic Council of the Soviets ceded the islands of the Spitzbergen group and Bear Island to Norway. Canada lays claim to all islands in the North American Arctic archipelago.

Whatever land may be discovered in the region north of Alaska, unexplored by Amundsen, will probably be claimed by the United States. (Amundsen, however, found no land.) For the present most of these lands are unexploitable and practically worthless. But with the development of air transport and a special technique for dealing with Arctic conditions, they may in the future prove to be very valuable. Spitzbergen, for example, workable only six months a year, proves a good source of supply for coal to Norway.

Not So Cold **T**HERE are many misconceptions current about Arctic climate.

While in most sections of the far north it is, of course, bitterly cold in the long dayless winter, in the summer, when for six months there is no night, considerable heat is distributed, making a climate quite as warm at times as in Atlantic City. What is more, contrary to popular belief, the pole is not the coldest place in the north. The long summer, the rare atmosphere, and the existence under the six or eight-foot ice pack of comparatively warm water from the Atlantic and Pacific causes the thermometer at the very pole to approach at times 32 degrees above zero.

The coldest place in the world is at the little exile village of Verkhoyansk in northern Siberia, where in winter the mercury drops to 90 below. Many were the revolutionists who expired from the intense suffering of this little outpost who would have suffered less at the very pole itself.



ROALD AMUNDSEN.

The Soviet Union in 1926 By Wm. Z. Foster

The following are extracts from a pamphlet by Wm. Z. Foster on "Russian Workers and Workshops in 1926." The pamphlet will be on sale shortly. It gives a clear and vivid picture of the successful efforts of the working masses of the Soviet Union to build up a socialist economy. The author of the pamphlet, having spent several months in Russia, is well equipped to give the readers of the New Magazine an interesting and instructive story of present day Soviet Russia.

A Revolutionary Trial in Ekaterinoslav.

IN the evening, after the co-operative convention, we proposed to pay a round of visits to the Workers' Clubs, which are playing an important role these days in the Soviet Union. But first we dropped in for an hour or so to attend a trial of counter-revolutionists then in progress. As we approached the place we found a crowd of at least a thousand people striving for admission. The trial was taking place in a theater, which was evidently chosen for its spaciousness. The place was packed from pit to gallery. The court was being held on the stage, the whole being draped with red. Many a play had been shown upon this stage, but this time it was the scene of an actual drama from real life.

The defendants were four, a priest, a worker, an intellectual, and a nondescript NEPman. They had been recently arrested and were accused of having organized pogroms against the Jews and generally acting as murderous agents of czarism in pre-revolutionary days. The evidence against them was overwhelming. Witness after witness testified against them, showing graphically how their villainous activities had resulted in the death of many people, the Ekaterinoslav pogroms organized by them having been among the worst of their kind in old Russia. The prisoners sat stolid, apparently crushed by the damning stories that poured from the lips of the witnesses. It was a vivid recital of revolutionary heroism on the one hand and of counter-revolutionary treachery on the other. On either side of the prisoners stood Red Army soldiers with naked swords. The massed crowd of workers listened breathlessly to the stories of the murders committed by the prisoners. In the early days of the revolution such rats as these four would have been given short shrift and an early firing squad; but now, with the workers uncontested masters of the situation, they would probably be let off with short sentences. We did not remain till the end of the trial.

From time to time trials of such murderers and spies, who were a prominent prop of the czarist regime, take place in various cities in Soviet Russia, as fast as some chance or other brings about the exposure of these vermin. A few weeks before, in Moscow, we attended the trial of one Krott, a provocateur in Irkutsk before the world war. At the same time, in the very next room, two ex-czarist officers were being tried and convicted of brutally murdering a soldier in 1913. Little did these two worthies think when they cold-bloodedly shot down that peasant lad 13 years before that the day would come when they would have to face a Workers' Court and make amends for their crime. They were given two and three years apiece in jail. The workers, victorious in the revolution, are inclined to be merciful even to such unspeakable creatures now that their fangs are drawn and they can do but little harm.

Workers' Clubs.

IMPORTANT institutions in the various cities of Soviet Russia are the Workers' Clubs. These are the real social centers of the workers. There is nothing comparable to them in capitalist countries. They are equipped with innumerable departments for the education and entertainment of the workers, such as libraries, schools, theaters, gymnasiums, chess rooms, billiard rooms, rifle ranges, etc. They are maintained by the unions, either by individual unions where these are large enough, or otherwise by a combination of unions. They are tremendously popular. They exist in all the industrial centers and are rapidly on the increase. Tomsy, the head of the All-Russian Trade Union Central Committee, recently stated that during the past two years the number of these clubs has increased 120 per cent. Usually the workers pay small membership dues, 10 or 15 cents per month. The clubs as a rule are located in great mansions or other

splendid buildings that were formerly the palaces of the rich.

In Ekaterinoslav we visited three of such clubs: that of the metal workers, that of the building trades, and a general Workers' Club. All are splendid institutions. They were so thronged with workers that it was often difficult to thread our way through the innumerable rooms and departments. All three have big theaters and that night were running moving picture shows. The metal workers' club, enormously popular, is located in the steel mill district. The building workers have outgrown their present establishment and are building a magnificent structure hard by. The general workers' club, with 4,000 members, is located in a former capitalist club house. The furnishings are rich and luxurious.

Leningrad.

FROM Moscow to Leningrad is about 450 miles. The last time I traveled it was in 1921. It then took 20 hours on a dilapidated train. Now our party covered it in 12 hours on a train up-to-date in all essentials. As we approached the city the smoke pouring from the forest of factory stacks showed that Leningrad is also experiencing the revival of industry common throughout Soviet Russia. In 1921, the many factories, now humming busily, were closed and dead. The city, which, in 1917, numbered 2,000,000 inhabitants, had been reduced to 800,000, principally because the workers, confronted with industrial paralysis, had fled into the country to escape the famine. Now the city is rapidly recovering. It numbers approximately 1,450,000 people and is steadily increasing. The Nevsky Prospect was alive with activity; whereas in 1921 it was a bare streak of desolation, all the shops being closed and the walls a-tatter with the remnants of proclamations posted up during the previous years of revolutionary struggle.

We were met at the depot by Ugaroff, secretary of the Leningrad Trades Council, and a body of other trade union leaders. We were whisked by auto to the Hotel Europe. This is the biggest hotel in Leningrad. It is patronized principally by diplomats, miscellaneous foreigners and local NEP-men. These elements are given the privilege of paying very freely for what they get. The profits of the hotel go to repair and build homes for the workers in Leningrad. The general manager was formerly a machinist.

Smolny.

WE had only three days to spend in Leningrad so had to utilize our time. Our guide, Hourwich, was a wonder at his trade and a dramatically revolutionary figure such as one can only find in Soviet Russia. He had been a soldier in the struggle against Yudenitch, an agitator, a president of a trust, a representative of the Actors' Union, etc. He was literally saturated with the history of the revolution and he knew Leningrad and all its institutions like a book. Before going to the factories, we decided to visit those three famous revolutionary centers, Smolny, the Winter Palace, and the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul.

The Smolny Institute was the headquarters of the workers' forces in the revolutionary struggle against Kerensky. It was there they arrived at the historic decision to seize power from the Kerensky government. While we were visiting the place a meeting of peasant delegates was in progress in the very hall where this decision was made, and they insisted upon our speaking to them. Formerly Smolny was a seminary for daughters of the nobility. Now it is the headquarters of the Leningrad Communist Party. Many of those whom we encountered praised the accuracy of John Reed's book, "Ten Days That Shook the World," which portrays the stirring events that centered around this birthplace of the revolution.

An interesting feature of this historic building is the room in which Lenin lived and worked in the early revolutionary days. It is a very plain room in a building filled with luxurious quarters. Every square foot of the high walls was covered with wreaths of red flowers sent by worker organizations from all over Russia in honor of the great leader, Lenin.

Another interesting place in Smolny was the "House of the Peasants." This is a network of living rooms and offices. Here the peasants come from all the surrounding country to present their grievances and proposals regarding taxes, land division, etc. In the last two years 37,000 peas-

ants passed through this "house," of whom 8,000 used the hotel accommodations, which cost only 5 cents per day per person. It is only one of the many vital centers of contact with the peasants that the Russian workers have established.

The Winter Palace.

THIS great palace, home of the czars since Peter the Great, was built in 1735. It was burned in 1837 and later rebuilt. It is located on the banks of the Neva. It was in the vast courtyard of this palace that took place the slaughter on Bloody Sunday in 1905, when the priest, Gapon, led thousands of workers to the palace to ask the czar for redress of their grievances. It was also the scene of the orgies of the decadent Russian royalty. It is fitted out in ostentatious splendor, but it lacks the oriental gorgeousness and barbaric garishness of the Moscow palaces. Now the whole palace is a museum.

One large section is a museum of revolutionary history. This contains pictures, documents, and relics of all the struggles against autocracy, from the uprising of the Decembrists, a century ago, to the overthrow of the Kerensky government in 1917. There is a "life-sized" reproduction of a cell in the Schlüsselberg fortress, with seven wax figures of prisoners. The cell is constructed of material taken from the old fortress. There are numberless pictures of strikes, executions, terrorist acts, of prison scenes, underground party life, of workers' leaders, of revolutionary struggles, etc. A visit through this section of the museum is an education in the long and bitter struggle of the Russian workers for emancipation.

The luxurious living rooms of the palace remain just as they were before the revolution. They are a vast treasure-house of rich objects of art. Even in the heat of the revolutionary struggle little was stolen; a close check-up is possible because of the existence of books, apparently designed to prevent thievery by the former servants, which contain detailed diagrams of each room and exact descriptions and locations of every object in them. Only a few pictures, of particularly hated members of the royalty, showed any mutilation. Everything was intact. The clock and calendar in the room of Alexander II indicated the exact minute when he was killed, 3:34 p. m., March 31st, 1881. It was in the spacious and rich apartments of Nicholas II that Kerensky maintained the headquarters of his government.

The St. Peter and St. Paul Fortress.

THIS infamous prison, often halled "the cradle of the revolution" because so many of the workers' leaders were confined there, sprawls on the banks of the Neva opposite the Winter Palace. Its tall, needle-like spire is the highest built point in Soviet Russia. The fortress was constructed by Peter the Great in 1703. The first political prisoner to be kept there was the son of Peter the Great, whom the latter wanted to get rid of. For more than 200 years thereafter the fortress was used to confine political prisoners. At this place were executed the Decembrists' rebels 100 years ago. The prison was used especially to incarcerate the revolutionary youth. It has been described as a great spider which lived on the blood of the best youth of Russia. We visited the cells of Kropotkin, Gorky, Trotsky, and many others who had been active in the struggle upward of the Russian working class.

The St. Peter and St. Paul fortress was an especially horrible prison. All the prisoners were kept in solitary confinement. To prevent them from communicating with each other, the engineers made the walls of solid stone three feet thick. But this was in vain. Even the slightest tapping of one's finger nail on the wall is audible in the next cell. The prisoners talked with each other through a sort of Morse code, in spite of the harshest punishments for so doing. This was their only relief. The place was tomb-like in its silence. Even the corridors, where the guards walked, were heavily carpeted to kill all sound. The prisoners could hear no noise from outside, except the distant toling of a bell every hour, which was a special torture for them. With nothing to do, many prisoners went mad. A horror was "the Judas," a peep-hole in the door through which the guards spied upon the prisoners. Many prisoners rotted from scurvy for lack of fresh food. The dark cell was a terrible place. Completely bereft of light, almost without air, and freezing cold in winter, prisoners were kept in this horrible dungeon for many days for the

LENIN

Short Stories of His Life

(3)

LIVING ABROAD.

LENIN, altho abroad, was well acquainted with the situation in Russia. He followed developments there very closely and attentively. He knew exactly the change in the economy of the country and the stand of the parties and groups. He was especially interested in following the building up of the party organizations and their work. Thru personal connections and letters he settled the conflicts among his comrades. Towards comrades there was a different attitude on his part and on Plekhanov's. The workers tell that when they came to Plekhanov he received them in a superior way and tired them out with lecturing. Lenin approached them in a simple way and they could talk to him all day and all night. He had learned his manners thru close contact with the workers. In the early twenties, when he prepared some party leaflet, he questioned one worker so long that the worker, wiping the sweat from his forehead, said: "It is easier to do overtime work than to be questioned by you." Lenin took notice of this and learned to put his questions in a different way. But still, during his time as head of the People's Commissariat, he could be boresome enough for some people—the indifferent Soviet workers and the insincere internationalists. But the rank and file Bolsheviks, as well as his closest friends, took all their troubles to him and he helped them find the solution. They did not regard him as the omniscient authority and they could criticize him severely and differ with him. But they stuck to him unflinchingly, and together with him they created the iron cohort of the Bolsheviks.

And throughout his party life, there stood beside him his wife Nadieshda Krupskaya. As a teacher she had her own sphere of work, but most of her time was devoted to the party work. She was secretary of the group and the party and she conducted the correspondence of Lenin with the comrades.

"From the Spark, the Flame."

THAT was the slogan of "Iskra" (Spark), launched in 1900 in Munich. The headquarters were later moved to London and then to Switzerland. It was one of those historical papers by which epochs will be known. Its followers in exile and in Russia were those who are still the backbone of the Russian party and leaders of the revolutionary movement of the world. On the editorial staff were three "old-timers," Plekhanov, Axelrod, and Vera Zassulitch, and three of the "young" ones, Lenin, Martov and Potresov.

In the leading article it was stated how the socialists are gaining ground in Russia and the workers' movement spreading out. But the weak point of the movement is its heterogeneity, "Kustarnichestvo," as Lenin called it. The word means "handicraftship"—the primitive method of isolated circles and groups against the centralized czarist government. Absolutism can be overthrown only by a united, strongly organized, centralized army of the foremost fighters of the working class. Without such a party, Lenin said, our fight is as if the peasant should go with his club and his plow against a modern army.

There were many deviations from Marxism, theoretical and practical, and the Iskra started a merciless fight against them. It became the force unifying the emigrant colonies with the factories and mines in Russia and the exile camps in Siberia. All questions of the international and Russian policy were explained. Also the problems of the Russian labor movement. There were always workers' letters in it, and the everyday questions of the organizations reviewed.

Many comrades who accepted the views of Iskra did not like the harsh tone of the paper in criticizing the different views. But in time they learned that this was the best thing about the paper. So many of those so "harshly" criticized became deserters or traitors to the movement. And the workers were thankful to Lenin,

slightest real or imagined infraction of prison rules. In consequence many died of pneumonia and tuberculosis. On a stairway to an upper block of cells is still to be seen a heavy wire screen placed there to keep the desperate prisoners from killing themselves by jumping to the floor below. This terrible prison is a fitting memorial of the monster, Peter the Great. After the February, 1917, revolution, the czar's ministers got a taste of their own medicine by being confined in this prison for a short time.

who had warned them in time. All over the country, the rank and file felt that now there was a leadership in the party. And they followed it devotedly. One phrase especially was emphasized by Iskra—"the professional revolutionist." Many did not understand this, and many misinterpreted it. It was denounced as "conspiracy," "Blanquism," and so on. Lenin pointed to conditions: Czarism is organizing its own "workers' societies," its intention is to catch the revolutionists. We must turn them into fields where we can expose the spies and conduct the class struggle. But there are some prerequisites: (1) No revolutionary organization can be strong without a solid and permanent group of leaders. (2) The more the elementary workers' movement grows, the more necessary it is to give to it a strong nucleus. (3) It must be composed of persons who devote their whole life to the revolution and learn revolutionary work as a trade. (4) Only in this way is it possible to keep the spies from coming in; and (5) Only with such an apparatus can new elements from the working class be drawn in and schooled to become the leader of the class struggle. Lenin wrote:

"Let our fighters not feel hurt by severe criticism, because when I speak of the insufficient preparation, I must first apply the remarks to myself. I have been a member of a circle, which had broad connections and far-reaching aims, but we, its members, suffered heavily from the consciousness of being only "amateurs," and that in a time when we could convert a famous proverb to read: Give us an organization of the revolutionists and we will turn Russia upside down." And the more I think of the feeling of shame that I felt at that time, the more bitter I feel against those false social-democrats, who profane the honored name of revolutionists with their moral preachings, and do not understand that our task is not to recommend the lowering of the revolutionist into an amateur, but to raise the amateur to the rank of the revolutionist."

The same raising of the level to the revolutionary craft was the aim of many of Lenin's articles thruout his career. In 1902, he wrote the famous "Letter to the Comrades About the Organization." This was an answer to a Petersburg worker who had written about the organizational problems. Lenin explains why the organization at that time must be strictly secret. There cannot be such a democracy as is possible in democratic countries. This lack of democracy can be made good only by the good conduct of the party workers. Therefore regular reports and instructions are needed. In every factory and shop, there must be a nucleus of the party. Thru one member it must keep contact with the section and city committee. Every committee must organize assistant groups around itself. Some of these groups must consist of party members only. In others maybe only one is needed, and not even that. But all these groups together must build a whole, must be the backbone of the workers' movement. Especially responsible is the work of the propagandist. The students are always eager to become propagandists immediately. This is not advisable. They should first participate in the work of the nuclei. So the comrades must be educated for the various fields of work. And in this work only it will be apparent who will be the leaders.

And to those who think that Lenin was a "dictatorial character," as the Mensheviks have said, it is necessary to point out how Lenin always listened to the arguments of everybody, especially of his opponents, and took a stand only after a thorough examination and hearing of all sides.

"THE WORKERS PARTY AND THE PEASANTS."

AN article with this heading appeared in the first issue of Iskra. In Russia they were just celebrating the fourteenth anniversary of the liberation of the peasants. Lenin explains how this had been "the liberation of the peasants from the land." The peasants had been compelled to buy their own land from the landlord. And still they were not free citizens, but regarded as a lower caste. There were special peasants' taxes, they were subject to corporal punishment and they did not have the right to settle where they pleased. It is characteristic that this "liberation" could be carried out only by subduing the revolts of the peasants against it. And now the peasants are compelled to rent additional parcels from the landlords and go out as wage-workers in order to pay the interest to the usurers.

Only together with the labor movement, Lenin explains, can the peasant achieve his real liberation. The workers must aid the peasants in their fight against the remnants of feudalism, and exploitation. There are two class conflicts in the country: between the landlords and the peasants, and between the employers and the proletariat. The former controversy is now in the foreground. The liberation of the peasants means the furthering of capitalist development. This is the immediate aim of the peasants and they must be supported in it.

In 1902, Lenin wrote a pamphlet in which he explains to the peasants the questions of the workers in the cities. By means of statistics he shows how the poor peasants are compelled to turn to wage-labor and how they for their own sake must be interested in the fights of the workers. The program of the Workers' Party in the peasants' question must be: with all the peasants against the remnants of serfdom; with the poor and the middle peasants against the bourgeois landlords and the big peasants. Immense lands are in the hands of the landlords, the church and the crown. A large part of them had been peasants' lands before their "liberation" in 1861. After that the peasants were compelled to buy or rent those lands. Therefore the return of the land and the hundreds of millions of rubles extorted from them must be the first demand. The pastures, the fishing-grounds and the forests, taken away from them, must be given back. The committees of peasants must divide up the lands and adjust the grievances of the peasants. Those are the general demands of all peasants. They have in some places started to realize them, but have been declared robbers and rebels. The czarist troops have raided the villages. Now it is up to the workers to help the peasants and organize. United they will win.

"What Is to Be Done?"

IN 1902 Lenin's pamphlet, "What Is to Be Done?"—About the Burning Questions of the Labor Movement, was published. It was a summary of the Iskra policy. Lenin made his main attack on "Economism," which had gotten new encouragement from Bernstein's attack on "Marxian doctrinarism." The Economists had explained that the movement must be limited to immediate economic demands because the workers instinctively incline to that, and the political fight was too dangerous. Lenin explains how the workers, of their own initiative, can come only to trade unionism. The Socialist consciousness must be given to them by science. All bowing down to the elementary instinctiveness of the workers, the lowering of the socialist policy into pure trade unionism, prepares the way for the utilization of the labor movement as a tool in the hands of capitalism. (How terribly this prophecy was realized during the war!)

"Lenin points out the dangers of the spontaneous labor movement growing faster than the group of experienced leading elements. So much good fighting spirit and energy will be lost. Therefore it is urgently necessary to create a party which is able to react immediately to the questions of the day and to give the slogan which unites the whole working people in action. Afterwards, to the critics who said that he had in this pamphlet overemphasized the importance of professional revolutionists, Lenin answered in 1907 with a comparison drawn from military life. He asked how a man would be looked upon who would say that the Japanese overestimated the necessity of an adequate army before the war! Don't these critics understand that in order to get results from an action it is necessary to concentrate all the forces on the main task? That was the case at that time—the creation of the organization of professional revolutionists was the main task and it could not be overestimated.

The next short story from Lenin's life will appear in the coming issue of the Saturday Magazine of the Daily Worker. It will contain a vivid description of one of the most significant incidents in Lenin's life and in the course of the Russian Revolution. It is the famous London Congress of the Russian Social-Democratic Labor Party that will be described in the next story. Without a knowledge of the nature of this Congress no full understanding is possible of the contending forces in the revolution. Be sure to read the next issue of the Magazine!

The Humble Charwoman

(The Case of "Mrs. G.")

By FLORENCE PARKER.

The charwoman! To some of you, no doubt, the word may conjure up visions of a stout, comfortable "body," full of bustle and good-humored gossip.

Certainly the type exists. One of my friends is fortunate in receiving three weekly visitations of just such a "char-lady," as he invariably calls her.

And herein lies the point of the matter: there are charladies, but there are plain "chars," as well. The former may possess comfortable homes, may work some hours a week to help out the husband's or children's earnings. The latter undertake the work in grim earnest in order to keep body and soul together. The charlady is able to select jobs comparatively easy and congenial. The "char" has to take any job that offers.

I should like to tell you something about a gallant little "char" of my acquaintance—her story is but a replica of countless others in many of its details.

Mrs. G., or Liz as she is more generally known, is small, thin, and ferretty-looking. She has a hunted look in her eyes. Her makeshift clothes hang about her shrunken form in lopsided disorder. Her hair hangs about her head in much the same fashion. Liz apparently has no time to stop and consider the blessed advantages of bobbing. By the look of her she might be anything between 45 and 60. As a matter of fact, she is 38.

Liz works chiefly at cheap lodging houses, where she has worked up a connection. Their mistresses, often harassed enough themselves, try to get what is known as "the last ounce" out of her. Such scrubbing, scouring, beating, and polishing as Liz is set to do ought surely to leave the lodging houses at the height of spick-and-spanness. Unfortunately, the ancient dwellings, and the furniture and fittings within them, have so long been subjected to the murkiest kind of grime that they seem unable to shake it off, even under the ministrations of such an expert and indefatigable worker as Liz.

Liz goes out to work at whatever time may be required of her. The

hour at which she leaves off charing varies. Sometimes, but as a rule only during "spring-cleaning" time, she is lucky enough to be able to go on working without more than a half hour's break or so from 7:30 a. m. to 9:30 p. m.

Liz's working day, however, neither begins nor ends with her out-door charing. Not by a long way. This insignificant-looking little creature has a family of four at home, and they, and the home, such as it is, require looking after. The family consists of an ailing husband and three young children; the home, of two "basement backs." Liz had had two other children, who had died in infancy: "mercifully for them and everyone concerned," is the mother's dreary conclusion, as she thinks of the fate of the three who are left all day in the charge of her irascible and disabled husband. (It would be equally correct to say that he was left in their charge.)

He had been foreman at a laundry works. He and Liz had been getting along fine, and had a tidy bit put by. Then the accident had happened owing to some defective machinery. He had been injured and incapacitated from further work. He had a beggarly sum as "damages," and a pension which did not suffice to cover even the most elementary needs of the family. He is unable to earn a penny at home, even by such means as addressing envelopes, and the like, as the shock of the accident has shattered his nerves and robbed him of all power of concentration.

So Liz, the little wife and mother, who in the ordinary way would have had enough to do in looking after the kiddies and the home, and cooking, Liz has had to step in and play sole bread-winner as well. Now you will understand why I find it difficult to limit her working-day to any special hour. Of course, the neighbors do what they can, but . . .

"Mrs. G. looks so bedraggled I scarcely like to have her seen about the place," said a new employer of Liz recently—the smartly-dressed landlady of a superior "board-residence." "And did you notice that greedy sort of look in her eyes? I went over the things in the larder yesterday, after she had gone—I feel sure we shall miss something one of these days."

Child Slavery

Tobacco fields in the United States are slave pens for children!

The Children's Bureau of the United States department of labor is authority for this statement. An investigation conducted by the bureau was followed by a report that did not sum up the situation in those words—but the facts of the investigation more than justify them.

"Thousands of little children, boys and girls, are being forced to toil long hours at nauseating labor in the tobacco fields of the South and New England," says the report.

They must perform "two of the most tedious and disagreeable tasks" in tobacco cultivation: "sucking" and "worming." Sucking consists of breaking off the side branches of the tobacco plants. Worming is the task of picking worms off the leaves and squashing them.

The report reveals that the children engaged in this range from 7 to 12 years of age in the South and in the Connecticut valley one-third of the children are between those ages. One-third of the total are girls. The investigators found the hours of work to be between ten and thirteen hours a day—and these in the hottest months.

"The children complain that their backs ache from working over the plants; that pulling off the suckers hurts their hands; that the strong odor from the tobacco makes them ill.

"Worming is so disagreeable and, according to some workers, so irri-

tating to the skin that premiums are occasionally offered for it, or the children are threatened with severe punishment if any worms are found on the tobacco after the work is finished."

Such is child labor in but one—and that a comparatively small—industry in the United States. Even more atrocious than the conditions in the tobacco plantations is the slavery of children in the cotton mills of the South, the canneries and fruit farms of the West and the knitting and silk mills of the "more civilized" states of Pennsylvania and New Jersey, not to speak of "cultured" Massachusetts.

Stand by Sacco and Vanzetti.

What is the life of a worker to a capitalist? Nothing. One or two slaves less makes no difference to the system.

But the life of a working class militant is considered by the capitalists a positive menace to their profits and power.

That's why Sacco and Vanzetti are kept in jail.

That's why the determination to take the lives of Sacco and Vanzetti.

For the reasons that the capitalists are against Sacco and Vanzetti, the workers are for them.

Come to the mass demonstration against the frame-up of these two workers that will be held in Chicago, in Plasterers' Temple, on Friday, May 28, under the auspices of the Chicago branch of the International Labor Defense.

But, My Dear!

The Story That Will Come True When—



(Future photo by Wm. Gropper)

"But, my dear," said the girl with a twinkle in her eyes, "this is so sudden! I hope my 'sweetie' will do this soon, but I did not expect my boss to do it."

But the boss was in earnest. "Don't go out on strike," he pleaded. "Don't go out and you'll get what you want. Honest 'gawd' I'll see that you girls get a raise this week and the wash-room will be cleaned and the ventilation system put in."

"But, my dear," said the girl (with the same little twinkle) "you chased me out of the office a month ago before we were organized. You fired Marie and Anna, and you threatened the rest of us. And now you are willing to do all this!"

But the boss didn't remember. "I'll

make you forelady and your shop committee will be O. K.—but don't pull the strike. My gawd, girles, what a chance ya got!"

"But, my dear (same twinkle), how different you talk! And DO get off your knees. (I wish my 'sweetie' was on them!) If you give our demands there will be no strike. And, my dear (still the same little twinkle), you sure have taught the girls what a union can do."

Now, all this has happened—ask the girls in the Ladies' Garment Workers. And it will happen again and often, if women will learn what the men are learning. A union will make the boss do what your husband may not have done!

A PEEK EACH WEEK AT

MOTION PICTURES

"Tramp, Tramp, Tramp."

THERE'S this about our movies. No matter how much we cuss at "eternal triangle" dramas (and I do) with their poor, neglected wives who fall victim to handsome hell-raisers; and the jazz films where shapely sylphs are easier to look at than the scenarios are to stomach; and the sob-sister "mother-love" things, which are worse than any—there are occasional pictures of welcome relief like "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp."

You'll enjoy this picture: good old hokum and slapstick, that's true, but knit with cleverness and good clowning. The young "hero" in love with a girl on a billboard advertising shoes meets the original, falls in love with her and wins both her and a cross-country walking contest netting him a paltry \$25,000. All this after many difficulties, of course, which furnish an hour's gay entertainment.

In one scene our hero gets over a fence, lets go and gets caught on a protruding nail. Hanging there, he is about to pry himself loose when he suddenly notices a precipice below him which looks a mile deep. When he quickly nails himself to the fence with nails he pulls out of this fence and then the fence suddenly gives way and he toboggans down the mountainside you'll double over with laughter (just as the girl on my left did, and, mind you, she has a natural dislike for slapstick comedy). And then the fence blocks the road and our hero calmly proceeds on his cross-country hike while other contesting hikers lose ground thru the blocking of the road.

There's a scene where, with a berry-stained face, he is found by a country sheriff with a watermelon in his pants

and a chicken under his sweater, which breaks thru with its beak at the wrong moment. We stayed to see this scene over again—and the following one, with our hero in jail and on the rock-pile. "Making little ones out of big ones" has not been known as a funny situation, but Harry Langdon makes it that. When you see him cracking stones with a loaded revolver, given him to assist in his escape, you will lose your dignity.

There are, and have been, better films. Harry Langdon, the comedy star, is not Charlie Chaplin, nor even Harold Lloyd in "The Freshman." But Lloyd had a real scenario that time and Chaplin—well, there's only one Chaplin. However, Langdon is an artist. Bits of perfect mimicry and clowning were worthy of Charlie himself, and certainly worthy of seeing by our tired agitators. Go ahead, comrade, it's good fun. There's little "weight" to this picture—if that's what you are looking for. It is plain hokum—good hokum that you will laugh at and chuckle over in recalling.

The girl on my left said it was "a scream" and, mind you, she doesn't like broad comedy. The girl on my right, who is very non-communicative (there are women like that) admitted, "It was good."

Walt Carmon,

Workers go to movies. You do. What movie have you seen this week and what have you to say about it? Serious "drammer," or plain hokum—whatever you have seen—tell us about it. Make your review short—no more than 500 words—and send it in to The Magazine Supplement, DAILY WORKER, 1113 W. Washington Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

How I Was "Deported"

By Harry Tarr

THE determination of the sixteen thousand Passaic strikers to maintain the fight for the improvement of their conditions to a victorious end has not flagged, and the failure of the mill owners to break the backbone of their "slaves," after a desperate campaign of twelve weeks, is now obvious to all. Applying all methods within their power, such as police, arrest, clubbing, jails and the press, church and the American Legion, the situation in Passaic and in the vicinity of the striking areas assumed a different aspect. Mayor Burke, of Garfield, who is in the employment of the Botany mills, where six thousand workers are out on strike, dug out an old, antiquated law, which was passed in the state of New Jersey in 1861 during the Civil War, prohibiting demonstrations, meetings, public assemblages, etc., etc., and authorizing a county sheriff to disperse, arrest and shoot anyone who fails to obey any of these provisions one hour after the reading of the riot act by the county sheriff.

On Monday, April 12th, Mayor Burke of Garfield invited Sheriff Nimmo of Bergen county to read the riot act before the strikers and thus to break up their meetings, arrest the leaders, prohibit picketing in whatever form and proclaim martial law. Under that law the strikers would not be allowed to assemble, which would mean losing contact with one another. In the meanwhile the gates of the mills would be thrown open and in due time all the workers would return to work at their old conditions, losing faith in the union and its leaders. Then the workers would submit to the will of the employers without protest, and perhaps another reduction in wages to make up for the losses sustained during the strike. And Hurrah! for the American flag, which flies and embraces so many wonderful people who are willing and ready to do anything to protect the profits of big business, such were the beliefs and contentions of the big and powerful owners and their servants.

Right after the invitation, Sheriff Nimmo, who presumably knew of the plans of Mayor Burke, immediately appeared with one hundred and fifty sworn-in plain clothes men, armed with riot guns, at a big meeting, which was held at Belmont Park Hall, where over three thousand strikers were listening to the speakers discussing the arrest of their leader, Weisbord, and the atrocities and brutality with which the police dispersed and broke up the demonstration of the children of the strikers on Saturday. The sheriff jumped up on the platform, read the riot act and ordered the peaceful gathering to clear the hall. In the meantime the guerillas took advantage of their power, which was entrusted to them, and cracked a few skulls of the strikers with their nightsticks, while the police were busy arresting the speakers and the most active strikers.

Two days after martial law was proclaimed and the riot act read a friend of mine and myself made our way to Passaic to see how the authorities of Bergen county were enforcing "law and order."

At the headquarters of the union we met several people, among them members of the Civil Liberties Union and a number of the League for Industrial Democracy, including Norman Thomas. The ladies and gentlemen of the respective organizations came to test out their rights as free American citizens, not to violate the law and order, oh no, but merely to see whether it was possible to be arrested for speaking to people who came voluntarily to listen and to discuss constitutional rights in the great and free democratic America.

At the office of the union there prevailed a strenuous and nervous tension as a raid was expected any minute. All the leaders were practically in jail under heavy ball, all meeting halls were closed by the police; there was no contact possible with the masses, yet those of the more fortunate strikers who were still in the office and not in jail were far from pessimistic. On the contrary, in spite of all the events which took place in the last few weeks they strengthened their will power, tightened the ranks, inspired all with their enthusiasm and were determined to fight fearlessly.

In the afternoon an open meeting was arranged by the Civil Liberties Union and the League for Industrial Democracy with Norman Thomas as speaker. Coming to the place where the meeting was supposed to take place, we found the meeting over and Norman Thomas arrested and taken to jail as soon as he mentioned the name of Weisbord and that the entire meeting lasted not more than a few minutes. While we were standing and listening to the story of our kind informant, we noticed mounted police on motorcycles with side cars, automobiles, trucks filled with plain clothes men carrying shotguns in their hands ready for action, rushing in our direction. Seeing that the crowd instantaneously separated, moving in all directions. My friend and I assumed a dignified pose, walking as though we knew nothing about the entire affair. But it seems our "disguise" did not help us much, as a motorcycle with a police-captain in the side car turned around toward us, commanding we obeyed his "gentle request." He

jumped out of his car, and here I thought that that short, stocky fellow with a loud and authoritative voice to stop. Having no choice in the matter, with small piercing eyes and an exceptionally heavy jaw moving from one side to another, a big revolver protruding from under his belt, and a huge nightstick in his hand, was ready to kill us first and arrest us afterwards. "Where do you come from you sons of b—, and what in hell are you doing here?" poured forth from his "lady-like" mouth. Learning that we were from New York, his vocabulary began to choke the air: "You god-damned Communist coming here to disturb our peaceful and law-abiding community. . . . You better get to hell out of here as fast as lightning, or you'll be landing in a hospital, you sons of —, and never come back to this town, or you'll stay here for good" (meaning the cemetery).

Fortunately, a bus bound for Passaic was approaching and we hopped on, thinking we finally got rid of them. But we noticed, as we turned around,

that a motorcycle was speeding, following our bus. In its sidecar a guerilla, rifle in hand, was pointing in our direction. The ride to Passaic seemed rather a long one, as he stopped practically at every point the bus halted. We surely thought that we would be dragged from the car and put either in jail or hospital, as we were ceaselessly watching the moves and actions of our "guardians." To confess, the journey was not a very pleasant one, tho we pretended to be quite happy and gay, making casual remarks to our neighbors about our royal departure from Garfield. Finally we reached the border line of Passaic and as soon as we crossed to the other side of Passaic our watchful and "respectable" citizens of Bergen county halted, waited a few minutes and then turned back with a satisfied broad smile on their faces saying: "Well, we got rid of two terrible agitators, now everything will be quiet and peaceful." But the struggle is going on.

Who Is Pilsudsky?

By K. Gebert

JOSEPH PILSUDSKI got the inspiration to become a Polish edition of Napoleon and Mussolini at the same time. He is well known to us in this role. Joseph Pilsudski comes from the Polish nobility. He is himself the owner of an estate in the Vilna district. Today he is the ruler of a large part of Poland with the ambition to rule the whole of Poland and to carry his ambitions even further.

His dream of dreams is to "unite" Poland with the Ukraine, where the workers and peasants are now living freely, having gotten rid of the landlord and capitalists, many of whom were of Polish nationality. He dreams of a Poland "from sea to sea," from the Baltic to the Black Sea.

Pilsudski's program is his own personality, the army, the general staff, and war. He looks upon the people as a butcher does upon a poor lamb. He is a militarist and imperialist much of the type of the 18th century. He tries to give birth to Polish romanticism, to revive old Polish glory.

Whom does Pilsudski represent? First, the petty bourgeoisie, the intelligentsia, part of the rich peasantry and those of the military who are looking for victories on the battlefields. Pilsudski is the inspiration of militant, middle-class nationalism.

On the international field Pilsudski believes that there is hope for him there. England would be glad to have a man like him in Poland, because, when she decides to wage war against the Soviet Union, Pilsudski would be ready to serve. Pilsudski is dreaming of war against the Soviet Union. He is a militarist who believes he has many grievances against the terrible bolsheviks.

He wants "glory" for Poland. In his latest lecture he says: "The chief of the army must produce victories in order to raise the prestige of his country."

This is Pilsudski's program. He came into prominence from the Polish socialist party, which he joined early in his youth, in 1892. In 1894 he became the editor in chief of the central organ of the Polish Socialist (P. P. S.) "Robotnik," in which he propagated not Marxism or Socialism, but "unity of the Polish nation against the czar." He was arrested and exiled to Siberia for five years. Following that he was again arrested and spent some months in the famous tenth pavilion in the Warsaw fortress. There he simulated insanity and was sent to Petersburg to an asylum, from where he escaped with the aid of a friendly doctor.

In the revolution of 1905 Pilsudski, for the first time, showed what he was really fighting for. He went to Tokio to ask the Mikado of Japan for financial assistance to organize the struggle in Poland against the czar. On the day he reached Japan the Polish Socialist Party organized a protest against participation in the Russian war against Japan. Pilsudski failed to get support from the Japanese government because the latter



Pan Pilsudski Imitating Senor Mussolini.

had no confidence in him. Pilsudski always fought against the unity of the Polish workers with the Russian revolutionary organizations.

After the revolution of 1905 Pilsudski went to Galicia, Austria. There he sought, with the aid of the government of Francis Joseph, to organize a "Polish army" for future war against the czar. He succeeded in this and fought in the world war under the imperialist flags of the central European powers.

With the birth of the Polish republic Pilsudski became the head of the "people's government." This government, composed of reformist-socialists (Moraczewski, leader of the P. P. S., was premier) and rich peasant party leaders, first of all, turned against the workers. The then existing Workers' Councils were outlawed. The workers' press was suppressed. The "people's" militia fired on workers' demonstrations. Workers were dragged to jail. The strike of the railroad workers was answered by the militarization of the railroads. The mission of the Soviet Red Cross, then in Poland, headed by Bronislaw Wesolowski, prominent leader of the revolutionary socialists in Poland, together with his comrades, were murdered by the Pilsudski-Moraczewski political police. Many other revolutionists who re-

turned to "free Poland" met the same fate.

When Paderewski succeeded Moraczewski to the premiership, Pilsudski remained the marshal of Poland and head of the army.

In 1920 Pilsudski led the war against the Soviet Republic.

Pilsudski's present revolt must be looked upon as an attempt to establish a military dictatorship of left wing fascism. Pilsudski is fighting the right wing fascist element headed by General Haller, also a famous butcher of the Polish workers and peasants, who is supported by the big landlords. His headquarters are in Posen, formerly the German part of Poland.

Pilsudski's revolution has nothing in common with the workers. On the contrary, Pilsudski's uprising was made for the purpose of preventing a workers' revolution, which is fast maturing in Poland. The workers will take power in their hands, not with Pilsudski, but against him, against his colleagues from the right wing of the Polish Socialist Party and the so-called Workers' National Party. The workers will establish their rule under the leadership of the Communist Party of Poland in alliance with the poor peasantry and the oppressed national minorities.

The War of the Flags - By Marsh

BLACK-WHITE-RED? Or, Black-Red-Gold? The imperial emblem of the Hohenzollerns or the national standard of the Weimar republic? Over such vital questions do German cabinets seem to fall!

The cabinet of Herr Luther proposed that the merchant marine flag, which contained in its upper left-hand corner the emblem of the carpenter of Doorn, should fly side by side with the Black-Red-Gold banner of the republic on German diplomatic buildings abroad. It was necessary to placate the citizens of the Reich in other countries whose royalist tastes could not stomach the sight of the republican flag with its implications of exiled monarchs and scorned princes. Or so the cabinet maintained. And while all the parties jockeyed for position the widespread monarchist-fascist plot was unearthed, the support Luther expected from the nationalist followers of Count Westarp was alienated and the cabinet fell in a vote of lack of confidence.

Interesting as the war of the flags may be, our story must go a little deeper. As the name Achilles assumed when he hid with the women during the Hellenic wars may never become known, so we may have to remain forever ignorant about the real preferences of the elusive German citizens living abroad on the flag that should wave over German diplomatic buildings. But the efforts of Herr Luther are not so unfathomable. At least, we may venture a good guess.

The empire which was crowned at Versailles in 1871 is in a sad state. All that is left of it is Wilhelm at Doorn, a crown-prince who is hooted by mobs when he ventures into the streets, and a determined band of monarchist officers. Nor is the cherished republic of the ancient priest of Social-Democracy, Kautsky, with its constitution of Weimar, in a much better condition. The Reichstag has disintegrated into a dozen parties. The republic of Hindenburg and Stresemann and Scheidemann is threatened from one side by the revolutionary proletariat and from the other by monarchist and fascist plots. And every cabinet rests upon a temporary turn of fortunes, the wish of American or allied finance capital coalitions, and other unstable phenomena.

The cabinet of Mr. Luther, like that of his predecessors, was beginning to feel the ghastly hand of oblivion. Made up of a dubious combination of four of the center parties it had to reply not only to the accusing finger of the nationalists for its Dawes Plan-Locarno-Geneva adventures, but to the tremendous demand of the broadest sections of the people for the confiscation of estates of the ex-princes. With the former, a gentleman of the accomplishments of a Luther, whose words and deeds smack of the spirit of the founder of the Society of Jesus, might without much difficulty come to an agreement. With the latter it was next to impossible.

In the face of the twelve and a half millions of names signed to a petition demanding a popular referendum on the expropriation of the ex-princes, Herr Doktor Luther, like Lot, turned his face definitely from the left and to the right. What better way, under the difficult circumstances, of securing a good Reichstag majority for a cabinet than to woo and win the votes of the Nationalist bloc? For Spring has come even to unfortunate Germany. And what better posies might a lover present to his fierce nationalist lady than the proposal to legalize and make obligatory the use of the old imperial emblem, which is as sweet to the heart of the Nationalists as the memory of a sighing maiden's first love?

But no proposal is an unmixed blessing—if you will pardon the scrambled metaphor. With the arms of the Nationalists coyly supporting him, the dear Doktor Luther calculated upon securing the passage of a measure in the Reichstag to provide for settlement of the royal claims against the

state thru legal adjudication, and so overcome the unpleasantness of the ex-rulers' estates being expropriated entirely by the popular referendum, twelve and a half millions of votes for which hung over his head like the sword of Damocles.

However much he might love this new amour, our poor Herr Doktor had already pledged his fidelity to another. At London and Locarno and Geneva the reluctant groom had thrice been wedded to the American and allied bankers. And this vulgar marriage for money was never approved by the virtuous Nationalist spinsters. They snubbed Dawes as mercilessly as they did Briand; even the aristocratic

Chamberlain received just as little consideration.

What to do? Our Don Juan Luther is in a quandary, a mess, a pickle, so to speak. On the very eve of the vote for his flag proposal, chortling at the thought that the republican motion for a vote of lack of confidence will be snowed under by a Nationalist rally to the cabinet, the police of our unfortunate premier uncover the monarchist plot. The love-sick Nationalist damsel was wearing armor under her brassiere!

The Nationalists are furious at the expose! They denounce the past crimes of Luther and his cohorts at Locarno, London and Geneva! They

abstain from voting! The cabinet falls! So does the curtain.

The German masses still wait patiently for a referendum on the expropriation of the princes. The semi-fictitious foreign German citizen who demanded that the monarchist flag be flown on the diplomatic buildings abroad has been lost in the shuffle.

The only serious casualty was Don Juan Luther. It is rumored that he is soon to replace Herr Oeser as president of the Germany Railway Company. In his retirement he will, doubtlessly, often muse over the amours of his youth; his wooing of the Nationalists will be one episode in his loves that he will hardly ever forget.



The workers and peasants of Germany on their march to victory. The war of the flags now taking place in the fatherland of the "Kaiser" is only a reflection of the deep disintegration in the capitalist system of Germany. The moment is approaching when the landlords and capitalists will no longer be able to rule. At the same time the workers and peasants will become ready to take power into their own hands. Then, and only then, will the conditions be created for a successful solution of the difficulties of the German masses.

TO EXPLOITED WOMEN

By H. G. WEISS.

COME, you women from the hovel,
Come you outcasts from your lair,
Drop the broom and drop the shovel,
Let the loom stand idle there.

Can't you hear our legions marching
To the battle with a song?
Can't you see the red flag arching
O'er ten million workers strong?

From the slums and from the mill-shops,
From the ocean and the mine,
From the sowing of the wheat crops
They are coming—fall in line!

For the pregnant day approaches,
The immortal First of May,

When the slave no longer crouches
To a fetich called "obey."

But will swell the ranks of labor
Marching to the fray as one,
Though the masters bare the sabre
And their henchmen load the gun.

Oh, the martial, martial music
Of the "International,"
And the "Marseillaise" music
Will be sounding over all,

And the fighting "Red Flag" chorus,
And the Transport Workers' song—
Oh, you will, you must be for us,
Fall in line and march along!

TO OUR READERS!

Beginning with this issue, the New Magazine will be edited by Alexander Bittelman. Robert Minor, the former editor of the magazine, has been appointed as editor of the Workers Monthly.

FEATURES OF THE NEXT ISSUE.

A story on Sacco and Vanzetti.
South America thru the eyes of a Communist from the United States.
Why the American capitalists persecute the foreign-born workers.
A story on the convention of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers.
A special women's section.
Other features to be announced later.
Cartoons by Fred Ellis, William Gropper and others.