

The New Magazine

Supplement of **THE DAILY WORKER**

Robert Minor
Editor

Second Section! This Magazine Section Appears Every Saturday in The DAILY WORKER.

SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1926

290

The Rights of Workers and Capitalists



The A. F. of L. As Our Neighbors See It

(Translated from La Internacional of Buenos Aires, Argentina.)

THE American Federation of Labor of the United States represents in the labor movement the imperialist aims of the governing class. It is an organization ideologically bourgeois and conservative through and through which has distinguished itself in the world's labor movement as the most reactionary. If the Yankee bosses had created the A. F. of L. themselves they could not have made it more advantageous for their purposes. It is so conservative that it even refuses to have anything to do with the conservative trades union international of Amsterdam, considering this latter to be too "revolutionary." This alone should be sufficient to show it up as an instrument of the privileged classes. The bourgeois-like policy of Sam Gompers which Mr. Green is now following, but reflects the thought and life of this reactionary labor federation.

In October there was a convention of the A. F. of L. in Atlantic City where various resolutions bearing on the working class movement and general situation in Latin-America were taken up. It is well for us to look them over because the A. F. of L. wishes to create for all of Latin-America an organization that will be an exact replica of the North American federation. The convention, in its usual bureaucratic way of course, dealt with certain intolerable excesses recently committed by Yankee imperialism in the Central and South American countries. Naturally the A. F. of L. does not consider these as "excesses nor, were any real anti-imperialist resolutions introduced. The convention satisfied itself with hybrid agreements and resolutions which have no practical importance and which are intended only to demonstrate to the people of Latin-America that the A. F. of L. is concerned with questions affecting their welfare. It is plain fakery, downright hypocrisy. The U. S. state department at Washington would not have proceeded differently.

For example, there took place recently in Panama a tenants' strike which the U. S. troops stationed in that region suppressed in a bloody fashion. What did the convention of the American Federation of Labor decide to do? First, investigate carefully and thoroughly if the Yankee troops had really intervened and why. Second, in case the Yankee military intervention was unjustified, to authorize the president of the A. F. of L. to deliver an energetic note of protest to Mr. Coolidge. This is all; right here begins and ends the solidarity of the federation with the Panamanian workers. Naturally, the investigation will drag out over a long period of time; the months will pass and doubtless the functionaries of the A. F. of L. will receive of their colleagues the functionaries of the imperialist state, clear and convincing explanations showing that the American troops intervened against the striking tenants and in the interests of the workers and that the intervention took place at the request of those directly interested. It will then result that the intervention was not unjustified and that within a year, which time will undoubtedly have elapsed before the investigation is completed, there will no longer be any good reason for sending the aforementioned "energetic" note of protest.

If the A. F. of L. were really proletarian—an independent proletarian organization, it would at least have sent an immediate protest from the convention itself against the attacks of Yankee imperialism on the people of Latin-America. But the A. F. of L. could not do this because by so doing it would be betraying its own traditional principles, which are those of favoring the work of the imperialists, squelching or distorting all of the protests of labor.

This Panama affair is not the only one that serves to show the methods of the federation in practice. No one denies that in Venezuela

(Continued on page two)

THE A. F. OF L. AS OUR NEIGHBORS SEE IT.

(Continued from page one)

there exists an oppressive reactionary dictatorship. The A. F. of L. took up this case not to openly condemn this dictatorship but to authorize Mr. Green, president of the federation and semi-official representative of the imperialists "to act in accordance with his best judgment and information in this problem." In the question of Tacna and Arica in which Yankee imperialism plays a definite role the convention decided to address itself to President Coolidge and to tell him that "the U. S. representatives who have no special interests to serve in the disputed territory should not permit anything to happen that might be dangerous to the peace." Regarding the situation in Porto Rico where hundreds of thousands of workers and peasants are the object of the most horrible exploitation on the part of the North American capitalists, the convention did nothing but recommend to the Yankee government that a special commission be appointed to study this problem.

Concerning the happenings in Nicaragua, Ecuador, and Bolivia, the A. F. of L. did not take any stand "because it lacks information"! Such

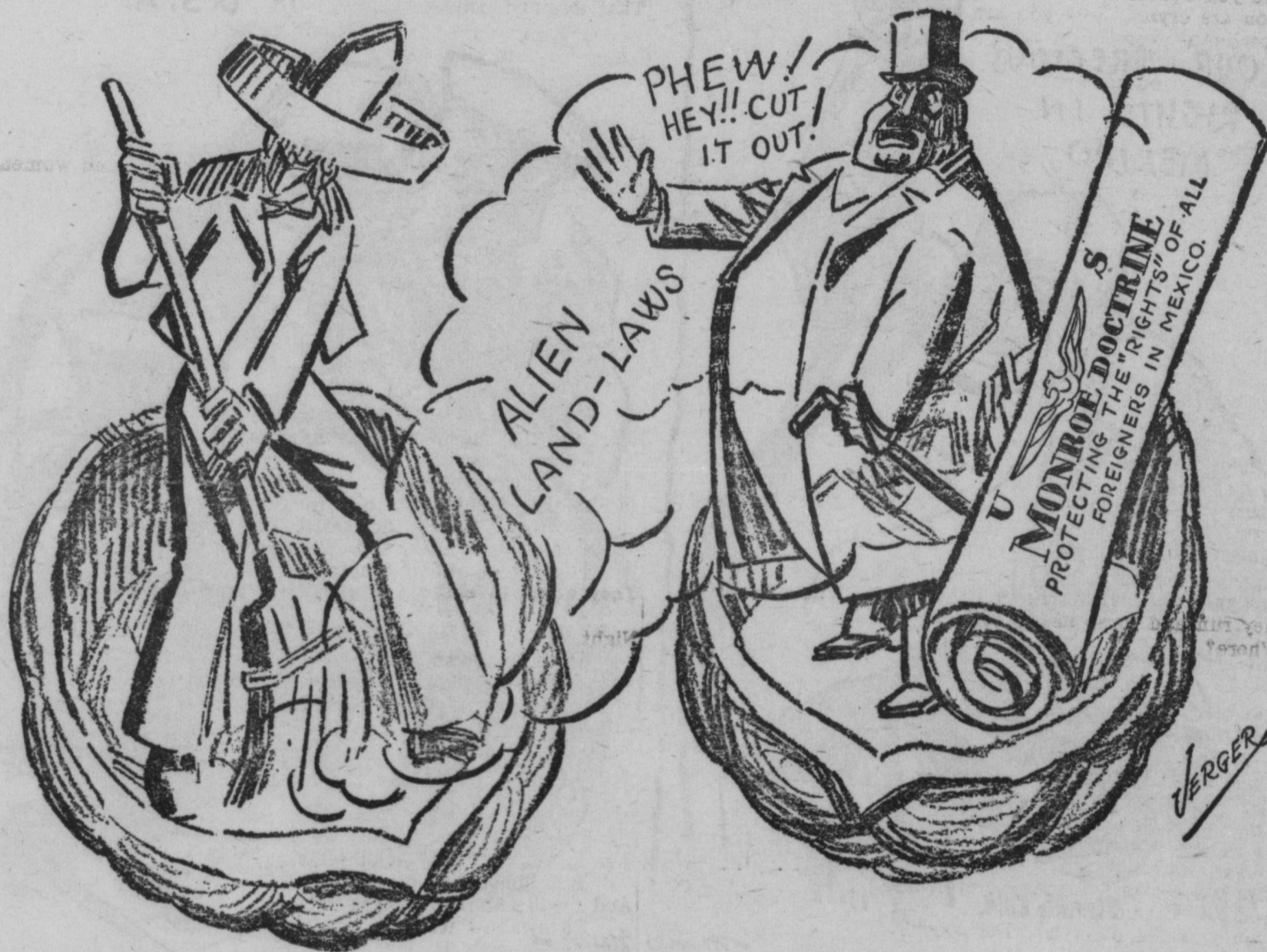
is the interest of the A. F. of L. in Latin-American problems. It dodges them all and does not take any real proletarian stand or action in any of them. All of its resolutions are inspired in the evident desire to save the United States government and itself from all responsibility in the eyes of the masses of the Latin-American working class.

And it cannot be otherwise. Santiago Iglesias, the Porto Rican socialist leader and Mr. Green explain it in this way—"It is evident that the A. F. of L. is an effective agency to carry to Spanish America an interpretation of the true spirit and humanitarian ideals of our nation."

"Our nation" is the United States. Its true spirit and its humanitarian ideals are naturally the ideals of imperialism and of the capitalist class that rules in the United States. The A. F. of L. is the agency for these ideals for Central and South America.

The foregoing demonstrates by itself the true character of this organization which desires and aspires to catch in its net the entire Latin-American labor movement. To defend ourselves from it is to defend ourselves against the instruments of the most powerful imperialism of the universe.

"Let's Make Him Eat the Dust"



"A Portrait"

By Michael Gold

Mr. Harry Gutman, fat and rosy as a balloon fish after his bath and shave, sat down to breakfast with a smile. The sight of food always pleased him, and it was a fine morning. His fat, comfortable wife, who always said "yes" to everything he demanded, sat pouring his coffee from a glittering percolator.

"Well, dear, spring is here," he said, rubbing his hands and tucking the napkin under his chin. "Um, um," he grunted, with a pleased air, "sausages and griddle cakes, and ham and eggs; just the things I wanted!"

His children were off in a select boarding school, and so breakfast was always a quiet, comfortable tete-a-tete at the Gutman suburban home. No hurry to be off to work; no dish-washing to think of, either.

"I'll have to dismiss that chauffeur, Harry," said Mrs. Gutman. "He really is getting awful fresh. Last night I caught him making love to the cook, and right in the kitchen."

"Mm, mm," mumbled Mr. Gutman, his mouth full of food. He was not paying attention; he was reading the stock market quotations in the New York Times, his favorite newspaper. "Mm, mm, Sarah, just imagine; Stand-

ard Oil and General Motors have gone up six points. That certainly is good news for us. I knew I had the right hunch when I bought that batch of them last month."

"I ordered a beautiful evening gown at Jacquard's yesterday, Harry," said Mrs. Gutman. "It looks fine on me, especially with my diamond sunburst at the corsage."

"Mm, mm," said Mr. Gutman, still absorbed in the favorite page of his favorite newspaper.

After breakfast he motored out to the country club in his suburb and played a round of golf. The doctor had ordered him to go in for golf; he was really getting quite fat. He enjoyed the game, and it threw him into the company of such influential people.

At about eleven he started for the city by train. He reached New York at noon and went for his lunch to a certain quiet and expensive restaurant where other fat, rosy, well-dressed men of influence like himself dined—bankers, lawyers, corporation executives and super-salesmen.

At lunch he met a certain Mr. Blindheim, who was promoting a big land boom at a summer resort near New York. He talked of it all through

lunch, and told of the wonderful chances for making money there.

Mr. Gutman was quite tempted to invest.

"But my living expenses run so high, I never have much free money," he protested. "However, I'll think it over, and let you know in a day or so."

After lunch he went down to the bank of which he was president. It was a large ornate affair and always gave him a thrill of pride. As he walked through the marble and onyx hall the bank guard greeted him respectfully, the clerks looked up and said, "good morning," meekly, and various officials buzzed up to greet him. He felt like a king, solid and secure. He was annoyed when a pale little man in drab clothes stepped up and eagerly began chattering something.

"Mr. Gutman," the man said humbly, "they've cut off my strike benefit, and our shop is still out on strike, and I don't know how I can support my family, for I've been sick—"

For the first time that day the august and genial Mr. Gutman frowned.

"These matters must be taken up in the union," he said severely, "not here. Here I only conduct the bank business; we don't mix the two. Go

back to the union and see the secretary."

The worker turned away and left submissively. He realized he had made a bad mistake. Yes, banks and trade unions should not be mixed in this manner. One means struggle, the other wealth and security. The union is only the poor, old-fashioned father who gave a start in life to his brilliant son and is now looked down upon.

Mr. Gutman walked into his expensive mahogany fitted office and sat down at an enormous desk.

The day's work had begun for this modern \$15,000 a year labor leader. Yes, labor leader, dear reader; did you think I was describing a member of the bourgeoisie?

DON'T MISS AN ISSUE
of
THE NEW SATURDAY MAGAZINE
SECTION
of
THE DAILY WORKER
Next Week!
MICHAEL GOLD STORIES
MAURICE BECKER CARTOONS
Good reading by and for real workers!

"In the Dungeon"

Dedicated to Naftoli Botvin.

MEN.

One, three, ten, fifty—
Every day in this little cell!

Cell! A cave on top of earth, made of stone by men—
Black damp stone that always spits with narrow streams of water
From top to bottom, like blood of prisoners
From head to tiptoe of their feet.

Why so, walls?

You walls have blood?

You walls have tears?

The guards beat you too

With rubber pipes?

They sting you too with needles?

To cry, to squeal?

You have secrets? Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha—

Secrets about the revolution—

And you squealed?

Now you are crying, now you are crying!

How many were hung after you squealed?

Did you think of them, eh?

Why don't you answer?

Speak! Speak!

You see me. Why don't I speak?

I lost here one eye and five teeth, and got three wounds in
my chest.

Four big hungry rats were put into my cell to make me speak—
One word.

I was silent.

I even didn't cry.

See my bandaged head; I fell asleep, and rats began to bite.

And that black hungry cat, too, was brought in here

And cat with rats fought for my head.

I didn't speak.

But you spoke, I see, you spoke!

And for your cowardice, more victims will be tortured and shot.

Tortured! Tortured! You know how?

Oh! Polish cultured men always fought for independence

And every naive fool helped them in their fight for liberty—

To torture others. Torture—others!

A big sack, the length of men;

They put you naked in the sack, put cats in the sack

And then with sticks they hit the cats to craze them

Till they run and jump in the sack.

Where?

At you!

They stick their nails thru your flesh to the bones,

Pull them out and stick them in again—

Five mad cats with twenty feet, sharp nails into your body!

They stick them in and pull them out till they get blind

With the blood of the victim's body.

Man and sack lie deadly bitten till a doctor full of culture

Of Europe and of Poland says,

"Five minutes' rest, two buckets of cold water

And five other cats will make him squeal."

But I didn't; no, I didn't.

Only you squealed, did you? Did you?

Speak!

Ha ha

Hey Guards! All guards, come in!

Bring your hungry rats, bring your mad cats in sacks

With sticks and rubber pipes.

And let them cut and tear my flesh,

And I will laugh;

For rebels do not feel when a great ideal is at stake.

Sonia! SONIA!

You here too!

Did you speak? No, you didn't speak; you are strong.

The first time I looked into your eyes, I knew you would not

speak.

How many? Who can count them, there are so many thousands

here.

Count them, Sonia, count them!

Heads, heads, and souls that speak with their eyes.

See them moving? Men, women, they want to push the

walls apart,

These iron wills with iron bars, watched by guards,

With faces red like flame, yellow teeth, and rubber pipes in

their hands,

To beat, to torture, that one might tell where his friends are

hidden.

Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha!

I didn't speak!

No rebel speaks his secrets.

Two, five, twenty-five, fifty!

Guards with rubber pipes, guns, faces red like fire,

Drunken faces, teeth—yellow tiger fangs,

Eyes greenish gray—

And they are here to question all the secrets of your life!

Who sent you here? Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha!

So many of you?

Cowards!

By Bonchi Friedman

I—One, with chains on hands and feet, with iron jacket,
And you—fifty, fifty cowards—
For two dollars a day to torture men.
But you cannot make me speak. Walls would speak, not I.

Walls, walls!

These walls are built of men, martyrs,
Killed here when you wanted them to speak and they were silent.
Men, women, with proud heads, with souls that could em-
brace the world,

Whom you brutes killed—killed for two dollars a day.

Speak, walls, speak your names!

You walls are not made of brick,

You are human bodies, with a name for every brick;

Every brick a man, a rebel, killed by men

For two dollars a day!

Here they are! Names, names of comrades!

But I can't read them—

That damned constant night!

Hey, guards, bring some light in here.

I have to read the names of friends.

Whom you, with rubber pipes, hungry rats and cats

Have killed here. Ha ha ha ha ha!

Marinsky, Stanesloof, Rimsky!

More light—let me read them all—

How many? Ten hundred, thousands—men and women

Who fought for the freedom of the earth.

Voices! Voices! Coming from afar—

Voices here too! Outside of the prison,

Breaking thru the walls.

Don't speak, don't speak, one while only!

Multitudes will wreck these walls;

Walls of blood and stones of martyrs.

Listen to those sounds; sounds of multitudes of men, women,

children;

Multitudes, multitudes with distorted faces,

With shining faces murmuring, roaring, storming castles of

masters,

And fortresses of dark dungeons.

Hey guards, chiefs, priests, cultured doctors, prepare your necks!

See there, that is the border to the other country;

There they always sing the "Brotherhood of Man."

They come with banners red like blood;

They come to make you speak for your crimes.

Night.

Again shadows,

And walls stained with marrow of Wronsky's head,

Smashed yesterday after his confession to the priest.

Rats eating Wronsky's marrow.

And you are here—guard! With yellow teeth like fangs

Again to torture me for sixteen franc a day.

Ah, she is groaning;

Hey, you cultured doctors, Sonia is dying,

Whom you and the priest yesterday seduced!

But Sonia did not speak.

And I will kill that hungry rat.—

I'll swallow it!

And choke with it. Ha Ha Ha Ha!

But I would not speak.

Polish Free Republic! Ha Ha Ha Ha!

Oh, the Poor Passaic Reporters

By MICHAEL GOLD.

THE Passaic strike has given some
of us more joy than nearly any
other event that has taken place in
American history.

It is the first strike in which news-
paper reporters and photographers
were beaten up by the police. What
a howl they set up. I went out to
them, and almost, but not quite, wept
when I heard their stories. Innocent
as lambs, trusting as virgin brides,
non-partisan as hairy apes, thinking
only of work and home and mother
and their salary checks and expense
accounts, these martyrs were brutally
slugged by the cops, and their cam-
eras smashed as they idled on the
fringes of the Passaic picket-line.
They were doing nothing, and they
were busted in the nose. Can such
things happen in free America? Is
there no justice? Hasn't a reporter
any sacred rights any more? That's
what they want to know; and they
shoot craps, drink bad bootleg and
flirt with the girls to drown their
sorrows.

Really, one can't be sorry for them.
Reporters have covered many, many
strikes, and they have seen many,
many men and women beaten down
by the brutal police.

But they have never said anything

in protest. They have in fact, libeled
strike leaders, or like Mr. Leary of
the New York World, have often wov-
en vile innuendoes to sabotage the
strike.

Now their own ox is gored, and
they feel indignant. I hope the po-
lice go on slugging them—it will make
them understand the class struggle a
little.

It may make them lose a little of
that camaraderie with police that the
average American reporter is full of,
so that he regards himself most of
the time as a sort of unofficial detec-
tive.

Maybe, someday, if there are enuf
such sluggings, the reporters may
even form a union. There is a strong
one in England which has a closed
shop, and gets higher wages for its
writers despite the bad economic de-
pression there, than do American
reporters.

But there will have to be years of
heavy slugging, I guess, and more
bad hours than even now, lower wages
and dismissals, and amalgamations of
newspapers by millionaire owners.

There are many illiterates among
strike crowds, but they are not as
economically illiterate as the average
American reporter.

More power to the police clubs!
They're a fine education in this case.

Letter to the Editorial Staff of Iskra - By Lenin, 1903

After the second party convention in the summer of 1903, a tenseness prevailed in the Russian party. The Mensheviks boycotted the central committee and Iskra, whose editors were Lenin and Plechanov (who was still with Lenin) and Martov (of the Mensheviks). This letter of Lenin, published in Iskra, November 25, 1903, was an answer to an article of Plechanov and an attempt to unite the party and reduce the differences, and establish a proper method of discussion of the points of dispute. He did not succeed, and in December, when the majority of the editors refused to print his next article he resigned from the staff.

The fact that Lenin recommends publicity and party discussions in this particular situation, does not mean that he regarded party discussion as possible in every situation. And under no circumstances can it depend on the caprice of one comrade or another to start a party discussion without a concrete basis for it in everyday questions pending in the party. We recommend this article to the active members of the party and especially the responsible party workers.

THE article "What Not to Do" (by Plechanov, translator) raises such every-day, immediate questions of our party life that it is difficult to resist the desire to answer immediately to the announcement that the columns of the paper would be opened—it is especially difficult for a regular co-editor of Iskra, especially difficult in a moment when a delay in giving my opinion would perhaps mean a withdrawal of the opportunity.

And I wanted to give my opinion in order to remove some possible and perhaps avoidable misunderstandings.

I want to say first of all, that the author of the article is a thousand times correct, in my opinion, when he emphasizes the urgency of preserving the unity of the party, and of avoiding new splits, especially for differences which cannot be considered of importance. A call for peace-loving, mild conciliation is commendable on the part of a leader in general and especially at this moment.

To pronounce anathema on or exclude from the party, not only the former economists, but also groups of social-democrats, who still suffer from "certain inconsistencies," would without question be unreasonable—unreasonable to such a degree, that I can wholly understand the excited tone of the author toward the figure of the straight-lined, stubborn, dull Subachevich (a literary figure—translator) which he has imagined, and which will certainly stand as an exception. We think even further, when we get the party program and the party organization we must not only hospitably open the pages of the party organs for exchange of opinions, but also grant to the groups the possibility of a systematic explanation of their insignificant differences—to the little groups, as the author says, which in their inconsistencies defend some of the dogmas of revisionism, and which for one reason or another insist on having their group peculiarities and individuality. Just in order not to be too narrow-minded and stiff, a la Subachevich, toward "anarchistic individualism," it is necessary, in our opinion, to do everything possible—even to some deviations from the beautiful schemes of

centralism and unconditional submission to discipline—in order to give liberty of expression to those groups, to give the whole party the possibility of weighing the importance or unimportance of the difference, to define just where, in what and on which side the inconsistency is to be found.

It is undeniably time decisively to throw away the traditions of the sectarian "Kruskovshina" (the period of small circles) and—in a party which has its roots in the masses—raise the decisive slogan: more light, let the party know everything, let it have every and all material, in order to estimate every and all differences, reversions towards revisionism, deviations from discipline, etc. More confidence in the independent judgement of the mass of the party workers: they and only they can measure the extent of the ardor of the groups with split tendencies, they can with their slow, imperceptible, but nevertheless persistent pressure, inspire "good will" to live up to party discipline, they can cool the fervor of anarchistic individualism, they can by the very fact of their level-headedness put on the record, show and prove the pettiness of the differences, exaggerated by elements inclined to split.

About the question: "What not to do?" (what not to do in general and what not to do in order to avoid a split) I would answer first of all: Do not hide from the party the tendencies toward split which appear and grow, do not hide anything of the circumstances and events, which indicate such tendencies. More. Do not hide this, not only from the party, but when possible from the outside public. I say "when possible," having in mind what is necessary to hide, for the sake of secrecy, but in these splits such circumstances play the most unimportant role. Broad publicity—that is the surest and the only reliable means of avoiding those splits which it is possible to avoid, in order to reduce to a minimum the harm by those splits which have already become unavoidable.

Indeed, think of the obligations which are laid upon the party by the fact that it already has dealings with the masses, and no longer with small circles. In order to be a mass party not only in words, we must draw into participation in all party affairs constantly broader masses, constantly raising them from their political indifference to protest and fight, from a general spirit of protest to a conscious acceptance of social-democratic (now read: Communist) views, from the acceptance of these views in principle to the support of the movement, from support to organizational participation in the party. Is it possible to attain this result without applying the broadest publicity in questions, from the decision of which one effect or another upon the masses may depend? Workers cease to understand us and leave us, a staff without an army, in cases of splits thru insignificant differences, says the author, and very correctly. And in order to make sure that the workers shall not cease to understand us, in order to get the workers from their experiences in the struggle and their proletarian instinct to give some lessons even

to us, the "leaders,"—for this it is necessary that the organized workers learn to follow the growing indications of a split (such indications have always existed and will always come up in every mass party) that they react consciously to these indications, estimate the events in a Russian or foreign backwoods section from the standpoint of the interests of the whole party, from the interests of the movement as a whole. The author is correct three times over when he emphasizes that much is given to the party center and much will be demanded of it. It is just for this reason that it is so necessary that the whole party should educate for itself systematically, quietly and unceasingly, the people in the center of the party, that it should be able to read as clearly as its own palm the whole activity of every candidate for this high post, that it should be acquainted with their individual peculiarities, with their strong and weak sides, with their victories and "defeats." The author makes remarkable keen comments which are obviously based on a rich experience—upon certain reasons for such defeats, and just because these comments are so keen the whole party should have the use of them. The party should always see every "defeat" even the partial "defeat" of one or another of its "leaders." Not one politically active person has gone thru his career without defeats of one kind or another, and if we speak seriously of influencing the masses, of gaining the good will of the masses, we should strive with all our powers that this defeat should not be hidden in the stuffy atmosphere of the small circles, but that they should be brot forward for the judgment of all. This seems at first glance inconvenient, it must always be felt as "insulting" to one individual leader or another, but this false feeling of inconvenience we must conquer; this is our duty to the party and to the working class. In this way and only in this way do we give to the whole mass of influential party workers (and not only to occasional circles or groups of them) the opportunity of knowing their leaders, and of putting every one of them in his proper place. Only wide publicity can correct all narrow, one-sided, capricious deviations, only this can transform the sometimes silly and ridiculous "pros and cons" into useful and necessary material for party education.

Light, more light. We need an immense concert; we must work up our experiences in order to justly assign the roles, to give to one the sentimental violin, to another the raging counter-bass, to a third the stick of the director. I hope the kind invitation of the author to a hospitable exchange of opinions in the party organ will be realized in all party publications. May everyone judge our "squabbles and trifles" about unharmonious "notes," which are shrill in the opinion of some, or false in the opinion of others, or (broken) in the opinion of a third group. Only from a series of such open arguments can there be attained a really harmonious group, only on these conditions will the workers be put in such a state that they cannot fail to understand us, only then can our "staff" depend on the really good and conscious will of its army, which will follow the staff and at the same time direct it.

glasses.

"Boss, with all dem men crawlin' round down there, someone is sure to get hurt. Now, I can go alone, and not make much fuss, and be through by daylight."

The foreman threw up his hands in disgust.

"Well, what the hell difference does it make to me, just so the wires are clipped? Get a short bar, then, and start in! The rest of you fellows, want over here carryin' cement!"

He turned away, but the men remained with Rusten.

"No!" repeated Heinrich again. "You shall not go alone! I go do half, myself!"

"Me, too" shouted half a dozen others.

Ted held up his hand, and shook his head.

"I gotta couple of pictures—and—and you keep your jobs. I'll be all right."

The foreman turned and started back, cursing.

"Damn it, I said, 'Come on! Get to work, before you're fired!'"

"Quick!" Ted urged him as he pushed him away. "Go on! Don't get fired! I'll be all right!"

And he turned away toward the pit. The young German hesitated. Then he thought of his mother and sister in Germany who were on the

verge of starvation, and ran quickly toward the cement-house.

Ted found a pinch bar, and shuffled to the corner of the hole where a side had caved, leaving a space large enough to permit him to lower himself to the floor. The dark earth extended above him fifteen feet; and even here where it had already fallen in, the wall looked ominous in the twilight. To his right, the wall was still intact. It would be difficult for even his slender body to penetrate that narrow fissure, and probably he would have to get on his back and worm his way in until he could reach the last wire in that end.

He inserted the bar, and applied his weight. There sounded the sharp click of a broken wire. The terrific pressure of the cement made the tense wires snap like icicles. One—two—three—click—click—click—six wires snapped on each upright. A few minutes later he was ready to cut those in the narrow fissure. He got down on his back and worked his way to the first upright. The effort took his breath and he waited a moment before raising the bar.

The earth above him came so close to the form that he could not even catch a glimpse of the sky. It seemed as if the mass of dirt at his side pushed against him and crowded closer over his chest. He imagined how it would look to him, if all that

dark wall should slip, should slide, come rushing down upon him—upon his legs, his breast, his face. Would he still see the pictures, the bandaged hand and the little white hand? If he would not see them again, then wouldn't this be a good place to dig the wall with his bar?

But who could say for sure that he would never again see the pictures? Even though all that black weight should smother him—even though the earth itself should swallow him up, wouldn't the little white fingers and the bandaged hand still pierce through the fog of oblivion? And, besides, if he didn't cut these wires tonight, some other men would have to—men who did not have such pictures as he.

Yes, perhaps it would be best to go ahead and clip the wires.

GERHARDT brought some supper. When he reached the corner where he last had seen his companion, he stood for a moment in the moonlight, a chill creeping over his body.

"Hi! Rusty!" he called quaveringly.

The soft, cool breeze, laden with the odor of sage-brush, brought no answer.

They found him at the corner where he had begun to work, buried beneath a dozen tons of earth. The pinch bar was inserted behind a wire.

(The End)

"HANDS!"

By Milford Flood

A Story in Two Parts.

PART TWO.

UNTIL the day of his death, two pictures remained in Ted Rusten's memory; and one of them was of a bandaged hand.

He was thinking of this picture one day in the spring as he slowly paced back and forth on guard duty, with a heavy rifle on his shoulder. The blue water of Lake Michigan lay calm and smooth in the gray light of early dawn; only the faint splash of the waves against the foundation of the Municipal Pier indicated to the lonely man the existence of motion and sound in all the universe. In the west a few stars shone dimly above the jagged skyline of Chicago's loop. From the east came a fitful breath of air, to remind him of the rumor he had heard the day before—that before many hours they would be on their way to the rocking, thundering battlefields of France. Well, over there—yes, OVER THERE—he could forget the bandaged hand. For him, at least, war would have its benefits. An exciting battle would be a good place to lose this ever-present, torturing recollection.

The eastern sky was suffused with rose and saffron, as the sleepy sentinel turned to walk up the pier toward the shore. Soon he could expect to see a few early risers coming to view the sun as it slowly emerged out of the lake; and only an hour or so later he would be relieved and allowed to quiet his memory in the sleep of weariness.

When he arrived at the end of the promenade, he saw a woman and a little girl approaching the pier. It was unusual for young children to come so early in the morning, Ted thought, as he turned to retrace his steps toward the lake; but this was an unusually fine morning, and perhaps the child was about to see her first spring sunrise. He shifted the heavy rifle slightly on his narrow shoulder, and again allowed his thought to dwell upon the bandaged hand.

"I wonder," he said to himself, "if Slingerland got any stokers at Aden. Well, I sure turned down a good job once in my life, and I've never stoked a day since. What is war—?"

"Help! Help!" he heard a woman scream behind him.

Turning quickly, he raced toward the frantic figure. She was alone on the pier—hurrying back and forth along the edge, wringing her hands in anguish, and peering down into the green water. She was about to leap after her loved one when Ted reached her side and pulled her back. He slipped the gun from his shoulder, and had reached for his cartridge belt, when his eyes caught a glimpse of the face which was turned toward him. The woman's face had widened in terror. She shrank back as if she expected a blow, and stumbled on the rough planks, yet kept her blue eyes fastened on the face of the man.

A horrible lassitude overwhelmed the sentry, and in front of his eyes appeared the image of a bandaged hand. All the pent feelings of his bitter life swept across his soul, and left him shaking and bent. He was brought to consciousness by the piercing cry of the woman, "My baby! Save my baby! Oh, in God's name, save her, save her!"

Ted Rusten held her eyes with his gaze.

"Madam, I can't swim."

Her hand clutched at her breast, and her blanched face confronted his incomprehensibly. Her lips tried to speak, but there was no sound. Her eyes opened wider and wider, as she slowly, tensely retreated a step; then suddenly with a heart-rending cry she ran to the edge and threw herself into the water.

As Ted poised on the platform before plunging to save her, the last sight that met his eye was a bare little white hand, where the baby girl was sinking for the last time.

AND so, until the day of his death, two pictures remained in Ted Rusten's memory, one was of a bandaged hand, the other of a baby's outstretched fingers. Wherever he found himself—on the deck of a ship, in a phonograph factory, deep down in a coal mine, or in any of the dozen different kinds of construction camps—there, also, he found the two pictures. No one ever knew what occupied Ted Rusten's memory; he never divulged these indelible mental images to even his most intimate acquaintances. They were too intertwined with the very fabric of his being to be wrenched and jerked in conscious discussion. Besides, he was always trying to blot them

out—to remove them—so that once more he could assert his independence and cease the life of an underdog.

It was fifty miles from Casper to this construction camp, as the crow flies; but it was eighty, as the wagons and automobiles crawl. Two days it had taken Ted Rusten to make the trip, on an antiquated truck loaded with five tons of iron plates; and when the forlorn vehicle gave a last sputter in front of the cook shack, he gave a sigh of relief that discounted his aches and his hunger. For two months in the terrific heat of a Wyoming summer he had worked every day, Sundays included—shoveling dust that burned his eyeballs, out of engine pits, out of water-main ditches, and finally out of two huge rectangular holes where the heaviest machinery would be installed. Some days would be deathly still, without a trace of a breeze and with a baking head. But those days were the fewer, and the best; for if on certain days a slight wind blew, those in the hole received no benefit from it, and, indeed, had to tie a rag about their eyes in order to work at all.

Every evening, at the close of the day's toil, he walked from the plateau where he had been working, down a steel hill to the narrow, stony wash where the camp was pitched. Here were six sleeping tents, and the commissary and eating tent combined. For two months—sixty-one days—he had grabbed a washpan and endeavored to wash a portion of the dirt from his arms and head. Then, waited for the supper gong. Then, along with sixty other voracious men, gulped his supper in ten or fifteen minutes. Then, talked, or played cards, or read by the light of a smoky lantern until bedtime. Sixty-one times he had answered the breakfast gong, and a few minutes later trudged up the long hill to work. Sixty-one times he had eaten his dinner in that stifling tent where all the heat of sun and stove was preserved as though it were priceless. And again, in the evening, returned to an hour or two of masculine recreation, without one gleam of beauty, or carefree laughter, or feminine sympathy.

That night it rained. The cowboy who cared for the horses said at bedtime that it was about time for an electrical storm, and soon after midnight it arrived. The tent-flaps cracked like cannon, the canvas roofs sagged beneath the weight of wind and water; all the bunks and the floors of the tents were soaked, as well as the clothes and suitcases of the men. And in the morning, when they arrived at the big rectangular hole that had taken three weeks to dig, they found a new job.

The huge holes had been so planned that they were about six feet wider and longer at the bottom than at the top. Many extra hours had been spent in shaving off the sides so that they slanted out at the bottom. Then the concrete forms had been set perpendicularly, almost touching the dirt at the tip, but three feet from it at the bottom.

But, now, most of the dirt had been loosened by the rain, and had fallen against the wooden supports. A double crew of men worked on their stomachs and backs until late in the afternoon, removing scores of tons of dirt through little openings three inches high at the bottom of the forms. Twice Ted had had his head close to the aperture, when two or three tons of dirt had suddenly rolled down, filling his mouth and nostrils and threatening to push the wooden forms on top of him. Once, that afternoon, Heinrich Gerhardt, who had escaped death in the war by stealing out of Germany on a boatload of fish in July, 1914, and who now worked beside Ted, "safe at last!"—once, that afternoon, he nearly lost his life. He thought he would crawl down behind the form and push the dirt out of Ted, thus relieving them both of lying on their stomachs. But he had no more than set foot on the bottom of the concrete form, when the whole wall caved in beside him, leaving him, unharmed, in a space barely large enough to allow his body to pass upward when three men pulled him out.

They finished shoveling the dirt out to the center of the wide floor, where horse-drawn scrapers took it up to the surface. Then the foreman ordered them to come with him to the other hole, where the concrete had already been poured. Here, also, the dirt walls had caved, but not so much. Here there was even more soil still remaining to be loosened by some slight tremor and sent heavily against the forms.

And yet, in spite of the danger apparent to even the most foolhardy, the foreman ordered all

the men to lower themselves behind the concrete and cut the wires. It would be a task to occupy the remaining hour of the afternoon, if done in a hurry and with all the fifteen men clipping without a pause. The company was under a "rush" contract. Tomorrow the steel workers would begin at day-break and the forms must be out of the way. The rain had held them back nearly a day; the men must make up for the time the elements had stolen from the work; the job had to be completed by sundown.

The wires were to be cut.

For two days the men had been looking forward to that part of the work, and had already solved the problem of doing it safely. It would take one or two hours longer, but it might prevent the loss of one or more human lives. The idea had evolved out of the fertile brain of Heinrich, the German; he suggested that a heavy iron rod be wired to each pinch bar. Ten of these extended bars would be sufficient, and the men who used them could stand safely above the forms.

Of course, the men had not broached the idea to the foreman; that would be presumptuous. Besides, they were not sure but that he himself had some such plan in mind, and they would wait until the wires had to be cut before talking further thought about it. But now the time for the work had arrived, and the men had been ordered down into the passage, with no attempt on the part of the foreman to devise a safer method.

THE international group stood tense, their glances passing back and forth to the foreman, and to this Swede who somehow had become their spokesman. They liked this uneducated workman with the narrow shoulders. No matter how recently a laborer had arrived, he had a kind of involuntary respect for this silent, shuffling, ben figure who minded his own business and at the same time was able to divine the thoughts of others.

"Get your pinch bars, all of you, and cut those wires!" the foreman roared, and spat out all the tobacco in his mouth. He clenched his fists and thrust his huge body toward the group of men.

"I'll be damned if I don't fire anyone who isn't down that hole in three minutes! Take your choice, damn you! Cut those wires or walk to town!"

Rusten stood gazing into his angry face. The other men remained with Rusten. The foreman was holding his watch.

"Two minutes left!" He let fly a string of curses. "I'll fire the bunch of you! I'll have men here who'll take orders if I have to hold the whole job up! I'll call out all the stiffs in Casper, and you ——— can hoof it eighty miles if you're able! Once for all! Are you goin' to cut them wires!"

"Boss," Ted slowly responded, "somebody will get hurt down there. If we wire—"

"Wire Hell! Why should I wire anything. Who's goin' to get hurt at that baby play! You damned, low-down Swede, the sun is goin' down, and you stand there talkin' about wiring! Once for all! Get your pinch bars!"

"Boss, I been thinkin' things over for about twenty-five years, an' I kinda got a couple of pictures—"

The foreman's face became purple with rage. He lifted his huge fist and held it as though ready to crush the head of the bowed workman.

"Pictures!" he roared through lips twisted by fury. "Pictures! What the hell has pictures got to do with cuttin'—?"

Ted raised his hand.

"I gotta couple of pictures, boss, and I kinda thought I—I—"

"Well? Spit it out! Get done with it!"

"I could cut dem wires tonight alone. They're easy to find in the dark, an' I can work straight through till daylight."

The eyes of the foreman stood out in his amazement, and his mouth sagged half open. The laborers turned their astonished gaze upon their companion, and Heinrich Gerhardt pushed his way to his side and exclaimed:

"No! No! Vot do you mean! Dose walls, dey fall on you! You get killt, sure!"

By this time the foreman had recovered his composure.

"Aw, you're afraid of nothin', you! Those walls are through fallin'. They've been fallin' all day, and there ain't any left to fall. What's the idea of this, Rusten? You've no call to work alone. Get your pinch bars, you fellows, and set to work! We can finish it by supper time.

Again all eyes turned to the man with the

"The Dawn of Tomorrow"

By Pauline Schulman.

COMRADE Moissaye J. Olgin, in his articles on "Haorila and Joel," which are being published at present in the New York Jewish Communist daily paper, the Freiheit, draws a vivid pen-picture of the olden days when the Russian people were oppressed and suffered starvation. Particularly is the picture colorfully impressive when he describes the eve of a "pogrom" in the village of K. and the defense "army" consisting of but twenty-one persons, seventeen boys, four girls, possessing in all twelve pistols. But out of these twenty-one strong, only two were able to manipulate a pistol.

This was the "army" that had to face hundreds of peasants who had been made drunk and were well equipped with arms by the agents of the czar for the purpose of slaughter. How the little "army" succeeded against such odds, I cannot tell, but one thing I am sure of, that its members perceived the dawn of the morrow and went to lead others in that same direction.

The result of their labors is evident today, in the new Russia. To go into details is unnecessary for the facts in the Russia of today speak for themselves.

BUT here in New York! We, a committee of eight, five boys and three girls, attempted to approach a shop on 37th street in order to urge the workers to join the union. Before having the opportunity to enter the shop, two of the employers, who were notified by the elevator man who brot us up, met us in the hall, one with a pistol in his hand and the other with a club. The one with the pistol cried out, "I'll blow your heads off, if you dare come up here again. These are the orders given me by the captain of police."

We looked at him and smiled. He became furious, "So you doubt me?" And a shot was fired—in the air, of course. We stood there unafraid, and when we tried to go down we found the elevator doors closed. The elevatorman, to whom the order was given not to take us down, had obeyed.

Then the boss with the club in his hands began thus: "You have to stay here until the police will come and then I'll have you arrested." I inquired on what grounds. The reply was, "You threatened to enter my factory."

"We threatened to enter your factory," said I, "but you were shooting and yet it is we who will be arrested?"

"Yes," was the answer, "how do you like it?"

One of our boys in the committee, a lad of eighteen years of age said with bitterness, "I will not go on my duties next time without some way to defend myself. Why should I stand like a damn fool and humbly watch others direct their shots at me?"

Listening to him I saw in my imagination the little "army" of twenty-one, seventeen boys, four girls, defending themselves against pogroms, standing against hundreds and thousands. In comparison to the army of the bosses, consisting of hired thugs, gangsters, ex-union officials, who assist them directly and indirectly; the police and above all the law and the courts which protect them, we are but an army of twenty-one strong. And yet what do we find? No one else but the militant workers must win control of the labor organizations and thru them defend the workers on the industrial field.

If it is really true that the police captain gives "orders" or permission to employers to shoot at those who come to speak to their fellow-workers, then it is he, the police captain, who will unintentionally contribute a great deal to recruiting new strength for the army of twenty-one strong.

NOT very many persons can see the dawn of tomorrow, particularly on the streets of New York. Some

"You Might Be President Some Day!"



Fred Ellis, noted proletarian cartoonist of The DAILY WORKER, just can't restrain himself in his delightful picture of the stupidity of the purveyors of patriotic piffle in our schools. "Be good," the teacher advises, "believe in God, Paul Revere and fairies."

are blinded by the luminous light of Broadway. Others are unable to penetrate the fog that envelops them. A man of the latter type sees only one way out of the fog—by becoming a business man and by exploiting others just as he had been exploited. For people like him the way into the business world is quite difficult. To accumulate a small capital to get a start at exploiting workers in the clothing business requires hellish toil. But it is very easy for one who is without capital but who desires to enter into business—it is very easy, he thinks, to work while others are on strike, in other words to become a scab. For such work he is naturally paid better than in normal times. He also works every day until eight or nine o'clock in the evening, not to speak of Saturdays and Sundays. But by the time he has a little money saved he is a candidate for the undertaker.

Such was the picture presented by Mr. U. when I observed his face in his own place of business. We, a committee doing organization work, went up to his shop, accosted his workers, and asked them to come down and join the union. Mr. U. did

not say a word. He did not attempt to speak, but was almost choked by his unspoken words. Probably he was reminded of the time he was scabbing. Mr. U.'s misty eyes surely could not see the dawn of tomorrow; he was the living picture of despair. He, who but a short while ago told his wife that he was not going to remain at the machine as Joey did, because he had "brains" and consequently could become a successful business man. (This is what most think).

Mr. U. with all his "brains" saw himself a ruined man as soon as his workers went down. His calculations were quite different: "Before the first order will be ready for shipment, I will go to the jobber for another one. The workers seeing so much work will surely work as long hours as I did when I was a worker." Thus he visualized the pathway leading to success.

What should he tell his wife now? The workers were on strike; the work was unfinished; he could not get paid for it. He would not even have the rent; all his future hopes were being shattered by those damned workers

who stopped so suddenly in their work.

Without them his "brains" did not amount to anything. And not only was Mr. U. encased by the fog of yesterday, but he was groping blindly in the darkness of today. Of course, not the eyes of Mr. U. can detect the dawn of tomorrow, nor can the eyes of those many more like Mr. U.

THERE are many girls who flounder in the same sea of darkness. Their only salvation is the matrimonial harbor, for any other path they cannot see. In the meantime, they do not mind slaving away in factories and working behind locked doors. Factories which in case of fire would surely prove altars of shameful sacrifice. For the stairs are wooden and narrow; the blaze of a match could set fire to the entire rickety structure. Yet they sit immovable, hoping that "Jim" or "John," perhaps the slave of one of these same establishments, will relieve them from their monotonous humdrum of a mechanical existence.

The dawn of the morrow colors the horizon red. But these poor creatures are color blind.

Lady Mosley Visits East Liverpool, Ohio

By Jimmy Clifford.

LADY CYNTHIA MOSLEY, millionaire part-owner of a big coal mine at Zeigler, Illinois, calls herself a socialist and is touring this country in the interest of the socialist party simultaneously with taking legal steps to get more profits out of this coal mine property in southern Illinois.

Lady Mosley recently visited East Liverpool, Ohio, as a special guest of the chamber of commerce to investigate the pottery plants and the condition of the workers, was entertained by the members of the chamber of commerce, officials of the pottery unions and members of the Potters' Manufacturers' Association. (Class collaboration.)

The party dined at the country club. She was asked, "How do conditions among the laboring people of the United States compare with those in England?"

She answered: "There is very little comparison between working people in the two countries. In England the average worker lives with his family, often of five or six children, in one room in a tenement house. Poverty prevails everywhere. The average potter in England receives about 45 shillings, which is about \$11 per week. In America the workers in many cases live in their own homes, drive automobiles to work, their families are well dressed and they seem prosperous. Everywhere I have visited the workers are contented; in England there is a general spirit of unrest in all industries. One of the most serious things which we have to contend with in the English potteries is the dust which settles upon the ware while it is being fired for the first time. A man after a few years' work in the potteries is subject to a poisoning which soon wrecks his whole system. You have up-to-date machinery in this country by which, I am told, much of this disease is eliminated."

Every class-conscious worker knows that regardless of what country he is working in that he and all other workers are being exploited by the capitalist class, who own and control the factories, mines and mills, and there is only one country in the world where the workers are not robbed

and they get the full product of their toil, and an equal opportunity to work, to learn and to develop physically and intellectually. That country is Russia, which is governed by the proletariat for the benefit of all the workers. Therefore, it is true there is no comparison between the workers in any country where the capitalist system has control. A worker is a worker and the results are the same.

In America their families live in one or two rooms and also in company-owned shacks. Poverty prevails in this country and it is not hard to find if you look for it. So I do not think that the workers in this country are any better off than the workers are in England.

The average worker's wage in America is about enough to enable him to exist day by day, to produce more wealth for his boss; that is, if he has a job; if not, then he is out of

luck.

"Many workers owning their homes and automobiles" is a joke—a few workers are, no doubt, struggling to buy a home. But when an industrial depression comes to pass or the worker goes on strike for better working conditions they are not able to meet their payments in the loan, the bank forecloses on them. If they do manage to pay for a home by that time the worker is worn out and old enough to die. Yes, some of the workers are buying "Fords" and second-hand automobiles on the installment plan. Their cars are ready for the junk pile by the time they are paid for.

"We are prosperous and contented" bunk, the worker who seems prosperous and contented is the deluded self-hypnotized Henry Dubb, who is dumb enough to believe that we live in a free country, and that his chil-

dren have an equal opportunity to become president of the United States some day. Nevertheless, they are the product of the capitalist state of society.

The American potter does not live to be very old. The flint that is used in the clay to make ware is detrimental to the health of the potter. They inhale the dust and it cuts into their lungs and the consequences are they suffer and die with what is commonly called the potter's rot.

"We have up-to-date machinery," but it does not benefit the worker. He has to speed up and produce more with the improved appliances. When we, the workers, own and control the industries like the workers do in Russia then we will get the advantages of all modern machinery.

Lady Mosley, all the workers in America are not contented and we do not pretend, or intend to be, until the capitalist system is overthrown and the workers are in control of the means of production. We are now denied the right to live as human beings. We desire the opportunity to cultivate our taste for art, literature, music, travel, work and recreation. In the past we workers have been too busy producing wealth which made it possible for the idle class to live in luxury and enjoy the fullness of life.

We are tired of being subservient and listening to such insults as are being told: that we are prosperous and contented. Bah! Workers, we must agitate, educate, organize and fight, until we come into our own. Be men and women and refuse to be capitalized, and use all our efforts to be sovietized, like the workers did in Russia.

Lady Mosley, with the few hours that you spent in this town, you cannot be entertained and dined by the bosses, superintendents and labor officials in the most exclusive club house in the town, hurriedly go thru the few modern shops, and then expect to have a general knowledge of the workers' condition. I would suggest that you make an investigation of the river road potteries, and the homes in Harker avenue, Erie street, Jethro, Dixonville and other sections where the workers live. Then if you are sincere I know that your calculations of the workers' conditions would be about the same in this country as you report them to be in England.

Monotony

By Esther Aron.

THE clang of the alarm clock awakens Anna from dreams of a magic land of health and freedom. She looks at the clock and sighs—God! another day of monotony! She forces herself to get out of bed—lazily puts on one shoe, then another. Mrs. Elvine, her mother, peeps in and calls: "Anna, for goodness sakes! Anna, its getting very late and your breakfast is getting cold."

Anna does not respond, for the very same words have echoed in her brain morning after morning, week after week. Mechanically she puts on her hat, gulps down her cup of cold tasteless coffee—rushes out. She must rush; she cannot stop to enjoy her meal or appreciate or discriminate in her food, for she must hurry to keep her job—or the hungry line of jobless workers will seize it from her. She cannot even enjoy the sweet, fresh smelling air of the morning. She must take the subway, where human beings are herded together like dumb, driven cattle. She reaches it and is mashed into the crowded train while the gards yell, "Plenty of room inside! All aboard!"

Anna is nearly crushed to death; more than ever are the crowds pouring in from all ends of this great city. At last the train lands at Forty-second street. On the steps she meets Essil, the swift one from her shop. A look of smug contentment shines on her face, for is she not lucky to have the opportunity of sewing hats? Is she not the swiftest girl in the place? To Essil the employer was a god who deigned to give his lower beings a chance to serve him.

But to Anna, life had once meant more than threading endless needles to sew hats that she can never dream of wearing. At times she felt like shouting to the forelady: "Give me anything—shoes, coats, anything but hats—hats!" but the words always died in her throat.

Who was she to rebel?—a little ant in this big world. What right had she to romance and adventure? Those things which every young person craves—she, just a slave in a capitalist grinding machine—a little necessary but unimportant cog in the wheel.

And she would once more return to the monotony of stitch—stitch—endless stitch.

The Botany Mills Cut Many Melons

THE Botany Consolidated Mills, Inc., was incorporated March 21, 1924, under the laws of Delaware. Its function is that of a holding company. It has acquired 99 per cent of the stock of the Botany Worsted Mills in Passaic, N. J., the assets, business and property of the Garfield Worsted Mills, Garfield, N. J., and large interests in two German textile groups, controlling some 30 affiliated companies in Germany, Hungary, Czecho-Slovakia, Italy, Latvia and Holland. The foreign companies are engaged in spinning and weaving woolen fabrics, ribbons, tapes and laces. The New Jersey companies constitute complete units for the manufacture of dress goods, cloakings and worsted yarns.

The Botany Worsted Mills was incorporated in 1889. The company operates 2,200 looms and its normal capacity is 125,000 pounds of yarn and 225,000 yards of woven dress goods per week. It owns 67 acres of land on which are located the 108 buildings of the plant, with an aggregate floor space of 2,124,175 square feet.

The Garfield Worsted Mills was incorporated in 1902. It operates 1,000 looms and has also weaving, dyeing and finishing facilities. Its normal capacity is 100,000 yards per week. It owns 29 acres of land in Garfield and the aggregate floor space of its plant is 376,360 square feet.

The two foreign groups controlled by the Botany Consolidated Mills, Inc., are Kammgarnspinnerei-Stohr and company and the Elberfelder Textilwerke. The 30 subsidiary companies of these two groups operate about 336,000 spinning and twisting spindles, 1940 broad looms, 530 ribbon looms and 3,600 knitting spindles.

They employ about 11,000 workers.

When the holding company was organized in March, 1926, it proceeded to issue \$9,227,300 in 10-year 6½ per cent bonds. The bonds were sold by Blair and company at 96½, and with the proceeds the holding company proceeded to acquire the assets and business of the Garfield Worsted Mills and the stock of the Botany Worsted Mills.

The holding company also issued 100,000 shares of Class A stock with a par value of \$50 and 479,000 shares of common stock without par value. The Class A stock was sold by Blair and company at 46½ to 48 per share, and the proceeds were used to buy an interest in the two German groups, and also to make additional payments for the stock of the Botany Worsted Mills.

Of the common stock, 461,187 shares were given in part payment for Botany Worsted Mills stock, and 18,000 shares to hold options with the foreign companies. Thus a total of 47,9187 common has been issued.

The Class A stock is a preferred stock in effect. It is to receive a minimum of \$4 per share per year, or 8 per cent, and to share with common up to a maximum of \$7, or 14 per cent per share per year.

Without further detailed information, it is difficult to know just what the inner meaning of this merger amounts to. From the facts available it would appear that it was probably the stockholders of the Botany Worsted Mills—a few large holders—who initiated the merger. They organized the holding company, put up their stock as security during the pre-

liminary financing—apparently about 34,000 shares of old Botany Mills stock. The financing brot them in \$15,000,000 in cash—\$10,000,000 from the bond issue, and \$5,000,000 from the sale of Class A stock. With this cash, they bought the Garfield Mills for an unknown sum, loaned some \$4,000,000 to the foreign companies and secured an option for their control, and paid an unknown but substantial balance to themselves for the surrender of their old stock to the new company. In addition, they distributed practically all the common stock of the new company to themselves—a total of 479,000 shares.

So while they went into the deal with 34,000 shares of Botany Worsted Mills, they came out with a new company purchased outright (Garfield), important foreign holdings, a few millions of cash, and 479,000 new shares in the holding company. If this deduction is in any way sound, it would appear that the 1924 merger was the usual story of reorganization whereby the accumulated surplus of a profitable operating company (in this case the Botany Worsted Mills) is made the subject for the cutting of a considerable melon, in cash, and a tremendous inflation in number of shares of common stock to a no par basis. Thus the ratio of return on said common can no longer be referred to a definite par value, and be criticized for its high index of profitableness. From the facts and figures published by the corporation records of the Standard Statistics company, the above deduction is a legitimate one, and it devolves upon the holding com-

pany to submit the data to refute the deduction if it is in error.

Assets and Liabilities.

THE last reported balance sheet of the holding company is for June 1, 1925. This is a consolidated balance sheet covering the assets and liabilities of both the Botany and Garfield Mills.

Current assets are \$27,000,000 while current liabilities are only \$12,000,000—an excess of over two for one. Meanwhile surplus, or the total value of the no par common stock, is no less than \$23,809,000—or about \$49 a share.

THE profits of the Botany Worsted Mills are reported as averaging \$3,160,212 per year for the 7 years ended Dec. 31, 1923. On the basis of 34,000 shares in Botany Worsted Mills outstanding, this would mean an average per year of \$93 per share. If the shares were \$100 par, the rate of earnings would be 93 per cent. Five or six dollars a share on 479,000 no par value shares looks much better than 93 per cent on 34,000 shares of \$100 par value.

Since the merger, the new company has made substantial earnings, the not as great as the old Botany Mills company was averaging. Costs of reorganization, liquidating old claims, promoting foreign interests, are necessarily heavy to begin with, and it is undoubtedly the hope of the holding company to increase its showing of profit when these preliminary outlays are done with. But even with this expense the earnings for 1924 were \$2,000,000. This means that the earnings were nearly \$60 a share on the old 34,000 of Botany Mills stock.

The Negro and the Foreign Born

By B. BORISOFF.

THE "Chicago Defender," a Chicago Negro weekly newspaper, printed in one of its recent issues the following editorial which we reproduce in full:

OUR FOREIGN PETS

Chicago is in a quandary about its foreign population and has asked the assistance of the United States government in deporting so-called undesirable aliens from the country. This city has become overrun with Sicilians and gangsters from other countries who have carried on uninterrupted warfare among themselves, and who have run Chicago's murder list up to an alarming height. The city police appear unable to cope with them and are now crying for help.

All of which affords no small amount of gratification to our Race everywhere in the United States. We have watched how these foreigners have been welcomed upon our shores. We have been forced to accept Jim Crow service, insults in the courts, inferior jobs, and residential segregation, while foreigners have been given the best the country has to offer. Any foreigner, however poor and ignorant of American principles, receives more courteous service in American hotels and theaters than any person of our race.

We, as a race, are subjected to all sorts of injustices, even in Chicago, while the foreigner, who flouts our laws and who works for the destruction of our very government itself, is given every protection. Is it any wonder, then, that we smile when we see authorities of the city of Chicago seeking aid to handle a problem that they themselves created?

This editorial raises two important questions: First, what is the correct explanation of the country-wide drive against the "undesirable aliens?" The second, what should be the relation of the Negro toward the foreign-born workers as dictated by his racial conditions and his interests as a worker?

The Defender manifests total bankruptcy in dealing with these questions, pitiful lack of understanding, lack of broad vision, and superficiality. The Defender attempts no conscientious analysis of the problem. The Defender only repeats, parrot-like, the slanders of the white kept-press against the foreign-born, encourages prejudices, incites its readers against the foreign-born and indulges in patriotic red-baiting. The readers of the paper are presented with a distorted viewpoint and with a policy toward the foreign-born workers which is harmful to the interests of the Negro both from the racial as well as the working class viewpoint.

The problem of the foreign-born workers is not a Chicago police problem—as the Defender would make its readers believe. It is a national problem. It is also not a social problem of eliminating "criminal" alien elements as is the contention of the Defender. These charges of inferiority and criminality which are being hurled against the foreign-born are only a cloak to cover up the real aims of the anti-foreign-born agitation. But even confining the discussion to the question of social "inferiority," to the charges of "criminality" and other alleged undesirable social qualities that are made against the foreign-born one would expect a different attitude on the part of the Defender. To the ear of a Negro these charges sound suspiciously familiar. They are the same charges of "inferiority" and "criminality" as are usually hurled against the Negro, only in this case the word "Negro" is being replaced with the word "foreign-born." In fact, both of these charges come from the same source—from the agents of the white imperialist ruling class—its kept press and its "scientists."

When it is profitable for the white imperialists to incite the white workers against the Negroes they begin to clamor about the unusual number of

"Negro criminals" in the jails of the big cities. Now, when it is a question of arousing the masses against the foreign-born workers, the police receives orders to fill the jails with criminal foreigners, so as to justify the attack upon the foreign-born workers.

We admit, and the Defender will also admit, that under the present conditions, it is easier to fill the jails at will with Negroes or with foreign-born than with such "100 per cent Americans" as Mr. Crowe, Mr. Brennan, Mr. Hoffman, Mr. Small, or Mr. Coolidge, etc. (the list is by no means exhausted), the real criminals and criminal agents of the white imperialist ruling class (the class of the Morgans—and the Rockefellers, of the Garys, Mellons and Du Ponts—the super criminals). These criminals were, time and again, exposed in their crimes and convicted by the verdict of the people. Their crimes range from outright stealing of public funds (Small's embezzlement, and Andy Mellon's tax law), buying and stealing elections (Brennan), stealing the natural resources (Tea Pot Dome) to

a complete enslavement of one section of the working class that would spell disaster to all workers. They would put tremendous obstacles to the efforts of organization of workers and their struggle for better conditions. The Defender does not present these facts to its readers. Yet they would furnish a correct explanation for the campaign of slander against the foreign-born: it is intended to mold "public opinion" in favor of the anti-foreign-born bills by inciting and prejudicing the masses of the native population against the "inferior," "criminal," "destructive" alien.

The economic interests of the foreign-born and of the Negro workers are identical. Both are on the lowest rung of the social ladder. It is entirely false on the part of the Defender and in contradiction to facts to represent the foreign-born workers as the privileged section of the population (calling them "our foreign pets," saying that they are given every protection, etc.). While the Defender tries to arouse the jealousy of the Negro workers, it is unable to present any facts which would prove this con-

ernment. It strikes at the foreigners with its anti-foreign-born bills. It strikes at the Negroes by perpetuating their political, social and economic enslavement, by not defending them against the ku klux klan. The Coolidge government bids for the support of the ku klux klan. The Defender backs the government in this policy.

The political interests of the Negro and of the foreign-born workers prove also identical. Both are fighting for elementary civil rights against the imperialist government and its supporters—the American fascists—the ku klux klan. The political policy of the Defender is harmful.

Summarizing our analysis of the two questions which we formulated at the beginning of this article, we can say:

From an economic viewpoint, the anti-foreign-born campaign and legislation are means employed by the ruling class in order to divide and weaken the workers and thus prevent their organization and effective struggle for better conditions, especially in the basic industries.

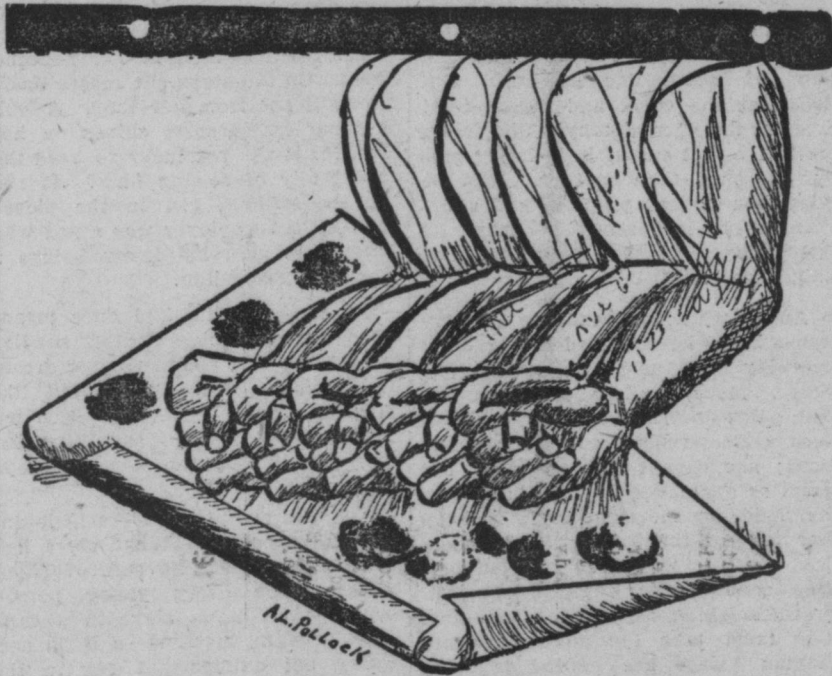
Politically the anti-foreign-born policies of the Coolidge regime is a bid for support of the most reactionary elements, of the American fascists—the ku klux klan.

Both on the economic and on the political field the Negro and the foreign-born workers face the same enemy, their interests are identical, they are natural allies in a common fight.

We would not consider our analysis of the position taken by the Defender complete without attempting to answer one additional question: how to explain the bankruptcy of the Defender in the realm of racial policy? The explanation that suggests itself at the first glance is the orientation of the Defender. The Defender hopes to get a few concessions for the Negro from the white ruling imperialist class by submitting unquestionably to its rule and pledging its loyalty to it. It says in effect: "Look how loyal we are; we will support you against your enemies, the workers, both black and white, only throw us a few crumbs, abolish the most flagrant discrimination." In this the Defender represents the sentiment of a section (perhaps a considerable) of the Negro petit-bourgeoisie. It is not peculiar to the Negro petit-bourgeoisie. In India, in China, in American colonies; in fact, in all parts of the world where the imperialist oppression extends over colonial peoples, we can observe how the native bourgeoisie is betraying the interests of the oppressed by siding with the oppressors. Another part of the native bourgeoisie (as was especially clearly shown in the recent struggles in China) at one time unites with the workers and peasants against the imperialist oppressor, while at another time it fights the workers (when the workers present their own demands for higher wages, lower hours, better working conditions). The experience of the struggle of the oppressed nationalities and races against imperialist oppression has proven that the only true, consistent and militant champion of national or racial freedom is the conscious and militant working class and not the bourgeoisie of the oppressed peoples. The working class being the most oppressed class in society, cannot free itself without abolishing all forms of oppression. This was proven by the historic experience of the Russian workers, who, having freed themselves from the yoke of czarism and capitalism, have also abolished all national or racial oppression.

There is the basic reason why the Defender (not being an expression of the historic aspiration of the Negro working class) could not be expected to be a consistent fighter for the interests of the race. But, unfortunately in the case of the Defender, one could hardly speak of any fight for the defense of the interests of the race; it is rather a complete submission to and the defense for the perpetuation of the most brutal imperialist power.

The road to freedom for the race lies in a joint struggle of the Negro and white workers against their common oppressor—the ruling, capitalist class.



There's a Fist Behind Every Finger Print.

Drawing by Al Pollock, Worker Correspondent.

robbing both the white and the Negro sections of the population of their civil rights (as in the South) or exploitation in the kingdoms of the steel and coal barons, outright murder (during strikes) to provoking war, killing, subjecting and oppressing colonial peoples (Morocco, China, etc.). The interests of the race demand that the Defender devote its energy to the exposure of and fight against the imperialist oppressors of the Negro rather than to their defense and attacking the foreign-born workers. By doing so the Defender is actually fighting on the side of the enemies of the race.

The consistent policy of the ruling class is to keep the workers divided so as to better exploit them. It is not difficult to understand why the attack is centered against the foreign-born workers. In the basic industries (steel, coal mining, food, textile) the foreign-born form the majority of the workers. The organization of the workers in these industries would be a terrific blow to the exploiters. They are determined to prevent this organization, no matter by what means. They have laid out a careful plan which, if it were successfully carried out, would place the foreign-born workers into exceptional conditions. Bills are before congress providing for a passport system, periodic registration, with special registration certificates for the foreign-born, threatening them with deportation for violation of the registration law and for other "criminal" offenses (which would easily include strike activities, resistance to anti-labor injunctions, etc.) and giving the president the authority to order the foreign-born workers from one part of the country to another, where, in his opinion, "national emergency" demands their labor. One could easily perceive that there are provisions for

attention. The working conditions of the foreign-born workers and the "protection" given them are illustrated by the textile workers' strike in Passaic (\$12-22 weekly wage, exhausting work, police brutalities, etc.). To incite the Negro workers against the foreign-born because in addition to these abuses they do not suffer from racial abuses from which the Negro worker is suffering from is sheer nonsense. The economic interests of the Negro and of the foreign-born worker are identical. They are natural allies in the fight for better working conditions, in the fight to compel the labor bureaucracy to organize the unorganized and to break down the racial discrimination in the trade unions.

Let us now turn to the political aspect of the foreign-born question. The patriotic defense by the Defender of "our" government against the "destructive alien" tends to hide the fact that the present government is a ku klux klan government, that it was and is supported by the ku klux klan, that it did nothing to secure to the Negro his political, social and economic rights as an American citizen. During the Coolidge regime ku klux klan outrages against the Negro became even bolder and more ferocious (witness the Camden and Osala affairs, etc.). The government remained silent and passive. Can any honest Negro call this government, which is steeped in the tears and blood of the Negro, "our" government? The Defender is intentionally or unintentionally blind to the political significance of the anti-foreign-born policies of the government. Yet it should have been easy for a Negro publication, especially to distinguish all of the earmarks of the ku klux klan in the anti-foreign bills of the Coolidge administration. The ku klux klan is both against the Negro and against the "foreigner." So is the Coolidge gov-