

The New Magazine

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Editor

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290

With Rubber a Dollar a Pound



By Maurice Becker

WHERE IS THE INDEPENDENCE OF THE PHILIPPINES?

Open Strike-Breaking by Cahan, Green & Co.

NEW YORK fur workers wrote a big chapter in the book of organized labor last Thursday, when an offensive of the fur manufacturers, the police and the Jewish Daily Forward gangsters to demoralize the strike in the fur market, was met and defeated by a demonstration that will long be remembered in labor history. The reactionary international officials of the Fur Workers' Union thought to accomplish the demoralization of the striking New York local by calling the rank and file strikers into Carnegie Hall, excluding the strike leaders, and there have Mr. William Green or his substitute, Hugh Frayne, plead the cause of the bosses under cover of official position in the A. F. of L.

We have seen this game played before. The writer recalls an instance when it was worked in the coal fields by the Pennsylvania Coal company's agents who called "strike meetings," excluded the strike leaders and had the company's flunkies, with an imported "labor skate" or two, take charge of the strike. It worked then, but not this time.

Ben Gold, general manager of the joint board and in official charge of the strike, was not permitted to enter the meeting at Carnegie Hall, which was called for the purpose of delivering a death-blow at the strike. Hugh Frayne, the dirty-work man of William Green, was put on the platform to address the meeting.

But the spontaneous roars of the fur workers for Ben Gold prevented the meeting from proceeding. Frayne and the Beckerman gang had to be content with making a statement to the capitalist press showing their intention to break the strike, and having the central labor body withdraw its endorsement of the strike. But in spite of gangsters and police, Frayne and his aids were compelled to give up the meeting by the demonstration of the workers.

What is the meaning of the event? More and more we see the reactionary union officials and socialist party leaders acting as the open disrupters of unions and the breakers of strikes. Berry in the printing trades, Lee and others in the railroad unions, Lewis, Farrington and company in the United Mine Workers, function more and more exclusively as the breakers of strikes and destroyers of unions. And at the same time we see more frequently the leadership of strikes in the hands of the left wing. This means that more and more frequently the rank and file of the unions see illustrated before their eyes the true character of the right wing trade union bureaucracy as agents of the capitalist class. Closer comes the time when the labor movement will be freed of its parasites and won for the real interests of the workers.

The fur workers of New York made a proud record Thursday. Let them stiffen their backs and win the strike. —R. M.

Fourth Birthday of the Jewish Daily Freiheit

By Morris Backall.

THE Jewish workers who migrated to the United States in recent times were class conscious and socialistly inclined. They built institutions and organized into unions and developed newspapers and put their confidence and their ideals into these institutions. They came from countries of the old Russian empires, where the labor movement and the socialist organizations spread all over the towns and cities of the Jewish ghetto. The brought their class consciousness here, they fought in strikes and in demonstrations, they organized in the economic and political field.

But the organizations and institutions the Jewish workers built became financially solid and economically independent, and they developed into reactionary instruments of class collaboration. At the time of the world war, when the Jewish workers were strongly anti-militaristic, when the feeling against imperialism grew from day to day, the Jewish Daily Forward, then the only Jewish socialist paper in this country, betrayed the masses and became pro-war, while the official heads of the large Jewish unions, such as the International Ladies' Garment Workers, the Amalgamated Clothing Workers and the Furriers, united with the capitalist class in the capitalist propaganda of pro-war sentiment.

Then came the Russian revolution. The break of class solidarity that took place in the hard and reactionary years of war became more vivid. The contradiction was expressed on the one hand in the relation of the Jewish workers towards the social revolution of the Russian workers and peasants, and on the other hand by the attitude of the official leaders and publications of the Jewish labor movement.

At the beginning of the Russian revolution the leaders of the Jewish labor movement in the United States and its publications could not do otherwise than maintain an attitude of "friendliness" toward the revolutionary workers' and peasants' republic. Their "friendship" was only in order that they could keep their hold on the Jewish workers. But among the Jewish workers of the United States many became conscious of the fact that the tactics of class collaboration and class peace which the social democratic leaders declared in the years of war and in the beginning of the revolutionary wave over the entire world was treason and betrayal of the class struggle. The Jewish workers began to look toward the tactics of the Communist Party of Russia and the program of the Third International as the only possible and necessary tactics and program for the workers all over the world. Then the Jewish Daily Forward and the official leaders of the Jewish labor movement revealed their real nature. They not only openly opposed the Communist International but they became enemies of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics and wrote and spoke the

same as the capitalistic press and counter revolutionary speakers did. The more class-conscious Jewish workers came to the Workers (Communist) Party, forming the Jewish section of the Workers' Party. They also very logically founded a daily newspaper, the Jewish Daily Freiheit, as their organ of struggle in the field of the Jewish labor movement.

It is hard to understand the struggle and also the accomplishment of the Jewish Daily Freiheit, unless we picture to ourselves the organized field of the Jewish labor movement. Here the machine of the venal bureaucracy became probably as strong as anywhere else in opposition not only to Communism, but to any new element that challenged its rule and control. For these bureaucrats it was not merely a matter of principles and of ideas and ideals. To people like Abraham Cahan, editor of the Jewish Daily Forward, to Schlesinger or Sigman, the successive presidents of the International Ladies' Garment Workers; to Hillman or Vlodeck, it was more a question of personal position and power. In the earlier stages there was a certain period when rivalries between groups of bureaucrats in the needle trades caused the Hillman group of leaders of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers to make a gesture of support of the left wing, in the effort to utilize the vitality of the left wing for its own group struggle for wider power. But that period passed. There is now no more bitter or ruthless enemy of the workers in the needle trades than Hillman himself. To fight with people like Cahan, Sigman, Hillman or Vlodeck is like fighting with the mythical devil come into reality. You could never know what their answer would be and in what way their tactics would be expressed, because to them every struggle was viewed as a personal struggle and in personal fights anything is permissible.

When the Freiheit was organized its financial resources were not only limited but somewhat of an impossible nature. It may be told that the first manager of the Jewish Daily Freiheit had something like \$85 dollars to start the publication of the daily. Even the most intimate friends could not conceive that the life of the daily would be very long. But who thought of hesitating for lack of financial resources? We had a fight on hand. We had to take the workers away from the influence of the yellow, treacherous Forward. We had to start a struggle to get rid of the cliques in the International Ladies' Garment Workers that were ruining the union. We had to challenge the rule of the Forward element which was fighting the class-conscious workers in the Workmen's Circle. We had to answer to all lies spread against the Soviet Republic.

And now, four years later, when we look at our successes, we can have an idea of what the Freiheit meant and means to the class-conscious Jewish



By William Gropper

UNCLE CAPITALISM: "Go get that Bolshevik!"
JEWISH DAILY FORWARD GANGSTER: "Yes sir, yes sir!"

workers in the labor movement of America.

The Jewish workers in the unions know now the reactionary role of the Forward. The Forward is branded in their eyes as a counter-revolutionary organ which exists only because of the comfortable livelihood it provides its associates, strategically placed agents of the capitalist class.

The Forward lost most of its power in the Jewish labor movement. The International Ladies' Garment Workers is in fact now led by the leaders of the left wing movement in Chicago and in New York. The joint boards

and the largest and most powerful locals are led by comrades that believe in the class struggle, that defend the interests of the rank and file and have confidence in the international solidarity of the workers all over the world. In the Workmen's Circle the Communist elements are the most lively, most energetic, and are leading the fight for recognition of the true principles of international class struggle.

The Freiheit itself is the expression and the reflection of all these activities and struggles and ideals in the Jewish labor movement.

Long live the Jewish Daily Freiheit!

White Social-Democrats.

THE socialist party of Poland has decided to stay in the coalition government. Only 3 votes out of 33 in the central executive committee were against it. Even the majority admitted that "in spite of the efforts of the socialist ministers" things have remained the same: Poland is governed by the capitalists, despotism continues, the burden on the shoulders of the workers has not lessened, no reforms can be obtained. These confessions make the capitulations of the socialist leaders so much more obvious. Of course they have a "program." Of course they have pious wishes. But the fact remains that they are responsible for the tyrannical oppression of the revolutionary workers' movement.

The Irak Question.

WE remember how the league of nations decided to take the Mosul oil fields from Turkey and give them to England. The question before the people in Irak was to go either with England against Turkey or with Turkey against British imperialism. The exploiters of the people, the pashas and the begs, were for submission to British rule. But the masses of the people opposed this. There were stormy demonstrations in Kirkuk, Mosul and other places against the British. They could be suppressed only by force. (But of course the news of this was silenced by the British press.) There is also a parliament, so-called, in Irak. It considered the question in closed session. The opponents were arrested and the gathering before the parliament was dispersed. Only then could the pashas ratify the "treaty." But the national revolutionary movement is going on.

Museum of Revolution

The administration of the Revolution Museum of the Soviet Union has sent the following communication to the delegates of the session of the enlarged executive committee of the Communist International.

DEAR Comrades:

The Revolution Museum of the Soviet Union, which is a center where are collected objects for exhibition of the history of the revolutionary movements, will in the near future begin to organize a Comintern department and applies to you with the following quest:

As it is impossible in the Soviet Union to collect documents on the history of the parties of other countries, an illustration of the work and the history of the foreign parties will only be possible if you come to the assistance of the Revolution Museum by placing at its disposal all the necessary material, as, for example, books, newspapers, factory newspapers, reports, leaflets, appeals, posters, badges, flags, photographs, etc.

The Revolution Museum is visited every month by 35,000 workers and it is necessary to render them acquainted with the Communist movement of all countries of the world.

We request you to distribute this appeal among the comrades and to publish it in the party press.

All material is to be sent either to the Revolution Museum of the Soviet Union, Moscow, Twerskaja 59 or to the agitprop department of the enlarged committee of the Communist International.

Director of the Revolution Museum: Micevicz, leader of the Comintern department, Frumkin.

HOW TO PAY THE WAR DEBTS.



Uncle Sam must be paid by England, who must be paid by France, who must be paid by Germany, who "ain't got it."

Results of the Session of the Enlarged Executive Committee of the Communist International

(LEADING ARTICLE IN THE "PRAVDA" OF MARCH 16th 1926.)

THE work of the 6th Session of the Enlarged Executive Committee of the Communist International has come to an end. It had to answer a number of extremely complicated questions, which arise out of the peculiar nature of the present historical era and the specific features of the position of the International Labor Movement today. The Enlarged Executive Committee of the Communist International summarized the results of the way which lies behind us, drew up the balance of the achievements of all sections of the Communist International and pointed out the main lines for future work.

If we want to estimate the present situation, to mark the general prospects and the concrete tasks of the individual sections, we must undoubtedly start from the characteristic feature of stabilization. The question of the stabilization of capitalism is the question round which, as round an axis, all the other general and special questions of the revolutionary fight of the international proletariat and its leading staff, the Comintern, revolve; and the Enlarged Executive Committee recognized and affirmed once more that we must carry on our work under the conditions of stabilization. This stabilization is of a relative nature, but it nevertheless exists and our brother parties must adapt their tactics to it. This stabilization is, at bottom, based on the power and solidity of the capitalism of the United States. The latter are becoming more and more the imperialist dictator of the present day. The United States is partially "reviving" capitalist Europe which has become senile, by means of credit "injections," and is taking it in tow.

It should not, however, be forgotten for a moment that there are very considerable breaches in the general line of stabilization. The state of affairs in the East, in the colonial and semi-colonial countries of the world, represents a defeat on an extremely important section of the front. The great success of the Kuomintang party is undoubtedly connected with this. Stabilization has also suffered defeats on the European continent; the state of affairs in Poland and France bear eloquent witness to this.

In England the processes of disease, of decay and disintegration are slightly less intensive but all the same are evident enough. It is not surprising that British capitalism manages to keep on its feet in spite of having lost the hegemony in the world market, in spite of its antiquated apparatus of production, in spite of the economic opposition of the Dominions, in spite of British coal-mining having fallen into a rapid decline. British capitalism is ready to crumble but it still a powerful organism. Furthermore the British bourgeoisie is more ex-

perienced, farther-sighted and cleverer than the bourgeoisie of many other countries. Nevertheless the British Communists are meeting with great success. The Communist Party of Great Britain, tho small in numbers, has managed to gain considerable influence. It has given an example of how necessary it is to combine with the masses, to work in the trade unions, to carry out the tactics of the united front practically and successfully; it has given the British reactionaries many a sleepless night.

The work of Bolshevizing the parties which belong to the Comintern has made great strides. Bolshevization has been and is being carried on successfully in spite of the objective difficulties of the situation, in spite of the fact that our brother parties have not the same long historical tradition of Bolshevism as has the Communist Party of Soviet Russia. The process of Bolshevization has proceeded at a quicker rate in some countries, in those which—like Germany and Italy—have got so far as to become the arena of great revolutionary battles and class wars. In other countries—such as France and Czechoslovakia—progress has been slower and fraught with more difficulties. But even now it can be said that all Communist parties are far riper for Bolshevism than they were. And just for this reason the question of drawing all Communist parties into the most active work of the Executive Committee of the Communist International has now become more urgent than ever. All our parties must take a most active share in the leadership of the Communist International.

The fact that the 6th Session of the Enlarged Executive Committee of the C. I. had to carry on a decisive fight against deviations in the ranks of the sections, is by no means contradictory to the success of Bolshevization. Deviations are inevitably bound up with the growth and the Bolshevization of the Communist parties. The complications of the present situation, the difficulty of party work, the difficulties in party leadership, must find expression in individual parties in the form of unsound symptoms. The Comintern will combat these deviations with great determination. It must help the sections to overcome these deviations. How was the question of the fight against these deviations put at the Enlarged Executive Committee of the C. I.? Which deviations does the conference consider as more dangerous, those to the right or to the left? The conference gave no answer to this last question, because an answer is impossible. The conference pointed out that the question of the fight against deviations must always be put concretely, that it be dependent on circumstances and on the situation of the country and party in question. In France, the deviation to the right is the more dangerous and it is therefore at this that the blow should be aimed; in Germany on the other hand, fire should be concentrated on the left deviation, for there the deviation of Scho-

lem and other is incomparably more dangerous.

In spite of the external contrast between them, both deviations have something in common. Both the "right" and the "left" disease in the international Communist movement are based entirely on insufficient confidence in the power and possibilities of the Communist International, on skepticism with regard to the prospects of the work of their own parties, on a lack of faith in the socialist possibilities of the Soviet Union, and an inability to understand that the Soviet Union is a point of support for international socialism. This accounts for the idle talk about "Asiatic" elements in the line taken by the Comintern, for the superfluous pseudo-revolutionary nervousness and arrogance, this accounts for the gossip in the effect that preparations are being made for the Soviet Union to join the league of nations. This also accounts for the zig-zag movements, at one moment to the left, to blind "left" recklessness, at another to the "right," to chaffing with the reformists.

The Comintern has successfully carried on the fight against



Karl Radek Goes to China—a humorous sketch by Deni, the Russian Cartoonist.

both deviations and will continue to do so. To the horror of the international bourgeoisie, it will master these deviations. Our brother parties left the 6th session of the Enlarged E. C. C. I. with their ranks as Bolshevik combatants closer and more consolidated than they were before.

Burbank is Kidnaped for Heaven

By ROBERT MINOR

THE death of Luther Burbank, the world-renowned American naturalist, is an event worthy of notice. Unexcelled in his own field of science, Burbank put his mark indelibly upon the world, and the peculiar conditions of his work made it impossible for him not to become something of an idol of American bourgeois society.

But his death brought with it an embarrassment to the bourgeois circles in whose custody all greatness is for the old lover of natural science, lung doggedly all of his life, to a certain degree of scientific honesty and persisted in it on his dying day—he would not pretend a belief in religious mysticism. Burbank insisted on his death-bed that his long study of nature and contact with and its phenomena had convinced him that there is no "future life" and no god. Such a statement from a scientific man might pass almost unnoticed in continental Europe, where a certain fashion of "free thought" is reconciled with bourgeois ideology more than in this country. And certainly bourgeois adaptation of anti-religious law is not to be identified with revolutionary materialist philosophy.

But in the United States it is the almost universal custom for men doing scientific work to maintain the hypocrisy, or sometimes the stupidity of accepting the religious mysticism which is so useful to the bourgeois society in which they seek greatness. When Burbank didn't, it caused a peculiar flurry in the capitalist newspapers. Some of the newspapers ignored the old man's last words, some printed the news without comment, and some attempted the most exquisite harmonizing of Burbank's atheism with all of the tenets of theology. The most astounding success in this journalistic adjustment is perhaps that of the Chicago Journal of Commerce, which published an editorial as follows:

"He Is Gone Now."

"In Luther Burbank a great man has passed on. His amazing feats of plant-origination have not only been of tremendous value to farmers and to growers of fruit, flowers, and trees, but have supplied biologists

with a vast amount of new knowledge, which leads the way to future discoveries of immense importance. Yet it is not of his life-work that people are thinking now; it is not of those accomplishments which have made his name a household word for more than a quarter of a century; it is, instead, of his recently announced views on religion.

"Here was a man who spent all his life closer to nature than most people ever get to nature for a moment of their lives. He lived seven years longer than the Scriptural span of three score and ten. And just at the end he clarified and crystallized a philosophy that denies the existence of Deity.

"This conduct ran counter to tendencies that are almost inevitable. He was an old man, and he had lived close to nature. Almost every man who has spent his life amid the works of nature tends to adopt a definite life-code which involves the existence of God. And almost every man, as he grows old, turns toward religion. Yet Luther Burbank announced his disbelief.

"His conduct would have been astonishing had he made the announcement in the tone of a man eager to convince the world. He did not. He was not evangelical. He was not trembling with what he believed to be a great message. He spoke mellowly, gently, as though what he said was in no way unusual. Even in denying God, his manner showed that sweetness of character which we like to think of as Godlike. Whatever mistake he made, it was of the mind, it was not of the heart.

"And therefore those of us who differ with his views on religion are prone to feel that in the hereafter in which we believe, this sweet, fine lovable old man has now a happy place."

American capitalist culture is after all vital. Its guts are lined with carbonium. Where is there another native theology which can place an atheist on the bosom of God—we ask you—and thus hold off the working class from a conclusion that scientific exploration leads away from the authoritarian dogma of capitalism?

The CRIER - - By Henri

TRANSLATED BY LYDIA GIBSON.

(Second Installment)

A STRANGE man lived in a little village in France. He had a mania for telling the truth to everyone. It burst out of him in spite of himself, and all his neighbors feared him because of this, it was such an unnatural and embarrassing habit. Some hated him, some pitied him, but he seemed to them all half mad. His brother was dying of consumption, and all the neighbors hid the truth out of pity. But the "Crier," as he was nicknamed because of his habit of shouting the truth at all times, told his sick brother point-blank that he was going to die. The Crier's wife left him with another man, and he took up for awhile with another woman. Long afterward they met, and he broke down the woman's sentimental illusion that they had loved, by telling her that they had merely used each other out of necessity. On a holiday, an American millionaire and his wife came in their automobile to dine at the inn of the village, and all the people respectfully crowded around, while the mayor made a servile speech; before it was finished, a guffaw of sardonic laughter echoed thru the square. It was the crier showing up the hypocrisy of the occasion. He did all this brutally, but quite simply, as tho the truth were as necessary and as evident as the air. And his neighbors never knew who he would show up next, and feared him accordingly, and wondered how he would end.

HE was tireless. He rushed off, where? Even here, at six o'clock, while Sunday was ripe and we loafed and argued. He approached a reader installed with a newspaper at a table. The reader was a village man, with the difference that in honor of this fine holiday, he was dressed in black cloth. What he was reading in the newspaper wasn't political news, but a fiction story. This romance, written by a Parisian author as famous as a general, was named "The Widower and the Cow." A prodigious detective traced a crime, saying: "I notice that people always carry an umbrella when it doesn't rain. Well, that morning it didn't rain. Therefore, I say that so-and-so carried his umbrella."

The left forefinger of the reader followed this carefully; (in his right fist he had a chunk of bread), and his mouth loosened and gaped. He forgot to chew while he goggled his eyes at the story.

"How true it is!" he said.

Our friend, coming up behind the reader, struck the paper a blow with his fist, and while the reader, cringing on the table like a rabbit, lifted a timid eye, the Crier pronounced judgment on the scribbler: "That Jean Dupont" (supposing this was the author's name—) "is an idiot!"

And while the forefinger of the reader trembled over the demolished ant-heap of the newspaper, he held it down with his hand on the spot. This time it happened to fall upon the continued story that was just ending—the other one was just beginning, on the next page. The socialist deputy, from crime to crime, had finally reached the scaffold. But his charming daughter, who despised him, and, you may be sure, did not share his political ideas, married the young nobleman. The reader read this with a hiccup and coughed it up with another hiccup.

"He is the limit!" said the other gentlemen who were sitting around talking about the Good and the Best, frowning at the disturber.

"Literally insupportable!" said a young gentleman, pencil in air, interrupting his literary note-taking.

One of them just smoked. While the others thot, while the others talked, he smoked. The smoke filled his head, clouding his memory, and built in him a solid catarrh—good strong masonry. So instead of talking, he drooled a little, and you could hear the bubbling of his pipe.

There was also a lawyer present, one of those talkers who are, by accident, either the defenders of the innocent or the accomplices of the guilty.

The literary gentleman again began his artistic ruminations. The gentleman who was an official and educated (two or three degrees more civilized than those around him) took up his grand argument, and chirped triumphantly;

"Suppress the pest? Yes . . . but what will you replace it with?"

On whose head was this immensity now to fall?

And he, what was he to become? Was his life to darken there, as his reason seemed to be darkening, he who heard his voices as others heard those of Saint Gabriel or Saint Michael? That limitless sincerity—what could that do here, not only in this village, but in France or in the whole world? His cry was the Truth—but what was he?

When they thot it over, they said: "He is much more than we are." When they thot it over, they pitied him as a little child, and thot of his poor mother who had put him into this hell, but above other men.

"AH, it's she, it's she!" whispered everyone.

The accursed.

His wife, who had left him not so long ago.

You must admit that she did it in a devilishly dishonest fashion. She went off arm in arm with the other man, and left everything topsy-turvy, not even supper ready (for the husband—well, you wouldn't say anything; nor for the old people—but for the two children!)

Naturally everyone had it in for her now. She came from the station, along the road and then along the street, like the wind blowing the doors shut. And since Saturday evening, which is more populous than other evenings, she had hidden herself in the cottage of an old woman who wasn't so particular.

And he?

There were two or three neighbors who came that night to peer into his window that seemed as black as coal, to see what he was doing all alone in his house.

They saw him striding up and down and staring at the fireplace. It was the same room that they shared before—their little household where the most newly bought thing always seemed to make a clean spot. And it was the fireplace that had never been lighted since their last evening together (he had not suspected then that it was the last) and that fire had been the beginning of cold.

He walked all night in the room crowded with his memories, with hundreds of images of her (the past has the character of not existing any more, but to make up for that it is innumerable.) There we were, drawn there by curiosity. We kept watch or we said "I'm sleepy" or we drowsed. But whenever we opened our eyes or our ears, there he was, walking and walking.

This is what passes for presence or absence; if people are there, all the reasons against them crowd in on us. If they are not there, all the reasons for them come from afar.

Once he wavered—we saw him. It was as tho we all wavered, because the woman had really remained everywhere.

He went out on the balcony, and tho he didn't notice us, we were frightened by this man who saw what we didn't see, and we took to our heels.

The next day, of course, was Sunday, and she was out in the square. He also.

He had his blue jacket on and a thick red woolen waistcoat. But it was hard to see anything except her gray dress.

Soon there was only a little space between them, more noticeable because the people drew away and went to the sides of the square, where they could keep an eye on whatever happened.

Ah, it was serious! She didn't even cry any more. Nothing. Like at the circus when the music stops.

There they were, in plain sight: she, and he. And all the neighbors made themselves small, and there wasn't any one but her and him.

He went straight to her and held out his arms to her.

That was what he was building all during the long night; that straight line. And during how many other long nights; for such actions are the end of long thoughts.

"May I come back?"

"Yes."

Yes. The last magnificent spear-thrust in the light: yes.

They came back to the house as before. Suddenly the weather had changed with the sunset, and a north wind shook out blue-black clouds. It blew the blackbirds into the cherry tree, and even the big house-dog was jumpy. The wind was loaded with rain, and began gnawing. On a dry tree a broken branch hung like something on a gibbet.

But joy stood up in people, and took the place of good weather.

In the house it happened very simply; when a good heart sets itself to create, it doesn't stop, it goes on to familiarity and gayety.

The two old people laughed out of the corners of their eyes. The striking of the clock didn't hit them in the back of the head now, as it did only yesterday. The fire felt good, burning so brightly. Now they would be able to be comfortable on their death bed. They were happy. How good it was!

We mustn't forget to say that she had given an explanation of her return; it was because in a nightmare she had seen him dead. Like this; she dreamed that she was going to bed in her room, and turning round while undressing, she saw the bed. She explained that it was cold, foggy, shivery, in her dream. Then she saw there was someone lying in the bed, and that it was he, yellow and cold as a stone, his corpse. It's true that the bed is the dead mould of people; and she saw like a flash that what's important is life. More important than all the foolishness and mistakes you make, even the ones that bring most trouble.

And you talk nonsense when you say, between living people: "irreparable."

She said nothing more. The silence was spread over them. She said nothing.

"Wife, what happiness would there be left without all the anguish that is in our flesh?"

He said that, bless him!

In a corner the face of the clock shone like a halo.

And he, who usually talked so loud and strong, now used a voice that was quiet (more than that, timid, a little modest), to say:

"In heaven everything will be perfect, and it'll be a little bit stupid, eh?"

Like the politeness of an angel to say that? Not entirely. It tied up with all the rest:

"To have all your desire, then what? Be too happy? But then that would be the end!"

He murmured something to himself. This is what he murmured:

"Happy are those who weep for they shall be comforted."

From the window where a little while ago the wind had clattered the shutters, came crumbs of light, and the village at the end of the street looked like a toy. A fly walking on the pane covered the steeple with his body.

Well! This isn't a man who's going crazy; it's more like a god who will be sane.

THE church at the end of an avenue of trees: the dying, reborn, eternal pilgrimage of the procession of trees toward the church.

He was like a beggar at the church door when the people came to mass, and his look was like a demand.

So different from each other, the people entered together and disappeared. He seemed to be waiting for someone. He was waiting for everybody. But he wouldn't dare do anything: this public place, this sacred doorway . . .

He had untangled it in his head, that God is an answer, fabricated from head to foot, to what has no answer. God is an idea having no reality in the world, except what other ideas lend it; God is a product for the use of those who have produced nothing; and that the idol is nothing but the worshipper.

His eyes turned inward on the truth. He wanted to uncover it and to say to the first comer: "It is all made in the shape of man. It is you, it is you, it is you."

But the first one who came out said to him, before he could speak:

"Phew! I'm glad it's over; a lot of hocus-pocus, these masses!"

And another one agreed;

"Nothing else."

"Aren't you ashamed to go if you feel that way about it?"

The two men stiffened with surprise, but they repeated, winking at him;

"That's the way it is."

Another one added;

"I say the same thing about mass, and I go, too."

Was he ashamed to talk like that? Not a bit; he was proud to take part in the common obedience.

"I don't say so," they explained with more and more assurance, being in a group. "But you have to do like other people."

Barbusse

An instant later one of the men was sitting on a bench, and our friend crouched before him, slapping his knees, pouring out words of every color;

"Well then, I don't ask what you believe! I don't ask what you think! I ask what do you do?"

So he smashed into that confusion of ideas, languages and gestures which has lasted without a stop since the time it prevented the tower of Babel from reaching from earth to the sky.

"Say, look . . ."

But they didn't see anything!

The other man sat there without any more to say than a gutted fish, because if he had spoken, he would have had to say "I'm only a rag," and nobody likes to present himself in such a light. And after having been turned upside down by the sincerity of the one, he was turned upside-down by the mocking laughter of the others.

And then he hung at us just the opposite of what we expected from him! He said: "You must be believers."

"Be what, did you say?"

"Believers! You must throw away the old things you believed in, but not the beautiful power to believe."

And with one blow he separated those two different things.

He lifted his eyes to the immense empty sky, and he went so far as to add that miracles sleep, and sometimes they awake.

While he talked like that he was something like Jesus, in spite of his trousers and coat. Because it's not certain that Jesus believed in God, as those who talked for him said; it's quite possible that, on the contrary, he wanted to free men from God.

Well, however it was, people kept away from him. They thought, "Me, I'm not bad, but maybe he'll catch someone else up like that; I don't want to be scraped like that."

In fact, everybody was hostile to him.

You can imagine what a commotion there was getting ready for a military retreat thru the village at night.

In the crowd there was a Negro. The Negro was the center of an attentive circle, glances and stares turned upon him like the spokes of a wheel.

"What a difference between him and us!" exclaimed someone.

"What a resemblance!" answered the Crier.

Someone else said:

"He always has to disagree with everyone!"

But he showed that there were differences of surface between all those who were standing in the crowd, that you could see right away, in passing; but under these differences were endless resemblances that you could only see when you stopped to look—. Because a man is always a man; sometimes he's black, sometimes he's white, but he's always red.

That, and the military retreat, made people think about the war that was being made up there, and about the bands of men in the trenches, struggling in lakes of slime and filth, leaning forward like the figureheads of ships, and of the dazzling massacres, and then as far as eyes could see across the fields, of the heaps of carrion and garbage. And beyond that, how many invisible families!

A pregnant woman, pale, with hollow eyes and bare teeth, (she had a mask of death, this doubly sacrificed creature), stared at the horizon, down there, down there . . .

He lifted up his hand so that they could see that hand, and said that the hand at the end of an arm is a peaceful hand. Has it claws? No. It is not a weapon, it is a tool. It is made for making things.

"If that's true, let's quietly work out our destiny," said a reasoner.

"No, because it is a false destiny, maneuvered by others than ourselves. To do, you must first undo."

A man passed, distributing torches for the retreat, and put a torch in his hands.

The basin of the fountain was near. He threw the flaming lamp into the water. The torch, astonished, went out.

A great discussion arose over this; around him the words Glory, Victory, France, Deliverance, were heard. But he beat down the empty phrases like a battering ram, and they saw that these phrases had no resistance. But the discussion grew.

The preacher came, and then the mayor.
The Preacher: Brethren, this life is impossible; you must draw up plans for another life. You can't make things go, as they are now arranged. (And he explained the inside and the outside and the financial and the economic, and the acrobatics of the governing clique, and the stopping up of holes with promises.)

The People: Yes, you can't give satisfaction to all at the same time. There must be layers of countries one on the other, and plenty of millions of exchange, and the granaries must manufacture wheat on the spot, and the cellars must become natural fountains of wine.

The Preacher: You see then, that it is plain that you can't get on in this earthly life.

The Mayor: "Excuse me, sir, I don't agree with you."

. . . In his judgment it was right here on this earth that improvement must begin, and he said so to the citizens. To improve it, there was the Ballot. And the Mayor explained that the thing to do was to do nothing; but that thru doing nothing we should end by doing all.

There he touched on a tender spot in public opinion.

"Yes, there you are!" they said. "Everything goes from bad to worse, and you must fix everything but not change anything! And you must

begin everything over again but never begin!"

"Nothing but words!" cried the Preacher, and he pulled two Latin words out of his collection, to show off better that all this was nothing but windy words.

"In your business as in my business, it's the world that exists only in speech and writing that matters!"

He pointed to the doorway of the prison nearby. The eye of a little boy followed his pointing arm, and the little boy read aloud in a shrill voice what was written over the prison door: "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity." And everyone stared at the writing with open mouths, as of they were looking with their mouths.

The Crier burst into a guffaw of laughter over them all, as he had when the baron of New York came to their village. The laughter showed up vividly what had been said, and how ridiculous it all was. Everybody laughed, and they saw it was the Preacher and the Mayor they were laughing at because only the Preacher and the Mayor didn't laugh.

But laugh as they would, they were embarrassed.

(To be continued next week in the Saturday Magazine Supplement of The DAILY WORKER—the issue of Saturday, April 24.)

Get Out!



High School Students—and even Professors—are Beginning to Rebel against the Militarization of the High Schools, says Maurice Becker, Cartoonist of The Daily Worker.

May Day Poems by Henry George Weiss

March!

THE First of May is Labor Day
Where'er the blood runs red,
We've made it so by all our woe,
And all our martyred dead;
Then come, ye sons of labor, come
And join the rebel throng
That marches over all the earth
A hundred million strong!

Oh, why be meek? Ye are not weak!
The crimson flag, unfurled,
Floats high today, this First of May,
O'er one-sixth of the world;
Then damn the tyrant to his face
And join the rebel throng
That marches over all the earth
A hundred million strong!

We Have Too

ONCE more the breath of spring is on the air,
Once more the April showers bring to birth
The grass and ferns to cover up the bare
Long reaches of the earth

Once more the miracle of change is wrought
For all to see, who have the eyes to see,
The maybuds blushing on each slender stalk,
The green leaves on a tree.

Ah, Boding Season, pregnant with the New
And harbinger of sunshine and of play,
We of the Revolution, we have too
Our April and our May!

The British Coal Report

By R. Palme Dutt.

THE report of the British coal commission was issued on March 11. This document, which is an open declaration of war on even the existing low standards of the working class, is a decisive pronouncement of the future policy of capitalism in Britain. It is of international importance for the immediate future struggle of the working class movement, and a heavy blow to all conceptions of "stabilization" save on the basis of the complete defeat of the working class.

The Dilemma of the Mining Industry.

THE crisis of the coal mining industry in Britain is the crisis of British capitalism in its sharpest form. Coal production in 1913 was 287,000,000 tons, in 1924 it was 267,000,000 tons, and in 1925 it was 245,000,000 tons. Coal exports in 1925 were 22% less than the pre-war average. This decline in the ability to produce marketable coal severely affects British shipping (four-fifths of whose outward cargoes are coal), and paralyzes all British industry with heavy costs, thus adding to industrial stagnation. For this reason coal has been the center of the economic problem in Britain after the war, and the center of conflict between the capitalist class and the working class.

The reasons for this decline lie, firstly, in the change of technical conditions, the development of new methods of technique and of utilization of coal as well as of new sources of power, the emergence of new centers of production, and the consequent decline of the world coal industry as a whole, but most heavily affecting British coal, because British capitalist organization has been most heavily rooted in the past and unable to respond to the new conditions (French coal production, owing to the installation of modern machinery since the war has increased; German coal has been driving out British from the European market).

Second, the reason for the high costs lies in the extreme disorganization and anarchy of the British coal industry, the technical backwardness—testified in official commission after commission—and the wastefulness of inflated capital. Between 1914 and 1921 the coal industry, with a capital value of 135 million pounds sterling, was made to yield profits to the extent of 308 million pounds sterling, and a large portion of these profits was turned into nominal new capital, on which today further profits are to be raised. On the other hand, modernization and technical development have been heavily neglected and fallen behind France, Germany and America.

This situation can only be met by a complete reorganization in response to the changing conditions of modern technique, cutting across the tangle of accumulated capitalist interests and eliminating wasteful burdens and unproductive organization. Such a reorganization, however, cannot be carried out within capitalism, but can only be realized on socialist lines. In consequence, the only alternative for British capitalism is to endeavor to economize on the workers' conditions by lower wages. But wages are already down to breaking point; according to a recent statement of Bevin, the trade union leader, in January, 1926, five hundred thousand miners are receiving less than £2 a week.

This is the problem confronting the commission. The commission was appointed as a sequel of the failure of the coal owners' attack on wages last July. The united resistance of the working class on "Red Friday" compelled the government to intervene and postpone the conflict by the device of nine months' subsidy to the coal owners to "compensate" them for maintaining the status quo. During these months the government has concentrated on preparing, on a large scale, for the future conflict. The commission was appointed, as in 1919, to gain time; but this time the commission was composed solely of capitalist representatives (an ex-liberal cabinet minister belonging to a large

financial house, a big banker, a big textile employer and a former government official) to prepare the capitalist case. The miners only agreed by a vote of 477,000 to 322,000 even to appear as witnesses before the commission.

The subsidy is by common consent only a temporary device, and no solution. It will have cost, by the time it reaches its end on April 30, of £21,000,000. The government, which is in financial difficulties and endeavoring, for example, to save £8,000,000 by desperate attacks on unemployment and health insurance in its economy bill, will not readily continue this expenditure; and the other industries are up in arms against it. Therefore, even if any continuance is adopted, it can only be a short postponement of the issue for tactical reasons.

The dilemma remains inseparable: either socialistic reorganization or renewed attack on the workers. As one of the principal coal owners, C. P. Markham, the chairman of fifteen companies, declared: "Whatever the commission decides, the fact remains that whenever the subsidy comes off there is bound to be a fight."

The Commissions' Proposals.

THE report of the commission is a confession of capitalist bankruptcy. The existing disorganization and backwardness is admitted, and the necessity of drastic change. Many mines are "badly planned" on "too small a scale;" suffering from defective equipment and management;" "methods utilized are unscientific;" coal is not being put to scientific use; research is neglected; and selling organization and transport is anarchic and costly.

Nevertheless the commission is unable to recommend the unitary state reorganization which alone can carry through the necessary changes. Nationalization is rejected. Even compulsory unification and grouping is rejected. British capitalism has reached a stage at which it can no longer remedy its own abuses. The framework of obsolete property rights has become so unstable that even a partial blow or change cannot be admitted without endangering the whole

The commission recommends only the nationalization of mineral rights, not of the mines. The existing royalty owners would be bought out at a maximum price of £150,000,000 (since royalties at present amount to £6,000,000 a year, the interest on the purchase price and the administration costs would be equivalent to this, and no economic change would be made) and the income of the royalty owners would be for the future guaranteed. No control over the industry would be established.

For the organization of the industry the commission can only recommend a system of state boards without compulsory powers. These proposals therefore are extremely weak or the actual situation, and more a window-dressing of reorganization than any serious attempt. A coal commission would be established to administer the mineral rights, and in the renewal of leases endeavor to encourage grouping. In a few extreme cases even legislation might be used to carry through amalgamation of particular companies. To develop the scientific use of coal and co-ordinate it with other sources of power, a national fuel and power committee should be set up—but only with advisory powers. Research is to be encouraged. For the better organization of transport a standing joint committee of the ministry of transport and the ministry of mines is recommended. For cheaper distribution co-operative selling agencies and municipal retail schemes are recommended. And so forth.

In all these proposals the essentials of the problem are left untackled. What, then, is the practical proposal of the commission, since they are emphatic that the subsidy must be ended? The practical proposals of the commission for the immediate future are to be found in the

The Imperialist Policy in China



The Cartoonist shows China in the coils of the Serpent of Imperialism. The serpent must have his head chopped off, which is the business not only of the Chinese masses but also of the Workers and Farmers of all the World.

sections on wages and hours. Wages must be reduced. This is the single positive point in all the voluminous report of the commission.

Wages must be reduced. On hours the commission recommend no change unless the miners should "freely prefer some extension of hours with a 25% reduction of wages", not out of any consideration for the men, but on the frankly business grounds that any extension of hours can only mean increased output, when the problem is already to find a sale for the present output, or alternatively a wholesale discharge of men, thus simply swelling the state's unemployment problem; and, further, any extension of hours would make the British miners' hours longer than in any important area on the continent except Upper Silesia, thus leading to renewed extensions in competition and further overstocking of the market.

But wages must be reduced. The 1924 agreement must be cancelled, and a return made to the minimum of the 1921 agreement (reached after the knockout blow of "Black Friday")—a reduction of 10%. The 1921 minimum is fixed at 20% above 1914; the cost of living is official returned at 75% above. But even this is not enough. Wages must be fixed at an "economic" level. "This does not mean simply a return to the minimum of 1921, i. e., a uniform reduction of 10% on the present minimum percentage. In some districts less may be needed, in others more. It will be for the mine owners and the miners to carry out by negotiation the necessary downward revision of district minima. There is thus to be no limit to the process of reduction.

Alongside of these proposals are set customary recommendations for "improved labor relations"—compulsory profit sharing, joint pit committees, family allowances (out of the workers' wages), annual holidays with pay ("when prosperity returns") and so forth.

Prospects.

TO sum up the effect of the commission's proposals,

First, there is to be no attempt at the unification which alone can tackle the industry's problems.

Second, profits and royalties are to be left untouched. Royalties, which were in some danger of general attack, are to be guaranteed for the future by the process of national purchase. Profits, which are admitted in many cases to be higher than pre-war, are left uncriticized and unassailed; inflated capital is not to be written off; instead earnings on it are to be found by the reduction of wages, and this is regarded as bringing the industry to an "economic" level.

Third, the reduction of wages is therefore the essence of the commission's proposals. This is the only path forward to stabilization which British capitalism can see.

The labor movement, in the words of the trade union general council, stands pledged to "the united support of the miners" in defense of "no reduction of wages and no increase in working hours.

These pledges will now be put to the test. The united front of "Red Friday" will need to be maintained in a more serious conflict, which will inevitably raise larger issues.

Psychology of Revolution

By D. KVITKO.

(SECOND ARTICLE)

The first article of this series appeared in the Saturday Magazine Supplement of The DAILY WORKER on April 3, under the sub-title of "A Psycho-analytic Perversion of Mass Activity." In this, the second article, the author continues to discuss the views of Mr. F. D. Martin, chairman of the Cooper Union Forums (New York) who, the author says, passes as "a keen observer of mass psychology."

An Attempt to Strait-jacket Revolutionary Activity.

MR. MARTIN, like the biblical Balaam, comes to curse the "crowd," but instead involuntarily praises it sometimes. For instance, he classifies mass thinking with the category of Platonic or Kantian thinking, for Platonism and Kantianism mean to him rationalization and abstract reflection. According to Mr. Martin the mob rebels in the name of principles and in the name of ideals. The ideals of "brotherhood," "equality," and "freedom" are abstractions which have nothing to do with reality. (there is where he links the crowd with Platonism).

The crowd logic is a fatal logic leading to death. The actions of the mob are actions of lunatics which are to function only in the realm of "ideas" or "generalizations." Its principles and ideals are only screens,—justifications for inner criminal inclinations, "suppressed" in normal life. Mr. Martin gives himself away by showing that principles and ideals are not necessary and that his unprincipled principles are those of a philistine who is content with social life as it is and who is afraid of any change. For the oppressed masses to reconcile with slavery is sane but the ideals of "freedom" and "equality" are "rationalizations" and "sublimations" of criminal tendencies! He is against "rationalism" but for "pragmatic" thinking. A poor service to pragmatic thinking he does!

He says that in individual life rea-

son leads the man (we may remind Mr. Martin that both Plato and Kant emphasized it greatly), that wholesome sociability puts up barriers, creates laws, compels to suppress the beastly inclinations. The "psychologist" says that in the crowd the individual behaves like an unchained beast which, seeking a victim, finds it soon. It attacks the ruling class and ascribes to it crimes of which the latter is "not guilty." As a maniac the mob is under the morbid impression that the ruling class or party persecutes it. It sees in all the laws of the nation's legislature conspiracies against itself and defends itself against an imaginary enemy.

Before the crowd was portrayed as too much rationalizing, now as one which does not reflect—an example of the doctor's own confused thinking. But what an innocence and naivete! The masses without any grounds "imagine" that the laws contain conspiracies against them! And against whom are economic and political laws aimed? Are labor injunctions also fancies of a demented mentality? Are there no class interests in the life of the community? And if there are, are not certain laws devised against the oppressed class? A president of a big public forum knows better the affairs of a capitalist nation, but he only thinks that he speaks to imbeciles and anything he says goes.

The crowd, says the "psychologist," being the product of hatred, begins to suffer with a mania of grandeur, thinking that it is its mission to liberate the world from evil. Every revolutionary mob is obsessed with Messianism; and its programs are at all times and circumstances identical. There is no difference between the believer in "brotherhood" and "equality" and the believer in the "Second Advent." (Of course one can learn the difference between messianism and socialism which are as far apart as a life in the hereafter and life on this earth, if one does not foam at his mouth when speaking of revolution as the Cooper Union president does.

MARTIN says that the revolutionary class "unconsciously" feeling that it is inferior to the ruling class, puts up abstract ideals on its banner in order to prove its superiority, that in reality such idealism is only a "de-

fense mechanism" to shield itself against the "inferiority complex" as a "compensation" for the hidden feeling. Mr. Martin, much as he wishes to conceal his sympathy and loyalty to the capitalist class, is unable to do it. He juggles with the psychoanalytic terminology showing how skillfully he can stand on his hind legs before his masters who finance the public forums. According to this psychoanalytic theory the mere possession of ideals is already a dangerous sign that something is wrong with the social group, wrong psychically.

At the first time after its seizure of power, according to the "psychologist," the mob is still in ecstasy, but the ecstasy soon vanishes, and there begins tyranny in the name of those ideals. The behavior of the crowd always recalls the behavior of a lunatic or of one obsessed by paranoia (a paranoiac suffers from the mania of grandeur and persecution); with this difference, however, that what a paranoiac would like to do but is afraid of, the mob executes, that is, it is seeking its victim and finds it.

The revolutionary clique when seizing power, always act under the illusion that it is "the" people and that its leaders are men of principles. While the revolutionary leaders have the power they suppress even their own crowd in the name of ideals, by calling it dictatorship (as the rule of Cromwell, Robespierre, Lenin). (From this comparison it is to be seen both how fair and how deep this psychology quack is.) When the passions, however, subside, when the revolutionary beast is driven into the cage, only then is it possible for sane and practical leaders to rule.

The revolutionary leader—a crowd man—speaks the language of the mob and is possessed of the same insanity. Flattering the people, he thinks of his own power and advantages. Himself belonging to the ruling class, the leader, unable to obtain power there, due to his inferior intellect (that is, the leader is suffering from the same complexes of "grandeur" and "inferiority complex"), he finds outlet for his selfish motives in the revolutionary crowd. For the sake of his own power he sheds blood, but he finds justification for his criminal tendencies in the ideal of "equality," and therefore leads a "scared war

against the parasites" and for "liberty."

The mob has no respect for leaders but only for principles—is the terrible accusation of Mr. Martin. Granting that it is true, what may be inferred from it? That the revolutionary masses are not as demented as he depicts them; for if the leaders do not represent properly the principles thanks to which they ascended to power, they are either told to go, or deserve punishment for betrayal; that is, the leaders are not accounted as idols who are to be worshipped under all circumstances, but may only be acclaimed and admired when they serve the people, not themselves. Indeed, very practical and sane, tho such sanity may not be to the liking of the capitalist lackeys.

SUCH is the diagnosis of the psychology doctor. And what are the remedies of the social psychoanalyst, for a psychoanalyst must offer some remedy against the social diseases: to cease being a crowd man, that is to develop an individualistic feeling; to go on the path of reforms (that is to leave the "practical" legislation to wise men like the "prominent" educator is and his like); to refrain from dictatorship, for dictatorship means a delusion of the demented, annihilation of personality, the death of the genius etc. Underneath the "psychologist" we behold the defender of "law and order" in the disguise of a scientist, not a new figure, but his language is new.

Of course our psychologist approves of defensive warfare for the sake of the nation. But why is "national interest" less abstract than "class interest"? Sacrifices are required both by a revolutionary upheaval and a war, in one case it is a sign of insanity, in the other—of great wisdom and . . . idealism.

The attempt to straight-jacket the revolutionary masses is an old device, the only new method being the psychological paraphernalia of such pseudo-scientific wiseacres as the follower of psychoanalysis and pragmatism is. It is characteristic that the "Behavior of Crowds" takes up such a prominent place on the shelves of the public libraries. It only proves that the bourgeois psychologist as well as the chief librarian runs the errands of the chamber of commerce.

Anti-Labor Politics by the Miners' Union Officials

By GEORGE PAPCUN.

THE second issue of the "Coal Facts" is out. It is a paper issued in the name of the United Mine Workers of America of District 5 under the direct supervision of the officials of the district. It seems the paper was put out to help fight the 1917 scale in this district.

It would be a very good thing for the miners of District 5 if this paper, "Coal Facts," would be made a real fighting organ of the coal miners of this district, and if the miners themselves would be allowed to write for it on their conditions and struggles in the coal mines. But it seems that the officials have turned it into their own instrument, so that they will be able to use it in promoting their own personal political ambitions and aspirations. The miners must demand that it be made their organ, for the miners are the ones that support it with their own hard-earned money.

Let us take, for instance, the second issue on page 3. We find a whole page devoted to political advertisement which is headed by the following title: "The People's Choice." It goes on to say what a fine governor Pinchot is. It also tells the miners and workers in general what Pinchot did in the anthracite coal strike of 1923 and 1925. It tells about the good work that he has done.

Yes, the coal miners should look over Pinchot's record and find out how he helped John L. Lewis to betray the coal miners, especially in 1925, where he actually helped to put the anthra-

cite coal miners in slavery for five years by getting them signed to a five-year agreement which hardly allows the miners to move.

In spite of the fact that the battle against the 1917 scale means life and death to the United Mine Workers in this district, the wonderful document of endorsement of Pinchot which the district officials put out with the help of Philip Murray, international vice-president, does not say how Pinchot helped the miners in their battle against the 1917 scale which the Pittsburgh Coal company is trying to put into effect. Not how Pinchot served the mine workers against the operators, but how he served "the common interest of all the people"—which is a polite way of saying that Pinchot served the interests of the coal operators and is supposed to have served the mine workers at the same time. We know which side really got the "service."

After reading further on you come to the following quotation: "Under Pinchot the state police no longer serve as a strike-breaking agency." It seems that the officials of the union forgot that in this district the state police are being used today against the miners and that they were used to arrest and persecute workers, especially during the years of 1924-25. The state police have assisted the operators to break the strike of the coal miners, not only in District 5 but in District 2 also. During the anthracite strike the coal miners were intimidated merely because they wanted to stop some scabs from working and

taking their bread away from them. How ridiculous it sounds when the officials have the guts to come out with a statement that the state police are not used to break strikes, when on every hand you can point out concrete instances where they are doing it!

Then we come to a quotation where it says that "Under Pinchot coal and iron police must be licensed." Which is true. Now they have become licensed strike-breakers, authorized and legalized by the state of Pennsylvania to beat and slug strikers and workers. Is this something that the officials think that Pinchot should be proud of?

Then we come to the most contemptible lie of the whole advertisement. The following is how it reads: "Pinchot has been a life-long champion in the promotion of humanitarian legislation." It is impossible to find out under what heading the sedition law falls, whether it falls under humanitarian or some other kind of legislation. But when Pinchot was running for governorship one of the things that he promised labor was that the sedition law of this state would be repealed. The sedition law, as all workers know, is the most contemptible means of suppressing militant workers of this state who dare to raise their heads and fight against their exploiters. Not only did Pinchot fail to repeal the sedition law, but he did not even bring it up before the legislature in any form. He also stood by and saw militant workers being

persecuted and convicted under this law.

In view of the above facts, the rank and file of the United Mine Workers have only one way out of the betrayal and that is by categorically repudiating the endorsement of Pinchot and demanding that a labor party in this state be built, with working class candidates only. This must be done by immediate action thru the local unions.

The miners also must demand immediately that "Coal Facts" be turned into a militant fighting working-class paper in behalf of the coal miners in this district and all the coal miners in general and not as a political instrument for the officials who want to use it for their own personal ambitions and aspirations, but that it must be used to fight against the 1917 scale and against the other coal operators in this district. It must be used to arouse the workers of this state to help to maintain the wages and the union in this territory.

Why Don't YOU

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THE DAILY WORKER?

You can if you try.

Workers must write

for their own press.

TRY YOUR HAND TODAY!

A Liberal Looks at the Soviet Union

By SAM DARCY.

A Moscow Diary; by Anna Porter. Published by Charles M. Kerr and Company, Chicago. Price \$1.00 net.

CERTAIN petty bourgeois liberal writers are well meaning in their attitude toward the first workers' republic when one nevertheless despairs of their ever understanding it.

Miss Anna Porter went to Russia and was thrilled by the "most interesting place in the world" because of the "great experiment." She saw a youthful people who increase production, go on holiday parades, rebuild their cities, and think about world politics with equal fervor and enthusiasm. The strain of the entire book which her trip produced is the "insistence on banner, tramp and drum."

She also sees Moscow audiences enjoy wild west thrillers in the movies, and (fickle petty-bourgeois) her enthusiasm is dimmed. She undertakes to apologize for this. She says: "Probably these worthless things are given as a necessary relaxation from the equally necessary propaganda, for lack, at present, of something better, for Russia has not yet had time to build up a cinema repertoire."

The apology is unnecessary. The proletariat has been vitalized by a revolution and today is young. That's why it enjoys the wild west thrillers which are virile, and adventuresome—it isn't the William S. Hart slush that carries the appeal but the vigorous life of the broad plains.

She records the facts but does not understand them. Earlier in the book she lets us feel the pulse of the masses. She is describing one of the demonstrations:

"Suddenly the roll of drums was heard without the door and way was made for a company of Young Pioneers, boys and girls, with their gorgeous red and gold banners, and red neckerchiefs. Down the aisle they marched to the roll of their own drums, and up to the stage, forming in two long lines across it, in front of a giant red-draped and green-garlanded portrait of their great chief, Lenin, whose name their organization also bears. Since his death they have been rechristened "Young Leninists," to indicate that his aims are their aims. One of their number stepped forward and spoke for them. Great enthusiasm was shown for the little band, for these young people, like our Scouts, are the government pillars of the future. Hundreds of thousands of them are enrolled throuth the country, with a large membership in Moscow, and they understand very intelligently just what their task is, not abstractly patriotism, kindness, courage, honesty, but definitely defense of their class against the threat of the armed world without. Again the "International," this time sung by the whole audience thru three long



UNCLE SAM CAPITALISM TO SISTER CATHOLIC CHURCH: "Now, Sister, you stick around Mexico and get in his way until he hits you with his hoe; then you scream bloody murder and I'll rush in and take the whole plantation."

stanzas. I have never heard it so triumphantly sung, with no hint in the tone of the dismal and rebellious wall so often heard in other countries—rater a suggestion of victorious fulfillment."

This does not smack of the esthetic quality which pleases our American intelligentsia, but it is the spirit which has built, is rebuilding and perfecting a new society. She compares the Young Leninists to the Boy Scout movement. But let us not forget that the former is serving the needs of the working masses, while the Boy Scouts, tho they are children of the workers in the main, are being won away from us to the enslaving ideology of faithful servility to the boss.

Much has been said about the waifs in the territory of the Soviet Union, made destitute by war and revolution, running wild without any care being taken of them by the workers' government. Miss Porter tells much to refute this. After describing the methods being used to gather these children in and the care being given them, she strikes at the core of the difference between the work of a proletarian government in this direction and that of our own charity institutions:

"At the end of the four months each child finds his place in a permanent home—for average or subnormal or gifted, where he is given the training his special case requires. Only absolutely destitute children—orphans or those with irresponsible parents, are cared for here, but practically every child in Moscow is now accounted for, and it cannot be so very long with the constantly bettering conditions, before the provinces, too, are brought up to this standard. The hopeful point of the whole story is, that while in other countries as fast as one set is redeemed others take their places and the same tragic round goes on, in Russia they are slowly redeeming the conditions that make for criminal vagabonds. While we continue cheerfully pouring water into the sieve, refusing to notice the holes, 'realist' Russia is putting a solid bottom in the sieve."

It is interesting to read this book and watch her reactions to the things that are in the U. S. S. R. She treats with labor conditions, woman's status, militarism, and the children's movement.

This last is the most interesting. The revolution is now over eight

years old. Children have been born after the revolution, many were too young at the time of the revolution to have known the fear of a boss, and have grown up in the conception that the workers of the world should be emancipated and who look upon the relation of worker and boss in the capitalist countries much as we do upon the chattel slavery of pre-civil war days. These children—millions of them—march and sing and play and learn international solidarity of the working class from the lips of the pioneers of 1905. Miss Porter writes:

"Here it is all taken for granted—the onward march of youth over the dead traditions of the capitalist past. A young woman friend here is eager to visit America 'to see what a capitalist country is like before it passes away.' At twenty-four, capitalism to her is ancient history, and the United States an anachronism. So let the reactionaries rave. Soviet Russia goes straight forward, its ranks of youth march by for hours to do honor to its founder, and the echo of their tramp across the water fires our own youth and confounds the critics."

WHY NOT GET PICKPOCKETS TO RELIEVE THE FARMERS?

By JOHN BERNARD.

RELIEVING the farmer," says a prominent politician, "is the paramount issue confronting our lawmakers today." When we consider that about 50 per cent of the farmers have already been relieved of everything but their whiskers and their appetites, there is little reason to doubt that the process will be continued.

The varied methods used to keep the farmer from "squaking" too loudly while he is being put thru the "trimming" process are both novel and unique.

Shortly after the war, when the present farmer extermination program was in its early stages, the farmer, staggered and bewildered by the first brutal blows of the process, was frantically crying, "help, help." The politicians, when they could ignore his persistent cry no longer, called various conventions, conferences, confabs and congresses to discuss ways and means of relief. Suggested remedies were as plentiful as the wives of Solomon. Republicans advised more tariff, democrats prescribed more demerol, and the preachers said: "More faith is what he needs."

Of course these fake shows were no

more beneficial to the farmer than a flea circus would be to a dog on that part of his body which he is unable to scratch. But they answered their purpose; to make the farmer think something was being done about his case.

In 1923 the wheat farmers of the middle west were actually losing, in addition to their own labor, about 15 cents on each bushel of wheat they produced. The farmer "friends" in Washington decided it was time to make some sort of a grandstand play. They persuaded Harding, who was president at that time, to make a personal visit to the harvest fields of Kansas.

Dressed in overalls and jumper and in company with an army of newspaper reporters, motion picture men and politicians, he visited a wheat farm near Hutchinson, Kansas. Numerous motion pictures were taken showing him in the act of shocking wheat. Other pictures showed him in earnest conference with a group of farmers in the wheat field. "Harding has his information first hand from the farmer, now he will come to his rescue," soothed the politicians. The farmer to be "out of the trenches

by christmas," screamed the headlines.

Harding died shortly after his visit to Kansas. Immediately the "representatives of the people" commenced to sing lustily, "Keep cool with Coolidge." And the farmer has passed from the cool to the frost bitten stage with the chilling process still in full swing.

In many farming communities rousing religious revivals were staged, and in some cases considerable interest was aroused. In some of the larger towns a bible house was persuaded to put on a great bible sale. "Jesus died to save the farmer, get all the facts in these bibles. Special to farmers only. Regular \$5.00 bibles \$2.98." Proclaimed the signs in their windows.

Rather a cruel twist was given this plan by a business man, one of the energetic children of Israel, whose store was next door. His window was filled with bibles identical with those displayed by the bible house. "I don't use these myself so can afford to sell them at a big discount. Out they go 75 cents. Isaac Goldberg," said his sign.

The manipulator of the shell game

at a country fair will admonish the "yokels" never for an instant to take their eyes off the elusive pea. He will display a large roll of bills and then solemnly, in very confidential tones, he will assure them that he has always made money betting on the location of the pea, and if they will but following his advice, they too will be able to "clean up."

And in like manner the agricultural experts, economists, grain speculators and quacks solemnly advise the farmer to diversify his crops, to buy on a low market and sell on a high one, to co-operate with the banker, to blame the industrial worker for all his troubles and to use only Red Crown gasoline in his old "fivver."

Tugging, sweating, groaning, the farmer wearily drags the heavy load of useless parasites. But soon he will look across to see who is lifting the other side of the load. His gaze will meet that of the industrial worker. A surprised look of understanding will flash into their eyes. And with one great united effort they will consign the silly burden to those nether regions which have been so carefully prepared for the disobedient slave.