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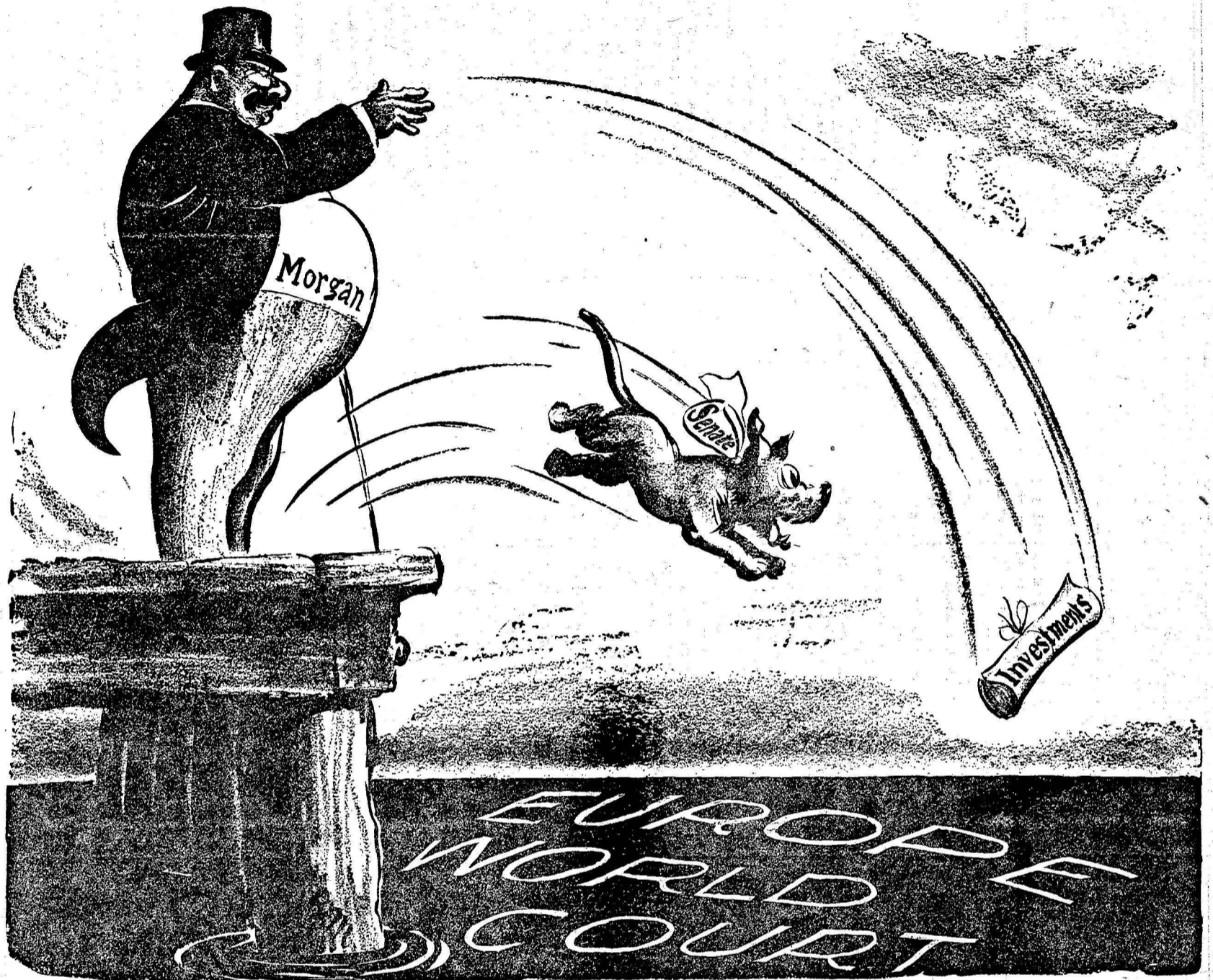
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"Fetch, Fido, Fetch!"



American bankers throw their investments into Europe. The bankers' little dog plunges in to fetch them back—with profits. The United States enters the world court of the league of nations.

The Dynamite in the World Court

THE United States has officially entered the world court of the league of nations.

That the combat in the senate ended in the overwhelming vote of 76 to 17, shows that American big capitalism has reached a practical unanimity in favor of this historical step. Finance monopoly is almost automatically reflected in a monopoly of votes in the United States senate. The 14 republican, one so-called "farmer-labor," and two democratic senators who voted against the world court represent a ridiculously small fringe of the capitalist economy which remains outside the orbit of financial monopoly. The petty bourgeoisie is only very slightly represented in the senate—the working class and farmers not at all. The proportion of senators in favor of the world court somewhat corresponds to the proportion in which American finance capital has reached the monopoly stage.

WHAT is the significance of the joining of the world court by the big American capitalist imperialism?

That the United States now occupies the position of financial and economic hegemony over Europe is admitted by all. Wall Street finance capital has reached the position where it is obliged to attempt to revive the capitalist world market and the international credit system, on the basis of the enslavement of continental Europe. The tremendous advantage gained by American capital in the world war, which also resulted in a great increase in American productive capacity, requiring a vigorous attempt to dominate the world market, brot the United States to the necessity of attempting to shape an international capitalist "order." The Dawes plan was

an attempt to create such an international "order" thru economic arrangements.

With the final submission of Germany and France to the Dawes plan, American finance capital completed the structure of the international "order": but it was necessary to translate the terms of this "order" into political form. The treaty of Locarno was a political ratification of the American Wall street domination in the form of an Anglo-American arrangement. But still the United States government remained behind the scenes. The Locarno treaty was not signed by the United States. The world arrangement was still politically incomplete.

The entrance of the United States into the world court now "legalizes" to a certain extent the international arrangement which had already been entered into by the financial oligarchy. Anglo-American finance was already the central figure in the international arrangement which is expressed under the many elusive terms of which "world court" is one. In this affair the bankers headed by J. P. Morgan and company spoke with more authority for the United States than the United States senate could ever speak. The banks put the United States into the thing which is called the world court long ago. The action of the United States senate this week is formal legalization.

It had become necessary for the senate to give legal sanction. Wall Street finance capital controls the politics of the American capitalist government, but it is not independent of such politics.

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J. P. Morgan and company had to have the counter-signature of the United States senate.

Why would the United States, which was already in this international arrangement, have to legalize its presence here. Even the pawn broker has to give a receipt for the impounded valuables. Even the Shylock has to put his signature also upon the usurious contract.

IN a broad political sense, how do the capitalist spokesmen regard entrance of the United States into the world court?

Three years ago, Judge John H. Clarke, who resigned from the supreme court to become chief propagandist for the league of nations, made an interesting comparison. He compared the present world situation of some fifty-odd capitalist nations to the condition of chaos in which the thirteen American states found themselves at the end of the American revolution. Clarke declared in effect that the covenant of the league of nations meant for the fifty-odd capitalist states of the world what the United States constitution meant for the thirteen states of America. The American states, as they found themselves at the close of the revolution in 1784, were practically thirteen independent sovereign governments, with thirteen separate currency systems, thirteen separate armies and thirteen separate tariff laws. The little American states were in a condition of economic collapse. In 1787 the United States constitution was adopted, which Judge Clarke undertook to describe as a sort of covenant of a league of thirteen American states—a "covenant" which unified the currency, tariff and military systems. His point was that the necessity for an international league of capitalist states after the world war was a historic parallel or repetition of the necessity which existed for the thirteen American states in 1787.

THIS analogy is of no value whatever as a reliable guide to understanding the present situation. History does not repeat itself. No historic period is the same as any preceding historic period. The analogy is good only as a means to reveal the point of view of certain of the spokesmen for the present arrangement.

Where is the fatal flaw of the analogy? In the first place, simply, 1925 is not 1787. Capitalism which at that time was in its vigorous revolutionary youth is now in the period of its decay, standing as the reactionary force against the new revolutionary force of the proletariat. In the second place the territory of the United States in 1787 was something entirely different as a potential economic unit from the whole world of today as a potential economic unit.

Unquestionably large numbers of bourgeois statesmen are now picturing to themselves the image of a world "constitution" solidizing the capitalist world as a single political unit. But there are no bourgeois politicians who trust to the reality of this image. All capitalist nations (members of the world court) are arming to the teeth. All are preparing for the inevitable clash between the member states of this world political "unit." No, this world arrangement is not destined to the long and prosperous period that American capitalism found for itself after the consolidation of the political unit of the thirteen states. Even the attempt to arrange this international capitalist "order" arises out of the insoluble contradictions which make impossible the revival of the unified world economy upon a purely capitalistic basis. The consolidation of this world arrangement necessarily implies the crushing of that portion of the world economy which is outside of the capitalist economy—the one-sixth of the earth which is under the red flag. The limitedness of the world market in comparison to the tremendous productive capacities of today's capitalism, inevitably leads the world combination to an attempt at forcible conquest of Asia and to the deeper enslavement of the colonial and semi-colonial peoples generally—and these necessary military adventures without doubt mean the smashing of the world combine. The limitedness of the world market necessarily means life-and-death competition between capitalist states which are now imagined to be in a peaceful world arrangement. The entrance of the United States into the world court for "pacific adjudication" of disputes, means at the same time that the United States is placing itself favorably for belligerent combat over such disputes.

EVEN in the weeks during which the senate was being lined up for the world court vote, the war-laden contradictions advanced at a rapid pace. Secretary Hoover's nostrils were blowing gunpowder smoke because of the growing sharpness of differences between Great Britain and America. The practical taking away of Canada and Australia from the British empire by the United States is one of the most striking evidences of the decline of the British empire, a decline against which British capitalism necessarily must make a mortal struggle.

Senator Robinson's objections to the world court on the ground that in the selection of its judges by the assembly of the league of nations the British empire had seven votes in that assembly and the United States only one vote, is very amusing, in the light of the fact that it is entirely possible that some of these seven votes of the British empire—for instance those of Canada and Australia—may not always be exactly British (altho this is rather speculative).

THE reservations that were made in the senate are ominous indications of the instability of the world arrangement. These reservations were hurled like machine gun bullets at the pro-court senators, but the pro-court senators caught them in their bare hands and with apparent complete satisfaction added them to the senate resolution. The amendments as a whole seem to have the effect of



The Second-Class Rich Man.

The French capitalist, who has been thoroly "Dawesized," is a little seedy, nowadays. Figuratively speaking, his pants are frayed at the bottom, and his pride is touchy—for Monsieur Morgan is his boss, now.

making the United States' participation an entirely one-sided affair. It seems that the obligations are to be practically all upon the shoulders of the other nations, while the United States participates without any obligations. This only goes to show that the world arrangement is one in which American economic, financial, and political hegemony is legalized.

Furthermore the amendment of Senator Reed: "that the Monroe Doctrine be declared as a part of international law binding upon the court," and the answer of Senator Shortridge that this would make the Monroe Doctrine cease to be an American principle and would transform it into a principle of international law—shows where the wind blows for American imperialism. Shortridge shrewdly brought the stupid Reed to understand that American capitalism intends to pursue its imperialistic designs in the entire western hemisphere in accordance with the Monroe Doctrine as a legal standard superior to and independent of the world court. And of course Reed's amendment was swept into the discard.

The legal ratification of the world arrangement is built on the promissory notes of Europe to American finance capital. It is a ratification, a legalization which comes after the fact had already been put into life. But the formal entrance cannot, nevertheless, be called unimportant. It is one of the material steps towards the coming tremendous clash of world war.

AS to the internal effects upon American political life, the objections from the point of view of Borah, Reed, etc., will either entirely disappear or settle down into futile screams of a few injured smaller bourgeois interests. It is nothing less than ludicrous to note that the ku klux klan made a last wild stand against the world court on the ground that it displaces the purely American government by an international government in which damned foreigners have a part.

Simultaneously the question of German's entering the league of nations has become a big political issue in that country. Turkey is writhing in its anger against the league of nations for its robbery of the Mosul oil fields. Thruout the world the economic and political dynamite which will blow up international arrangements which are called "the Versailles treaty," "the league of nations," "the Dawes plan," "the Locarno treaty," and "the world court," is being piled up.

And the working class of the world, with its allies, the colonial slaves, will say the last word.

—R. M.

The Use Value of God

By Harry Gannes.

RELIGION was first used by industrial capitalism in England. The greatest results were achieved, tho when religion married American business. Altho freedom of religious belief was written into the constitution, christianity is the accepted opium. Once established in power, the new ruling class embraced religion fervently, not for itself, but for the good of the masses.

There is no state church in the United States. All religions (because they uphold capitalism) are sanctioned by the state. And thereby the rulers of society are able to coordinate their religious propaganda in favor of the exploitive system to an extent that would have been impossible were a particular brand favored.

This peculiar situation exists: the catholic assures the protestant he is consigned to hell because he is outside of the mother church; the Jew promises both they will sojourn in Gehenna, while he is reserved for Abraham's bosom, because he has the original dope. Yet all join in one cherubic chorus in proclaiming that god protects the present order; that private property is a divine institution; that exploitation of the workers is necessary for the remission of sins; and that imperialism and war are gifts of god.

The Churches—Enemies of Workers.

Self-taxation of the bourgeoisie in the United States for religion exceeds the compulsory taxation of many European capitalists. Consequently we find a monstrous religious structure working under many forms, influencing little children before they go to school, reaching the masses thru the various denominations, and penetrating the very heart of the proletariat in the shops and industry thru the Y. M. C. A. and the Salvation Army.

The church very early laid down its policy toward labor and has followed it ever since with such modifications as new ruling classes demanded. Jesus has been called a rebel and a "labor leader." Let us remember that he said, when tested, "Give unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and unto god the things that are god's." In short, obey and submit to the boss whether he be earthly or divine. The ku klux klan simplifies this expression by declaring itself, "One hundred per cent American and one hundred per cent christian."

The English and American capitalists particularly have made a fine art of befuddling the workers with religion.

Dr. Ure, an English economist, speaking to factory owners in the early nineteenth century said:

"It is . . . excessively to the interest of every mill owner to organize his moral machinery on equally sound principles with his mechanical . . . There is, in fact, no case to which the gospel truth 'godliness is great gain,' is more applicable than in the administration of an extensive factory."

The American capitalists have followed this advice to an astounding degree.

Roger W. Babson, statistical expert and financial adviser of probably more capitalists than anyone else, has written several books urging the use of religion more intensively in American industry. Here are a few gems from his book, "Religion and Business.":

"The value of our investments depends not on the strength of our banks, but rather upon the strength of our churches . . . For our own sakes, for our children's sakes, for the nation's sake, let us business men get behind the churches and their preachers. . . . By all that we hold dear, let us from this very day, give more time, more money and thot to the churches of our city, for upon these the value of all we own ultimately depends!"

Just one more quotation from a section of the church itself before we proceed to scan the extent of the American bourgeois' self-taxation for religious purposes.

The national committee of the northern baptist laymen, New York, tells what it does for the workers in

a letter sent to American business men asking for funds:

"Your business would be in a fine way, wouldn't it, if it were not for the stabilizing influence of the church and its preachers, who put ambition and determination and love of honest service in the hearts of your working men?"

What is the size of this opium vending machine? How much money does it get from American capitalists to carry on its "stabilizing work?"

Colossal Sums for Religious Dope.

The latest available figures on the church in the United States (123) show that there are 237,45 churches with 219,876 sky pilots spouting religious poison to 48,224,014 members, with a yearly graft of \$547,560,562.

According to Roger W. Babson, the value of church property in the United States is well over \$3,000,000,000.

H. K. Carroll, L. L. D., of the Christian Herald, says that the Sunday school membership is 19,951,675. How thoro is the grasp of religion on the children is perceived when it is remembered that the total public school registry comprises 23,000,000 of whom 18,000,000 actually attend school.

The wealthy drape themselves in a religious cloak. Babson says that those who paid 80 per cent of the income taxes are prominent church members. John D. Rockefeller, Payne Whitney, Mrs. Andrew Carnegie, and a long list of other capitalists contribute liberally to religious institutions. There is a double reason for this. They have a desire, first, to subdue the workers, and second, (held by those who have any faint hope of a future life) to reserve for themselves as favored a place in the land of shades as they held on the earth of slaves.

Here is a list for 1924 of donations to religion by capitalists:

Donations of over \$25,000 to religious institutions in 1924:

Name of Donor	Purpose	Amount
Mrs. M. G. E. Aldrich, P. E. Cathedral	\$ 70,00
Mrs. Mary C. Burnett, Christian U., Ft. Worth	4,000,000
Mrs. Andrew Carnegie, Union Theo. Seminary	100,000
Mrs. A. G. Cutter, Methodists	25,000
Rev. D. S. Dodge, Syrian Protestants	25,000
Geo. A. Draper, Unitarian church	25,000
P. A. Ewart, Y. M. C. A.	1,000,000
Anna L. Houston, various Rel. Inst.	320,000
Ralph Leninger, Y. M. C. A.	50,000
Martin Maloney, Catholic U.	100,000
T. J. Mumford, Y. M. C. A.	25,000
Frank Munsey, P. E. Cathedral	100,000
T. H. Murphy, Catholic church	125,000
J. D. Rockefeller, Jr., various Rel. Inst.	3,511,334
Laura S. Rockefeller, Y. W. C. A.	1,000,000
Mort Schiff, various Rel. Inst.	350,000
J. Chonthal, Hebrew Seminary	50,000
Ben Selling, Hebrew Cong.	50,000
Mrs. Elliot F. Shepard, various Rel. Inst.	180,000
Wm. Sloan, various Rel. Inst.	120,000
Mary G. Thompson, P. E. Cathedral	200,000
Payne Whitney, Y. W. C. A.	100,000

\$11,526,334

This is by no means a complete statement of how much is donated in one year by American capitalists to religious opium injectors. A low total estimate for individual contributions from a small group of capitalists would be \$25,000,000, outside of the regular contributions, amounting to about \$500,000,000 a year.

Besides the regular church bodies there are special subsidiary organizations which concern themselves with keeping the workers in check. Foremost among these are the Y. M. C. A., the Knights of Columbus, the ku klux klan, the Salvation Army, the Y. M. H. A., and the Catholic Welfare Conference.

Poison 'Em Early.

The Young Men's Christian Association is the most important of these subsidiary institutions. It claims 1,000,000 members. Early in its career this body recognized the necessity of organizing on the job and with the aid of the boss has been able to construct headquarters on or near every important industry.

The United States Steel corporation not long ago donated \$300,000 for a "Y" at its Gary plant; Julius Rosenwald, tho a Jew, donated more than \$500,000 to the Christian Y. M. C. A. to keep the young wage slaves of Sears, Roebuck and company contented. Most of the \$50,000,000 which the Y. M. C. A. gets yearly comes out of the pockets of capitalists.

In many plants "Y" teachers use up the lunch hour preaching to the workers and instilling love for the boss. Special books of instruction have been issued on how to conduct this work. Instances of the "Y's" protecting and furnishing scabs are plentiful. And that the Y. M. C. A. is a counter-revolutionary force was proved by its activities in Siberia where it directly



The "Man of God"—the Best Strikebreaker.

aided Kolchak in his attack on Soviet Russia.

The Y. W. C. A., tho ostensibly liberal, in reality conducts the same type of work that the "Y" is noted for and receives support from precisely the same sources.

Babbits of the Pope.

For over nine years the Knights of Columbus have been carrying on a fight against what it calls "extreme radicalism." It is the duty of the K. of C. to keep the workers contented, soothe them and groom them for the bosses' war whenever the call is issued. The labor program of the K. of C. is laid down by the mother church. A little more of this later.

Put a Nickel on the Drum!

The Salvation Army concerns itself mainly with the slum proletariat. It does not fail to take advantage of every opportunity to exhort the workers to be meek and accept the yoke of the bosses. The Salvation Army has 16,298 local offices with over 5,000 pie-in-the-sky preachers on the street.

"Fight Bolshevistic Culture" with Mystic Debauchery.

With the penetration of capital into colonial and undeveloped territories we see a growth in missionary work. In 1923 Mrs. Netty F. McCormick, of International Harvester fame, donated \$250,000 for Y. M. C. A. work abroad. John D. Rockefeller gives liberally for saving the souls and enslaving the bodies of the Chinese. Standard Oil sources in 1923 donated over \$1,000,000 for this work; the U. S. Steel corporation \$300,000.

The latest is the attempt of the Hebrews to raise \$50,000 for a Jewish theological and talmudical school in eastern Europe "to fight the advance of Bolshevistic culture."

The supporters of the drive, Rabbis J. Epstein, S. Schach, Ephraim Cardon and E. Mishkin insist the money is needed "to combat Leninism which threatens particularly the welfare of the youth of eastern Europe both Jewish and non-Jewish."

(In continuing this article in next Saturday's edition of the Magazine Supplement of the DAILY WORKER, the author, Harry Gannes, will take up the catholic church and other features.)

On Social Science

By H. C. Fillmore.

WHAT'S the origin of knowledge? Preacher's tell us god above, While philosopher's in college From the brain the facts derive.

"Revelation," cries the preacher, "Is god's method most in use." "Speculation," says the teacher, "And deduction from its fruits."

Both deny the use of senses, The inductive and the real, These the proletarian lenses, We who've nothing to conceal.

Just a little longer now They'll fog us with their drivels, Do you think they'll raise a row When they get a pick and shovel?

Pullman Porters

By W. E. B. Du Bois

(Republished from "The Crisis")

THERE are some things connected with the fight of Pullman porters for recognition as modern working men which should hold our attention. First, there is the threat of the Pullman company to substitute Filipino porters. This threat is sheer poppycock. Let them import as many Filipinos as they want. The Negro porters can easily hold their own. But of course the Pullman company has not the slightest intention of importing Filipinos even if they could do so legally. They are simply trying to scare colored men.

Then again they are trying to influence the Negro press and apparently they are succeeding. Of the five or more colored papers in Chicago not a single one has come out openly and fearlessly in defense of the porters. Most of them have treated the matter with shuffling and with silence.

But it is perhaps the attitude of

Calvin Coolidge and his government which is most disgraceful. The government has not only set spies to hound Negroes who dare to study Communism, but it has allowed one of its own job-holders to accept a fee from the Pullman company in return for throwing dirt and bribes among Negroes. As the Brooklyn Daily Eagle says: "Coercion of labor unions by paid agents of employers holding federal office is not capable of any defense, certainly of none that has any relation to practical politics in America."

Finally, if American Negroes want to know on which side to take their stand in this matter of labor organization among Negroes they should note the people who are against it: Mark Sullivan, the most unfair of newspaper correspondents on Negro problems, the Memphis Commercial Appeal, the daily press of Miami, Florida! When such forces as these take one side, it is the business of thinking Negroes to take the other.

The Damned Agitator - - By Michael Gold

THE strike was now smoldering into its seventh week, and, perhaps, it would soon be a bitter ash in the mouths of the men. For funds were at an ebb, scabs were coming in like a locust plague, the company officials were growing more and more militant in their self-righteousness, and the strikers themselves were drifting into a settled state of depression and dangerous self-distrust. Their solidarity was beginning to show fissures and aching cracks.

All these woeful conditions beat in like a winter sea on the tired brain of Kurelovitch with the bleak morning light that waked him. He lifted his throbbing head from the pillow, looked about the dingy bedroom with his bleary sleep-glazed eyes, and heaved a long, troubled sigh out of his pain.

At a meeting of company executives once Kurelovitch had been denounced as a dangerous agitator, whose pathological thirst for violence had created and sustained the strike.

"The man is a menace, a mad dog, whose career ought to be stopped before he does more mischief," said one venerable director, his kind, blue eyes developing a pinkish glare that would have horrified the women folk of his family.

"The scoundrel's probably pocketing half of the strike funds," declared another director with plump, rosy gills and a full, bald head that glittered like a sunset cloud, as he stunned the long table with a blow of his balled fist.

But Kurelovitch was not a mad dog, and he was not waxing fat with industrial spoils, as so many of the directors had. He was really a tall, tragic, rough-hewn Pole, who had been suddenly hammered into leadership by the crisis of the strike, by reason of his unquenchable integrity and social fire. He had deep, blue, burning eyes, a rugged nose and moustaches, and his hands and form were ungainly, work-worn symbols of the life of drudgery he had led.

Now he was thinking wearily of all the thorny problems that would be heaped upon him that day in the course of the strike. As he extricated himself from the bedclothes and sat up to dress, the problems writhed and clamored in his jaded brain for solution. For seven weeks now he had risen almost at dawn and had labored till midnight at the Titan task of wringing a fifteen per cent increase out of capitalism for his fellow workers. He had grown gaunt and somber and wise in the process; skeptical of man and of god. He had seen plans collapse, heads broken unjustly, sentences inflicted by corrupt judges, babies and women starving. He had heard himself assailed as a monster by the other group, and as a weakling and tool by the more embittered of his own side.

His wife heard him sigh, and she called from the kitchen, where she was already stirring.

"There ain't no coffee for you this morning, Stanislaw," she announced in a sullen voice, in which there was also anger and scorn. "And there ain't no nothin' else to eat, only a few hunks of old bread."

Kurelovitch stumbled wearily to his feet and entered the malodorous kitchen. Greasy pans and platters and sour garbage were strewn about, and in an apaque cloud of smoke his wife was hovering over the stove, their fourth child mewling in the nest of her arms. She was heating all the milk she had for the infant, and when her husband came in she turned on him with swift virulence.

"No, not a taste of food in the house, damn you," she spat. "And the kids went to bed last night without hardly any supper."

"But it's not my fault, now, is it, Annie?" the big man returned humbly as he went over to her and put an arm over her shoulder. She cast it off with fierce contempt, and stood him off with a volley of words that were like poisoned arrows, each piercing straight to his vital parts.

"It is your fault, you clumsy fool, you," she screamed out of her over-laden heart. "You were one of the first men to go out on strike, even though we hadn't a penny in the house at the time. And last week when the company wanted the men to come back you talked them out of it, and so we're all still starving, thanks to you."

"But, Annie—" the tall man attempted gently.

"Don't Annie me, or try to fool me with one of your speeches. You know the strike's lost as well as I do, and that after it you'll be black-listed in every mill town in New England. But you don't care if your children starve, do you? You'd be glad to see us all dead, wouldn't you?"

The man had crumpled under the attack, and he seemed as small almost as his infuriated wife. But then he straightened in the dusty pallor of the kitchen, and moved to the door.

"I'll see that you get a lot of groceries and things from headquarters this morning," he said huskily, as he went out into the dark, bitter streets.

Kurelovitch shivered at his contact with the gray, sharp air. A thin ash of snow had fallen through the night, and was now a noisome slush, after its brief experience with the mill town, which degraded everything it touched. The muddy ooze squirmed through the vulnerable spots in his shoes, and started the gooseflesh along Kurelovitch's spine. Across the river in the drab morning he could see the residential heights where the rich dwelt, and they reminded him of the village of his youth, with its girdle of snow-covered hills and peaceful cottages. He remembered a Polish lullaby his mother used to sing to him, and shivered the more.

From the rough bridge which bound the split halves of the town he could see the mill, glowing and blocking shadows deep as ignorance on the rotting ice of the river. The resplendent emblem of America gleamed and waved from a staff on the low, sprawling structure, as if to sanctify all that went on beneath. And now Kurelovitch had traversed a morass of decaying huts and offal-strewn streets and was directly within the massive shadow of the mill. Two or three of his fellow-workers recognized him, and came hurrying forward from the picket line. Kurelovitch's day had begun.

"The damned gunmen are out for fight this morning," said a sombre, chunky Pole, swathed in old burlap and a tremendous fur cap that had come from Europe.

"Yes, they must have gotten more booze than usual last night," said another striker between his chattering teeth.

A young picket with brooding, dark eyes burst out with a hot voice, "Well, we'll give them any fight they want, the dirty lice. We're not afraid." Kurelovitch put his hand on the young chap, and then the three went with him to where about fifty or more of the strikers were shifting slowly up and down the length of the wide mill gate.

There were men and women in the line, all dark and silent and seeming more like a host of mourners than anything else in the world of bitter sky and slush-laden earth. They were muffled to the chins in grotesque rags, and their breaths went up like incense in the chill morning. A mood of sadness and suspense hung about them, and whenever they passed the knot of gunmen at the gate they turned their eyes away almost in grief.

Two of the gunmen had detached themselves from the evil-eyed mob huddled, like a curse, at the gate. They carried clubs in their hands, and at their hips could be seen bulging the badges of their mission in life, which was to break strikes and to murder.

They came up to Kurelovitch and sneered at him with sadistic eyes. As he walked up and down in the sluggish picket line, they dogged him and used their vilest art to taunt him into resistance.

About an hour later, as he was departing from the line, the two gunmen still followed him. A little group of pickets, therefore, formed themselves in a cordon about Kurelovitch and escorted him to the strike headquarters, burning all the way with repressed rage. Kurelovitch was a marked man in the strike zone, and his maiming was a subject of much yearning and planning by the gunmen.

The daily meetings of the strikers were held in a great barn-like structure in the center of the tangled streets and alleys of the mill-workers' quarters. A burst of oratory smote Kurelovitch as he entered the great room and a thousand faces, staring row on row, orientated to the leader as he marched in.

"Kurelovitch, Kurelovitch has come," ran a murmur like wind through a forest.

Kurelovitch leaped on the rough stage, where others of the strike committee were sitting, and

whispered in consultation with a fellow Pole. He learned that there was nothing of moment that day—no sign from the bosses nor funds from sympathizers. It was merely another of the dark days of the strike.

"But many of the Russians are getting restless," the man whispered. "Raviloff has been at them, and yesterday their priest told them to go back. Give 'em hell, Kurelovitch!"

Kurelovitch came to the edge of the platform in a hush like that of an operating room, looking out over a foam of varied faces. They were faces that had blown into the golden land on the twelve winds of the world, though about nine-tenths of the faces were the broad-boned, earthy, beautiful faces of mystic Slavdom. Daylight struggled through large, smutty windows and dusted the heads and shoulders of the strikers with a white, transcendent powder. A huge oilcloth behind Kurelovitch proclaimed in big, battering letters, "We Average \$3 a Week and We Are Demanding 15 Per Cent More. Are You With Us?"

The air tightened as Kurelovitch loomed there, a sad hero, stooped and gaunt with many cares. Finger-deep hollows were in his cheeks, and, with his blazing eyes and strong mouth, he seemed like some ascetic follower of the warrior Mohammed.

"Fellow workers. . . ."

In low, thrilling Polish he began by disposing of the secular details of the strike, as on every day. Then something would come over Kurelovitch, a strange feeling of automatism, as if he were indeed only the voice that this simple-hearted horde had created out of their woe. The searing phrases would rush from his lips in a wild, stormy music, like the voice of a gale, as as mystic and powerful.

With both hands holding his breast, as if it were bursting with passionate vision, Kurelovitch lifted his face in one of his superb moments and flamed up like an Isaiah.

"Fellow workers," he chanted, giving the words a value such as cannot be transmitted by mere writing, "we can never be beaten, for we are the workers on whose shoulders rest the pillars of the world and in whose hands are the tools by which life is carried on. Life, liberty and happiness—let us not rest till we have gotten these for ourselves and our children's children! Let us not permit the accidents of a strike to stay us on our journey toward the beautiful city of freedom, whose grace is one day to shine on all the world.

"We are beginning to starve, some of us, but let us starve bravely, for we are soldiers in a greater and nobler war than that which is bleeding Europe. We are soldiers in the class war which is finally to set mankind free of all war and all poverty, all bosses and hate. Workmen of the world, unite; we have nothing to lose but our chains; we have a world to gain!"

Kurelovitch ended in a great shout, and then the handclapping and whistles rose to him in turbulent swirls. He found himself suddenly weary and limp and melancholy, and his deepest wish was to go off somewhere alone to wait until the hollow places inside were refilled. . . .

But, with the others of the strike committee, he left the platform and fused into the discussions that were raging everywhere. Everybody tried to come near Kurelovitch, to speak to him. He was a common hearth at which his people crowded and shouldered for warmth, his starving, wistful people who believed him when he said they could wipe out the accumulated woe of humanity. . . .

He was treated to long recitals of the workings of the proletarian soul in this time of want and panic and anger. He heard a hundred tales of temptation, of desperate hunger, of outrages at the hands of the gunmen. Kurelovitch listened to it all like a grave, kind father confessor, untying many a Gordian knot with his clear-eyed strength and understanding.

And then came to him Raviloff, the leader of the Russians, a short, black, wrinkled man, with slow eyes that became living coals of fire when passion breathed on them.

He was angry to impotence now. "You said in your speech that I was a traitor, Kurelovitch," he shouted fiercely. "You lie; I am not. But we Russians think this strike is lost, and that we'd all better go back before it's too late."

"It's not lost," Kurelovitch replied slowly.

"The mills can't work full time until we choose

to go back. And, Raviloff, I say again that you're a scab and traitor if you go back now."

Raviloff flushed purple with wrath, and rushed upon the tall Pole as if to devour him. But Kurelovitch did not lift his stern, calm gaze from the other's face, and a light like that of swords came and went in his blue eyes. The Russian surged up and touched him, chest to chest, and then Kurelovitch intrigued the other into a sensible discussion that served to keep the Russian on the firing line. . . .

And thus it went. So Kurelovitch passed his day, moving from the swooning brink of one crisis to another. He sat with the strike committee for many hours in a smoky room and agonized over ways and means. He addressed another large meeting at headquarters in the afternoon. He went out on the picket line and was singled out for threats and taunts again by the gunmen, so that he felt murder boiling in his deeps and left. Then he had to return later to the picket line because word was rushed to him that five of the pickets had been arrested in a fight finally precipitated by the gunmen. Kurelovitch spent the rest of the afternoon scurrying about and finding bail for the five.

Toward night he had a supper of ham sandwiches and coffee, and then he and three of the strike committee went to a meeting of sympathizers about fifteen miles away. Kurelovitch made his third passionate address of the day, and stirred up a large collection. The long, dull, wrenching ride home followed.

He got off the trolley car near his house about midnight, his brain whirling and hot, his heart acrid and despairing. The urgency of the fight was passed, and nothing was left to buoy him against his weariness. He walked in a stupor; the day had sucked every atom of his valor and strength. He wished dumbly for death; he was the cold ashes of the flaming Kurelovitch of the day. Had gunmen come now and threatened him he would have cringed and then wept.

There was a feeble light waning and wavering in the window of his little three-room flat, and when he had fumbled with the lock and opened the dilapidated door he found some one brooding with folded arms near the stove. It stood up awfully and turned on him with baleful eyes, like a wild beast in its cave.

"You rotten dog!" his wife screamed at Kurelovitch in the vast quiet of the night. "You mean and dirty pig!"

"Annie, dear—"

"To go away in the morning and leave us to starve! To send food to other's families and then to forget us! Oh, you'd be glad if we all died of starvation! You'd laugh to see us all dead, you murderer!"

Kurelovitch was too sorrowful to attempt an answer. He went to the bedroom where he and two of the children slept and shut the door behind him. His wife took this for a gesture of contempt, and her frenzy mounted to a blood-curdling crescendo that ran up and down the neighborhood like a ravaging blight. Heads popped out of windows and bawled to her to stop for Christ's sake. And, finally she broke down of sheer exhaustion and Kurelovitch heard her shuffling into bed.

There was anguished silence, and then Kurelovitch heard his poor, overburdened drudge of a wife weeping terribly, with gulping sobs that hurt him like knives. . . .

And now he could not sleep at all, even after her sobbing had merged into ugly snoring. He tossed as in a fever, as he had on so many other nights of the seven frantic weeks of the strike.

He went blindly for relief to the window, beyond which reigned the cold, inimical night. The shabby slum street dwindled to an obscure horizon, and the mass of the mill building could be seen dominating over the ragged houses. No being was abroad in the desolate dark; he saw a chain of weak lanterns casting morbid shadows, and the vicious wind whipping up the litter of the streets. The stars were white and high overhead, as distant as beauty from the place where Kurelovitch burned with sleeplessness. He heard the rattling gurgling snore of his wife.

Kurelovitch ached with his great need of forgetfulness. As he twitched on his humid bed the days that had gone and the darker days to come ranged about and taunted him like fiends. The feeling that he held the fate of the strike in his hand rested on him monstrously, and his starving children made him gasp and cry like one drowning.

In dumb anguish he prayed unconsciously to the power of the righteousness, to God or

The Beyond --- By Henri Barbusse

TRANSLATED BY LYDIA GIBSON
(Synopsis of previous instalments)

The scene is the Riviera, a luxurious resort where the idle rich spend their winter on the southern coast of France. There we find Hubert Allen, a young aviator, and Carla, a beautiful girl whom he intends to marry. There also is the Baron de Ghest, an enormously wealthy financier and industrial capitalist whose factories are nearby. In the baron's factories are many workers who live in misery and poverty. Mark very carefully, for the Baron de Ghest, in the baron's laboratory in experiments with a terrible new poison gas and new explosives for warfare. Baron de Ghest engages Allen, the young aviator, to make a mysterious flight over the Pyrenees. Allen goes to see his old aunt who is harmlessly insane in an asylum. She warns him mysteriously of the "race to death" and of "Moloch, the man of steel and iron." Before the time for his intended flight to China, Allen enters into an altitude contest to win the Zenith Cup. If he can win the cup, Allen expects to marry Carla before the flying season opens. The contest starts. Allen is the first to go up. The other contestants capsize. Allen is the only survivor. Bringing his plane back to earth, Allen discovers the hangar and factory in ruins and the grandstand of the flying-field in flames. But the strangest of sights meets his eye—all the people in the grandstand and on the flying-field are sitting or standing or sprawling apparently motionless in the strange postures of wax dummies. Every human being in sight has been struck dead, so suddenly that they stand or sit exactly as they were when they were alive. The poisoned gas has been turned loose by an explosion in the factory and everyone has been instantaneously killed. Allen, alone, was too high above the explosion to be hurt. The ghastly sight strikes terror into his heart.

In an effort to find Carla, Allen rushes into the great fashionable hotel where the same living-death confronted him. He searches the rooms and there he sees the secrets of their lives disclosed. A young couple whom he had known and who had mysteriously disappeared were found engaged in a suicide pact before the lethal gas was unleashed; Mark the chemist—apparently gay in life was weeping in desolation when death struck him; two old "respectable" and "old-fashioned" people in a domestic row; another "respectable" man in his hand a stolen ring; a maniacal old general plays with toy soldiers—he had been responsible for the slaughter of many real soldiers; an American financier—he symbolizes the "golden calf." Allen's discoveries are innumerable—one after the other the true realities of the upper classes are unveiled—the playings of their passions, wallowing in wealth and debauchery.

Allen goes to the tenement district. A young soldier dying in a cell in which the only ornament was his war medal, had been hastened to death only a little by the explosion; drunkards, starving wives, bewildered children; in the face of the death of Allen, the mother of the child noted for charity built on the flesh of these living sacrifices. A child plays soldier in the street—leering at the workers he dreams of the day when he will be paid to suppress them.

Where is Carla? How far into the heart of the universe has this living-death penetrated?

I AM tired out. I sink down anywhere . . . My eyelids close, hypnotized by a theater poster. "Revuc—Apotheosis—500 in the Cast." A low, wide humming assails my ears.

I sleep. I see people and things move again in time and space. Recompense, joy! Illumination and color, I am in the midst of a crowded theater, warm, shimmering, stifling with the bad perfumed smell of the elegant public.

On the stage is a martial scene: the handsome, victorious officer makes an eloquent, fiery speech to the soldiers, who are panting to be at the Germans, thru shell-fire.

Suddenly a man stands up in the audience, in the first row of the balcony. A poor, shabby man, but the whole audience see him, thin as Don Quixote, his face pitted with death itself, dressed in dangling blue rags dragged from the bloody mud; a soldier from the war. He speaks; no, he coughs. He fumbles in his knapsack which makes a round bulge on his thin shoulders. He throws into the audience a hand grenade which bursts. I see the diamonded hands of the ferocious women and the effeminate young men who had been applauding the butchery of the soldiers, fly up in fear.

The thunder of the sudden explosion in my head and in my breast wakens me. . . .

The dream that cried in the silence is gone. Life has not returned. The physical cessation of everything, everything, surrounds me still.

I think of the theater, reminded of it by that nightmare. I go to the Casino to see, even though empty, the hall where my dream whirled on its fiery pivot. The noise of my feet on the sidewalk is queer.

The hall is not empty as I supposed. People are grouped on the stage, others massed in the first rows of seats, which are covered with shadows.

It is the ghost of a rehearsal. What were they rehearsing this morning at the moment of the catastrophe? The famous Revue, so long heralded; the grand finale which they were just running thru! "At the Summit, Victory." A scaffold is built up to make different levels on the stage; it is unfinished, and the

whatever fate it was that had brought him into the world. But no relief came that way, and, finally, after a struggle, he groped with all his pangs to a little dresser in the room, where he searched out a brandy bottle. This he took to bed with him, and drank and drank and drank again, till the past and the more terrible future were blurred in kindly night, and the great dark wings of peace folded over him and he sank into the maternal arms of oblivion.

trestles, wall-board, and glue show thru here and there. The groups of actors are some of them in costume, and others in ordinary clothes. Some half-costumed; men in sack suits wear sabers.

Victory is the leading lady, whose beautiful breasts are only half hidden by the tricolor scarf. This little woman, called Rosette of the Legion of Honor—brandishes a flag, and at the top of the pyramid, like a hoisted divinity, she opens her mouth. I can guess what she is crying—"Long Live France!"

Homage and consecration are lifted to her; the symmetrical gestures of the hands and bare arms of a troop of chorus-girls whose skirts, shortened to the top of the thighs, make a great wheel. Standing with their hand lifted to take the oath, are statesmen, senators, plumed and helmeted generals; the great industrialist who works so hard to enrich France and civilization, and the good colonial with his adoring little flock of all colors, and the good schoolmaster, (the angel-making education); and the writer-thinker with his green embroideries who recites an ode of Victory; and the artist who presents her an offering of the first-fruits of the national genius, the statue of Progress—a sort of big vulture of plaster.

And lower, the good workmen, dressed up and docile, do homage to her with their tools: one holds up his shovel, another his pick, and the peasant in his nice clean blue shirt offers his sickle, and the housewife offers a plump woolen stocking, and the old man offers his sons.

The terrible immobility of this big parade shows the unbelievable baseness of the public ideal. All these bright lights, the tumult of music, the excitement, spurred on by nudity, is for the purpose of forcing this base ideal into the collective mind. For it is this that really leads, in the manner so clearly shown here, the whole human mass.

I leave the place. I go before myself, like Lazarus. I think, all of a sudden, of the master of masters, the richest of the rich, of the Baron de Ghest.

WHEN one is very tired, one becomes dull and one sees nothing more; I know it well. I am harassed and I am already calm. Alas, already I do not shudder with horror when I say to myself: "You are surrounded by a cemetery in human forms. I should my way now like an ordinary passer-by among the numberless images of men and women flayed out of life and set up in the mould of the world. And already their drama is no more striking to me than before, when we were alike. Our malady is in losing so quickly the sense of what we touch. Man is not made to understand.

At moments, when I get back some of my elasticity, or when I see my face reflected in a mirror, I stop, and bits of ideas come to me.

This one . . . "When the pestilence comes . . ." My neck sinks down between my shoulders, I drive away that idea. Then: "No, the catastrophe certainly hasn't hit the whole earth, it must have been too small—and however it is, there must be other survivors beside myself." But a voice answers: "Look, listen: nothing. Nothing more here." I am overwhelmed with the silence and the beyond. And this idea also, with a start of surprise: "I have millions at hand . . ."

My head is spinning. All the worse, all the better . . . to know.

With bared breast, queerly armed with my hammer in my hand like a cave-man, my pockets stuffed with boxes of matches (my insane prudence makes me think of evening and I stocked up—with matches in a store.) I arrive at the splendid Florentine villa where the golden ball was in full swing night before last.

No need here to break down doors. They all yield to the hand, docilely, beside a flunkey turned to stone.

He . . . That man shines, the center of all this splendor.

He is seated, half lying down, on crimson velvet in his Arabian Nights studio. He smiles. A girl is embracing him: the delicate bent shoulder, the scattered hair, the half-naked young body beside him, and one arm around his neck. I peer closer at this tangle . . . Ah, the caress of the bare arm! . . .

The woman! I leap toward her. I lift her with both hands in spite of the rigidity of death; I turn her face to mine—and Carla gives me the sweet smile she always gave me.

Happily I have a level head . . . But I recoil to the furthest corner, screaming like a tiger maimed by hunters.

I am astonished that my head remains so cool. Yesterday nothing in the world would have prevented me from raining blows upon this man and woman if I had discovered them so. I should have beaten them even if they had been dead, even for nothing. But I leave them alone now.

(Continued on next page, page 6)

On the morrow he would wake and find the ring of problems haunting him again, and he would grapple them again in his big, tragic fashion till his soul bled with many fresh wounds as he stumbled home in the night. And thus he would go on and on till he was broken or dead, for Kurelovitch had dared to spit into the face of the beast that reigns mankind, and never for this sin would he be permitted to know sweetness or rest under the wide shining range of the heavens.

THE BEYOND By Henri Barbusse

(Continued from preceding page, page 5)

It is because I am no longer what I was yesterday. In a few hours I have traveled centuries, and I have aged. There is something bigger than I and my history, and I begin to spell it out, being by being; it is the great law, that artificial fatality of which we are all the toys, which drives all living things and makes them do what they do. I bow my head. The image of my sweet Carla is overturned, Carla with her delicious little breasts which I never knew. And I deserve this punishment, I who did not see the shame of reverence for idols.

He lived in his function of king; she lived in her function of slave. Beyond the crying needs of nature, a few beings have forged for all the others a devilish destiny. Gold, the universal ball of gold, above the horizons of filth and slime!

In the salon, furnished and ornamented with pomp beyond imagining, I look at her whom I loved, fallen there by the power of gold. She came to me of her own choice, but she gravitated to him thru the force of circumstances. She was not one of those who resist. She was no rebel. My eyes filled with tears.

He—he laughs. His powerful face, with strong features, smooth as stone, laughs. My fists clench as I see how ugly he was, and that here there was no love. It puts me back into myself, into my personal affairs: I, Hubert Allen, with my signs, my character, my handwriting, my own shape.

What vengeance against a corpse? only one: to judge him, to dissect his gaping destiny, to know what he did among men, to reconstruct the drama of others as they lead to him.

Again the thot flashes upon me: "Never has a man had the possibility of knowledge that I have at this moment." In the course of life, no one can pierce the fantastic precautions and the accumulated defences, to the truth that lies back of them; the causes of the events that sieze one are buried in hard reality; the present is not to be grasped, the past and even the future are clearer than the present—nobody, . . . never . . . Except myself today, thru an accident that, after the invisible deluge, lets me open drawers and strong-boxes, and hold autopsy, and scatter before me to the four winds the secret archives and the intimate documents that I find hidden.

I rummage thru the papers of the millionaire, filed away in order, inoculated with ink in his heavy handwriting. I follow the thread of certain intrigues: the story of a statesman driven from his career; the affair of a colonial concession; contraband of munitions and opium; the extradition of political refugees; provision for a war following upon a Balkan loan; and notes for a long speech. All these things hang together. I who yesterday, who this morning even, was a vague sportsman, the color of space, with the eye of a bird, I am now busy with the bitter and sombre task of untangling the elements of these great enterprises in which are gambled away the fate of crowds; the content of history.

I go to the city hall, to the big newspaper office, to the police headquarters—into the sanctuaries and the tabernacles of these buildings, and even to the apartments where the minister and the ambassador are staying temporarily, and the great Barbare, mantou of dollars, who was, on a world scale, what the Baron de Ghest was here in France. Here I rummage, read, note, among telegrams, confidential reports, checkbooks . . .

I am in the presence of enormities, too vast for my comprehension. Nevertheless I dig down into these things to reconstruct the combination.

I use the whole day, and now it is evening.

This distracted and fragmentary inquest, by a man turned loose in a world without hindrance, brings me, not knowledge, but a presentiment.

A fantastic scenario, yes, but real. These are the amusements of grotesquely overgrown children, dreadful amusements which step by step fill

fill themselves in human flesh. And an adjustment of details, expertly arranged and prodigiously perfected on imbecile data like a movie-film of success. But gold makes everything go. Ah, ah, he was richer and stronger, a thousand times richer and stronger, than my petty imagination could guess, when I said that I would "make use of him." We live by "almost," we content ourselves with the surface appearance, we don't take the trouble to think things out, we don't dare to face conclusions. We are the same as the animals.

In that conference room these four men with heavy faces, round and at the same time square, sit around a table with written papers. Foreign police agents: a Pole, a Roumanian, a Balkan, and one other. I know what they were working on, that they waited this morning impatiently for the ultra-confidential report, ultra secret, to be burned as soon as read.

They have written there before them what they want to do in each country to drive underground, to fore- under th weight of the law, or better under the weight of public indignation, those who endanger the sacred sanct established law and order. No you, honorable and inoffensive spotters of democratic eloquence, but those who show the people things as they are: the enemies, the wild beasts. Find proofs, dig them up, make them up! We must . . . we must . . . They are there, a pile of them. I see between the shoulders around the table, the fabrication of a story of assassination and slime which would have made possible a reign of terror against the troublers of the social order; these bloodhounds of the great diplomacy of law and civilization were making up the proofs.

A sharper blow falls on me and leaves me weak: on a page, beside the corpse with the yellow claw, I read, "The air-raid on China. The basis for war will result from the explosion of indignation aroused in Europe by the news of the massacre of the aviators."

Truly, at this moment, in the midst of this political and financial chaos, I see face to face, from one end to the other, something universal.

I go back to the place of the Baron de Ghest. He lolls on his crimson beside the girl's body. I grip him and lift him, this man who laughs, this sorcerer who shouts his victory, who was broken at last only by the cataclysm that breaks the world. But he triumphed even to the end; he triumphs now.

I shake with both hands the mummy of raw flesh. Fury rises to my hands and to my head.

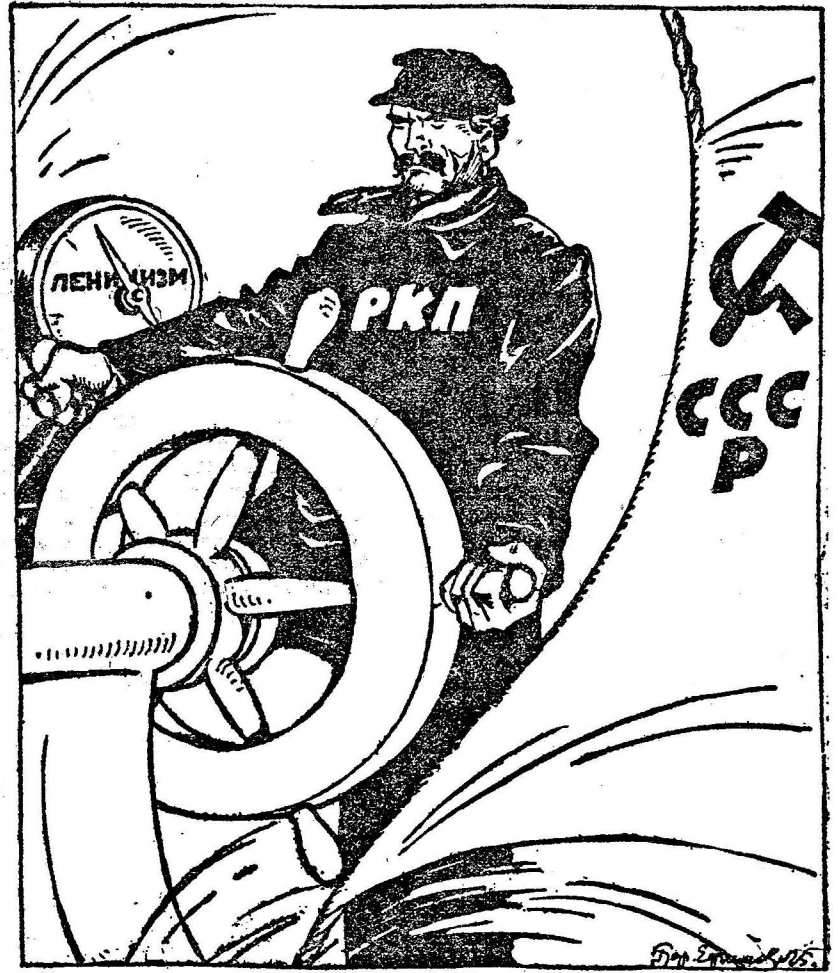
"You did what you wished. You took for yourself of every creature you wanted. You devoured the youth of women, you used and destroyed the youth of unnumbered men. Your intrigues, your speculations, your monopolies, were the ferocious games of a brute and a thief—and yet they were systematically built up on whole populations, and they functioned. You have made your metallic kitchen with thinking and bleeding masses, you have prepared wars to enrich yourself further; your affair in Georgia, your affair in the Sudan, your affair in China and a hundred others at the same time! You have used everything, from the ideals to the hunger and thirst of humanity, with publicity, democratic parliaments, journals, law-courts and churches!"

I shook him more furiously, and his skull hit the wall with a hollow crack, and I am astonished to see that the creature who directed so great an apparatus, the creature who planned to have me assassinated after so many others, to have a pretext for patriotic conquest, the creative all of whose calculations were based upon the sacrifice of incalculable lives,—is only a man like the rest, light in my hands, with a face, two arms, a collar, and a necktie.

I throw him on the floor, where he strikes with a dull sound, and his scarecrow face, turned toward the last daylight in the vast room where evening is gathering, continues to

"Fourteenth Congress of the Party"

Четырнадцатый съезд партии.



HERE is a cartoon showing the great Communist Party of Russia successfully steering the ship of the Soviet Union, guided by the compass of Leninism. This cartoon was first published in Pravda, organ of the Russian Communist Party, and copied by an American capitalist paper. Why, at this particular moment, are many American capitalist newspapers partially concealing their mortal hatred of Soviet Russia? The vast territory conquered by the red army of workers and peasants is an insurmountable obstacle to the re-establishment of world economy on a capitalist basis. The imperialistic powers are obliged to try to soften this contradiction. Capitalism in most countries "recognizes" the Soviet Union. Imperialism even suggests that the Soviet Union be invited to join the league of nations—of course, for the purpose of tying the hands of the Soviet Union, and with the hope of discrediting it in the eyes of the working class. Capitalism today is obliged, for its own purposes, temporarily to create a psychology of world harmony—and this must even include fictitious overtures toward the Soviet Union. But, of course, the contradictions cannot be covered up. The compass of Leninism points to the opposite pole from that of capitalist imperialism.

laugh. He is no genius; he is only a king. If it had not been he, it would have been another, and if the seed of man is not dead, it will be another. The pale statue of Carla is turned to the last light of the window, and smiles too.

VII.

Almost all these thunderstruck marionettes are smiling.

There is one body that won't have that beatific mask; the old mad woman in the asylum.

I come out in the twilight to go to her. I have that much courage. Besides, what else can I do? I can't sleep . . .

The garden, the square building, the corridor. Here, in her place. The end of the world overtook her while she leaned at a window in the corridor, looking out with her bewildered distress: the railroad below where the workmen stood out against the background of the sea.

She was wise! she alone was wise, when she warned me of the race with death and told me that I should be afraid. "He will stife us—all, all. He must devour men . . ."

It took the disembowelling of the world to teach me—jumping-jack that I was—what she knew already. Events are so implacable that only disordered imaginations can fling themselves so far!

She watches the thin pallisade of workers, and beyond them the fantastic reality.

The real fools, were, are, the careless, the calm, the optimists.

But above all the poor: those who come out of the shadows, innumerable, with hammers and sickles or guns and bayonets. They who make

everything: things, bread, victories.

I see them outlined against the enormous devastation, dantesque figures—(yet I am the only one who is killed.)

Why do they obey? Why do they make alliance with their enemies? Why do they fight against each other, in work and war, these morsels of the multitude? Why are they at one and the same time the victim and the hangman—when they only have to rise up together in ranks, to put the life of the world in order, and drown their little profiteers between their hundred thousand hearts.

Fools, fools!

Worse than fools: malefactors. For humankind is going to its ruin. It is fate, it is written, since the beginning of the law of wealth and of war between persons, and between the weary masses. If there had not been this tremendous accident, among the ruins of which I creep as an insect, others would have come; and it must be mathematically, thru the progress of chemistry and mechanics, that all lives will finish by being ground out or poisoned by space. Oh, it is not supernatural, this deluge. It is normal and if others than I have escaped this one, I predict another and greater!

I look at the sombre, mangled, human colonnade, before the ocean. And then I see, between two black forms, a star that twinkles in the void. There is nothing but the sea and the stars, but this star moves. It is low.

A ship! The cataclysm has not reached all the world.

Everything is not dead. Everything will begin again.

(THE END)

Lenin and Brest-Litovsk

VALUABLE HISTORY OF DECISION OF RUSSIAN COMMUNIST PARTY TO SIGN "ROBBER PEACE" WITH GERMAN EMPIRE IN 1918.

WHEN Lenin made his hard fight for the signing of the Brest treaty, he gave his reasons in long theses. He proved that the signing of a peace treaty with the imperialists does not mean a betrayal of international socialism. "Workers who lose a strike and accept terms unfavorable to themselves and favorable to the capitalists, do not betray socialism."

In the collected writings of Lenin there is an appendix by Ovsianikov on materials in the party archives. It was during the early days of January, 1918, some days before the Soviet congress, that this question came up in the central committee. Lenin was from the first of the opinion that the treaty must be signed. On January 9, according to the notes by E. D. Stasova, Lenin analyzed the three different opinions on the question:

1. Separate peace with the German annexationists.
2. Revolutionary war.
3. Proclamation of the end of the war and demobilization of the army, but without signing the treaty.

The day before the first opinion had fifteen votes, the second thirty-two, and the third sixteen. All are unanimous that the country of the revolution must be defended. The question is, how? The army is worn out, there are not horses enough to move the artillery, the Germans can easily take Reval and Petrograd. If under such conditions we continue the war, we will strengthen German imperialism, and will have to sign terms worse than these. Undoubtedly this peace will be a wretched peace, but if the war begins again, our government will be overthrown and the peace will be signed with some other government. Our government is based not only on the proletariat, but also on the poor peasants, who will serve the interests of the French, English and American imperialists. The staff of Comrade Krylenko has received from the Americans an offer of a hundred rubles for every soldier—those who support the proposal that revolutionary war must be waged, claim that we are conducting a civil war with German imperialism and that we thus instigate revolution in Germany. But Germany is merely pregnant with revolution and we have already a healthy baby—the socialist republic, which can be killed if we start the war again. We have in our hands a circular from the German social-democrats; there is information of two separate centrist opinions about us, one of them claiming that we are bribed and that there is going on in Brest-Litovsk a comedy with ready-made roles. This group attacks us for the armistice. The other group, the Kautskians, declares that the personal honesty of the Bolshevik leaders is above suspicion, but the conduct of the Bolsheviks is a psychological puzzle. We do not know the opinion of the left wing social-democrats. The English workers appreciate our efforts towards peace. Of course, this will be a shameful treaty. But we badly need a breathing spell to put thru certain social reforms (if only the organization of transportation); we must strengthen our position and must have time for it. We must break the bourgeoisie completely, but for this we must have both hands free. Then we will be in a position to conduct a revolutionary war with international imperialism. The cadres of the voluntary revolutionary army which we create now will become the officers' cadres for our future army.

Comrade Trotsky's proposal—to end the war, to refuse to sign the peace and to demobilize the army—is intended to be an international demonstration. But by withdrawing our troops we only relinquish the Esthonian socialist republic to the mercy of the Germans. It is said that by signing the peace we give a free hand to Japan and America, who will occupy Vladivostok. But before they reach Irkutsk, we will have time to strengthen the position of our socialist republic. In signing the peace, we of course, give independence to Po-

land, but we save the socialist Esthonian republic and get time to secure our gains. This may be called a step to the right, but we must take it. If the Germans begin to attack us, we will be compelled to sign any treaty whatsoever, and this will of course, be worse. To save our socialist republic, the contribution of three billions is not greatly excessive. By signing the peace we will show the broad masses that while the imperialists (Germany, England and France), who have seized Riga and Bagdad, continue to fight, we will develop the socialist republic.

Bucharin, Trotsky and Uritsky spoke in favor of "neither peace nor war." Oppokov (Lomov) favored revolutionary war. Stalin and Zinoviev lined up completely with Lenin. Lenin pointed out that he did not agree with them in all details, for instance, when Zinoviev said that this treaty would for a time weaken the movement in western Europe. If we believe that the movement in Germany may be delayed by a break in the peace negotiations, then we must sacrifice ourselves, because the revolution in Germany is more important than our revolution. But the fact is that the movement has not yet started there, and we will go under if we do not sign the peace.

Djerjinsky and Kassier argued against Lenin, Sergeyev (Artem) and Sokolnikov supported him. Krestinsky was in favor of the revolutionary war.

Votes, 2 for revolutionary war, 11 against, and 1 abstaining.

For the formula of Trotsky, 9, and against, 9. The decision: not to continue the war; to continue the peace negotiations with Germany; no definite decisions on tactics.

At the Soviet congress, January 10 to 19, Trotsky made the report on the question. The left socialist-revolutionists supported the opinion "not to sign the peace nor to conduct the war." In the resolution there was no direct prohibition against signing the treaty on January 29, when the armistice was to end. This resolution, as well as the speech of Comrade Zinoviev to the congress, brought forth protests from the supporters of revolutionary war. The Petrograd committee and a group of comrades (Osinsky, Piatakov, Bucharin and Preobrazhensky, etc) went to the central committee with a demand for a party conference within a week.

The central committee meeting was held on January 19. Lenin said that it was now necessary to get clarity on the question of revolutionary war, because one group of the party suspects the other of diplomatic schemes. There are no such schemes; the decision is that either country, if it wants to break off negotiations, must notify the other seven days before beginning hostilities. The best argument to convince the supporters of revolutionary war would be if they would go to the front where they would be convinced of the impossibility of conducting the war.

Lenin was against the party conference, but said that if necessary we must have a regular party convention. By dragging out the peace negotiations we give the opportunity for continuing the fraternization at the front, he said. And by making peace and exchanging the prisoners of war, Germany will get masses of people who have seen the revolution at work. They will work for the revolution in Germany. Now we are not fully informed as to what is going on in Germany and we ought to send aviators to Berlin.

The peace negotiations were broken off on February 10, and Trotsky made a statement at Brest-Litovsk that Russia refuses to sign a forced peace, but Russia will not continue the war and will demobilize. On February 17, there came at the front the first signs of the beginning of the German offensive. The Germans sent to the world a message that they were undertaking the task of saving the world from Bolshevik infection.

The central committee met on January 18. Only two speakers from

each faction had the floor, each for five minutes. Trotsky and Bucharin spoke against sending a telegram with an offer to sign peace, Zinoviev and Lenin in favor of it. Lenin said: We face a situation which demands immediate action. If the offensive of imperialism goes on, we are all for the defense. Then the masses will understand. Not a minute to lose now. Either for revolutionary war or for peace negotiations. The proposal of Lenin for peace negotiations was lost by a vote of 7 to 6.

The next meeting was held the same day. Trotsky reported on the Germans' seizure of Dwinaburg, and the rumors about their entering the Ukraine. He proposed to ask the Germans and Austrians about their conditions for peace. As a matter of fact, Austria did not take part in the offensive. Lenin said:

Now we have neither war nor peace, but we cannot play with war. We are losing numbers of railroad cars and this affects our transportation. Now it is impossible to wait any longer. The situation is very clear. The people will not understand our talk of demobilization if war is going on. The Germans will take everything. Comrade Joffe reports from the front that there are no signs of revolution in Germany. If the Germans demand the overthrow of Bolshevism, we have to fight. The proposal of Trotsky is only paper, not politics. We can only demand the continuation of negotiations. The Germans are marching while we are writing paper resolutions and are vacillating. History will say that we gave up the revolution. We must sign a peace which does not threaten the revolution. We cannot make war, not even blow up anything. We have helped the revolution in Finland, but cannot do more. There is no time to exchange diplomatic notes, to feel out the Germans. Now it is clear that they can attack.

After Uritsky, Trotsky, Stalin and Bucharin had had the floor, Lenin continued: The peasant does not want the war and will not go out to fight. A permanent peasant war is a utopia. The revolutionary war must not be a phrase. If you demobilize the army, you cannot conduct the war. The revolution in Germany has not begun and you know that our revolution was not victorious from the beginning. The Germans will now take the rest of Latvia and Esthonia. They demand the evacuation of Finland. This does not mean that the revolution is lost. To say that the demobilization has ceased is to fool the people. We must accept the terms.

Lenin's proposal: To immediately approach the German government with an offer of peace was carried by seven votes. (Lenin, Smilga, Stalin, Sverdlov, Sokolnikov, Trotsky, Zinoviev.) Against 6, (Uritsky, Joffe, Lomov, Bucharin, Krestinsky and Djerjinsky.) Stasova refrained from voting. Then the content of the wireless telegram was discussed. It was decided that it should contain: protest (all voting for with two abstaining); to say that we are forced by the emergency (all voting for with two abstaining); expression of readiness to sign the former terms or others (seven for, four against, two abstaining). The left socialist revolutionists refused to sign the peace, even at the risk of the revolution's collapsing.

The note of the council of people's commissars to the German government was sent February 19. There

were three painful days until the answer of von Kuhlmann arrived. The German offensive went on all the time. The Russian army withdrew without fighting. The government appealed to the people to defend the socialist republic but all attempts to organize resistance were fruitless.

The Moscow committee met February 20, and protested against the central committee. Certain comrades demanded release from responsible posts and declared that they would fight for their opinion outside of the party. These declarations were not published in the press. The central committee met February 22. The supporters of revolutionary war understood now that they could not make a fight outside the party and claimed the right only within the party. Joffe, Krestinsky and Djerjinsky endorsed the protest but refrained from agitation which they regarded as a step towards a split.

Trotsky referred to a note from the French military commission about the readiness of France and England to support Russia in a war against Germany. He endorsed it upon the condition of full independence for Russian foreign policy, and resigned as commissar of foreign affairs. Bucharin proposed the refusal of the imperialist offer. The central committee carried the proposal of Trotsky by six votes against five. Lenin was not present and sent a note: "I vote in favor of taking aid and weapons from the bandits of Anglo-French imperialism."

At last the answer of Germany came, with an offer of still more unfavorable terms. This was considered by the central committee. Trotsky announced that the forty-eight hour ultimatum would end on February 24 at seven o'clock in the morning. Lenin said that the policy of the revolutionary phrase was now at an end. If this was to continue he would resign from the central committee and from the government. For a revolutionary war an army is needed. We have none. That means that we must accept the terms. Trotsky was in favor of accepting the terms on the ground that war was impossible if the party was split. After speeches by Stalin and Djerjinsky, Lenin spoke again:

"I have been reproached for my ultimatum. I made it in an emergency. If the members of our central committee speak about an international civil war, it is irony. There is civil war raging in Russia, but not in Germany. Our agitation will go on; we agitate not with words but with revolution, and we will continue with it. These terms must be signed. If we do not sign these terms, we sign the death warrant of the Soviet power within three weeks. These terms do not affect Soviet power. There is not the least shadow of doubt in my mind. I make my ultimatum with no intention of taking it back. I do not like revolutionary phrases. The German revolution is not yet ripe. It will still take months. We must accept the terms. If there is a new ultimatum, it will be in a new circumstance, a new situation. For a revolutionary war earnest preparations are needed."

The C. C. decided by seven votes out of fifteen, with four abstaining, to accept the German terms. The Brest-Litovsk treaty was ratified by the party convention on March 6-8 and by the Fourth Soviet congress, March 14-16. The November revolution in Germany annulled the Brest treaty and justified the course of Lenin.

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Machines Replace Human Flesh in Digging Coal

By ALEX REID.

THE introduction of coal producing machinery in the large mines thruout the country is rapidly taking place. Many changes result in this system of mining, and incidentally one of the changes is an addition to the ranks of the already large army of unemployed miners.

In the southern field of Illinois where natural conditions are good, with solid roof and rock bottoms, machinery has displaced human labor power to a comparatively large degree. With the latest addition of a loading machine which is displacing about 33 percent of the miners, the outlook is black, indeed, for the miners.

The development and installation of mining machines has kept pace with that in the most mechanicalized industry and, viewing the large economical mines in southern Illinois, it is hard to figure where any more machinery could be placed.

Whereas, prior to the introduction of the loading machine, a miner loading behind the cutter would earn around \$10 per 8-hour day for loading about 12 tons of coal, today with the aid of the mechanical loader, about twice the amount can be loaded per man, at a flat rate of \$8.04 per eight hours, per man.

With the introduction of the loader, the system of mining is also being changed and a great saving to the coal baron is the result. Likewise the system is being attempted behind the cutting machine where the mechanical loader is not in use, whenever physical conditions permit.

The machine is now taken to the boundary of the room or entry, and cut clear down the pillar to the other end of the working place, generally a distance of 350 feet. This system has taken the miners from the tonnage rate to a day rate basis.

Prior to this method of mining the leaders received 83 cents per ton, and earned about \$9.00 per day, while today they load about twice the amount of coal in places for \$8.04 a day.

This method of removing the pillars of coal, that was formerly left in the mines, between rooms and entries, has given the coal barons twice the amount of coal with approximately the same amount of expense for rails, timber, etc., and resulted in great economy to the owners.

The miners have suffered from this change in various ways. A few of them follow: Increased production, speeding up by the machine, forcing out of employment the older men who are physically unfit to stand the pace and who are thrown on the scrap heap to starve after a life spent in the mines.

Another injury is the comparative reduction of wages, due to the establishment of the day rate, and increased production for that day rate, in comparison to the wages that had been earned for less coal under the tonnage basis.

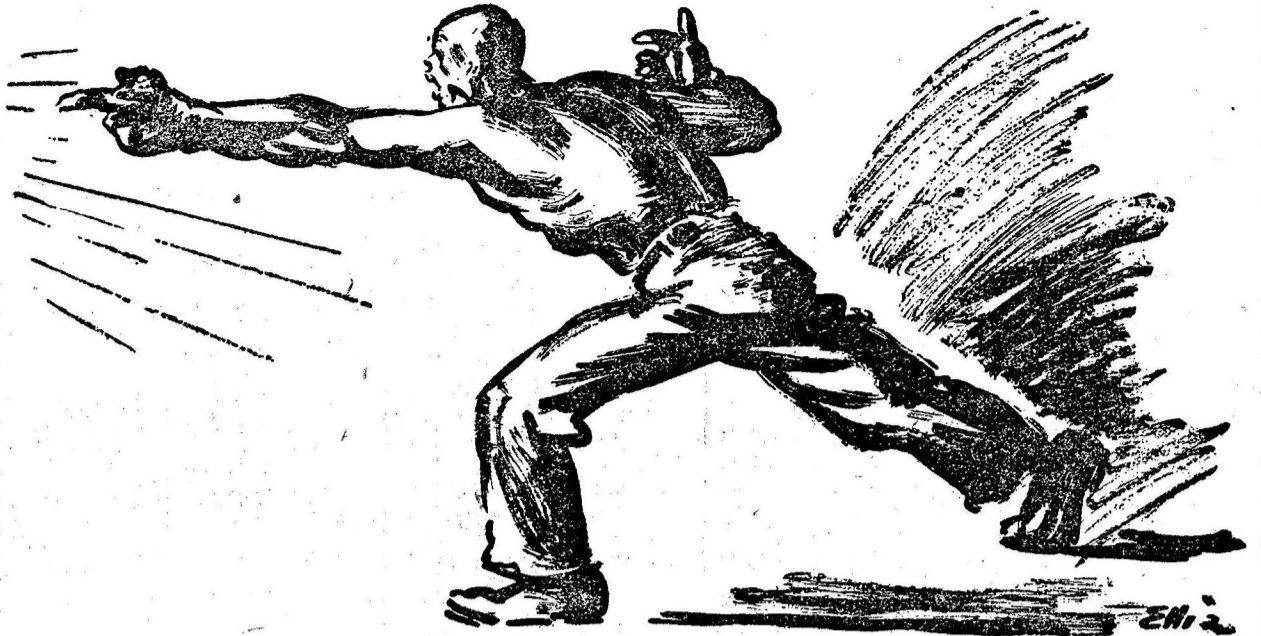
The machines have resulted in the loss of, or the worsening of the working conditions of the miner. Truly the miner is becoming more and more a mere object, a slave to the machine. Conditions which have been fought for in many better industrial battles are being ruthlessly destroyed, while the miners receive no aid whatever from their officials to combat the process.

The large mines are almost completely mechanicalized. It would be hard indeed to find where improvements could be made. Let us examine this process of mechanical installation in the mines.

The system of pulling off cars of coal on top of the mine gave way to the self-dumping cages, from which the coal was dumped without the cars leaving the cage, and this in turn gave way to the coal being dumped into skips in the bottom, holding 10 or 12 tons and then shot to the tippie by electric hoists. Where coal mines with a production of 3,000 tons were considered large 10 years ago, that old rate of production is significant in comparison to the mines which today have productive capacity of 14,000 to 16,000 tons per eight hours.

In the shaft bottom, automatic couplers, greasers, spraggers, cagers, trappers, have displaced human labor power.

"I Mean to Get In!"



Fred Ellis shows the insistent demand of the Negro workers to obtain their full equality in the trade unions. The labor movement can never be what it should be until the Negro workers enter the unions on an equal basis.

Mules have given way to large General Electric motors, which haul long train-loads of coal from inside switches to the bottom. The performance of these large motors are marvelous. In mine No. 9 of the Kincaid, Peabody Coal Co., a schedule is made and express speed maintained. Trips of coal weighing hundreds of tons are delivered for hoisting continuously on schedule time in the shaft bottom.

Inside at the working places, gathering motors have displaced mules and horses and continuously deliver coal to the main line motors on time.

Hand drilling, like hand pick mining, has given way to the machine, while the latest addition, the mechanical loader, has left the miner gasping, wondering what is going to happen next.

Complete mechanical operation is as near perfect as it could possibly be in the large coal mines, and some of it is, indeed, wonderful to behold.

The foregoing has resulted in increased production, and greater efficiency. It has brought decreased cost of production and enormous profits to the coal operators.

But what of the workers? Are they to profit none from all the improve-

ments? They are being forced out of the industry in ever increasing numbers. Their wives and families are starving.

Many of the miners have a deep and bitter hatred for the machines, which they feel are mostly responsible for their condition. Many of them, no doubt, feel that the remedy lies in the destruction of the machines. The writer only a few weeks ago heard various miners discussing that very so-called remedy, and many of them were convinced that the policy of machine prevention was sound, for, had not the machine beaten them out of their jobs and caused their little ones to starve?

How little removed from that group of angry, bitter Englishmen, congregated together in England to destroy the textile machinery at the beginning of the mechanicalizing of the textile industry!

We see those "Englishmen" in the coal miners of today,—many of them ready to destroy the machines.

John L. Lewis, the international president of the miners, realizes that the change has taken place. He referred to the situation a few days ago, and gave as the "remedy" for the

horrible condition of the miner, "More machinery, more efficiency, fewer miners, and—continued private ownership of the industry!"

I venture the assertion that Lewis, either ignorant of the most elementary economics, or a deliberate traitor to the miners, if not both (no matter which) has proven himself utterly unfit to lead the miners.

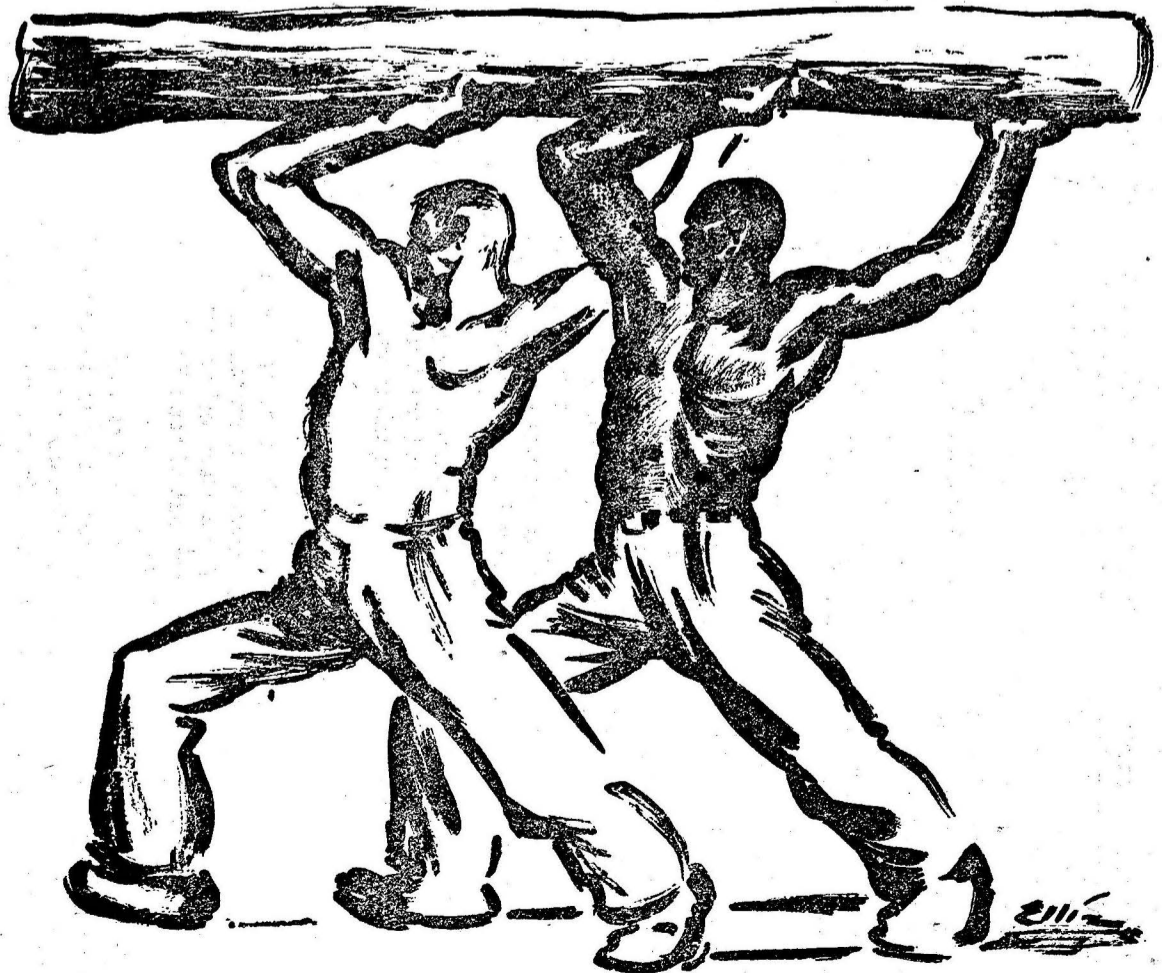
The fault is not in the mechanicalization of the mines, but in the private ownership of the machines, John L. Lewis to the contrary, notwithstanding.

The remedy is collective ownership of the tools of mining, and their control in the hands of the miners.

The changing from a system run for profits to a system for service. The progressive miners of the United Mine Workers of America will not be fooled by this Wall street wail; thru Lewis, the Coolidge campaign committeeman, we demand nationalization and democratic control of the mines, and pledge ourselves to never rest until it is realized.

Subscribe to the Progressive Miner, 50c per year. Address, Alex Reid, Secy., 7020 S. Chicago avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

Batter Down the Barriers!



It is the duty of the white workers to join with the Negro workers to batter down all restrictions which interfere with the admission of the black workers into the unions, says Fred Ellis.