

The New Magazine

Supplement of **THE DAILY WORKER**

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Editor.

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

SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1926

290

Hell and Maria Dawes Becomes a Friend of the Farmers



Big Capital Is Looking Up Its Next Candidate for President

WHO will be the next president of the United States?

The average worker and farmer may not be worrying about it as yet but the real rulers of this country, the capitalists, are already troubled by it a good deal. The presidency is a big proposition. It means for the capitalists a reliable and trustworthy administration of the government that will take proper care to keep the workers and poor farmers down and to protect the profits and privileges of the rich.

The Problem Is—to Get Him Elected.

THERE are plenty such reliable and trustworthy servants of the capitalists in the country. Why, there are two big political parties, the republicans and the democrats, that organize, train, scheme and maneuver for no other purpose than to secure the machinery of the government in the interests of the capitalists.

Candidates there are aplenty. Each of the two capitalist parties has them in large numbers. Each of them is trying hard to secure the approval from the boss, the big capitalists of the United States. But the boss has not yet made up his mind. The boss is measuring, weighing and figuring as to who of the host of candidates would be better able to fool the masses and get himself elected when the time comes around.

Hell 'n Maria Dawes Is Flirting with the Presidency.

ONE of such willing candidates is no other than the old conqueror of hell and heaven, the vice-president of the United States, Charles Gates Dawes.

We say this quite confidently despite the fact that many a cap-

italist newspaper is trying to convince us to the contrary. The Chicago Daily News, for instance, writes:

It is important to understand Mr. Dawes' position and to discuss it soberly and fairly. To attribute his memorandum to political ambition—as some critics hasten to do—is utterly gratuitous.

Is it, though? Since when has Charles G. Dawes ceased to desire the presidency? It is precisely his so-called memorandum on agrarian legislation (which, by the way, is the hugest joke in recent American political history) that makes the vice-president an open contender for the presidency.

Dawes Becomes a Friend of the Farmers.

IN the midst of the congressional fever to fool the farmers and escape unhurt, and following the defeat of the Haugen bill, Dawes issues a memorandum favoring farm relief without a farm subsidy. An empty and meaningless proposition. Something which at best might benefit slightly the rich capitalist farmer but not at all the poor and middle farmer. And immediately as the memorandum is issued, Hell and Maria Dawes is being heralded throughout the country as the new savior of the farmers.

What does it mean? A bid for the presidency. A carefully prepared and well executed political trick to fool the farmers again. The full meaning of this disgusting performance is to save as much as possible the standing of the republican party in the agricultural states.

(Continued on next page—page 2)

The Resentment of the Farmers Is Becoming Uncomfortable for the Capitalist Politicians.

INDEED the republican party needs a little saving among the farmers. Their condition is becoming impossible. What the large mass of farmers are confronted with at present is the steady fall in prices of commodities that they sell and the steady rise in prices of commodities that they buy. Thus, for instance, the government's index number for farm product prices, which last August stood at 163, began this year at 152, coming down to less than 145 last April against a general average of 153 for other commodities in the same month.

The farmer resents this and demands relief. But what are the capitalist parties doing about it? Nothing. The Coolidge administration openly resists every effort, genuine and otherwise, to help the farmers in their critical situation. Most of the democrats are supporting Coolidge against the farmers a hundred per cent.

Behind this combined republican-democratic opposition to farm relief legislation stands Big Capital. This is clear. These big bankers and industrialists are cleverly manipulating the government in their own interests. See what they did with the funding of foreign debts. Hundreds of millions of dollars have been given away to various European governments to stabilize their finances and to enable the American international bankers to make further loans and tremendous profits. Just the other day congress ratified the debt settlement with France to enable Morgan to go through with his loan of \$300,000,000 upon which France will pay to Morgan more interest in the next ten years than she will pay to the United States during the same period on her war debts.

There is plenty of capital to help the banker, the manufacturer and the merchant but there is no capital to help the farmer—this is the philosophy and policy of the capitalist parties. And the farmer is gradually awakening to the full meaning of such policies. No wonder the capitalists and their politicians are beginning to feel uncomfortable. Particularly so in view of the approaching congressional elections and also in view of the presidential elections of 1928 which are already looming up in the distance.

Coolidge Is Fading Away.

THE inevitable is happening. Coolidge's prestige among certain sections of workers and large masses of farmers is going to pieces. His frank service to Big Capital, his unconcealed hostility to the workers and farmers makes him unacceptable even to his own masters. Big Capital wants A WINNING CANDIDATE, not a losing one. And Coolidge's chances of winning in the next presidential election are very slim.

Does that worry the capitalists? Not much. The big boss figures it this way. Coolidge has done his job, Coolidge may go. Now we will find some other politician in the old parties whose prestige has not been much discredited yet. We will get a man who can play the role of a farmer's friend. Still better if we can get someone who can lay claim to being a "dirt" farmer himself but who can be relied on to do the bidding of big capital with the same zeal and devotion as Coolidge does. And we will make that man the candidate for the next president of the United States.

It is in this situation that Charles G. Dawes declared in his Hell and Maria style that he wants to be considered a willing candidate. Not only willing—this is not sufficient to get the approval of the big boss—but also winning. And the way to win this time is to be able to neutralize or pacify the farmer without giving him anything. That's why Dawes has become "a friend" of the farmer even to the point of taking issue with the president on the question of farm legislation.

Calvin Coolidge is fading away.

The senators who are known as collaborators with and supporters of his administration are being defeated one after another in the primary elections. The list of knocked-out Coolidge senators is growing—Pepper in Pennsylvania; McKinley in Illinois; Stanfield in Oregon. And at this writing Cummins of Iowa is fighting desperately to save himself from defeat at the hands of Brookhart.

Big Capital Is Looking Up Its Next President.

BIG capital, taking stock of the situation, is beginning to look up its next president. That's why all prospective candidates are grooming themselves for inspection. Charles Evans Hughes trims his beard to more "freedom" for the trusts. Frank O. Lowden, former governor of Illinois and candidate for the republican presidential nomination in 1920, is putting on some more "dirt" on his political farmer clothes. And Charles G. Dawes, the knight of the inverted pipe, is blowing bubbles of farm relief for the wrathful farmer of the west.

The campaign is on. And the only people that are not giving thought to it and are not preparing properly for it are the working people. They let their enemies do it for them. The result of this practice, if permitted to continue, will be another Coolidge under a different name.

Suppose every labor and farmer organization in the country would immediately get busy and put forward labor and farmer candidates in the forthcoming congressional elections. What would happen? No immediate deliverance from the yoke of capitalist exploitation. No, but a right beginning in the right direction. Let's try it.

Alex. Bittelman.

Red Pepper

AFTER reading one of Henry Ford's articles we were impressed with the fact that riding or writing, once started, the Ford rattles on.

THE deposed president of Poland is reported in a state of nervous collapse. Pilsudski's dictatorship must have upset his constitution.

Walt Carmon.

A PEEK EACH WEEK AT

MOTION PICTURES

THE VOLGA BOATMAN is by no means a great picture and falls far short of the dramatic possibilities inherent in the theme, but it is really significant and well worth seeing. It is the first picture in this, or probably any other capitalist country that shows the Russian Red without horns and views the revolution from a somewhat sympathetic standpoint. Amazingly, this film not only tolerates the Red, but makes him its hero. In place of the wild-eyed, wild-whiskered Bolshevik dripping gore that the movies and "Satevepost" magazines love to show, the Red hero of the "Volga Boatman" is a picture as a strong, handsome figure with all the customary movie virtues, and, in addition, a genuine dignity and something that while frequently falling into bombast at moments approaches revolutionary ardor. And though the film's conception of the revolution is sentimental and vague, it does seem to be trying to convey a general impression of something new and vigorous replacing something old and decayed.

THE scene is laid along the Volga in the neighborhood of Jaroslav at the outbreak of the revolution. As the picture opens a gang of boatmen are seen hauling a barge up the river. They are harnessed like animals and their rag-wrapped feet are bleeding and sore. The fact that the last mandrawn barge must have disappeared from the Volga some thirty years ago need not necessarily impair the artistic truth of the picture; the popularity of the song has made the Volga boatmen a sort of symbol of the Russian people to Americans. But it is significant that workers in an occupation romantically remote are chosen for this presentation of oppression and revolt—instead of factory workers or, say, miners. American producers cannot afford a sympathetic presentation of anything that might hint at class struggle as something present and real that might be reminiscent of our own Passaic, or Zeigler or, West Virginia.

AS the barge reaches the village a car brings Princess Vera, daughter of the local land-owner, and Prince Dimitri, officer in the czar's army, along the river road. The Princess is attracted by the singing of the boatmen, particularly of the handsome broad-shouldered man in the lead—the hero, of course. The Prince, not liking Vera's romantic Turgenievsque interest in Russia or the people in general, and the blonde boatman in particular, contemptuously points to the men as they sink down in the traces at the landing place in utter exhaustion—"animals," he exclaims. At this point occurs the clash between Dimitri and the boatman that initiates the theme of the play. As the Princess is speaking to Feodor, drinking at the well, the Prince, coming up to them, gets the remains of a dipper of water accidentally splashed over his polished riding boots. He orders Feodor to wipe them off; at first the boatman refuses, then after a long moment of arrogant impatience on the one side and restrained menacing fury on the other, he bends—it is Czarist Russia—and wipes off the boots with the sleeve of his blouse. Straightening up he points to the mark the leathern thong of the boat harness has left on his breast, and says: "Some day you will be forced to wipe this off." The answer is a stinging blow across Feodor's face.

As the boatmen are resuming their journey that evening a motor boat flying the red flag comes up the river, a note weighted down with bullets is tossed ashore—the revolution has broken out—to arms. Up in the castle the betrothal ceremony of Vera and Dimitri is just at an end when an order comes for the officer to rejoin his regiment.

FEODOR is made local revolutionary commander. When the roll call shows that the only ones failing to report for service are the occupants of the castle the crowd marches up to get them out, Feodor finds the old land-owner and his daughter at their luxurious meal in the great dining hall and orders the people to be fed. The

servants are seated at table, the aristocrats forced to serve for a change. A real old movie faithful servitor tries to shoot Feodor for this indignity to his beloved bosses, but the bullet hits a youthful comrade of the revolutionist who throws himself in front of his friend. A life is demanded for a life—the Princess insists it shall be she instead of her father, and proceeds to vamp the commander into sparing her. He pretends to shoot her, substitutes wine for her blood—the gypsy girl who loves him discovers the deception—and escapes with her into the night.

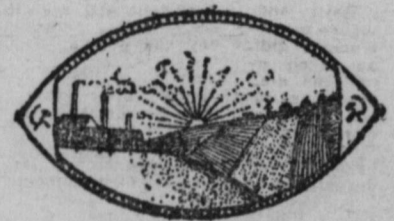
The inn where the two are sheltering is captured by the Whites, naturally with Vera's officer suitor in command. Feodor is recognized and sentenced to be shot, despite Vera's protestations of his perfect gentlemanliness. The scene changes to the great palace at Taroslavl. A state ball is in progress—aristocracy dancing on the brink of destruction. Out in the courtyard of the palace the boatman is shown trussed to the immense iron railings, face toward the ballroom. He is very evidently meant to arouse the sympathies of the audience, this bound figure with arms outspread in the attitude of Christ crucified. As the firing squad lines up Vera rushes to the chained man and covers him with her body, despite the entreaties of the Prince, who says that the firing squad must carry out orders, even if she remains.

SUDDENLY the Song of the Volga Boatmen is heard. The scene shifts to the river bank. A corner of the canvas covering the loaded barge that is being pulled up the river is lifted, revealing a cargo of armed Reds. At the same moment more armed men crawl out of a harmless-looking peasant wagon passing the palace gates, overpower the sentries and send up rockets to signal their comrades on the river. Reinforcements pour in from the barge and a gun stationed on the river bank begins bombarding the palace.

Feodor, rescued and brought to the commander of the attacking force, is charged by the villagers with betrayal, but somehow or other movie providence fixes it up so that his desertion of his post to help an enemy woman to escape is easily condoned by the authorities. The Whites are forced to drag the barge up the river to the seat of the revolutionary tribunal. What happens to the rest is not told, but, on Feodor's plea, the Prince and the Princess are given the choice of supporting the revolution or exile. The Prince chooses exile, but Vera chooses the "new Russia," and Feodor—or, rather, Feodor and the new Russia.

IT is all a queer mixture of finely conceived scenes and sloppy bourgeois bunk. On the one hand, the boatman addressing a meeting before the revolution—a rather real glimpse of listening peasant faces; the attack on the palace from the barge, the lights of the village across the Volga. On the other, the Red commander laying aside his revolver when the whites are breaking into the room at the inn, because the Princess asks him not to shoot at her people, silly clown-like representation of the revolting peasants, and much of the same sort. But the fact remains, that though the hero is, of course, fashioned by the bourgeois in their own image, he is meant to be a revolutionist, and the heroine is made to choose the Russia of the future instead of going off to New York to be entertained by the Four Hundred and bewail the destruction of "her" Russia by the bloody Bolsheviks.

Amy Schechter.



Great Woman Revolutionist, Rosa Luxemburg

ROSA LUXEMBURG was born May 5th, 1871, in a small town in Poland. In spite of the poverty of her parents there was a desire for and an appreciation of intellectual attainments. Her mother, especially, of whom Rosa always spoke and wrote with such tenderness, seems to have maintained a high standard for the family. The language of the household was not Yiddish, but Polish. The books the family read were not the Talmud, but the classics.

Rosa entered the Girls' High School in Warsaw at an unusually early age. She graduated at fifteen, with the highest honors and would have received the gold medal had it not been that already she was suspected of political tendencies inimical to the government of the "little father" in St. Petersburg. For three years after her graduation she devoted herself to literature, belles lettres, in a circle of friends more liberal than revolutionary, altho sufficiently revolutionary to bring down upon themselves the attention of the vigilant police of the czar. At the age of eighteen Rosa was compelled to leave Russian-Poland and flee to Zurich, that famous city-of-refuge of European political refugees. In Zurich she studied in the university, especially mathematics and natural science.

Among her fellow students were a number of Polish and Russian exiles and their friends, and the family with whom she lived brought her within the ranks of the revolutionists. It must have been a test of the spirit of the young woman. On the one hand, among her young friends, she had the zest of youth and its dreams of a nobler, finer, free world. On the other, in the house where she lived, she witnessed the effects of the struggle upon the souls, who had devoted themselves to the pursuit of this ideal. The Lubeck family were also exiles, from Germany, where the father had been a member of the Social Democratic party. He lay, now, helpless and ill, confined to his bed, unable even to write. His wife, the mother of a large family of children, had grown weary of the battle, longed only to free herself from the sordid weary round of her daily life, and was discontented, unhappy, impatient.

As if they had been her own people, Rosa undertook to hold this group together. She wrote at the dictation of the father, helped the mother over her mental and spiritual struggles, gathered the children about her, and succeeded in bringing peace and serenity and new hope and spirit into the family. It was an excellent training for the work she was to do in future, in a larger field. But even now she was approaching Socialism, not from the angle of bound spirits seeking freedom, but from the scientific basis laid down by Marx and Engels, whom she read and studied during this period.



In the years between 1889 and 1892 she studied, now in Zurich, now in Berne, and again in Genoa, socialism and history. During these years she met Plechanov and Axelrod, and drew about her and them a circle of Polish revolutionists, Karski, Leo Jogisches, and others, and sought to introduce the science of Marx into the political life of these youths. Up to this time the Polish rebels had found expression in terrorism alone, holding their organization together by conspirative measures and plans. Their chief leader was Dazynski, who believed that a social revolution was possible for Poland only after it had become independent of Russia.

Up to this time there had been but one day in the year that might be called a day of freedom for the workers of Russia. It was the 1st of May, a day when workers might leave their places of employment and attend meetings or demonstrations or hold parades. Doubtless it was granted by the czar's government all the more cheerfully because it indicated to the police the strength and fervor of the masses and brought forward new leaders and new objects for persecution. It was, however, greeted by the workers with special literary productions, and among these, on May 1st, 1892, was a brochure written by Rosa Luxemburg. It was not printed, however, because it was written, not in prose, but in hexameters.

A Fighter for the Workers.

This was the beginning of Rosa Luxemburg's real struggle. Up to this time she had only been in training.

In 1893 she was barred from the International Congress held in Zurich, on the charge that her organization—the Polish Revolutionary Party—was one of spies and informers. Undaunted by this terrible blow, she persisted in her efforts to base the Polish revolution on scientific Marxism, proclaiming ever her sincere conviction that Poland's hope and salvation lay only in a union of the working class of Poland with the working class of Russia and their combined struggle against the bourgeoisie.

In 1895 she went to Paris, studied Polish history in the National Library, and wrote two famous articles, published serially: *The Industrial Development of Poland*, and *Social Patriotism in Poland*. In 1896 she attended the International Congress in London. This was a victory that must have healed whatever wound remained after her Zurich experience three years before. In the autumn of that year, in order to obtain a standing in the German Social Democratic Party, she entered college and by the 1st of May, 1897, she had attained the degree of L.L. D. The magna cum laude was not to be hers, although she had won it and it was recommended by her professors, because the faculty council decided "that is, for a woman, too much."

There remained another condition still unfulfilled. In order to live in Germany and work in the Social Democratic Party without being subject to banishment, she must become a German citizen. This was arranged by a formal, nominal, marriage to a son of the Lubeck family in Zurich, and, pausing only long enough to make the necessary arrangements for an immediate divorce, she left for Germany on the day of her marriage.

In this same year she made a journey to Warsaw under an assumed name, was arrested and spent more than three months in prison. In the succeeding years she grew ever more and more impatient of opportunists, compromisers, and users of empty phrases. She was the brains and leader of the party school. She made enemies among the members of the party by her uncompromising stand. There was even a motion to expel her from the ranks of the party.

Already, in 1890, the first clouds of the imperialist war were appearing on the horizon. The immediate threat of war began to submerge the minds of the masses; its problems to supersede those of theories and party tactics. Now all her energies were thrown into the struggle against militarism. She did not lose her grasp of Marxian science, even here. Her book on *The Accumulation of Capital* was written while she was traveling over Germany, speaking from platforms, proclaiming, "When we are ordered to shoot our French brothers we shall say, no, that we will not do."

One vision from a recital of the facts of her history a strong, a courageous, a fervent, but an eager, impatient soul. The vision is true, but incomplete. She was also sensitive, tender, and—as these letters show—immeasurably gentle and considerate. Her iteration of the words "Be cheerful and serene" addressed to a friend who—despite grievous anxieties—was still enjoying that freedom from which Rosa herself was debarred; her rare plaints at the circumstances of her own fate, no less than the intimate revelations of her apprehension of beauty in all things; her keen and sensitive response to the smallest manifestations of nature—all these combine to place this well rounded and well night complete nature and soul so high that one must bow reverently before it. Her cool, clear, scientific brain; the ardor of her courageous and daring spirit; and this almost ecstatic beauty-loving soul—what an ideal and what a model!

Not only because she was, in theory, in heart and soul, and in activity, an internationalist, but because she was a great spirit and a great soul, does Rosa Luxemburg belong to all the world. The Poland of her birth, the Germany of her later labors, hold her no more than Italy holds the spirit of Leonardo da Vinci or Greece holds Socrates. The soul that sets out upon the great search for truth, for beauty, and for freedom traverses the whole world—perchance the whole Universe—and belongs to all, even as it embraces all.

Not because she fell, a martyr in the struggle*, but because she lived and fought and suffered and kept her courage and her spirit, does Rosa Luxemburg take her place among the heroes and heroines of life. Not only because she saw clearly and pointed the way, but because she visioned beauty and love along the way, does her figure stand as a guide post and an inspiration. The struggles of the working class are and must be bitter always, dark sometimes, hopeless appearing often, but now and then a gleam from the torch that Rosa Luxemburg carried so high must light the path for a moment, must bring new hope and new strength.

*Rosa Luxemburg was seized and murdered by the monarchists in December, 1918, in Berlin.

THE TINY WORKER

A Weekly

Edited by Jonny Red

Vol. 1

Saturday, June 5, 1926

No. 2

EXTRA! EXTRA!
Billions of
Ice Cream
Cones Sold.
(Very Special)

Last year
322,729,000 gallons
of ice cream was
eaten in this country.
Isn't that a lot...

And if all the
cones eaten were
put side by side,
the papers claim,
they would reach
three times around
the world.

Boys and girls
whose parents are
workers didn't eat
as much as rich
children ate. And
the money made on
ice cream gave the
rich children candy
and other things
besides. The workers
who made the ice
cream got such low
wages for doing
it that the bosses
made a lot of profit.



NEWS

Hundreds of
children are right
in the strike in
Passaic, New Jersey
(that's near
New York). They
sure are a scrappy
bunch of kids and
fight with the older
workers against
the bosses.

POEM

A guy I hate
is like McCann
He crawls for the
boss
He isn't a man.
Another Poem.
Did you ever see
A "Holy Cow"?
G'wan, get away—
Don't kid me
now!

FUNNIES

When is an old cat
that's not a cat?
teacher!
When it's a cranky
teacher.

What kind of a
bird is a cuckoo?

The bird that
thinks he can get
rich if he works
hard, likes the boss
and won't join a
union. That's some
cuckoo!

FAIRY TALE

Johnny joined the
Boy Scouts. He
got strong and wise
and patriotic and
never ate garlic
so he wouldn't
smell bad. When
he grew up he became
president of his
country.

If this isn't a
fairy tale you sure
have to admit it's
the bunk!

PRIZES!

Nobody won the
swell all day sucker
in a classy box for
answering this
question:

"Why do teachers
say that every
little boy has a
chance to be president
some day?"

Rush your answer
and win that
swell sucker!

REMEMBER!

For the best thing
sent in to the
TINY WORKER, a
story, a "funny," a
fairy tale or anything
else, Johnny
Red will put your
name on top of the
page of the next
issue as editor.
Some class. Write
something now!



A friendly caricature of certain tendencies among the Russian youth. The cartoon is taken from the official paper of the Young Communist League of the Soviet Union. It reflects the deep process that is taking place among the youth of the Soviet Union of reevaluating old conceptions of life and crystallizing new ones.

Mother Mellicher

By Kurt Klæber

Translated by Avrom Landy

YOUNG Mother Mellicher stepped out of the house. She had become sallow and thin. Her face sat on her pointed shoulders like an elongated disk. Only her nose stood out angular and sharp; and her eyes glowed in the pallor of her cheeks like two great fiery lights.

She was in a hurry. First she sent George into the house—he was the youngest who was stamping out a puddle with his grey, much-too-large boots—pushed the girl, Martha, who was rubbing against the house-wall and had wrapped her thin, transparent arms in an apron, in behind him, and then went over to her husband.

He was even thinner and more pallid than his wife. He was sitting on a small chair and leaned his back against a plank. He was supposed to sun himself. His rough-hewn, shaggy head and his neck hung forward on a slant. They had no support. His back had been broken by falling coal. Besides, the man could no longer see anything. It had been that way for three years now.

The man sensed that his wife had come. His haggard face became animated and flushed. "Are you going now?" he asked and tried to turn his head towards her.

"Yes," she answered. "Everyone is going." She remained standing for a moment and looked at him. Her face became more pointed. She lifted her hand to touch his head. But she let it hang midway in the air.

Then someone from the house called her name. She turned around. It was the neighbor woman. She quickly let her uplifted hand fall on the knee of the invalid, pressed it lightly, and ran over to the one calling.

She was a small stout woman. But her cheeks were hollow too, and her flesh wobbled from side to side beneath her patched clothes. Her daughter, a lanky, over-grown girl with large red spots on her cheeks stood beside her.

"We can go," she said, breathing hard, and started off immediately. She made her daughter walk ahead. Young mother Mellicher only nodded and walked diagonally behind her with her short mincing steps.

THEY walked on silently. Nor did Mother Mellicher have anything to say. Her head felt so empty to her. So incorporeal. She scarcely felt herself. In fact, she did not even feel that she was walking. And why was she walking anyway? Her narrow forehead contracted and she shut her eyes. Wasn't it all useless? Wasn't it all the same whether she went or stayed? Nothing would be changed. There was no relief.

She reflected further. Who was there to help her particularly? Who knew anything about her. About her misery. About her want. About her isolation. Who had looked into her. Who had unlocked her soul. So who knew all that oppressed her. "No one! She was alone. She was lonely. She had always been.

Marriage! She walked faster and her cheeks colored slightly. Certainly, it was lovely at first. They had a room. Her husband was kind. When the children came she was compelled to look for work. It was harder. But it was still endurable. Then they brought her husband. It was the descent. She fell back. Now she was in the depths again.

So what was there that could be changed? Her husband would never get well any more. It could only become worse. And she had reconciled herself, too. She endured everything. She labored like an animal. She scarcely entered her room anymore. Early in the morning she went to a factory. In the evening she tried to do washing. Only it gradually becoming too much.

SHE opened her eyes again and looked straight forward. Who was there to help them? They were the poor. They had always been. The grandfather, the father. They had to go hungry. It was their life. Sometimes, to be sure, there was a breathing spell. Things went better. Now things were as bad as they could be. The children would soon give out. The husband could no longer get a full meal. Her own body had shriveled like an empty sack. That would be the end. Her face was distorted. And that is why she went along.

Now she was no longer walking alone with her neighbor. They had turned into a broad thoroughfare. Footsteps roused her. She

looked around. People were coming from every house here. Women, large bony, with grey shawls, their faces white and glassy, strained upward. Men, too. Half-grown lads. Old men. They walked in twos, in threes. In long lines. The whole neighboring quarter was in motion.

She shrank. What did these people want? Were they hungry too? She was a lone traveler. She had been that even as a child. Nor did she ever go with such crowds. She even avoided them. She was afraid of them. What were they doing? They shouted. They roared through the streets. They were rebels. But was there any use of that? Was that wise? Weren't they always beaten down again?

She bent her head lower. Why had she gone along, anyway? She had been urged to go. All are going today, the neighbor woman had told her. From the whole city. Behind the city park. There is to be a meeting. What about? Her neighbor had laughed out. About hunger! About hunger? Well, did she think she was the only hungry one? Didn't she see that it wasn't only in her own house that bread was lacking. Along the whole street, they were crying out for it. Beyond in the suburb. Everywhere. And today they were to rise up against it.

Around her it became noisier. The crowds of marchers became denser. They all talked. Many harsh and screaming. Most of them also raised their hands. Thin, transparent hands like her own. What did they talk about? She tried to catch a few words.

BESIDE her walked a cringing, hunchbacked woman. She also dragged one leg. Her face was small and apprehensive. "Since yesterday we've had no bread, no flour, no potatoes." She said it slowly, merely thrusting each word out before her.

Another replied: "We are even worse off. My big boy who laid bricks, is in bed. He's got a fever. My husband has been out of work for four weeks. I can't find any work either."

"Oh," a third raised her voice, "what about me. My baby is dying. First his feet gave way. Now only his breath is still wheezing. And what's he to live on?"

Mother Mellicher looked about her in astonishment. Who was talking there? What voices were those? Who was starving there too? Who was complaining? Who was situated in life like her, isolated and outcast? Was not she the only one? Who was suddenly pressing right up to her? She shivered and tried to smile.

The first whom she saw more closely was the hunchbacked woman. Her small, anxious face was even more wrinkled than her own and her skin hung on her cheek bones like a rag. Besides her hobbled a taller woman. Out of a neckerchief peered a sallow, shrunken face. The feet beneath it dragged behind as if they were heavy iron clumps. And they all looked the same, those who went with her. They were emaciated and weary. They pushed themselves forward as though they could no longer endure their lives. And in their faces, misery and hunger were visible as if they had been branded with it.

Mother Mellicher's eyes became moist. So there were hundreds who were cast aside and doomed in the same way as herself. She was really not the only one. All those who were going back and in front of her were just as much so. She felt that as a consolation. Nay, more, as a blessing. At that, something snapped somewhere within her. Her loneliness. Her bitterness. Her isolation. All at once she felt unlocked. As if expanded in every direction. All the walls were crumbling. She was merely flowing along. She was melting away. She felt, too, as if everything in and about her were becoming lighter.

At the same time she sensed it in her steps. In her body. She no longer walked alone. Her body had fallen out of its stride. It tried to walk with the others. It swayed here and there like the rest. It took over their movements. It dragged like them over the pavement. It mingled with their loud, shuffling cadence.

And she herself? She would have liked best now to reach out in all directions. Were they

not all starving and ostracized? What kept them apart then? Why had she cut herself off from them up till today? Had she been blind? She raised her hands a little. O, but now she wished to reach out for them. Now she wished to lean against them. Now nothing should separate her from them any longer.

NEW people pushed into the street. There were more all the time. From every street they came. From every house. They already formed themselves into small troops. Into columns. Their rhythmic tread became more decided. The tumult became greater. The whole city seemed to be marching. And with each person that Mother Mellicher saw, she grew deeper into these multitudes. With each face that stared large-eyed and anxiously at her, she drew closer to them. So there were so many unfortunates and starving ones. So many hundreds, yes, so many thousands stood beside her, small and wretched, defrauded and forsaken, and were being trampled under foot.

But these masses did not crush the walking woman. This endlessness of poverty did not make her smaller. Wasn't life even easier and more agreeable to bear when thousands could help bear it. When it no longer lay solely on the pointed shoulders, but stretched over the whole city. She raised her head as if she suddenly experienced this lightness.

Two

(Sacco-Vanzetti)

By ARTHUR

TWO innocent prisoners
Sitting each in his
Hating with a hate that
Their tragic story
Hating the men above them
Who keep them behind
And what if the workers
Does it free them?

SIX years of suffering
And the bitter
And wouldn't it turn you
The hellish kind of
When the mighty men above
The men of Law
Are hanging two lives
That even the guilty

O WEARY workers of the
When will you come
When will you take the
Of court and State
O gather your forces together
Your children and
And crunch the chain that
Give Life to two

And suddenly she felt also that in this tremendous march of the hungry there was still strength left. Here were walking not merely people who had been broken or were being broken by life; there was impetus in them, power. It came from the stamping of their feet. From the swaying of the bodies. And it became stronger, the more the stream of marchers swelled.

That made her more courageous herself. That made her raise her head even higher. That fired her. That raised her out of and above her petty wretchedness. O, she scarcely knew herself anymore. She merely walked. She was marching with the others. And she was immersed and dissolved into this stream, as if she had already been eternally united and related to it.

Now the people suddenly piled up in a mass. She had to stop also. She looked about surprised. Why her feet were already stepping on bare ground. Where was she? She tried to raise herself higher. To the right ran garden hedges. To the left stood a few small houses. In front of her, trees arched. Now she knew it. She had marched through the lower part of the city and through the upper. Then they still had to pass a few flat meadows. Beyond that was the meeting.

She stretched herself still more. Actually, there were the first already. They were in the first row. And they were packed into a single mass, linked to each other, grown together with one another, and from all sides new multitudes were still coming.

She wanted to stop. But her neighbor took her by the hand. Drew her along. Pushed her into the first rows into the mass, and tried to force their way through to the center. And she succeeded. They traversed the masses up to the cart.

Here seemed to be the center. The focus of this giant gathering. At least the people had formed themselves in a circle around this cart and their faces confronted each other, large and solemn.

Mother Mellicher was somewhat taken back at first. This mighty gathering of faces had frightened her. Were there really so many people? Were there really so many hungry faces in the city? And were they all outcast and tortured like herself? She became anxious. She even cowered. But when she raised her head again, and blinked into this thousand-fold face, she saw herself in each only as a mirror. That was actually only her face. That was she herself. That was she naked and wretched as she stood in life, only in an unheard of multiplicity and magnitude.

Even the words which swelled up about her were her own. She listened long. Whether a man spoke or a woman, a girl or a lad, it was always her voice which rang out. Which wailed or sobbed, which could only sputter or

tences from himself as if starvation were at his throat.

THEN his voice became harder. Firmer. The tall figure of the speaker became more tense. "What shall we do? Shall we continue to starve! Shall we wait until we have collapsed! There is only one thing!" His voice swelled. "We must help ourselves!"

He trumpeted it over their heads like a fanfare and it flowed into these people like a hot stream. All sensed it on their flesh. It ran like a touch of ague over all their thin, famished bodies. All were burned by its contact. They cowered before it, but they also found that it lifted them up again.

The man spoke on. "Isn't that our right?" boomed his voice now. "Are we not human beings so that we can help ourselves? And who will hinder us? Those who have locked us out? Those who sit on the money? Those who close their shops to us? Those who have trampled on us our whole life long!" His form grew. "We are the people today! We are almost the entire city!" He shouted that with more heat and like a threat.

Mother Mellicher was bewildered by it. It alarmed her. She repeated it softly. Was not that sedition? Was it not even more? Did not that mean that they should revolt? Perhaps march through the streets. Strike! Shoot! She shook herself. She wanted to cast it off again. She shivered.

And did it not make the others shiver, too? She looked around. Did they not rise up against these words? Did they not revolt against them? She was startled. They even cheered those words. They pressed nearer to the man. They raised their hands. They repeated his words. They shouted them to each other. They shaped them into screams. They threw them back again and mingled with their thunderous applause.

MOTHER Mellicher shivered still more. But what should she do? Now these words were even embracing her, too. Now they were thundering applause around her. Now they tried to force their way into her. And was not that that force, which came upon her with the applause, which she had already sensed on the march, the force of hundreds, yes, of those thousands who were bearing their misery and their hunger. And these thousands straightened up. They were inspired. They were in revolt. What should they do? She tried to repeat the words. They should help themselves.

It bowed her deeply. What was that? Could they do that? Was not that sinful? And who had spoken it? Was it a person at all who had said it? One of them. One of the poor. She looked towards the cart. There the man still stood. Five steps in front of her. Tall. Haggard like herself. One hand stretched to the sky. The sign to be still. All were still again, for a woman stood beside him.

Mother Mellicher's pupils widened. She knew the woman. She reflected. She had merely walked beside her. It was the stooped, hunchbacked one who had no bread or potatoes any more. Only she looked larger. The cart lifted her up. Her face also appeared changed to her.

The woman began more softly than the man. "Yes," she repeated, "today we are all. We are almost the entire city. What do we want? We want work! We want bread! We want to be able to live!" She paused and drew breath into her lungs. "Is that too much? We ought to want much more!"

"Yes!" she cried further, "what is our life? Poverty! What do we have? What do we do? We work! We grudge! We overburden ourselves until we collapse! Is that life?" She bent forward and her head became pointed. "We ought to want much more!" she cried once more. "For once, rest! A house! A garden! Joy!! And why not? Are there two kinds of people? Are we created unequal? Why do we have nothing and the others everything? Why are we starving, and the others eat their fill? Why are we sitting in the shade and the others in the sun? Is the sun too small?" She bent her arms backward in a bow. "It is large!" she screamed as loud as she could scream.

MOTHER Mellicher had held her breath while the woman spoke. The man's words had bowed her down. The words of the woman raised her up again. That was the hunchback. That was the one who had lamented beside her. And now she was standing there. Now she had raised herself above the others. And what did she say? Did an outcast speak like that. Did an unfortunate one speak like that. Who had put that in this mouth? Who drove this out of the woman? Was not that also sedition? Was not that also revolt! But this time she absorbed every word,

and as approval thundered around the woman, she shouted along, raged the loudest, answered with all her senses, and pressed towards her in order to embrace her.

Ho—wasn't this woman a part of herself? Force seemed to have poured itself suddenly from the woman into her. But this time it was not the community of endurance which burningly swept over her. It was something stronger. Something bigger. Something unheard of. Something which had never yet overflowed her body, which bore her aloft and even hurled her out of her patience. What was it. She had drawn herself to her full height and her eyes glowed like two lights. Was she perhaps also a rebel? Was she perhaps also a seditious person? Did she also want more than work and bread? And what did she want? She had to press her hands against her breast, so strongly did everything within her rear up.

Certainly she wanted more! Certainly she wanted a little joy. Certainly she wanted a house! A garden. Certainly she wanted to rest a little and leisure! O! how much she wanted! She stretched her arms up. She flew out of herself. Her face was in flames.

Meanwhile, however, another woman had climbed up on the cart. She was larger than the hunchback. More masculine. She had a hard, sullen face, and small wrinkles lined her forehead. "Women!" she shouted loudly. "Men!" and her face became still harder. "Why do we stand so long! Why are we talking so much! Why don't we go!" She looked for a moment over the masses as if she saw into everyone's mind. "Where is the bread! Where is the work! Where are those who hinder us?"

"In the city!" shrieked some who stood near by. "In the city!" the others cried, too. "In the city!" answered mother Mellicher also. And the shout sped farther. The answer leaped from all of them. From the entire gathering. Shaped itself into a clamor. Echoed back again.

"In the city!" screamed the woman as loud as she could scream. "In the city!" and her two hands stretched towards the nearest houses.

All took the cry up still faster. It whipped all still more powerfully. All shouted it again in chorus. All pointed to the city. The centermost were already crowding into a procession.

"In the city!" once more screamed the hunchback who had stepped up beside the big woman. A thin, white-haired old woman, who had been pressed firmly against them, shouted the same. "In the city!" now shouted mother Mellicher, who was thrown by the onset against the cart, and she swung herself up with the three. "In the city!" And she suddenly brought the cry from out of herself as if her whole life depended upon it. As if her freedom dwelt in this city. As if in this city she could be emancipated from her entire misery. From her hunger. From her need. As if there were a better life in or behind this city.

And the people who now gathered in the procession behind and beneath her seemed to sense the same. Their faces were still sallow and small. Still thin and sunken. Their bodies still swayed back and forth heavily and painfully. But their eyes were more fiery. Their faces glowed. Everything about them grew. They became larger. More powerful. They raised themselves out of their wretchedness as if they had wings.

This made mother Mellicher even freer. It surged about her. It penetrated her. It moved her profoundly. Weren't they already growing above the city? And who was there to oppose her and these people? Who would stop their march? Who would lift his hand against this host? Who? Who? She jumped down off the cart again and placed herself among the leaders of the procession. Who? Who? she thought once more as they began to march.

First they streamed over the meadows. Then they tramped ponderously over the uneven pavement. Behind the park they turned into the city. Their procession spread out in tiers like a blunt-edged wedge.

At the first cross-street, soldiers were supposed to be stationed. Somewhat farther on they actually saw a chain of policemen and a machine gun. But what was that to these people. What was that against their onward march. Could they be held up at all? They marched on. Mother Mellicher still marched at the head. She was not small any more, not cowering any more, not cast out any more, not alone any more. She was completely grown together, fused with the others. Submerged in them. In their revolt. In their onward march. She only walked, and she walked as she had never walked before in all her life.

Lives

(Vanzetti)

HUR HENRY.

Lonely,
in his separate cell,
that only
tory can tell.
venthem vods nam edit gntaH
m behind the bars;
kers love them,
hem behind the bars!

angish
r bread of Fate.
n YOUR love to
nd of hate
en above you;
aw and State
es so innocent
guilty say it.

of the world,
u come to your own,
the reins of Power,
State and throne?
together,
and your wives'
in that holds these twain:
two dying lives.

stammer. And this voice became ever louder, ever more wailing, ever more resounding, swelled higher and moved her like a roaring wind. O, it even bore her aloft. It carried her on high. It raised the others, too. It lent them wings. It drew her erect. As she was forced to close her eyes, quaking, she felt that it became even mightier, that it gathered itself together and massed itself over their heads like a hurricane.

It was still when she sensed earth under her feet again and opened her eyes. Even uncanonically still. The whole human mass had become rigid and their faces were uplifted as if by force. She turned around. Then she understood. The people were listening. To the side of her a man had got on the cart and had raised his hands. Now he also opened his mouth. His voice sped over the masses like an explosion.

She listened. She couldn't exactly understand him, in spite of the fact that she stood right behind him. What was he saying? At last a few sentences reached her ear. He spoke of their misery. Of the starvation that had come upon them. Of the unemployment. Of the futile efforts to help and that now they could starve altogether. "Nobody helps us! Nobody is concerned about us! Nobody stands by us!" He hurled the sen-

LENIN Short Stories of His Life

(5)

THE REVOLUTION OF 1905.

BLOODY SUNDAY, January, 1905, was the longed-for sign that the masses had gotten into motion. When Lenin saw the first telegrams in the newspapers, he at once appreciated the importance of the events and started to take practical steps. The bureau of the committees of the majority (Bolsheviks) sent out the call for the congress. The Mensheviks declared the convention unnecessary and did not come. The convention was held in April in London, forty-two delegates from twenty-one organization units. It was up to it to decide the tactics in the revolution.

In the Second International at that time the opinion prevailed that "the general strike is general nonsense," and that "if we are strong enough to realize it it will be unnecessary." The Bolshevik convention explained that the general strike was the question of the day in Russia, and it must be completed with armed insurrection. The art of rebellion was closely studied and explained by Lenin and his comrades. Delegates were sent to Russian centers in order to organize the movement.

The relation to the liberals was now one of the main issues. The Mensheviks explained that as the revolution is a bourgeois revolution, it must be led by the bourgeoisie. The proletariat must be the "extreme opposition." Lenin showed how the liberal bourgeoisie seeks a compromise with czarism and cannot be relied upon as the leader of the revolution. The leader of the revolution is the proletariat, and its ally is the peasantry, which we could call the revolutionary bourgeoisie. The Mensheviks had their idea from the French revolutions of 1830 and 1848, where the bourgeoisie had formed the provisional governments. Lenin showed that if that should happen in Russia it would not be a complete democratic revolution. This would be the case only if czarism is crushed in an open struggle and the revolutionary people take the power into their own hands. And then the place of the party of the proletariat is not in the opposition, but in the leadership. They must go in the provisional government and complete the revolution. The remnants of the czarist bureaucracy must be wiped out; the resistance of the counter-revolutionary forces must be crushed; the church must be separated from the state; the peasants must destroy the power of the nobility in the country and take over their land. They cannot wait until the constituent assembly gives them something from above; they must settle matters thru their own committees, and the constituent assembly must then legalize the situation so created.

The program of the proletariat is the minimum program: realization of democracy, civil liberties, etc. The immediate realization of socialism would be a Utopia in Russia at the time. But the democratic revolution would be complete only if it is accomplished by the proletariat. The Mensheviks do not understand how things happen in a revolution. They are against the slogan "the democratic dictatorship of workers and peasants." They do not understand that every revolutionary government must be dictatorial. It must mercilessly do away with the old institutions.

Comrades Trotsky and Parvus came out with their theory of the "permanent revolution." The words were used by Marx in 1850 in his letter to the German Communists at a time when Marx still expected a new wave of revolution. The slogan in itself is not wrong—every revolutionary must try to make the revolution permanent, that is, to last thru a whole period. But the content Trotsky gave to the slogan was wrong. Trotsky explained that the workers would not consent to the "self-limitation" which Lenin was supposed to recommend to them. They would realize their own dictatorship. And as they were a little minority and as the peasants would go with the bourgeoisie, the workers could realize their power only with "state help" from the Western proletariat. Seemingly radical, this point of view was actually the same as that of the Mensheviks. The conditions of the "state help" from the Western proletariat would actually mean a tying-up of the revolution. It was the leftist opinion that the workers and peasants cannot together conduct the revolution further. It is necessary to remark that in spite of his wrong theory Comrade Trot-

sky filled his place in the revolutionary time of 1905 and was sent to Siberia by the government.

The Mensheviks, who did not come to the London convention but held their own conference in Geneva, adopted a resolution in their own spirit. Lenin wrote about them, that these Girondists of the Russian revolution pretended to be independent of the bourgeoisie, but were actually supporting the liberals, who wanted to put aside czarism in a polite way, with gloved hands. But the modern Jacobins, the Bolsheviks, would carry the revolutionary petty-bourgeoisie, especially the peasants, away with them; they want the people to make the revolution in a plebian manner, mercilessly crushing the enemies of liberty.

The Bolsheviks now started their organ, "Proletar" which was published until November, while legal papers could be published in Russia. Events showed how correct the Bolsheviks had been in their estimation of the revolution.

The Revolution Draws Nearer.

In Russia, events develop rapidly. Military revolts, naval mutinies, strikes growing into revolutionary general strikes, peasants' rebellions and revolutionary demonstrations of workers. Lenin follows the development of events closely, and evaluates their significance. He criticizes "the poor arguments of certain intellectuals" and prizes "the good demonstrations of the workers." He shows how daring deeds, such as the attempt to free the prisoners in Riga, the fights against the Cossacks, etc., develop fighting energy and ability and encourage the masses. He shows how the bourgeois enjoy the fruits of the fight and the masses bear the burden. In August, the czar tries to stop the movement with petty concessions; a committee with Bulygin as its head is appointed in order to work out some kind of a fake scheme of parliamentary government. The Mensheviks are ready to participate in the elections, but the revolutionary events wipe the elections off the order of the day. In October, the movement grows into a general revolutionary struggle all over the country.

Lenin leaves for Russia. He passes thru Finland when the general strike there ends. In Petersburg, he starts to edit the paper "Novaya Zhisn" (The New Life) and participates in revolutionary activities. On November 18, he writes how some people call the situation prevailing "anarchy"; but it only means that there is not an established order in the country. Absolutism is unable to subdue the revolutionary movement, which in turn is not yet able to overthrow absolutism. Such a situation cannot last long, but it is the period when the masses prepare themselves for the decisive time. With particular interest Lenin follows the activity of the Petersburg Soviet, whose sessions he often attends in disguise, because he cannot appear openly. To the comrades he explains how necessary it is to work in the non-partisan organizations. "The Soviets are our class organs," he says, "but in them, as in workers' meetings, you must always remember that you are party members. Don't ever shrink from raising the banner of the party."

In December, an armed revolt breaks out in Moscow, which—alho lost—shows how erroneous the opinion at that time prevailing in the Second International was, that the time of barricade fighting was past. A few hundred active fighters, backed by the sympathizing masses, defended themselves almost a week against the czar's troops, who far outnumbered the strikers and were armed with artillery. At the same time the question comes up in Petersburg how to help the comrades in Moscow. The first plan, to prevent the troops being sent to Moscow, fails, and some comrades propose to start open fighting in Petersburg. But as the masses are not prepared, this would mean a desperate fight, and Lenin opposed it as an adventure. But when the fight in Moscow was lost, he did not, like Plechanov, wail that "they should not have taken up arms," but carefully studied what had happened. He interviewed every participant he could find, and interpreted the experiences in articles. He evaluated the struggle as the first brilliant proletarian rebellion against czarism and the bourgeoisie in a backward country.

The forthcoming short story of Lenin's life will appear in the next issue of the New Magazine, dealing with the consequences of the Revolution of 1905.

Traitors

By ADOLF WOLFF.

THE legend says
That Judas betrayed Jesus
And that Judas,
Stricken with remorse,
Had the decency
To hang himself.
MacDonald and Thomas
Betrayed the workers of England.
Will they,
Like Judas,
Be stricken with remorse
And, like Judas,
Have the decency
To hang themselves?

Fascism and Women

THE heads of the fascist bands in Italy have come to the conclusion that the place for women is in their homes and not in parades or demonstrations. A very startling conclusion—isn't it—and what is the reason?

A time there was when women were quite welcome in fascist demonstrations. In fact, a large number of middle class, capitalist and so-called aristocratic women took active part in the fascist "revolution," sharing in the outrages and terror against the workers and peasants of Italy. Why this change of mind?

But before we try to find the answer we must quote on the subject one of the prominent heads of the fascists, the secretary of their organization, Turatti. Says he:

The women must train their souls to the fullest co-operation with the goal of our revolution ever in view, but must remain at their womanly tasks of good works, piety, gentility, and avoid anything which has to do with a uniform or parades.

Something must have happened with the working class women of Italy. Otherwise, why should Mussolini, Turatti and Co. feel anxious about the piety and gentility of women?

Bloody Terror is Championing Gentility.

A LITTLE reflection will show that there are quite a number of reasons why Mussolini should now begin to advocate piety and gentility for women.

Fascism is settling down to business. It has conquered the governmental machinery of the country. It has come to terms with the big capitalists, the king, the aristocracy and the pope. It is now proceeding systematically to crush and destroy every semblance of organization and activity among the masses. Mussolini and his fascist bands are now in need of internal peace, so that they can more successfully prepare for imperialist aggression and war.

At the same time there is brewing a feeling of revolt against the Mussolini regime. The working men and working women are slowly beginning to raise their heads and to prepare for struggle. Mussolini, Turatti and Co. see it coming. That is why they are beginning to preach piety and gentility to the masses, and more particularly to the women. There is no better cloak for capitalist hypocrisy, brutality and exploitation than piety and gentility.

Our Readers on Motion Pictures

Dear Comrade:
I read your review of the film "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp," by Walter Carmen, and enjoyed it very much. I liked the one about the "Big Parade," etc.

I would like to see in THE DAILY WORKER a review of the "Volga Boatman." I have seen this picture about two weeks ago and I am sure it is a picture that I will never forget. I went to the theater expecting to see a lot of ridiculing of the Reds, but it was just the opposite, ridiculing of the Whites, showing them up as miscreants.

Another thing which I do not remember happening before was that I applauded the movie all through the story, and I could not help but crying for joy when the scene showed the messenger coming across the water with the news that the revolution had begun. More than half the audience, I am sure, felt the same as I did, judging from the vigorous applause during the entire picture.

Fraternally yours, H. E. Tarki.

Peonizing the Foreign Born

The Exploited Immigrant Proletariat—Their Brave Struggles—The Attack of the Masters—
The Anti-Alien Bills—The Washington Conference—Black Days

By Thurber Lewis.

HAVY industry in the United States depends on the foreign-born worker. The Italian, Slav, Hungarian, Pole—these nationalities, with a lesser number of other countries—all workers born in alien lands, make up a majority of those who run the steel mills, the mines, the heavy industries of the country.

America as a capitalist nation has become rich and world powerful because of her enormous resources, yes, but chiefly because there were workers to build these resources into industries—and profits. In this epic of pyramided wealth the foreign-born worker has had a heavy role.

The millions of foreign-born workers who are in this country now and the millions more who came here and died in the harness have not had an easy time of it. Along with the Negro, these immigrants are the most exploited workers in the country. They are the poorest paid, they work the longest hours, they do the hardest work.

Foreign Workers Are Handicapped.

THE foreign-born worker has been handicapped in the matter of his own protection. He has no political rights; outside the coal fields unions are weak or do not exist at all in the industries in which he predominates; there are discriminatory laws in many states against him; racial and language divisions make unity of action difficult. Indeed, it has been one of the weapons of his exploiters to foster these differences.

Yet the rank and file of some of the largest and bravest struggles recorded in the history of the American labor movement were foreign-born workers. Homestead, Lawrence, Ludlow, the steel strike of 1919—and don't forget the battle of Passaic raging now—these names stand as a tribute to the fighting spirit of the foreign-born worker in America.

Brave Struggles Drowned in Blood.

WHAT happened to these achievements? Without exception they have been drowned in brutality and blood. Cossacks, militia, stool-pigeons, industrial spies, the blacklist, are some of the things the foreign-born worker is up against.

The industrial serfs of America, the foreign-born workers, number the better part of the foreign-born population of the country—fourteen million.

This polyglot mass of wage slaves has never achieved the unity of defense that the attacks of their exploiters upon them both justify and make necessary. It is only in time of strike, when small sections of them are objects of economic offensive, that they manage to unite—as workers—for their common defense.

Mass Attack on Workers.

BUT NOW THE WHOLE FOREIGN-BORN WORKING POPULATION OF THE COUNTRY IS FACED WITH AN UNPRECEDENTED POLITICAL ONSLAUGHT. It is not enough for them to be helots. It is not enough for their strikes to be broken by sheer military assault. It is not enough for them to be preyed upon in every way by the industrial overlords. They must now be registered, catalogued, held under constant surveillance and, if need be, deported or jailed.

Proposed legislation now pending in the United States Congress makes provision for this. Tremendous forces are at work to make these bills into laws.

Thus comes unity. For the first time in the history of the country, foreign-born workers are organizing **NATIONALLY**, ignoring racial differences before an attack directed not against this race or that but against a class.

The Washington Conference.

On the 15th and 16th of May 150 delegates representing more than a half million workers, mostly foreign-born, met in the Playhouse at Washington, D. C. It was the National Conference for the Protection of Foreign-Born Workers. Its object was to



THE CAPITALIST—Keep these foreigners and Bolsheviks out. We can now make good use of the Negroes and the bankrupt farmers.

fight against anti-alien bills before congress. Foreign-born workers, aided by American-born workers who realize that the attack is not merely upon the immigrant worker, but upon the whole working class, met in national convention for united, mutual protection against further enslavement. This fact is historical.

Nineteen unions, thirty fraternal organizations, the Polish Catholic Union (150,000 members), twelve local councils for the Protection of the Foreign-Born and six miscellaneous organizations were represented. A permanent national body was created. A national executive committee of seventeen was chosen.

The immediate purpose of the organization is to conduct a campaign against the Aswell, McClintic, Hayden and Taylor and a dozen other bills before congress that constitute an open and dangerous menace to the foreign-born workers in the United States.

What are these bills?

A Reduced Living Standard.

In general, they are part of a campaign to reduce the standard of living of the American working class. This may seem far-fetched. It is not. Intensified competition in foreign markets will make this reduction necessary for American capitalism. It means that the whole working class is the object of attack. What part of an army does an enemy attack first? The weakest, of course. Which part

of the American working class is the weakest, the most amenable to attack, the least able to defend itself, without political rights, and the most enslaved? Those who came here from other lands.

In particular, these bills mean the setting up of a national industrial, **OFFICIAL** blacklist system with the full legal authority of the United States government to enforce it. It is a black-passport system that will bind and gag the immigrant worker and deliver him, helpless, to the most insufferable exploitation. The bills, if they become laws, will make trade unions among the foreign-born workers an impossibility. The first sign of rebellion will be met by jail or deportation.

The Insidious Aswell Bill.

TAKE the Aswell bill. It is entitled: "For the registration of aliens and for other purposes." It provides that foreign-born, unnaturalized residents in this country shall register once every calendar year. The execution of the bill means that every foreign-born worker will, upon demand, be required to produce a registration card, stamped to date, giving his complete identification. For the privilege of being permitted to enter this great national rogue's gallery, the alien affected by the statute will be required to pay the government \$10 for the initial registration and \$5 for each subsequent registration.

Whenever an alien moves he must report the circumstances to the nearest postoffice within two days. Whenever his features or physical appearance change he must report that also. If he is arrested in a strike for picketing, for violating an injunction or as the result of the many frame-ups commonly engineered by the bosses, it becomes part of his record. Fancy his chance of getting a job in one of Gary's mills with an item like that listed on his registration card. Fancy organizing a union in one of Gary's or any other mill under such circumstances.

The punishment provided in this iniquitous proposal is \$5,000 fine, imprisonment for two years or both for violating in any way its exacting specifications. Seven million workers would be affected by this law.

Revival of Palmer Days.

THE McClintic bill is a deportation measure. It gives the United States department of labor unlimited power over aliens in this country. It allows the department of labor, aye, it urges the department to out-do Palmer at his best and pack to the bulwarks as many "Bufords" as it cares to send out of harbor. The bill declares that all aliens who have been in the country for five years and have not become citizens are liable to deportation within six months after the bill becomes a law. Well, why can't all aliens take out papers? Why, indeed! Try to get them. It's no easy job. And is it strange that all the deportation bills pending make not even a gesture at rendering naturalization easier?

The other bills are variations on the theme. Some of them appear very harmless and innocent. But they are sinister. They are all part of the same scheme—the complete enslavement of the foreign-born workers and the wrecking of the labor movement.

The American Federation of Labor has recognized this. It is fighting the bills. Labor councils and local unions by the hundreds have condemned them. The labor movement as a whole is becoming alive to their meaning. The Washington conference for the Protection of the Foreign-Born will soon be followed by another conference to carry the fight thru the next session of congress.

Black Days If They Pass.

ONLY a few of the less poisonous bills have been reported out of committee this session of congress. These are bills that are directed against "smuggled" aliens, those who have returned to the country following deportation and "criminals." They are the beginning. Never fear that the others have been abandoned. If they go thru it will mean black days for the American workers!

The Italian Workers Have Lost a Great Leader



SERRATI is dead.

He breathed his last on May 12, while out on a walk in the outskirts of Rome. He was quite well upon leaving his home that day, but began to feel weak while ascending a hill.

He fainted, and died a few minutes afterwards.

Italian labor has lost a great leader. The honest, sincere and devoted servant of the cause of the working class, is no more.

A Socialist Veteran and Revolutionary, SERRATI was born in 1862 into a family of middle class people. His father was a follower and co-worker of Mazzini and Garibaldi, the two great fighters for the liberation and independence of Italy. The revolutionary traditions of Serrati's family have left a deep impression on his later views and activities.

The dead leader of the Italian workers was a representative of the earlier generation of Italian socialists. Already in his youth Serrati became subject to persecutions for his socialist views. He had joined the Socialist Party at its inception in 1892, in Geneva. In 1893 Serrati was delegated by his party to the world congress of the Second (socialist) International in Zurich, Switzerland. Because of persecutions, Serrati was compelled

to spend a good deal of his life abroad.

Takes Mussolini's Place in Socialist Party.

FOLLOWING the expulsion of Mussolini, the present fascist dictator of Italy, from the Socialist Party, in 1914, Serrati became the editor of "Avanti!", the central organ of the Socialist Party. During the world imperialist war Serrati was waging a consistent struggle against the war and for international working class solidarity. He lacked, however, the revolutionary clearness of the followers of Lenin to realize that the struggle against imperialist wars means a struggle against capitalist rule and for the dictatorship of the proletariat.

Serrati—A Communist

AFTER much wavering and hesitation Serrati became a trusted and active member of the Communist International.

With the death of Serrati there went out of our midst an honest Communist who has given his entire life for the proletariat.

The Week in Cartoons

By M. P. Bales

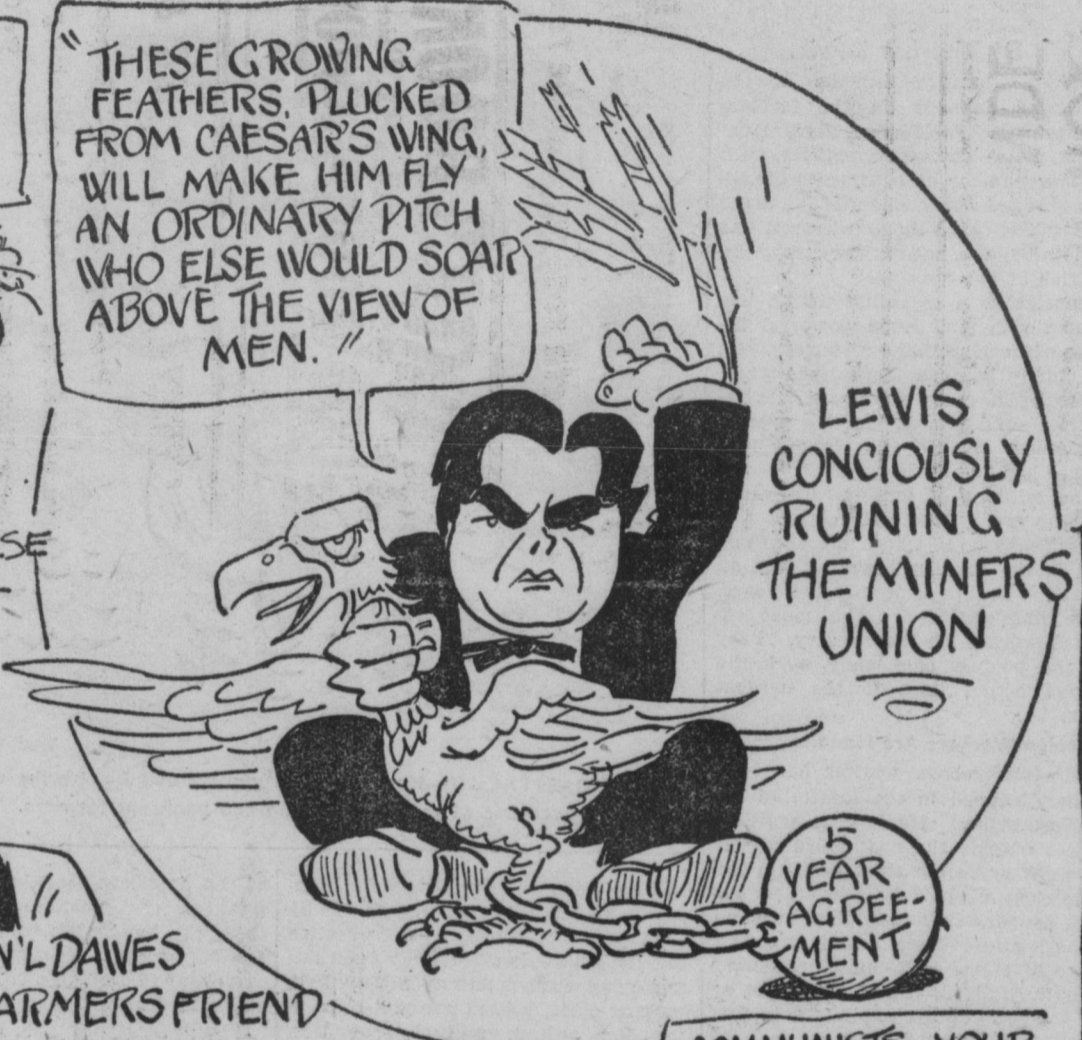
YOU FELLOWS ARE ALL TOO FAT - YOU'LL HAVE TO GET RID OF SOME OF IT!



"THESE GROWING FEATHERS, PLUCKED FROM CAESAR'S WING, WILL MAKE HIM FLY AN ORDINARY PITCH WHO ELSE WOULD SOAR ABOVE THE VIEW OF MEN."



UNCLE SAM ADVOCATING DIS-ARMAMENT FOR SOMEBODY ELSE



LEWIS CONCIIOUSLY RUINING THE MINERS UNION

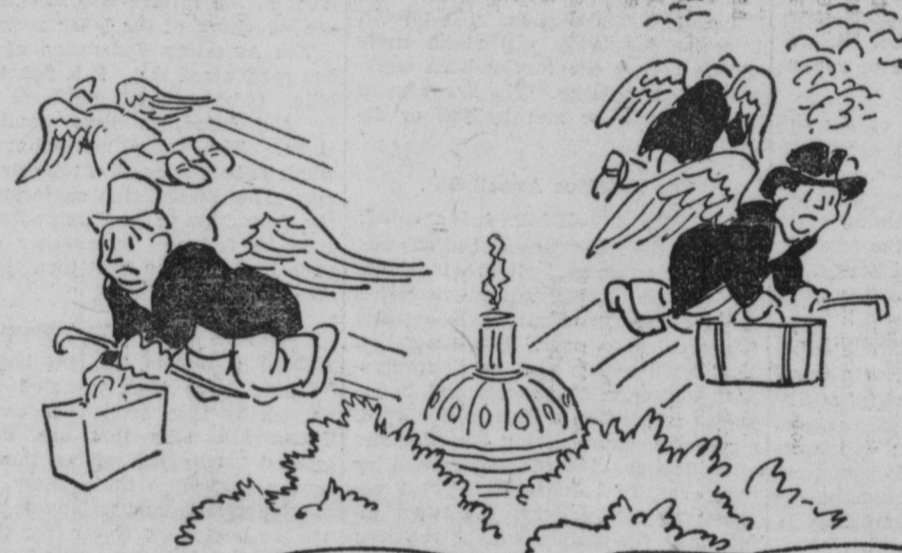
5 YEAR AGREEMENT

A NEW ROLE



GEN'L DAVES THE FARMERS FRIEND

FRIGHTENED SENATORS AND CONGRESSMEN FLYING BACK HOME TO TRY AND FIX THINGS UP!



COMMUNISTS, YOUR EXCELLENCY - MILLIONS OF THEM IN THE STREETS OF BERLIN!

HIMMEL! VOT ISS - AN EARTH-QUAKE....?

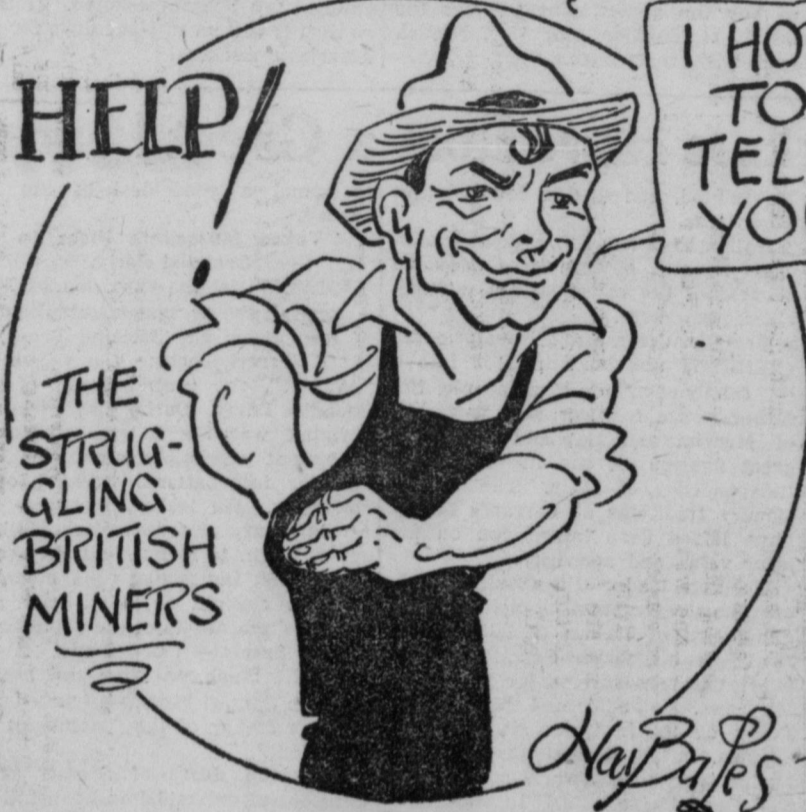


GERMAN COMMUNISTS DEMONSTRATE THEIR STRENGTH

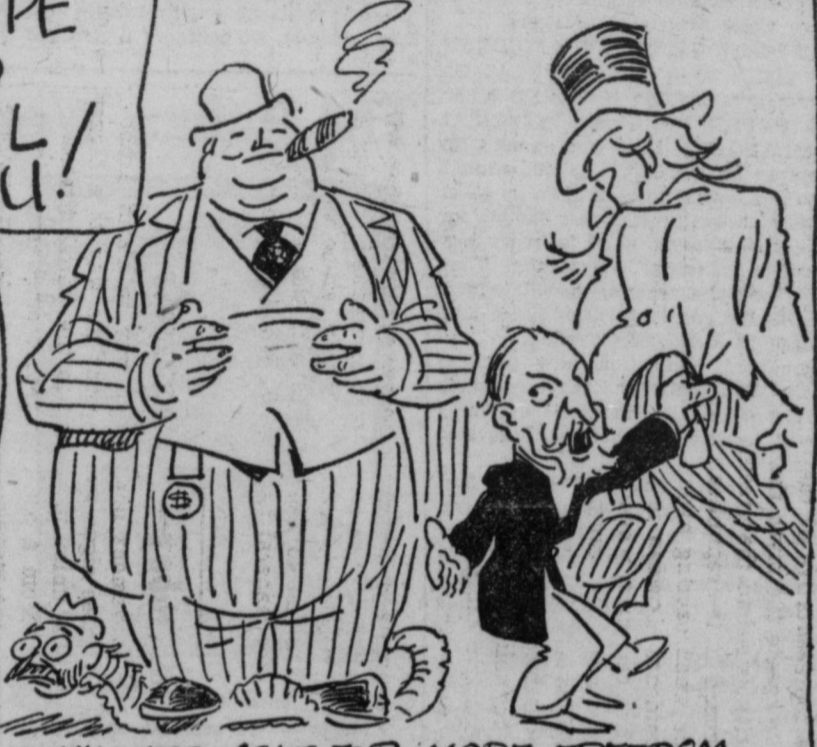
HELP!

THE STRUGGLING BRITISH MINERS

I HOPE TO TELL YOU!



M. P. Bales



HUGHES ASKS FOR MORE FREEDOM FOR CAPITALIST TRUSTS!