

"The idea becomes power when it penetrates the masses."

—Karl Marx.

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RUSSIAN NOTES

By William F. Dunne

After a day or two in Leningrad and Moscow two impressions remain that cannot be wiped out. As time passes these impressions become stronger until they evolve into permanent amazement.

In the two and one-half months that I spent in Russia I never walked down a business street, thru a residence or factory section or a boulevard without finding myself saying: "How happy and free from worry these people are!" And, "Is there any other country in the world where bookstores outnumber other business establishments three to one?"

It takes some little time for one to discover what makes the atmosphere of a Russian city so different from that of an American city. It is not the architecture nor the soft sound of the Russian language spoken by a crowd; it is not the absence of glaring billboards and electric signs; neither is it the total lack of regimentation in style of costumes (one sees on the streets of Moscow everything in the form of clothing from the Young Pioneer clad in nothing but bronzed skin and a pair of red trunks to the exotically brilliant habiliments of Bokhara and Turkestan) it is not the beautiful pastel shades of the buildings nor the constant clamor of the bells of the hundreds of churches.

It is something far more fundamental than any of these, something that begins far down in the lives of the masses themselves and that is a result of a deep feeling of safety compounded of two factors—the knowledge that the wealth of Russia belongs to the masses and there is no Boss in Russia; it is the feeling of security manifest in every act and utterance of the workers.

Do not get excited about anarchy, dear comrades. Of course there is a boss in Russia, a very stern and relentless boss as more than one disturber of revolutionary order will testify—if he is still in this vale of tears. This boss is a many-headed and many-handed ruler—he has indeed more heads and hands than any other ruler the world has yet seen—he is a composite of the working masses of Russia and he is therefore a boss whose only subjects—the remnants of the capitalists and petty bourgeoisie—become fewer every day. As he loses subjects his power increases—a strange ruler but then there has been a revolution in Russia.

It takes, as has been said, some little time even for a Communist, to get this matter straight but once the key is at hand there is unlocked a marvelous storehouse of information and little incidents of the boulevards, cafes and street cars reveal the wonders that Russia, 1924, has for the observer.

If you can think in terms of a country without a boss in the shape of capitalist state power you will immediately see that many things must be done differently. For instance: a crowd that gathers to listen to a heated political argument (and all arguments in Russia are political—generally about international politics these days) between two factory workers and in which everyone in the crowd takes part, cannot be dispersed by a policeman who comes up and says, "Move on or I'll run you in!"

However, crowds that block traffic on busy streets cannot be tolerated in Moscow any more than they can in Chicago so sooner or later a policeman (a very young and spick and span policeman) saunters up. He remonstrates with the debaters but no one pays much attention to him. Then

he also becomes interested in the argument and nine times out of ten becomes an active participant. Suddenly he remembers his responsibility as an officer of the United Socialist Soviet Republic, holds up his hand for silence and (I had dozens of these verbal exhibitions of the state power translated to me) says something like this:

"Comrades, these questions are very important and we workers must keep ourselves informed on them. But the rebuilding of industry is also important and we cannot stop traffic for discussion. I am sure the comrades will see the reasonableness of this."

With perhaps a little lingering to hear the most persistent debater clinch a final point, the crowd disperses and another "crisis" brot on by the clash of the interests of the masses with the state power has been averted. The policeman goes back to his station and, if the street is not one of the busier arteries, draws out a pamphlet;

lied his patriarchal appearance. It took him a few seconds to discover what had happened but when he did he acted decisively. He seized the stump of a whip that stuck in its socket, leaped down from the droschky and with a new outburst of profanity that my translator afterwards admitted had added greatly to his education, made for the policeman who fled in disorder while his captives seated themselves on the cart and shouted bits of sarcastic advice to their captor.

Age told and the indignant ancient one abandoned the chase because of lack of breath. It returned sufficiently to enable him to puff a few curses in the direction of the policeman as he untied the strap, picked up the reins and urged his horse up the hill.

The policeman, looking somewhat crestfallen, again adjusted the straps of the wagon over his shoulders, sighed, beckoned to his three grinning

izations he challenges the integrity of the whole working class." At this point the accuser interrupted to say that he would make a complaint to the Soviet and the conductor stopped speaking long enough to hand him a sheet of paper on which to write it. He resumed: "Comrades, this matter will be settled by the proper authorities but it also calls for a public rebuke. We cannot permit such insults always to go unchallenged. I ask everybody who supports me and resents such insults to the free workers of Russia to hold up their hands." Everyone but the nepman raised their hands, he subsided and the incident was closed.

The car had been running and making the usual stops all this time; it was jammed to the doors and the conductor soon had enough change to pay his debts. He stood at one end of the car and called out: "Who do I owe money to?" A hand would be held up and without any disorder the change would be passed from hand to hand to the claimant. All claims had been liquidated when Sokolnikov was reached and with the vindicated honor of the Russian workers safely in his keeping the conductor signaled for the car to start on its return trip.

No one sleeps much in Moscow in summer. The reason I never inquired but I believe it is because Moscow nights are too beautiful to waste in sleep. At any hour of the night one can stroll around either the outer or inner circle of the magnificent boulevards that encircle the city and meet groups of people, generally young people, walking and singing to the accompaniment of from one to half-a-dozen balaikas.

Sometimes the balaikas are missing and some one takes the lead and sings a verse with the rest joining in the chorus. The boulevards are dimly lighted and are ideal places for lovers. Moscow itself seems to have been built for lovers. At the darkest hour of the summer night the vivid blue of the sky can be seen thru the tree tops if one is on a boulevard or in a park; if out in the city, the gilded domes of the mosques with their delicate tracery stand out against the sky with a reminiscent effect that is puzzling until one remembers that in one's youth one saw pictures of just this kind in illustrations depicting the city in which the fairy princess dwelt.

In the deep twilight and shadows of the boulevards one cannot see the singers until they meet one almost face to face; the music from the darkness creates an air of pleasant mystery and one walks miles without sense of fatigue until a sudden weariness sends one home to bed.

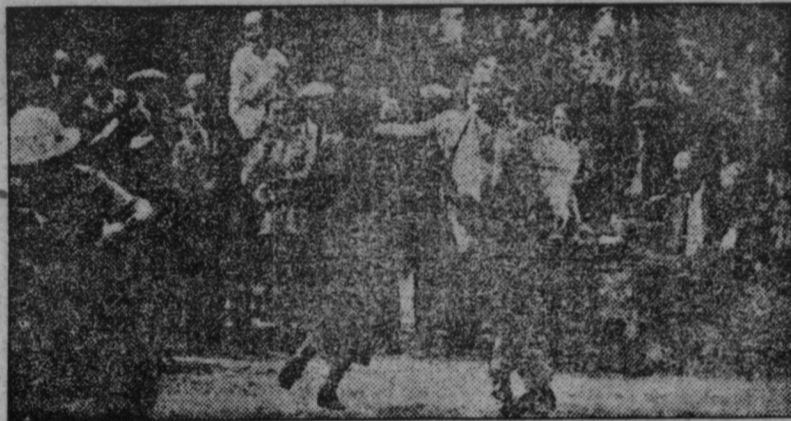
Without any set rules or regulations certain sections of the boulevards have come to have definite uses. In one section the Young Pioneers hold sway; in another trade unionists can always be found discussing the policies of their organizations; nursemaids and their charges occupy a long stretch of the most picturesque district; Red soldiers and their sweethearts have pre-empted the section that runs along the Kremlin wall.

Three nepmen were eating one day in the little cafe we called the Hole-in-the-Wall but who's right name is the Moulin Rouge.

It is a cafe frequented by workers and one gets "Anglisky" beefsteak—a thick steak with a fried egg on top, potatoes and garnishments of lettuce,

(Continued on page 7.)

Celebrating Red Labor Union Congress



Tom Mann Dancing with Russian Working Girl

with one eye on the printed page and one open for thoughtless evaders of the traffic rules, this ruthless dictator led me down to the perusal of some ordinary classic.

Halfway between the intersection with the inner ring of boulevards, is a rather steep grade. At the foot of this grade I saw a policeman, one morning, arrest three men who were hauling a little cart heavily loaded with something in sacks. What the reason for the arrest was I do not know nor is it important in the light of what happened.

The arrestees submitted very gracefully until the policeman suggested that they haul their cart to the station-house. A long argument ensued during the course of which the malefactors evidently stood on the rights of arrested persons. They argued so successfully, with so much passionate gesticulation, that the policeman, with a defeated look, adjusted the straps of the vehicle and began to pull it up the grade with the three evil-doers, maintaining a dignified silence, following along behind.

A droschky, with its ancient driver half asleep, passed the procession and the sweating guardian of the peace and honor of the dictatorship of the proletariat had an inspiration. He deftly wound the loose end of a strap around the rear spring of the droschky and, much pleased with himself, allowed the unsuspecting horse to relieve him of the strain. The horse began to slip and stumble and its driver, awakened from his after-breakfast doze, cursed in a fashion that be-

captives to follow and resumed the long, long trail to the police station where the cheery criminals undoubtedly felt the full strength of the iron arm of the Soviet dictatorship.

A crowded street car (Moscow street cars are always crowded) was taking me and an English-speaking Russian comrade to Sokolnikov (an amusement park in the suburbs) one Sunday morning.

When you pay your fare on a Moscow street car the conductor tears off a receipt and gives it to you. This particular conductor (an employe of the Moscow Soviet which operates the street cars) was short of change and asked the passengers to be patient until he could get more kopecks. The crowd was good-natured, as all Russian crowds are but one individual, however, a nepman, to judge by his diamond stick-pin and ring, became impatient and demanded his change immediately; the conductor pacified him momentarily and then he claimed that the conductor had given him no receipt.

Everyone took part in the discussion that followed; it was largely of a personal nature but the conductor soon gave it a political character. He worked his way to a commanding position at the rear of the car and delivered a speech of which the following is the gist:

"Comrades, this person has challenged my integrity; in challenging my integrity he challenges the integrity of the Moscow branch of the Municipal Workers' Union and the Moscow Soviet; in challenging the integrity of these working class organ-

The Man With the Air-Cooled Pipe

By HARRY GANNES

It was in a fashionable Paris Hotel during the hectic days following the close of the war. Grand Duke Alexander of Russia stalked into the room of Hell an' Maria Dawes, seeking counsel. From far-off Russia, the grand duke had received disquieting news. The Bolsheviks were exhibiting unexpected vigor, and clung to political power. The European powers were struggling with their own working class, and, Alexander, grown frantic, sought advice of the strong man from America who had the reputation of doing a job in a thoroughgoing and ruthless manner. The duke had been informed by his reactionary coterie that Brigadier-general Charles Gates Dawes would be the right man to appeal to for help in the fight against the chain-free Russian working class.

For hours the grand duke opened his heart to Hell an' Maria. Dawes tells about this himself. Nor did the blustering former ward politician, shady banker and tinsel-braided soldier listen with unresponsive ear to the czarist tale of woe. What Dawes promised the duke no record exists to testify. We have but Dawes' own impression of the white-guard: "Alexander is in a position to know what he is talking about, and tonight being in distress of mind about the Crimea where the Bolsheviks are advancing, and where a number of his children are living still, he opened his heart fully to me. . . . He is. . . . extremely likeable. . . . I would trust him as a man."

Thruout his life Dawes had attracted to himself the pettiest of reactionaries as surely as a putrid, dead body attracts maggots. It was through no accident that the shy lawyer, small bank and gas-corporation organizer of Lincoln, Nebraska, rose to the position of republican vice-presidential nominee. His entire life was a training for the qualifications of that position.

The McKinley presidential campaign of 1896 promised to be a stiff fight. All the political generalship that Mark Hanna could muster was necessary; and Illinois looked like a weak state for McKinley. William Lorimer, who was then at the head of the republican political machine in Illinois, was not entrusted with the job, even though he had the qualification, so dear to the heart of Mark Hanna, of being the crookedest politician in the state. Even the Chicago Tribune, which today is one of the firmest supporters of Dawes, could not swallow the open, wholesale graft of the Lorimer machine; and Dawes was put at the head of the McKinley campaign in Illinois to work hand and glove with Lorimer.

Thanks to Marx Hanna's genius and the unceasing flow of gold from Wall Street, McKinley got the presidency, and for his pains in the affair, Dawes became comptroller of the currency, which job he held from 1897 to 1902.

Previously, Dawes' only claim to distinction were that his father had fought with the Wisconsin volunteers in the Civil War; that a distant ancestor had accompanied Paul Revere in his famous midnight ride; that he was born in Marietta, Ohio in 1865; studied law and engineering, and incessantly smoked a pipe — while in France he changed to cigars.

When Dawes quit his government job in 1902, he founded the Central Trust Company of Illinois, whose board chairman he is today. In those days it was fashionable for politicians to organize banks or become interested in the directing of banking institutions. William Lorimer, Dawes old-time political bed-mate, became heavily interested in the LaSalle State Bank, organized by C. B. Munday. The LaSalle State Bank became involved in a huge swindling scheme, which later wrecked the bank losing millions of dollars. Lorimer and Munday were indicted for defrauding the state bank examiners; Munday was convicted and later scandalously pardoned.

The Baltimore Sun tells of a conversation between Lorimer and Dawes before the wrecking of the LaSalle State Bank. The state auditor was becoming apprehensive, and to

mislead him, the Central Trust Company permitted Lorimer's bank to issue a \$1,250,000 check on it, though the money never left the vaults of the Central Trust Company, and it was never intended that any money should be transferred to the crumbling LaSalle State Bank. When the crash came, Dawes' bank refused to be responsible for the \$1,250,000, and the matter lodged in the state courts for nine years, being, finally decided against Dawes' Central Trust Company, by the Illinois Supreme Court, (Vol. 312, p. 396.) In the lower court, the Central Trust Company was ordered to pay \$978,029.11 as its share in the bankruptcy, but the higher court set the amount at \$165,000 and levied the costs against Hell an' Maria's institution "on the ground that the litigation was made necessary by the wrongful acts of the Central Trust Company."

Hell an' Maria even while an obscure banker began to think about the labor question. In his book "The Banking System of the United States," he declares that labor is a commodity and must be treated as such. Charlie has not only studied the theoretical enslavement of labor in his position as banker, but has had considerable experience in the actual exploitation of workers on a large scale. During the war he was in charge of 40,000 militarized French miners, and he tells with great pride in his "Journal of the Great War" how well and skillfully he was able to handle his labor supply and get results. Besides, Dawes had direct control over hundreds of thousands of British and American munition workers.

So it is a mistake to think that Hell an' Maria was revealing a new twist in his character when in St. Augustine Florida, April 1st, 1923 at a meeting of bankers, railroad directors, and steel magnates, he declared that he had urged President Harding to make the open shop one of the major planks in his re-election campaign.

Shortly after the Augustine declaration, Dawes, at a luncheon in Chicago attending by Chicago's leading bankers, manufacturers and business men, organized his "Minute Men of the Constitution," an organization whose rabid anti-labor policy has evoked even the wrath of some of the yellowest leaders of the American Federation of Labor. The "Minute Men" comes closer to a clear-cut Fascist formation than any other existing anti-labor group in the United States, for unlike the Ku Klux Klan, the "Minute Men" make purely national and capitalist principle their prime object, without proking religious antagonism.

Twenty-five years before the world war, Dawes and Black Jack Pershing were intimate friends. S. M. Felton,

who was also a close friend and fellow bank director, became director-general of railways during the war. And again Dawes' connections bring him into the prominence which this time had back of it enough momentum to thrust him into the vice-presidential nominee ship.

Dawes became general purchasing agent of the American and Allied forces. In his "Journal of the Great War" Dawes tells how he got the job. The very first picture in the book is that of S. M. Felton and Dawes devoted a paragraph in red ink to the fact that Felton placed \$600,000,000 worth of war contracts the first year he held his job as director-general of railways. However, Hell an' Maria does not inform us whether it was the graft possible in the expenditure of the huge sums he would handle and the contracts he had authority to make that gave him the incentive to leave his prosperous bank.

While in France, Hell an' Maria became intimately acquainted with most of the allied bankers and industrialists. He formed an intimate friendship with Louis Loucheur, then French minister of armaments, and France's foremost industrial capitalist and imperialist manipulator.

At the close of the war, one of the problems that faced purchasing-agent Dawes was that of disposing of the vast aggregation of military supplies in the war zones. Dawes accomplished his job in his usual brusque manner, and, as far as we know, did not make many personal notations on what he did. When the smoke and din of war cleared a bit and there was much talk about graft in war contract letting, about the ridiculously low price received for war supply materials, about the colossal wastage in disposing of American army stores in France, congress began to ask questions, and Dawes was called as a witness. The square-faced Lincoln, Nebraska, barrister, lately brigadier-general was pressed hard for information. This was new to him. In France he controlled the very lives of his 40,000 militarized miners. He had answered to no one but himself and his boyhood friend, Black Jack Pershing. Under oath now and questioned closely Dawes spurted out—shrieking in a high-pitched voice—"Hell an' Maria, I was sent over to do a job and I did it! Hell an' Maria." And ever since "Hell an' Maria," is the name by which all the capitalist virtues, blunt business demeanor, wanton and reckless disregard for pussyfooting economy, fearless anti-labor policy and tenacity of purpose of Charles G. Dawes is epitomized.

Dawes is also interested in oil. His brother, Benman Gates Dawes is president of the Pure Oil Company and the Ohio Cities Gas Company. The

Pure Oil Company is a \$150,000,000 concern. Very recently Dawes' bank floated a \$15,000,000 bond issue for the Pure Oil Company.

As a man, the capitalist newspaper and magazine scribblers find Dawes a favorite subject. Some go into ecstasies about his pipe and his eccentric collar; others write reams about his love for profanity, dear to the secret heart of all "go-getters" and babbits. One writer in Collier's Weekly spent about 2,000 words telling why a French writer was justified in calling Dawes "The man you cannot do." Dawes has been called alternately a banker, a statesman, a soldier, a lawyer, an engineer, but never has, he been designated a politician by the kept press.

Macaulay tells of Frederick the Great, busy in affairs of war and state with a quire of bad verse in one pocket and vial of poison in the other: Dawes carries Alice-in-Wonderland stories and mediocre music compositions in one portfolio, and a trick pipe in his vest pocket. Like Frederick the Great, who acted in every capacity and department then known to government, Dawes wants to be considered as a self-sufficient, all-around man—soldier, when necessary; banker when profitable, engineer when a large gas company needs to be organized, and musician to round out so many sided a character. Frederick the Great hired Voltaire to appreciate his "pingly" poetry; Dawes negotiates with Fritz Kreisler to play his pieces.

There is a story told of how Dawes used his Alice-in-Wonderland stories during an unusually bitter and intensely acrimonious debate between allied war purchasing agents. Dawes stopped the proceedings and drew from his pocket some of his own fairy stories, read them, thereby relieving the tense situation.

By training, by nature, and because of class position, Hell an' Maria is the most likely Mussolini America has yet pushed into the limelight. Strike-breaker Coolidge could find no better aid than the experienced militarized-labor expert; than the organizer of the anti-labor Minute Men; than the formulator of the plan, which, if put into effect is destined to degrade, not alone the German and American proletariat, but the working class of the world as well.

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Education and the Need of a System

By MANUEL GOMEZ.

WE are still paying for the sins of the past. They continue to be potent forces leading us astray, and their effect is felt not only in the persistence of certain elements of socialist ideology, but in the very revolt from that ideology. The socialist party was a party of propaganda. We pride ourselves on being a party of action, knowing that only in the full tide of the struggle can the workers learn the lessons of the struggle, and that only in struggle can they acquire the solidarity, and temper, and will to power, necessary for the overthrow of capitalism.

The members of the Workers Party participate actively in all phases of the class fight, striving to win the leadership of the workers, to deepen their consciousness, to increase their striking power. Thus the party is establishing contact with ever-wider proletarian masses. At the same time it cannot be denied that the spread of the fundamental principles of Communism is not keeping step with the rapid growth of influence of the party. Inside the party itself, the number of comrades who have anything like a real Communist background is surprisingly small. Moreover, our comrades do not feel the need of education. In the swing back from the old socialist concepts, we have been obliged to emphasize action, action, action—with the unavoidable result that many of our members, especially the younger ones, are losing all sense of proportion. There is growing up in our ranks a positive scorn for education. This is a form of proletarian snobbery which is likely to cost us dear.

The Propaganda Theses adopted at the Fifth Congress of the Communist International point out that the international conflicts in the C. I. "are at the same time ideological crisis in the respective parties," that viewed fundamentally, "all right and left deviations are due to deviations from the class ideology of the proletariat, from Leninist-Marxism." Evidence to support this is all around us.

When the delegates to the historic Second Congress of the Comintern arrived in Moscow, they were given copies of a new pamphlet, which in the days preceding the congress was to become the topic of feverish and ex-

cited discussion. This was Lenin's work on "The Infantile Sickness of Leftism." Never was anything better timed. The delegates were, for the most part, ardent revolutionary fighters such as John Reed from the United States, "Willie" Gallacher from Great Britain and Bordiga from Italy. They had engaged in bitter struggles against social-democratic opportunism and social patriotism, and had learned to despise everything that smacked of compromise. Many of them did not believe any true revolutionary could ever be "too far to the left."

Lenin's pamphlet showed the direction in which this cult of "leftism" was heading. Penetrating beyond slogans and programs of action, Lenin laid bare, for the first time, the real ideological content of the tendency, showing it to be a deviation in the direction of anarcho-syndicalism.

That was the virus of the malady, "left sickness," which was finding expression in the "Dutch Marxism" of the meteoric Western European Bureau of the International; in the strange phenomenon of an "anti-party" party, in the person of the Communist Labor Party of Germany; in the anti-parliamentarism of the American, English, Spanish and other parties, and in the failure on the part of nearly all the parties to comprehend the need of centralization and discipline, until it was explained again and again.

Just as the controversies of the Second Congress revealed an anarcho-syndicalist ideology, so the recent conflicts in the German and other parties, following the October defeat were traceable to remnants of the old social-democratic ideology, which resulted in deviations to the right.

In our own party, the effects of insufficiently firm Communist ideology have been apparent. First we had a severe dose of leftism, which we were a long time overcoming, and which even today has by no means been entirely eliminated from our system. Some of the more serious consequences were anti-parliamentarism, a distorted trade union policy and a peculiar prejudice against the idea of a "legal" Communist party.

Today, many of the same comrades show evidence of "right sickness." They wish to "go to the masses," with a carefree disregard of the tasks

implied in that slogan. Opportunistic mistakes on the part of these comrades do not mean that they are opportunists. Opportunism in our party springs from exactly opposite sources from those responsible for the inherent opportunism of the professionally opportunist socialist party. However, precisely because we are a party of action, the danger of opportunism for us is especially great. Our mistakes result from entering into struggles, and participating in them without guiding principles, or without a firm grasp of principles, which in the long run amounts to the same thing.

If our party is to become a real "bolshvist" party, in the spirit of the Fifth Congress of the Communist International, it must be solidly rooted in revolutionary theory. This applies particularly to the individual members of the party. The propaganda theses already referred to, lay great stress on the importance of "more deeply hammering Marxism and Leninism into the consciousness of the Communist parties and the party members."

"Only by a real and organized assimilation of Leninist Marxism," continue the theses, "can the parties reduce the possibilities of political, tactical and organizational errors to a minimum and bring about the emancipation of the working class."

Hand in hand with our political and industrial activity among the masses must go the systematic education of our membership. Education must not be divorced from action. At the same time, it must not be exclusively "practical," limiting itself to special phases of trade union work, to interpretation of current problems, to tactical and strategic considerations, etc. To be truly practical, to equip our comrades for Communist work in all situations, there must be education in the fundamentals of Marxism and Leninism. At the present time, there is an alarming number of party members who are insufficiently grounded in Communist theory to talk about it convincingly to their shopmates, let alone answer objections which may be interposed.

Nowadays we are taking applicants into the party with little or no preliminary examination. This policy is a decided step forward from the rigid sectarianism of a few years back; it is the only way in which we can hope

to become a mass party; moreover, we should be no Communist party at all if we were not confident of our ability to make real Communists of the newcomers once they are inside the organization. But the policy, like everything else of value in our struggle, has its dangers. Unless we are careful not to neglect the fundamental education of our new members, they will become familiar with the idea of maneuvering and flexibility in action, without ever comprehending the principles upon which the maneuvers are based. The character of our party will undergo a subtle but inevitable change, and we shall soon find that we are not a Communist party at all. Participation in Communist activity will do more than any amount of conscientious study to make Communists out of the new members, but study is nevertheless indispensable.

All education is, to a very great extent, self-education. Without the enlightened co-operation of the membership, the most satisfactory educational program will fail. And large numbers of our members are still so completely dominated by the swing back from socialist party ideology, so carried away by the idea of "action," that they are wont to consider any meeting at all that has to do with immediate, "practical," work, more important than any study class. A vague sentiment prevails, that such education as is needed will be acquired haphazard, absorbed in some way or other in the natural course of things. Where this state of mind leads to disregard of systematic study it must be vigorously combated.

Comrade Browder recently raised the slogan in our ranks: "Make it a party of Leninism!" Leninism is applied Marxism, or rather Marxism applied to the period of monopoly and imperialism. It is a doctrine of class struggle, with its own tactics and its own fundamental strategy. A Leninist party must be a revolutionary party, which means that it must be a party of action. But action without theory becomes sporadic, confused, contradictory, and leads inevitably into "left sickness" and the swamp of opportunism.

Let us remember the significant words of Lenin: "Without a revolutionary theory, a revolutionary movement is impossible!"

Protagonists of Slavery

By M. Wilgus

IN an introduction to A. Smith's Wealth of Nations, the writer, E. B. Bax has this to say: "Another passage, also from the 'Politics' (Aristotle's) shows that the ancients looked upon slavery as no less a natural and permanent institution, than the modern middle class economists regard the system of wage labor at the present time." The comparison is absolute—without flaw. Go into any bourgeois college, university, graduate school, high school or elementary kindergarten and you can't escape the ever present fact that this whole crew of pedagogues are hammering into the heads of their students directly and indirectly that the present system of wage labor is the crowning glory of man's achievement. There may have been evolution and revolution in the past but since capitalism and sham democracy have been established there is no sense in having any more evolution or revolution. In other words those who say that the world and its institutions have not stopped evolving are dreamers, visionaries, in fact are crazy radicals. This smug conception of life so pleasing to the money bags of all countries assures the cowardly pedagogues the conveniences of life at the price of sacrificing their manhood.

One cannot plead ignorance as an excuse here. For these men and women of the schools are well versed in the teachings of Darwin. They have heard enough of the fatal criticism levelled by Marxians against the

conception of capitalist society as the be all and end all of evolution. And yet they never cease to look upon the present system of wage labor as the most natural and most permanent institution—an institution incapable of being scrapped.

Now what are the historical data in this connection? When slavery reigned supreme over the whole world, we find well-fed Aristotle, the chosen god of modern pedagogues—and the courtier-funkey of Alexander of Macedonia—putting it down in all "seriousness" that a society without the existence of chattel slavery is impossible and even inconceivable, exactly as the professional funkeys of the trustee-managed universities put it down in all "seriousness" that a state of society where wage labor is eliminated is impossible and even inconceivable.

The inference to be drawn from this is that there undoubtedly existed in embryo form in those ancient days of chattel slavery a nucleus of thinking slaves who saw the practical possibility of a society where slavery was superseded by some sort of co-operation. The rebellions of Spartacus and Eunus, indeed, dissolve all doubt on this point. Why, you will ask, then the complete absence of all historical records dealing with the aspirations of the slaves? The answer is that no full-stomached writers like Aristotle & Co. that it respectable to mention them just as the middle-class economists of today purposely ignore in their writings the criticisms advanced by the Marxians. Furthermore read-

ing and writing being a great luxury the slaves were on the whole illiterate and even if revolutionary slaves did succeed in publishing a work against slavery they would have no readers except the nobility which means that none were published.

We do not mean to allege that there existed in ancient civilizations founded on chattel slavery well organized revolutionary parties whose object was to overthrow the ruling nobility of those days and establish a socialist commonwealth. But we do insist on the fact that the slaves did not take slavery as a natural and permanent institution but on the contrary did whatever was in their power in those days to fight against it. We claim that the Spartacus and Eunus affairs are proof enough—even if there was no other. Hence the well-chiselled phrases of Aristotle & Co. about superior and inferior men created by God is nothing but pedantic bunk calculated to please the slave owners of his day.

But the sophists and Aristotle notwithstanding, slavery—that is the direct ownership by one human being of another—did pass away and was succeeded by serfdom. Under this state of society where a man was neither a chattel slave or "free" we find the sophists and philosophers handing out the same well-starched hokum that our friend Aristotle was used to doing only modified to meet the new form of production. Thus Locke toward the end of his Essay on the Human Understanding tells us

that he sees no way out for the degrading mass of serfs to better their condition physically, economically and intellectually. Or in other words this philosopher who did some good work in his time by contending against the stultifying influence of the church against all new ideas, saw serfdom as a natural and permanent institution.

But serfdom too has gone in spite of Locke & Co. And now we have capitalism or wage slavery and the professors and vulgar economists never cease telling us in five-inch words that a system of society where wage labor is not in existence is utopian, visionary and impossible of fulfilment. The poor, say these oracles of bourgeois wisdom, shall always be with us. The world however did not stop revolving because the Vicar of Christ on Earth rebuked Galileo for his "foolishness" and wage slavery too is being dragooned out of existence by the merciless march of Revolutionary Labor. The Seligmans and Tausigs do not deserve pity. Men, well studied in the science of evolution, who say that evolution existed in the past but has stopped existing with the era of capitalism and hokum democracy, do not deserve our pity. Contempt should be their reward.

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American Imperialism and European Social-Democracy

By L. Trotsky.

Before we go any further into this very important question, let us see what rules has American capital assigned to the radicals and mensheviks, to the social-democracy of that same Europe which is to be put on rations. Social-democracy has been given the task—and I am making this statement not in the spirit of a debating trick—to prepare the ground, i. e., to help politically to deliver Europe to the mercies of an American ratiion. What are, after all, the social-democrats of Germany, France and the socialists of all of Europe doing now? Let us look and see. They are educating themselves and are trying to educate the laboring masses of Europe in the religion of Americanism. This does not mean that they have all turned presbyterian or quaker, but it means that they have made a new political religion out of Americanism, out of the role of American capital in Europe. They are teaching or trying to teach the laboring masses that without the "pacifying" role of American capital and without its loans, Europe will not be able to hold her own.

They are opposing their own bourgeoisie, as the social-patriots of Germany are doing, not from the point of view of the proletarian revolution, not even from the point of view of social reforms, but from the point of view of exposing the intolerance, greediness, chauvinism and unwillingness of the German bourgeoisie to

master of their masters. This is the only clue to a proper understanding of the present position and policy of the Second International. He who does not make this fact clear to himself will fail to grasp the meaning of current events, will be merely skimming over the surface of things subsisting on vague, meaningless phraseology.

Moreover, favor courts favor. Social-democracy is paving the way for American capital; is running in front of its chariot announcing its saving mission and glorifying in the coming of the American master. This work is not of little import. In former days imperialism would send missionaries as its advance guards. The priest would, as a rule, be shot by the savages in the colonies and sometimes even devoured. The warrior would come next to avenge the death of the holy man, and following in the footsteps of the warrior would come the merchant and the administrator.

American capital, in order to colonize Europe and to turn her into an American dominion of the new type, has no need for missionaries. Right there, in the midst of Europe, American capital has found a political party whose sole function it is to proclaim to the people of the world the gospel of Wilson, the gospel of Coolidge, the bible of stock exchanges of New York and Chicago. Such is the present mission of European menshevism.

But I repeat again: This zeal of social-democracy does not remain unrewarded. The mensheviks are deriving quite some advantages from

the mire of poverty, how dare you resist the wishes of the American bourgeoisie? We shall mercilessly expose you before the masses of the German people!" Thus speaks the German social-democracy rising almost to the pathos of a revolutionary tribune . . . in defense of the American bourgeoisie.

The same thing can be observed in France. But because of the political traditions of France and because of the more decent reputation of the French franc, the tactics of the French socialists are more subtle, things are done there under cover. In substance, however, it is the game of the German social-democracy. The party of Leon Blum, Renaudel and Jean Longuet, bears the full responsibility for the peace at Versailles and for the Ruhr occupation. There is not a shadow of a doubt now that the government of Herriot, supported by the socialists, does not want to evacuate the Ruhr.

But now the French socialists can say to their ally Herriot: "The Americans demand that you evacuate the Ruhr on certain conditions. This you have got to do, because now we, too, demand that." The French socialists are putting out this demand not in the name of the French proletariat, but only because they want to subordinate the French bourgeoisie to the will of the American bourgeoisie. In this connection we must not forget the French bourgeoisie owes the American bourgeoisie 3,700 million dollars. This means something! America can at any moment shatter the French franc. Of course, the

partial revival of this half-dead invalid, the Second International. For it is true that the Second, as well as the Amsterdam Internationals are again coming to life. Of course, they will not recover their pre-war vigor. Their former prestige is gone forever. The Communist International cannot be stricken out of existence, nor can this be done with the imperialist war which has seriously injured the spine of the Second International in many places at once. This is irreparable. And yet, with their spines broken, the Second and Amsterdam Internationals are making new efforts to rise up and straighten out their broken backs with the aid of American crutches.

The significance of this fact must be fully realized. During the imperialist war the German social-democracy was the most intimate ally of its bourgeoisie, was openly co-operating with the junkers. The same is true of the French socialists. How could an international function when its component parts were madly killing each other, accusing and abusing each other? Not even a mask or shadow of internationalism was left. All was broken to pieces. During the period of peace negotiations the same conditions prevailed. The peace of Versailles was only a ratification of the results of the imperialist war by the signatures of diplomats. Not a bit of international solidarity was in evidence! Essentially the same situation prevailed during the Ruhr occupation.

But now the great "crush 'em all"—American capital—is coming to Europe and says: "Here is your repara-

THE FELLOWS THAT PLEDGE PEACE AND MAKE WAR

The League of Nations



come to terms with the humane, democratic pacifist capital of America. This is at present the main issue in the political life of Europe and especially of Germany! In other words we are witnessing the transformation of the European social-democracy into a political agency of American capital.

This transformation is not at all surprising. If we keep in mind the fact that social-democracy has become the agency of the bourgeoisie, it will be clear that social-democracy, by the very logic of its political degeneracy had to become the tool of the most powerful, mightiest bourgeoisie in the world, the arch-bourgeoisie, i. e., the bourgeoisie of the United States. Inasmuch as American capital is taking upon itself the task of unifying Europe, of teaching Europe how to settle her disputes about reparations, war indemnities, etc., and inasmuch as the money-bag is in the hands of the American bourgeoisie, it becomes necessary for the social-democracies of Germany and France, in order to continue their policy of serving the bourgeoisie, to gradually transfer their allegiance to the chief boss instead of obeying their own bourgeoisie. Yes, the big boss has come to Europe: American capital. Therefore, it is quite natural for the social-democracies of Europe to become politically dependent upon the

their mode of behavior. It was only recently, during the period of bitter civil strife that the social-democracy had to take upon itself the actual armed defense of the bourgeoisie against the working class, the same bourgeoisie which in fact was in alliance with the Fascisti. Noske is the living embodiment of this post-war policy of the German social-democracy. And how do things stand today? Today the social-democracy is playing a different role. The German social-democracy can afford now the luxury of maintaining an opposition to the bourgeoisie. The social-democrats can now criticise their own bourgeoisie thus differentiating themselves from the capitalist parties. But what is the nature of this opposition?

The German social-democracy thus speaks to its bourgeoisie: "You, the German bourgeoisie, are selfish, greedy, stupid and crafty, but there is on the other side of the Atlantic another bourgeoisie, one that is rich and powerful, but at the same time, noble, liberal and pacifist. This bourgeoisie has now come to us again and wishes to give us 800 million marks in hard cash to restore the value of our much-dilapidated mark (and promises of a stabilized gold mark sound good in Germany). What then are you kicking about? What is it that makes you feel so blue? You that had thrown the beloved fatherland headlong into

American bourgeoisie will not attempt to do that. No. She has come to Europe to introduce order and not to cause bankruptcies. Yes, she will not attempt to, but she could, if she wanted to. It is all in her power. In view of this colossal debt of almost four billions the arguments of Renaudel and Blum sound quite convincing to the French bourgeoisie. At the same time the social-democrats in Germany France and other countries are able to pursue the policy of an opposition to their own bourgeoisie on specific issues, thus stealing their way back into the confidence of certain sections of the working class.

Moreover, this present situation opens up for the menshevist parties of various parts of Europe certain possibilities for united "action." Even now the social-democracy of Europe appears to be quite a harmonious body.

This fact is in a way new. For the past ten years, since the beginning of the imperialist war, there was not a single case of co-ordinated action on the part of the European social-democracy. Now, such an opportunity has presented itself, and the mensheviks are now all, in one co-ordinated chorus singing a hymn to American imperialism supporting its program, its international function and its great mission.

And here we find the causes for the

tion plan and here is your program, gentlemen of the menshevist parties!" And social-democracy accepts this program as the basis for its activity. This new program has united the social-democracy of France, Germany, England, Holland and Switzerland. For every Swiss trader now hopes that Switzerland will increase her trade in watches after peace and order has been restored in Europe by the enterprising Americans. And the petty bourgeoisie, which most nearly finds its expression in the social-democracy, is now united spiritually upon the program of Americanism. In other words, the Second International has now a unifying program, the program which General Dawes has brought over from Washington.

The situation is, indeed, paradoxical. At a time when American capital is starting out on its most thievish exploit, it has the opportunity of masquerading as a savior and peace restorer, as the personification of historic justice, incidentally mapping out "international" policies for social-democracy which the latter accepts and recognizes as even more expedient than its former nationalistic policies. The expediency lies in this, that while your own bourgeoisie is right here at home and all its misdeeds can be immediately seen, American

(Continued on page 5.)

Drifting Into War With Japan

By Alexander Bittelman

If you are interested in the real reasons for the latest anti-Japanese campaign in the capitalist press of the United States, don't look to Geneva, Switzerland, where the League of Nations (so-called) is at present holding its sessions, but look toward China where actual war is taking place for a readjustment of the balance of power in China among the imperialist nations of the world.

The Real Bone of Contention

The story that I am going to relate in just a few words, is an old one. It is the story of the relations between the imperialists of America and Japan, each of the two groups cherishing ambitions and dreaming dreams of conquest, plunder and robbery of the so-called backward countries of the Pacific Ocean.

China for instance. What better and richer prize is there now in the imperialist game to fight for? Particularly for the capitalists of Japan and the United States. None to compare to China. It is rich in man-power and in natural resources. It has a population of nearly 500 million people. It is backward in the sense that it has not yet developed a capitalist economy and a capitalist class of its own to take care effectively of its own affairs. Because of this latter fact China has no stable centralized government to resist the encroachments of foreign imperialists.

Another reason why China looks so desirable to the capitalists of Japan and America lies in the fact that as yet not one single capitalist power has succeeded in conquering China for itself to the exclusion of other powers. China is still to be had, it continues to serve as the battling ground for about half a dozen imperialist groups, and it is in this battle that American and Japanese capitalism have definitely locked horns.

The Conquest of the Pacific

Very early in its history, the rising American capitalist class had realized the importance of the countries of the Pacific Ocean for its imperialistic expansion. The Caribbean islands, China and the Far East generally have for quite some time been luring the imagination of our enterprising imperialists. They see the finger of fate beckoning to them from those far-away countries with promises of glory, power and profits. And they have answered the call. They have issued on the great conquest of the Pacific, and

American Imperialism

(Continued from page 4.)

capital is remote and its transactions cannot be so easily observed. That is why American capital can come to Europe and play there the role of a pacifier. And then its power! This colossal, fabulous, unheard of wealth which so appeals to the vanity of the petty bourgeoisie, to the vanity of the social-democrat.

And here I might tell you, by the way, something of my own experiences with representatives of American capital. During the last year, due to my official position, I had the occasion to talk to some American senators, republican and democratic. Their appearance and manner betrays appalling provincialism. I am not even certain whether or not they are well acquainted with the geography of Europe. Out of politeness let us assume that they are. But when they discuss politics, they talk like this: "I told Poincare," "I remarked to Curzon," "I explained to Mussolini." They feel themselves in Europe as leaders and bosses. Thus we can find some newly-hatched millionaire, some manufacturer of condensed milk or of other canned products speaking with an air of condescension to the most responsible bourgeois political leaders of Europe. And it is because of this fact that some maneuvers of the British bourgeoisie calculated to preserve her leadership in Europe, may prove to be faulty. But on this subject of Great Britain I shall speak in my next article.

on the road to their final goal have already secured such monumental acquisitions, to mention only a few, as the Philippines, the Caribbean islands, and the Panama Canal.

The capitalists of the United States shall rule the Pacific!—this has been and still is the militant slogan of the growing and fattening American imperialism. The policy of the so-called Open Door in China is merely camouflage for the plundering expeditions of American imperialism into the countries of the Far East.

Japanese Capitalism in China

Japan is a neighbor of China, everybody knows that. At the time when Japan was still in alliance with England, the future looked very bright to the capitalists of Japan, the latter has been securing practical control over a number of Chinese provinces, and jointly with the British was gradually establishing a virtual protectorate over the whole of China.

This did not at all please the capitalists of America. But what could they do? Very little to change conditions materially. England was still all-powerful (remember, we are now speaking of the pre-war period), Ger-

many was pushing ahead with all her might, and so were France and Russia and Japan. The days of America's financial world power were yet to come.

RAMSAY MacDONALD British Prime Minister



AT GENEVA



IN CHINA

many was pushing ahead with all her might, and so were France and Russia and Japan. The days of America's financial world power were yet to come.

But, nevertheless, the conflict between America and Japan was on. It has been more than two decades since Japan has become, to use a term of the traditional diplomacy, the "natural enemy" of the United States. Which means in human language that the imperialist ambitions of the Japanese capitalists presents a stumbling block to the same ambitions of the capitalists of America, this stumbling block to be overcome and destroyed.

Here is in a nutshell the old story of the basis of the mutual relations between the capitalists of America and the capitalists of Japan.

Post-War American Diplomacy in China

The real business of clipping the wings of Japanese imperialism in China by the capitalists of America began soon after the conclusion of the late war. We needn't go now into much detail. Suffice it to say that since the days of the "Peace" Conference at Versailles the capitalists of America have succeeded in the following:

Japan has been compelled to return to China some of the annexed provinces.

Japan has been compelled to relinquish a great portion of her virtual protectorate over the rest of China.

Japan has lost her alliance with England because of the demand of the United States.

Japan has been compelled to accept the naval ratio of 5:5:3.

All of which has been brought about

passed by the last session of the United States congress. These laws have merely added fuel to a fire already burning.

At present this struggle for control over China between the imperialists of the so-called Great Powers is manifesting itself partly in the war of the Chinese Generals.

What is this war about? We shall leave out of present consideration one angle of this war (reserving the matter for treatment in a future article) which is the conspiracy of all of the foreign imperialists, in alliance with the Chinese reactionaries, to overthrow the nationalist-revolutionary government of San-Yat-Sen at Canton, Southern China. Then, there remains what? A war between two generals. Their names are: Wu-Pei-Fu and Tchan-Tzo-Lin. The field of battle at present is Shanghai and the surroundings. The stakes are the possession and control of the provinces of Central and Northern China.

The Wars of Chinese Generals.

To repeat: It is the conquest of China that is at stake in the American-Japanese relations and not the exclusion laws against the Japanese

of this war of Chinese generals is the fact that it is really a war between American and Japanese capitalism for power and influence in China. And the Japanese incident in Geneva is merely a reflection of a struggle that is already on.

We are drifting into a big war with Japan. What is the labor movement of the United States going to do about it?

MILITARISTS GAG WITH RAGE; PLAY GOES OVER BIG

"What Price Glory?" Gets Crowded Houses

NEW YORK, Oct. 3.—In spite of attacks by army and navy officers which declare that the play "interferes with recruiting for the marine corps," "What Price Glory?" continues to play to packed houses who do not seem to mind the omission of a few of the worst oaths attributed by the producer to some of the "best citizens." Sydney G. Gumpertz, managing editor of Empire State Legionaire and state historian American Legion, department of New York, addressed a letter to one of the authors of the play, Lawrence Stallings, in which Gumpertz, after giving his war record in full, denounces the dramatist and declares that he has "insulted every living soldier and profaned our honored dead." Gumpertz concluded by saying "if some marines were like this, then I thank God that I was in the army."

United States attorney Hayward, a colonel himself, saw the play before any complaint was raised and did not take action against it. It now rests in his hands whether he will order it stopped on the charge that it violates federal statute forbidding wearing of the uniform of the army, navy, or marines on the stage in any way to bring discredit on those branches of the service.

It's No Cinch.

NEW YORK, Oct. 3. — Girls who work in the closed dance halls have to dance at least 40 dances an evening to earn \$2.40, says Maria W. Lambkin, who has just reported on conditions in the dance halls for certain social agencies. In "closed" halls the girls are employed by the manager and must dance with whomever he chooses no matter how offensive the partner may be. Miss Lambkin suggests a minimum wage for the girls.

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Letters From Moscow

By Anna Porter

ON this week's program were some visits to Forest Schools, which supplement in a measure the regular schools in Russia. In a suburb of Moscow, reached by tram, is the "First Sanitarium School of the Moscow Division," for children not up to the normal physical standard, which generally means some stage of tuberculosis. The large old house, simple, two-storied, built of logs, stands in ample grounds in the midst of a great stretch of young forest of pine and birch. The old forest which this replaces was once alive with deer, and was the favorite hunting-ground of the father of Peter the Great. Scattered thru the young growth are many of the great pines of the older forest. The children cared for here are from nine to fourteen years of age. They are sent out from the city schools to build up their health, for a year or for a summer, and return to town when improved.

The sleeping rooms are large and airy and quite rare. Each room has half-a-dozen or more single iron beds, well spaced, and a large stationary porcelain washbasin, with running water. The windows are wide and high, and open on large sleeping verandas, on which the beds are moved in the summer. The study hours are short,—from 10 to 12 in the morning, and from 5 to 7 in the afternoon, and there is an hour for sleep after noon—dinner, and a sun bath following it—when there is sun. At 9 is breakfast, at 1 dinner, "tea" at four and supper at 7:30. The free hours are spent in supervised or free play, gardening and other outdoor activities. Each child has two eggs and two glasses of milk a day, meat twice a week, and porridge and potatoes, but few green vegetables. The teacher who showed us about felt that more meat was needed, but I told her that in our country the tendency was more and more away from meat and toward green vegetables. I notice this neglect of vegetables everywhere in Russia, tho the shops and booths have bounteous displays. Outside of soup you get practically no vegetables at any restaurant unless as a special order. Probably the raising of vegetables at these schools will be made a point of later when organization is more complete.

As everywhere under the Soviets, these children have their own organization and committees, and these are illustrated by colored charts on the wall, drawn according to the individual ideas of the children making the charts, the most important division being sanitation and hygiene. They visit other schools, "homes," and factories, and compare the housing and conditions with those of their own school, which they try to make a model. Recently they visited and inspected a leather factory noting especially the sanitary and working conditions, and investigating the effects of these on the workers.

The classes are held in airy, light rooms, and open and half-enclosed verandahs. In one room they make and exhibit, among other things, models of homes and farms in various countries of the world, for comparison



A Russian Youth Speaking at the Last Congress of the Russian Communist Youth.

with their own mode of living. This is a subject that is made much of. As in our own schools, the walls are covered with the children's drawings, decorative work and handicraft. It is now vacation time, when they have only "free" work and study. During our morning visit, most of the children were occupied without supervision. As we passed thru a porch a youthful draftsman appealed to our teacher-guide for help on a chart he was making to show the total and proportionate number of men killed in the various countries in recent imperialistic wars, Russia leading in high death rate, Germany, Austria-Hungary and France following. This large wall chart was adapted from a small official statistical record and chart, and the child was using a homemade yardstick,—metre-stick, I should say.

In an inner class room, four children had come for help in multiplication. On a verandah, a reading group was learning about birds. Four idle children followed us about with intelligent interest. Questioned,—two had left mud-houses to dry, while the other two had finished some work which had occupied their morning. When the school is in regular session the study hours from 10 to 12 are given to theory, while during the two afternoon hours this theory is in some practical way applied. The home models follow the comparative study of peoples and field study of birds and flowers follow the reading. The war chart was probably related to mathematics, mechanical drawing, history, sociology, and economics! And the drawing, painting and modeling illustrated concretely many of the things they had learned in the morning classes. Such activities must be ingeniously directed by the teacher to relate them to theory. We saw a half-finished portrait of Lenin, inlaid with barks and mosses. The thin white birch was used for the face, and the likeness, copied of course from a portrait, was remarkable. Over one doorway hung a placard largely lettered, "Vladimir Ilyich Lenin is dead. Children, follow his teachings." Nowhere are the people allowed for one moment to forget the ideals of the great leader. Only a little music is as yet taught in this school, and that not systematically, but the children are taught rote singing, and have given one act of a simple Tchaikowsky opera. This is only one of many such schools under the supervision of the Moscow division of the educational department.

A school of a different kind I visited at the village of Rastorgouyevo, an hour by train from town. This is the so-called Children's Village, a scattered group of houses among the forest trees, where the children from city homes come in the summer for change and study. Here the tiniest tots are taken. We arrived just as the teachers were assembling on a broad verandah for a conference,—a dozen or more women, and one man—the head of the music department for kindergartens. He wore white sport trunks, and open-necked white linen blouse, and with his closely shaven head and darkly tanned skin, looked like a polished bronze statue. Most of these people are sun worshippers. The children, too ran about in scanty slips, but the women were all more or less conventionally, tho simply and sensibly dressed, most of them with long hair. Only one or two resorted to cigarettes to help them thru the ordeal of the conference, perhaps because the vital questions discussed absorbed their restlessness. For us tea and jam were brought.

The principal subject of discussion was the epidemic of whooping-cough. Some of the teachers contended that isolation was absolutely necessary, others that it was absolutely impossible, and it seemed to be a pretty serious thing that the impossible should be absolutely necessary. This is a situation, I fear, that often arises in Russia, and I suppose it was finally met as usual, with some resourceful compromise. Every good Communist, who is making his regular contribu-

tion toward the support of an orphan, would feel a satisfaction in visiting these schools, that he is helping to make them possible.

There are still many children, even in Moscow, running about the streets or selling things more or less illegally,—even begging and stealing. As fast as possible, they are being brot into homes, and into the organization of the Young Pioneers, now beginning to call themselves Young Leninists. Many of these children, unused to restraint, run away, or create much trouble in the homes. There is the story of an organization of gutter children, who lived in a passage under a railway station. Unspeakably dirty it was, but more or less warm and protected. They had kept this retreat hidden from the police, and crept out to beg and steal, about the train and the station rooms, and in the adjoining streets. When their well-concealed lair was at last discovered, a committee of teachers went to bring them into the homes. It was only after long persuasion that the organization consented to send out a delegation to treat with a delegation of teachers, and finally after discussion of terms and conditions, they capitulated. How many of these went back to the old life, I do not know but most of them are hardened little professionals at a tender age.

The hopeful point of the whole story

is that while in other countries as fast as one set is redeemed others take their places and the same tragic round goes on,—in Russia they are slowly redeeming the conditions that make for criminal vagabondage. While we continue cheerfully pouring water into the sieve, refusing to notice the holes, "realist" Russia is putting a solid bottom in the sieve. But Russia lacks funds and housing to deal with them all, even in such an organized center as Moscow,—in addition to the complications that primitive training and influence bring into the problem. As yet not more than half the children of Russia have ben brot into organized schools.

Still, in no country is such a fundamental effort being made to deal with the child question. In no other country can it be made so fundamentally, because at the base of it lies the economic question, and Russia is the only country dealing fundamentally with economic causes.

Dunne's Dates

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Du Quoin, Ill.—October 18.
Madison, Ill.—October 19, afternoon.
St. Louis, Mo.—October 19, evening.
Belleville, Ill.—October 20.
Collinsville, Ill.—October 22.
Springfield, Ill.—October 22.

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RUSSIAN NOTES

(Continued from page 1)

green beans and horseradish—for a ruble and a half (75 cents).

The nepman had consumed much beer and one of them called the waiter, using the Russian word for servant instead of "citizen" or "comrade." The waiter very politely informed him that there had been a revolution in Russia and that there were no more servants. "If tavarisch sticks in your throat," he said, "the least you could do would be to call me citizen." The nepman flew into a towering rage and following the Russian custom everyone in the little garden where we were eating took part in the argument. He assailed the Soviet government in vitriolic terms and when someone said "Here is one they forgot to send away," referring to the Commission for the Suppression of Counter-Revolution, now abolished—the nepman said, "Those days are gone!" "They were not such bad days," said the waiter, "and maybe they went too soon."

A man wearing a golden beard that reached half-way to his waist advised the nepman, "You had better get out of here before you say something you will be sorry for," only to have the nepman, who seemed on the verge of apoplexy, turn on him with, "A beard is supposed to be a mark of wisdom but you are the same as these other fools!" Everybody laughed at the bearded one and the nepman, apparently feeling that he had scored a point, threw a coin on the table and said to the waiter, "Here is your tip." He turned to leave but the waiter poked up the money and announced: "You have attempted to bribe a public servant before these witnesses and I should call a military policeman and have you arrested but it is better that you go. Take your bribe with you."

The nepman turned, hurled a curse at the bearded man, and left the restaurant while everyone leaned back in their chairs and laughed till the nepman's companions paid their bill and hurried away after carefully calling the waiter "tavarisch."

There are few drunks in Moscow but about two o'clock one morning I met one who was singing loudly a Red Army song as he zigzagged down the street. He was met by a policeman who asked what he had been drinking. Interspersed with bursts of song, the happy lad replied that he had had some vodka. Vodka is forbidden so the policeman told him to come along. The drunk sat down in a convenient doorway and after telling the policeman that he intended to stay there till morning, policeman or no policeman, resumed his singing.

The policeman looked worried; he too sat down. Another policeman came along and after some consultation each took an arm and lifted the singing drunk to his feet. He let his feet drag, changed suddenly to the "Song of the Volga Boatmen," the policemen joined in and off went the three to the jail.

If one has heard the "Song of the Volga Boatmen" it is easily understood that it can come in very handy for the kind of heavy labor that the policemen were engaged in.

The All-Russian Municipal Workers' Union held its national convention while I was in Moscow and I was privileged to attend as a guest of the organization. For something like four hours there were presentations of banners from other organizations of workers and peasants and then came a pageant representing the history of labor from earliest time down to the present.

The various spectacles of which the pageant was composed were staged to the accompaniment of a 60-piece orchestra and a sort of poem or chant that was recited by all the members of the cast. The spectacles were beautiful and deeply impressive as well as perfectly acted. There was not a slip in the whole three hours. There was plastic dancing as perfect in execution as anything I have ever seen. Every person in the orchestra and all

the actors and dancers were members in good standing of the All-Russian Municipal Workers' Union.

These facts are important but it was not until after the curtain had hidden the last act of the pageant that I was able to explain to myself a puzzling something about the whole affair.

It was the amazing fact that there were more or just as many people in the pageant as there were in the audience. Were such a spectacle to be staged in the United States, it would require months of preparation and would have to be presented to a crowd of 5,000 people if the bare expenses were met. The All-Russian Municipal Workers' Union has staged this spectacle simply for the entertainment of its delegates and with the exception of a few privileged persons like myself that is all that were present.

Bookstores. People reading. Workers reading as they eat their lunch on the job. Workers reading in the street cars and the cafes. Workers reading in the parks. Clerks reading in the co-operative stores when customers are scarce.

Bookstores on every corner. Three or four in each block in the business district. Open-air bookstands everywhere. Pedlers with racks of books and pamphlets swung from their

The party cleaning during which thousands of lukewarm Communist elements were expelled from the organization was almost the sole topic of conversation in Russia for months. Of the thousands of humorous anecdotes that were retailed in party meetings, union halls, in the cafes and all other centers of discussion during this period, I submit the following to prove my contention:

A comrade was called before the Control Commission for examination. He was asked: "What is your social origin?" He replied: "The same as Lenin's." "What is your view of the Red Army as an instrument for the conquest of power?" "The same as Trotsky's." "What is your style of living?" "The same as Kamenev's." "What are your views on drinking?" "The same as Ryckov's." "What are your views of the marriage relation?" "The same as Kollontai's." "What are your views on the role of the peasants in the revolution?" "The same as Kalinin's."

The Control Commission consulted for a moment and then said: "Expelled from the party."

"What?" said the aggrieved comrade, "with so many illustrious examples to my credit?"

"Yes," said the chairman of the Control Commission, "the cumulative effect is too much."

There is certainly a large and hu-

houses that are well-ventilated. The manager is a fresh-air fiend."

"Does he insist that they keep their windows open?"

"No, he let's the roofs stay open." Now this is real humor, dealing with the sweeping everyday facts of the life of the workers and peasants. Incidentally can you picture the effect of these pointed jests in keeping careless comrades to the straight and narrow path of Communist rectitude?

A million workers marched in Moscow in the demonstrations held on the day set aside by the Third International for agitation against imperialist war. They marched in solid streams from all parts of the city to the Red Square carrying the tattered banners of the revolution and new ones inscribed with revolutionary slogans. I saw perhaps a third of these marchers as they surged past the Comintern building, the Lux Hotel and the Lenin mausoleum. McManus and I shouted greetings until we were hoarse. It was a sight that one can never forget but again it is not the most important thing that happened that day.

The Russians express supreme approval by seizing the person whom they desire to honor and tossing him up in the air until he begs for mercy. Ryckov, who had been shouting greetings to the marchers from the top of

CONTRASTS OF JUSTICE



Among the Civilized—

Among the Barbarians

shoulders on the street and in the restaurants.

"The Whistle"—the official daily paper of the All-Russian Union of Railway Workers has a circulation of over 300,000. "Izvestia" has a circulation of 500,000 with over a million applicants for subscriptions on file that cannot be filled for lack of sufficient technical equipment. Every union with its daily paper and numberless magazines. Special publications for and by every kind of workers' organization—educational, technical, cultural. The Soviet government is the biggest publisher in the whole world, says the report of the United States department of commerce.

More than 300 volumes on Lenin and various phases of his life and activity have been published since his death.

"The Life of Henry Ford" exceeds in sales any book published in Russia. Least any good comrade be scandalized by this seeming heresy let me hasten to say that this has nothing to do with politics. It simply means that all major political questions having been solved in Russia, the Russian workers seek in the life of Henry Ford the secret of his industrial methods.

The Russian masses are a humorous and jovial lot.

This may run counter to all that Gorki, Dostoevsky, Andreyev, Tolstol and Chekov have written and therefore be literary blasphemy but I speak only of my own impressions. Then again there has been a revolution in Russia and I may be right.

man quality about this story.

This same quality is carried into the humorous publications of Soviet Russia.

"Red Pepper" and "Hot Water" are two typical examples of this kind of journal. They are, in a way, like "Life" and "Judge" with the difference that the quips are very pointed, the names of the participants are generally given and most of the squibs are furnished by workers and peasants.

A few samples:

"The military policeman in blank village (the name of the village is given and also the name of the policeman) has an assistant."

"Is that so? What does he need an assistant for in such a small and peaceful village?"

"To carry letters to his sweetheart." (the name of the sweetheart is also given).

"I have been here two weeks trying to see the manager of the blank factory" (the name of the factory is given.)

"Well, if you really want to see him you had better move your family here; it may take you all summer because he hates nothing so much as being disturbed."

"What is all that noise in the blank hospital?" (The name of the hospital is given.)

"Oh, that's the matron. The patients have just asked her for fresh bed-linen."

"The miners in blank village (the name of the village is given) have

the Lenin mausoleum for about two hours, tried to slip into the Kremlin thru the crowd as it spread out over the Red Square. Someone recognized him and about the same time Kalinin, president of the Soviet Republics, and Zinoviev, were also recognized. Grinning faces and hands outstretched to seize us met McManus and I as we stepped down from the mausoleum but we threw dignity to the winds and fled. I looked back over my shoulder and saw the three men whose names are symbolic of world revolution and the dictatorship of the proletariat, the personification of the power of the workers and peasants of Russia, tossed in the air again and again while the happy roar of the assembled thousands made the ground tremble beneath my feet.

Can anyone conceive of Calvin Coolidge in a similar situation?

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Can a Shop Nucleus Replace a Branch?

(Letter to the Editor)
By L. COOPER.

Comrade M. Abern's article in the magazine section of the DAILY WORKER, what can shop nuclei do? can be divided into two parts: criticism and construction. As much as he is correct in the first part, in the criticism of the branch activities by just as much he is rather wrong in his plans of reconstruction of the party into shop nuclei.

It is true the branches as they are now constructed do not do much actual work. Members do not attend their shop fraction meetings and are inactive in the unions. We have to press upon them to pay more attention to this work.

But the reconstruction of the party into shop nuclei will do more harm to the party than do good.

We have to bear in mind that we live in the most reactionary capitalist country. As soon as our shop nuclei will meet in the factory either at lunch hour or after work, all of them will be fired the very first day. Besides after five or even four and one-half hours of hard work you feel like having your lunch and you go to a lunch room. There you cannot have your meeting; this is clear to everyone of course. After the day of work is over you cannot have any meetings again, as you are tired and rushing home. The tailors and the office workers might get time to meet but the machinists, blacksmiths, laborers, etc., will not find any time to meet, while every member can attend his party branch meeting after supper.

It seems to me that Comrade Abern did not work in a shop lately and he forgot what the conditions are there. He says "they can meet almost any time, since they are always together." But how about the dogs that are watching your step, that your machine should not stop for a second? In the Baldwin Locomotive Works, in the Midvale Steel Co. watchmen are placed in the lavatories so that no one sits too long and does not attend too often. In the smaller places it is still worse.

"They pay their dues at noon lunch to the secretary of the shop nuclei," does not the secretary have to eat, or will the foreman give him an extra one-half hour for lunch?

I just imagine the activity of such nuclei. I cannot see how they can discuss an important party question at the lunch hour, if they have to go to the lunch room and having the "dogs" watching them.

"There is the question of all newspapers or bulletins written in ink or pencil, if need be, and posted in the factory somewhere for the workers in the shop." Comrade Abern must think he is in the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, where all this is done openly. Try to paste the most innocent announcement on the wall and you will be fired, not only the one who did it, but the whole nucleus.

We did not reach the state where we can work too much in the open in the factories. Do not forget that union officials are against us, as Communists, as members of T. U. E. L., the capitalist agents watch us closely, and consequently we cannot work as free as we have to.

I agree and insist upon it that the shop nuclei must exist and work hard, but do not agree that it should function as a party branch. Our party activity is very small now but it will be less yet, if we reorganize the party on the shop nuclei basis.

What the party should do is to compell every member to be active in his nucleus otherwise to expell from the party, the same way when the member does not pay his dues.

I would like to ask Comrade Abern how is he going to construct the nuclei of the painters and paper hangers, who might not meet in one place for years. There are two painters in our branch, they are working for the same man and for the last two years did not meet even once either in

the office, or on the job. How will they work in the party?

Now they see each other at the branch meetings once in two weeks and after very week. I fail to see the benefit of the reconstruction of the party in this manner, especially the way Comrade Abern puts it up. However, it does not mean that I will resist such a step of the Workers Party.

EDITOR'S NOTE—We welcome the expression of opinion by our comrades on the question of Shop Nuclei which is to become one of the most important means of building our party into a mass Communist party. We shall gladly publish articles on this question by members of the party provided the matter is treated in a concise and practical manner.

Comrade Cooper seems to be in favor of shop nuclei but he objects to these nuclei becoming the basis of the party organization. In this objection Comrade Cooper is wrong. It is the understanding and intrusion of the Communist International that the shop nucleus must become the basic unit of the party. Why? For two reasons mainly. First, because it is only thru the shop that a real mass foundation can be created for our party. Second, because the only way to make shop nuclei (which Comrade Cooper is in favor of) real, living organs of the party is by giving these nuclei all the functions and all the authority of a basic party unit.

As to the extent to which shop nuclei will be able to function in the open, we don't think we have any illusions about that. Comrade Cooper is perfectly right when he points out the possible persecutions from bosses and foremen against our comrades of the shop nuclei. But what of it? The road to Communism is a road of sacrifice and suffering, but that's no reason for giving up the struggle for Communism. What we should have to do in this case, as in all other cases of persecution by our enemies, is to be careful, practical and persevering. We fight in the open as long and as much as we can, and, when driven to it, continue underground. This is true of shop nuclei in the same sense as it is true of our party as a whole.

The question of how to organize parties, when and how the nuclei should meet, and problems of a similar technical nature will no doubt crop up at every turn of the game as soon as we begin earnestly the building of shop nuclei. But all these minor problems will be taken care of in due time on the basis of the experience of the entire party organization.

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