

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

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The Problems of the British Labor Party

By ALEX BOLGAR.

NOT only has the English Labor Party thru its election victories become the most important political factor of its country, it has also become a deciding factor in the sphere of world politics. It is to be expected from it, that as in national problems, so also in international problems it will take an active part and help in the solution of much which its predecessors failed to solve. These problems, in their scope and complexity offer to the Labor Party not merely a large field of action in which it can demonstrate that it knows how to conquer, but also that it knows how to turn its victories to good account, they also involve many dangers which, if ignored, can produce a critical turn in the victory. Let us attempt to examine more closely a few of these points.

1. With regard to the inner political problems of the Labor Party, the most important thing is its position within the party machinery, its relation to the other parties, and the measure of unity within its own ranks. For upon this depends the question whether the Labor Party can provide a promising Labor Government, whether it feels itself able to meet the new turn in the political situation, and whether it is in a position to meet all the dangers which in the nature of things exist. All these questions merge together in the problem of a Coalition Government. The party is perhaps being decisively influenced in this direction not only by its party opponents but also by its own right wing in a very definite manner, besides by the demands of Parliamentarism which it has always respected and those of opportunism, which is not always to be avoided. On the other hand, this same Parliamentarism alone, would make it possible for the party to remain outside the Government, ignoring the persistent encouragement of the opposition parties, and continuing the role of opposition party, perhaps a more useful and less thankless one at the present juncture of affairs. This would perhaps also be a more representative policy for the left wing of the party, which regards the socialistic development of the party as menaced by the excess of trade union bureaucrats, and late liberals. It is strongly within their recollection, that is the Scotch section and the leaders of the Independent Labor Party, that during the war period whilst the Labor Minister was toasting with the king, they themselves, also as "guests of His Majesty," were sitting in prison.

A second point hitherto unexplained is that, assuming the loyal support and benevolent

neutrality of the Liberals, what would be the attitude towards the Labor Party, of the bureaucracy, the police, the army and navy, and the industrial and commercial apparatus? The Labor Party is in this respect thoroly optimistic, but whether the officialdom, for the most part reactionary; of the Foreign Office and Treasury will not create sabotage against the Labor Government and the City will undermine its credit thru its great international influence, causes concern to many far-seeing Labor Party politicians in England as well as abroad.

2. Similar conjectures arise when one considers more closely the attitude of the Colonies to the central Labor Government in the great British Empire. Only a few weeks ago one saw at the Empire Conference the significance of the power of the dominions and colonies within the Empire. Is after all the whole turn in English politics during the last weeks a direct result of the Empire Conference, in which the independence of the colonies showed itself in a very clear light, and an indication of the decay of British Imperialism? Still at this conference the most important personality was the South African prime minister, General Smuts, who only ten

months ago aroused much criticism when his barbaric suppression caused a rising on the part of South African labor. But is it then to be assumed that the spirit which evinced itself in Smuts' activities and which was not restricted to South Africa alone, would be more favorably inclined towards a central Labor Government than it was towards a Conservative one? There are certainly a number of Colonies with very strong Labor Parties but whether they possess enough strength to avert an attack, if only an economic one, against the governing party of the motherland, remains to be seen.

3. Continental politics also present no little difficulty for an English Labor Party. Certainly the Labor Government is much more favorably placed in this connection than an imperialistic one or one which is continually influenced by the war and the Treaty of Versailles, nevertheless many insurmountable obstacles can be put in the way of a Labor Government in discussion with France, in active participation in the reparations question, in the revision of the Peace Treaty, in connection with Fascist Italy, all of which are unavoidable problems. To these may be added the unavoidable considera-

tion which must be paid to certain questions, perhaps not so important in world politics, but none the less significant for a Labor Government, such as the consolidation of secession states, which has already been embarked upon by the English, the reform and moderation of many League of Nations decisions which have been instigated by French Imperialism, etc. But an English Labor Government has a particular duty relative to Germany whose most pressing problem—that of the Rhine and Ruhr—demands immediate and active consideration from the side of England, not in the sense of a naive European internationalization of the Rhineland such as might be the proposal of a discreet Labor Commission, but that of a Labor Government which also has the prime duty of considering the welfare of the workers in other lands.

4. Further, the British Labor Party is the leading organization of the Socialist Labor International and thereby plays the same part as the German Social Democracy did in the Second International. It is also very similar to it in idealistic respects, but in political judgement, in adaptability, in qualification for statesmanship considerably superior to the German Party. Whether in regard to its international obligations as the government party of the chief country in Europe it fail in the present situation as the German Social Democracy Party did in 1914, depends in large measure upon how far the class conscious opposition within the Labor Party can influence the actions of the Labor Government. Trade Union leaders and ex-liberals alone will not be in the position to conform with these international demands and a rupture in this sphere would also cause considerable damage to the remaining activities of the Labor Government.

5. But what is most clear and least contestable, on the part of its opponents also, is the policy of the Labor Government and also any other government with respect to Soviet Russia, which has already been made known. The complete diplomatic recognition of the Soviet Government must be taken for granted in the policy adopted by an influential Labor Party and will also be supported by the middle class trade and industrial parties. The recognition of Soviet Russia is indeed already a demand expressed in the circle of Employers. If the former Government from political reasons did not fulfill these demands, it is certain that many of their supporters will be thankful in secret to the Labor Party if they can set up organized diplomatic and economic relationship between England and Soviet Russia.

The Whole German Working Class Is Hungry



LOYALTY (An American Story) By WILLIAM D. HAYWOOD

Everything was in full swing in the corner saloon when I dropped in one night in the Winter of '99. The billiard, pool and gambling tables were all running. A roulette wheel, a faro-bank and two stud poker games were crowded with players.

Calling up the stragglers to have a drink, I said to Ben Hastings, the bar-keeper, "Who is the man in the corner chair. The man sat huddled up with his hat drawn down over his face. Ben replied, "That is old McCann; he don't drink much but he would sell his soul for a dose of morphine."

I beckoned to him; he came strolling up, shoving his hat back a little. He said, "I guess you don't remember me, Bill, I used to know you in Tuscarora." I recognized him, tho the few intervening years had made much change in his face and physique. He was now emaciated with the ravages of the drug. His eyes were unusually bright, but shone out of deep hollows. His face was gaunt and sallow. There was a nervousness about him.

I walked over to the faro layout, put a silver dollar behind the ten-spot, playing the nine and pack open. It won on the turn. "Silver," I said to the dealer. Picking up the coin I went back to the bar, and bought another round of drinks. As I was leaving I saw one of the miners who was working with me on the Trade Dollar Mine talking confidently to McCann, the dope-fiend.

Nearly every mining camp has its corner saloon. The one I mention here was located in Silver City, Idaho. A little town built in a narrow gulch between Florida and War Eagle Mountains. These towering peaks stood as mighty guards over the bustling little burg with its foundation in the bed of the stream that had been turned bottom side up by the gold diggers of the early 'sixties. It was typical of many mining camps of the

West. The saloons and other less important business houses were on the principal of the two streets of the town. The red light district occupied the rear street, populated by white black and Chinese women.

Cabins and little houses, the homes of the married miners, were scattered about the surrounding mountain sides. The snow fell deep that winter and there was little to mark their locality except the stove pipes and an occasional chimney, sticking up thru the snow.

The following morning as I was going to work I passed McCann's Potosi Gulch. A light was shining thru the window.

That morning the old dope-fiend was arrested at the stage office. He had gone early with a box to be shipped to Salt Lake City. The Sheriff was waiting for him. Took both him and the box to jail, where upon examination the box was found to contain high-grade ore, that would run several dollars to the pound.

McCann was locked up charged with grand larceny. A scoundrel, nicknamed Tamarack, whom he had sheltered in his cabin, had squealed on him. Mac was facing a serious situation. Conviction would mean a long term in the penitentiary. This chase of the dilemma did not worry him. He was thinking of the tortures he knew he would suffer if deprived of the drug that for years had made life endurable for him.

About mid-day the Sheriff came to the cell-door, saying "Well Mac, how are you? With trembling voice, "I'm a little shaky, must have some medicine. On account of my nerves I have taken morphine pretty regularly. You know one who has used as much of it as I cannot get along without it. You can get it at the drug store next to the post-office. Tell him its for me, he knows what I'll need for the night. You'll do that for me won't you sheriff?" "Sure, sure, I know your condition.

By the way, Mac you know the Mining Company have no intention of cinching you. But we've got to have the names of the men who gave you the ore. The stealing of rich specimens has been going on for a long time. We'll put a stop to it now. Who are the fellows?" Mac looked the sheriff square in the eye "I cannot tell you," was his answer. The sheriff turned and walked away saying, "Alright, I'll see you later."

It was growing dark. Mac's every nerve was vibrating. His brain was hot. He trembled as with the ague. He knocked on the grated door with the tin cup. The sheriff came. Mac said, "Did you get that stuff for me?" "No, I've been busy." But, encouragingly, "I will before the store closes. You know the names of those men, do you Mac?" "Of course I do," came the response in a shivering tone. "I thought you did," the sheriff remarked. "I'll get the morphine for you to-night."

The hours and minutes dragged and thumped. Mac paced the cell, now and then steadying himself against the wall. With all his force he tried to quiet the pangs of brain and nerve. The sheriff's promise gave him strength to fight against insanity and what he thought was approaching death. At some monstrous visions he screamed out in agony, and so wore the night away without a wink of sleep.

Morning found Mac clinging to the bars. His face white, his body limp. The guard came with his breakfast. Mac braced himself to say, "You get me some. You can get it." The guard with a laugh said, "You'll have to wait till the sheriff comes; I can't leave here any more than you can."

The sheriff came late. Mac was still leaning against the grated wall, the food untouched in the pan on the floor. "Well, Mac, how are you?" Startled by the voice, he straightened up, staggered back, tripped on the food pan, slipped and fell. He dragged himself to the door, pulling

himself first to his knees and then to his feet. Putting a scrawny, scarred arm thru the bars, he groaned, "Give it to me, give it to me. God! Sheriff, I'm dying." The sheriff pulled the short blue bottle from his pocket. The white narcotic filled it to the cork. Spasmodically, Mac's shrivelled hand clawed for what he knew was surcease from his terrible agony. Mentally and physically, he had already nearly collapsed. The sheriff smiled, "Don't be in a hurry Mac, you'll get it. You never wanted the stuff so bad before, did you?" Mac's eyes were filmed. His face was ashen white. The fingers on his bare arm that protruded thru the bars opened and closed nervously. "Give me a little. Just enough to ease my head, I'll go mad." "You can have it Mac; but I must know the men who gave you the ore." Mac did not raise his head, but said, "You can kill me, but I cannot tell you. It is their wives and children that I am thinking of." He pulled back his hand. The grip of the other relaxed, and he sank in a miserable heap on the floor.

The company doctor was called, resuscitated Mac with a little brandy, but was deaf to his pleadings, and would give him none of the narcotic. The vile craving was gnawing viciously at every fibre and tissue of Mac's body. His brain squirmed, his skin crept. Death would be his certain release, but it would not come. There seemed to be nothing but torment, torture aggravated by the sheriff with the little blue bottle.

A few days later they led Mac into the court room more dead than alive. The prosecuting attorney asked him who the men were that were involved with him in the theft of the ore. He muttered, "I cannot tell you."

Mac was found guilty of grand larceny. Sentenced to seven years of hard labor in the Boise Penitentiary. He died there while serving his time.

They said he would sell his soul for a dose of morphine, but he stood the tortures of the damned, and sacrificed years of his life for—loyalty.

WORLD'S WORKERS HAVE PROGRAM ON IMMIGRATION

THE question of immigration is now up before Congress, and in that connection it is interesting to read the resolution of the Red International of Labor Unions on the subject of workers' migration. This is one of the resolutions passed at the Third Session of the Central Council of the Red International of Labor Unions, held in Moscow from June 25 to July 2, 1923. The resolution reads as follows:

On Workers' Migration

1. Revolutionary Labor Union Centrals, independent organizations and minorities sympathizing with the R. I. L. U. must institute special bureaus in those countries experiencing emigration and immigration. The bureaus will collect statistical material dealing with the number, sex, age and profession of immigrants and emigrants. They must likewise collect comparative material on the wages of all countries, on dearths, on the labor market, on the workers' protection laws, on methods of employment and also general information of interest to migrating workers. These inquiries and activities will yield the possibility of a minute study into the problem of migration.

2. In all countries of immigration, special committees comprising representatives of the nationalities yielding the largest percentage of immigrants together with representatives from the labor union central or from the organized minorities sympathizing with the R. I. L. U. must be formed. It is the aim of these committees to work out organizational forms and to effect a propaganda for creating brotherly connections and solidarity between the immigrants and the home elements.

Similar committees are to be established in the most important centers of immigration and in the places of work.

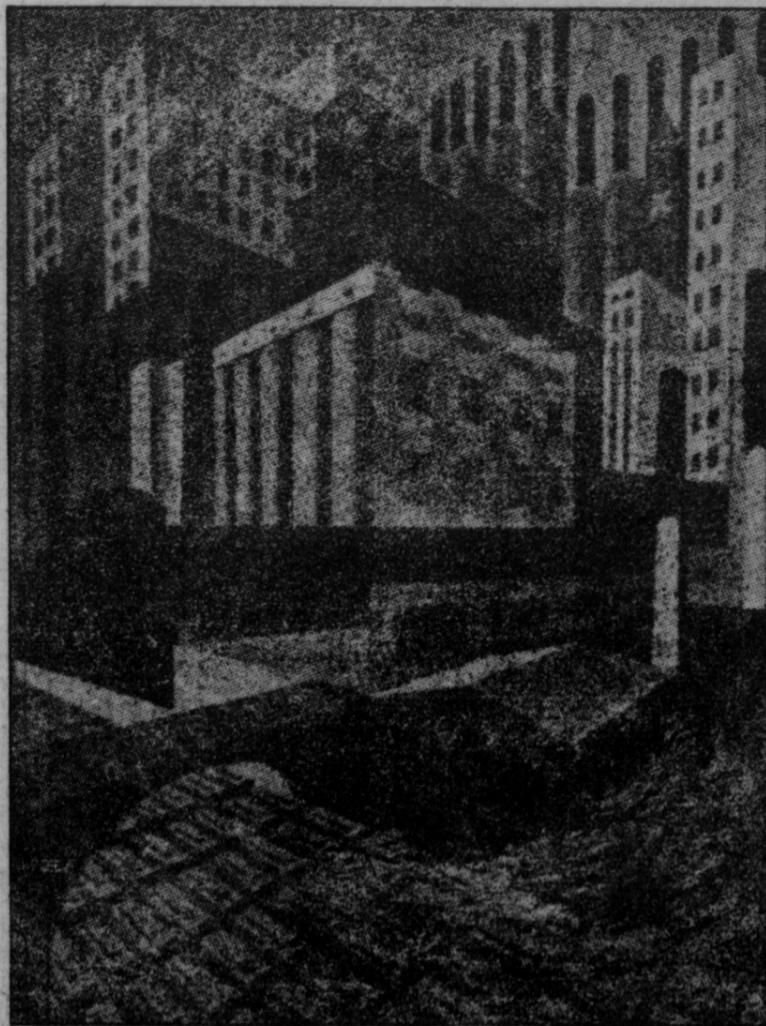
3. Periods of disturbance and strike are favorable for conflicts between home workers and immigrants. Employers and authorities making use of such opportunities excite nationalist tendencies with a view of splitting and destroying working class solidarity. To avoid these dangers and so frustrate ruling class schemes, the immigrants must be given a guarantee that their rights and interests will be protected like those of the home workers. With

that aim, the immigrants should, legally or illegally, according to the particular countries' legislation, be induced to participate in the work of strike committees.

4. The entire labor union press of the countries of immigration, but especially the press of the labor union federations directly interested, must systematically deal with the problems of immigration, reserving

sufficient room for the treatment of this item. The articles in question should be written in the language of the persons dealt with. Wherever possible, a special periodical for the immigrants in each country should be issued. Connections, however, must already to that end have been taken up with the revolutionary unions and the Communist Parties in the countries concerned alike with immigration and emigration.

Modern American City



From a painting by Louis Lozowick.

5. Immigrated workers may in no case form distinct trade unions. They must, on the contrary, enter the local organizations on exactly the same conditions as the home workers.

The labor unions must create special language groups for those that are not acquainted with the language of that area. Wherever deemed useful, said groups may form their own clubs for propaganda and education. These groups are obliged to find out the most suitable forms of organization for attracting foreign workers, especially those temporarily living in the country, to the labor unions.

6. In the home labor unions' local sections, labor chambers, etc., rooms should be reserved in which immigrant workers can meet.

7. In addition to the problem of uniting the immigrant workers with the help of the labor union organizations and the questions of insurance against accidents, invalidity, age, etc., the organizations endorsing the R. I. L. U. principles must also give much attention to the utilizing of the co-operative societies on behalf of the immigrants.

8. Immigration into Soviet Russia is of special importance. Offers of immigration are being received from workers, technicians, engineers, etc., of various countries. Altho the present economic situation does not allow of a big influx and an economic utilization of emigrants, nevertheless, qualified workers are badly needed for restoring the economic life. The emigration bureaus of the organizations attached to the R. I. L. U. must study the question of immigration to Soviet Russia. The bureaus must register all petitions and communicate with the corresponding organs in Soviet Russia as well as with the Russian labor unions. The bureaus should give special attention to the immigration of technicians and engineers ready to serve the proletarian Republic.

9. In the trade unions not affiliated to the R. I. L. U., a lively propaganda should be developed on behalf of the immigrants' protection.

The private institutions, such as employment offices, etc., that live by sucking and tricking the immigrants, must be mercilessly combated, and if possible abolished.

Communists and Syndicalists in French Trade Unions

By SIMON FELSHIN

With the coming of the second wave of international revolution, changes are taking place in the international movement. New alignments are brought about by the force of events. There is a constant fermentation going on, and the revolutionary forces are redressing their lines everywhere in the class struggle which is inevitably leading to new, decisive battles between the working class and the forces of capitalism.

In keeping with this international endeavor on the part of the revolutionary workers the world over to clear for action, the radical French trade unions thru the Congress of their organization have announced that they will fight hand in hand with the Communists to bring about the downfall of the common enemy, French imperialist capitalism.

Decisive Victory.

At the recent Congress of the Confederation Generale du Travail Unifie (C. G. T. U.) or Unified General Confederation of Labor, which was held in the city of Bourges from November 12 to November 17, 1923, the vote stood 1,114 to 220 in favor of staying in the Red International of Labor Unions. The Congress of Bourges accepted the idea of organic connection between the French Communist Party and the C. G. T. U., as well as between the Red International of Labor Unions and the Communist International. The final vote on orientation of the trade unions was 971 unions for the majority resolution and 356 unions in the opposition. The victory was decisive. The two groups which were opposed to the majority on the question of orientation of the trade unions united in the final vote, tho they differed on the question of admission to the Red International of Labor Unions. The Groupes Syndicalistes Revolutionnaires (G. S. R.) or pure syndicalists as they term themselves were in favor of remaining in the Red International of Labor Unions, but were opposed to organic connection with the Communist Party, and they were for the rejection of Communist ideas. The other minority group, the Comité de Defense du Syndicalisme (C. D. S.), or Committee for the Defense of Syndicalism, was composed of Anarcho-Syndicalists who were for leaving the Red International of Labor Unions, and for the absolute autonomy of the French trade unions.

Strange Combination in Minority.

There was a strange combination against the majority in the C. G. T. U. It was a combination of Frossardists, so called pure Syndicalists, and Anarcho-Syndicalists. The opportunists and the dogmatists seemed to find each other congenial company. This combination was denounced at the Congress, and the sponsors of the alliance found it hard to explain matters.

Communist Party Will Lead in Revolution.

The Congress of Bourges rejected the idea of absolute autonomy for the French trade unions, it crushed Anarcho-Syndicalism, and every kind of Syndicalism in France which has been a stronghold of Syndicalism; it laughed down the thought of entering the Berlin Workers' International (the Syndicalist international); it upheld the Russian revolution; it approved political action; it recognized the true rôle of the Communist Party, the political party, as the leader in the proletarian revolution. This last was the pith of the action of the French trade union congress. It was recognized that only the Communist Party with its limber organization formed expressly for preparing and making the revolution, the organization which conforms to the needs of the struggle between the working class and the capitalists, the organization which has elastic tactics, can work legal or illegally, can elude the enemy when it is necessary, can advance or retreat as the occasion requires, only the Communist Party with its iron discipline can lead the workers effectively in the proletarian revolution. The revolutionary trade unions would be a tremendous factor, a base upon which the Communist Party would find support, but the Communist Party would necessarily have the actual direction of the struggle in its hands.

Unity Upheld.

The Congress of Bourges upheld unity, avoided a split in the French trade unions. Now the trade union army is consolidated, ready to rein-

force the Communist Party and under its direction to push the revolution ahead in France. A united, really revolutionary C. G. T. U. can accomplish mighty deeds, for it is powerful. It includes the unions of almost all the industries, the organized workers of the following trades: construction, railroads, metal, mining, textile, public service, ports and docks, agriculture, food and numerous minor industries.

The Congress of Bourges refused to take measures against the Communist committees in the trade unions on the contrary, it indorsed them. It decided that the Communist Party has a right to have its committees within the C. G. T. U., it has a right to have control of its members within the trade unions. This decision practically ends the illusion that the trade unions can lead in the revolutionary struggle. The organized, class-conscious revolutionary workers of France recognize that the Communist Party is the natural leader in the struggle to overthrow capitalism.

The Congress indorsed the committees of action composed of representatives of the Communist Party and the trade unions.

Frossard Is Repudiated.

The Congress of Bourges was a blow at Frossard who, since his ignominious exit from the Communist Party on the eve of the Ruhr invasion, has been hard at work maneuvering for power in order to deliver the Communist Party and the revolutionary trade unions into the hands of Albert Thomas, Renaudel, Blum, and consequently into the hands of the Bloc des Gauches (the left bloc) of bourgeois liberals and socialists. It is his aim to liquidate the Communist Party, as Paul Levi wanted to do in Germany.

The Opposition Characterized.

After the Congress, Monmousseau, one of the leaders of the C. G. T. U., wrote: "an opposition can only live as long as it stands upon a positive program and only when it is faced by a majority which has fallen back before revolutionary events. As our minority lacked these two conditions it is being torn apart: anarchists and resisters, splitters and unitarians, minority and majority of the Confederal Minority, when struck by the wind of defeat, fall to wrangling with one another. Let us therefore profit by this circumstances in order to repair the harm already done."

C. G. T. U. No Debating Club.

No more sterile discussions, no more wrangling, no more looking backward at the past and dragging in the old Charter of Amiens at every occasion, this antiquated Charter of 1906 which rejected political action for the trade unions. The Charter of Bourges is a permanent thing. It has been arrived at only after considerable dissension within the revolutionary trade union movement. Now, the C. G. T. U. can go over from sterile debating to revolutionary action.

Change At Right Moment.

The great fight at Bourges was upon the orientation of the trade unions, and this fight has been decided to the satisfaction of all those who have the revolution at heart the world over. The decision of the Congress of the C. G. T. U. has heartened the Communists everywhere, has given fresh impetus to the fight. Coming on the eve, perhaps, of the inevitable German revolution it is an indication that the French working class will not allow French imperialism to stab the German revolution in the back. General Foch is giving great care to the front lines of his invading army. But the workers are undermining the rear. Behind the lines will not be a labor movement led by traitors, as was the case in the world war. History tries to repeat itself, but does not always succeed—1914 cannot be repeated. The workers have learned from the world war, from the Russian revolution, in fact from every important event since the great betrayal of August 1914.

Long Period of Dissensions.

All the time that the threat of invasion of Germany by France was hovering in the air, there was constant dissension within the revolutionary movement in France. The French Communist Party was torn with strife. It was in rebellion against the Communist International, it was refractory on the question of the united front, it was against leadership of the trade unions by the Communist Party, it was against centralization. It contained petty bour-

German revolution that the minority showed itself absolutely helpless. The minority broke on this very question. It did not break on an abstraction, geois pacifists such as George Pioch, it had men who were still under the influence of their specialistic tactics, as for instance Paul Louis who is a pedant and no revolutionist. And it was practically led by the slick, shrewd, smooth-tongued, demagogic, arch-opportunist Frossard. Frossard, like a chameleon, could change his color quite often—at one time he was a pleader for Jean Longuet, the centrist par excellence, and at another time he battled for the ideas of Syndicalism.

While the French Communist Party was honeycombed with all sorts of dangerous tendencies, the radical trade union movement was undergoing tremendous struggles to orient itself upon the way of revolution. It had its internal dissensions.

Stripped for Battle.

But at present the Communist Party has been cleared of its undesirable elements. Frossard, Favre, Pioch, Meric, Paul Louis, and others like them with their sparse following are out. And when they left others came in. The Communist Party of France is growing continually. When Frossard left the French Communist Party, two great revolutionists joined it, Henri Barbusse and Pierre Monatte. The Communist Party is stripped for battle.

And with the Congress of Bourges the C. G. T. U. has turned into a potent, a sure factor of the revolution. It has able leaders, such as Monmousseau, Semard, Rosmer, Tommasi, Monatte.

Formidable Lineup.

Now that strong ties have been established between the Communist Party of France and the C. G. T. U. we have in France a formidable lineup against the forces of capitalism. It has taken a long time for this to happen, but it has not come too late. The German revolution will not find the revolutionary workers of France unprepared. Once the German working class rises against its masters it will find a powerful ally in the united forces of the revolutionary proletariat of France.

Role of France.

There were times when we all thought with sinking heart how far France had drifted from its glorious role of pioneer in revolution. But we may rejoice that French imperialism, with its overweening ambition, with its audacious schemes of European supremacy of France, with its dreams of world power, will be faced by a mighty opponent.

It was on the question of the attitude of the C. G. T. U. toward the but a concrete question of a practical program of action. Everything else was tied up with this very question, for this was the question of revolutionary action.

Anarcho-Syndicalism Negates Revolution.

The Syndicalists are against the dictatorship of the working class, yet a revolution in Germany is unthinkable without the proletarian dictatorship. It is laughable to think that it can be carried out according to the idle dreams of the Anarchists who are against dictatorship, or that it can be absolutely necessary for the transitional period. The Syndicalists are against any kind of government, including a government of the working class—they ache for a free society, where the administration of things will be carried on by the Anarcho-Syndicalist trade unions which are self-sufficient. The Syndicalists refuse to accord the Communist Party any place in the revolution. Yet a revolution is an impossibility in Germany without the leadership of the Communist Party, without the leadership of these same "dirty politicians" as the Syndicalists are pleased to call the Communists. The Minority wanted the complete autonomy, the independence of the trade unions of France, yet the revolution is practically impossible in Germany without international action, without backing on the part of the workers of the world. The minority was against committees composed of Communists in the trade unions. Yet these committees are the means by which the revolutionary forces will be consolidated in order to meet the consolidated forces of the enemy.

Conference of Essen.

The minority denounced the Conference of Essen, as a surrender of the trade unions to the Communist

parties. But Monmousseau defended the Conference of Essen which brought together representatives of the Communist parties of Germany and France as well as of the revolutionary trade unions to devise ways and means to launch a common action against the invasion of the Ruhr. The Conference of Essen gave vitality to the Committees of Action. The Conference of Essen was a historical conference. It brought to mind Zimmerwald and Kienthal, but it was more than that, for it did not represent insignificant minorities of isolated militants. It represented masses of workers. The capitalists grasped its significance and raised an uproar in their press. Only doctrinaires, stiffnecked dogmatists who worship a hollow formula, a dead abstraction could have failed to realize the meaning of the Conference of Essen.

General Strike to Aid German Revolution.

The minority even showed that it is opposed to a general strike in France as an aid to the German revolution, for the speakers of the minority got up and accused the majority of having decided for an insurrection, whereas the truth is that it was decided to prepare the general strike which will be called according as revolutionary developments in Germany require it.

The minority showed itself to be sterile, a confusion of dogma and opportunism, devoid of a will for revolution, lacking in the international view-point, hating revolution.

Oratory Plus.

The debate that took place at the Congress of Bourges was marked by the usual French eloquence, but it was not simply a display of oratory. It was a highly interesting and highly valuable discussion of ideas, of theories, principles, tactics; it was an analysis of conditions and facts, it was a thoro examination of programs, of proposed measures.

Besnard, leader of the Anarchists, in his speech glorified the Berlin Workers' International as the true, the pure, the undefiled International which would have nothing to do with these "criminal" Communists. He spoke of the Berlin International as being an immense organization, the ordinary human beings are hardly aware of its existence. Certainly it has not reached the point where it can be taken seriously. He made charges of broken faith, of betrayal, of hobnobbing with Communists. "I am against everything which strikes at the autonomy and independence of the French trade unions," cried Besnard, and that was the refrain that ran throughout his speech. This sacred autonomy must not be touched.

Semard made a brilliant reply to Besnard. "In this revolutionary work", he said, "the trade unions, placing the revolution above all system and all theory declare themselves ready to accept the aid of all other revolutionary forces."

Monmousseau's Eloquence.

But it was Monmousseau who rose above all the rest by his impassioned, brilliant oratory, his logic, his truth. "Permit me to be more orthodox than Pierre Semard," Monmousseau said to the Congress. "I am a defender of the Communist International." "Will you please tell us," he cried turning to the Syndicalists, "what would you oppose to the regular and irregular troops of the German reaction which held in check the armies of the Entente for so many years? Will you please present to us your scholarly and well-wishing formula, your positive program, not only of revolutionary defense, but of revolutionary action. Where there is no red army, where there is no dictatorship of the proletariat, the same thing must happen as happened in Italy."

No Issues Evaded.

The Congress of the C. G. T. U. left no pressing question undecided, no important problem undiscussed. It went to the roots of things. It evaded no issues. It came out with a sound program based solidly on correct understanding of the situation, on a correct analysis of the facts, on correct theories and principles, a program of correct tactics for the revolutionary struggle against French imperialism in aid of the German revolution, and of the world revolution of the exploited against the exploiters.

Why the Farmers Fail

By WILLIAM F. KRUSE

THE wholesale bankruptcy of large sections of our rural populations is of such serious portent to the politicians, especially in presidential election year, that some alibi must be offered. At first the tactic was to deny that the farmers were badly off, the Republicans maintained that they were prosperous but didn't know it. This Christian Science prosperity was not antidote for eighty cent wheat that costs twice that to raise, so a new tack was tried.

The Montana Department of Agriculture has found out the real reason why farmers fail. They just don't know their business, that's all. To be a proper farmer one must be an expert in soils, a botanist, a biologist, a weather prophet, an agriculturist, a machinist, a merchant, a banker, a traffic manager, and a dozen other things which in the city may pull down \$5,000 a year—each. It ought to be great consolation for the Dakotans, disposed after three generations of slavery, to learn that all that's wrong with them is that they don't know farming.

Out of fifty-eight farmers in a recent survey only twenty-three had been farmers before settling in that part of the country, and only one was a native Montanan. The former vocations of the others were: two doctors, one miner, two deep-sea divers, two school teachers, two blacksmiths, one bartender, three maiden ladies, two cowpunchers, one sea-going engineer, one mail carrier, one globe-trotter, six musicians, two draymen, two butchers, two milliners, two jack-of-all-trades, and two wrestlers.

The digest of this report concludes from this showing: "That means that most of them were totally ignorant of the industry which they sought to pursue, and, in addition, were unfamiliar with the part of the country in which they sought to produce a living. They knew nothing of its soil, its climate, its labor conditions, its prices, its production costs and its markets. Should a sailor walk into a watchmaker's shop and apply for a job as a watch repairer he would be acting in a manner no more incongruous than the deep-sea divers, the carpenter and the wrestler, and any of the rest of them, in boldly taking up the difficult pursuit of farming in a strange country. The report says that it is not surprising that these strangers failed in large numbers."

"The attempt of inexperienced and unfit men to succeed under conditions requiring a high type of agricultural ability and experience produced its natural results," says the report on the survey, "In the area of heaviest failure 51% of those who went upon the land were without previous farming experience and 30% had no capital."

So the report maintains that the reason why Montana farmers fail is, first, because they are not Montanans, second, because they are not farmers.

The report itself gives the lie to this conclusion. The survey showed 61% non-farmers, 39% farmers. The 61% produced 51% of the worst failure, the 39% produced 49%. The single Montanan in the 58 is such a minor factor that there is no basis of comparison.

Farming is an industry requiring work and brains. An experienced farmer ought to do better than an inexperienced city man. But many thousands of farmers have been so ground down by their years of profitless labor that they have remained ignorant of improved methods that have come to the notice of the better orientated city man. The very diversity of the farmer's work makes much of the knowledge of the carpenter and the school teacher, and the butcher, and all the rest of them come in mighty handy. But this is not the solution of the problem. The survey itself shows that ex-farmer and ex-city man fail in about the same ratio.

This attempt to set farmer against farmer according to past vocations is ridiculous. To go over the same ground covered by this survey and find out why each of the 35 city men turned to farming would throw interesting light on the workings of the capitalist system. It would be found that some of these carpenters, machinists, engineers, etc., were victims of a lost labor cause, and blacklisted because of their activity on behalf of the working class. So the only way left for their families to get bread was to scratch it out of the soil. To gather those fifty-eight farmers together and have them tell one another their life stories would give a qualified writer the basis of the great American play and the great American novel, both. It would uncontroversially prove the need for the solidarity of the working class, of land and of town, for the common cause

of ridding themselves of the parasitic coupon-clippers who live off the sweat and blood of America's workers.

What is really the matter with our farmers is that they are trying to wage an individualist struggle against a capitalist regime. The plutocratic collectivity made up of railroads, banks, elevators, packinghouses, chain stores, commission brokers, canneries, implement makers, seed wholesalers, fertilizer magnates, and all the others who stand between the producer on the land and his fellow-producer in the city—they are organized. Thru their Chamber of Commerce, Manufacturers' Associations, Rotarians, Kiwanis, Ku Kluxes, and other organizations they control two major political machines and such side shoots as occasions may demand. Thru the control of these parties they control the American government, the State, in all its branches. Thru the control of the political State they are able to enforce their claim of ownership of the socially essential public utilities. The formula of capitalist power is simple: Exploitation thru ownership; ownership thru political power; political power thru class organization.

The workers and farmers must follow the same formula. Alone they can do nothing. The Montana survey declares that 30% of the worst failures had no capital. That is false. One hundred per cent of all failures had no capital, relatively speaking. That's why farmers fail. That's why workers are robbed. When they have all capital, collectively, there will be no further failure or robbery.

Anatole France Speaks of Jack London

We print below a Foreword which the world-famed writer Anatole France has written to the French edition of Jack London's "Iron Heel," which has just been published in book form.

"The Iron Heel"—That is the forceful expression which Jack London uses in order to characterize the Plutocracy. The book which bears this title appeared in the year 1907. It portrays the conflict which one day will break out between the Plutocracy and the People, if the gods in their anger so permit. Ah! Jack London possessed that genius which perceives that which remains hidden from the mass of men. He possessed powers which enabled him to anticipate things. He foresaw all those events which are being enacted in our times. That fearful drama which he presented in the "Iron Heel" has, up to the present, not become an actuality and we do not know where and when this prophesy of the American disciple of Marx will be realized.

Jack London was a socialist, in fact even a revolutionary socialist. The man who, in his book, discerns the True and foresees the Future with its Wisdom, Strength and Goodness is named Ernest Everhard. He, like the author, had been a worker who earned his bread with the labor of his hands. For you must know that the man who wrote fifty wonderful volumes, all permeated with the defiant and challenging spirit of life and who died young, was the son of a worker and began his magnificent career in a factory. Ernest Everhard is full of courage and wisdom, full of strength and gentleness, all of which qualities are common to him and the writer who has created him. And in order to complete the similarity existing between the two, the author gives his hero a wife possessing a great soul and a strong mind, whom her husband makes a socialist. And we know that "Charmian," together with her husband Jack, withdrew from the Labor Party so soon as this party betrayed signs of moderatism.

The two revolts which form the subject of the book which I here present to the French reader, are of a bloody nature. They exhibit, in the plans of, these who provoke them, such treachery and in their carrying out so much cruelty, that one asks oneself whether they would be at all possible in America, in Europe and particularly in France. For myself I would not consider them as possible if I had not before my eyes the example of the June days and the crushing of the Commune of 1870,

which reminds me that against the poor everything and anything is permitted. All proletarians of Europe have, like their American class comrades, felt the imprint of the iron heel on their own bodies.

One of these days, however, the fight between Capital and Labor will again flare up. Then one will experience days like those of the revolts in San Francisco and Chicago, the indescribable horror of which Jack London has already portrayed beforehand. Nevertheless, there is absolutely no ground for the assumption that on that day (be it near or distant) Socialism will again be ground under the iron heel and choked in blood.

In the year 1917, someone had exclaimed to Jack London: "You are a terrible pessimist!" Sincere socialists reproached him with bringing fear to the Party. But they were wrong. Those who have the rare and precious gift of being able to perceive things beforehand, must openly call attention to these dangers which they sense in advance. I recollect that the great Jaures said more than once: "With us the forces of the classes against which we have to lead the fight are not sufficiently known. They have the power and they are credited with possessing virtue. The clergy have forsaken the morals of the church in order to take up those of business; and the whole of society will, as soon as it is seriously threatened, enter the field in order to defend itself." He, too, was right, just as Jack London was right, in holding the prophetic mirror before us in order to reveal our failings and shortsightedness.

We will not compromise the future. It belongs to us. The Plutocracy will fall. Now, in its fulness of power, one already recognizes signs of its collapse. It will disappear, because every caste regime is doomed to death. Wage slavery must disappear, because it is unjust. It will fall at a time when it is still insolently boasting of its strength, exactly as slavery and serfdom fell.

And when one observes it closely one notices already today that it is worn with age. The war, which the large industry of every country brought about, the war which was their war, the war from which they hoped to acquire further wealth, has brought so much and so widespread devastation, that the international Oligarchy has itself been shaken, and the day is approaching when it will come crashing down on a ruined Europe.

I cannot, however, say that it will collapse at one blow and without a struggle. It will offer resistance. Its

last war will perhaps be long drawn out and be marked by ups and downs. Oh, you heirs of the proletariat, oh you future generations, you children of the new times! You will conduct the war, and if ever cruel reverses cause you to have doubts as to the success of your cause, so will you again pluck up courage and exclaim with the noble Everhard: "It is true we have lost this time, but not for always! We have learnt several things. Tomorrow we will take up the struggle again, more equipped and strengthened in wisdom and discipline!"

WITH THE YOUNG WORKERS

CONDUCTED BY THE YOUNG WORKERS LEAGUE

"The March of the Workers."

At a certain meeting in Moscow of representatives of Communist youth organizations from about 20 countries, those present were called upon separately to sing the most popular revolutionary song of their league. England, Russia, Bulgaria, Mexico, Sweden and a number of others responded—in fact, all but one delegate rendered a selection, and sad as it may be, it was the one which represented the United States. With all the jazz music in this country, with all the dances and entertainments that we ourselves run, we have not developed a working class music.

You never see a group of European organized young workers march thru the streets without singing. Their voices are no better than those of the American young workers. We have been so busy with the actual work of organization that we have overlooked the very important function of a revolutionary youth movement—singing.

In the nick of time, the Young

Workers League comes to the rescue with a song book whose equal it will be hard to find. "The March of the Workers," now being sold by the Y. W. L., is about the best workers' song book I have ever seen; and I have in my possession a copy of nearly all song books published in this country and have seen most of those published in Europe. Contained therein are, of course, the best songs of the European movement. But we have not been backward in including the best that has been created in this country—those by Liebich, Gomez and Mike Gold, as well as an American version of the Carmagnole by Harrison George. The make-up of "The March of the Workers" is excellent, and the price of \$1.00 makes you wonder how the league could do it.

There are only one thousand copies on hand, and we have made sure that our order was put in even before the printer delivered this meager supply. Besides, you can get a copy of the songs (without the music) for twenty-five cents.

What a thrill it will be to the sleepy-eyed white collared slaves in the New York subways to hear a bunch of the league members warble "We are the Youthful Guardsmen of the Proletariat," and from what we know of the Chicago, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Kansas City (and other) wage slaves, a movement that can sing workers' songs with the punch that the league members are capable of will win their admiration if not their support.

This address is only of value to 1,000 people: Y. W. L., 1009 N. State St., Chicago, Ill.



Man Robotized

PRISON DAYS

By EMIL LYON

There were three of us, serving our year for making speeches against the draft law. We were nearing the end of our sentences and had been transferred from cells to the comparative comfort of the dormitory. Here the short-timers, mostly drunks and vagrants loafed out their \$5.00 and \$10.00 and cost sentences.

It was in the early days of prohibition. The bootleggers had not yet become proficient at their trade. The population of this workhouse had been considerably reduced as a consequence and there were only a dozen of us in the dormitory, which usually held forty.

Our state bread and "all-together" soup had been served thru the little opening in the iron door. The "king of the spoons" had made his rounds and gathered those precious instruments. The rusty pans, separated into three parts by partitions, in which our bread and soup and sometimes a slice of red beet was served, were noisily shoved out thru the opening in the door.

Everyone breathed a sigh of relief and relaxed. We were thru for the day. Except for the night guard, slipping by noiselessly in his felt slippers every now and then, no one would come near us until morning. Compared to the day's work under the constant observation of the guard, this was freedom.

Until the lights went out at eight was the story telling hour. Tonight Slippery Ike had the floor. Six feet six and thin as a rail, with just a fringe of red hair decorating his bald head, one could easily see how he had earned his name.

He disposed of himself carefully on one of the cots, keeping within hitting distance of the spittoon, and began:

"The goddamnest thing happened to me last week."

"I was riding a freight out of Bellaire on the way to Columbus. I hadn't made more than ten miles when a smart-aleck breakman came down on me.

"Hay, you," he shouts. 'You'd better beat it when we stop at the water tank. The're two dicks in the caboose and they seen ypu getting on and are going to grab you when we stop. There'll be another freight along in an hour.'

"I didn't like the idea of sitting around a water tank ten miles from nowhere, particularly since it was getting on toward supper-time and I began to argue the question. But he wouldn't discuss the matter.

"Take it or leave it," says he, and goes off swinging along the top of those cars as if he were walking down Broadway.

"When the tank hove in sight I slipped off and ducked in among the trees along the track and watched. Sure enough them fly-cops came out of the caboose and one on each side walked forward to the engine, looking each car over as they went.

"When she pulled out they stood there until the caboose came along and hopped on the end, so I didn't get a chance to jump her again.

"Wasn't anything to do but wait for the next freight which the breaky said would be along, so I found a soft spot and proceeded to invite myself to snooze.

"When I awoke it was nearly dark—must have slept an hour and a half. Wasn't any freight in sight. I sat waiting another half hour or so, but nothing happened.

"It had got pich dark—one o' those black nights that you can feel. My little tummy had been telling me ever since I woke up that it was time to go looking for some good lady, so I stood up on a big rock to see if there was any light anywhere in sight.

"Couldn't see a thing, so I began to stumble along to a sort of road I had seen down a piece. I follered it up from the track and after walking a bit I saw a light shining a little way ahead.

"Sure enough I soon came to a pretty good-looking farmhouse. I went into the yard kind of careful, keeping an eye out for a dog and went around to the back door where the light was.

"A rather good-looking, but hard-faced, woman answered my knock. I told my story. 'Come in,' she says without another word, and seats me down at the kitchen table and produces the grub.

"A leg of chicken, bread, jam and a glass of cider! Gee, I thinks, this is soft.

"She didn't say a word while I

et, but soon as I was thru she starts kind of business like.

"Now, I want you to do something for me. My old man died suddenly a couple hours ago, and I want you to watch while I hitch up and go for the undertaker.'

"The job didn't appeal to me, and I began to excuse myself, telling her I had to get back to catch the freight that would be along soon.

"She looked at me rather hard-like and says 'There'll be a five dollar bill in it for you, now come along' and opens the door to the next room.

"I seemed to be in for it and bucking up my nerve I folowed her. Sure enough, there on the couch in the corner was a body stretched out and covered by a sheet.

"She points to a chair near the door and says 'Watch here, till I come back' and closes the door.

"Soon I heard the buggy go rattling out of the yard and saw thru the window the light from the lantern which she'd taken with her, going down the road.

of cider I'd forgotten about the stiff, who seemed a pretty jolly sort of fellow.

"I'd just began to pay my respects to that old woman of his who'd tried to poison hm, when we heard the rattle of buggy wheels driving up the road.

"Quick," says he, 'cover me up and get back on your chair and don't say a word.' He stretches out and I pull the sheet over him and get back to my watching seat.

"Pretty soon I hear voices in the kitchen and hear the old woman grumbling about the 'damn tramp' having been helping himself to the chicken and cider.

"They don't come into the room where I and the stiff are, though, and a little later there are steps going upstairs from the kitchen and I hear them moving about overhead.

"The stiff jumps up and though I know he be alive it gives me a creepy feeling seeing him come out from under the sheet. I feels like getting thru that kitchen door and taken to my heels, but he grabs

the humpty-dumpty road. Looking back as we go I could see the flames growing bigger and bigger.

"We drove about five miles, passing two or three houses on the way, but they all dark and not even a dog barked. The farmer didn't say a word. After another mile or so he turned down a cross road, drove a piece and then suddenly stopped and said, 'Get out.'

"The railroad is about a quarter of a mile down the road," he continues. 'There'll be a freight along soon. If you say a word about what happened tonight it's the electric chair for you as well as me.'

"With that he turns the buggy around and goes driving back up the road as if the devil was after him.

"I walk down the road, and sure enough I soon come to the railroad track, and I hadn't been there ten minutes when the headlight of the freight comes around the curve. I hop on and by early the next morning we pull into Cadiz.

"I stayed there for a week, picking up papers every day, expecting to read about the fire and the people being burned, but I've never heard another thing about the whole business. I be damned if I did."

Two weeks later Slippery Ike left us. We had made the best of our stale bread and "all-together" soup. (Glory be, only a few more days of that!). The spoons and pans had gone clattering down the hall. Big Mike, who boasted that he had been in every jail from Maine to Texas, had the place of honor tonight. He stretched himself out on the bed where Slippery Ike had lain, gazed at the ceiling for a few minutes, and began:

"The goddamnest thing happened to me last week." And word for word almost he told us the same story.

When he finished with the identical "I never heard another thing about the whole business, I be damned if I did," I could restrain myself no longer.

Jumping from my bed I stood over him shaking my fist in his face, and shouted,

"You's a goddamn liar!"

A Poet in the Mining Country.

The miners are having a convention, and this draws attention to the lot of the miners. The miners live a hard life. But their spirit is not broken, not in Herrin, not in West Virginia, not in other places. The mounted constabulary in Pennsylvania, cannot break them. The Ku Klux Klan in Herrin can't do much. The gunmen in West Virginia have found that they are not the only ones who can shoot.

Carl Sandburg the great American poet has been in the mining country and has written what he felt when he was there. This is how the poet speaks of the mining country in his poem "Pennsylvania":

I have been in Pennsylvania,
In the Monangahela and the Hocking
Valleys.
In the blue Susquehana
On a Saturday morning
I saw the mounted constabulary
go by,
I saw boys playing marbles.
Spring and the hills laughed.
And in places
Along the Appalachian chain,
I saw steel arms handling coal and
iron,
And I saw the white cauliflower faces
Of miners' wives waiting for their
men to come home from the day's
work.
I made color studies in crimson and
violet
Over the dust and domes of culm at
sunset.

Cause and Effect.

The Socialist Party called upon its entire membership to come out to a small hall and write a platform for the spring election. How democratic!

In 1919 they expelled sixty thousand members for trying to have a say in the organization.

The front page of their weakly organ carries a "Statement of Ownership" not required by postal regulations. It reads: "The Jewish Daily Forward has donated \$250 to the Socialist Party of Cook County for the coming campaign. This is a very timely piece of help and is thoroly appreciated."

In the Workers Party the members subsidize the press. In what is left of the SP it seems the other way round.

Bound and Gagged



The Political Prisoner.

"When I turned my head toward the stiff in the corner, my hair stood on end. When I'd looked before the whole body, head and all was covered with the sheet. Now the sheet was pulled down from the head and the eyes of the stiff were open.

"I jumped for the door, but before I got thru it the stiff leaped up and was grabbing me shouting 'Hay, don't be afraid. I won't hurt you. I ain't dead.'

"You kin imagine I felt pretty weak 'n the knees about then, but the stiff held on to me while he began to expain.

"She put some poison in my coffee, which I didn't drink' he says. 'I pretended to be dead. She wanted me out of the way because she's sweet on Bill Sanderson. She's drove off to get him now.'

"I looks him over still a little uneasy like, but he seems a pretty husky looking hayseed.

"Come along," he says. 'We'll celebrate while she's gone,' and he goes down into the cellar and brings up the rest of that chicken I'd gotten the leg off and a jug of cider. After a couple of glasses

me by the arm and says, 'Come on, we'll fix them now' and pulls me up the stairs with him.

"There's a key in one of the doors and he runs and turns it quick and then rushes into the next room and calls 'Help me, quick,' and begins hauling out a big dresser. We pile this and a lot of other furniture against the door.

"The windows haven't been open for ten years and they can't get out that way,' he grins, and rushes down to the cellar and comes up with a can of gasoline, which he begin pouring around the hallway.

"Things look pretty bad. Too much for me and I kind of protest. 'Shut up,' he answers, and looks at me as if he was going to eat me up, 'or I'll lock you up with 'em.'

"He finishes emptying the gasoline by drawing a little line down the stairway, and when we get to the bottom touches a match to it. As the flash runs up the stairway he shouts, 'Come on, let's get out.'

"We rush out to the yard where the horse and buggy is standing. 'Get in,' he growls at me and soon we are driving like the devil down

NOT FOR AMERICA ALONE

By ISRAEL AMTER

"Are you really going to have an English Communist Daily in the United States?" is what they ask on all sides. Leading comrades and workers of the rank and file ask the same question. Comrades and workers who have returned from the United States and who are still tremendously interested in the American movement, are filled with pleasure when they hear that at last the American Communist movement and the working class of the United States are to have an organ of their own.

But it is not only pleasure in the realization of a dream that the Communists of the United States have had for several years, that animates these workers. The Communist International expressed its enthusiasm not merely because it meant that the American Communist movement has grown so powerful and has acquired such influence that it can contemplate the establishment of a daily. For the Communist International and the comrades realize that the maintenance of a daily in the United States is a serious matter. They know that it will mean endless sacrifices on the part of the comrades, gigantic efforts to permeate the working class and to induce the workers and farmers to give up their yellow, anti-labor sheets, and support a genuine organ of the workers and farmers. The Communist Daily cannot and should not hope to compete with the capitalist press. To have that in mind is to kill the paper at its birth. It must be the expression of the dynamic force of the workers and oppressed farmers. It must furnish them not only with general news—with Communist interpretation of events—but also supply that endless fund of information that the capitalist news service suppresses. That this latter is a fact need not be argued any further—the facts of the suppression of every kind of news during the war are too well known. And the capitalist class, in its own interests, is bound to continue this action.

The Communist press will have to give the facts about labor troubles—facts that even the socialist press refuses to furnish, because of the coalition of the socialist and the reactionary trade union leaders. The American workers have had sufficient experience in this respect. The stockyard strike, the steel strike of 1919,

the miners and shopmen's strike of 1922, should have proven to them clearly enough that the capitalist press is their greatest enemy and that only a working class organ can represent their interests. Will the DAILY WORKER be able to supply dials, adultery cases, murders and attempt to pollute the minds of the workers with a flow of divorce scandals, adultery cases, murders and suicides; if it takes the mind of the workers to the REAL issues—which the capitalist press deliberately evades by feeding the worker such nauseating matter as shrieks out of their yellow sheets.

It will be a big task for the Communists of America to get the workers and farmers to read articles and reports on the FACTS of life. The workers are so exhausted, so enervated by the daily work, that they seek emotional and sexual excitement in every kind of social scandal. It will be the biggest task that the American Communists have set themselves to awaken the interest of the workers and to make them fighters for the support and extension of the Communist press. This task comes before all others. It should be the MAIN task of the party—exceeding all others. For without the DAILY WORKER, the movement cannot grow properly. With it, the Workers Party will become a power in the country. The capitalists recognize this fact, hence their loud laments and complaints that the Communists are allowed to establish a daily. They know the power of the press; they know that the enthusiasm of the Communists and the following they have acquired among the workers and farmers will ensure the growth of the movement. As they cannot meet us with argument, they will use governmental power and official intrigue in order to keep us from reaching the working class. So much the more need of the Communist daily.

There are other problems—almost of equal importance—that the Communist Daily must face. American imperialism is marching forward rough-shod. It uses no soft phrases, it only knows wild west methods. It is not adept in diplomatic matters, like British imperialism. One has only to look at Central and South America, at Mexico and the Philippines. China and the Near East demonstrate American methods. What power can prevent the American bourgeoisie from embarking upon ad-

ventures whose aim is the exploitation of foreign sphere and whose result will be fearful wars? Only the power of the workers. Despite the hard blows that the American workers have received from the American government, they will believe in it. They still believe, in its democracy and in the possibility of putting "good" men into office so that the workers will benefit by it. When their "democratic" government calls to war, they will go. Perhaps not so readily as large numbers went in the last war; but, when the capitalist press spreads the stars and stripes, when it talks about the barbarous enemy, the American boys will still respond to the "call of civilization."

They will—provided there is not the workers' own press to carry on the campaign of propaganda and education, not fearing to tell the truth. Only the Communist press can do this. The labor and the socialist press either yields to the war mania, or obeys the orders of the government. It surrenders to the censor, for fear of being suppressed altogether. Rather diluted or perverted truth, than complete wiping out, they argue.

America is the biggest imperialist power in the world. Secretary of State Hughes might talk about disarmament. Coolidge also believes in peace, but he also believes in war. "We want no more competitive armaments. We want no more war. But we want no weakness that invites disposition. A people who neglect their national defence are putting in jeopardy their national honor" . . . For "we are no longer a weak nation thinking mainly of defense, dreading foreign imposition. We are great and powerful. New powers bring new responsibilities. Our duty now is to help give stability to the world." Thus in his message to Congress. A new devastating war faces the working class and farmers, not of America alone but of the whole world. Who are to mass the workers against the war? Who are to help the workers and peasants of other countries to oppose the coming imperialist war? None but the Communists and the Communist press.

Hence the workers of Soviet Russia, the leaders and the Comrades of the rank and file, who understand history, who know very much about America, rejoice that the American Communists have been able to establish an English Daily to reach the masses. The comrades of all coun-

tries who, looking ahead at the coming war, see a militant daily in the United States preparing to carry on the fight against the war from which the workers and farmers the world over will suffer. Hence the American Communist Daily is of importance, not to the American Party alone, but to the working class movement of the world.

The DAILY WORKER will and must tell the truth, unflinchingly. It must copy the press of Soviet Russia. Altho the Soviet government is in power, it recognizes that there are serious defects in the organization. It has to combat the bourgeois sabotage. It has to deal with inefficiency. Theft and embezzlement must be rooted out. The press does not hesitate to reveal the crimes of leading Communists. Workers in the factories write about bad conditions and the tyranny of the managers. This publicity puts an end to this unsocial attitude. Discussions on government plans reach the workers, who know what their government intends to do. Where else does this occur?

The Communist Party is at present conducting a heated discussion in innumerable meetings in factories, universities, clubs and in the press. The discussion has taken the form of a polemic. And like all polemics, personalities are indulged in. The whole world learns of it—the Communists have nothing to conceal. What comes out of these discussions? Clarity of purpose and will. Only clear-minded Communists, working in the interests of the working class, can act in this fashion. Only the Communist press can dare to enter into such discussions. Secret diplomacy is the very nature of the capitalist system—secrecy is one of the sources of capitalist power. Openness of discussion, with nothing to hide, is the strength of the proletarian press.

The DAILY WORKER will have this as its motto—and will be one of the powerful weapons of the American workers and farmers against the American bourgeoisie, and of the standard bearers of the workers and peasants of the world in the violent struggle that they must conduct in order to put an end to bourgeois rule, and capitalist governments with their bloody exploitation and destructive way. "We are really going to have an English Communist Daily in the United States," we can now say. "It is another armament of the American workers in their struggle and in yours."

Lenin: Marxist, Revolutionist, Realist

By ERNEST ETTLINGER.

Nicolai Lenin is dead. The news flashed from Moscow has spread around the world, to the revolutionary workers of the world, his death is a heavy blow, but to that countless mass which is yet impervious to anything outside of its immediate life, his death has little significance.

But in the annals of history Lenin will bulk large for he was the leader of the first successful Workers' Government in the world, and he represents the rising tide of revolution which is destined to sweep all before it.

Lenin, The Marxist, The Revolutionist. In other words Lenin, The Communist.

It was the Marxist who early in the history of the Russian Communist movement laid down the fundamental thesis, that a revolution in Russia would and must be directed into a seizure of state power by the Workers and Peasants. The Russian revolution must not end with a victory of the Capitalist Class. It must in its logical development be a victory of the masses both over Czarism and Capitalism. When the Mensheviks laid down the position that an era of Capitalism must take place before the workers' revolution would be successful in Russia, Lenin branded such an attitude as incorrect and a perversion of Marxism. It was Lenin the Marxist who early discerned the opportunistic tendencies of the Second International and it was he who was the founder and leader of the Communist International which is the general staff of the world's revolutionary movement.

It was Lenin the revolutionist who since early youth devoted himself to the revolutionary movement without

stint, in spite of imprisonment, exile and poverty. He was the directing force in that stormy period from March to November, 1917, when the social forces in Russia were swinging towards a proletarian victory. His was the voice that pointed out the correct path to take, that of no compromise with Capitalism and the fight for Soviet power. At first he seemed to stand alone, isolated from the masses who as yet were under the domination of Menshevism and Reformism. Forced to flee for his very life from Russia he continued his agitation thru under-

ground channels from Finland. But the very acuteness of the class struggle forced the masses to the position taken by Lenin and the Bolsheviks, and November 7, 1917, saw him become the first premier of the Russian Workers' and Peasant Republic.

It was the realist who under the shadow of the menace of German bayonets which were gradually penetrating Russia, and threatening the Soviet Government, stated that if the Revolution was to live Russia must make peace with Germany no matter how odious such a peace might

Coolidge "Helps" the Farmers

President Coolidge, at a recent meeting of his cabinet, looked into the banking situation in the wheat farming states. Ostensibly this interest was stimulated on behalf of poor farmers who had lost money in the crash of a bank at Sioux Falls, S. D.

Actually, however, the attitude seemed to be that there were too many small banks in this region, and "officials of the federal reserve board and war finance corporation have taken the matter up with the federal reserve banks at Chicago and the Twin Cities and we hope for good results almost immediately."

The White House spokesman said further "the situation is serious, altho not yet desperate. It threatens to become worse, however, unless immediate relief is afforded that will stop the closing of the smaller banks throughout the affected area. In North Dakota particularly there are so many small banks. Our information is that there is a bank for each com-

munity of 800 persons. It is rather difficult for such small communities to support a bank."

This army of parasites has been supported for many years by the Dakota farmers. When no further blood could be drawn the little banks foreclosed on the mortgages and grabbed the farms. But empty farms brought no money into the banks so little local bankers had to call upon the larger city institutions for their deposited reserves. Unable to meet such demands the bigger bank at Sioux Falls, closed the doors. Now the big fellows are going into the wheat fields to "rescue" the little banks. When the rescue is completed the big banks will be bigger and the small banks will be fewer.

"The big fish eat the little fish and the little fish eat the worms." The big banker eats the little banker who has for years been feeding off the working farmer. Well, the worm can turn. So can the farmer. When he does he can have fish dinner.

be. In spite of powerful opposition in the ranks of the Communist Party, Lenin's policy prevailed and the treaty of Brest-Litovsk was signed, which enabled the Bolsheviks to consolidate its position and meet successfully the numerous counter-revolutionary forces.

Again in the spring of 1921, when due to the strain of the civil war, and the blockade of International Capitalism, the economic life of Russia had all but ceased to function, when chaos and confusion were everywhere, it was Lenin who pointed out the correct path to take.

"We must retreat a step and repair our economic machine, and increase production at all costs. We must permit the peasant to sell his surplus, we must encourage free trade, and give concessions to foreign Capitalism in order to develop large scale industry which is so essential to Communism." Again the intense opposition faced him but the logic of his position carried the day, and by the adoption of the new economic policy Russia is reconstructing her economic life and laying the foundation for Communism.

As Marxists, we are not worshippers of the great man theory. We realize that great men are the product of certain conditions and that men are the product of their environment, not the makers of it. It was not Lenin who made the Russian Revolution. It was the revolution that produced Lenin.

Lenin's work is done and will be an inspiration to the revolutionary movement the world over. He died a soldier in the battle of the revolutionary Proletariat, which in spite of defeats and setbacks is marching slowly but surely in ever greater numbers towards its final victory, the establishment of Communism.

Work Daily for "The Daily!"

Views on Some of the Big Events of the Week

Brass and Cash

Whatever one may say of our own capitalist class, no matter how much one may denounce the American employers, all must agree that our capitalists at least have the brass. And that is why they have the cash, too.

This seems to be the era of super-bonuses for the powerful capitalists by the Government. A person, nowadays, doesn't get the chance to put away his paper and finish reading about one huge grant by the Government than another edition of the same newspaper is rushed to him with the story of a new and more gigantic bonus given to the bossing class. Of course, there always follows an investigation to serve as a sort of a moral blanket to hide the multitude of sins that are committed in such profitable transactions.

Now it is another shipping steal. The Shipping Board has just sold seven high grade ships, of the President type, to the labor-hating Dollar Steamship Company of California for less than four million dollars. These ships cost the American workers and farmers \$30,000,000. Then the steamship Los Angeles was sold to the Los Angeles Steamship Company for \$100,000 after the Shipping Board wisely invested close to three million dollars merely for installing improvements on it.

This surely looks like good business. It undoubtedly is a monument to that oft-heralded capitalist virtue of private enterprise. Then, to seal these profitable contracts to the capitalists, Chairman Farley of the Shipping Board hands in his resignation. The matter is closed. The last prayer of the departing Chairman Farley is that the details of the contracts cannot be made public because such publicity might injure the companies in competition with their foreign rivals.

This is a mighty clever game, isn't it? When you haven't a leg to stand on, call in the flag, national pride, and what not. Patriotism still is the last refuge of the worst scoundrels. Our capitalists and their lickspittles in their Government at Washington surely have the brass to commit such brazen holdups in broad daylight. But that is precisely why they have the cash and own the government, body and soul.

When will the workers and farmers kick these capitalist buccaneers into the alleys of history?

Civilizing Porto Rico

Many of us may recall that one of the lessons most forcefully impressed upon us in our school days was that the United States alone of the nations of the world played the role of the Good Samaritan towards its weaker neighbors. The pictures given us of the happy lands we made out of the Philippines, Hawaii, Cuba and Porto Rico are still green in our memories.

Now, since this is the open season for investigation, let us do a bit of prying into some of these beautiful pictures painted for us by our poor school teachers, who very often unconsciously propagate the most poisonous imperialist frauds. Let us take, for example, one of these lands made happy by our marines, bluejackets, or khaki boys.

Taking a good look at Porto Rico, which has been in the brutal grip of the ugly civilizing hand of Wall Street for twenty-five years, we find a totally different picture from what we were given by our good-hearted teachers in school. Tho the Stars and Stripes proudly wave over Porto Rico, more than half of its children of school age are not in school. More than half of its population of ten years and over are illiterate. Most of the people, the working masses, live in thatched huts having wretched sanitation. The seasonal requirements of the American capitalist-controlled sugar and tobacco crops have created a great group of migratory workers who have no homes of their own, are almost completely dispossessed. Their children are deprived of the slightest opportunity of being educated. The steady rise and development of the great sugar and tobacco plantations controlled by Wall Street, are driving the poor farmers off

the grazing and agricultural areas and making them wage-slaves in the worst sense of the word.

Translating these miserable conditions for which the exploitation of Porto Rico by our imperialists is to a large extent responsible into the sufferings of the every day life of the workers we find that the death rate here is about twice as high as it is in the United States. The hospital conditions are deplorable. Rickets (malnutrition), tuberculosis, malaria and hookworm are reaping a bumper crop amongst the exploited masses.

Yet our imperialist historians will swear themselves blue in the face that we are civilizing Porto Rico. And they are right. Capitalist civilization invincibly translates itself into fabulous profits for the capitalists and ghastly misery for the workers.

Nailing Their Own Hides

The political atmosphere of Washington is reeking with graft and corruption. One can hardly walk a street in the Capitol without being in danger of walking into some news sewer, without being splashed by the filth of some exposure.

"Smelling committees" are on the job investigating every thing under the sun and almost every section of the great green globe of ours. Picking up a Washington evening paper one finds the following instructive headlines: "Senator Walsh Infers Fall is Graft"; "Senator Pokes Fun at Polar Flight"; "McKellar Flays Traction Companies on Fares"; "Hughes Gives Data in Soviet Inquiry"; Wood, in Fear, Lets Up on Filipinos."

What's all this terrific noise about? Why are these "gentlemen" and senior and junior senators from Maine to California going after each other hammer and tongs? Why are they trying to nail each other's hide on the door of their own political shanties? There must be some deep going reason for senators to look into matters ranging from Moscow to the Philippines and from poor Washington street cars to oil wells in Wyoming.

The facts are these: A national election is on our heels. There is a great volume of discontent. The capitalist political parties of all shades and stripes are now vieing with each other in the game of throwing mud in order to capitalize as much of this discontent as possible for the sake of getting control of the government administrative machinery out of the hands of one capitalist political clique and into the hands of another employing class clique. The variety and number of the investigations, investigators and investigated only reflect the present conflicting interests among the various layers of the ruling class. The vagueness and indistinctness of the present rifts within these sections of the owning class of the country is best mirrored in the chaos and general purposelessness of the whole puppet show now going on in Washington.

But let no one take these fights too seriously, important as they are. None of these capitalist politicians is willing and ready to go out to swing the axe against the system responsible for this diseased condition. They are only nailing each other's hides for their immediate petty party advantages. They will go thus far and no further.

British Colonial Problem

Followers of Zaghoul Pasha, whom the English rulers of Egypt have kept in jail until recently, have been returned as a majority in the Egyptian parliament.

In India, the followers of Nahatma Gandhi, who is likewise experiencing the blessings of British democracy in prison, despite almost impossible restrictions on their suffrage, have piled up a majority in the Indian government.

All of which would indicate that Great Britain would have to inaugurate a new colonial policy and weaken the empire or lose some colonies and likewise weaken the empire. J. R. Thomas, the new colonial secretary, is going to have his hands full of a number of things.

Join the Workers Party!

Look to Your Neighbor's Reading!

Next in importance to your own reading is your neighbor's reading. It is true that what we read determines what we know and what we know determines how we live. If we are to progress in applying our knowledge, however, it is also necessary for our neighbors and our friends to interpret correctly what is happening all about us.

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TREASURES ON THE WORKERS' BOOKSHELF

Fascism. By Odon Por. (Alfred A. Knopf, New York.)

The careful student of current history welcomes every addition to the literature of that modern phenomenon called Fascism, but unfortunately this book is not an addition to that literature. It is the most absurd, empty concoction of stupidity published in a decade. One can read it and at the conclusion know absolutely nothing about Fascism. There are no explanations of the economic causes of Fascism and not even a narrative of events that took place in the labor movement in Italy in the hectic months immediately preceding the Mussolini coup d'etat.

Signor Por says he re-read Machiavelli's *The Prince* and A. E.'s *The National Being* in order to detach himself from history in the making. His book bears eloquent testimony of the fact that he succeeded admirably in detaching himself not only from history in the making but from all other history and even plain horse sense. He holds that Machiavelli's theory of resorting to any means to the end in defending the nationalism of Italy is justifiable and that Mussolini adopted this policy, which accounts for his success.

In all the literature of Fascism there is not one single work in the English language that deals with its economic foundation. Some writers call Fascism a purely middle class movement, others a new labor movement, others purely industrialist, and a few bourgeois historians see in Fascism the solution of all ills arising from the war. Even many Communist writers visualize it as purely middle-class. They mistake the mass supporters of Fascism for the economic basis of it. Fascism in Italy had its origin in the industrialist north and Mussolini was the spokesman for the heavy industrialists long before there was a Fascist movement. No one has yet written a book showing how Mussolini consistently represented the interests of the heavy industrialist capitalists against the agrarians. It is not a mere accident that Mussolini played the flunkey of

French and Italian industrialism and that in November, 1914, he started the *Popolo d'Italia*, the sole aim of which was to endeavor to win the workers and petty bourgeoisie to the side of the industrialists in favor of war against Germany.

Odon Por says nothing about the economic and political forces that brought about the weakening of the government, nothing about the part played by Giolitti in disarming the workers after the evacuation of the factories in September, 1920. There is not one word about the causes of the temporary unity between Giolitti's agrarians and the industrial fascists after Mussolini had, a few months previously, adopted the slogan "execute Giolitti." Finally he says not one word about the inner contradictions that are today rending Fascism in Italy; nothing of the conflict between the agrarian "squadrons" and the original industrial Fascist. He refrains from telling his readers why Mussolini denounced the use of violence on the eve of seizing power as a matter of defense of industrialism against the agrarian squadrons.

There still remains the task, for some Marxist, of writing a book on the economic foundation of Fascism. Such a book ought to be written for the purpose of clearing up much confusion in the movement regarding this phenomenon. Many Communists imagine they see grave symptoms of Fascism in every reactionary movement. Such people are superficial observers who simply utilize a popular label to stigmatize anything they dislike. Such a procedure is not scientific. Fascism is only possible under certain economic and political conditions and a real analysis of the rise of Italian fascism would help toward a correct attitude toward this movement.

While Odon Por reveals nothing of Fascism, he does reveal a great deal of himself. He is a guild socialist and proclaims the doctrine that Fascism and guild socialism are perfectly compatible. He quotes favorably a Fascist propagandist who says

"Fascism 'can have no prejudice against any of the various parties if it confines itself to the dogma of national welfare.' National welfare in this case being the welfare of the capitalists of the heavy industries.

This self-revelation of Odon Por is valuable for Communists inasmuch as it teaches us that when dealing with opportunists of every variety in the United Front we must relentlessly criticize even the meek and mild guild socialists, for unless they are avowed Communists, accepting the discipline of the Party, they are all potential murderers of the working class. At the critical moment when the working class enters decisive struggles we can always expect our liberal laborites, yellow socialists and sentimental professors whose hearts ache for the exploited workers, to embrace Fascism or some other form of vicious reaction that tries to throttle every vestige of working class expression. The worst feature of such specimen is that they murder the working class while professing friendship for it. Such people object to open dictatorship of the proletariat, but their simple souls embrace the bloody dictatorship of capitalist hirelings so long as they are assured that it is in the interest of the nation or some other bourgeois entity.

As for the book, *Fascism*, by Odon

Por, it is a waste of time for any worker to read it. I wasted my time reading it, which ought to suffice for the whole Party.



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