

The New Magazine

Supplement of

THE DAILY WORKER

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ON TO THE FIGHT! THE DAILY WORKER, TWO YEARS OLD THIS WEEK, ALREADY LEADS THE WORKERS' STRUGGLE!

The Daily Worker's Birthday

TWO years ago, on the thirteenth day of January, 1924, came to life in a rickety little print shop on Halsted street in Chicago, the first really revolutionary daily newspaper of the working class ever published in the English language in any country in the world. This infant newspaper was born in unpropitious surroundings—the mortality odds were all against it. Publishing newspapers is a very expensive thing in the United States of America—in the English language. For technical reasons of news gathering and competition, the expense of a foreign-language newspaper is very much less. In publishing an English-language daily paper one has to meet the competition of billionaire publishers able to purchase every device of ingenuity to attract—yes, the workers themselves.

When the Workers (Communist) Party undertook to publish The DAILY WORKER there were many who thought it could not be done.

It has been done. Doleful predictions have all gone wrong.

Why has The DAILY WORKER successfully braved all dangers and survived, more vital every day?

This can be understood only if we understand what a daily newspaper organ is to a revolutionary party—and if we understand what a revolutionary party—a Communist Party is.

The DAILY WORKER is not the mere sum of its mechanical equipment and its personal staff. In philosophy it is customary to point out that a clock, put together and going, is certainly something more than the sum of its parts heaped in a pile. Of a Communist daily newspaper, organ of a Communist Party, this is even truer than it is of a clock.

The DAILY WORKER is something far greater than its running machinery. The DAILY WORKER is the living personality of a political party which is itself greater than the sum of its members. The DAILY WORKER is also something in relation to the working class as a whole—it expresses the future of the working class as a whole.

Why did the socialist party's daily newspaper die almost simultaneously with the rise of the Communist daily newspaper? The explanation is to be found in the difference between the socialist party and the Workers (Communist) Party. A Communist Party is—even if very small—a living part of the working class as soon as it has even a slight connection with the working masses. A socialist party is, today, a dead limb of the capitalist political parties grafted upon the working class tree.

Twenty-five years ago, Vladimir Hyitch Ulyanov (Lenin) was struggling for the development of the Russian Social-Democratic Labor Party. Already at that time the conscious and deliberate work of Lenin in constructing a great Marxian revolutionary workers' party—a Communist Party—was well under way. And together with this the inseparable task—as Lenin knew it—of developing and guiding the slowly beginning motion of the great sluggish scores of millions whose leadership the Communist Party was to become.

At that time, in May, 1901, Lenin wrote an article for the party paper, Iskra, under the title of "With What to Begin?"—or as it is translated, "How to Begin?"

"With what to begin?" asked Lenin twenty-five years ago. What was necessary as the first step on the great path which was to lead to the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics? And Lenin answered his own question—"An all-Russian political newspaper!" Read and ponder this on the second anniversary of the founding of the only Communist daily newspaper in the English language in the whole world. "Where to begin?" With a political newspaper!—answers the still ringing voice of Lenin across the span of twenty-five years.

We are publishing Lenin's article today in this issue of the magazine supplement. It would be well for all to read it.

The fact alone that The DAILY WORKER is published in the English language—the language of both of the two greatest imperialist powers in the world—is a fact of immense significance.

There are two great enemies in the world—oppressed and oppressors. The citadel of one is in the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics—the one-sixth of the earth which belongs to the working class of the world. The citadel of the other is the other "union"—the United States of America—the oligarchy of Morgan and Rockefeller.

In the heart of the citadel of world capitalism, the Communist world revolution has its daily organ of leadership. And this organ lives.

Marx and Lenin have made us understand how it comes about that precisely in the great imperialist oligarchies the labor movement is full of the corruption which results from imperialism. And also they taught us how to fight these oligarchies!

We will do it largely thru The DAILY WORKER, as the voice of the American party of the world revolution.

Keep The DAILY WORKER alive.

The Daily Worker and the Party

By C. E. RUTHENBERG,
General Secretary Workers Party.

THE DAILY WORKER should be a tower of strength for our Party. The Party has not, however, taken full advantage of the services which THE DAILY WORKER can render in the building up of a Communist movement in the United States.

We have created a weapon which has the potentialities for greatly strengthening us in our struggles against our enemies but after creating this weapon we did not take the necessary action to bring it into full play.

The DAILY WORKER can render services to the Party in two fields but in both of these we are not using THE DAILY WORKER to the full extent of its possibility.

Consolidation of the Party.

THE DAILY WORKER is the medium thru which the Party members can be mobilized for the campaigns which the Party initiates. Before the Party established THE DAILY WORKER, it was dependent upon circular letters and upon a weekly paper to inform the membership of the Party in regard to the work the Party was undertaking and to mobilize these members for the Party campaigns.

Thru THE DAILY WORKER the Party has the means of speaking to its members daily. It is the means of quick mobilization of the Party for struggles arising out of the class struggle. The Party does not have to wait for weeks in order to reach its members with the message it has to deliver in regard to work the Party has undertaken. It can speak to its members from day to day and inform them in regard to the events which are taking place and arouse them to action on those issues the Party bases its campaigns among the workers.

SAKLATVALA is excluded from the United States, and the day this occurs the Party is able, thru THE DAILY WORKER, to inform all its members of the necessity of undertaking a campaign against the exclusion of Saklatvala. The Party can direct its members in the trade unions to immediately take up the issue and introduce resolutions on the question. Our whole organization can be mobilized for action.

This is an example of the services THE DAILY WORKER rendered the Party in the work of mobilizing the Party membership. Events such as the exclusion of Saklatvala are recurring constantly and in all of these the Party, thru THE DAILY WORKER, informs the membership of the line of action to be taken and mobilize them for the work outlined by the leading committee of the Party.

Compared to the former method of sending circular letters to branches which meet only each two weeks or by reaching the members thru a weekly newspaper, the Party, thru the establishment of THE DAILY WORKER, took a great step forward.

SO long, however, as only a small proportion of the membership of the Party are readers of THE DAILY WORKER, it cannot fulfill its role as the instrument for consolidation of our forces and for quick mobilization in the day to day struggles aiding in the fight against the capitalist class and the capitalist state. If only one out of every five members of the Party reads THE DAILY WORKER, then it can mobilize only a fifth of our Party. To make THE DAILY WORKER really give full service to the Party in this respect we must carry on a campaign to make every party members a reader of THE DAILY WORKER. That is one goal in the campaign which THE DAILY WORKER is undertaking. The achievement of that goal means not only a great strengthening of THE DAILY WORKER, but it means a great strengthening of the Party.

If, as the events of the class struggle of this country arise, the central executive committee of the Party has the possibility of immediately speaking to every member of the Party, outlining the Party attitude, giving the direction the activities shall take, then indeed there is the possibility of our Party being a monolithic organization which responds as one unit to the events of the class struggle.



The Dawes Plan

If the day after such an event as the exclusion of Saklatvala, or the delivery of the president's message to congress, 20,000 members of our Party in the shops, in the trade unions, in the workers' fraternal organizations, all took the same attitude, began work to carry into effect certain policies, then indeed our power of influencing the working masses of this country would be greatly enhanced. Even with our small Party of 20,000 members we would have the power to mobilize great masses of workers in support of our views and our campaigns of action against the capitalist class and the capitalist state.

A great step will have been taken in the direction if every Party member becomes a subscriber of THE DAILY WORKER and each day learns what the Party has to say in regard to the events of the class struggle and is quickly informed in regard to the action undertaken by the Party.

Mobilization of the Masses.

OUR paper, however, cannot be only a Party organ for the mobilization of the Party members.

It must be a medium of the Party to directly influence the working masses of this country. At the present time we are interpreting the days' news for only some 15,000 readers of THE DAILY WORKER. We are speaking to 15,000 out of the twenty-five million workers in the United States.

Yes, we have on the rolls of our Party at least 20,000 members. Certainly 20,000 Communists should be able to spread their daily voice represented by THE DAILY WORKER among more than 15,000 workers. Today THE DAILY WORKER may carry the most interesting news, as for instance, the story of how China is being raped, which was published a few days ago, it may carry the most interesting analysis of current events and propose the most effective plans of action by the workers against their exploiters, but only 15,000 workers will read the news articles, editorials and program. 15,000 out of 25,000,

000 is too small a proportion for THE DAILY WORKER to really be a powerful influence on the American working class.

THE DAILY WORKER is not the effective influence which it should be because our Party has not made it so. The Party has the possibility of broadening the influence of THE DAILY WORKER. With 20,000 members to do the work, the achievement of a circulation of 50,000 for THE DAILY WORKER is well within our reach.

The Subscription Campaign.

THE subscription campaign for THE DAILY WORKER in which the Party is being mobilized at the present time is the first step toward achieving this double goal—the mobilization of the Party to make THE DAILY WORKER the means of mobilizing the Party for action and of influencing broad masses of workers along the line of the Party policy.

The Party must take up the subscription campaign in earnest. It must at last mobilize its strength not merely to raise the money necessary to save THE DAILY WORKER for our movement as we did during the past month, but to make THE DAILY WORKER an effective servant of our movement.

We must throw our strength as a unit into the work of first making every member of the Party a reader and subscriber for THE DAILY WORKER and then to increase the influence of THE DAILY WORKER to at least three times the membership of the Party. This means to secure 50,000 subscribers for THE DAILY WORKER.

That means only that in addition to every Party member being a reader and subscriber for THE DAILY WORKER, that each Party member must secure two additional subscribers.

The immediate goal which THE DAILY WORKER has set for its campaign to add 5,000 new readers, thus increasing its circulation to 20,000. The achievement of this goal, however, should only be the beginning.

We must continue the campaign for THE DAILY WORKER in the form of mobilizing our Party to secure subscriptions until we double and triple the immediate goal we have set for ourselves.

The Party has shown in the support it has given THE DAILY WORKER financially that it realizes the importance of a daily newspaper to our movement. Important as was the campaign for money to save THE DAILY WORKER, the campaign for subscriptions which is now being opened is even more important. Of what value is it to us to have a DAILY WORKER unless we make it serve our movement to the full extent of its possibilities.

THE DAILY WORKER is only worth saving if we can make use of its full possibilities for the upbuilding of the Party and the Communist movement. That can only be done if we broaden the number of its readers. By doing that we will make THE DAILY WORKER serve the Party and will make secure THE DAILY WORKER for the Party.

FORWARD, all together, for 5,000 new subscribers before the end of January.

Then for the next step forward, a continuous mobilization of the Party until we drive the subscription list up to 50,000.

The way to celebrate the second anniversary of THE DAILY WORKER by making it a more powerful weapon of the Communist movement.

It should be within the reach of our Party, if we mobilize our strength for this work, to increase the 15,000 readers to 50,000 readers.

Even then we would be reaching only a very small part of the working class of this country but we would have made a big step forward from the present situation. If our Party is to become a really powerful political influence in the lives of the American workers we must take this step forward. We must broaden the number of workers to whom we speak thru THE DAILY WORKER.

When the Two Giants Get Together



By Maurice Becker.

Maurice Becker here foresees a great event to come in the American labor movement—when the railroad workers and the coal miners stand together to resist the encroachments of the government on their right to strike. Of course, the government will use force to back up its anti-strike legislation—but the workers will ultimately be strong enough to meet that, too.

“Comrade Lady” Mosley

By CATO JONES.

IN these times when imperialism rules five-sixths of the earth and the proletarian revolution leaps forward to the challenge, the “socialist” parties of all countries are forced to reveal themselves, not a party of the working class at all, but the left wing of the party of capitalist order. Not as parties having the goal of socialism, but so to say, special subdivisions of the bourgeois party, specializing in converting workers into supporters of the capitalist order.

Amusing incidents show it. Some time ago the Berlin “Vorwaerts” was making a hero of “Genosse Pfarrer Schmidt” (Comrade Parson Schmidt), if we remember the name of the preacher correctly. Now comes William Morris Feigenbaum of the decrepit American socialist party’s organ “The New Leader,” to speak in unconcealed homage of “Comrade Lady Cynthia Mosley.”

In an article entitled “Distortion of Lady Mosley’s Socialism,” Feigenbaum tells how the dear noblewoman of the British peerage came into the “socialist” movement, title and all. Feigenbaum reverently remarks that the public interest in the matter was due largely to the Comrade Lady’s antecedents, and that:

“Her father was that ‘most superior person, George Nathaniel Curzon,’ Marquis of Kedleston, once Viceroy of India, the most terrific swell in the British empire and the most magnificently aristocratic tory. Her mother was the daughter of one of the great Chicago millionaires, she is one of the most beautiful women in England, and when she married the blue-blooded Oswald Mosley, youthful tory M. P., the king and queen (god bless them) attended the wedding, and the king was godfather to their child,”—and yet the lady is “going to do

everything in her power to bring about socialism.”

How is she going to do it? Thru promoting the class struggle of the workers against the capitalist class? Oh—NO! Only thru “combatting prejudice,” says the lady, and says Feigenbaum. It’s all just a matter of prejudice. There is no class struggle except in the mind of some fellow “without a constructive idea in his head.”

Mr. Feigenbaum says further that: “Recently Comrades Oswald and Cynthia made a propaganda tour,” and . . . “After the last meeting the two gently born comrades stood in the streets surrounded by countless thousands of workers and led them in singing ‘The Red Flag.’”

Lady Cynthia—“Comrade Lady” Cynthia—has written to Mister Comrade Feigenbaum repudiating the idea that she meant to say in the Hearst papers that a socialist party member in America is “an anarchist or nihilist, a red revolutionary without a constructive idea in his head.” She writes that she is sure the dear American comrades “hold practically the same view on all great questions that we do here (in England),” and sending the American socialist party “every good wish in your struggle against prejudice.”

“Mister Comrade” Feigenbaum winds up with saying that the noble Lady Cynthia Mosley, and “blue-blooded” Oswald as well, expect to visit the United States shortly, and that it is expected that they will speak for the socialist party of the United States!

We vote for Mister Comrade Feigenbaum to be Comrade Lady Cynthia’s gentleman in waiting on the royal tour to try to revive the dead counter-revolutionary socialist party, which has reached the point where it must even worship the titles of a decaying aristocracy.

To the Left Wing in the American Labor Movement

By RUDOLPH N. HARJU.

THE gloom is breaking.

You are moving
Toward the rising sun.
Altho hungry and exhausted,
With burning backs
From the stings of your master’s lash.
Yet, you are strong.
You dare to rise in revolt,
Determined and bold,
To throw off the yoke
That is decades old.
Bolstered today,
By traitors and enemies
Entrenched in the unions
Built by the workers.
Hillman, Sigman, Johnston, Lewis, Green and his gang;
You will consign to hell,
And teach them what it means to the unions,
To expell
The Communists
Who fight
Side by side
With all the workers,
To rid the unions
From the menace of shirkers.
You rise in revolt
Against the tools
Of capitalists,
Under the leadership
Of Communists.
If you take heed
Of their advice,
You’re sure to succeed
In your fight,
Against this traitor band,
As it is the Communists
Who understand
The role that the left wing plays,
In the movements of masses
That are inevitable,
In the death struggle of classes.

"LOCARNO?"—DEATH!



By Maurice Becker.

The Diplomats Gather and Drink to the "Golden Peace"—But Death Rises to Take the Salute.

French Communist Party Salutes the Daily

To The Daily Worker:

A HEARTY salute from France to the only Communist daily of the English language!

Ever since its first publication, two years ago, its constant and surprising progress has been noted with joy by all those who, in this country, follow with anxious eyes the evolution of American imperialism.

The masses are faced today with a tragic dilemma: Either revolutionary change and the seizure of power by the working classes, or the most oppressive tyranny by a monied oligarchy that the world has ever seen. The capitalist class of America, as a result of the war, is extending to Europe its formidable means of coercion and crushing domination, and looks forward to exercising on sea and on land an unquestionable supremacy.

Last year, under various pretenses, 16 million men in the United States were marshalled in military reviews and parades. In a few years, the naval power of America will be second to none. Its means of defense and attack are being constantly increased and perfected. In a word, the military, naval, aerial as well as the economic and financial stronghold of world-capitalism is now situated on the other side of the Atlantic. In France, despite her seventeen hundred thousand war victims, there is no question whatsoever as to "who won the war."

In opposition to this formidable power, the only hope of the exploited masses in America and elsewhere is in the longed-for awakening of the working class of the United States. This is the reason why all the efforts of the brave DAILY WORKER are watched carefully and with the most grateful appreciation and hope on this side of the water.

Friends, were you in need of any encouragement, you might rest assured that in erecting the foundations

of a strong Communist movement in America you are fighting our battles as well as your own. Great is our joy to hail the second anniversary of The DAILY WORKER!

What a powerful daily organ means to a great mass movement can be measured by the services rendered in times of need by our paper L'Humanite. It is notorious that the Communist Party was saved in periods of stress and adversity by the power of its official organ commanding the attention and directing the efforts of its two hundred thousand readers.

The extraordinary influence of the press over the public mind can hardly be exaggerated. The paper read every day in the year moulds opinions, creates prejudices, inspires ideas, dictates every mental attitude.

The power of the capitalist press is unlimited. Within its means are all the facilities of harvesting rapid and accurate news of every destruction, paying professionally-perfect talent, furnishing every possible attraction, and resorting to the best possible forms of advertisement.

Our revolutionary press, moneyless, boycotted in every way, hindered at every turn in its normal development is at a decided disadvantage. In France, the newspaper is the political advisor of its readers. Unfortunately, here as elsewhere, the working classes, exhausted by their daily labor, seek from the press rather recreation and rest than food for study of their interests and aspirations. The capitalist press panders admirably to this state of mind and accustoms its readers to amusing, exciting news with which is cleverly mingled all ideas of reactionary thought, patriotism, and those prejudices which make for the eternal blindness of the workers.

L'Humanite has always made a determined effort to give the working-

class accurate and rapid information of all important events. It has always kept its readers well grounded on all events both national and international of an economic and political import. Today, the paper can well represent the aspirations of the workers of France, and voice the soul of the revolutionary vanguard of its exploited masses.

Such is the destiny that lies before the valiant organ of the American workers. The all-but-crushing difficulties that it must surmount can hardly be over-estimated. In no other country are the powers of capitalist corruption equal to those that curse the United States. If anything, the American worker is, for many reasons, an easier

prey for capitalist deceit than his European brother. Furthermore Gompersism and the betrayal of the revolutionary movement by the socialist party have created a situation of uncommon and almost baffling complication.

In spite of all, the encouraging progress of The DAILY WORKER in this short two-year period is a sure warrant of success and of unprecedented development in a near future. In France, as in every country where Communism is fast nearing its destinies, the growth of the movement in America measured by the influence of its daily organ, is the object of the most sympathetic and passionate interest.

The Source

By HENRY GEORGE WEISS.

Ye prating fools who talk as if
Your filthy lucre did the work,
And raised the steel and drove the plough
And mined the coal in deepest murk—

Can dollars climb a ladder, say,
Or pull a lever, shift a gear?
Can dollars dig coal in a mine,
Can dollars span that river there?

Ye fools, it is not gold that works,
But sweating toilers 'neath the ban,
It is not dollars sweat and quake,
—That lot falls to the working man.

This modern serf—come view him close—
Oft robbed of brain, bereft of health;
This worse than slave—don't turn away!—
Is source of all your boasted wealth.

Then tell me not your dollars spin,
Then tell me not your dollars plan,
When I can see that all is done
By just the common working man!

The Daily Worker--Builder of the Party

By JAY LOVESTONE.

WE are finishing the reorganization of our Party. We are now winding up our campaign to build our Party organization on a Bolshevik basis. This is a most important period in our Party life.

No Communist in our midst will challenge the fact that it was absolutely necessary for us to reorganize the Party on the basis of shop and street nuclei. In our reorganization of the Party we have not only set up a Party apparatus enabling us more effectively to cope with the tasks of winning the leadership of the working class, but we have also struck staggering blows at the very taproots of Party strife.

If anybody has ever doubted the absolute necessity of the Party's having the Daily Worker serve as an effective guarantor of its existence, his doubts have certainly been dispelled by the role played by the Daily Worker in the reorganization campaign.

The Daily Worker and Reorganization.

LET'S enumerate briefly the services rendered by the Daily Worker in helping the Party reorganize itself.

1. The Daily Worker has rendered considerable service beside the technical one of giving information as to arrangements, meetings, instructions, and conferences involving the execution of our reorganization plans.

2. In order to succeed in our reorganization campaign it is absolutely necessary to have a strong ideological campaign in advance,—to deal sledgehammer blows to the apathy and opposition here and there manifesting itself in our ranks to reorganization. Only a Communist daily could fulfill this task. If it were not for the Daily Worker's contribution to the success of our ideological campaign, the Party could never have proceeded as vigorously as it did in actual reorganization. The most hopeless pessimist in our ranks cannot paint a dark enough picture of the condition which our Party would have found itself today if we had not moved forward with the speed and energy with which we did in the reorganization campaign.

3. One of the essential pre-requisites to the success of reorganization is to create a condition whereby the actual field experiences, the actual day-by-day experiences and progress of reorganization are brought home to all comrades. This task was fulfilled

by the Daily Worker admirably. The Daily Worker—Party Organizer.

WE are now pretty well on the road towards completing the reorganization. Our main remaining reorganization task at this moment is to reorganize the isolated branches. Our next drive must be to make these newly organized units—the shop and street nuclei—living, well-functioning units.

1. The Organization Department may work out the best plans for promoting activity among these units. The Party may have the best organizers in the field. Yet, unless we have a constant medium of effective contact with the entire membership of these units, we are lost. The Daily Worker is the best medium for this purpose. We have no other means today at our disposal which enable the party center to coordinate and direct all party activities, all party life.

2. There is tremendous value for our membership in being able to turn to the Daily Worker for articles, giving the general instructions and laying down the policy for developing the Party organization. The record of the progress, the experiences, the trials and the successes of the shop and street nuclei, must be an open book which will inspire our Party to drive further in the task of becoming the leader of the workers. This sort of news is the greatest invigorator of our new Party units. In this fashion the Daily Worker promotes the confidence of the party membership in itself and increase the initiative of our rank and file in the Party work. The activities of one shop nucleus prove to other shop nuclei that progress is actually being made. This enhances the initiative and desire to work in the ranks of increasing numbers of our Party.

3. Through the development of a system of effective Daily Worker correspondents, our Daily is welding a vital link in the chain of our growing, efficient Party apparatus. The creation of such an apparatus is an indispensable pre-requisite for our being able to win the masses to communism. Every Communist Daily Worker correspondent is a veritable party dynamo in the centers where the proletarian masses are congregated.

4. Above all, the Daily Worker serves to politicalize the Party units. It serves to broaden the concept of our shop nuclei members from centering their viewpoint on mere shop

issues and to help develop these issues into class issues. For the street nuclei, as well, the Daily Worker is an educator and leader.

What Must the Party Do for the Daily Worker?

IT is axiomatic that the Party life and growth are to a great extent tied up with the life and growth of the Daily Worker. But what must the Party do to make the existence of the Daily Worker possible?

In the United States, we have the greatest need for a fighting working class daily to counteract the influence of the most powerful bourgeois press in the world. It is in this condition that we also find the reason for our having such great difficulties in maintaining our Communist English daily. The financial and organizational difficulties are so vast that they appear to the skeptic and the weak-kneed as insurmountable.

Yet the Party can overcome these difficulties. The Party can do almost everything,—if it has the spirit, the determination and the correct policy for achievements. Our membership has already shown that we have enough spirit, revolutionary determination, and communist outlook to put over an English daily and to keep it going two years under the most trying circumstances. The question before us is: Can our membership now rally to take those steps which will give a firm, an unshakable, granite foundation for the Daily Worker? The answer to this question, hinges around the answer to the question of how big an army of Daily Worker subscribers we can build.

Let's put the case concretely. What can be done by our Party to give us an army of fifty thousand bona fide regular subscribers to the Daily Worker? We answer:

1. Every Party member must be a subscriber to the Daily Worker. This must not be an empty wish nor a pious hope. No Party member can be in good standing unless he is a Daily Worker subscriber. No matter what other Party organs he may read or subscribe to, no Party member is doing his full duty to the Party unless he subscribes to the central unifying Party organ.

2. Every Party member must get at least one new subscriber for the Daily Worker. This is a minimum task which no one in our ranks should shirk or turn down.

3. The Daily Worker is one the most powerful links of the Party with

the non-Communist proletarian masses. Therefore, the distribution of the Daily Worker must, under no circumstances, be regarded as menial work. The distribution of the Daily Worker is one of the basis, one of our fundamental Party tasks. The literature agent is not one of the secondary officers but is one of the main Party functionaries, upon whose success depends the progress of many of our efforts. In every trade union the Party members have a field for pushing and putting over the Daily Worker.

4. The distribution of Party literature, particularly the distribution of the Daily Worker, should be a permanent feature of the regular order of business of all Party unit meetings.

5. The Daily Worker is the official organ of every member of our Party. Every member of our Party should write to it, should write for it. Every Party member should tell the Daily Worker his or her shop experiences, his or her strike experiences. This is one of the best means to make the Daily Worker a living paper, a paper breathing the fighting spirit of the class struggle. Every Party member can do a great deal to make the Daily Worker a genuine lightning-rod amongst the non-Communist proletarians.

Let's Move Forward.

THE last two years—rather the first two years—have been years of uphill struggle for the mere existence of the Daily Worker. It is now our duty to devote our energies for the development and the improvement of our Daily fighter,—The Daily Worker,—as an invincible champion of the working class interests.

The first guarantee for our being able to concentrate all our efforts on improving the Daily Worker is the insurance of the existence of the Daily Worker. The first guarantee for the existence of the Daily Worker, for its continuity, is a substantial, a permanent, a loyal army of subscribers.

To build such an army for the Daily Worker—that's the outstanding task we now face. The realization of this task is of paramount significance for the future of our Party.

On the eve of the third year of the Daily Worker, the Party can be proud of its having measured up in the past to much more difficult tasks. We certainly will measure up to this task. This immediate party goal will be reached with many laps to spare.

Do Working Girls "Marry and Quit"?

No, They Get Married But Continue Slaving for Boss, Says Lillian L. Borgeson.

By LILLIAN L. BORGESON.

EVERY day thru factory gates and workshop doors, millions of working women are crowding, hurrying to take their places in the industrial machine. Over eight and a half million women in the United States are today toiling in the factories and shops, in the fields and on the farms for low wages doled out to them by their bosses.

And it is still believed by many that these working women represent a constantly changing and temporary force in industry; that this eight and a half million, for the most part includes young girls who work for that short time that elapses between the time they leave school and the time they get married.

But a study of the figures of the conditions of the working women in this country will reveal that nothing could be farther from the truth.

No "Nell Brinkley" Dreams for Working Girl.

Five million working women are over twenty-four years of age. And many of the others will continue in industry long after they have reached that age.

Marriage does not spell release to the average working woman. Rather it means greater responsibilities and

heavier burdens. In a recent study of the family status of wage-earning women, the United States department of labor used as a basis four cities representative of the different industrial sections of the country. The conditions and averages they found, can be taken as representative of the conditions of the five million older women who are in industry. They found in the cities studied a total of 40,000 wage-earning women. Of these over 55% were married. Only 2% of those who were married and working were childless. 53% had children to care for. Moreover 40% of the working mothers had babies five years of age or under.

Lock Babies In; Go Work for Boss.

These married women-workers had really two jobs, if not three. Four-fifths of the married women-workers maintained homes, and did all the housework, including laundry, in addition to caring for the children and working outside the home. Many managed to get work at night, locked their children in, and went off to the factory. Others worked outside the home during the day, leaving the children in charge of neighbors or "older" children and tried to keep house at night. And over two-thirds of these women workers, it must be noted, had another wage-earner in the family—the husband, whose paltry wages were

not sufficient even to feed the family.

It's Easy—for the Fat Boss!

Of course, these eight and a half million women who are forced into industry, appear to the capitalists as a group which can be easily exploited. They are, for the most part, unskilled.

Only one-fifteenth of them are organized in trade unions.

Their occupations vary, according to the section of the country in which they live and the industries which require the services of the unskilled. But the low wages and the long hours of the women in all sections of the country are common to them all.

For the nation the average of occupations in which the working women are employed are as follows:*

Domestic & Personal Service	2,186,924
Manufacturing & Mechanical	1,930,341
Clerical	1,426,116
Agriculture	1,084,128
Professional Service	1,016,498
Trade	667,792
Transportation	213,054
Public Service	21,794
Extraction of minerals	2,864

Total 8,549,511

These figures, it must be remem-

* Table of United States census 1920.

bered, vary according to the section of the country. As for example, in the middle Atlantic states where manufacturing is the main industry, manufacturing employs more women than does "domestic" service. The domestic service rate is high because it occurs in the agricultural and small town districts—the "hired girl" territories, where many duties not usually understood as "domestic" are included. Personal service, too, contributes a large number to this seemingly non-industrial group. "Home work" which still flourishes in all industrial centres and is such a flagrant evil, is included in domestic service—work done in the home.

Within the easily exploited group of working women, we find groups which are suffering more than others. The Negro woman, the foreign-born woman, each has her specific problems, a little different from the others.

But the problems of all the working woman of America are essentially the same. And her problems of low wages and long hours, of the double job of factory and home, of her pitiful attempt to make both ends meet and wily-nilly help feed and clothe her family, will never be solved until she joins with the working man and overthrows the system which is grinding them both for its own miserable ends.

THE BEYOND—By Henri Barbusse

I.

WHILE I return in the darkness, steady at my wheel and hurling through the night—and the sides of the road sweep past me with their phosphorescent trees and white telegraph wires—I think of the ball at the palace of Ghest.

Luxury, gold, gold. It was a golden fete, and all the women were dressed in golden costumes. In that gigantic hall the light shattered itself against this splendor, a brasier of gems and warmly painted faces, diadems, aigrettes and wings of gold, and bodies like ingots of gold in groups and rows and masses, all whirling. A concentric swarm of golden bees making merry and buzzing in a transparency of halos and glittering arabesques around a great conflagration of gold.

In the night the black automobile splashed with white reflections, shoots toward the winding slopes, and misses the edge by a hair. A curve in the road hanging over the gulf rushes upon me, with an oak tree whose bark is like elephant hide, lit up by the headlights. I take the curve at high speed, ten inches from death, eyes and hand steady. On this curved track, suddenly and dizzily illuminated, two of my wheels must be turning on air. Then the violent spinning rights itself and the car is thrown squarely upon the tarred and rubbery miles of the cliff road.

Every one of those hundreds of great ladies—countesses, miladies, and millionairesses, with golden throats, who people the immense ballroom of the Baron de Ghest's villa and the drawing-rooms opening like chapels on the nave of a church, was exquisite to behold, smiling, half-inviting, each one carnally designed in the mode (which is the only thing that carries the idea of perfection, down here on the Riviera.)

But the exquisite image of Carla rises before me as though reflected in the windshield, while the headlights throw upon the shadowy square a sheet of white. In this sharp lid of light that closes in my vision, the sweet face of Carla is formed, delicate and timid. She was not at the ball tonight. I think of her.

He said to me, the Baron de Ghest, that king of gold, pointing at me with a sovereign finger: "The air-raid on China, tremendous affair. You!"

This nabob, this Buddha of the Golden Fete, has the air of a sportsman, clean-shaven, with his rather wasted and Anglo-Saxon face. You can't often catch sight of him; his contemporaries only glimpse him in drawing rooms and fashionable restaurants, or at smart country clubs, or coming out of important conferences.

Carried away with joy I think over what he said to me, just as the roaring of high speed subsides into low at the bottom of the paved slope. The raid on China—that meant publicity, glory, money, and Carla!

I am happy. My claxon screams out and I take the side of the road to let another car pass. I scrape the night with growing speed. All the lines of the landscape converge in my eyes, and solid planes seem to meet at my wrists. The accelerator makes the wind stronger. Right and left the white walls of houses fly by like paper. The town. Before I begin the descent I see from the dizzy summit, in the dark sky where the moon is lost like a poor scrub-woman, the houses, beginning with their roofs.

AFTER the formalities of the garage, on foot and uncaged, I reach my doorstep. My hand puts the key in the keyhole. I see my hand, and my card nailed on the door—Hubert Allen, Aviator.

I light up, and look at myself in the mirror. I have a full face, and broad shoulders. I laugh; I am glad to be alive. That fairy ball still dances to its fiery music. But I shall go triumphantly to China. I don't envy that luxurious millionaire; my twenty-five years of youth demolish his forty years of age. I am young and perfectly balanced. All my training of fitness and energy, to keep my mind and muscle strong, results in this splendid vital machine that is myself. The glory of my life is in my body. Clean-cut pure egoism, that sparkles; and an ideal in the form of a plan.

The last time that I saw Carla, day before yesterday evening, she was wrapped in that fluffy pearl grey fur that the breath caresses. Her body was almost lost in the silky mass, her

body which I do not know. . . . We shall be married before the trip to China if I win the Zenith Cup.

II.

AT dawn. The factories massed beside the flying field, in the industrial district.

Tomorrow is the day of the Zenith Cup.

This black and white plain, full of smoking chimneys and covered with cinders, with its low city workshops, what a contrast with the splendor of that Coast of Joy, perfumed with the sun, or lighted at night as bright as day!

The four factories which make the four corners of the flying field belong to the Baron de Ghest, or at least, to corporations which he controls. Automobile and airplane parts are made there, and experiments on all sorts of industrial patents are carried on. I see files of workmen on their way to work before sunrise. Disgorged by the railroad station, they come along the railroad embankment. They are outlined against the sea. Each one carries a lunchbox, some of them carry their tools. It is a gloomy procession. Already their heads are bowed—in the dawn!

These files of working men give the plain the aspect of a battle-field, and make desolate the sea which one sees behind them. The joy of work is not here. They have no joy, they have no aim, no ideal. They are strangers to their tasks. They have not even faces. And yet, together, they make everything real.

Even more than the contrast between things is the contrast here between people; between these, and the rich in the sun! There is not in the whole world black and white more sharply contrasted.

Poor people! . . . I leap to the wheel. The door slams, and in the twinkling of an eye I devour with delight the fresh morning air.

III.

MARK, yawning, is busy in his laboratory. Is he busy with his experiments? No; but he is always busy. While he was still at the college of Toulouse, he was always busy. He thinks about the world of fashion. This engineer is a man of the world. I think it is the most evolved type of the species; if you carried him back to the mediaeval scene, he would seem unreal and made up out of literature!

A clever technician—he experiments with new inventions—he puts aside all his science as soon as he can, fascinated by the gestures of smart society. It is a fever in him. He is up in all the incalculable details of the chronicle of luxury and money—and Ghest knows that the Riviera is alive with all sorts of worldly culture! He struggles desperately on the rim of that gilded whirlpool. He is a living document, always legible and a great talker—and often strangled and wild-eyed with the embarrassment of choosing!

Upon seeing me, he first of all gets rid of a bit of professional information: "You know, they've invented an asphyxiating gas which will annihilate whole populations like a flash. And as for new explosives—you ought to see them, old man!"

I am ready for anything. I laugh. "You know," adds Mark, "they dug up an awful scandal about the decision on the affair of the pier. . . . You know, in this town which isn't even a county town, there are five hundred automobiles which cost more than two hundred thousand francs. . . . Yesterday at the Casino six gamblers had beside them stacks of banknotes as big as dictionaries; how many millions! . . . You know that last scandal that is going around. . . . This and that. . . . They're richer than you'd believe."

"All the better for them."

"Say, do you think it will last? . . . You know, at the Winters' masquerade last Thursday, there was a black masquer, slim as a spider. He cried, 'You're mistaken,' to the Baroness Shammal when she said she had black hair. He inspected the Lawrence picture Lady Winter is so proud of and said with the air of an expert: 'It's so good that it could not be worse!' Mr. Bonneard, that half of an old senator, declared to a group, 'Respect is vanishing,' and the black masquer cried: 'Respect for whom? for you?' and of course everybody roared with laughter. Old General Bourgenne was holding forth and said: 'That will

bring us bad luck.' The other one told him, 'Touch your sword, general.' Say, do you know that there are big stakes up on you for the Zenith Cup?"

He knows a lot, that fellow. But he is as insatiable as an astronomer before dazzling statistics.

"I want to know."

"To know what?"

"Everything. What one never knows. People—you guess a little—but they are locked and bolted."

"Go on—there aren't so many complications."

"Yes! It's stupid. . . . stupid. . . . If one only knew!"

His chatter lifted veils from that brilliant society which is not without its charm. But I prefer my own mentality to his. I haven't his mania for absorbing the unknown. And after all people aren't so opaque as all that; one can see through them. Puppets, the Baron de Ghest at the head of the list—but it's all the same to me. I simply take what I need of them and try to treat myself right.

"Goodby, Mark, keep busy, search, old man!"

IV.

"THIS way, sir," said the trained nurse to me. She recognized me and smiled. I followed her down the calm and stifled corridors. From the windows you could see factories, railroad embankments, the wrong side of the country.

Tomorrow is to be the competition for the Zenith Cup. Today I have done a thousand errands, putting things in order and seeing people. I have still the pious duty which I never neglect before any important attempt; a superstition? Perhaps. I don't care. I go to see my Aunt Elvira who brought me up, and who for ten years has been in this insane asylum. Her insanity is quite gentle, and she can be visited like a sick child.

I found that she had aged terribly. "I have thought so much since I saw you yesterday," she told me. "Yesterday! It was three weeks ago. But the poor woman's only days are when she sees me. Her voice is strangely tremulous. She holds her thin hands out in front of her."

"Take care, Hubert, take care, my child!" She shrinks before me. Her grey hair falls like a ragged veil around her face whose delicacy, mental illness has not destroyed. She is rigid and her right hand catches at her sterile bosom.

Her voice is moving, she looks at me with her too limpid eyes. I have never seen her so much the image of anguish and terror.

I have an unsurmountable physical repugnance for anything abnormal and unbalanced, and I am on the point of running away like a little boy. But her pathetic voice holds me and keeps me there.

"Tomorrow is the race to death. We shall all, all of us run that race. Not only you, poor child—all of us. Nothing can be done! How terrible he is, the man of steel and gold. He will stifle us all, all the poor people with us. . . . Monster! . . . Moloch!"

She mixes scraps of the apocalypse with this vision of a race to death which she leans forward so attentively to see that she forgets my presence.

I cannot help sympathizing with a distress so deep. I do not answer because I know very well that she can not hear me from the depths of her other world, and what use to refute this insanity in which it seems that she scrawls a caricature of the Baron de Ghest. . . . but I feel a tenderness invade me in which are passionately mingled all the memories of my childhood. Those two thin hands have so often and so gently saved my life!

She put her bony fingers to her eyes; her petrified heart is shaken. She makes tremendous efforts to weep, but for ten years her eyes have been dry. She is nothing but a lifeless thing that wants to revive.

Outside, I shake myself. I am sensitive to horrors to the point of having gooseflesh and I haven't any taste for mystery and fantasy. I climb into my car and rush deliciously down the long road like a meteor.

(To be continued next week in the New Saturday Magazine Supplement of the Daily Worker—the issue of Saturday, January 16.)

Where to Begin? BY LENIN

(From "Iskra," May, 1901)

THE question, "What to do?" is pushing itself to the foreground before the Russian social-democrats with especial force during recent years. It is a question, not of the selection of the road (as was the case at the end of the 80's and at the beginning of the 90's), but a question of what practical steps we must take and precisely in what manner we must take them along an ascertained road. It is a question concerning a system and plan of practical activity. And it must be acknowledged that this question of the character and the means of struggle—which is basic for a practical party—still remains undecided with us, still excites very serious differences of opinion revealing sad unsteadiness and vacillation of thought. On the one hand, the "economic" tendency, which attempts to emasculate and to narrow the work of political organization and agitation, is far from being dead. On the other hand, the tendency of unprincipled eclecticism, which adapts itself to every new "current," which cannot distinguish the immediate requirements from the basic problems and the permanent needs of the movement as a whole, proudly raised its head as formerly. As is known, such tendency built for itself a nest in the "Rabocheye Delo" ("Workers Cause"). Its latest "program" declaration—a loud article under a loud title, "The Historic Turn" (No. 6 of the "Listok Rabochavo Dela") confirms especially clearly the said characteristic. It was only yesterday that we played with "economism," that we were indignant about the decisive condemnation of the "Rabochaya Misl," that we were "mollifying" Plekhanov's stand on the question of struggle against autocracy—and today we are already quoting the words of Liebknecht: "If circumstances change in 24 hours, then it is necessary also to change the tactics in 24 hours"; we are already speaking of a "strong fighting organization" for a direct attack, for the storming of the autocracy, we are speaking of a "broad revolutionary political agitation" (there! already, how energetically!—both revolutionary and political!) amongst the mass, we are already speaking of an "untiring call to protest in the streets," of an "arrangement of street demonstrations of sharply (sic) political character," etc., and so on and so forth.

We could, if you please, express pleasure because of the fact that "Rabocheye Delo" has so quickly assimilated the program which we had already put forward in the first number of "Iskra" for the creation of a strong, organized party directed toward the conquest not only of partial concessions, but of the very stronghold of autocracy; however, the absence of any firm viewpoint among those who have assimilated it is enuf to spoil all the pleasure. Of course "Rabocheye Delo" mentions Liebknecht's name in vain. In 24 hours one may change the tactics of agitation in regard to some special question, the tactics of carrying out some detail of party organization; but to change not only in 24 hours but even in 24 months one's opinions in regard to the question whether a fighting organization and political agitation amongst the mass are necessary generally, at all times and unconditionally, is possible only for men having no principles. To refer to the difference of the situation, to the change of periods, is ridiculous; it is obligatory to work for the creation of a fighting organization and for the conducting of political agitation under any "grey, peaceful" situation, in the period of any sort of "decline of revolutionary spirit";—more than that: the above mentioned work is especially necessary precisely in such a situation and in such periods, because at the moment of explosions and flare-ups it is already late to create an organization; the organization must be prepared in order at once to develop its activity. "To change tactics in 24 hours!" But in order to change tactics, one must first possess tactics, and if there is no strong organization, tested in political struggle in every situation and during all periods, then there can be no talk of that systematic plan of action, illumined with firm principles and being carried out unwaveringly, which alone deserves the name of tactics. Consider indeed: we are told already that the "historic moment" has put before our party an "entirely new" question—of terror. Yesterday the question of political organization and agitation was "entirely new";—today it is the question of terror. Is it not strange to hear how people, so forgetful of their origin, are discussing a radical change of tactics?

Fortunately, "Rabocheye Delo" is wrong. The question of terror is absolutely not a new question and it is sufficient for us briefly to bring in mind the established views of the Russian social-democracy.

In principle we have never renounced and cannot renounce terror. This is one of the military actions which may be entirely suitable and even necessary at a certain moment of the battle, when the troops are in a certain state, and under certain conditions. But the essence of the matter is exactly this, that terror is being proposed at the present time, not at all as one of the operations of an acting army, not as an operation closely connected with and conforming to the entire system of struggle, but as an independent means of individual attack, independent of any army. And in the absence of a central revolutionary organization and in the condition of weakness of the local revolutionary organizations, terror cannot be anything else but that. That is why we decisively declare such a means of

struggle under the given conditions to be untimely, inexpedient, diverting the most active fighters from their real and most important task for the entire movement, and as disorganizing not to the governmental forces, but to the revolutionary forces. Recall the latest events: under our eyes the broad masses of city workers and urban "plain people" are surging to battle, but among the revolutionists there is no staff of leaders and organizers. Under such conditions does not the entering of the most energetic revolutionists into terror threaten to weaken those fighting units upon which alone one can place serious hopes? Does not this threaten to break the contact between the revolutionary organization and those disunited masses who are discontented, protesting and ready for struggle, and which are weak precisely because of their disunion? And yet in this contact lies the only guarantee of our success. We are far from the thought of denying every significance of individual heroic strokes, but it is our duty to warn with all energy against preoccupation with terror, against its being acknowledged as the main and basic means of struggle, to which very, very many are so strongly inclined at present. Terror can never become an everyday military action; at best it is suitable only as one of the methods of a decisive storm-attack. The question arises: can we at the given moment call to such a storm attack? "Rabocheye Delo" apparently thinks yes. At least it exclaims: "Form into storming columns!" But this again shows a zeal contrary to reason. The chief mass of our military forces is in the volunteers and insurrectionists. As a standing army we have only several small detachments, and even these are not mobilized, not connected with each other, not trained to form themselves into military columns generally, much less into storming columns. Under such conditions, for any one who is capable of reviewing the general conditions of our struggle without forgetting about them at every "turn" of the historical march of events,—it must be clear that our slogan at the present moment cannot be "march to the storm-attack," but must be "Arrange for the systematic siege of the enemy fortress." In other words: the immediate task of our party cannot be the calling of all available forces right at the present moment to an attack, but must be the call for the working out of a revolutionary organization, capable of uniting all forces and of guiding the movement not only in name but in reality, that is, to be always ready for a support of every protest and of every flare-up, using them for the multiplication and strengthening of military forces suitable for the decisive battle.

The lesson of the February and March events is so imposing that one can hardly encounter at present any objections on principle against such a deduction. But what is demanded of us at the present time is, not the solution of the question on principle, but its practical solution. The need is not only to clarify for oneself precisely what organization is necessary and exactly for what kind of work,—the need is to work out a certain plan for an organization in order that it may be possible to proceed from all directions to construct it. In view of the unpostponable importance of the question we, on our part, decide to propose for the attention of the comrades a sketch of a plan which is being developed by us more in detail in a pamphlet now in course of preparation for publication.

According to our opinion the starting point of activity, the first practical step toward the creation of the desired organization,—lastly the basic thread in following which we would be able to develop, to deepen and to broaden this organization—must be the establishment of an all-Russian political newspaper. We need first of all a newspaper,—without this it is impossible to conduct systematically that many-sided propaganda and agitation, unswerving in principle, which constitutes the constant and chief task of the social-democracy generally and the especially essential task of the present moment when the interest in politics, in the questions of socialism, is awakened in the broadest strata of the population. And now as never before with such force, one feels that the fragmentary agitation by means of personal influence, by means of local leaflets, pamphlets, etc., must be completed by that generalized and regular agitation which it is possible to conduct only with the aid of the periodical press. It will hardly be an exaggeration to say that the degree of frequency and of the regularity of issue (and of circulation) of the newspaper may serve as a most accurate measure as to how solidly we have established this most primitive and most essential branch of our activity. Further, it is precisely an All-Russian paper that we need. If we are not able, and as long as we are not able, to unify our effects upon the people and upon the government by means of the printed word,—the thought unifying other, more complicated and difficult, but nevertheless more decisive, means of pressure will be utopian. Our movement in the ideological as well as in the practical organizational respect, is suffering above all from its fragmentary character, from the fact that the overwhelming majority of the social-democrats are absorbed almost completely in purely local work, which narrows their horizon, their extent of activity and their conspiratory skill and preparedness. Precisely in this fragmentariness ought one to search for the deepest roots of that unsteadiness and that vacillation about which we were speaking above. And the first step forward on the road of delivery from this shortcoming, on the road of transformation of several local movements into one all-Russian movement, must be the establishment of an

all-Russian newspaper. Finally, we need without fail a political newspaper. Without a political organ a movement deserving the name of a political movement is unthinkable in modern Europe. Our task—to concentrate all elements of political discontent and protest, and with these to fertilize the revolutionary movement of the proletariat,—is absolutely unrealizable without a political organ. We made the first step, we awakened in the working class the passion for "economic," factory, exposures. We must make the next step: to awaken in all strata of the people that are conscious in some degree, the passion for political exposures. One must not be perturbed because the voices of political exposure are so weak, so few and so timid at the present time. The reason for this is not at all an overwhelming reconciliation with police despotism. The reason is that people who are capable and ready to expose do not have a tribune from which they could speak,—there is no audience passionately listening and encouraging the orators,—that they see nowhere among the people any force such as it would be worth the pains to turn to with the complaint against the "omnipotent" Russian government. And now all this is changing with tremendous rapidity. Such a force is in existence; it is the revolutionary proletariat; it has already proved its readiness not only to listen to and to support a call to political struggle, but also to throw itself courageously into the struggle. We are now in a position to create, and we are in duty bound to create, a tribune for a nation-wide exposure of the czarist government;—the social-democratic newspaper must be such a tribune. The Russian working class, in distinction from other classes and strata of Russian society, manifests a constant interest in political knowledge, it presents constantly (and not only during the periods of especial excitement) a tremendous demand for illegal literature. In face of such mass demand, with the development of experienced revolutionary leaders already begun,—with that state of concentration of the working class which makes it the actual master in the working class quarters of a big city, in factory settlement and mill town,—the establishment of a political newspaper is an affair entirely within the strength of the proletariat. And thru the proletariat the newspaper will penetrate into the ranks of the city petty bourgeoisie, the village artisans and peasants, and will become a real people's political newspaper.

The role of the newspaper is not limited, however, to the mere spreading of ideas, to political education alone and to the attraction of political allies. The newspaper is not only a collective propagandist and collective agitator, but also a collective organizer. In this last respect it can be compared to the timbers erected around a building in the course of construction, which outline the contour of the building, facilitate communication between the individual builders, assist them in the distribution of labor and the supervision of the general results attained by the organized work. With the help of the newspaper and in connection with it, will crystallize of itself a permanent organization, occupied not only with local but with the regular general work, training its members attentively to follow political events, to evaluate their significance and their influence upon the various strata of the population, to work out expedient ways of action upon these events on the part of the revolutionary party. The technical task alone—to secure the regular furnishing of the newspaper with material and its regular distribution—compels the creation of a net of local agents of a single party, of agents who are in lively communication with each other, who know the general situation, who accustom themselves to fulfill regularly the fragmentary functions of all-Russian work, testing their forces in the organization of these or other revolutionary actions. This net of agents will be the skeleton of just such an organization as we need: sufficiently large to embrace the entire country; sufficiently broad and many-sided to carry out a strict and detailed division of labor; sufficiently tested to be able to conduct its own work unflinchingly under all circumstances, in all "turns" and emergencies; sufficiently pliant to be able on the one hand to evade battle in the open field with an enemy of overwhelming force, at a time when the enemy's strength is concentrated, and on the other hand able to attack him at the time and place where the attack is least of all expected. Today we are faced with a comparatively easy task of supporting the students who are demonstrating on the streets of the large cities. Tomorrow we shall be faced perhaps with a more difficult task, for instance to support the movement of the unemployed in a certain region. The day after tomorrow we must be at our post to take revolutionary part in a peasant rebellion. Today we must take advantage of that sharpening of the political situation which the government created by its offensive against the Zemstvo. Tomorrow we must support the indignation

(Continued on last page of this section)

*It is self-understood that such agents could work successfully only under condition of their complete closeness to the local committees (groups, circles) of our party. And in general the entire plan which we are sketching is realizable, of course, only with the most active support of the committees, which have more than once taken steps toward the unification of the party and which—we are certain—will achieve this unification, if not today then tomorrow, if not in this, then in another form.

THE INTERNATIONAL CONVENTION

A Classical Play.

A Satire, in Dramatic Form, on the Recent Convention of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union,

By PAULINE SCHULMAN.

Cast of Characters

With the Members of the Union as the Public.

Sigman.....Manager of a Theater
Dubinsky, A Man Wielding Great Power.

Baroff.....Bank Director
Hochman, Spokesman for the Troupe
Nagler.....The Poet
Halpern,.....Savior of the Country
Antonini.....The Clown
Ninfo.....A Sport
Hillquit.....A Preacher
Lefkowitz.....A Philosopher
Fania M. Cohn, A "Red Cross" Nurse
Molly Friedman, A Salvation Army Girl

First, Second and Third Critic.
A Number of Elderly Men and Young Girls.

Police and Plainclothes Men.

Time: Present.

Place: Philadelphia.

Prologue

Before The Curtain

Manager (Sigman): My good friends, on whom I have depended to assist and advise me, come to your old friend's aid once more tonight. (Not knowing what fate may befall his present undertaking, he evidently tried very hard to please the assembled audience.) To please the public I am most desirous. "Live and let live" has ever been its maxim. Gladly does the public pay whatever we tax it.

I know the people's taste; their whims, caprices, are and were always satisfied by the production of new and popular pieces; but heretofore I have never been so harrassed as now. Everyone reads so much about everything. The books they read are not the best, this is true. And they are forever reading—reading! This being so, how can we hope to produce anything new and good?

Poet (Nagler): With my dramatic voice I surely will inspire them. My powers do not desert me when facing tumultuous crowds and maintain their vigor as well as when I gaze into the quiet of an ever-silent spring, I know the multitude and how to play on their feelings.

Spokesman (Hochman): Where the poet will fail with his dramatic voice, I'll command! In case of necessity I will shout so as to compel applause from the critic who represents the public.

Savior of the Country (Halpern): Haven't I worked hard and prepared adequately? Look at all these girls who will be among the representatives of the public. At my first signal they will applaud; they have nothing else to do and are paid well for doing so.

The Powerful Man (Dubinsky): My methods have never failed and those who assist me are always at my service.

Clown (Antonini): The critics surely will not have anything against me, I'll always make them laugh. With my head hanging clumsily between my shoulders, the little mustache on my upper lip trying to show a serious and honest face which is a rarity with me—no doubt they will be amused. In case I notice any dissatisfaction emanating from the critics, I'll jump on the platform and will have something to say to the Manager, so as not to give the representatives of the public an opportunity to express their opinion.

Philosopher (Lefkowitz) (Lost in profound contemplation): Yes, it is the most important thing not to let the critics express themselves, because press representatives are here and still they will surely broadcast the message to the public which would mean total failure for this play as well as for our stage as a whole. No! this shall not, it must not happen! To match my French beard, I'll let my moustache grow long. I will use some very high-sounding phrases so as to make the critics believe that no

material motives or personal interests enter my mind. Nothing less than World Phenomena concerns me.

Salvation Army Girl (Molly Friedman): With my songs I'll try to persuade the critics to believe that these actors mean well and are trying to uplift them with their new art, which is art with a purpose, not art as we have had it heretofore—"Art for Art's sake." I will make the critics think that no other aim have these actors but to serve the public. Should I notice any look of doubt upon anyone's face, I'll turn my eyes to heaven and swear that I believe in these actors just as strongly as I trust in god, that I would not fear to entrust my life into their hands.

Red Cross Nurse (Fania Cohn): Not pleasure alone is what the public is seeking. There are many phases of life which may interest them. I'll read to them some excerpts from my diary wherein I have jotted down notes of the statements uttered by men on the point of death. At the same time I'll try to draw their attention to the importance of life insurance institutions, so that they may forget about the play.

The Manager (Sigman) (Listening to the foregoing becomes a little self confident, altho his heart trembled with fear, for he knows too well that there is nothing new to give, and that his sole duty is to cover up the old things): I know the public will detect my hollowness, for these whom they have sent as their representatives have eyes which penetrate the thickest skull. But the members of my staff know that and will surely do their best, for after all it is to their interest as well as to my own.

(All retire, and the curtain is raised to reveal the full stage. It is decorated with numerous flowers. The moment the play begins, inevitable downfall of the manager and staff becomes imminent. The critics immediately after the first act begin to protest, for it is obvious that this is not the classical play supposed to be presented. It is found to be a vaudeville comedy rather than a classic drama.)

First Critic: Shift your scenes rapidly; let your play represent the life we live every day. Your tricks are in vain. Our public, as it is now constituted, with each new hour becomes more conscious, gains new strength, develops greater power to judge for itself and react to your unfavorable performance.

Second Critic: You are but losing time, wasting words and time, playing with language and empty phrases. Your instruments are no longer useful, even tho you have given them a thoro tuning in preparation for this play. It will be of no avail to you. For the masses do not believe any more in hesitation. They cry: "No more delay, no more excuse for the stuff you promised to produce!"

(The Manager turns pale and is trembling with rage! (Aside): The audacity! To tell me all that in plain words so that the world may know it by tomorrow, if not today! (He fixes his gaze at the correspondent's desk. The curtain fall sharply.)

(Behind the curtain a panic breaks out. One blames the other for not having played his part correctly. Again the curtain is raised but due to their quarrels they become so upset that they lose their heads altogether. The clown not only does not amuse, but his two thumbs clutch at each corner of his vest, his face an accurate reflection of pain, his little mustache lending him the appearance of a cat that has had the mouse in its claws but which was unable to hold on to it. The manager from behind the curtain is threatening that those who make a wrong step in any of their parts will be discharged.)

The Poet (Ninfo): The devil with it all! I don't give a hang. I know nothing will help, for the play is lost. The critics are severe as acid. The public is determined to have its choice and will no longer accept what we try

to hand out to them. Why fool ourselves? We announced a classical drama and what do we give instead? A comedy! It will not go, no it will not work any longer!

Band Director (Baroff): The Sport speaks so easily about it, it seems that it means but little to him. Oh! how I hate his everlasting smile; he can help himself, but I, in my old age—what can I do? It is hard to find a bank where one can be the sole boss and at the same time solemnly declare that this is done for the benefit of our public. (He walked nervously up and down the stage and stops before a mirror). Of course, my appearance is one of a real bank director, with my gray hair, broad shoulders, large belly—I personify dignity itself.

The Philosopher (Lefkowitz) (Who during the entire quarrel was lost in deep thought, suddenly cries out): Happily I know what would help! We must have our preacher, for he always saved us!

Spokesman (Hochman): I doubt whether he will come. Besides he is quite expensive. Not very long ago for a little assistance we paid him \$20,000. Our treasury is exhausted today.

Powerful Man (Dubinsky): He will, he must come! Our strength is decreasing, we must make the final effort or else everything is lost. I still have some hope to control this stage at least for a little while, if not for long.

The Preacher (Hillquit) (Appears and speaks in a soft, sweet, imploring voice): Children of the masses, you have always listened to me. Be contented with what is presented to you on this stage! You know that changes on the stage as well as in practical life come from above. We mortals must be patient until the lord assigns to us a change in our ways. (Turning to the critic, he continues): The masses must wait at least another two years; then it will be the duty of our actors to present new and different plays, but the time is not yet. (With his eyes uplifted towards the sky): There is a world above us where all of us will continue our lives in freedom and happiness. At this present moment I wish to bring a little joy into the lives of the people so as to make them feel pleasant until our real happy existence over there (again pointing to the sky) will begin.

Third Critic (To the Manager): You put up a strong fight but it is in vain. You will not succeed. The masses you give but very little consid-

eration. Among yourselves, each strives with the other for mastery. For a number of years, you and your group have been living at the expense of our public, on whose last drop of blood you have thrived. And for their good money you gave them cheap vaudeville and farce instead of good classic drama to develop their minds. All I can say is "Finita la Comedia!" We are thru with you. Our public at present is getting stronger; and surely will they not stand for your nonsense any longer.

The Manager (Behind the curtains cries out loudly to his actors): Well! What have you go to say to this?

Spokesman (With a bunch of manuscripts enters the stage; speaks to the critic): There! I'll convince you that you are wrong. These documents are old, historic ones and I assure you that it is from the past that we can learn and not from the future. Why do you always want something new? The future we must leave to the gods.

The Clown (Antonini) (Does his best to make all sorts of faces but in vain.)

The Critic: You are wasting your time, your energy and our public's money. All we will do now is to bring a message giving all the information and thus let them decide for themselves.

Manager (Sigman) (Behind the curtain): The best thing for me would be to resign and let some one else with hot, red blood bring new life on this stage. I have promised this to the public.

Powerful Man (Dubinsky): You are speaking for yourself, Mr. Manager. Don't forget you owe us something, too, and we will not let you get off so easily, we have no farm to go to.

Manager (Sigman) (With his head bent low, looking crosseyed at the emptiness of the ages, with a bitter and poignant smile as he shakes his weary head): Very well, I'll obey your order.

The Sport (Ninfo) (Repeating the last few words of the manager): "I'll obey your order"—but for how long will it last? I told you once that nothing will help—not even those girls the Savior of the Land has brot here to make the appearance that they are the real critics. Of course, those girls pass favorable judgment upon our play, but listen! Whom do we fool? No one but ourselves, and if we fool ourselves, how long will it last and how far can we go with it?

Yes—just how far?

(CURTAIN FALLS)

Editor's Note.

WITH pleasure we publish in this issue the greeting to The DAILY WORKER on its anniversary which comes from Comrade Shapurji Saklatvala, member of the Communist Party of Great Britain, who represents the working class of Battersea, England, in the British house of commons. Comrade Saklatvala's name rang thru the world at the time of his recent exclusion from the United States when he wished to attend at New York a meeting of the interparliamentary union. In its pleasure at receiving this greeting from Comrade Saklatvala, The DAILY WORKER is obliged to express the hope that the reader will not gather from Comrade Saklatvala's words an inaccurate impression of the Communist view of the class struggle and the world-wide revolution. The revolution is a struggle in which the working class and the colonial peoples and working farmers in alliance with them do not play solely a defensive role, nor await the final stages of the class struggle before organizing the working class and colonial forces for this struggle. The working class does not obtain power thru the acts of legislative bodies of the capitalist state, but thru revolutionary action outside of capitalist parliaments; working class parliamentary action is a necessary means of mobilizing and teaching the working class. It would be unfortunate for members of the working class to gather the impression that the mere moral resolve not to recognize

capitalist laws would result in the working class having possession of the machinery of production and distribution. The capitalist possession of this machinery is no illusion, but is expressed with emphatic reality thru the capitalist state.

While it is true that the Communists are not bloodthirsty persons whose desires are expressed in a yearning to kill,—and while it is true that the Communist aim is to establish a society without brutality, without killing, and without oppression,—nevertheless the advanced revolutionary workers know that the revolution intervenes between the present and the attainment of their ideals. Comrade Saklatvala does not say the contrary, and it should be hoped that the total effect of his article will not be one of pacifism touched with the ideology of non-co-operation as a sufficient, or nearly sufficient, means of attaining the aims of Communism. The lessons of history do not permit revolutionary workers any indulgences in vain speculations.

Comrade Saklatvala's hearty spirit of comradeship is highly valued. Especially the spirit of brotherhood between the colonial suppressed peoples and the industrial working class of all countries. The DAILY WORKER should like for Comrade Saklatvala to visit this country in spite of Mr. Kellogg, and we are sure that he would learn that the American workers are not "endowed with freedom in a manner unknown to human history."

—R. M.

Saklatvala Greet The Daily Worker

British Communist Excluded from U. S., Sends Message to 'Workers' Paper.

The Editor of The DAILY WORKER:

To you, comrade editor, your staff, and all comrade readers away out in the far west. May I send you on this second anniversary of yours my greetings not only from Battersea or Britain but from Bombay and the eastern world?

As the only existing English speaking Communist daily, you have broken the monopoly of the capitalist daily press published in the English language, which undoubtedly is today the most powerful and most widely circulated. Let us hope that our Communist comrades in other English speaking countries will be able to emulate your example, and we shall soon have a world-wide English Communist press.

In one's calm moments, when "one revolves only the doom of mankind," it seems surprising how human folly and weakness on the one hand, and how human arrogance and rapaciousness on the other hand are as it were conspiring together to thwart human progress at every stage of its development.

"Legal rights" that do wrong to millions of human lives seem to grip the soul not only of those who enjoy the legal rights, but even of those who suffer as victims from them. These "criminals of want" are a larger body than the criminals of superabundance, and they stand in their own way far more efficiently than the barricades of the possessing class.

You sometimes hear that there are forty millions of oppressed class untouchables in my country, India, or that, there are haremfuls of women of some one eastern potentate, who are kept under a perpetual veil. If just in a week's time each untouchable deliberately touched two high class touchables, or if all women behind the curtains tore their sheets and shrouds to shreds, the trick will be done, the bond must break, and no power upon earth can restore it. But the tragedy and curse of human folly are that it is the untouchable who dreads to touch, and the covered women who feels offended to expose her beautiful form that keeps the trade of oppression going. And so it is with the toiling wage-earner, who is more in dread of the rightful possession of his product than of the scowl of his master.

The stupid critics of the Communist Party assail us with an intention to murder everybody and to take possession of his or her belongings. No sound Communist ever thinks of such a foolish and futile game. It is not at all necessary to kill the landlords or mine owners, or railway magnates, or directors of a book or cloth factory "to take possession" of houses, coal, railroads, boots or cloth for the community. The houses are in actual possession of the tenants. Let your poorest tenants imagine how comfortable and clean and progressive their homes can be made if each Saturday the tenants spent 5 or 10 or 15 dollars (whatever is your weekly rent) on the actual improvement of his dwelling place, instead of superstitiously handing it over to a landlord's agent, for some other family to spend it upon themselves. You do not require to kill anybody, you only want to respond to human progressiveness, and to kill the old time legislative superstitions and mythical civic virtues. Keep possession of your homes as members of a community, spend a portion of your earnings month by month on maintaining, improving, and embellishing these homes in accordance with the advancing scientific ideas and sanitary needs of the whole community, and do not yield to the terrors and blackmailing calls of the old-fashioned rent collector who quotes phrases from our old barbarous law books. That is all.

As colliers when you go down the pits and cut and shift coal, as workers when you stand in front of your loom or bench or machine, as peasants when you grow cotton or wheat, and as workers on railroads, or in ships when you shift and transport goods about, you are all the time in actual and substantial possession and control of coal, of cloth, of boots and



By Maurice Becker.

CAPITALIST: "Foreign-born workers? That means the workers in basic industries. Slavery for them means safety for me."

wheat, or cotton, etc., etc., and no process of killing anybody is required to take possession of same. You make trouble for yourselves after producing and possessing goods, when you yield to the inhuman and savage superstition of a legal possession of your production by some unknown persons. You require to kill nobody only you require to be sensible and to transport and safely deliver these goods to communal warehouse for even and sensible distribution by communal cooperative organizations, instead of wickedly depositing them under lock and key for a fantastic legal owner, who then blackmails every member of the community who desires or requires to use these goods. You are told by all constitutions, American, British, Chinese, or Peruvian, the community can unmake as well as make laws, and if this be so, why not overthrow the old world legal superstitions of fantastic individual possessions by introducing more humanity into the domain of legislation? The "criminals of want" are surely more numerous than the few individual owners who keep them in such want. But then comes a great christian consideration! These lovers of peace and constitution will not obey human or just laws, they will fight to the last ditch for unequal control and possession, and they will come out with a program of killing, firing, food blockading, and starving us into submission with all the refinement of modern terrorism and mechanically conducted oppression. The "criminals of want" say, "Let us then keep quiet, and embrace our life of want as one of tolerable contentment till the pseudo-christian constitution-monger becomes a truly christian constitutionalist."

But why should he? During the last 1928 years (Jesus was born in 3 B. C. I am told) he has not shown the least inclination towards such an accomplishment. It is then that the Communist as the guardian of a communal civilization, and as an upholder of community rights, comes forward and says, "Hold his hands, remove his arms, do not assist him, but stop him from killing." The real issue is not that the Communist urges you to kill, but that the capitalist is always accustomed to kill, the proletariat has always agreed to it, and the Communist will not let this killing go on, nor its intimidation to stand in the way of human progress. We want society to lay down its arms, to give up its methods of lock-outs, dismissals, starvation, economic terrorism, and

hen to let mankind decide how to meet its needs and desires. This the "constitutionalist" (!) refuses to do, and is raving with anger against the Communist who will not quietly permit him to kill and starve, while he is shepherding mankind along the path of christian civilization of his conception, in which, hunger, degradation, unemployment, prisons, prostitution must all continue to play their part to enable the possessor to multiply the profligacies of his life and the eccentricities of his control over tenants, employes and school-children.

Naturally there would arise the cry to wipe out these Communists. This even cannot be done by the masters of the earth without the assistance of "criminals of want."

Some of you must be bribed, and made to believe that you are happy because you are opposed to communal rights and are willing to depend upon individual gifts. Others of us must be crushed down and ground down and be told that in seeking your communal rights you would lose even the last vestige of your possession which keeps body and soul together. The whole of Europe is put under this latter process, while I understand our American comrades are put in the former process of temporary contentment. I do not know, our good friend Kellogg will not permit me to know, but I am informed that at present your skies are blue, the sun, the moon and the stars shine with an untarnished lustre and warmth on all your homes, and that you are housed, fed, clothed, and endowed with freedom in a manner unknown to human history. Be that so. But how long are you to remain on the top of this wheel or rotating fortune? Far away beyond your eastern shores is China, with her rivers full of fishes with her tiny bamboo houses, with her pickles and pork and rice. There cotton mills are worked by human beings of eight to eighty years of age on 20 cents a day. Those that are now keeping you content for their own temporary convenience, have only to set up a few more cotton mills over there. The cry will come to the American workers "your market is lost—protective duties at home cannot help—production must be cheapened." Then there will be clouds in your blue skies. Just sit and reflect. There are sandy plains in Sudan, with the Nile conveniently nearby and abounding, and also there are little "niggers" and big Arabs there, who will grow cotton on ten

cents a day, and give it to the cotton consumer for 10 cents a pound. There will then be shadows and spots on the sun shining over your cotton fields. These shadows will grow when Rhodesia, Mesopotamia and India will all throw out slave-grown cotton. The coal fields in the east are rising. The experiment bids fair already and some forty million tons of coal are raised in India, Africa, and China yearly at a cost of under a dollar per ton at pits head, after allowing for slack and dust, by labor that boils underground for less than two cents an hour. The bible, the brandy bottle, the industrial bank are all penetrating these coal areas, so the forty million tons of slave-coal production, then the American miner will hear of his master's spirit being willing but the purse being too weak to pay for his great life. The lullabies of the Locarno pact will soon turn into a dirge of the German miners and metal workers, the league of nations will soon produce another fratricidal war extending from shore to shore and even darkening the skies and attacking the fishes under the waters. One can scarcely say what fortunes these new murderous enterprises will bring to your land, but let us wish for the best.

But wishes do not feed us, they rather tend to carry us to our doom unprepared. Let us work for the best. Let us now realize the kinship of workers, Chinese, Indian, Negro, European, Russian, British and American. Let us stop this economic war of unequal wages, this game of private profits, this plunder of other peoples' markets, and then the other wars shall cease to threaten us. Paper peace, and newspaper disarmaments will not avail us when the best comes. Let The DAILY WORKER forge ahead.

(Signed) SHAPURJI SAKLATVALA.

The DAILY WORKER Saturday Magazine Supplement wishes to receive from workers employed in shops, mills, mines, etc., short stories of their daily life and experiences.

Many persons imagine that only professional writers can write stories suitable for publication. The DAILY WORKER knows this is not true. Many workers in the shops can write the best material for a workers' newspaper.

Send your stories to: Robert Minor, Editor Magazine Section, DAILY WORKER, 1113 W. Washington Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

"Work, You Son of a Gun!"



By Maurice Becker.

General Wood, chief thug of American imperialism in the Philippines, admits that his job is to make Filipino laborers sweat profits for American capitalists. But the Filipino will chase General Wood out—some day.

The Great Auction Sale

By WILLIAM WACKER.

YOU can see the red flag any day, any week, any month you choose to walk up Madison street in Chicago. "Auction" is printed on a red flag hanging outside a shop. If you are blind, you will know anyway, that there is an auction, because the doors are always open and a constant yell is heard. Besides the red flag projecting from the doorway, there are large sheets of yellow paper covering the two show-windows. On this paper there is printed in large red letters:

"Entire stock of jewelry, watches, diamonds, etc., worth over \$20,000.00 must be sold! Bargain every day. Get yours now!"

This you may also see any time, winter or summer. Consequently, it is not a temporary auction sale, but a place of permanent business.

Every day I pass this store, and often I step in among the crowd. I have been there enough times now to know that there are three auctioneers who sell the goods. When one auctioneer has stood on the box behind the showcase and talked about the watch, the stickpin, the necklace, or whatever he may be holding in his hand long enough to make himself tired, and foamy around the mouth, he is relieved by another. And so on, every day, from 8 a. m. till 6 p. m. except Sunday.

Upon my visit to the auction house, I made a discovery. Among the customers, I noticed three men, who in type and appearance were unlike the others. They were well dressed. But their hats were always down on their faces, as if they were trying to hide themselves. They frequently bid on things the auctioneer brought forth. Often they overbid each other, and it was surprising to see how much they bought. They left their articles in the cashier's care, as they were

"not leaving just now." They were steady customers.

You would not discover this if you were there only once. And people who went there once, seldom came back, because the location of the auction house is in a transient district. The customers are always newcomers.

The auctioneer brings up an article, a necklace for instance, all shining beautifully, and laid in a large blue box, lined on the inside with silk. Holding up the box before him in front of us, he begins:

"How much am I bid for this beautiful necklace? Who says ten dollars? Ten dollars? Do I hear ten dollars? Say, men, the clasp alone is worth twenty! Where is the man that bids ten dollars for this beautiful piece of goods? Who wants to make two months' wages in two seconds? Would you give ten dollars," pointing his finger to one of the inside customers.

"Sure, I'll give ten dollars" comes the reply without hesitation.

"I'm bid ten dollars, gentlemen. Who bids fifteen?" continues the auctioneer, holding the box higher. "You'd give fifteen, wouldn't you?" pointing his finger at another special customer. This man appears very serious, but says nothing. "Will you give twelve and a half?" yells the auctioneer back at him again. The man nods his head approvingly.

"Twelve and a half is bid, gentlemen. Who gives thirteen? I am talking in halves and singles when I ought to be talking in tens and hundreds. Look at it, gentlemen, look! You give thirteen," this time looking at the third insider. This man also nods his head. Whereupon he makes a remark in a low voice to the first one who had bid ten dollars: "I saw one just like that in a loop store for seventy-five dollars." This remark is said casually, in a low tone, with the hand over the mouth, as if

nobody were supposed to hear. A boob, who has just come into town with a summer's wages, stands between the two insiders, and overhears the remark. He pricks his ears.

While this is going on, the auctioneer is still talking.

"Thirteen dollars is bid. Who bids fourteen? Fourteen?" The first insider nods his head.

"Fifteen dollars" exclaims a second insider. "Sixteen dollars" declares the third.

In the meantime, the two first special customers have moved so that they stand beside each other on the left side of the boob. Whereas the third insider stands by the right side of him. The first insider is now addressed with the following question by the auctioneer very quickly:

"Sixteen dollars is bid. Who makes it seventeen? You?"

The insider nods approvingly.

"Seventeen is bid" declares the auctioneer quickly. "Who'll say eighteen?" Now he looks at the second insider. This man also nods. "Eighteen. Who says nineteen?" This time he gives the sucker a demanding look. This was really the first time the

boob had the opportunity to bid. On both sides of him was competition. That he knew, because he had heard them bid, and he knew from their remark that they knew what they were doing. He also "knew" that if he'd bid nineteen, the man to the left of him would say twenty. He was sure of this because the insider was already taking a roll of bills out of his pocket.

The auctioneer gave him a second look like an eagle, and said, "The bid is eighteen dollars. Do I hear nineteen?"

The victim, feels absolutely sure that if he'd say nineteen, the man to the left of him would say twenty, because he was already holding two ten dollar bills in his hand, as if ready to pay. Feeling merely as a stepping stone for a moment, he cleared his throat and drawled out:

"I'll give you nineteen."

"Sold to you for nineteen dollars" returned the auctioneer instantly. Whereupon the boob was motioned over to the cashier, where he pulled out nineteen hard earned dollars, and in return received a necklace which could be bought at any jewelry store for a dollar and fifty cents.

DO YOU REALIZE THAT THE SATURDAY MAGAZINE

Supplement of The DAILY WORKER

Is getting better every week, is on the way to become a popular mass paper of the working class?

Here the workers can read every Saturday night the still living words of Lenin, and the words of the present leaders of the movement which will conquer the world for the working class.

Here, also, the workers write their own thoughts in their own way.

And here you get the best short stories by the world's greatest living writers—as you see Henri Barbusse's great novel begins in this issue.

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The Negro Worker in Labor History

Most of the histories of the American Negro give the impression that their writers have tried very hard to evade the phase of that history which reveals the Negroes' problem as a labor problem. To ignore the Negro's status as a WORKER is to falsify and to sterilize his history. The important thing is that a true history of the Negro must reveal the basis of his problems and thus lay wide open their solution.

The Negro worker has been placed on the order of the present day in the labor movement—not thru any honest help from the reactionary union bureaucracy, but by history itself and the initiative of some of the Negro workers. The recent national convention of the American Negro Labor Congress forced the issue in a hundred ways. It is the only one that has occurred within the memory of the present generation. But there was an earlier Negro Labor Congress more than a half century ago. The writer of the following article, and of future articles of the same series, explores the early history of the Negro wage laborer following the civil war. In doing so, she has discovered some highly interesting material which she undertakes to present in this and subsequent issues of the Saturday Magazine supplement of *The DAILY WORKER*.

By AMY SCHECHTER.

THE close of the civil war found the workers of the United States face to face with a tremendous new problem—the problem created by the “emancipation” of the toiling masses of Negroes of the south. In its economic aspects the question was primarily one of a vast reserve of labor being suddenly thrown upon the market, adding a new and portentous element to the supreme danger with which American labor was confronted at the moment—the systematic attempt of the employing class to smash the rising organizations of the workers, by the use of immigrant and contract labor to break strikes and undermine wage and living standards.

The capitalist class of postcivil war days—whose development as the dominant force in society had received tremendous impetus from the great railroad expansion of the fifties followed by the profiteering orgy in war supplies, the immensely high wartime protective tariff, and the rapid extension of machine industry—was determined to crush the rapidly growing labor movement, which, in answer to the same conditions, was for the first time organizing on a national scale, and becoming a force to be reckoned with in industrial life. Capital was endeavoring to press to the limit the advantage gained at the close of the war, when two million men had been flung back from the battle onto the labor market, with acute unemployment as a consequence. The resulting conflict which culminated in the great nation-wide strikes of '77, forms as militant an episode as any in the history of the American workers' movement.

The capitalist press of the period is quite open in dealing with this campaign against organized labor. In those days the capitalist class still had the crude aggressiveness of a class newly feeling its strength; and its newspapers had not yet acquired the knack of ascribing a high and holy purpose to its union-smashing tactics. During the hot struggle of 1874 in the New York building industry, for example, the New York Times wrote with engaging frankness recommending the use of an Italian scab-herding agency to break the resistance of the Irish and American workingmen. “The workingmen,” it writes, “would undoubtedly give way but for the defense afforded by the labor unions. These enable them to hold out. . . .

“The time has come in which the employers are beginning to make a determined effort to break up this stagnation, and reduce the scale of wages. They have the advantage in this city of being able to get access to a class of foreign workmen who are not in such intimate connection with trades unions as our own or the German and Irish laborers—we mean the Italians. Yet there is no more industrious or sober nationality among the working classes.

“This effort is made by the employer in the form of an incorporated company, and with purely business objects. The association is entitled the ‘New York Italian Labor Company’. . . . This arrangement will almost do away with strikes, and as

the Italians are a remarkably sober set of workmen, a contract beginning with them. . . . can reasonably hope to keep them thru his job. . . . These men work their full number of hours, and only charge from \$2.75 to \$3.30 per day, while the unhappy householder has previously paid from \$4.00 to \$5 for an eight-hour day, with every now and then a strike. . . .

“The men know nothing of the language and nothing of the customs of the country. But they are willing to work; are steady, sober and industrious; they have nothing to do with grades unions and they are accustomed to low wages. . . . THE IRISH MALCONTENTS CAN DO LITTLE INJURY TO THE ITALIANS, AND THE AUTHORITIES WILL PROTECT EMPLOYERS IN THEIR RIGHTS. . . .” (our emphasis.)

It is, by the way, amusing to compare this rapt admiration on the part of the “Times” for the “sobriety and industriousness” of the Italian worker in this country—so long as he could be employed as a scab—with its lurid portrayal of the Italian worker since he has entered the ranks of militant labor—of a Sacco or Vanzetti, for example.

The importation of contract labor and the bringing of workers over on lying promises to be used as strike-breakers, or be stranded penniless in a strange country if they refused, was a question of the utmost concern to the workers on both sides of the Atlantic. It was this question that first compelled American labor to think in international terms, and to enter into relations with European labor as represented by the International Workingmen's Association (First International.) In 1869, two years before the formation of a section of the International in the United States, the National Labor Union (a loose federation of national unions and trades assemblies, formed in 1866, representing some 600,000 organized workers at the height of its development, and largely partaking of the character of a labor party) sent one of its leaders, A. C. Cameron to the Basle congress of the international, on the invitation of the latter body, in order to take up the question of the establishment of an emigration bureau for the regulation of emigrant labor in the interests of the workers of both continents. After the congress the general council of the international (of which Karl Marx was then a member) passed the following resolutions:

“1. That an emigration bureau shall be established in conjunction with the National Labor Union of the United States.

“2. That in the case of strikes the council shall by all possible means endeavor to prevent workmen being engaged in Europe to be used by American capitalists against the workmen of America.”

Commenting on the action of the first international in correspondence to the Chicago Workingmen's Advocate of which he was editor, Cameron writes:

“Ever since the completion of the Atlantic telegraph it has been the threat of unprincipled employers in every state. . . . to threaten the importation of foreign workmen; to use

their expression, ‘Well—if our men do not see fit to accept our terms, we can telegraph for those who will.’”

Cameron then tells as a case in point how the mine-owners were duping Scotch and English miners into coming over to break the great anthracite strike then being fought out in the Pennsylvania district. After failing in their attempt to smash the strike by “lashing the public into a furor” over the “exorbitant” demands of the miners, when the committee on mining of the National Labor Union had given publicity to the actual facts in the case, and showed the starvation wages that the strikers had been receiving, the owners, as soon as “their little game was blocked and the truth made known. . . . set on foot a movement to secure, by misrepresentation, the services of Scotch and English miners. Consequently the most outrageous falsehoods were circulated and the most exaggerated inducement held out to those ignorant of the true state of affairs. . . . On landing in Liverpool we found the docks placarded with advertisements for miners, . . . which contained the most false and shameless statements, —yet statements which succeeded in duping many an honest, unsuspecting miner, who would sooner have cut off his right arm than defraud his brother of his due. . . . Now under the system proposed, no such deception can succeed. Where a legitimate demand exists, the truth will be made known; when the ‘crushing’ process is attempted, the fact can be as easily understood on the other as on this side of the Atlantic.” (Vol. 9.—Cummins & Andrews Documentary History.)

It can readily be seen that American capital would view a mass of Negroes transferred from chattel to wage slavery as a heaven-sent instrument for their campaign of beating down the living standards of labor as a whole. The fact that the supply was so vast and immediately available, and that, moreover, the Negro workers had for generations been beaten into submission to the will of the master-class, rendered the danger particularly pressing. The advanced elements in the labor movement fully realized the urgent necessity of winning over the Negro proletariat, both for the sake of the general cause of American labor, and because of the merciless exploitation to which they foresaw these newly “emancipated” workers would be subjected should the capitalist class succeed in its aim.

The “Address to the Workingmen of the United States” issued by the National Labor Union in 1867, as a statement of principles of the organization, devotes a large amount of attention to this question. It deals with both the economic aspects of the problem, as stated above, and with the highly important political role that Negro labor must necessarily play in the future of the workers' movement in this country. Both aspects are treated with a clarity of vision and definite class-viewpoint that make the manderings of a William Green anent the recent convention of the present American Negro Labor Congress appear curiously archaic by comparison. Some of the paragraphs seem almost prophetic of the tragic incidents of the half century intervening between their time and ours—of race clashes, with, as the “address” puts it, “labor warring against labor, and capital smiling and reaping the fruits of this mad contest. . . .” Altogether, the “address” shows a remarkably just estimate of the part of the labor militants of the day, of the drama upon which the curtain had just risen: the struggle of the vanguard of the workers and the capitalists (with the bourgeois politicians of both races as lieutenants) for the Negro proletariat.

“The condition of the Negro as a slave,” the “address” declares “and the moral and economical effects of slavery, were discussed by the press, from the public rostrum and in the halls of congress for years and years with great energy and zeal; what shall be his status as a free man is at present a matter of no less national anxiety. But aside from this, his interests as a workingman, and especially the part he is to take in advancing

the cause of labor, have, as yet, received no consideration. . . .

“The first thing to be accomplished before we can hope for any great results is the thorough organization of all the departments of labor. . . . This work, altho its beginning is of such recent date, has progressed with amazing rapidity. . . . In this connection we cannot overlook the important position now assigned to the colored race in this contest. . . . it is needless to disguise the fact that they are destined to occupy a different position in the future to what they have in the past; that they must necessarily become in their new relationship an element of strength or an element of weakness, and that it is for the workingmen of America to say which that shall be.

“The systematic organization and consolidation of labor must henceforth become the watchword of the true reformer. To accomplish this the cooperation of the African race in America must be secured. If those most directly interested fail to perform this duty, others will avail themselves of it to their injury. Indeed a practical illustration of this was afforded in the recent importation of colored caulkers from Portsmouth, Va., to Boston, Mass., during the struggle on the eight-hour question. What is wanted then, is for every union to help to inculcate the grand, ennobling idea that THE INTERESTS OF LABOR ARE ONE; THAT THERE SHOULD BE NO DISTINCTION OF RACE OR NATIONALITY; NO CLASSIFICATION OF JEW OR GENTILE, CHRISTIAN OR INFIDEL; THAT THERE IS BUT ONE DIVIDEND LINE. . . . THAT WHICH SEPARATES MANKIND INTO TWO GREAT CLASSES, THE CLASS THAT LABORS AND THE CLASS THAT LIVES BY OTHERS' LABORS. THAT, IN OUR JUDGEMENT, IS THE TRUE COURSE FOR US AS WORKING MEN. THE INTEREST OF ALL ON OUR SIDE OF THE LINE IS THE SAME, and should we be so far misled by prejudice or passion as to refuse to aid the spread of union principles among any of our fellow toilers, we would be untrue to them, untrue to ourselves and to the great cause we profess to have at heart. If these general principles be correct, we must seek the cooperation of the African race in America.

“But aside from all this, the workingmen of the United States have a special interest in seeking their cooperation. This race is being rapidly educated, and will soon be admitted to all the privileges and franchises of citizenship. . . . They are there to live amongst us, and the question to be decided is, shall we make them our friends, or shall capital be allowed to turn them as an engine against us? They number four million strong, and a greater proportion of them labor with their hands than can be counted from among the same number of any other people on earth. Their moral influence, and their strength at the ballot box would be of incalculable value to the cause of labor. CAN WE AFFORD TO REJECT THEIR PREFERRED COOPERATION AND MAKE THEM ENEMIES? BY COMMITTING SUCH AN ACT OF FOLLY WE WOULD INFLICT GREATER INJURY ON THE CAUSE OF LABOR REFORM THAN THE COMBINED EFFORTS OF CAPITAL COULD ACCOMPLISH. THEIR CHERISHED IDEA OF AN ANTAGONISM BETWEEN WHITE AND BLACK LABOR WOULD BE REALIZED, AND AS THE AUSTRIAN DESPOTISM MAKES USE OF THE HOSTILITY BETWEEN THE DIFFERENT RACES, WHICH COMPOSE THE EMPIRE TO MAINTAIN HER EXISTENCE AND HER BALANCE, SO CAPITALISTS, NORTH AND SOUTH, WOULD FOMENT DISCORD BETWEEN THE WHITES AND BLACKS, AND HURL THE ONE AGAINST THE OTHER, AS INTEREST AND OCCASION MIGHT REQUIRE, TO MAINTAIN THEIR ASCENDANCY, AND CONTINUE THE REIGN OF OPPRESSION. LAMENTABLE SPECTACLE! LABOR WARRING AGAINST LABOR, AND CAPITAL SMILING AND REAPING THE FRUITS OF THIS MAD CONTEST.”

A Woman Who "Raised Hell" for Fifty Years

"Autobiography of Mother Jones."
Chas. H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.

A Book Review
By WALT CARMON.

IN all the turbulent history of American labor, Mother Jones is really one of the most picturesque figures. Often misguided, confused, unaware of "theories" but courageously throwing herself into struggle after struggle of her class for fully fifty years, she has witnessed and participated in most of the important events in the history of labor in America since the Civil War.

Born in Ireland in 1830, and coming to America in childhood, she was married in 1861, to (her proud mention of this is a pleasure) "an iron moulder and a staunch member of the Iron Moulders' Union." Her husband and four children died in a yellow fever epidemic; she came to Chicago to put up a millinery establishment and lost it in the Chicago fire of 1871. From this period her history in the labor movement begins—a history rich in little glimpses of the struggles of her class—a bird's-eye-view of the suffering and militancy and fight scarcely equalled anywhere. To those unacquainted with the splendid traditions of American workers, we recommend this personal narrative of one who has been in the thick of the struggle for years.

In the days following the fire, Mother Jones tells us: "Nearby in an old tumbled down, fire-scorched building the Knights of Labor held meetings. . . I used to spend my evenings at their meetings, listening to the splendid speakers. Sundays we went out to the woods and held meetings.

"Those were the days of sacrifice for the cause of labor. Those were the days when we had no halls, when there were no high salaried officers, no feasting with the enemies of labor."

From these days her story briefly—all too briefly—recounts many memorable events in American labor history; the Haymarket riots and the struggle for the eight-hour day; the struggles of Virginia miners; founding of the "Appeal to Reason"; battles of West Virginia; the Cripple Creek strike; child labor in the South; the "Moyer Haywood, Pettibone Case"; the steel strike and hundreds of minor skirmishes in which she had taken part.

"Perhaps no one in the labor movement has seen more brutality perpetrated upon the workers than I have seen," Mother Jones tells us. "I have seen them killed in industry, worn out and made old before their time, jailed and shot if they protested. Story after story I could tell of persecution and of bravery unequalled on any battlefield."

And she tells us of many such stories—stories it would do well for us to learn, stories of the history of our class in this country; of heroic suffering and struggle, of undaunted courage and grim determination to give one a pride in our class—and an assurance and confidence in its future.

Most of her life has been spent among miners—and the picture of their struggles which she made hers, are most interesting reading and history.

"Before 1899, the coal fields of Pennsylvania were not organized. . . Hours of work down under ground were cruelly long. Fourteen hours a day were not uncommon, thirteen, twelve. The life and limb of the miner was unprotected by any laws. Families lived in company shacks that were not fit for their pigs. Children died by the hundreds due to the ignorance and poverty of their parents. Often I have helped to lay out for burial the babies of miners, and the mothers could scarce conceal their relief at the little ones' deaths."

This grim picture precedes the story of the "Victory at Arnot." . . . A splendid account of a struggle in which miners' wives played a heroic part—a story worth repeating:

"In Arnot, Pa., a strike had been going on for four or five months. The men were becoming discouraged. The

coal company sent the doctors, the school teachers, the preachers and their wives to the homes of the miners to get them to sign a document that they would go back to work."

Mother Jones went there. The only hotel in Arnot, where she got a room, was owned by the coal company and after her first meeting with the miners she was asked to leave it. She went to a friend's house, also company owned, and for allowing Mother Jones to sleep here the whole family was put out.

"The family gathered up all their earthly belongings, which weren't much, took down all the holy pictures and put them in a wagon and they with all their neighbors, went to the meeting. The sight of that wagon with the sticks of furniture and the holy pictures and the children, with the father and mother and myself walking along thru the streets turned the tide. It made men so angry that they decided not to go back that morning to the mines. Instead, they came to the meeting where they determined not to give up the strike until they had won the victory. Then the company tried to bring in scabs."

Knowing she would be arrested, Mother Jones did not go to the mines with an army of women she had organized—an army with "mops and brooms" to charge the scabs.

"I selected as leader an Irish woman who had a most picturesque appearance. She had slept late and her husband had told her to hurry up and get into the army. She had grabbed a red petticoat and slipped it over a thick cotton nightgown. She wore a black stocking and a white one. She had tied a little red figured shawl over her wild red hair. Her face was red and her eyes were mad, I looked at her and felt she could raise a rumpus. . .

"Up the mountain side, yelling and hollering, she led the women, and when the mules came up with the scabs and the coal, she began beating on the dishpan and hollering and all the army joined in with her. The sheriff tapped her on the shoulder.

"My dear lady," said he, "remember the mules. Don't frighten them."

"She took the old tin pan and she hit him with it and she hollered, 'To hell with you and the mules!'

"He fell over and dropped into the creek. Then the mules began to rebel against scabbing. They bucked and kicked the scab drivers and started off for the barn. The scabs started running down hill, followed by the army of women with their mops and pails and brooms.

"A poll parrot in a nearby shack screamed at the superintendent, 'Got hell, did you? Got hell?'

So Mother Jones then talked to the farmers and she talked to the Swedes, whom the company tried to use against the miners—and the miners held out and the strike was finally won with all demands conceded.

"Did you get the use of the hall for us to hold meetings?" said the women.

"No, we didn't ask for that."

"Then the strike is on again," said they."

They got the hall. . . and the union held a victory meeting.

to which "the women came for miles in a raging snow storm, little children trailing at their skirts, and



MOTHER JONES

babies under their shawls. Many of the miners had walked miles.

"The men opened a few of the freight cars on a siding and helped themselves to boxes of beer. Old and young talked and sang all night long. The victory was due to the army of women with their mops and brooms."

And then to West Virginia with "one night I went with an organizer named Scott to a mining town in Fairmont," a story of real class war, of the blacklist, thugs, guns and murder.

From there to the anthracite: The treachery of John Mitchell; to Colorado; the Cripple Creek strike; to Idaho: Moyer, Haywood, Pettibone; to Arizona: The 1913 I. W. W. deportations—a bird's-eye-view of—

"The story of coal which is always the same. It is a dark story. For a second's more sunlight, men must fight like tigers. For the privilege of seeing the color of their children's eyes by the light of the sun, fathers must fight as beasts in the jungle. That life may have something of decency, something of beauty—a picture, a new dress, a bit of cheap lace fluttering in the window—for this men who work down in the mines must struggle and lose, struggle and win."

Mother Jones is aware of the class struggle and paints it vividly. But the narrative, tho interesting, reveals the aged agitator in all her inconsis-

encies, in all her lack of any understanding of the forces that played and motivated the events in which her life had been thrown.

Thruout the book one notes distinctly only a courage, a disregard of personal welfare and safety—all for her class. She is proud of her class. She swears by it—swears healthily. She would give her life for it—and lid. Enemies of her class are her enemies—dishonest labor leaders are anathema to her, altho confused as she is, she does not always recognize them.

"The rank and file," Mother Jones warns us, "have let their servants become their masters and dictators. The workers have now to fight not alone their exploiters, but likewise their own leaders who often betray them, who sell them out, who put their own advancement ahead of that of the working masses, who make the rank and file political pawns. . . These types are menaces to the advancement of labor."

And yet—only too often have these same "menaces" received misguided support from this same little woman—only too often she has placed her faith in the government that is an enemy of her class. "Whenever things go wrong, I generally head for the national government with my grievances. I do not find it hard to get redress," she tells us.

Mother Jones still has faith in "constitutional rights," she still believes in "liberty" won by our revolutionary forefathers. . . and in her unclear mind she approves these ancient fables, while she justly approves well, a workers' government in Russia and—a labor party in the country. Her championship of causes and programs is not always clearly reasoned.

The book of Mother Jones' life gives us but little. No estimation of the development of the American labor movement, no lessons of the struggle, no program and principles born of experience and history to guide a worker. But it is interesting. It is worth while reading tho it may not be a valuable history of labor. Not a narrative of a great leader, it is the story of one woman's life—of a woman now 96 years of age, who once told a suffragette she needed no vote to raise hell for her class—and who, one of the really picturesque figures of the American labor movement, has "raised hell" for half a century.

TWO YEARS IN RETROSPECT

By FRED HARRIS.
(Worker Correspondent)

SAN FRANCISCO, Calif.—For two years now, The DAILY WORKER has been in the field to function in the behalf of carrying on a militant fight against that institution known as American capitalism, and its near-relative, namely A. F. of L. bureaucracy. For two years, as a daily, it has brought the class struggle home to the proletariat, for them to understand the issue and join the ranks of the revolutionist.

Looking over the field today, we can sit back then and say that, as far as the prevailing stagnant condition permitted it, that our paper has succeeded in both phases. It has brought a situation about, where the conserv-

ative office-holding element and its adherent have become more desperate than ever and have put up a program which leads direct to a labor union sell-out, and a class collaboration policy. That, being the one side of the story, we find on the other hand, that this very policy has resulted in bringing some of the workers, who used to stand pat or sit on the fence, to voice their protest and to align themselves definitely to a radical program. They are not revolutionists, as yet, but their tendency is very encouraging.

The DAILY WORKER results thus far are not phenomenal. That would be too much to expect, but a successful start has been made, which makes us smile with happiness and say: More power to The DAILY WORKER.

Where to Begin?

BY LENIN

(Continued from page 7 of this section)

of the population against this or that czarist bashibozuk who oversteps himself, and must help—by means of boycott, baiting, demonstration, etc.—to teach him such a lesson that he will be compelled openly to retreat. It is possible to develop such a degree of fighting preparedness only thru a constant activity occupying the regular army. And if we unite our forces upon the conducting of a common newspaper—such work will prepare and will bring forth not only most skilled propagandists but also most skillful organizers, most talented political leaders of the party, capable at the needed moment to raise the slogan of decisive battle and to guide that battle.

In conclusion a few words in order to avoid possible misunderstanding. We spoke thruout only of a

systematic, planful preparation, but by this we did not desire at all to say that absolutism may fall exclusively as a result of a regular siege or an organized storm-attack. Such a viewpoint would be absurd doctrinairism. On the contrary it is entirely possible and historically a great deal more probable that absolutism will fall as a result of pressure of one of those elemental explosions or unforeseen political complications which are constantly threatening it from all sides. But not a single political party, if it does not fall into adventurism, can base its activity in calculation upon such explosions and complications. We must proceed in our own way, unwaveringly to perform our systematic work, and the less we calculate upon the unexpected the more the probability that we shall not be taken unaware by any "historical turns."