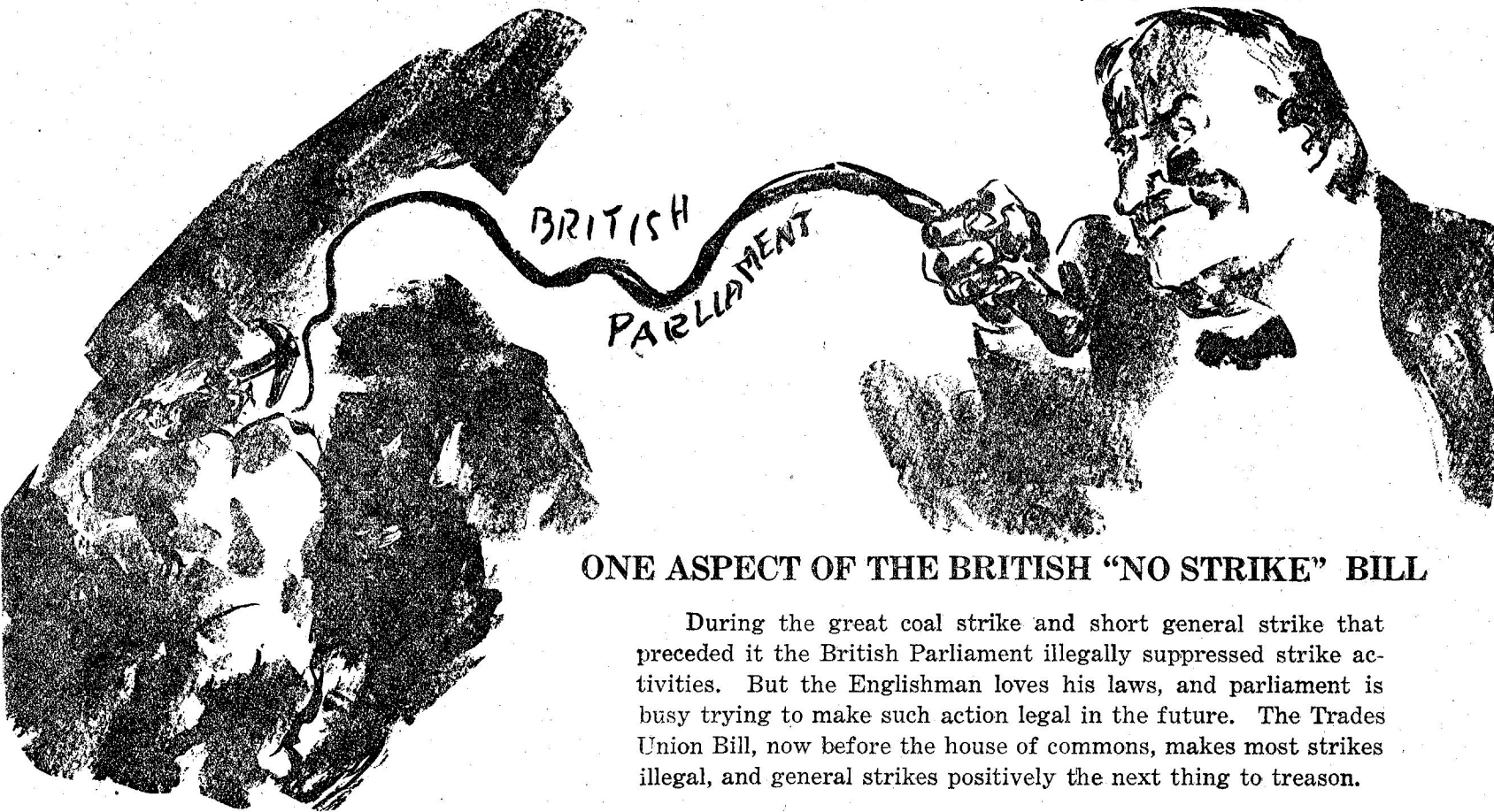


THE DAILY WORKER

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The British Trade Union Bill and Its Place in the Framework of World Imperialism

Its Lessons for the American Labor Movement



ONE ASPECT OF THE BRITISH "NO STRIKE" BILL

NOTE—These articles were begun before the writer was sent to jail and were finished in the Tombs prison. Some of the quotations had to be made from memory and therefore may not be entirely correct as to context but are nevertheless substantially accurate.—W. F. D.

and picketing is therefore abolished. To strengthen this provision of the bill another clause makes it illegal even to watch a house for the purpose of persuading any person not to scab. A fine of \$100 or three months imprisonment is the penalty for such an "offense."

No Reason to Question the Real Issue.

If anyone was so gullible as to doubt the real motive behind the persecution of The DAILY WORKER co-editor and manager that doubt is surely now dispelled by the events in the courtroom yesterday when the investigator for the court, in presenting what purported to be the records of Comrades Dunne and Miller, devoted most of his time to emphasizing the revolutionary character of our publishing house.

That it was not the individuals before the court who were on trial, but The DAILY WORKER as an organ of the revolution was made plain by the sentences imposed. In addition to jailing Comrade Dunne for thirty days on the pretext of publishing a poem that he knew nothing about, the Daily Worker Publishing Company was fined five hundred dollars. The courts know very well our financial condition.

The threat to the life of our paper is still grave and editorially we appeal to all our supporters to continue their efforts in order that the enemies of labor will still have to fear the power of our press and the workers will still have an organ of militant working class expression.

The U. S. Marines in Tientsin.

Only a person hopelessly bereft of reasoning power, only a dolt who believes that the United States government is anything other than an imperialist bandit ravaging every part of the earth where it can gain a foothold will believe that American troops in China have been moved from Shanghai to Tientsin, the great port near Peking, for any purpose other than intervention against the Chinese revolution.

Just as American marines have stifled free government in Nicaragua and placed at the head of a fraudulent government, Diaz, a scullion of Wall Street bankers, so they are now in China with exactly the same purpose in view. While the motive is the same the methods of achieving its ends are different. China is not Nicaragua. There are more powers than one involved in China, which imposes upon the American forces the necessity of proceeding with caution.

In the first imperialist combination against the Nationalist liberation movement in China the American diplomatic corps and the militarist commanders played the game of Great Britain. Britain took the lead in that drive. But Wall Street would not permit its agents to play the British game. They have their own special policy, a line that is directed toward dominating China with the same undisputed tyranny that is now exercised in Nicaragua and other countries groaning under the oppression of Yankee imperialism.

No amount of sophistry from Washington can conceal the fact that the occupation of Tientsin is an act of aggression, of intervention and war. Like all imperialist depredations against colonials and semi-colonials, war is actively conducted, but without the formality of an official declaration.

The attack of the Tory government on the working class comes at a time when the British imperialists are engaged in one of the most far-reaching imperialist adventures in their history. It comes at a time when scores of thousands of troops have been landed in China for the purpose of shattering the Chinese revolution and the partitioning of China as a colony of the imperialist powers.

By WILLIAM F. DUNNE.

ARTICLE I THE Trade Union Bill, the latest weapon which British imperialism is trying to forge for use against the workingclass, has been treated so far in the American press as a purely British problem.

There is the additional motive of crippling any widespread action of the whole trade union movement, or joint action by its various sections in securing better wages and working conditions or resisting wage cuts, etc.

The Perennial Revolt.

We have with us again "Ladees and Gentilmin" that most remarkable phenomenon of this misinformed age, the never-dead, never-alive "revolution" against the government of the Soviet Union.

This strange phenomenon rarely deserts its favorite haunts on the Polish and Lithuanian border. It usually crawls forth from its lair whenever Leon Trotsky or Zinoviev or any other individual or group in opposition to the general policy of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union come in for criticism at the hands of the central body.

As usual the capitalist correspondents stationed in Riga and London have the G. P. U. (they still call the Soviet political police the Cheka) arresting "followers of Trotsky." Of course this is a lie made out of whole cloth.

Force the butchers to withdraw all forces from China! Fight against the threat of another world war!

ing with simple questions of wages, hours, etc., are outlawed. These also become illegal if they take the form of sympathetic strikes affecting other workers than those originally involved.

THE first provision of the bill practically abolishes the right to strike. It first states clearly that if a strike has any other object than that of advancing the economic interests of the workers in one trade or industry, that it is by virtue of this fact illegal.

THE third provision of the bill dealing with picketing, is one of the most drastic features of the bill. Any picketing that is carried out, to use the language of the bill, "in such a manner as to be calculated to intimidate," is illegal and punishable by fine or imprisonment or both.

THE seven provisions of the bill are as follows: (1) All strikes, except those dealing with simple questions of wages, hours, etc., are outlawed.

CURRENT EVENTS By T. J. O'FLAHERTY

(Continued from Page One) Coolidge to say less and look her best. A recent portrait of Mrs. Coolidge that appeared in a soaked-in-the-oil republican sheet was captioned: "The lady that runs the white house efficiently."

AT present any member of a trade union is free to apply for exemption from assessments for political purposes. But under the new provisions every member of a union must signify in writing his willingness to contribute to the political fund—on a blank form provided for in the bill, a clause of which kindly informs the member that he can withdraw his consent at any time.

ALL funds for political purposes must be kept separate from other money, and the minutest details of all transactions filed with the Registrar of Friendly Societies. The government thus has a check on all phases of workingclass political activity involving financial expenditures.

THE section of the bill dealing with civil servants, i. e., government employees, makes workers in this category virtual slaves of the British oligarchy. They are prohibited from membership in any union which is in any way, directly or indirectly, affiliated with any political organization.

What the Daily Worker Means to the Workers A Few Encouraging Contributions to Our Emergency Fund. A coal miner from Illinois sends \$5.00 to The DAILY WORKER fund.

At the annual meeting of shareholders of the Lithuanian Communist Daily, "VILNIS," a resolution was passed pledging full support to our only English daily, The DAILY WORKER, in its fight against the extreme reactionaries, and as a beginning, a collection of \$68.55 was taken up to aid in the fight.

A "sympathizer" from Detroit, Michigan, sends a contribution of \$30.00 to the sustaining fund of The DAILY WORKER, and Gustav Tuchelski, of the same city, adds \$10.00 to make an even \$100.

Ernst Wagenknecht, of Cleveland, Ohio, sends a money-order for \$20.00, "to help save the only paper that really fights for the workingclass," \$5.00 of this amount comes from an oldtime sympathizer.

Irving Steinberg, Brooklyn, N. Y., sends a contribution of \$20.00 for The DAILY WORKER sustaining fund.

SACCO and VANZETTI SHALL NOT DIE!

Review of Conditions of Working Women in the U. S. A.

(Ending of 1926 and the beginning of 1927.)

By MARGARET COWL

IN THE DOLL INDUSTRY employing about 5,000 women in New York City, the employers have devised a new scheme for cutting down wages. Every worker is required to sign an agreement that she will not join a trade union and will not strike. As a guarantee that she will live up to the agreement 5 per cent of her wages is deducted each week for one year.

TOBACCO FACTORY, Perth Amboy, N. J. more than 200 girls were discharged because of the introduction of new machinery; prices for remaining girls were reduced; many of the discharged girls were re-employed (in same town) by a men's shirt factory at \$6.00 per week.

ASSABET COTTON MILLS in Maynard, Mass. About 600 workers jobless; 200 children in need of relief; Mrs. Crotty, a mill worker, stated that instead of 4 quarts of milk per day, the family has to have only one quart. The Crotty baby is 16 months old.

TEXTILE WORKERS in Passaic. About 12,000 workers (60 per cent women) out on strike against 10 per cent reduction in wages. The average wage before reduction was for male workers \$18.00 per week and for women \$14.75. Average work week 54 to 60 hours. Thousands of mothers doing night work. Brutal police attacks against men, women and children, attempting to force the workers back to work. Courageous activities of women in picket work.

THE FARMER'S WIFE. According to Frank O. Lowden, a member of the Republican Party: "Their earnings (farmers of middle west.—M. C.) including management and family labor, have shrunk from \$1570 as an average to \$648 a year."

MINER'S WIFE. To keep the family from starvation, thousands of miners' wives have recently been forced into the Scranton, Wilkes Barre, Pittston, Old Forge, etc., candy, silk, textile mills to work at from \$18.00 to \$15.00 per week. They must walk two to four miles to and from work every day.

BILL FOR 48-HOUR WEEK for women was defeated in New York State. For 12 years organized labor attempted to put thru a 48 hour week bill for women workers. Every year it was defeated. This year the 48-hour bill was modified to 49½ hours with 73 hours additional for overtime in busy seasons, and was thus enacted into law. According to the Graphic Survey, "Its various exceptions, modifications make it hard to apply and complicated to enforce." The new law effects less than half of the working women in New York State. The Women's Party opposed the passage of the bill. This is how the employers got rid of the 48-hour bill. The 48-hour bill in Illinois has been continually defeated for a number of years. In all other States in the U. S. a 48 hour law for women workers exists mostly with exceptions and modifications similar to the New York law.

SOME OF THE 1926-1927 STRIKES. In many of these strikes the workers were bitterly fighting injunctions issued against them, prohibiting them from picketing.

Paper Box Makers; Willamantic American Thread Co. workers; Shoe workers; Cloakmakers; Furriers; White Goods workers; Passaic Textile workers; Laundry workers; Auto workers; and these where no women are employed: Interboro Rapid Transit Company workers; Cap workers; Barbers; Miners.

The above are conditions effecting only some of the sections of the working women in the United States.

CHILD BRIDES. Up to 1926 the lowest age at which a girl was allowed to marry by law, in New York State was 12 years of age. The 1926 Legisla-

ture raised this age to 14. Now there is a bill introduced to raise the age to 16.

According to the 1920 census, 343,000 girls in the United States married at the ages of from 11 to 15 years. Each year since, the number of child-brides increased. To escape intolerable conditions in homes and to get away from the factory is the reason for most of the early marriages. The men marrying these girls are mostly unskilled workers. The low wages paid to these workers are not sufficient to maintain a family, making it necessary for the wife to go back into the factory. The mother occupied in the factory is not able to give attention to the children. The street attracts the children for whom children's courts and houses of correction are established. Raising the marriage age to 16 will not do away with the cause for the misery of these thousands of child-wives. Only when the government representing the interests of the employers will be abolished and a Workers' Government established will the conditions of girls, even tho they marry at an early age, be made better. It is to the interest of working women to cooperate with men workers in the struggle for a Workers' Government.



—Drawings by CHAMBERLAIN.



BODIES BY BRIGGS.

In the recent fire at the Briggs Body Plant in Detroit an unknown number of men were burned to death. Twenty bodies were recovered. None of the Briggs officials were arrested and no gunboats were sent to protect the interests of American workmen.

At the Auto Show:

Soft glowing lights in pillared hall, with music softer still,
The soothing blend of palm and rose and golden daffodill,
The swirl of fashion's silken tide, sweet laughter's vibrant thrill,
Dame and mistress gathered there a languid hour to kill.

Came through the crowd a money king, silk hatted, boorish, grim,
A fur clad strumpet on his arm, her form divinely slim,
They paused before a gleaming car—last word in speed and trim,
He helped her in, the cushions soft embraced each dainty limb.

"Oh, Dan!" she cried, "this car for me," his check book out he digs,
"Tis just the thing to set them wild, those cattish, women priggs.
A clever salesman fussed around, his job to sell these rigs,
"No better car in all the world, this body's made by Briggs."

At the Auto Factory:

Deep in the murk of spray booths that stink like the pit of hell,
The workers sweat at the paint guns on cars that showmen sell,
Gas laden air and poisoned lungs their labored breathings tell,
Stark hunger's whip the foreman cracks, they speed to every yell.

A thunder crash and death rode through, astride a blood red flame,
The workers died in their bondage, each black and blasted frame,
Burnt offering to the god of greed; great Christ the cruel shame,
Incense at profit's altar their scorching flesh became.

BODIES BY BRIGGS, this cinder heap of things that once were men,
Bone of our bone, our brothers they, slain in that flaming den,
Such the tally of wealth and greed through all of mortal ken,
Death marks the score in worker's blood using a golden pen.

P. R. O'SCRIBED.

SWIFT MEAT TRUST. Since 1921 wages were lowered and hours lengthened. The Company reported \$15,379,152 profit for 1925. The Swift Meat Packing Company has established a company union.

FRUIT & VEGETABLE CANNERIES. In the State of Pennsylvania, according to the report of the State Department of Labor, practice peonage. Whole families are employed. Actual slavery exists among the workers in these canneries.

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY in Schenectady, N. Y., reduced wages of its employees since 1918.

GOODYEAR RUBBER COMPANY. In the first half of 1926 the workers lost a demand for an increase of 12½ per cent in wages. The Goodyear profits for 1926 were \$26,284,672. A company union exists here.

UNDERWEAR. On January 17th, 1927, 350 girls employed by the Garfinkel and Ritter Underwear Company in Patterson, N. J., struck against wage reductions. Most of the strikers are girls between 15 and 17. Many of them showed pay envelopes of less than \$5.00 for a week's work after the new wage reduction took effect. To set the prices for piece work, the employer would select the speediest worker. Slow workers were placed on piece basis. Deductions were made from the girls' wages for the time lost in repairing broken machinery and the girls had to pay a fine when they reported late for work.

A Hobo on Halsted Street

By T. J. O'FLAHERTY

It was eight o'clock in the morning on Halsted Street, Chicago, where husky employment sharks flick their muscles on the sidewalks and urge wage slaves out of work to step right in and be shipped to distant parts where one can labor in return for anything from 30 to 60 cents an hour for his toil. "Shipping them right out now boys."

The vocal sounds are jerked thru the nose giving the performance a somewhat professional effect.

Here was a tall lean man with his two hands in his empty trousers pockets looking at a sign announcing that railroad labor was wanted. One week ago he had hit the town with a roll of bills he liked to fondle. He spent it and while he was spending it life was pleasant indeed. When he peeled the first bill off the roll it seemed that he could never get to the end of it, but moonshine and the acquisitive women that one is liable to run into on Madison Street, between Racine and the River, are anything but slow. They must live, and an adventurous lumberjack wants to be accommodated.

There he stands now with the earnings of several months only a dream. He tries to kid himself into the belief that he got his money's worth.... "Shipping them out today."

He walks right in and trusts himself to the tender mercies of the employment shark.

He goes to work for some boss who may now be sporting on the Riviera or whose daughter may be straining her spine bending before the king and queen of England in Buckingham Palace. And the little that he spent on the ladies of easy virtue in Mid-City or in the bootleggeries that dot the topography of that section would not be sufficient to tip the maid that bathes his master's daughter's poodle. Yet it took him months to earn that money. Now he must go and bring in another roll.

On a side street leading off Halsted over one hundred men are lined up waiting for an office door to open. It does and they troop in. Two surly faced persons and a woman man the place. It is an agency for distributing circulars. They receive a certain sum from department stores to distribute circulars and they advertise for broken-down men to do the distributing. They get rich on the racket. The distributors keep on gettings poorer and poorer.

The component parts of the que were leary about telling how they came to this. Could you blame them? Under a different social system they might be useful members of society and they might not be. Perhaps they might be let starve. Unless they were physically unfit. Parasites in rags or parasites in silk hats. It is a difference in degree. Which is the greatest parasite? But we are now concerned with the parasite under the silk topper. He is the lad whose scalp we are out to misappropriate.

I walked into McCauley's store and purchased the American Mercury and the Nation. I would sit down in a restaurant and read what one of our favorite cynics had to say, over a cup of coffee. And one could contrast the dignity of the Nation with the sordidness of the Slave Market. A polite liberal on Vesey Street might be cursing like hell on Halsted.

With my head full of random thots and my eyes on the conglomeration of dirt that festooned the street, I walked along. It would not be pleasant to be shipped out on some railroad job. It might



Sitting at a table my new found friend introduced himself.

"My name is Shawncen Healey" he said. "Sounds rather Irish." The yellow teeth showed again, the eyes twinkled and he gave me a quizzical look.

"God knows when my people came from Ireland but they tell that I look like one."

"My name is O'Flaherty," I reciprocated.

A sense of greater security seemed to overspread his face and he looked at the menu with greater enthusiasm. He evidently thot he had struck luck. I did not show him my bank balance and hoping for the best I encouraged Shawncen Healey to go as far as he liked with the menu.

He looked the card over with an appraising eye and I almost had a heart attack when he ordered poached eggs on toast, corned beef hash and a cup of coffee. I could see my sixty cents proving inadequate but I still had my watch so in case of emergency Old Ben was around the corner. Mine was a cup of coffee.

While the waiter was waiting for our orders we sat in silence for a few minutes. Then Shawncen looked at me with one of his eyes on half cock as if trying to size me up. Then he said "You know, I felt sorry for you when I saw you with the papers under your arm."

"Why so?" "Oh I thot you were one of those poor fellows who have to distribute circulars. You are too good for that kind of work."

I admitted it tho I would not mind distributing circulars for ten dollars a day. But two dollars for that kind of work was beneath me.

"As for me," continued Shawncen loading his fork with a cargo of corned beef hash painted with poached egg. "I don't go in for that kind of thing. I am a painter by trade and when I get a job I get money. But work hasn't much attraction for me."

"I used to be a chronic wage slave many years ago. Then I got fired and found that I did not have a dime but I had a pair of bum lungs. So I took to the road and have not worried about money since. Now my lungs are like two pieces of rhinoceros hide and I can stand the cold and the heat with equal comfort. I am not a bum. I am just a hobo. Say, why don't you quit it and turn over a new leaf?"

He talked to me like a fond mother begging her wayward son to cut out chewing gum. Or a preacher urging an intelligent citizen to dig out his brains and swallow the bible. Or an insurance agent appealing to the father of a large family to add \$500 more to his insurance. Here was a man with a cause he believed in.

"I work on a labor paper," I said by way of excuse, "and I am not in much danger of being corrupted by the acquisition of wealth."

"That's different," said the hobo, "but it's funny how people like to work for others."

I thot they had to work for others or eat on others under the capitalist system but when I looked at the check and learned that it was only twenty-five cents I almost agreed with Shawncen.

We walked to the desk to pay the bill. Shawncen saw me putting a quarter back in my pocket.

"I am not holding on to a nickel," he said. "Here are two of them to play with," I answered, and we both went our ways whistling merry airs.

ROOMS FOR TRANSIENTS

Said the landlady—
"I don't want any more ladyroomers.
They lock themselves in the bathroom
and wash their clothes out.
They cook their meals
over the gaslight.
I'd rather have
MENroomers
than LADYroomers . . ."

And being what she is,
I guess she would.

—LEBARBE.

THE COUNT

They killed this stiff
three times—
Once when they tortured him
in the death cell;
once when they burned him
in the chair;
last when they buried him
in a numbered convict's grave
under the prison yard.
And god knows
what'll happen to his family . . .
It's hard to satisfy
a state that wants
three lives for one!

LEBARBE.



—Drawing by WILLIAM GROPPER.