

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

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Impressions of Russia

By Moissaye J. Olgin

BEFORE we plunge into a detailed analysis of the Russian economic and political situation, let us cast a glance at the outward appearance of Russian life. We know from statistics that agriculture in Russia has reached 75 per cent of its pre-war output and industry is approaching the 40 per cent mark. To the prejudiced mind it seems a low level, especially in view of the fact that even in 1914 this was not a highly developed industrial country. However, figures alone cannot give an idea of the realities that make up the life of a people, and if comparisons are necessary, they should be made, not with pre-war years of prosperity and economic expansion, but with the years of civil war and revolution, years of economic

gressive, he is glad to be left alone, which seldom happens since the government of the workers and farmers is after each of his manipulations. The Nepman may fill the theatres of the more conservative kind; he may spend his nights in the shady cabarets that were opened by his fellow Nepmen to satisfy his bourgeois tastes; he may have a banking account and a diamond on his finger. Yet, he is only tolerated. He has no rights. He does not vote. He does not serve in the Red Army as a weapon carrying soldier. He does influence the destinies of the country. He is a temporary evil. Economically he is neither a leading manufacturer, nor a mine operator, nor a railroad magnate, nor a financier, all industries, foreign trade and banking business being in the hands of the

gatherings of trade unions, clubs of workers and Red Army boys, schools and faculties of workers, demonstrations of workers. It is enough to have a stroll thru a Russian city to recognize that this is a country under the dictatorship of workers. The prevailing garb is that of the worker. The women's headpiece is a red handkerchief. The general tone of life, manners, customs, are those of the proletariat. There is no roughness or crudity in this life, but there is simplicity, directness, amity and a disregard for petrified conventions. The difference between the worker and the so-called intellectual is gradually disappearing. In my dealings with great numbers of Soviet functionaries and trade union people, it is sometimes almost impossible for me to define whether

run away to the woods" psychology of czarist times. We have to learn how to do business, or else we will not retain or develop the conquests of the revolution!—this is the prevailing idea. For an outsider who thinks of revolutions only in terms of insurrections, barricades and red banners, it may be strange to discover that a revolution is busy with calculating indices of prices, with stabilizing the currency, with increasing the output of manufactured commodities, with improving transportation, with tinkering in a thousand and one fashion around the economic apparatus of the country. The proletariat has conquered power. The proletariat has taken into its hands the economic organization. It could not improve it as long as it was forced to fight for its

A DEMONSTRATION OF AGRICULTURAL WORKERS IN OSAKI



deterioration, general misery and hunger.

The present writer was in Russia in 1920-21, and the impressions that forced themselves upon him from every direction, produce the picture of a patient who recuperates after a dangerous sickness. When the convalescent is by nature a vigorous fellow with a sound body and optimistic mind, the sight is hopeful, indeed. A country full of hopeful activity, this is how one finds Russia in the spring of 1924.

It is, first of all, a proletarian country. Talk what you might about the new economic policy, about the appearance of the new bourgeois, about his nefarious influence on the poor bedevilled Russian simpletons, when you are in Russia you know all this is bunk. The Nepman is not a leading figure, he is an outcast. He is not ag-

proletarian state. What the Nepman's activities are confined to is internal trade of the more petty variety, especially between city and village. Here he is competing, and often successfully, with the government and co-operative stores, but his competition only stimulates the state and public agencies to more efficiency and better adaptation to the peculiarities of the market.

In the sum total of economic and social life, the Nepman is of small account. Nobody is afraid of him, and he himself is aware of his subordinate position. Life in general is dominated by the workers in the cities, by the peasantry in the villages. What you see and what you come in contact with on every step is a government of workers, state and city officials themselves former workers, conferences of workers, conventions of peasants,

my interlocutor is a former mechanic or a former student. Soviet life has a leveling effect. Former workers have acquired a great amount of information. Former intellectuals are losing their aloof air and their consciousness of being a chosen race. Work of construction is bringing together all the live elements of the proletarian state.

Present Russia is a busy country. I have discovered a monthly magazine called "System and Organization." This is characteristic. System and Organization is the slogan. The Russian worker, the Russian factory manager, the Russian builder, the Russian state official, the Russian trade union leader, the Russian collector of revenue, the Russian agriculturist, the Russian public trader have to relinquish the old sluggishness, the laxity, the "work is no beast, it won't

supremacy against external and internal foes. Now that power is secured and foreign intervention is not likely, work of reconstruction becomes the most imperative problem.

And the work is carried on on a gigantic scale. The first task was to free the state organization from its superfluous ballast. In the times of compulsory labor and state rations, everybody had to be given some kind of work, if only nominal. State offices were overcrowded with functionaries who did very little, who could not do much because they did not know how and because the average vitality of the population was 60 per cent below normal. In the last two years the state machinery has been undergoing a vigorous cleaning. The incapable or inactive had to go. The remaining were given a living wage so they

(Continued on page 8)

THE PHILISTINE DISCOURSETH By L. Trotsky

IN one of the many books containing pronouncements of prominent men regarding Lenin, I came across an article by the English novelist H. G. Wells entitled, "The Dreamer of the Kremlin." The editor of the book makes the observation, that "even such advanced people as Wells failed to understand the import of the proletarian revolution proceeding in Russia." It would appear as if this is not regarded as a sufficient reason for refraining from publishing Mr. Wells' article in a book which is devoted to the leader of this revolution. But it is not worth while worrying oneself about this: I at least read some of the pages of Wells not without interest, but this was not the fault of the author as will be seen from what follows.

One can still vividly call to mind those days when Wells paid a visit to Moscow. This was during the cold and hunger of the winter of 1920-21. There were already premonitions of the complications which were to follow in the spring. Starving Moscow was wrapped in snow. Our economic policy stood before a sudden and thorough-going change. I very well remember the impression which Vladimir Ilyitch derived from Wells: "Ugh! What a narrow petty bourgeois! Ugh! What a Philistine!" he repeated, raising his hands over the table with that laugh and that exhalation of the breath which was characteristic of him when he ever felt a sort of inner shame on account of another man. "Ugh! What a Philistine," he repeated when he again called to mind that conversation. This conversation between Lenin and myself took place before the opening of a sitting of the Political Bureau and was practically confined to a repetition of the above-mentioned terse characterization of Wells. But this was quite sufficient. For myself, I had read little of Wells and had never met him personally. But I was able to envisage in a fairly clear manner this picture of the English drawing-room socialist, of the Fabian, of the writer of phantasies and Utopias, who had come to view the Communist experiments. And the exclamation of Lenin, and in particular the tone in which he made this exclamation, enabled me to fill in the remaining features with little difficulty. And now this article by Wells, which in some inexplicable manner has found its way into the pages of the collection of articles on Lenin, not only revives in my mind that exclamation of Lenin's but has also filled it with a vivid content. For if in the article by Wells there is practically no trace of Lenin, one can see Wells in it as plain as plain can be.

Let us begin with the introductory complaint of Wells: He was compelled, just think, to take extraordinary pains in order to be able to speak with Lenin, which "annoyed him (Wells) very much." Why, pray? Had Lenin summoned Wells? Had he pledged himself to give him a reception, or had he so much free time on his hands? On the contrary. In those extremely difficult days he was occupied every minute of his time; he could not so easily find a free hour in order to receive Wells. This should not have been difficult for a foreigner to understand. But the whole trouble was that Mr. Wells, as a distinguished foreigner—and with all his "Socialism" a most conservative Englishman of the imperialist type—was filled with the conviction that he was conferring a great honor upon this barbarian country and its leader by condescending to visit it. The whole article of Wells, from the first to the last line, stinks of unwarranted, smug self-conceit.

The characterization of Lenin begins, as was to be expected, with a discovery. Lenin, only think, "is in no way a writer." Who, indeed is better able to decide this question than the professional writer Wells? "The short, sharp pamphlets which appeared in Moscow under his (Lenin's) signature (!), full of erroneous assumptions over the psychology of the western workers, . . . express very little of the real essence of Lenin's thought." The worthy gentleman is of course, unaware of the fact that

Lenin has written a great number of works of the highest importance on the agrarian question, on theoretical economy, on sociology and on philosophy. Wells is only familiar with "short sharp pamphlets" with regard to which he remarks that they merely appear "under Lenin's signature" that is, he insinuates that they are written by other people. The true "essence of Lenin's thought" is to be found, not in the dozens of volumes written by him, but in that conversation, lasting but one hour, which the most illustrious visitor from Great Britain most graciously deigned to hold.

One could at least expect from Wells an interesting sketch of Lenin's outward appearance, and for the sake of one well-portrayed feature we would have been ready to pardon him for all his Fabian trivialities. But the article does not contain even this. "Lenin has a pleasant brunette (!) countenance, with an everchanging expression and a lively smile. . . ." "He offers very little resemblance to his photographs. . . ." "He gesticulates a little when speaking. . . ." Mr. Wells did not get beyond the banalities of the average reporter to a capitalist newspaper. For the rest, he made the further discovery that the shape of Lenin's head reminds one of that of Lord Balfour's, it being long and somewhat unsymmetrical, and that as regards his figure, he is a "small man;

ary that his presence "is characteristic for the actual situation in Russia": Rothstein, as one could see, was controlling Lenin on behalf of the People's Commissariat for Foreign Affairs, in view of the excessive candor of Lenin and of his dreamy lack of caution. What can one say regarding this precious observation? When Wells entered the Kremlin he brought with him in his consciousness all the rubbish heap of international bourgeois presumptions, and with his lynx-eyed sharpness—oh, of course there was no "defective vision" there—he discovered in Lenin's study all that he had previously sucked in from The Times or some other reservoir of the hair-oil and spats brigade.

In what now consisted the real import of the conversation? As regards this we receive from Mr. Wells some pretty hopeless commonplaces, which show how wretched and barren Lenin's thoughts appear after passing through the prism of another mind, regarding the symmetry of which there is not the least occasion to doubt.

Wells came with the idea that "he would have to enter into a dispute with a thoroughly convinced doctrinaire Marxist, but as a matter of fact nothing of the kind occurred." We are not surprised at this. We of course, know already that the "essence of Lenin's thoughts" was not revealed by his activity, extending over

which had escaped the minds of many of his own followers." Here you have an appropriate measure for judging the mentality of Mr. Wells! He regards as the fruit of his own wonderful acumen, the discovery that under Communism the present concentrated urban agglomerations will disappear and that many of the present capitalist architectural monstrosities will only retain their value as historical memorials (if they do not merit the honor of being destroyed). How, of course, should the poor Communists ("the weary fanatics of the class struggle," as Wells calls them) hit upon such discoveries, which for the rest, have long since been set forth in the popular commentary upon the old program of the German Social Democracy. We will not elaborate on the fact that all this was already well known to the classical Utopians.

Now I hope you will understand why Mr. Wells "failed to remark" that laugh of Lenin's of which he had heard so much. It was not a laughing matter for Lenin. I even fear that his jaws were being moved by a reflex action directly opposed to laughter. But here Lenin had recourse to the service of his dexterous and skillful hand, which was always ready to conceal in good time the impolite yawn from a man too much charmed with his own conversation.

As we have already heard Lenin did not teach Wells—for reasons which we consider quite justified. As compensation therefore Wells was most emphatic in teaching Lenin. He imparted to him the very original idea that for the success of Socialism "it is necessary, not only to build up the material side of life, but also the psychology of the whole people." He pointed out to Lenin, that "the Russians are by nature individuals and merchants." He explained to him that Communism was "immoderately hasty and destroyed before it was able to build, and other things to the same effect. "That led us," relates Wells, "to the fundamental point of the differences of opinion between us, to the differences between evolutionary Collectivism and Marxism." Under evolutionary Collectivism one must understand the Fabian concoction of Liberalism, Philanthropy, economic social legislation and Sunday homilies regarding a better future. Wells himself formulates the essence of evolutionary Collectivism as follows: "I believe that by means of a regulated system of education of society, the existing capitalist order can become civilized and transformed into a collectivist one." Wells himself does not explain who will carry out and upon whom will be carried out this "regulated system of education": the Lords with the long skulls upon the English proletariat, or vice versa, the proletariat upon the skulls of the Lords? Oh no, anything you like, but not the latter! For what purpose do there exist in the world these enlightened Fabians, the men of thought, of altruistic conduct, ladies and gentlemen, like Mrs. Snowden and Mr. Wells, if not—by means of a regulated and prolonged exuding of that which is hiding itself under their own skulls—to civilize capitalist society and to transform it into a collectivist one with such reasonable and happy "gradualism," that even the Royal Dynasty of Great Britain will not perceive it?

All this was set forth by Wells to Lenin and to all this Lenin listened. "For myself," Wells graciously remarks, "it was downright refreshing (!) to speak with this exceptional, small man." But for Lenin? Oh, long-suffering Ilyitch! He was probably pronouncing under his breath some very expressive and spicy Russian words. He did not translate them out loud into English, not only probably because his English vocabulary did not extend so far, but also out of considerations of politeness. Ilyitch was very polite. "He was compelled," says Wells, "to reply to me by declaring that modern capitalism is incurably greedy and wasteful and that it is incapable of learning anything." Lenin referred to a number of facts which, among others, are contained in a recent book by Chiozza Money: *Capitalism* (Continued on page 7)



Uncle Sam's Marines protecting Wall Street's interests in Honduras.

when he is sitting on the edge of his chair his feet barely touch the floor." As regards the shape of Lord Balfour's head we are unable to say anything concerning this dignified piece of anatomy and are quite prepared to believe that it is long. But for the rest—what an impolite piece of carelessness! Lenin was a somewhat reddish-blond type of man. He can in no wise be described as being a brunette. He was of medium stature, perhaps a trifle under the average height; but that he gave the impression of being a small man and that when seated he could hardly touch the floor with his feet, this could only be apparent to Mr. Wells who, with the self-confidence of a civilized Gulliver had penetrated into the country of the northern Communist Lilliputians. Mr. Wells further remarks that Lenin in the pauses of the conversation had the habit of lifting the edge of his cap with his finger. "Perhaps this habit arose from defective vision," suggests the very discerning writer. We are quite familiar with this gesture. It was to be observed when Lenin had before him a man with whom he was entirely unacquainted, at whom he took a rapid glance through his fingers while they rested on the peak of his cap. Lenin's "defective sight" consisted in his seeing through and through the man with whom he conversed; through his puffed up self-conceit, his narrow-mindedness, his civilized haughtiness and civilized ignorance, and after he had taken this picture into his consciousness, he long afterwards shook his head and exclaimed "What a Philistine! What a thorough-bred petty bourgeois!"

The conversation took place in the presence of Comrade Rothstein, and Wells, in passing, makes the discov-

er, but in his conversation with the English citizen. "I had been told," continues Wells, "that Lenin was very fond of teaching, but he did not do this with me." How indeed could one teach a gentleman so overfilled with high self-estimation?

That Lenin loved to teach is, in general, not true. What is true is that Lenin was able to speak in a very instructive manner. But he only did this when he was of the opinion that the man with whom he was conversing was capable of learning something. In such cases he spared neither time nor pains. But as regards the magnificent Gulliver, who by good fortune had been able to enter the study of the "small man," after two or three minutes conversation with him, Lenin was forced to arrive at the unshakeable conviction—perchance in the spirit of the inscription over the portal of Dante's Inferno—"Abandon all hope!"

The conversation dealt with the subject of large towns. As Wells remarks, the idea first occurred to him in Russia that the outward aspect of a town is determined by the trade in the shops and in the markets. He related this discovery to Lenin in his conversation. Lenin "admitted" that under Communism the towns are becoming considerably smaller in extent. Wells "pointed out" to Lenin that the renovation of the towns entailed a gigantic work and that many huge buildings in Petrograd only retained their value as historical memorials. Lenin also assented to this incomparable commonplace on the part of Mr. Wells. "It seemed to me," adds the latter, "that it was agreeable to him to be able to speak with a man who understood those unavoidable consequences of Collectivism

Canadian Labor in Politics

By LOUIS ZOOBOCK

THE Canadian movement has been and still is dominated by various influences and streams of thought. Some of these influences helped to check the movement for independent political action among the organized workers of Canada; other influences stimulated the interest of the workers in public affairs and led to a greater zeal in extending political organization of labor.

Among the first, we find the A. F. of L. with which the majority of the Canadian organizations are affiliated, and under the influences of which their policies have been largely determined.

More recently there is evident the great influence of the British Labor movement from which so many workers of Canada have come and with which they keep more or less in touch. Then we have the influence of the Workers Party of Canada and the T. U. E. L., which work for the establishment of a United Labor Party of Canada; and lastly we have the worldwide dynamic of the Russian Revolution; the vast experiment in Proletarian rule which has captured the imagination of the workers the world over.

Until very recently, organized labor in Canada took comparatively little interest in politics. The policy of the A. F. of L. did not encourage independent political action. Under the influence of the American headquarters the actions and decisions of the United States Court were probably more discussed in Canadian unions than were those of the Canadian provinces.

Gradually, however, the workers of Canada began to lose faith in this policy. Resentment against the preponderating influence of the American officials began to spread. It manifested itself in a movement toward a more efficient form of organization than that of craft-unionism as well as in a movement for independent political action. The workers of Canada began to realize that they have too long given fair trials to the various political parties. Under the stimulus of immigrant English and Scotch workers, the local trades and labor councils began to appoint labor representation committees. These endorsed and nominated candidates for municipal and sometimes parliamentary office.

The activities of the local trades and labor council had a tremendous influence upon the Trades and Labor Congress of Canada, the dominant labor organization. In spite of the fact that the connections of the congress with the A. F. of L. have been close, it began to show an increasingly marked tendency to break away from the traditions of the A. F. of L.

As early as 1900, the Trades and Labor Congress of Canada went on record as in favor of independent political action on the part of labor. At other annual meetings a group of radical delegates demanded that the Congress should become the head of a Labor Party. The 1906 Congress went on record as in favor of a policy of provincial autonomy in the formation of workingclass political organization.

This action of the convention was merely a move to satisfy the local organizations in their demand for independent political action. True the Trades Congress had promulgated annually a political program which included a demand for a legal working day of six hours, for a minimum living wage based on local conditions, for public ownership of all public utilities, etc.; but it confined its activities in furtherance of this program to the attempt to influence legislation by conference with and recommendations to the leaders of legislative bodies.

The year 1917 witnessed a departure from that policy. Resolutions were adopted in favor of the formation of a Dominion-wide Labor Party; a party based upon a program and organized along the lines similar to those of the British Labor Party.

The Independent Labor Party of Ontario.

Ontario was the first province to take the initiative in inaugurating the

new policy. In July, 1917, the labor leaders of that province called a convention which resulted in the formation of the Independent Labor Party of Ontario. The aim of the party was to unite all workers of whatever shade of political opinions and labor affiliations. It adopted by-laws providing that no member of the party might retain membership in any other political organization and that no candidate of any of the old capitalistic parties should be endorsed by the party. The platform, among many other things, included declarations in favor of public ownership of all sources of wealth, the nationalization of banking and credit systems, the legislative action thru the initiative and recall, etc. It further announced: "That we stand for the industrial freedom for those who toil and the political liberations of those who for so long have been denied justice."

The Trades and Labor Congress approves the formation of a labor party. The annual convention of the Trades and Labor Congress was held in Sept. 1917. It formally approved the work of the Independent Labor Party of Ontario and adopted resolutions urging that the Ontario party be expanded

of the working classes.

Thus in British Columbia a platform was adopted which stated: "The Federated Labor party is organized for the purpose of securing industrial legislation and the collective ownership and democratic control of the means of wealth production."

And in Manitoba, a platform was adopted which included as its first plank the statement: "The Labor party stands for the transition of capital-property into working class property to be socially owned and used."

The Canadian Labor Party.

The labor political organizations in the various provinces and in many cases in the different cities have sprung up independently and each drafted its own program. Two efforts toward unification have been made; in 1921, at the meeting of the Trade and Labor Congress in Winnipeg, there was organized a Canadian Labor party. The general object of the party, as stated by its promoters, is to unify the political powers of the worker and generally to promote their political, economic and social welfare. The platform adopted was very mild in tone. The preamble stated: "We have in view a complete change in our

THE BOURGEOIS

By Oscar Kanehl.

Who stretches on downs.
Who, in boxes sprawls.

Who in palaces dwells.
Who takes care of health.

Who sparkles of diamond-curse.
Who sits on the money-purse.

Who is stuffing the belly.
Who always is merry.

Who ever is smoothed; who perfumed; who fully dressed;
Who with "honor," "moral," and "fine taste,"

Who with monocle; who with blue eyes,
Who with epaulets; who is ever nice.

Who bows thrones and altars along
The subject, who obeys and holds his tongue;

Who hunted us into war and hate,
Who belied us; early and late.

Who with bayonets and machine guns,
Workers, your revolution overruns.

Burgher he is called; bourgeois or burgher,
Working people; that is your murderer.

He sucks your blood; he eats your bread;
He imprisons you; he shoots you dead.

With him, no freedom for you sent,
Get up, prolet! For the judgment!

Trans. Paul Acel.

ed to cover the Dominion, and that "the workers of Canada should follow British precedent and organize a Labor Party upon such a basis that trade unionists, socialists, fabians co-operators and farmers can unite to promote legislation in the best interests of wealth producers of the Nation."

The recommendation of the convention was approved by all labor organizations thruout the length and breath of the Dominion. An intensive campaign for the formation of labor political organizations began in all provinces. And a result, there has been established in eight of the nine provinces of Canada some form of labor political party.

In Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Ontario are found organizations under the name of Independent Labor Party. In Quebec we find the Labor Party; in Manitoba are found two labor political organizations—the Independent Labor Party and the Dominion Labor Party. In Saskatchewan is found the Labor Representation League and the Federated Farmer Labor Party. In Alberta, you have the Dominion Labor Party; and in British Columbia—the Federated Labor Party is the recognized labor political organization.

The provincial organizations adopted different programs; programs which vary in scope and temper. But in all of them we can read one determination: the desire to secure control of the legislative machinery with a view of furtherance of a program of social reconstruction in the interest

present economic and social system. In this we recognize our solidarity with the workers the world over."

Another attempt at unification of the political organization is being made by the Workers Party of Canada and by the T. U. E. L. They condemn the secessionist movement in the industrial field and they use all their influence within the unions and the provincial political organizations to bring about the unification of the isolated groups into one strong Canadian Labor party.

Progress Made.

The movement towards political action on the part of Canadian labor, during its brief period of life, has met with some success. At present all the provincial parties have one or more candidates in their respective legislatures: The I. L. P. of Ontario in 1919 elected 11 nominees; in the same year, two labor candidates were elected to the Quebec legislature. In the Manitoba elections, held in June, 1920, 11 labor candidates were elected to the legislature, but in the provincial elections held in that province in July, 1922, only six labor men were elected. The I. L. P. of Nova Scotia elected five candidates to the legislature in July, 1920. In New Brunswick, two labor men were elected in the general provincial election held in October, 1920; and three labor representatives were elected to the British Columbia legislature in December, 1920. In 1921, in the Saskatchewan general election, one labor representative was successful; and in Alberta, 4.

In the general election for the

Dominion Parliament, held in December, 1921, two labor men and five farmer-labor candidates were elected. In the general election for the Quebec legislature, held on Feb. 5, 1923, there were five labor candidates, only one of whom was elected. In the municipal elections in 1923, of 111 candidates nominated by labor 63 were successful, etc.

This briefly outlines the progress made by the various political organizations by Canada. The most important task at present is to consolidate all these groups; to affiliate them with the Canadian Labor party. In this task the Workers Party of Canada is playing the most important role; it uses its influence wherever possible to help bring about a united Canadian Labor party.

In the various provincial organizations the question of affiliation with the Canadian Labor party is now being discussed. Many organizations have already affiliated. An interesting development had taken place in the I. L. P. of Nova Scotia. At its third annual convention held in Sydney, on July 25-26, 1922, the following resolution was adopted: "We, the I. L. P. of Canada, Nova Scotia branch, declare the identity of our aims and platform with the principals and policy of the class conscious workers of the world. We recognize that industry today is a monopoly of the capitalist who will not let it function for whatever need, except for profit. Hence the workers can secure the means of life only with their permission and only on their terms. The capitalists are masters, the workers slaves.

To protect their property privileges the capitalists secure control of the machinery of government and the directions of public policy. Efforts of the workers to free themselves on the industrial field are thus inevitably faced by the opposition of the full power of the state. Hence it is necessary for the working class to secure political supremacy.

Therefore, we call on all workers, whether by hand or brain, to come out from the old political parties, which divide the workers in order to destroy them, and to unite with their fellow workers under the banner of the I. L. P. of Canada, Nova Scotia branch, to the end that:

1. The capitalist system be abolished.

2. That industry be conducted for use instead of for profit.

The constitution of the party was amended so as to permit the affiliation of branches of the Workers Party and other revolutionary bodies. A motion was also passed for the affiliation of the I. L. P. of Nova Scotia with the Canadian Labor party.

Thus, we see that labor in Canada has definitely entered the field of political action. In nearly all the provinces, as shown, the workers are becoming active in municipal affairs. The workers have elected representatives to the provincial legislatures; they have sent two labor candidates to the Dominion parliament; in a number of constituencies the farmer candidates owe their election to the support of organized labor. In a word, a real Labor party is now emerging in Canada.

**POSTAL WORKERS STOP
CANADIAN SERVICE IN
STRIKE FOR MORE PAY**

(Special to the DAILY WORKER.)

TORONTO, Ont., June 20.—Postal service thruout Canada was tied up today, leaders of the postal workers' organization asserted, following issuance of the strike call at 5 p. m. Wednesday.

Strike leaders said the tie-up was complete in Toronto, Ottawa, Montreal and Quebec City and that advices from the west indicated the workers in principal cities there had quit practically as a unit.

Yesterday's conference between leaders of the workers and the government was completely unsatisfactory, the committee of the cabinet refusing to consider a demand for increased wages.

A Typical Principal Unbosoms

BY A TEACHER

IN the ossified hierarchy of educationalism, I am the most tragicomic figure (figurehead, if you will). My holy functions are clerical, tho not in the religious sense. I don't know exactly what honorable purpose I am supposed to serve. I take orders and give them. I mark and remark. I originate nothing. I inspire nobody. I am not conscious of large liberating social aims (tho on appropriate occasions I pretend to be.) I am not even interested in stirring social problems. I pretend to scholarship, but I have none. I am so pre-occupied with the routine of administration and sheer externals that I find little time for favorite recreations and no time or disposition for keeping abreast of modern scholarship.

I talk virtue day in and day out, but sadly I confess that I have read very few books on Sociology or Anthropology or Economics or Philosophy. Nor have I ever deeply analyzed the social forces that corrupt our American life.

I am a great success with my teachers, for they know even less than I do (tho at first blush such a statement will sound like a wild exaggeration.) I coax or flatter or wheedle or bully them into respecting me. I snap the whip of marks above their heads, and they learn to dance to my syncopated music.

I exact obedience by punishing and humiliating eccentric originality. Naturally. My superiors act no more generously than I do. My teachers fear me. I fear my superiors. And so on up the mount of glory!

Oh, if a principal could only see his mind's reflections in the mirror of truth, he would flee to a monastery to expiate his sins of omission. But principals are notoriously afflicted with ophthalmia. They can't see their own manifest shortcomings. Why should they? Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly—to be ignorant!

I happen to be a principal with conscience. I know how very little I accomplish. Whatever originality does flourish in the school system flourishes in spite of the official killjoys. What do we principals know about child nature? What do we know about defective children? What do we know about child geniuses? (We usually class them with defectives, too). What do we know of the personal life of our children, of their struggles at home, their poverty, their dreams, their discouragements, their thwarted ambitions, their daily drudge environments? What do we KNOW?

We hold monthly conferences so intolerably wearisome and pointless that the sermons of superannuated priests seem by contrast inspiring. Why are our conferences so deadening, so stuffy, so sterile? For the simplest of reasons. WE HAVEN'T THE COURAGE TO DISCUSS THE VITAL PROBLEMS OF OUR DAY AND GENERATION.

We haven't the courage to defy our meddling and antiquated superiors whose hostility to the fundamentals of sincere democracy has brought the school system to its present unbelievably low level. If we were men of vision and courage, we would use these conferences as laboratory periods for the frank discussion of every issue that troubles the consciences and minds of the common run of men. Especially would we seek light and wisdom on the eternally vital subjects of economic quality, the sex life of boys and girls, the deep problems of evil, the history of exploitation, the analysis of class struggles in society, the profound meanings of evolution, the function of revolution in accelerating—in short, no theme relevant to the philosophy of amelioration of the common lot would escape our sincere analysis. The school as the laboratory of an informal philosophy of everyday life: that strikes me, in sympathy with modern aspiration, as a worthy ideal in democratic education.

A principal might become a promoter of social enlightenment if he acquired insight into our nation's maladjustments, and bravely took a thinker's part in the momentous discussions of a world in revolutionary ferment. As a disillusioned principal, I have to admit that our educational

system does not seriously concern itself with the problems of the technique of fruitful thinking.

Principals are woeful ignoramuses. Their clerkships do not challenge their finer energies to intellectual exertion. Routine, more routine, bluff and show, pretense and hauteur, polished exterior and dismal interior, frigid smiles and rigid good manners, puerile aversion to social responsibility, a barren "impartiality" on all living questions (as though life were a series of yeas and nays)—what can we await from little busybodies parading incognito as principals?

Pity the principal; he can't honestly tell you why he has been promoted to glory and ineptitude. We principals all suffer from mental ankylosis.

Suppose I, as a radical educator, disciple of Montessori, exhorted my fellow-principals to adopt as their guiding ideals her two doctrines of complete individuality and of complete freedom, what response would they evince? How strange these words would sound to puppet-principals: "Each person manifests in a unique way the mysterious life force and attains the direction given by his individual impulses. That the individual in maturing his powers and becoming adapted to social life thru education develops best in the absence of conventional restrictions on his indi-

viduality."

Principals are so accustomed (thru sheer mental laziness) to taking the school system as it is for granted that they would eschew as impertinent (or, at best, as theoretical and visionary) the central principle of progressive education as enunciated, for example, by William Boyd, the English lecturer on education: "Montessori's problem is the standing problem of democratic education. With political institutions like ours, requiring for their successful working an intelligent populace, it is intolerable that the children who are to be the citizens of the future should continue to be educated under conditions that tend to discourage initiative and to minimize individuality."

It may sound blasphemous to the orthodox, but it is the plainest truth that a majority of principals have no philosophy of education at all. Why, the very endurance test which is imposed upon the candidates for the principality has no conceivable relation to the human aspect or implications of education. None whatever. The most astounding dullard (so far as an educational insight into the vexing problems of our social life is concerned) may come out with flying colors as a principal-elect. Another willing routinier has been added to the long procession of machine men

dedicated to the inspiring mission of turning out (excellent phrase!) certified parrots, monkeys, dogs, oxen, asses—but never, oh, never, vivacious, original, critical and courageous human beings.

Let me ask another thorny question: Are principals of any assistance to their harassed teachers, or are they usually an intrusion and a hindrance? The query is its own answer. Teachers who have been in the "system" as long as ten, fifteen, twenty years have confessed that their official superiors, either thru lack of ability or lack of time, have been utterly meaningless to them in their pedagogic pursuits.

Principals not only do not know what is actually going on in the various classrooms; they are often incapable of helping a distressed or backward teacher to improve upon his work. In fact, principals function as detectives, rather than as educators. As a rule, principals have very ordinary teaching ability. They are frequently enough hail fellows, well met, ready with a newspaper joke or a Longfellow poem, fairly good business men, good-naturedly contemptuous of their "inferior" brethren, humorously self-sufficient in their ignorance, hostile to radical ideas, content with mechanical success, self-complacent to the point of boredom.

Think how much better it would be for the welfare of education in general, and for the cultural emancipation of teachers and pupils in particular, if in each school teachers and pupils had a vote in the choice of their Guild Governing Committee, to consist of several teachers and several representative students (elected, of course, by the students) duly endowed with power to "run" the school. Democratic tendencies in education point in that direction.

Such a radical reconstruction would aim a finely effective blow at the pernicious superior-inferior relationship so full of mischief for the future of democracy in education. Not until strategically situated superiors have been reabsorbed into the common activities of the rank and file can sincere and far-reaching democracy achieve any distinction or potency in our public school system.

On with the educational revolution! All power to the Teachers' Guilds!

THE ASS AND THE ELEPHANT

By G. D. BAIL.

(With apologies to the honest ones if they will come out from among them)

Two groups of crooks down in D. C.,
Both groups as crooked as crooks can be;
One group was trained by Baalam's Ass,
The other was in the Elephant's class.

The leader of the latter says unto its mate,
Let us rob Uncle Sam of his estate;
If we work together in secrecy and stealth,
We will both fall heir to a mint of wealth.

Yonder in the west under sun and moon,
Majestically stands a teapot dome;
Its bowels laden with minerals and oil,
We'll gold brick Uncle Sam, then divide the spoil.

The secretary of the navy being very wise,
Was an easy subject to hypnotize.
So the trick was turned, a lease was drawn,
Between midnight and early dawn.

Now says the elephant, we have gotten a lease,
'Twill be quite easy the public to fleece;
I'll appoint a man to steer the game,
The Ass will see that counsel's retained.

Then the Ass began to soliloquize,
'I've got my enemy by the hip and thigh,
I'll wait 'till nineteen and twenty-four,
Perhaps I'll learn a little more."

Then I'll expose the G. O. P.'s.
Hee-haw, hee-haw, hee-haw, hee's.
My enemies then will be tramping home,
Bidding adieu to the teapot dome.

But lo and behold, these crooks fell out,
With its trunk the Elephant began to spout;
This roiled the Ass, so he spilled the beans,
And now the press is chronicling the scenes.

Ye gods, dear people, where are we at?
Shall we longer support these old stand pats?
It's six of one, half dozen of 'tother,
They stick together like big twin brothers.

One group once said, "The public be damned."
They both have managed to grab all the land;
They control all the waters, the air they would scoop,
It is doubtful if satan would harbor these groups.

There are forty-eight states now under the flag,
Not one of which either group could bag,
If we all stand together in one common cause,
We can save Uncle Sam from the capitalists' claws.

Wake up, good people, open your eyes,
You who never have, now use your franchise,
Retire these crooks, send all of them home,
Then we'll recover what's stolen, including the dome.

The Farmers and Workers have issued a Call,
For all the progressives to meet in Saint Paul,
And abandon all differences that's kept us apart,
Then all stand together and make a new start.

To do this, the Denbys, Dohenys, and Falls,
Daughertys, Sinclairs, and Tammany Hall,
Wall Street who now all the presidents name,
Must all, with their followers, get out of the game.

A ROYAL BEGGAR



King of Roumania playing to the bankers.

TECHNICAL AID-FREIHEIT PICNIC POSTPONED TO JUNE 28—TAKE NOTE

The picnic planned for June 8 by the Society for Technical Aid to Soviet Russia and by the Freiheit was postponed on account of the bad weather to June 28, at Stickney Park, Lyons, Ill. Those who had tickets for June 8 can use them on June 28.

Those who have not yet procured tickets may get them at the Soviet School, 1902 W. Division St.; Russian Co-op Restaurant, 1734 W. Division St.; Freiheit office, 1145 Blue Island Ave.; Cheski's Restaurant, 3124 W. Roosevelt Road.

On Population and Birth Control

By CHARLES BROWER

PERHAPS you are one of those who, in recent years, have been guilty of thinking about some of the evils confronting society—unemployment with its attendant misery, reduction in the standard of living of the working masses, danger of future wars. Perhaps you are one of those who advocate drastic measures for the elimination of these evils. You may have been converted to such heresies as unemployment insurance, moratoriums on rents for the unemployed, shortening of the working day. Possibly you may have been so far corrupted by the "foreigners" as to believe that the only solution for our present-day evils lay in the elimination of capitalism. If so, then you have been all wrong. Our learned professors have studied the problem carefully. They conclude that our present-day evils are due to over-population, there are too many of us on God's earth. The remedy, according to the Prof, lies in (quietly, don't allow Mr. Sumner to overhear us)—birth-control.

At the beginning of the last century the attention of the world was

of them on this planet. Being a preacher, Malthus, naturally based his doctrine on a Bible text, "Many are called but few are chosen."

Since the days of Malthus the population of the world has more than doubled and Mother Earth has not as yet collapsed underneath its weight. It still makes its daily round, spinning about the sun as in the good old days, but in recent years economic conditions have again brought the problem to the fore. Dislocation of production resulting from the war has brought millions of workers (particularly in Europe) face to face with misery and starvation. Large sections of the working class are losing faith in the present system. Such heresies as socialism, communism, bolshevism, are gaining adherents daily. Under these conditions it is but natural that an effort be made on the part of the apologists for the status-quo to divert the attention of the workers from the true cause of their suffering. Accordingly, the doctrine of old Malthus has been unearthed, polished, and brought up to date with the aid of modern statistics. And once again we are told (this time by professors) that the

first, the chicken or the egg. Another Prof is more certain. He says: "Such figures, which could be cited more extensively if necessary, make out a fair case for the statement that large families and hardships within the family are too often matters of cause and effect. The destruction of the poor is not wholly due to the wicked capitalist who compels them to live in poverty; it is due to lack of intelligence, which depresses their productive value to society, and the ignorance which results in their dividing their meager possessions among many instead of among few." (Mankind at the Cross Roads, p. 332-333, by Edward M. East. Charles Scribner's Sons, N. Y., 1923.)

Hence, according to our learned Prof., the destruction of the poor is due to lack of intelligence . . . Perhaps he is right, after all. The willingness on the part of the poor to submit to the rule of the Rockefeller, Morgans, etc., may be evidence of lack of intelligence. It recalls to mind the incident of Judge Gary, who when asked as to whether a certain sum per week was enough for a workman, replied: "I suppose it is if he is willing to accept it." At any rate

the father shall be visited upon the children and upon the children's children even unto the third generation." And who, but an ungodly bolshevik would dare question the infallibility of the holy Scripture?

Here is another gem from the same Prof. (East): "An absolute just wage distribution would not raise the average income of our submerged quarter by any large figure. This is demonstrated by the complete figures for the United States, which are now available." (P. 333.) Well, then, let us follow his argument and see what we get.

Prof. East states (p. 215) that the national income turns out to be about sixty billion dollars, or close to \$6,000 per capita. Now suppose yours to be an average American family consisting of five. Your annual income should then be \$3,000. Even then it would hardly compare with the income of a New York judge who recently resigned because he could not live on his salary of \$17,500 per year. But aside from that, how many American workers earn an annual salary of \$3,000?

Scott Nearing, after computing, on

A BERLIN MAY DAY DEMONSTRATION



focused on the problem of population. Modern industrial capitalism was then in its birth-throes. In England (the classic land of capitalism) the introduction of machinery was accompanied by dire want and misery of the working masses. Numerous workers, displaced by machinery, were thrown upon the streets. Before there could be an adjustment and industry could expand sufficiently to absorb these workers, who had been displaced by machinery, many of them were actually starving. The Fuddite strikes were a direct outcome of this condition. The workers, driven by hunger and want to a point of despair, attempted to break the machines which had robbed them of their bread and butter. At that time there came to the fore a priest named Malthus, and promulgated the doctrine of population. According to Malthus the misery and want of the workers was not due to capitalism but to over-population. Workers starved because there were too many

misery of the workers is due to over-population. The cure is then very simple indeed. All we have to do is to practice birth-control, and all the present-day evils will disappear.

Listen to one of these Profs: "Everywhere the poorer groups are found to have the larger families, and everywhere poverty and a high birth rate act and react upon one another. If the birth rate is uncontrolled, the family is dragged down to poverty; if the parents are poor they lack the spirit of control. Whichever be the dominant factor the result remains: poverty and a high birth rate go hand in hand. The inference is irresistible, that where the birth rate is uncontrolled poverty will continue." (The Problem of Population, p. 129-30, by Harold Cox. G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1923.)

You see, this Prof is not quite certain as to which causes which—whether poverty is due to big families or big families are the result of poverty. It is like the problem of which came

we have to be thankful to the learned gentleman for inserting the word "wholly." In other words, he admits that the destruction of the poor is in part at least due to the capitalist, who compels them to live in poverty.

Note again that according to the Prof the cause of the hardship within your family is the size of your family. Your difficulties lie not in the meagreness of your pay envelope but in the fact that you have too many mouths to feed. Let us all preach and practice birth-control, then the future generations will surely not have to face any hardships. But should you ask about improving the lot of the present generation, since it is obvious that birth-control cannot lessen the number of those already living, then our learned Profs might reply that we of the present generation have to suffer for the sins of our fathers, for their failure to heed the advice of old man Malthus. Here, of course, the Bible would support the Prof, for it says: "And the sins of

the basis of the reports of the Interstate Commerce Commission, the wages of workers employed in various industries in the United States, concludes: "In general it is fair to say that the great bulk of the men who work in the various industries of the United States receive less than \$30 a week; that perhaps one man in five receives more than \$40 per week, and that a very small fraction—well under a tenth, receives more than \$50 per week. In the case of women, these figures are nearly twice too high. In the case of farm labor, they may be cut almost in half!"

Now you can judge for yourself how much short the pay envelope of even the highest paid worker is from the amount he would be entitled to under an absolutely just wage distribution. It should also be borne in mind that the above makes no allowance for the various periods of unemployment that all workers are subject to. It is no wonder then, that
(Continued on page 6.)

On Population and Birth Control

(Continued from page 5.)

so few men are able to maintain their families and that the mothers and children of ever so many workers' families are compelled to go to work in order to supplement Dad's meagre pay envelope.

But this is not all. We suspect that in computing the "just wage" Prof. East divided the total national income (\$60,000,000,000) by the total number of people in the country (100,000). May we venture to assert that the income per capita would materially rise if the Prof. were to deny a share in the national income to all non-producers: Bankers, speculators, bond and mortgage holders, etc.? But then we are reminded that these people constitute the best elements in our society. They live on interest, rent and profit, the three cornerstones of modern civilization. On the basis of his computation the Prof. must of necessity come to the conclusion that "one simply must face the fact that the productive capacity of a goodly proportion of all people is too low to keep every one away from the Malthusian pressure, and that this proportion must rise in the future unless the population remains far below the economic unit." (East, p. 251.)

At this point some champion of the "submerged quarter" comes to the fore and points out to our Prof the folly of preaching birth-control to the masses when it is a known fact that the master class in each capitalist country, or the government which safeguards its interests, prohibits the dissemination of information on this topic. He points out that in the United States we have a federal law, passed in 1873, which makes it a crime to advise limitation of families. He recalls to the Prof. the famous incident of Napoleon, who, when asked by Madame De Stael regarding the greatest woman of all time, replied: "She, madame, who furnishes the most cannon food at her country's disposal." Our champion of the "submerged quarter" being somewhat bold, goes a step further and reminds the learned gentleman of the opinions held by Theodore Roosevelt on the subject of large families. Roosevelt, it will be recalled, had re-

ceived a letter from some obscure woman in which she stated that she had given birth to some twelve children. She also stated that since her marriage she had had neither a new hat, nor a new coat, nor a pair of new shoes. In his reply Roosevelt commended the woman for her high services to the country, in recognition of which he sent her his photograph. But then our learned gentlemen are trying very hard to convince the ruling strata that it is to their benefit to reduce the population, just as so many of the same, or other, learned gentlemen are trying to convince the capitalists of the benefits of social reforms on the basis that a contented worker is better than a discontented one. Well, we will leave to the Profs the ungrateful task of reforming the capitalists. For ourselves we are quite certain that the capitalists can no sooner change his nature than the leopard can dispose of his spotted skin.

There is another aspect of the population problem which sadly worries the Profs. They see that the rate of reproduction among those in the "submerged quarter" is rather high while among the elite the birth rate tends to fall. (You see, the rich can afford to obtain the necessary information, laws are made for the underdogs.) In this tendency the Profs see the danger that the "submerged quarter" may ultimately displace the upper strata. Thus Prof. East says: "Society is like a candle which burns out at the top and replaces itself from the bottom."

We should like to ask the Prof, how else society can replace itself since those at the top become corrupted and degenerated as a result of opulence and indolence. We wish to tell him that as long as society is divided into producers and non-producers, it will continue to replace itself from the bottom; that only when capitalism will be replaced by a social organization in which all the members will be producers will society cease replacing itself from the bottom. But then we are treading on forbidden ground. We can almost feel the policeman's grip on us. So let's quit and return to the problem of population.

Dr. East sees danger in the exhaustion of the soil. Says he: "The matter of prime importance, however,

is not the possibility of keeping up crop returns for an indefinite period when all known means are utilized. It is that continued cropping by the present system in depleting most soils rapidly and that millions of acres have already reached the point where their productiveness can only be kept up by increasing the amount of artificial fertilizers. Much of our natural agricultural wealth has thus been used with no charge made for it in the production costs. This is bad bookkeeping. No charge for depreciation means bankruptcy in any business." (P. 186.) For once we are in perfect agreement with the learned gentleman. What conclusion do we draw from it? That the need of prime importance lies in the elimination of the system responsible for this irrational use of our natural wealth. It is because we recognize the need of carrying on production with an eye to the future that we insist on the solution of the economic problem prior to all other problems, including the problem of population.

Capitalism is essentially wasteful and irrational because under it production is carried on primarily for profit. The capitalist serves but one God, Mammon. He will never permit the welfare of the future generations to curb his greed for profits. After me the deluge, is his motto. He lives only in the present. Only under a system based on production for use can we eliminate waste and utilize the natural wealth in such a manner as not to jeopardize the welfare of the future generations.

But Dr. East will not subscribe to our conclusion. The conclusion he arrives at from the danger inherent in the exhaustion of the soil, is that we must work harder. "There is conclusive evidence," says Dr. East, "that the output per man is diminishing, despite the more general adoption of crop rotation and pest control measures. This means that we must work harder for what we get."

Does not the Prof's advice sound like an editorial sermon by the N. Y. Times? Produce! Produce! has been the one cry in all capitalistic countries since the war. Produce! Produce! to make up for the vast destruction brought about by the war and to enable the rulers to prepare for

the next carnage.

Recently, May 8th, some 300,000 miners in the Ruhr were locked out for refusing to work longer than 8 hours per day (7 hours underground). Produce! or you are traitors to your country. Produce! or civilization is in danger.

Should you question the Prof as to why the workers should exert themselves to increase production since with every increase in their productive capacity they but forge heavier chains for themselves and bring greater misery on themselves and their families, the Doc will presumably fall back on the Bible and quote the famous passage, "The poor always ye have with ye." You see, according to the Prof no system of production can do away with poverty; there always were and there always will be rich and poor. One wonders whether there is not a case in which the wish is father to the thought. For if you do away with poverty, who will do the dirty work for the elegant gentleman and the pink-finger ladies?

As far back as 1728 another defender of rich against the "envious poor" said: "... it is manifest that, in a free nation, where slaves are not allowed, of the surest wealth consists in a multitude of laboring poor; for besides, that they are the never failing nursery of fleets and armies, without them there could be no enjoyment, and no product of any county could be valuable. To make the society happy and people easier under the meanest circumstances it is requisite that great numbers of them should be ignorant as well as poor; knowledge both enlarges and multiplies our desires, and the fewer things a man wishes for, the more easily his necessities may be supplied." (Bernard De Maudeville: "The Fables and the Bees," 5th edition, London 1728, p. 328.)

What Sir Maudeville stated in a blunt, simple manner, the modern Profs state in more subtle fashion. Like Sir Maudeville, the modern Docs believe in giving the laboring poor enough of the means of subsistence to keep them from revolting and yet so little that they will continually spend what they get and thus be driven by necessity to toil constantly for the rich.

An Incident in the Life of Leon Trotsky

(Translated from the Spanish by Harrison George.)

TWO inspectors of police were waiting me in my apartment. One of small stature, almost old, flat-nosed, the slave type, but a little finer; the other large, bald, of some forty-five years, and black as tar. On both their clothes hung badly, and when they spoke they gesticulated in the fashion of a military salute. The old one had an ingratiating education.

"You will help us in our task (in other words, you will make no resistance) and in exchange, at arrival at the Spanish frontier we will not deliver you to the Spanish police, but leave you free."

And turning to my wife:

"Madame can present herself tomorrow before the prefect," (to obtain authority to rejoin me).

While I bade farewell to my wife and friends, the police discreetly kept behind the door. Downstairs, near the automobile waited two agents of the secret police. The inspectors had taken my bags and were carrying them. At departure the old one removed his hat several times:

"Pardon me, madame!"

The agent that had followed me tirelessly for two months, now, in a very friendly manner, arranged the robe about us. The door of the motor closed and we departed.

The express. A third-class car. We installed ourselves in a compartment and made the usual provisions. The old inspector was a geographer. Talked of Tomsk, of Irkutsk, of Kazan, of Novgorod, of the Fair there... Knew Spain and spoke Spanish. The other, the big negro, for a long time remained without saying a word,

seated apart. But suddenly, he began:

"The Latin race tramps around on the same spot. The others progress," he said, while cutting a slice of ham which he held in a hairy hand of doubtful cleanliness and adorned with heavy rings.

"What have we in literature? Decadence? Decadence in all things. In all things. In philosophy the same. Since Descartes and Pascal there is nothing. The Latin race tramps around on the same spot!"

Astonished, I waited the continuation, but he shut up and began chewing his ham sandwich.

"You had a Tolstoi, but Ibsen is more comprehensible to us than Tolstoi." And he shut anew.

The old one pricked by this allusion to science, began to explain to me the importance of the Trans-Siberian Railroad. And then, completing, and to soften pessimistic conclusions of his colleague, he added:

"Indeed, we lack initiative. All wish to be functionaries. It is sad, but undeniable."

I was listening without interest.

It was now night and outside nothing could be seen. I was nervous and had not slept. The conversation renewed. It circled around my expulsion and about the surveillance of which I had been the object in Paris. The two inspectors knew all the details by being those who shadowed me. This theme excited them.

"To shadow?" said the old one, "but that is impossible now. It is not efficacious except when the subject knows nothing of it. True? But with the communications of today it is really impossible. The Metropolitan (the Paris subway) kills vigilance. It should be prohibited to those under surveillance — they should not take

the Metro. Only then would it be possible to shadow anyone."

The black grinned. The old one, calming himself, intervened.

"Frequently we watch without, unfortunately, knowing why."

"We, the police, are sceptics," suddenly declared the black. "You have your ideas; we must attend to that which exists. Let us take, for example, the great revolution. What a movement of ideas! The encyclopedists, Jean Jacques and Voltaire! And fourteen years after the revolution the people were more miserable than ever. We read Laine; Jaures reproached Jules Ferry that his government was not advancing. Ferry answered: Governments are never the clarions of revolution. And it is correct. We police are, by our function, conservatives. Scepticism is the only philosophy that fits well to our profession. At final account, nobody freely picks his road. Free will does not exist. All is foreseen by the march of things."

And he began, skeptically, to drink red wine from the common bottle. And then, corking it:

"Renan said that new ideas come always far too early. And it is true."

But at saying this, he gazed suspiciously at my hand that I had put casually on the latch of the compartment door. To tranquilize him, I stuck my hand in my pocket.

We reached Bordeaux, capital of Vin Rouge (red wine) and, yesterday, the provincial capital of France when the enemy neared Paris. The watchword of the French bourgeois: "The frontier on the Rhine or the capital in Bordeaux."

"I accompanied, by this same road, Senor Pablo Iglesias, chief of Spanish Socialists, when he was expelled from France," said the old one. "We made

a very pleasant trip and chatted agreeably. A charming man."

"To us, the police, as to the valets, there are no great men," declared the black. "And at the same time, they always need us. The regimes change. We remain."

We reached the last French station, Hendais.

"There lived Derruledé, our romantic citizen. For him it was sufficient to see the mountains of France. A real Don Quixote in his Spanish corner." The black smiled indulgently.

"I could live here forever," said the old one, "in a cottage, and never would tire of watching the sea all day... Ah! pardon me, monsieur... Accompany me to the station commissioner."

In the station of Irun, a French gendarme started to question me, but my companion gave him some sort of a masonic signal. "Understood, understood," answered the gendarme, and drew away to wash his hands at a spigot to show a complete indifference. But he could not contain himself; he looked me over anew and asked the skeptic: "And where is the other?"—"There, with the special commissioner," replied the black. "He must know everything," he added in a low voice, bending towards me.

With rapid steps he conducted me toward the interminable corridors of the station.

"It was done discreetly, is it not true?" he said. "With the tramway you are able to go to Irun and to San Sebastian. You must pass as a tourist and not awaken the suspicions of the Spanish police, who are very distrustful. And now, already I know you not! True?"—

And we parted politely.

(Finis.)

The Man Who Believed Himself a Rooster

"I wonder," said Fellow-worker A to Fellow-worker B, as they strolled inside the inclosure with that leisurely nowhere-to-go sort of gait prisoners fall into, "I wonder just what that little old button with three stars and the three letters, I. W. W., stands for now-a-days."

"If you mean that for a question," replied B, "I'll tell the world it stands for a good deal now-a-days. That's sufficiently ambiguous to merit me being crowned with the same laurel as the present editor of *Solidarity*," he added urbanely.

"Well," rejoined A, "there's some doubt if it's laurel or poison oak he's wearing. But, seriously, I'm hanged if I'd know the I. W. W. now for the one I joined and went to jail for. These three stars once stood for 'Education, Organization and Emancipation.' And the three letters meant the 'Industrial Workers of the World.' And that meant a lot of other things, good things. Industrial unionism to start with, but that was only a tool to work with and not the end—not the whole aim. It was only a 'road to freedom' not freedom itself, a tool of the coming revolution, not the revolution itself and intoto. Now the chairman of the G. E. B. says that all 'highbrow books of Marxian ideas' should be burned—that's 'Education' Then all workers' organizations who want to organize with us are refused and insulted, from the Canadian Lumber Workers to the Red Labor Union International. And that's our 'Organization,' I suppose. And then there was the third star that stood for 'Emancipation.' Now the same bunch that would give us 'Education' without Marx's books—without any books in fact—say, "What we want is to settle immediate problems." Which really means that they are afraid to discuss even the revolutionary problems of today in the spirit of the I. W. W. They pretend to be theoretically opposed to the Soviets when really they're only scared of going to jail if

they indorsed them. But is all this—and a thousand other things—revolutionary? For they still cling to that sacred word. Tell me, are we still the vanguard and not the camp followers, of the American revolution? Is this what Joe Hill and Frank Little died for? Are we still the I. W. W.?"

"Of course," gravely replied B. "We are and eternally will be I. W. W. Wobbly etiquette never concedes anything, I swear it to you, to the High Priest Sandgren. You say you know not what. But it is all very simple. Listen! Once upon a time, there lived (according to the story told me in my infancy) not far from my birthplace in Russia, a youth by the name of Atanasic Kyrilovitch Makharof. This Makharof was of bad head, as happens with the youth of all lands. He launched himself into all the vices with as great a zest as later he plunged into remorse for them. In time, he studied Kropotkin and spoke of giving his life to his fellow-men.

"At the end he became completely deranged, crazy. Crazy enough to lock up. And he was locked up, really, in a sanitarium at Simferopol. All he did was—what do you think! He imagined himself turned into a rooster! He ran thru the garden of the asylum looking for worms, and when he found one he seized it with his toes, that he believed to be claws, and carried it to his mouth, which he believed was a beak; and cried out with all his might—'Cock-a-doodle-doo, cock-a-doodle-doo.' The insane have peculiar abilities; you or I would have great difficulty in raising our toes to our mouths; but he, this deranged chap, did it easily from the first.

Poor Makharof was of a family of 'tchinovniks'—officials—very rich, and respected by all the district. He was an only son, and his condition saddened his father and mother. His father went to visit the asylum for a week and wept bitterly at always seeing his son in the same state of mind. He said to the doctor:

"Doctor, is there no way of helping it? I would give anything I have for his health, and it would be a cure that would cause you to be honored all

over the world."

"At last the doctor replied:

"There is only one way. And I do not know if it would succeed, but we can try. It is necessary tho, to find someone who may be able to act as much like a rooster as he does."

"I don't see," replied the father, "what good would come of that."

"I told you that all we are able to do is to experiment, responded the doctor."

"At last they found an acrobat who consented to attempt the cure. He scratched the sand with his foot perfectly; he found, or pretended to find something to raise to his lips; he leaped upon a chair, from there to a table, waving his arms as if they were wings, and screaming—'Cock-a-doodle-doo.' Makharof was astonished, and—at first—much pleased. There were now two roosters in the establishment and as there were no hens there was no reason for combat. He and his colleague observed the best of 'chicken manners' and sang triumphal songs. In fact, they perfected themselves, each attaining the idea of the species 'rooster.'

"However, by reason of seeing his companion doing the same as he did, and surpassing him, Makharof became a bit weary.

"Listen," he said to the acrobat, "suppose we no longer climb on the table. We are roosters. Certainly, I believe that we are roosters. I would not concede the least doubt in that matter. But let us not climb on the table!"

"Some days later he burst out:

"Why should we go looking for worms? That is no good! . . . Between ourselves, that is no good! Let us only pretend it. Look! See how I do it! See how I raise my foot. How I open my beak! Cock-a-doodle-doo! Cock-a-doodle-doo! Raise your foot! . . . We do that only. Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

"Cock-a-doodle-doo," responded the acrobat.

"Sometime afterward, Makharof even proposed:

"We are roosters; nothing is more certain. If anyone tried to assert we are not, I would bury my spurs in his

face. But, old friend, if you only knew how idiotic you look when you raise your foot! . . . Let us only crow—Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

"Cock-a-doodle-doo!" responded the acrobat.

"At last Makharof arrived at this: 'Cock-a-doodle-doo is absolutely useless! . . . Let us have no more cock-a-doodle-doo! This does not stop us from being roosters. Nothing is more certain. We are and shall always continue to be roosters! . . . Never will we say anything different to anyone . . . But, do you know, I feel the desire for going out to walk around the city.'

"Thus it was that Makharof finally left the asylum. He married and became a man the same as any other. Sometimes he met the acrobat. Then he would say to him, almost without moving his lips:

"But we are yet, and always, roosters."

"However, by reason of always living as a man and not as a rooster he ended by completely forgetting that he was a rooster. Or well it was that he recalled it only in dreams, at night, when he was in bed—all of a sudden he would say—'Cock-a-doodle-doo!'"

"And his wife, startled into wakefulness, would ask:—

"What ails you?"

"Always he replied—'Nothing. Don't worry yourself.'

"He died, finally, with the reputation of a good citizen, of peaceful habits and conventional manners.

B stopped and looked thoughtfully at a bird flying over the wall.

"Well, now," said A, after a pause, "what is the meaning of this fable, fellow-worker?"

"We are roosters," affirmed B. "We are always roosters; or, if you wish, I. W. W., revolutionary industrial unionists, advocates of Education, Organization and Emancipation. Never will we say anything different to any one."

But just then the bugle blew—"recall"—and both fell in line to shuffle into their cells.

(Finis.)

H. G. LEAVENWORTH.

The Philistine Discourseth

(Continued from page 2)

talism has destroyed the English national docks, has made it impossible to exploit the coal mines in a rational manner, etc. Ilyitch was familiar with the language of facts and figures.

"I confess," concludes Mr. Wells unexpectedly, "it was very difficult for me to argue against him." What does this mean? Is it the beginning of the capitulation of evolutionary Collectivism before the logic of Marxism? No, no, "abandon all hope!" This phrase, which at the first glance appears unexpected, does not occur by mere chance; it forms part of the system, it bears a strictly outspoken Fabian, evolutionary, pedagogic character. It is expressed with an eye to the English capitalists, bankers, lords and their ministers. Wells says to them: "Just see, you behave so badly, so destructively, so egotistically, that in my discussion with the Kremlin Dreamer I found it difficult to defend the principles of my evolutionary Collectivism. Listen to reason, take every week a Fabian bath, become civilized, proceed along the path of progress." Thus the devout confession of Wells is not the beginning of self-criticism, but merely the continuation of the educational work on this same capitalist society which has emerged from the imperialist war and the peace of Versailles—perfected, moralized and Fabianized.

It is not without a feeling of benevolent patronage that Wells remarks concerning Lenin: "His faith in his cause is unbounded." There is no need to dispute this. What is true is true. This fund of faith gave him, among other things, the patience to converse during those depressing months of the blockade with every foreigner who might be able to serve even as an indirect means of communication between Russia and the west. Such was

the conversation Lenin had with Wells.

It was quite otherwise when he spoke with English workers who came to him. He fraternized with them in the most hearty manner. He at once learned and taught. But with Wells the conversation, by reason of its very nature, had a half enforced diplomatic character. "Our conversation ended without definite result," concludes the author. In other words the encounter between evolutionary Collectivism and Marxism ended this time in nothing. Wells took his departure for England and Lenin remained in the Kremlin. Wells wrote a series of choice articles for the consumption of the bourgeois public and Lenin, shaking his head, repeated: "There goes a real petty bourgeois! Good gracious, what a Philistine!"

But, one may ask, why on earth have I, almost four years afterwards, reverted to such a trifling article by Wells. The fact that his article has been reproduced in one of the books devoted to the death of Lenin is no sufficient justification. It is likewise no sufficient justification that these lines were written by me in Sukhum while undergoing a cure there. But I have more serious reasons. In England at the present moment the party of Mr. Wells is in power, led by illustrious representatives of evolutionary Collectivism. And it seems to me—I think not without reason—that the lines written by Wells concerning Lenin reveal to us better than many other things, the soul of the leading strata of the English Labor Party; taken as a whole Wells is not the worst of the bunch. How hopelessly behind the times these people are, how burdened with the heavy leaden weight of bourgeois prejudices! Their arrogance—the belated reflex of the great historical role of the English bourgeoisie—prevents them from penetrating in a proper way into the life of other

nations, into new ideological phenomena, into the historical process which is sweeping over their heads. Narrow-minded followers of routine, empiricists wearing the blinkers of bourgeois public opinion, they carry themselves and their prejudices into the whole world and are careful not to notice anything around them but only their own persons. Lenin had lived in all the countries of Europe; had made himself master of foreign languages; had read, studied, and listened; made himself familiar with things, compared and generalized. Standing at the head of a great revolutionary country, he omitted no occasion to learn conscientiously and carefully, to ask for information and news. He followed unweariedly the life of the whole world. He both read and spoke German, French and English with ease and also read Italian. In the last years of his life, when overburdened with work, he surreptitiously, during the sittings of the Political Bureau, studied a Czechish grammar in order to come into first-hand contact with the workers' movement of Czecho-Slovakia; we sometimes "caught" him at this when he, not without some slight embarrassment, passed it off with a laugh and apologized . . . And there on the other hand we have Mr. Wells, incarnating that kind of pseudo-educated, narrow-minded petty bourgeois, who look around with the intention of seeing nothing and who consider that they have nothing to learn as they feel quite assured with their inherited stock of prejudices. And Mr. MacDonald, who represents a more solid and sober puritan variety of the same type, pacifies bourgeois public opinion: We have fought against Moscow and we have vanquished Moscow. They have vanquished Moscow? These are indeed wretched "little men" no matter how tall physically! Today even after all that has trans-

pired, they know nothing whatever about their own tomorrow. Liberal and conservative business people without the least difficulty bait traps for these "evolutionary" socialist pedants who are now in office, compromise them and intentionally prepare their downfall—not only as ministers, but also as politicians. Simultaneously—alho far less intentionally—they prepare for the coming to power of the English Marxists. Yes, indeed, of the Marxists, "of the weary fanatics of the class struggle." For the English social revolution will also proceed in accordance with the laws laid down by Marx.

Mr. Wells, with his characteristic, pudding-heavy wit, once threatened to take a pair of scissors and trim the "doctrinaire" hair and beard of Marx and to render him English and respectable: to Fabianize him. But nothing has come of this and nothing ever will come of it. Marx will remain Marx just as Lenin has remained Lenin after Wells had subjected him for an hour to the tormenting effects of a blunt razor. And we venture to predict in the not distant future, there will be erected in London, in Trafalgar Square for example, two statues standing side by side: Karl Marx and Vladimir Lenin. The English proletarians will say to their children: "What a good job it is that no little pygmies of the Labor Party succeeded in trimming the hair or shaving the beard of these two giants!"

In anticipation of these days, which I myself will endeavor to see, I close my eyes for a moment and distinctly see before me the figure of Lenin in his armchair, the same chair in which Wells saw him, and I hear—on the day following or perhaps on the day of the conversation with Wells—the words, accompanied by a heavy gasp: "Ugh! What a petty bourgeois! What a Philistine!"

IMPRESSIONS OF RUSSIA

(Continued from page 1.)

might be able to increase their work. The process of selection is not yet completed, but much of the lazy loitering of olden times is gone. The second task was to draw back to the cities and to the industrial establishments those tens of thousands of skilled workers who, in times of turmoil and disorganization, had either gone to the native villages to feed on the fruit of the earth, or had drifted into some other occupation. This recall of the brains and skill of the shops could be accomplished only by increasing the wages of industrial labor and by making factory life attractive. The task has now been completed. The personnel of the factories has undergone a remarkable change. Unskilled and semi-skilled workers who had manned unbecoming jobs since the war, when production of war supplies and munitions made expansion of factories imperative, have now been relegated to the work they are best capable of doing. The skilled workers are being given the most responsible places. Technical schools are being opened everywhere to increase the efficiency of labor. Better pay, which often reaches pre-war proportions and which in present conditions means much more than it meant ten years ago, is a good stimulus to production. Russia is still poor, very poor, it is only in the process of the initial accumulation of capital. But the skeleton of the industrial organization has been reconstructed, it stands now firmly on the Russian ground. It has acquired a great number of experienced managers, and the possibilities in Russian natural resources and in the energy of a united working class in possession of state power, are incalculable.

Present Russia is an optimistic country. There is something which bends to ground the head of an average German even if he makes a living. There is something that straightens the back of the Russian worker and makes him look hopefully sturdy even if out of work. This "something" is the consciousness of conquered freedom, of independence, of being one's own master, of better times coming. In no city East of the Rhine is there as much vitality, as much physical vigor and youthfulness as I have found in Moscow. I am told that the same is true about all other cities of the vast Union. You walk out into the suburbs of the city, you enter the streets which are thickly populated by factory workers, you visit clubs, circles, theatricals, eating places, and everywhere you find crowds of vigorous young people, poorly but not shabbily dressed, sober, gay, self-assured, alert, intelligent, keenly interested in the life of their plant, their branch of industry, their union, their club, their Soviet, their government and also in the international situation. No workers have such an understanding of and such an interest in the world situation as have the Russian workers. But we are not so much interested here in the mind as in the body of the Russian proletariat. The revolution has certainly hardened those millions of men and women. They have gone thru years of half a pound of bread as daily rations, years of typhoid fever, cholera, pneumonia, Volga starvation; they have fought on numerous fronts scantily clad in the bitterest cold; they have looked death into the face so many times that they are no more afraid of anything. The younger set has grown up under the conditions of war and revolution. Hard times are natural to them. Now life turns to them its smiling face. There is food. There is heat. There is a minimum of clothing. There is education. There is work controlled by the workers themselves. There is no master. There is a whole country, a tremendous rich and beautiful country to develop and to own. There is a work to conquer, not for the individual, but for the collective body thru collective effort. The individual worker may not think exactly in these terms (tho he is wide awake and he has learned to think broadly and clearly) but he feels it. It is in the air. It speaks eloquently from the song and the movements of your group of "Komsoniols" (Young Communists) who march by the factory wall for their regular hike into the fields; it hovers over that bunch

of young working girls who, books in hand, hurry to their weekly class, where they receive instruction in "Leninism"; it sparkles in the eyes of mature workers who walk to the meeting of the Factory Committee. Their life is not easy. An American worker does not put up with as little as they receive. Some stranger who has no understanding of the revolution, would, of course, think their life miserable compared with the life of their Western brothers. Well, they know better.

Russia is a country of feverish intellectual activity. I claim to have an eye for books. And I wish to state that I am stunned, overwhelmed by the amount and the variety of books that have been thrown on the market in the last two years and are being poured in great torrents at present. Sometimes I have the feeling that Russia is doing nothing but printing and publishing books. There are literally hundreds of bookshops in Moscow. There are scores of agencies serving the provinces. There are publishing houses in every important provincial center. There is hardly a thoroughfare in Moscow, but I find in it a dozen or so bookshops. "Who is reading all these books?" I asked my friend, the chief of the business sector of the Government Publishing Office. The reply was, "Everybody." Most of the books are being purchased by individual readers, but loads are also being acquired by libraries and institutions. The ordinary book is unbound, the well printed, and its price is somewhere between 50 cents and one dollar. There are, however, many expensive books, art books, de luxe editions of authors. There is a market for every one. "The Revolution," said to me Comrade Losovsky, "has been

the big historic plow that crossed and recrossed the fertile soil of the nation and made it receptive for intellectual seeds. What we witness now is only the beginning. What we shall accomplish in three years, is beyond imagination."

The public press is keeping pace with the output of books. The press has nearly approached the pre-war daily circulation, which, deducting from the latter the black hundred papers and the numerous official publications which nobody ever reads, puts the press of today numerically much stronger than it ever was in Russia. Magazines of all kinds of readability and for all occupations, professions, sexes, and ages, also feature this era of reconstruction. All streets are alive with newspaper kiosks which also sell popular books in profusion. Of the books, the literature on Lenin must be mentioned. It is no exaggeration to say that whole libraries have been published about Lenin, be-

ginning from heavy volumes three to four hundred pages strong and down to small pamphlets and picture books. No nation ever loved a leader the way Russia loves and reveres Lenin. Lenin in death is a greater reality to the Russian workers and peasants than he even was when he lived among them.

The Russian masses love Lenin, and next to his memory they love their proletarian country. Let anybody dare put a hand on their Soviet Republic, there will be such a conflagration, such an outburst of fighting energy as the world has never witnessed heretofore. This I felt yesterday when the masses demonstrated in protest against the Germans' silly invasion of the Soviet Trade Mission in Berlin. This one feels when one comes in touch with the Russian workers and Red Army men. The Soviet Republic stands firm as a rock on the love and devotion of the working masses. MOSCOW, May 12, 1924.

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