

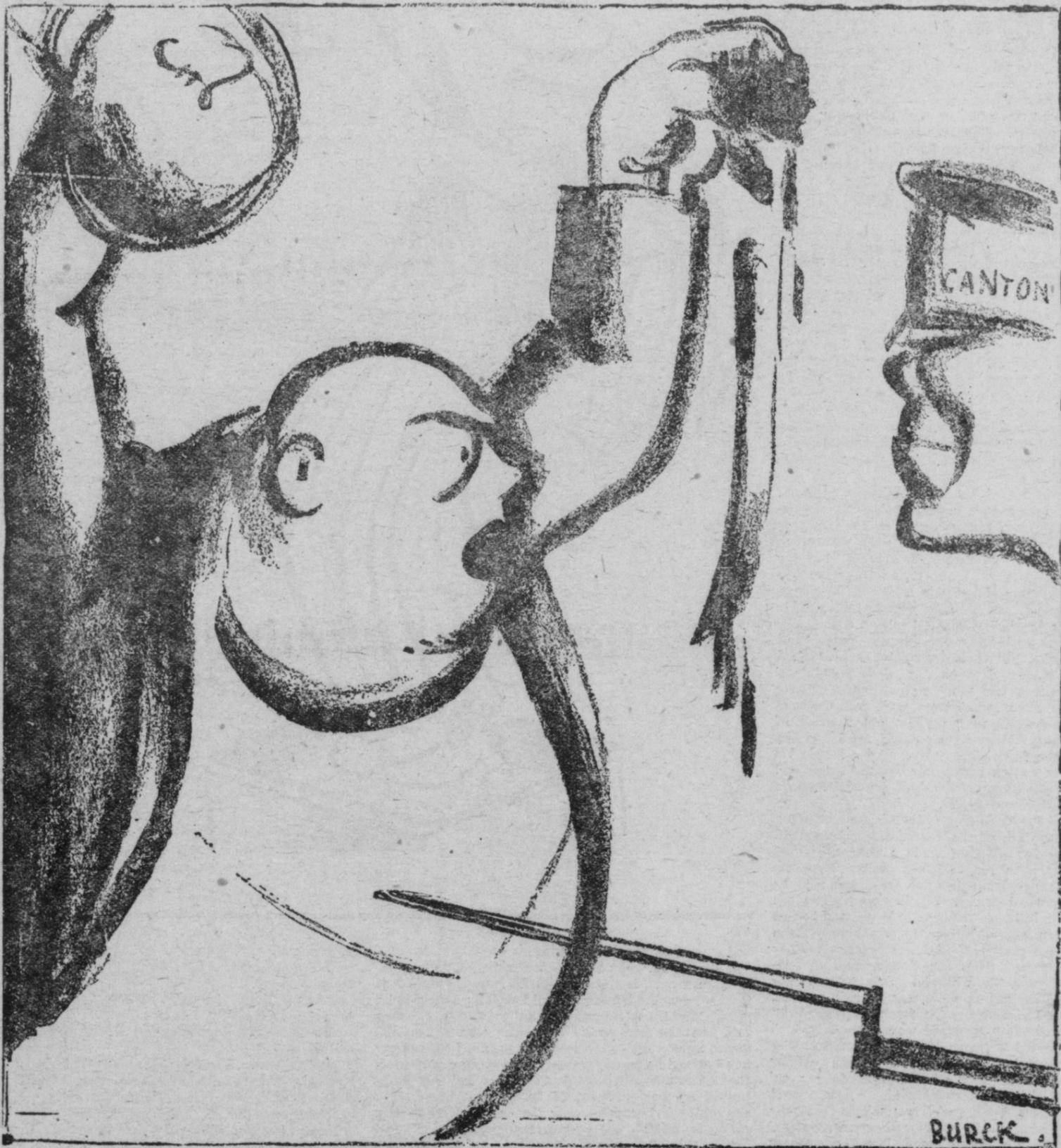
# THE NEW MAGAZINE

Supplement of THE DAILY WORKER

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ALEX BITTELMAN, Editor



The Bayonet Is Mightier Than the Bible.

## In the Wake of the News

By T. J. O'FLAHERTY

THERE is a struggle going on inside the British cabinet between those who think it wise to pursue a moderate policy towards the Cantonese, and the blood and iron element that trusts to the sharp sword rather than to the slippery tongue. Both are thoroughly imperialistic. Both will defend the interests of the empire with equal enthusiasm and loyalty. The differences between them are over the question of the best way to preserve British interests in China. Chamberlain believes in using sweet language to his enemies. Churchill is a sabre-rattler. Neither of them considers the question of peace or war except in so far as either one or the other may help imperial interests.

Nevertheless we cannot ignore those inner conflicts. They play a big part in history. The conflicts within the different capitalist states as well as the clashing interests of different imperialist

powers interfere with their desire to make a united front against a common enemy. Without question the robber powers would have crushed, or made another military attempt to crush the Soviet Union but for these contradictions, the fighting power of the Soviet workers and peasants, the greed to make profits from Russian trade and the aversion of their industrial classes to a war on the Workers Republic.

Now they are unable to unite against China, though all the brigands brandish their swords and elevate their guns in Shanghai harbor. Great Britain has been the principal instigator of the conspiracy against China since Japan pulled out of the mess. Hence the main stream of Chinese hostility has been flowing against Britain. This kind of a situation was not pleasing to John Bull, so his diplomats got busy in the capitals of Europe,

America and Japan to seek assistance. Various reports were issued. It was said that this government and that government agreed to the British proposals, but nothing came of it, until the United States got involved in Nicaragua and Mexico.

It is no secret that British oil interests were in conflict with American oil interests in Mexico until about this time. The Aquila Oil company was willing to obey the Mexican laws. Then a change came. The Aquila Oil company lined up with Andy Mellon, Edward L. Doheny, "Teapot Dome" Sinclair and the Standard Oil company of Indiana in defying the Mexican government. The tory papers in London began to congratulate Coolidge on his strong policy in Latin America and—United States warships began to assemble in Chinese waters. Britain stopped picking feathers out of the American eagle's tail in Latin America.

(Continued on page 7)

# The Escape of Anderson Hixon

By ELLEN WETHERELL

IT was midnight in Red City; a sultry, suffocating midsummer midnight. A black night, in which the sand roads, pine tracts and gray, barren fields were swallowed up. Occasionally a muttering of distinct thunder ominously broke the stillness. From a thicket came the musical hum of insects. The odor of cape jasmine was rich upon the air.

Delsie Hixon leaned from her window to get a freer breath, her heavy body palpitated with the heat. Mosquitoes swarmed in and out and settled upon her. She heeded them not. She was talking to herself in a low, musical voice. "I'se tole" she said, that my boy mus' leave Red City, I'se tole that my Anderson, my baby, mus' go away or he'll be killed! I'se tole that my Anderson, my baby, mus' leave his father an' mother an' go away or he'll be lynched! I'se tole that he mus' go away or he'll have toe die! I'se tole he mus' go away from Red City and never come back no mo'! But I, his mother, I remembers hearin' the voice of that Court. I, remembers hearin' the voice of that Court say, "Not guilty! Not guilty! Anderson Hixon of the crime accused. An' I remembers how I cried when I heard that voice of the Court. How I laughed fo' joy when I heard the voice of that Court a-sayin' 'Not Guilty!' An' I remembers how glad was my heart when my boy walked out of that Court, free.

"An' now I'se tole that he mus' go away; I'se tole that the citizens of Red City demands my Anderson's goin' away! They say he can't live among them no mo'." Delsie folded her arms across her broad bosom and leaned farther out on the window sill. She continued to talk in a low musical voice. "But, I, his mother say that the Law have pronounced my Anderson, free! The court have pronounced him 'Not Guilty!' an' I, his mother say he shall not go away but he shall live whar he chooses an' that's right there at home."

Delsie paused and drew back from the window. Suddenly a red snake leaped from the threatening clouds and writhed across their blackness; a long, muffled roar followed. Still, the mosquitoes sang in the thicket.

Delsie again rested her broad bosom on the sill and went on in her low, musical voice. "I remembers Slavery Days. I remembers when I war a very lil chile an' lived with my mother on the plantation. I doan remembers no father, I expects that my massa war my father. I remembers the whippin's the black folks had, I remembers the death blows the runaways got, an' the long hunts after them that war hid in the swamps. I can see the dogs a-runnin' hard with their red tongues hangin' out of their mouths, an' their lank sides a heavin'; I can hear their long, deep bay, an' their snapin' an' snarlين' when they had foun' the po' negro. I sees toe-night the slave what runs past my mother's cabin, jess a-stoppin' long nuff to get a drink of water, while my mother steps outside into his tracks to thro' off the dogs. That slave man a-bearin his lil brother across his breast, all bleedin' ana-dyin'! I can see all this now, an' the dogs, the bloodhounds comin' on faster and faster.

"I knows of the awfulness of the Slavery days, my mother tells me all, of the degradation, the unrest, the rebellious feelin's that made a runaway shoot hisself rather than toe be taken back. Then the prayers our peoples prays toe God, an' how he seemed toe have no mercy. The lies we had toe tell toe 'scape the lash, an' the stealin's we had toe do toe keep from starvin' when it might have been better toe have starved!" Delsie stopped. Another fiery snake leaped from the clouds, another prolonged roar broke the stillness! Delsie thrust her hand out into the night; there was no rain upon it. She went on; I remembers the day when that word came that made free men and women, and free, lil chillen of the black slaves. I remembers that day well, how them mens and womens an' lil' chillins war a-crowdin' roun' each other a cryin' fo' joy, an' a shoutin' 'We's free! We's free! Glory, glory! We's free! We's free! An' I remembers seein' the masses a-scowlin' black, an' how they goes out an' shoots themselves a cussin' mad, like the cowards they war. Then mo' miseries come after that free word, an' still mo'; the black peoples atryin' to get toe the North, womin' an' lil chil-lins sufferin' as if God had forgotten them. Then better days begin to come, they say up north that the black man mus' have the right to vote fo' things, toe say what he wants at the ballot-box, I remembers my husband a-votin' fo' the first time just how he feared fo' hisself! How the white folks laughed when the black folks voted, an' how those votes did not count fo' much.

"Then, long while after those 'free' days, my Anderson boy came to Hixon an' me. We's happy fo' a while, but it seems that we's not so free as we thot we war. But, I said if Anderson can go to school his mother will work and wash fo' the rich, white ladies an' pay fo' my boy's schoolin'. Such a handsome boy, my Anderson, a-favorin' his father. An' I remembers how the white boys laughed at Anderson goin' to school, how they called him a 'nigger' puttin' on airs, how them white boys set on Anderson an' beat him, beat him up hard 'til Anderson strack back at one of them, and I remembers, it war that white boy, that said he would see my Anderson war lynched some day, he hated my Anderson 'cause Anderson war defendin' hisself against the white boys' blows and beatin's.

Nobody took my boy's part but the colored folks,



—By William Gropper.

and even they didn't dare to show their best feelin's. One day came when my boy war arrested fo' makin' love, they said, toe a white girl! How I laughed at that, my boy Anderson, makin' love, him only fifteen year. But the officers came an' took him, fo' they said that he had broke the law. The white girl swore agains him, an' the boy that said he'd see my boy lynched some day, swore toe, but thar war them that knew mo an' they tole thar story an' that story proved my boy innocent fo' he was not there whar the white girl said he war; they showed what they called an alibi.

"Fo' three days that Court sat a'tryin' to prove my boy guilty, but the evidence war with my boy, an' the Court had toe let him go free! 'Not guilty,' said that Court on that third day.

"All the colored peoples believed it, and, some of the white folks believed it. I believed it befo' the Court said so, fo' I believed in my boy!"

Delsie stopped. Was there not a murmur of voices down the road? She brushed the mosquitoes from her arms and listened. From the bed came the heavy breathing of her husband; across the fields came the plaint of a "mourning dove." "Some peoples goin' home from meetin'," said she reassuringly. Delsie sniffed the air ecstatically. "The jasmine am pow-ful toe night." Again came the murmur of voices louder than before, and still louder, until, Delsie heard oaths and loud laughter.

She heard an oath close at hand from a thick voice, and she heard the blow of an axe. Delsie sprang from the window to the bedside of her sleeping husband. "Hixon," she cried, "Hixon, awake! Awake! thars enemies at the do'."

Hixon turned heavily in his bed, muttering that it was the thunder that she heard. At that moment the black night lifted; a white fire ran over the heavens, and in the lurid light Delsie saw a group of men fumbling at the locked gate. Again came the blow of an axe, followed by a second blow. Hixon sprang from his bed and into his

clothes, crying, "Who ar yo' an' what doe yo' want?" "We want to see Anderson at the door," came the reply.

"Anderson is sleepin'," said his father. "Tells me yo' business with him!"

"To hell with his sleeping; it's Anderson we'll see or——"

Delsie threw herself before the bedside of her boy who was awake and trembling. "Save our chile, Papa!" she cried. "save our chile, papa!" "Doan open the do' but shoot! Shoot!"

Hixon grasped his rifle, he thrust it through the open window into the darkness and called out: "I knows yo' an' what yo's wants, an' I say in the name of the law go away or I'll shoot!"

Instantly came another blow from the axe on the door, then a noise of splintering wood. As the door fell Hixon's rifle blazed. A sharp cry came up from the yard, a coarse oath followed, then a medley of oaths, a smothered groan arose to Delsie's ears. Again the black night lifted and by the light of the blazing sky Delsie caught sight of a group of men going slowly through the gate carrying something very heavy between them.

In the early morning Delsie found on her door steps, close to the wrecked door, a large sheet of coarse paper with these words written on it. "You have shot a prominent citizen of this city in the leg. We shall come again for Anderson, and we'll lynch not only him but you all, next time!"

Delsie read the lines in a trembling voice to her husband, Hixon turned to her, saying, "Delsie you have saved our boy this time from being lynched." As Hixon spoke he pointed to a large coil of new rope left before the door. "Delsie we are not free peoples! We have toe get free! What will you do when these peoples come again?" Delsie smiled as one assured of themselves and their righteous acts; "Papa," she said, "we'll defend Anderson in the name of the law!"

# A Pox Upon Pagans

By Will de Kalb

I am not much given to criticizing the reverend gentlemen who each month endow the newsstands with copies of "The Catholic World." Theirs is a difficult task, editing "a monthly magazine of general literature and science" (to quote the flypiece) when all their expressions of fact or opinion must be so colored as to harmonize with the pernicious doctrine they profess and preach.

Had the article to which I shall shortly refer aroused my ire, this essay would never have been written. I have read so much catholic literature that its perversions no longer anger me. But when I find a paragraph or two that amuses me, my pen, or my two typewriter fingers rather, are inspired. This article, I might add, caused me to give birth to many guffaws, at the expense of the bespectacled and ever-so-serious minded Paulist apologists.

Among the religious laity in the Church of Rome, one would naturally expect to find many strange opinions. But those expressed in the Editorial Comment column of the January issue of this leading christian journal, rival all others for that adjective, especially in the weirdness of logic, naivete, and innocence of knowledge displayed.

The general subject of the four essays that make up the column appears to be "paganism." "We are surrounded by pagans, and by pagan ideas, pagan morals, pagan ethics," the good father tells us, with the same assurance as when he informs us that if we pray to any one of the thousands of saints the church, for business reasons, created, that particular halo wearer will cure our ills, lighten our burdens, and lessen our woes. At this juncture in his writing, we can imagine him throwing up his hands in horror at the propensity of the thought, as the true follower of the "christian" St. Paul should. He does not stick to his subject—but that is a trick of apologetics; by wandering he makes many a point that would otherwise be stillborn.

## II.

I can almost concede, for example, that the sentence to death of Sacco and Vanzetti is a "pagan" act, for among the few tablets the Phoenicians have left us we find accounts of the burning in pitch of heretics. In pagan civilizations, heretics, saturated in pitch of course, were found to serve most efficiently for illumination; indeed, if we are to believe ancient history, the street lighting system of ancient Rome depended to a large extent on such human torches.

But I must insist on drawing the line even here, for in ancient times, and even up to the advent of the Industrial Revolution, heretics were burned for their heresies. In the case of Sacco and Vanzetti, their heresy was in not accepting the Rotarian interpretation of economics: they are to be executed for a murder they had no hand in committing. And pagans gave their transgressors an opportunity to prove their innocence by drinking hemlock tea; a fairer test, to my way of thinking, than a trial before a Massachusetts judge. I hold no brief for paganism, but the least I can say for it is that it was frank and honest.

Then there is the "loony gas" case of four years ago, in which a score of Jersey workers were driven insane during the manufacture of a gasoline compound which included in its formula the health-wrecking tetrathyl gas. A richly colored advertisement of the gasoline, appearing in a current periodical, recalled to my mind a woodcut on Fox's "Martyrs and Martyrdom," which was captioned: "Christian martyrs sacrificed to make a Roman holiday." But, as Johndee and his fellow Standard Oil directors will hasten to correct me, these were no "christian martyrs," only goddam foreigners.

Even the antics of Benito Mussolini I hesitate to label pagan, in spite of that grandeur complexed individual's attempt to restore, at the expense of his overtaxed and downtrodden workers, the glory that was Rome. The murder of Matteotti was done as brutally as ever Caesar Augustus executed a Gnostic. But murder has always been a favorite sport of oppressors—I do not believe I have any right to lay its source at the doors of the pagans.

## III.

I mentioned, several paragraphs ago, the holy editorialist's wanderings from his subject to make an extra point or so on the sly. He begins by ridiculing Shaw, proceeds to an attack upon John Haynes Holmes, brings in Bohemianism and the suicide of George Stirling, the poet, and then, in a grand finale, analyses Anthony Ludovici's "Lysistrata, or The Future of Woman" by the methods known as *reductio ad absurdum* in the important science that defends the faith.

The Shavians have no claim upon me. I recognize Shaw's ability as a dramatist, but I apply no superlatives to my critiques of the man and his work. If the man is open to ridicule, let him be ridiculed, I say, whether it be by profane critic or holy editor.

The attack upon John Haynes Holmes needs no answer, for the writer's crude twisting of one of Holmes' literary errors defeats its own purpose. Holmes, in reviewing Bishop Lawrence's "Memories of a Happy Life," insists "there have been great labor troubles within the Bishop's barony in his day . . . they are not mentioned." The pater seizes

upon this point, and calling Holmes a "Wells-Shaw-Bergson agnostic" (each epithet, by the way, contradicting the other), assails his doctrine as a "composite of ancient and modern paganism." The good father should pull his own nose; but more of this later.

## IV.

It is in his analysis of Ludovici's "Lysistrata" that the catholic apologist reveals that his education, like his church, is several hundred years behind the times.

Ludovici sets forth that "the tendency will be in a society whose principle is to sacrifice the less to the greater, to proceed to some sort of controlled and legalized infanticide. 'Abnormal, defective, incurable, undesirable people will no longer be allowed to grow up . . . The gradual elimination of the undesirable dregs of humanity will clear the air . . . It is noble and virtuous to sacrifice the less for the greater, the rubbish for the precious.'"

"Such a plan!" the holy man exclaims in horror. He calls it, revealing an inhibited clerical obsession for Latin phrases, the "ultima thule" of paganism. The "last word" in paganism, really? Can it be that the good father has never, having faithfully limited his reading to those books not inscribed in the Index Expurgatorius, heard of Friedrich Nietzsche? The German philosopher's doctrines of the "many-too-many" and the "Super-man" are clearly expounded in "Zarathustra," written half a century ago—I would advise the reverend to procure a copy.

## V.

An article rambling around the subject of "paganism" could not be considered complete if it did

## Structural Worker

Two dimensional in space he stands  
Moving arms in broken rythm  
Against a crimson background.  
Now one hand;  
Now the other  
Going up and down  
Up and down  
Making clandestine gestures  
To a huge beam of steel  
That juts and groans  
As it is hoisted to its place.

—MAX GELTMAN.

not include at least one whack at Communism. The exclusion of Madame Kollontai, Soviet Ambassador to Mexico, furnished food for "thought," given birth by the Roman writer's vitriolic pen.

He raises the question "if the Soviet Ambassador is a lady and a scholar, why do we debar her from the country?" He quotes an Associated Press dispatch which states that Kollontai's trunks, instead of containing Paris gowns, held a library consisting of "a wide range of general literature in half a dozen languages." He attempts to dispute her classification as a scholar by asserting that the dispatch "does not give us much of an idea of what is in her library of books, 'largely philosophical.'"

What the black-cassocked editor implied, but hypocritically hesitated to state, was that the books chiefly dealt with the various aspects of Communism. I do not doubt that this may not be true, but even if it is, may one not be a scholar of Communism, just as one can be a scholar of catholicism?

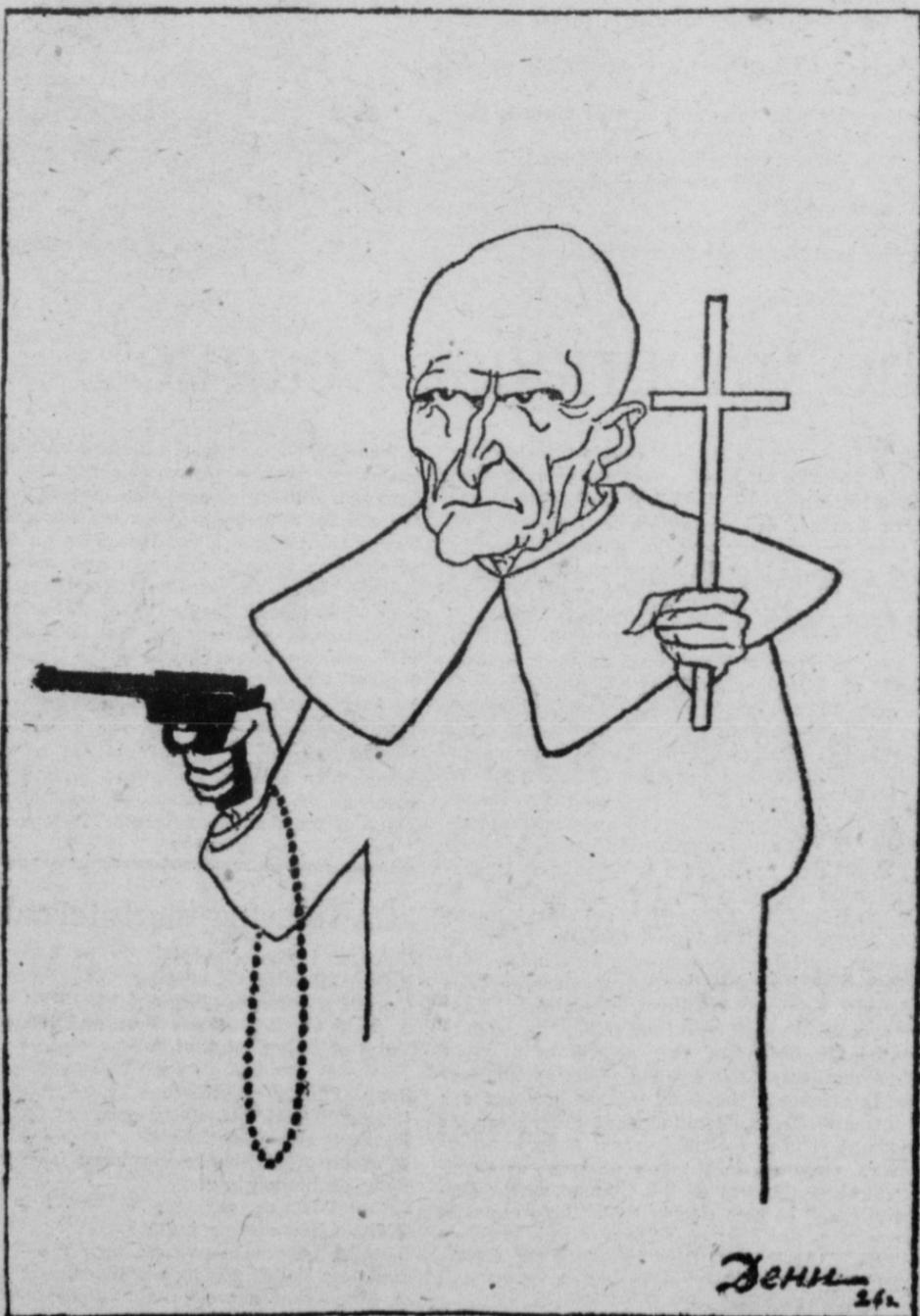
The literary clergyman questions her standing as a "lady" because she has radical views concerning the family relation. But is Kollontai any less a lady than Gloria Gould, whose divorce was recently legalized by the Roman Rota?

## VI.

Upon mentioning his attack on Holmes' doctrine as a "composita of ancient and modern paganism," I said that the holy scribbler should pull his own nose. A catholic writer should be careful how he attacks paganism, for he thereby attacks the very institutions that are the foundations of his Holy Church.

Is a church that has for its sacred symbol the phallus, its highest ceremony the eating of its god (one of the most ancient forms of worship, Frazer tells us in "The Golden Bough"), its liturgy almost taken bodily from pagan religious ceremonies, its supernatural beliefs concerning heaven and hell and the resurrection of the body plagiarized from the Zoroastrian, not wholly and unequivocally pagan?

"We are surrounded by pagans," the saintly quibbler reiterates. Perhaps we are, for he, a pagan preacher of paganism, should know. But like most statements emanating from a clerical source, that one must be taken with a grain of salt. Indeed, it must be very well seasoned to be accepted by anyone who thinks, for himself, and is not afraid of "radical" ideas.



# The Semi-Sympathizers

By CHARLES ASHLEIGH

THE District Organizer was rather tired, and his nerves were a bit on edge. A sixteen-hour working day—sometimes an eighteen-hour one—is bound to tell on you, after a while.

There were so many things to think of, he reflected, as he walked along the quiet street, with its roomy comfortable houses, behind tree-shaded gardens. And, when the Party is illegal—"underground"—the work is so much more harassing. One has to make appointments on street-corners, and in remote restaurants; one must continually be on the hunt for meeting-places. One is hampered at every step by the technical requirements of illegality.

His day's work was done—all but one thing. He had attended committees; he had interviewed party officials. He had covered miles, by street-car and on foot. He was feeling worn out. But still there was one more thing to do, and an important matter it was. It held all his attention, the strained-attention of his wearied will; he must find a meeting-place for this evening! There were only two hours in which to do this, and to let the comrades know, by telephone and messenger where it was.

The delegate had arrived in the city from an important convention, he had to leave tomorrow. Tonight, he must meet the dozen leading comrades of the city, and report to them on the congress; and give them their new directives. It was up to the District Organizer to find the place. They were waiting for him. . . they were waiting for him.

Here was the house he had been seeking. A large, middle-class dwelling, it was. There were lights shining through all the front windows. Through the open windows of the ground floor, one could hear music, laughter and a hum of conversation. Guests were arriving, as he approached.

This is an ideal place, thought the Organizer. He entered; the door that always stood open, in this Bohemian household.

There were about thirty people, in the large tastefully furnished rooms. Groups were discussing avidly subjects of high literary, artistic, or political import. Someone was playing the piano; he was the well-known professor at the Conservatoire.

The master of the house came towards the Organizer, his eyes glinting welcome, through his pince-nez.

"I am so glad you came," he said. "This is really a pleasure. Ha! You will enjoy some of the people here; they have absolutely no comprehension of our cause."

He led the Organizer towards a corner of the room.

"My dear," he said to his wife. "Look whom we have with us."

The lawyer's wife rose, and hurried towards the Organizer, her hands extended.

"Oh, how glad I am," she said. "So good to see you again. Come, there are some interesting people you must meet."

And, before the Organizer could protest, she steered him into the thick of the crowd.

"This is Mr. Gobinsky," she said, presenting the Organizer to a stout solemn gentleman, "who has made such interesting researches into the Fourth Dimension. Mademoiselle Fancin, the well-known cyclist, who has done so much for the emancipation of women. And this is our dear Flor Stax, the founder of the Flamboyant School of poetry. My friends, I want you all to meet Mr. Strauss. Shhh! Let me warn you—he is one of those terrible Bolsheviks! But you know how I feel about that! He must tell you all about his experiences in prison. Two-and-a-half years of it! Just think—in these so-called enlightened days!"

A murmur of appreciation arose. They eyed the Organizer with expectancy. One young lady ecstatically said: "How I envy you your martyrdom!"

The Organizer was in agony. He forced an amiable smile. "In a moment, ladies and gentlemen," he said. "But first, may I beg our host to show me where I can telephone?"

"By all means," said the hostess, leading the Organizer from the room.

"I must speak with you and your husband at once, for a few minutes," said the Organizer, as soon as they were alone.

"Why, of course," said the hostess breathlessly. "Oh, is it something very exciting?"

In the privacy of an upstairs bed-room, the Organizer explained his errand.

"It is a very important meeting," he said, and it must be held at nine o'clock this evening. All we want is a room—any room upstairs will do. There's only a dozen of us."

The lawyer, pursing his lips, looked doubtfully at his wife. "I really don't know . . ." he said. His wife—for once—was silent.



—North in the Washington Post.

"It is quite safe," urged the Organizer. All his harried nerves were shrieking to him to get the business done. "Everyone knows you hold frequently these literary and artistic soirees. People come and go, all the time, during them. No one will think anything, when my comrades drop in, in ones and twos. And they can just quietly go upstairs, and no one will be the wiser. Half your guests don't know the other half, so there is nothing to fear from that quarter, either." He explained it all, with weary patience, reassuring them.

"I was sure you would agree," added the District Organizer. "You are so interested in our movement. And I have always known you to be among the most valuable and helpful of our sympathizers."

"Of course, we are interested," said the lawyer. "We would do anything possible to help you. But—"

"Mr. Strauss," the hostess interrupted, "I really don't think it fair of you to ask us to do this. Consider our position! With your party illegal, it is not safe! If there were any arrests, we should be in a terrible position. My husband and I, as hosts—as inspirers, I might even say—of so many men and women of talent and ideas, have practically a public position. Can we endanger it?" She glanced nervously at her husband for confirmation.

"That is so," said the lawyer. "We really must consider 'the greatest good to the greatest number,' you know. And my position as a professional man—it is not as though I had nothing to lose. If it were discovered that the meeting was held here, it might seriously damage—. Really, while I sympathize with your ideals, as I have often said, I do not think you should come to me with this proposal."

The District Organizer was silent. He gazed at them coolly, meditatively, appraisingly.

"It is not fair!" burst out the little lawyer, petulantly.

"Is this the first time we have asked you to do anything to help us?" asked the Organizer thoughtfully.

"Yes," said his host. "But you see how it is. . ."

"Yes," said the Organizer, "I see how it is. Good evening!"

Flutteringly, his host accompanied him downstairs.

He was out upon the street again. Only an hour and a half left now, in which to find a place. He must find a place; he must find a place. It was expected of him; the comrades were waiting. The Party expected it of him! He must find a place.

He ran over, in his mind, the list of Party sympathizers living in this neighborhood.

There was So-and-So; he had a smaller place, in a poorer street. There was more risk. But still, he wasn't known to the police. . .

"Yes, I'll go there," he thought, brightening with decision. "He's a good sympathizer; and I don't think he'll refuse. He's a workingman."

And he hurried on towards the lamp-lit corner where the street-cars stopped.

# The Imperialist League

By ALAN MACLANE

THERE is an article in last week's "Nation" by H. N. Brailsford, who is considered to be the chief theoretician of the British I. L. P. (Independent Labor Party). His discussion of the League of Nations is penetrating, and he shows its wordy cloak of peace and internationalism to be mere camouflage. But like all bourgeois socialists, he fails to draw reasonable conclusions from his analysis.

He recalls Smyrna, Damascus, the war against the Riff in Morocco, the British ultimatum to Egypt, and he has not forgotten that "as China entered the League's Council, British gunboats fired their salvo of welcome at the city of Wanhhsien." Nor has Europe become a garden of peace, for he notices that the armies are as large and even larger than before; the armament works are smoking busily; while the great chemical industries in each country are being reorganized into the most powerful weapons of attack and defense yet known.

Any milk and water pacifist or liberal might say this much. Brailsford goes further. Lord Cecil, he says, explained in a speech in London why Great Britain could not reduce her armaments. "The army barely suffices to police the empire." "That speech revealed," continues Brailsford, "as plainly as any hostile diagnosis, the motives of a great power's armaments. The defense of one's home territories has become the least of the excuses for heavy armaments." Recalling that "there are at this moment fifty-five British naval units in Chinese waters, engaged, in the last analysis, in maintaining against the will of the Chinese nation certain privileges" he sees clearly that "these imperial policemen are not the guardians of the common good; THEY ARE THE DEFENDERS OF OWNERS' PRIVILEGES" (my emphasis, A. M.). And in concluding the first part of his article he says, "While it hesitates to face this problem of economic imperialism, the League is . . . etc., etc."

With this statement Brailsford reaches complete absurdity. It is as impossible for the League "to face the problem of economic imperialism" as it is for a man to stop his heart beating and still live. For if the League is considered as an organization of sixty or seventy sovereign and independent nations, trying to bring peace and cooperation by legal and evolutionary methods, its behavior since its foundation is contradictory and inexplicable. But if it is considered as a League of the Great Imperialist Powers—England, France and Japan, surrounded by their satellites, its entire past behavior becomes rigorously logical.

The League of Nations is not a "misprint in history" as Brailsford claims. It is a definite expression of the evolution of capitalism into the stage of financial imperialism. It is merely a more

## On Hearing the Internationale

Voice of Labor mighty!  
Rolling, thund'ring, surging,  
Crashing, batt'ring, dirging  
A chant of Capitalism's Tyre and Nineveh.  
Voice of Labor mighty!

Song of lusty giant!  
Crying "Death" to status quo,  
Razing walls of Jericho,  
A psalm of Mankind's happiness forever.  
Song of lusty giant!

Wail of new-sprung infant!  
Tearing Ignorance's vitals,  
Rending Dollar Kingdom's titles,  
A hymn that age-old chains shall sever.  
Wail of new-sprung infant!

SIMMONS GUINNE.

highly developed means of exploitation. It is the political equivalent of the vast trustification of industry, such as the Continental Steel Cartel, or the British Chemical Combine. It glosses over the crudities of modern imperialism with a smoke cloud of committees and councils, and a wailing about democracy, ideals and self-determination.

As such we can see why Russia will have nothing to do with it. On the other hand, America begins to feel out in the cold when opposition to her imperialism in Panama, Nicaragua or China develops. Some financiers are beginning to realize this, and the financial section of Saturday's "New York Times" bears a quarter page advertisement by a prominent firm, entirely devoted to the League of Nations. In bold headlines it asks "Can American investors afford their country's twilight zone position on the League of Nations?" It says that "Today America is the outstanding creditor nation of the world. American investments abroad, including our government's loans to foreign nations, total more than \$25,000,000,000. We contend that with this amount of our money scattered over the face of the globe a continued national policy of smug isolation is outworn."

Finally it concludes, "We believe today a preponderance of thinkers in high places consider the League the best hope and agency for world peace and good-will. We believe Americans remain responsive to ethical and altruistic argument. But if self-interest must be a concomitant of action, then for the sake of and in the name of "dollars and cents" we suggest an accounting of cost, and an indictment against further delay in America joining the League of Nations."

As for the workers, this matter of fact statement of the self-interest of Wall Street, should help to illustrate the League's true position in modern history.

# The Chinese Situation

By HARRY FLEMING

THE Cantonese (nationalist) troops are sweeping across central China. Between them and the corrupt Peking government which they hope to wipe out, stand the reactionary war lords and the troops of the imperialist powers which are pouring into China.

Will the Cantonese succeed in defeating the war lords, who are the tools of the foreign plundering nations; will they be able to reassert China's independence by abrogating the unequal treaties wrung from them by the foreign powers? Will they, perhaps, succeed in establishing a workers' and peasants' republic that will stand shoulder to shoulder with Soviet Russia in its fight against the imperialist nations of the world?

To attempt to answer these questions you've got to find out what all the shooting's about; you've got to get an idea of the economic and social forces underlying the nationalist movement. You've got to find out who's pulling this revolution and why.

Ask an imperialist statesman who's pulling the revolution and he'll answer "Soviet Gold." Soviet gold has purchased Sacasa, the Civil Liberties Union, Calles and the Emir of Afghanistan.

Ask a socialist and he'll give you a more plausible answer. "This is a bourgeois revolution," he'll tell you. "The industrialization of China, which has taken place in the last few decades, has given birth to a Chinese middle class. This new native bourgeoisie wants to get the gravy that has been going to the foreign capitalist. The bourgeoisie and the students are the backbone of the revolution."

There is much in this theory that is correct. The native merchants and factory owners are a powerful factor in the revolution. They and the students supplied the fireworks at first. After the Shanghai massacre the Shanghai Chamber of Commerce called a protest meeting which made the following demands:

- 1—The annulment of unequal treaties.
- 2—The return of all foreign concessions.
- 3—The dismissal of all foreign concessions.
- 4—The transference of the municipality of Shanghai to China.
- 5—The release of those arrested the day before.

But in the last year or so, the leadership in the struggle for national liberation has been assumed by the working class. Beneath the hullabaloo and the froth raised by the students and the bourgeoisie has been the tremendous drive of labor.

The forces that have created a bourgeoisie have created a proletariat—and if the Chinese industrialist has been getting it in the neck, the Chinese worker has been getting it twice as hard.

Forced from the farm by poverty and famine (the income of the average Chinese rural family of five ranges from fifty to seventy-five dollars a year) Chinese men, women, and children entered the foreign-financed factories springing up in the coast cities. All the horrible conditions that customarily attend capitalism in its early stages, exist in China. Children of six work twelve and fourteen hours a day, with not more than an hour off for meals, for twenty silver cents a day.

Since 1920 organizations of the workers have proceeded rapidly. This Chinese worker is challenging the bosses. In so far as he is challenging his foreign exploiter, he is a force (and the dominant force) in the nationalist movement; in so far as he challenges his native boss (and this angle will become infinitely more important when China has settled its scores with the imperialist powers) he is the dominant force in the creation of a Workers and Peasants' Republic.

It is a mistake, therefore, to assume as socialists do, that the interests of the Chinese worker



From St. Louis Post-Dispatch

## The Giant Is Bursting His Bonds.

and bourgeois are identical in China. The Chinese merchants and industrialists have often taken an openly hostile attitude toward the labor movement, as was the case in the strike of the Tian-Shang coal miners in 1922 which was suppressed by armed force and with great severity.

A word about the powers and the possibility of intervention on a large scale. Great Britain has—or will have in a few days—20,000 troops in China. Whether or not she is prepared to go much further on her limited budget and with opposition at home is open to question. The United States will probably follow England's lead. The policy of the United States and Great Britain in the far East have been more or less allied, since the United States smashed the Anglo-Japanese alliance several years ago.

Japan will probably refrain from armed intervention. Her chief concern with China is commercial. She wants raw materials from China; she wants to sell finished goods to China's vast population. Furthermore, she wants to keep on the good side of the Soviet Union.

More likely than armed intervention is that the powers, particularly Great Britain and the United States, will support and subsidize the war lords, who have been opposing the Cantonese. Sun-Chuan-Fang, who has been standing between the nationalist troops and Canton, is already allied with Great Britain. The same is true of Wu Pei Fu. It is also likely that Chang Tso-Lin, who seems to have been deserted by Japan recently, will be supported by the United States and Great Britain, in their attempt to prevent the liberation of China.

## The World of William Clissold

By H. G. WELLS

(Published by Doran, N. Y., 2 v. \$5).

IN 793 pages of words, Mr. Wells says the final word on science, industrialism, anthropology, the League of Nations, capitalism, psychoanalysis, love, Lenin, America, Marx, Russia and Communism. If the reader will, as he reads on, find too many quotations, it is for his amusement only.

Mr. Wells tells us somewhere along in the first volume that—"there is no more capitalism now than there was feudalism in the eleventh century." He cannot understand this consistent classification (by the Communists) of people into classes such as capitalist and proletariat. But what Mr. Wells cannot understand should result in no comment from us. It is rather what he understands or thinks he understands and passes judgment on with such audacious finality, that bristles our spleen. For Mr. Wells does write well. In a book that is more than

half replete with infantile notions on everything, one, still, cannot help but be struck by the amazing quality of his prose. It is masterful. Mr. Wells has never written better—to less avail.

The World of William Clissold is being received with great acclaim by the clergy here in America. They sermonize over its tolerance and "revolutionary" utterances. And their acclaim was to be anticipated. For here is a man who offers us the Kingdom of Heaven on earth and—even though he does speak against "god"—his revolution will not oust those who support the clergy, the rich. Truly the millenium. And no more starvation. For when the big industrialists stop fighting among themselves, unite and make larger profits, then, of course, the workers shall get more pay. Easy, isn't it?

Here is something that students of Leninism may have missed when studying revolutionary tactics—"for the real revolution before mankind, I do not look to the mass of people for any help at all. I am thinking of an aristocratic and not a democratic

revolution." This may interest some. "The multitude can upset anything, but it cannot create anything." Masses can only destroy. Their power in "in the strike, (where) it embodies itself in the machine-breaking expert-hunting (?) mob." That ought to suffice for what Mr. Wells thinks of the masses and revolution.

Let's laugh! Mr. Wells on Marx and Socialism. He, Marx, was an "imperfectly aerated old gentleman sitting in the British Museum." Some more. "I have accused Marx as the prime mover in the destruction of Socialism." Emphasis mine. One is almost prompted to ask if Mr. Wells does not mean the Abe Cahan brand. And is this all Mr. Wells has to say about Marx? Oh no! Mr. Wells accuses Marx of everything from wearing elastic-sided shoes to reading in the British Museum. He characterizes him as a "bearded Victorian." Marx is psycho-analyzed. Psycho-analyzed by the super-realist, Wells, who finds that "at best, he (Marx) could only copy Hegel."

The book is an interesting exposition of Fabian senility. Mr. Wells

went to Russia expecting, presumably, to find the people walking around in Greek tunics and acting, in general, a la "Men Like Gods." But, no! The people wore coarse linens and had very little to eat. They had the realistic task of building Communism in a socialized country. Mr. Wells could not see that.

The book, as said before, is well written. It deserves being read for its presentation of the "liberal psychology. We are at present hearing echoes, here in America, of Mr. Wells' ideas, in the speeches and writings of William Allen White, who declares that it is the advertiser who is revolutionizing the world, not the Communist. Mr. Wells' book is full of such ideas. Read it and laugh.

Max Geltman.

### On Wall Street Business.

SAN DIEGO, Cal., Feb. 4.—The San Diego marine base was depleted of marines today following the embarkation yesterday afternoon of the Fourth Regiment, U. S. M. C., under command of Colonel Charles S. Hill, aboard the Transport Chaumont bound for Shanghai.

# A Proletarian Magazine

By A. B. MAGIL

A MAGAZINE became a year old. Not remarkable. Many magazines become a year old. Some are even lucky enough to become many years old and nobody takes notice of it. But last Sunday afternoon a crowd composed largely of workers jammed Webster Hall, New York, and cheered and laughed, and applauded because a certain infant magazine, printed on poor paper with small smudgy type, was celebrating its first birthday.

The magazine in question is called "The Hammer." It is a Jewish Communist monthly, published in the cultural interests of the Jewish working class by a group of Jewish writers and publicists under the chairmanship of Moissaye Olgin. And to observe this festival of its first birthday, "The Hammer" invited a group of distinguished Jewish writers, most of whom have been its contributors, to hold a symposium on art and its place in the class struggle.

The crowd too had come to celebrate, filling the pit and balcony, and those unable to find seats sprawling over railings and sills or standing up, as I did, for four exciting, incredible hours. A Yom-Tov, a holiday! "The Hammer" is a year old!

They had come, these workers, to hear what their writers, their poets and story-writers and journalists, the makers of their magazine, had to tell them about the problems of their art. The writers are all men who have come close to the Jewish masses in a way that the average American intellectual would find incredible. When John Howard Lawson, for example, sincerely and deliberately sets about the task of bridging the gulf between himself and the common people, he is trying self-consciously to do what these Jewish writers are always doing naturally and instinctively: to write in a proletarian way.

Olgin opened the symposium with a discussion of the history of "The Hammer" and its aims in helping to formulate a Jewish culture rooted inexorably in the implications of the class struggle. He then introduced J. Opatochu (Joseph Optaov-sky), one of the greatest of living Jewish novelists and short story writers.

Opatochu has treated in his work the life of peasants and the reactions of elemental people in cities. His stories are full of the nostalgia of vast distances, the plodding of brute forces, written in a language that is fresh and fluid and full of sap. Even physically he has the awkward, massive solidity of a tree stump.

Opatochu began by praising the work of the magazine in "endeavoring to give literature a new orientation," and concluded with a plea for widening of its interests, the inclusion of spontaneous creative forces that lie outside the immediate field of the class struggle. This plea, uttered rather unobtrusively, proved to be the proverbial match that set off the powder. The symposium immediately developed into a controversy between two opposing points of view. On one side were ranged the poets, playwrights and story writers, and on the other were the writers on political and economic subjects, the point of dispute being: what should be the proper relationship between the artist and the class struggle.

Melech Epstein, editor of "The Freiheit," opened the attack by accusing the writers of having gone

but part of the way in their acceptance of Communism and the identification of their ideals with the ideals of the struggling proletariat.

"We Communists," he said, "ask that the new Jewish culture be Jewish in form and proletarian in content. But so many of you writers would have it the other way around. You want to cling to the moth-eaten culture of the Jewish bourgeoisie and merely content yourselves with an externally proletarian manner and a perfunctory sympathy with the Communist cause.

"The Hammer," if it is to mean anything to the Jewish masses, ought to be not merely a collection of poems and stories, but a mighty weapon for the Jewish proletariat in the bitter struggle with those forces that threaten and oppress it."

From the applause that burst forth when Epstein had finished, it was plain that the audience was decidedly partisan. Olgin arose to introduce the next speaker, and the noise subsided into expectant silence. The battle was on. Epstein had made his challenge and his indictment. The Jewish writers would have to answer for their misdeeds. Who would be chosen to lead the defense?

The name of H. Leivik was called. It is a name that during the last few years has become known throughout the Jewish-speaking world. His play of the life of garment workers, "Shop," has been running for many weeks at the Irving Place Theater. And his poetic drama, "The Golem," is now being produced by the Habima players. Besides being the most important of the younger Jewish playwrights, Leivik is also one of the finest of the poets. And his background, moreover, is unequivocally revolutionary. He was not a "convert" to the workers' cause. This small, lithe man, with the tall, precipitous forehead under a crop of yellow hair, had spent some of the best years of his life in Siberian dungeons for his Bundist activities in Czarist Russia. And he has written of those black days bitterly and tenderly in numerous poems.

Leivik's glittering blue eyes are ablaze as he walks to the center of the stage. He speaks hastily, passionately, stumbling over his words, trying to clarify his ideas. Literature is an end in itself, he says, not a mere tool. The word to the artist is sacred. Leivik resents the "demands" that the Communist theorists make of the artist. It is wrong and pernicious to ask the artist to abdicate his individuality and merge it in the interests of the masses. He denies that the truly progressive Jewish artist is seeking to shirk the responsibilities of the class war. "The life of the artist is eternal struggle," says Leivik. "He doesn't run away; he seeks struggle, it is necessary to his existence."

L. Talmy, of "The Freiheit" staff, suave and eminently rational, made the rebuttal. Talmy posed a few questions. "Why is it that here in America, where we have so many important Jewish writers, there exists no truly unified and homogeneous Jew-

ish literature and culture? And why is it that in the Soviet Union, where Jewish writers are comparatively few and immature, we already see the beginnings of a Jewish literature and culture that is truly organic?

"You artists and writers constitute in yourselves so many beautiful and distinguished personalities. How much more beautiful and distinguished would your personalities become, how much more freely, more deeply would they develop if they were intimately associated with the mighty movement of the workers towards the creation of a new order and a new life."

The final shots in the battle were fired by the poets, M. L. Halpern and Aaron Layeles-Glanz. Halpern, who after a hiatus of two years has recently reassociated himself with "The Freiheit," declared that the writer was typical of the environment and the people from whom he sprung, that the workers themselves were not yet psychologically proletarian and therefore the writer could not be expected to be psychologically proletarian.

Layeles-Glanz, who was one of the founders and leaders of the In-Sich (Introspective) movement in Jewish poetry, discussed standards of intelligibility in art in relation to recently published statements accredited to Lenin. The rest of the program consisted of the reading of original poems by Halpern, Leonid Feinberg and S. Kurz, a talk by Shachna Epstein of "The Freiheit," and performances by several members of the Habima players.

As I think of those four impetuous hours in Webster Hall, one or two incidents stand out luminously in my mind. There was the joyous tumult that broke forth recklessly when Olgin introduced Abraham Raisin, beloved Jewish tale-writer and folk-poet, who has become a regular contributor to "The Freiheit." Though he is only in his early fifties, Raisin has been writing for 35 years, and he is at present the most widely known and read Jewish literary figure. Many of his poems have been set to music and sung by the Jewish masses for years. Raisin is most assuredly an immortal. Not so much because of his artistic achievement; that I consider greatly overrated. He is not to be compared with the great Yehoash who died recently, and there are several among his younger contemporaries who have written poetry that is more subtle, more searching and dynamic. But none of these possesses the intimacy and the simplicity of Raisin. None has come so close to the heart of the Jewish masses, the everyday folk who take their poetry with their bread and butter.

An unforgettable afternoon. "The Hammer" is a year old. I am looking forward to next year and the years after and to many birthdays. I am looking forward to a "Hammer" that will continue to beat upon the strongholds of capitalist society and powerfully to forge and shape the culture of the militant Jewish proletariat of America.

## STAMPING PRESS.

The Stamping Press thumps out a monotone  
Of time and space  
And feeling and desire.  
For all things are centered in the Stamping Press  
Which: thump, thump, thump, thump  
All day long  
In constant rhythm  
Never missing a beat  
Like some grim gigantic heart of iron  
Going thump, thump, thump  
Beats out a monotone of love and life  
And feeling and desire  
And hope—  
And a frail, bent woman  
Sits and watches the Machine  
And nods, nods, nods, nods  
(Thump, thump, thump, thump)  
Nods to the steady rhythm  
Of the Press.

—MAX GELTMAN.

## STEAM SHOVELS.

I see backs bent beneath the ancient scourge  
In each Gargantuan motion of the scoops  
Whose hungry jaws fall crunching in long swoops  
On tons of earth and stone. I feel the surge  
Of blood through straining bodies on the verge  
Of excavations where, with fiendish whoops,  
The engines hurl their curse at huddled groups  
Of workers driven by some mighty urge.  
For you have harnessed steam to ease your toil—  
Yet wond'ring at the miracle, you gasp!  
The engine is your master and you cower  
Beneath its whips, since neither scoop nor soil  
Are yours, O slaves! The pick once more you grasp  
And bend your backs—and dream not of your power!

HENRY REICH, JR.



Uncle Sam's shadow advances towards Mexico and Central America, carrying a brief case marked 3,000 claims—\$300,000,000."

# "Grace of The Lamb"

By ALEX JACKINSON

THROUGH the yellow waters of the broad Yangtze floated a large river boat where lay Chang, carefully huddled together behind a coil of rope. He heard footsteps and made an effort to crouch still closer. Chang was in fear of being discovered, not that there was any danger if he would be; it was merely that Chang felt peeved and wanted to be left alone.

Before Chang ran away he was traveling with the Workers Theatre Group. He was not an actor, nor did he aspire to be one. Chang's history is brief. He is thirteen, and one of China's many waifs who spend their time fishing in the Yangtze. That is what he did before the Cantonese took possession of Hankow. It was then that Chang first heard of the "Three Peoples Principles," which the southerners were pledged to uphold. After that Chang no longer aspired to be a fisherman, instead he wanted to become a soldier, revolutionist, anything so long as it would give him an opportunity to fight for the rightful cause.

The recruiting sergeant took one look at the little body of Chang's when the latter came to enlist, and shook his head. Insistence finally moved the officer to place him as orderly to the Workers Theatre group which, though Chang did not know, had become an indispensable part of the revolutionary forces.

The Cantonese introduced a novel and effective method of spreading propaganda among the masses. As soon as they occupied a new city, theatrical groups which travel with the army, immediately take over the theatres and in such manner acquaint the people of their progress. Chang spent two weeks with the troupe, brooding continuously for not being big enough to be a real soldier, before he made up his mind to run off to Shanghai.

Along the fertile banks of the Yangtze-Kiang marched the large Cantonese army, then on the way to Shanghai. Platoon after platoon passed by in disciplined formation. Most of the soldiers were dressed in loose fitting garments of grey, but not all. Some walked in cloth shoes, others in leather boots, which left numerous footprints in the soft soil. Over their shoulders they carried folded blankets. The heat was incessant, and one by one the soldiers doffed their military caps for the wide bamboo hats which offered a slight relief from the sun.

The river banks were thickly crowded with fishermen, who left their little sampans floating midst lotus flowers to cheer the victorious troops. Onward the hope of awakened China marched. Over the wilds of Tibet they came, marching victoriously north, under the guidance of General Chiang Kai-Shek.

Famous for decades as great traders and revolutionists the Cantonese in less than three months swept from far off Canton to the outskirts of Shanghai, wiping out all opposition, including that of Wu Pei-Fu, England's cardboard "strong" man, liberating from the fetters of imperialism such industrial centers as Hankow and Wuchang. Today the Cantonese control two-thirds of China and will continue to fight until the entire country is united under their red banners.

Chang now found himself in Shanghai, but he was still lost. He seemed almost oblivious of the many people that shuffled in and out of his gaze. In truth he was conscious of his little body. He felt weak and useless to the "Three Peoples of Principles" to which he had silently pledged allegiance. He seemed to realize that he was small, and feared that the glory of success was not to be his. It distressed him somehow. Chang was inspired with that innate pride of all Orientals.

He wandered listlessly about the waterfront, hoping that the muddy waters could somehow swallow him up. It was only when his narrow eyes shifted up the harbor that his hallow cheeks became animated with life. There floating idly at anchor, he saw an armada of warships flying the colors of the Powers. Various colored flags breezed through the air. Chang looked at the high powered guns which were trained upon the city, as though he was planning things. He was. Chang knew that when the Cantonese will arrive, the same guns will be used against his countrymen. His mouth twitched slightly, as a smile broke through his lips. He scratched his shaven head, and like a dark shadow faded away.

Only Chang did not share in the excitement that was prevalent in the city. Everywhere along the beautiful Bund, foreigners walked, betraying in their hurried strides the tensity that was in the air. In hotels guests gathered to discuss the latest events. Of the menacing Cantonese ran their talk. In consulates sat generals planning measures to be taken against the invaders. Kellogg's and Chamberlain's notes were carefully read. While in mission houses Christian Science healers were beginning to moan over their diminishing patronage. In shops, talk veered to a lack of business and to the recent strikes which occurred in Shanghai. Only today the strike against the Shanghai Tramway Co. ended. Prior to which all traffic was at a standstill for days.

Out of the industrial zone, that part which is known as "Chinese quarters," agitation was also evident. In out-laying districts followers of the Kuomintang, the Peoples party were drilling with

long rods. These men were secretly training to join the Cantonese when they would reach the city.

Throughout the ancient kingdom sprung up "Dare to die corps," comprised mostly of students from the universities. The "Dare to die" were introduced in Chiang's first great victory, when a picked squad stormed a narrow road in the face of machine gun fire. Not all crossed the line, but those that did completely routed the first of the many warlords, Chung Ching-ming.

Now every city boasted such groups. Nationalists, who were ready to die for Dr. Sun Yat-Sen's "Three Peoples Principles"—a slogan which was sweeping throughout China with the rapidity of a forest fire. A government of the people, by the people, and for the people.



Two-gun Mitsudashi.

## In the Wake of the News

By T. J. O'FLAHERTY.

(Continued from Page 1)

Now we learn that the United States will pursue an independent diplomatic policy in China, but will line up with England on the barricades in Shanghai and on the waterfront. This is most amusing, but we doubt if the Chinese masses will see any humor in the announcement. Tit for tat. An agreement between imperialist scoundrels. You help me rob the Latin-Americans and I'll help you fleece the Chinese. But how far can the brigands go with this game? Remember that the ultimate judge in every situation of this kind is POWER. The Chinese have the man-power. They have RIGHT on their side and a consciousness of being engaged in a sacred crusade is dynamic. Against the mercenaries of the imperialist powers the Chinese millions are invincible. They are not as well equipped as their foes, but a united nation of 400,000,000 people is unconquerable. And the foreign imperialists must deal with a large section of their people at home who are in opposition to a war against China in the interests of the robber money barons of Wall Street, New York and Threadneedle Street, London.

The presence of Winston Churchill in Italy a few weeks back was commented on in THE DAILY WORKER last week. The result of his visit can now be seen in the dispatch of Italian warships to China and the announcement in a fascist paper that Italy would stand with England in her conflict with the Cantonese. But we are willing to wager a small sum of money that Italy will not send many warships to China. Mussolini will keep them in the Mediterranean since the former loving ally of Italy to the north would like nothing better than to see the Italian navy at the bottom of the sea.

THE elastic toothpick, first prize for exemplary gullibility is awarded this week to the czarist Russians exiled in Bulgaria, who believed the yarn that the czar and the rest of his brood are living comfortably in Siam under the protection of the emperor of that realm. The Russian church Sofia is crowded day and night and if the faithful have any old kopecks left they will soon be in the pockets of the clergy. The Russian orthodox priests were always adept in the art of conjuring up remunerative spooks and since our own Aimee McPherson, did a fade-away to her greater dishonor and profit, there is no reason why her European competitors should not shake down their flocks for what they have left.

Chang continued to walk along the wide waterfront of Shanghai. He eyed the tiny bamboo sail boats, which swayed in the waters. While on the banks stood wharf coolies dressed in rags, importuning passers-by to bid a wicker basket of freshly caught fish. These scenes held no interest for Chang. He merely looked on for a while and turned his attention elsewhere. He soon found himself walking through a labyrinth of winding streets, lined on both sides by low bamboo dwellings where the Chinese workers lived. Suspended under gaudy banners hung paper lanterns fastened on to long poles. An aroma of cooking rice reached his nostrils. Here bare-headed urchins such as he played in the roads. Some extended their palms to trousered women wearing long blue jackets as they waddled by. Other streets were lined with stalls where tourists come to haggle over mantlepiece curios.

Chang reached the beginning of the French Bund. Here the streets were paved and well cleaned in contrast to the dusty roads he just came from. Well dressed foreigners and Chinese merchants attired in silk garments rode in rickshaws, pushed by sweating coolies. Chang took silent notice of the difference and walked on until he reached the public gardens. Near the entrance two Sikh policemen were chasing several Chinese. The public gardens is a park where no Chinese are allowed to enter unless it is a nurse with foreign children.

Like all Chinese, Chang deeply hated the Sikh policemen who were imported from India by the English. He avoided walking near the park, and instead turned into Nankin Road, Shanghai's leading thoroughfare. Here he gazed into brightly displayed windows. But even these scenes failed to attract his interest. He kept walking along without taking notice of the busily congested street.

The multitudes which swarmed both sides of the road suddenly stopped to gaze down the street from whence came the clanging of street car bells once more. The brightly painted trams rolled up the street, for the first time since the strike began, but did not stop for passengers as usual. The cars were gaily decorated by iridescent flags. The workers took the cars from the barn to celebrate their victory before resuming work.

Down Nanking Road came the chain of cars followed by workers on foot. As the cars passed certain points, sympathizers of the victorious strikers set up a shout of joy. It was Labor's Holiday and thousands of workers from other trades joined the procession. In their midst walked students carrying "Down with Imperialism" banners.

Suddenly the cars ceased to move. For a few seconds the workers were puzzled as to what happened. But not for long. Word soon reached the paraders that the company had purposely shut off power to bar their demonstration. The women instantly stepped out of the cars which were left stranded midway in the street, and held a hurried meeting. They decided to march to the company and there hold a mass demonstration. Before long the strikers swarmed down Nanking Road headed for the International Settlement, where, since the land regulations, no Chinese were allowed to enter.

Through neighboring streets, poured sympathizers in ever increasing numbers, which soon swelled the multitude to a huge mass. The roadways became clogged with milling people rolling along like an avalanche of humanity. From all corners they came, hatless and shouting, but eager to show their newly discovered strength. Wheel chairs were left in the streets as their drivers joined the moving columns.

Shop keepers withdrew their window displays fearing the wrath of the workers. The sea of humanity continued to roll onward, sweeping pedestrians off the sidewalks. Others darted quickly into hallways.

Chang felt himself being carried along. His little arms flew wildly in the air, open-mouthed he gasped as he found himself pressed tight in the midst of the crowd.

The entire force of the hated Sikh policemen were arrayed at strategic corners. In their grasp were long bamboo sticks with which they pounded the heads of the workers. Arms reached out and caught the ends of the sticks, instantly other workers edged closer until they wrested the weapons from the hands of the unwelcome aliens. Soon Britain's mercenaries were forced to retreat.

The great demonstration did not subside until the treading of heavy feet was heard in the distance, as a detachment of marines from all nations appeared from around the corner. The guns in their hands were primed for action. Without ado an order to fire was given.

Later in the day two missionary doctors were separating the dead from the wounded. Chang's little body was among the lifeless. One of the missionaries cleared his throat. "Heaven be Praise," he chanted; "not a single white man was hurt." The other rolled his eyes heavenward and replied: "Thank the merciful Lord—'Tis the grace of the lamb—"

Canton, December 25, 1926.

Britain is rumored to have adopted a new policy toward China. This policy is supposed to have been defined in the conversations at Hankow between Mr. Miles Lampson, newly appointed British Minister to Peking, and Mr. Eugene Chen, Minister for Foreign Affairs of the Nationalist Government. It is supposed also to have been the detrimen- tal of the note sent by the British Charge d'Affaires in Peking to the ministers of the powers signatory to the Washington agreement.

Much attention has been given to this new alleged policy of Britain, in the Chinese and the world press. Although no authoritative version either of the note or the conversations has been given out, fairly complete summaries of the context of the notes have been printed both here and in England. These proposals and the conversations at Hankow, which are reported to have been "cordial," have been greeted in some circles as indicative of a new and better policy on the part of Britain.

Comment has varied. Papers heretofore anti-nationalist in tone have welcomed the new "policy" as a timely solution which will go far toward settling the differences between China and the Powers. The nationalist press, on the other hand, has not been jubilant. The contradictions between the assumptions made in the British press that it is now the intention of London to recognize the Nationalist Government within the limits of territory under its control, and the program reported to be proposed in the note have been pointed out. In regard to the conversations, nationalist supporters are assuming the attitude of unconvinced spectators. The London government gave to Mr. Lampson certain extraordinary powers for his meeting with the representative of the Nationalist Government, but these powers also seem to have extended to his dealings with anti-nationalist military chiefs. He is reported to have visited Sun Chuan-fang on his way to Hankow. He called upon Marshal Chang Tso-Lin at Tientsin, after leaving Hankow.

In regard to the note, the nationalists are not so non-committal. From reports both from Peking and from England, it would seem that there is in that note no mention of recognition of the Nationalist government but only of willingness to permit the Nationalist government, as well as Peking, to collect 2 1-2 and 5 per cent surtaxes. This has its humorous side in the south, where the taxes are already being collected.

The Chinese press bitterly denounces this proposal. This policy on the part of Britain assumes the continuation of the enforcement of the unequal treaties upon which the Washington agreement is based, it is pointed out. Further, the suggestion is looked upon as a poorly disguised attempt to give financial assistance to the anti-nationalist force and still not appear partisan in the eyes of the world.

Such a proposal is entirely in conflict with the nationalist policy, it is pointed out, and it is taken for granted that the Foreign Minister at Hankow made it clear to Mr. Lampson that the government is firmly committed to a policy of achieving the full nationalist aims which include the abolition of unequal treaties and the abrogation of all treaty rights.

Another point is brought out in the nationalist comment. These 2 1-2 and 5 per cent taxes are already being collected in Kwangtung, and all arrangements have been made to collect them in the rest of the territory under nationalist control. This has been done without consultation with the powers. Nationalist China would not, therefore, profit by this new proposal, although the anti-nationalists would profit enormously. Further, foreign banks would profit. The collection of these taxes in the south is being made through Chinese financial machinery and not through the foreign banks as in the case of the customs. Therefore, so far as nationalist China is concerned, the new plan would mean nothing but the doubtful advantage of the "sanction" of the powers, and the extremely disadvantageous transfer of the collection of taxes from Chinese to foreign hands.

There is much speculation in foreign as well as

Chinese circles about the meaning of the increasing naval concentration in Chinese waters. The third flotilla from Malta reached here some time ago and was followed by cruisers from the East Indian Squadron. Now we are told the fourth flotilla is on its way, allegedly to replace the third. Indignant comment appears in the Chinese press and even in foreign circles there is much wonder about the significance of this war-like demonstration.

The advance of the nationalist forces into Chekiang Province, adjacent to Kiangsu Province in which lies the port of Shanghai, continues. There is every indication that a winter campaign will take place. Anti-nationalist forces are reported to be coming from Shantung along the Tientsin-Pukow Railway. The vanguard of these troops is already reported in Nanking on the south side of the river. On the other hand, the nationalist troops have been advancing unchecked and there are well-substantiated reports of a refusal to fight on the part of several of Sun Chuan-fang's generals in Chekiang. These reports have received confirmation in the withdrawal of Sun's forces which were entrenched at Kashing in the northern part of Chekiang, to Sunkiang, in southern Kiangsu.

Nationalist forces are pressing on toward the river. Military reports state that preparations are under way for an attack on Nanking and Shanghai, to be undertaken simultaneously by troops advancing from Anking in Anhui, from Kiangsu and from Chekiang.

Far up the river in West Hupeh, the capture of Ichang is reported, which will probably lead to decisive developments in West Hupeh and Szechuan.

An event of major importance in the military

field this week has been the advance of the Kuo-minchun out of Shensi into Honan. Several towns in Honan have been taken and the defending general is reported to have fled for help first to Chang Tsung-Chang in Shantung, then to Sun Chuan-Fang in Kiangsu and finally to Wu Pei-Fu in Honan. None of these generals seemed to be in a position to help him.

No action against the nationalist forces either by Feng-Tien or Wu Pei-Fu troops, is reported along the Peking-Hankow railway in Honan. Wu Pei-Fu is still trapped between his old enemies and his former allies, the latter now apparently as hostile as the former.

Conditions in the northern capital are unchanged. Precarious finances still handicap the actions of the so-called northern government. The Minister of Finance, Mr. Pan Fu, is pleading without results, for small loans from the local Chinese bankers. The various military leaders of the anti-nationalist forces are making money by working their printing presses, but the people are growing increasingly wary of currency which is rooted in printers' ink and not in silver reserves.

In Kwangtung, things remain calm. The suppression of banditry is going on. At the Sin-Indo-China border the pirates who killed a French Consul recently have been captured and executed. Troops have been sent to clear the land zone around Biass Bay and notification has been given to the Hongkong Government to arrest any pirates running across the frontier. There are reports of direct action against the pirate chief, Lo Kwai, a supporter of the rebel chief, Chen Cheung-Ming, who still makes his headquarters in Hongkong.



## On the Road Up Hankow Way

(With thanks to Rudyard Kipling for the jingle.)

By the mighty Yang Tse River, surgin' eastward to the sea,  
There's a Chinese soldier watchin' and I know he waits for me,  
For the wind the flood is sweepin' and methinks I hear 'im say:  
"Come you on you British soldier—come you on up Hankow way."

Come you on up Hankow way,  
Where the Canton armies lay,  
Can't you hear their cannons roarin', can't you see the airmen play,  
On the road up Hankow way,  
Where the spittin' maxims slay,  
Where the dawn of freedom's comin', crimson red up Hankow way.

'Is uniform is yaller with little tabs of green,  
An 'is rifle an' his bay'net they look most awful mean,  
While the open door's 'is motto an' he means it sure enough  
For 'ell 'elp us thru it flyin' with a freeman's kick that's tough.

Guns and bay'nets made of steel,  
Gawd's strewth they make you feel,  
That the hempire's nearly banjaxed; just 'ear them tommies squeal  
On the road up Hankow way,  
Neath the screamin' shrapnel's spray,  
Where the dawn of Freedom's comin', crimson red up Hankow way.

Well we're cooped up 'ere in Shanghai with the warships in the bay,  
An' a barbed wire fence around us an' no Supi Yaws to play,  
Their little tinklin' banjoes for we aint in Mandalay,  
An' them Chinese on the warpath comin' down from Hankow way.

"Bloomin' Chinks" we used to say,  
(We were safe in Mandalay.)  
But they cut away their pigtails and they chased us all the way,  
Down the bloomin' Yang Tse River,  
To our gunboats in the bay,  
An' the dawn of freedom's comin', crimson red up Hankow way.

Ship us somewhere West of Suez—ship me the very first,  
For the Cantonese are comin' the plunderbund to burst,  
And there aint no ten commandments to stop them in the fray,  
For them Chinks can fight like blazes as they come from Hankow way.

Comin' down from Hankow way,  
We may sleep in Chinese clay,  
An' I 'ear them Chinese singin' while the rapid firers ring,  
On the road up Hankow way,  
Comin' nearer to the bay,  
For the dawn of freedom's comin', crimson red up Hankow way.

R. Monteith.



How Dare You Endanger Our Lives and Property.  
—Thomas in the Detroit News.