

THE NEW MAGAZINE

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ALEX BITTELMAN, Editor

EDITOR'S NOTES

By ALEX BITTELMAN

A RACE for armaments, chiefly between the United States and England, such is the up-to-date result of the three power "limitation of armaments" conference in Geneva. By the time these lines appear in print, the conference may be all over, but its consequences will be felt throughout the world. And the reason for this is that the Geneva gathering opened up a new phase in the relations between the imperialists of England and America—the phase of open struggle for the mastery of the seas and hence for the mastery of the world.

This situation was not created by Geneva, of course. The conference merely served as the occasion, whether intended so by its organizers or not, to bring forth into bold relief what was inherent in the present world situation. This is, namely, the fact that American imperialism has come to take the place of British imperialism as the world dominating power and that the American imperialists are now beginning openly to prepare themselves for a show-down by force of arms if necessary.

The Geneva conference has given us a forecast of the coming world imperialist war.

At the same time the machinations of British imperialism to effect a joint military attack upon the Chinese revolution and upon the Soviet Union are continuing unabated. The English conservatives have NOT given up hope of crystallizing an imperialist united front against the main revolutionary forces of today—the Soviet Union and the Chinese Revolution. Hence, it would be a fatal mistake to assume that the sharpening of the struggle between the United States and England precludes all possibility for their united action against Russia and China.

This possibility still exists. It presents the most menacing feature of the present world situation considered from the point of view of the workers, the farmers, and the poorer sections of the middle classes. The danger is still present of England, America, Japan, France, Italy and possibly Germany uniting their forces, in one way or another, for a common attack upon the workers and peasants of the Soviet Union and for a large scale war upon the Nationalist liberation movement of China. This danger must be guarded against most vigilantly by an intensified mobilization of all anti-war and anti-imperialist forces in the United States.

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July Days In Russia Ten Years Ago

By H. M. WICKS

IN NOVEMBER the proletariat of the world will celebrate the tenth anniversary of the Bolshevik revolution in Russia—ten years of rule of the workers and peasants government.

But ten years ago now, in the dark days of the July reaction, when the revolution was at its lowest ebb and the danger was gravest of a successful consolidation of the forces of reaction, only the most clear-sighted could avoid succumbing to the illusion that the outcome of the tremendous upheaval that sent the czar into exile could be nothing other than a bourgeois government.

The political adventurers, constitutional democrats, mensheviks and social revolutionaries whom history placed at the helm of the new government in Russia had tried, time after time, to turn the elementary movement of the revolution into distinctly capitalist class channels. These attempts evoked determined resistance on the part of the class conscious proletariat of Petrograd (now Leningrad). There was never, from the beginning of the revolution, any question regarding the proletarian character of the masses in that great center of industry.

When blood flowed in the streets in July ten years ago the so-called legally constituted government was the coalition of May 6th, which had been formed after Miliukoff, first minister of foreign affairs, had promised the allies to continue the war until many of the czarist objectives, including the capture of Constantinople, were realized. The crisis created by this announcement forced the fall of the Miliukoff-Lvov cabinet and the creation of the coalition government.

Behind this official government there stood another authority, the Councils of Workers and Soldiers (Soviets), which did not then have at its disposal the state power, but which unquestionably had the support of the vast majority of the population and was directly supported by the armed workers and soldiers. Owing to the pressure of the masses who had achieved the overthrow of the czar the Soviets, even while under Menshevik control, were forced to take sharp issue with these "statesmen" of the provisional government, that tried sometimes openly and sometimes by devious ways, to continue the imperialist war on the side of the allies.

Such dual authority could only be of the most temporary nature and could never characterize a whole epoch in the development of revolution. Either the coalition government had to fall before the Soviets, or the Soviets had to sink to the condition of mere adjuncts to the bourgeoisie, to be used for a time to cloak their treachery to the workers and then gradually wither away before the consolidated power of the political lackeys of capitalism.

One of the first acts of the coalition was an offensive against the workers in the factories and work-shops that had for its objective the lock-out of many of the most determined sections of the proletariat, the beating down of their standards of life, already horribly miserable.

In order to meet this offensive the Bolshevik Party and the Central Bureau of Factory Committees arranged a demonstration for the tenth of June to protest against "industrial anarchy and lock-outs by the employers." The coalition gov-

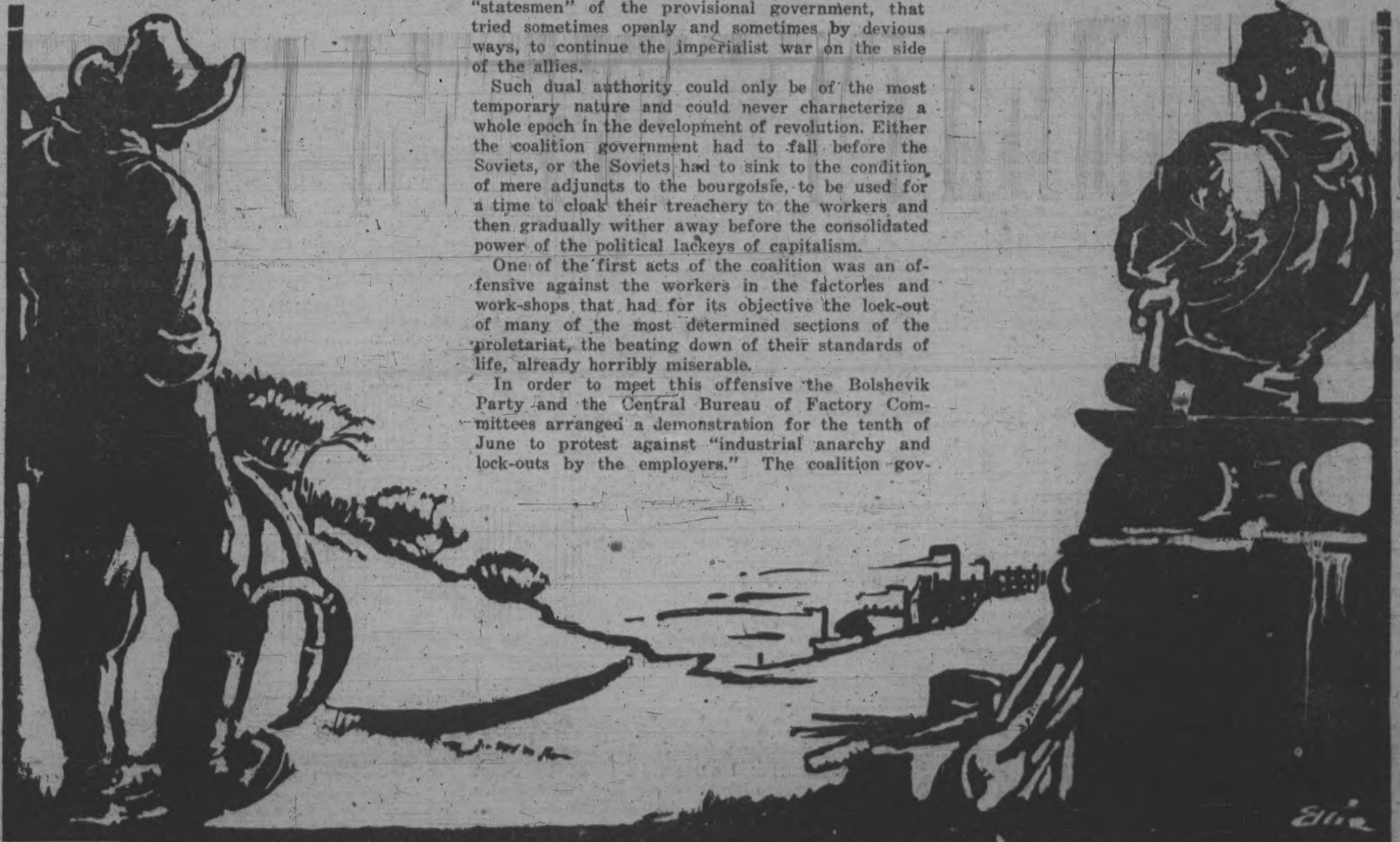
ernment was desperately afraid that such a demonstration would develop into a rising and so appealed to its agents in the Soviets to take action against it. The Soviet Congress debased itself before the contemptible scoundrels of the coalition ministry and issued a denunciation of the proposed demonstration, using revolutionary slogans to conceal its counter-revolutionary character. The Bolshevik Party was denounced and the workers and soldiers were exhorted to "remember that demonstrations these days may hurt the cause of the revolution. At this dangerous moment," continued the manifesto, "you are called out into the streets to demand the overthrow of the provisional government to which the All-Russian Congress has just found it necessary to give support. And those who are calling you out cannot but know that out of your peaceful demonstration chaos and bloodshed may result."

This shameful and provocative manifesto, issued by the Council of the Soviets, dominated by the Mensheviks, on behalf of the coalition government, caused the Bolshevik leaders to abandon the demonstration because they were aware that the proposed peaceful demonstration would probably be turned into a slaughter of workers by mercenaries, criminals, former black-hundreds and other elements whose historical destiny it is to play the part of bribed tools of reaction in such situations.

In spite of the fact that the Mensheviks controlled the Soviets and were using their power to break the effectiveness of these revolutionary organs of the masses, the Bolsheviks realized that a deep-laid plot was on foot to utilize the demonstrations as an excuse for fierce excesses against the workers and the eventual dispersing of the Soviets. The Petrograd Soviet was the revolutionary core of the whole movement, but an All-Russian Executive Committee had been set up that tried to cripple the work of the local Soviet.

Determined to carry out the plots against the workers and to crush at one stroke the opposition to the bourgeois government, the reactionaries, the

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EDITOR'S NOTES

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It must also be remembered that the menace of American imperialism, with its inevitable consequences of heavy taxation, war, militarism, abolition of the remnants of civil liberties, increased exploitation for the working masses, further ruination of agriculture, etc., that this menace must be looked



for not only from the exploits of American imperialism in China or against the Soviet Union, but also from its outrageous performances in Latin-America. It is here—in the Philippines, Haiti, Santo Domingo, Nicaragua, Mexico, etc.—that American imperialism is exhibiting its ugliest face. And it is the sharpening of American imperialist policies in Latin-America that is pregnant with the most immediate dangers.

The peoples of the colonies oppressed by American imperialism, as well as the nations of Latin-America generally, are becoming ever more resentful of American imperialist exploitation. They cannot and will not make peace with a situation which dooms them to disgrace and slavery. They cannot and will not surrender their national independence, their freedom and their self-respect for the glory and profits of the big capitalists of the United States. And the question is: Where are we heading to? What is bound to be the outcome?

American labor must give thought to this situation. The American farmers, exploited and ignored and insulted by big capital and its government, must also wake up to these dangers. And so should the truly liberal, anti-war and anti-imperialist sections of the poorer middle classes. Big capital and its political servants are proceeding full speed ahead and they will not be stopped on their disastrous course by sweet sounding phrases and pious wishes from the opposition. An organized, militant and powerful anti-war and anti-imperialist movement, backed by large masses of workers and farmers, this is the first condition for the beginning of a successful struggle against the war danger. No time must be lost for developing such a movement.

THE efforts of the American section of the All-American Anti-Imperialist League should be given all possible support. First, because this organization submits a clear program and a definite practical policy for launching a real anti-imperialist movement in the United States. Second, it has proven in actual deeds its ability to arouse and organize sentiment in favor of the peoples oppressed by American and world imperialism. Third, it has a world outlook, which is so essential in the present age of world imperialist conflicts for a truly anti-war movement even on a national scale. It was one of the American organizations represented at the world anti-imperialist conference held recently in Brussels, Belgium. Fourth, it is a militant organization and it has a clear realization of the importance of labor and farmer elements, their organized support and struggle, as a condition for the effectiveness of an American anti-imperialist movement. And, fifth, it is not sectarian. It proposes and fights for a real united front of all truly anti-imperialist and anti-war elements and groups in one common movement against American imperialism and against the war danger.

We submit the above considerations to the particular attention of the delegates that are or have been present at the Conference of the People's Re-

construction League held in Washington, D. C., this week. The announced purpose of the conference is to arouse and mobilize sentiment against the imperialist policies of the Coolidge administration. This is a vital and important purpose which can be materialized only by the widest united front movement in which the workers and farmers must play a substantial and basic role. The proposals of the All-American Anti-Imperialist League point the way to the successful consummation of such an objective.

Anti-imperialist sentiment in the United States is undoubtedly growing fast as a result of the sharpening aggressions of American imperialism in Latin America, China, the hostility towards the Soviet Union, etc. This is obvious from the fact that even Governor Lowden finds it expedient to pick up the issue of anti-imperialism. Thomas P. Moffat, former United States envoy to Nicaragua and now head of the Lowden for President Association, Inc., of New York, issued a statement on Lowden's policies in which he says:

No anti-imperialist can view with alarm or leap with joy to the heights at the manner in which our foreign affairs have been handled in China, Mexico and Nicaragua. To say the least, our attempted diplomacy has not been of a high order or one of which the people may be proud. Governor Lowden is absolutely opposed to imperialism in any form, in China, Mexico, Nicaragua or any part of the world, and has so declared.

These are weighty words, and if earnestly meant they are committing Lowden and his spokesmen to a program of serious struggle against Big Capital. The question we raise is: How much earnestness and sincerity is there in these pronouncements from the Lowden camp? How much trust can the toiling masses of America place in such statements from leading politicians of the Republican party?

These are no idle questions. For this reason, that a real struggle against American imperialism means a militant struggle against Big Capital, against its economic and political domination. It means a determined political fight against the Republican and Democratic parties as the agents of Big Capital. It means the mobilization of the organized power



of the workers, farmers and poorer sections of the middle classes which alone can offer effective resistance to the imperialist machinations of the big capitalists of the United States.

It is for these reasons that we again ask the question: Is Lowden the candidate to wage a real struggle and defeat the imperialism of the Coolidge administration? Is he, and his backers, to be relied upon to organize and lead a real fight against Big Capital and for the interests of the workers and farmers?

Words are cheap, particularly for capitalist politicians previous to parliamentary elections. The masses have been fooled by words more than once. The masses want to see a REAL defeat of Coolidge and not the mere substitution of one agent of Big Capital for another one. The masses are interested in a REAL defeat of American imperialism which can be accomplished by their own political struggles independent of and in opposition to the political agents of Big Capital—the Republican and Democratic parties. How much of SUCH a struggle is Lowden and his organization able and willing to wage?

COOLIDGE must be defeated. And so must Coolidgeism. During his term in office President Coolidge has proven himself the most loyal defender of the interests of Big Capital and the most consistent enemy of the workers and farmers. But a

struggle against Coolidge, if it is to benefit the toiling masses must be a struggle against Big Capital and a struggle against the Republican and Democratic parties. This requires a United Front of Labor on the political field. This requires a Labor Party backed by the trade unions and the workers generally. This also requires a firm political alliance between labor and the working farmers. And towards these ends must be directed the efforts of all progressive and militant elements in the workers and farmer organizations.

THE DAILY WORKER is again in danger. This time the situation is more serious than ever before. The present attempt is clearly directed towards the destruction of the militant voice of American Labor.

It is part of the present general attack upon the progressive and militant elements in the labor movement. It is part of the capitalist campaign to fortify its rear before launching more decisively on its militant imperialist exploits abroad. The attack upon the Daily Worker is motivated by one desire: to silence the most militant spokesman of anti-war and anti-imperialist sentiment in the United States.

The progressives and militants in the labor movement cannot and will not permit this to happen. Nor will the true anti-imperialists stand by and see the Daily Worker silenced. The appeal of the Daily Worker will be received and answered in such a way as to insure its continued existence and struggle against war, against imperialism and for the liberation of the toiling masses from the oppression of American capitalism.

Similarity

I can see no difference
Between a white-skinned polished pate
Of a corpulent manufacturer of chemics
Who uses his "superior intelligence"
To make gases and ammunitions of war,
For those horrible tortures
That exceed the wildest nightmares—
Who uses his "superior intelligence"
For war;

I can see no difference
Between his white-skinned polished pate
And the darkest burnt-skinned savage pate
In an African jungle,
Who uses his savage intelligence
For those horrible tortures
Of his fellowmen
For pleasure and revenge.

I can see no difference
Between an exploiting employer
Who works children, women and men
Under horrible conditions;
Quickly pressing out their lives;
I can see no difference
Between an exploiting employer
And a venomous serpent
Who coils about its victims,
Quickly pressing out their lives.

I can see no difference
Between a luxury-loving parasite
Who grabs all he can get for himself,
Gorging his appetites;
I can see no difference
Between a luxury-loving parasite
And the greediest gorging swine
Wallowing in his filth.

Shriek, carnivorous laughing hyena,
Screech your loud mocking laughter!
Monkey, scratch your head in perplexity!
Man, the ruler of beast and reptile,
Must substantiate this sovereignty.

I can see no difference
Between the martyrs of Russia
Who led a mighty host of white men
From obscurantism and slavery
Into the light of freedom and culture;
I can see no difference
Between the martyrs of Russia
And the fighters of China
Who led their Mongolian brothers
From the shackles of opium exploitation
Into the light of clean living and freedom;
I can see no difference
Between all our human heroes
Who fight to free the world
From imperialism, prostitution, superstition;
I can see no difference
Between all you heroes.

Laugh, carefree child of yellow man,
Black man, red man, white man!
Laugh until you are heard
From one end of the earth to another!
Man has established his sovereignty
In a new realm of social justice and truth!

REBECCA RUBIN.

Within my head a little song
Keeps singing, singing all day long.
I cannot make it stop, you see,
It sings and sings in spite of me.
And so the song I'll have to keep
Until it sings itself to sleep;
And then, when it is still, quite still,
I'll take my pen and quickly kill
This little song, compressing it
Into a casket fine and fit—
Some form of trifle and pretty verse
Where it will lie, wrapped in a curse.
I'll send it to a publisher
Who'll print it, paying so much per!

HENRY REICH, JR.



Drawing By WM. GROPPER.

Dark Days for the Knights of the Night Shirt

By T. J. O'FLAHERTY

THE political atmosphere of Indiana, once the stronghold of the Ku Klux Klan, is again livid with the lightning of scandal, charges, innuendoes, and threats of jail for men in high places in the state and city governments of the Hoosier stronghold that has contributed several leading lights to the G. O. P., several convicted political grafters to Atlanta penitentiary and scores of thousands to hang nightshirts on, inside the invisible empire of the K. K. K.

The lid is now being lifted off the political cesspool and the miasma that has been held down by strong pressure for several years is breaking thru the barriers in great odoriferous gusts.

D. C. Stephenson, former grand dragon of the K. K. K. in the "realm of Indiana" a man from "god knows where" is sojourning in prison, convicted on the charge of causing the death of a young girl, after mistreating her. The former dragon did not exhibit much excitement after the deed was committed. He believed that the G. O. P. politicians who owed their election to the support of his organization would soothe the irate nerves of justice and drop enough dough in the scales to bring down the verdict in his favor.

But a ruined, raped and murdered girl is a hot potato even in the hardboiled klan-dominated state of Indiana and before Stephenson was many days older, the once powerful dictator found his erstwhile friends everywhere but where he needed them. Still there were whisperings that a pardon would be sneaked for him after a while, as soon as things quieted down. But Stephenson waited and sulked and hoped, but the hoped-for deliverance did not materialize. Pitting his faith against the indifference shown by his former political friends he helped to nip a few budding anti-klan exposes and saw the suds of expectation dry on the greedy lips of Senator James A. Reed, of Missouri, who hawked his one-man slush fund committee to Indianapolis, seeking whom he might devour. Reed, democratic aspirant for the presidential nomination on the donkey ticket left the Hoosier capital without anything hanging from his belt except a latchkey and a corkscrew.

For saving the hides of his friends, Stephenson, the former grand dragon, all-round patriot, protector of pure womanhood and slayer of the demon rum, expected to return speedily to his old haunts, where amid wine and wassail and the cheering company of the fair sex, he could relieve the tension of protracted excursions among the social wilds where lived the untamed citizenry who did violence to the Nordic conscience by remaining outside the

pillowed brotherhood of the K. K. K. But alas for Stephenson. When it came to making sacrifices, the Indiana politicians were not unwilling to offer up an appealing subject to the gods but they were loathe to jeopardize one of their votes even tho Stephenson might stay in jail until his klan uniform had turned into ashes. So Stephenson stayed and brooded.

Who is this man Stephenson and how did he acquire the power that made and unmade politicians in the state of Indiana?

He arrived in the state while the klan boom was on the upgrade and thousands of ex-socialists, insurance agents and ex-bartenders found a lucrative employment roping in members into the hooded order and doing a brisk business on the side selling shirts, pillowslips and other pieces of haberdashery that went to accoutre the richly caparisoned morons that peopled the K. K. K. Stephenson was a go-getter, had a deep booming voice and a smart appearance.

This crusader for 100 per cent Americanism hopped into the fight to save the nation from Negroes, Irish, Jews, and radicals and before long occupied a high position in the tar and feather society. He became a big mine owner and indirectly led a faction of the United Mine Workers of America at the 1924 convention in Indianapolis. The writer attended a klan meeting in that city during the convention and listened to a local kleagle read an order from this same Stephenson instructing his followers in the union to beware of strikes and to cooperate with the employers in increasing production. The object of this policy was to save the country from the non-Nordic elements that were poisoning its political and social blood-stream.

This group of kluxers openly avowed their intention of capturing the U. M. W. of A. and were supported by the union officials of the Indiana district; John L. Lewis, the red-baiter did not have a word to say in criticism of the K. K. K. policy of boring from within. Those were the heydays of the K. K. K. in Indiana. Stephenson lived in a mansion and owned a palatial yacht on board which he and his friends revelled.



He ruled an organization that extended thruout the state and into neighboring states. His spy system kept tabs on the doings of politicians and those of them that are not like Caesar's wife was supposed to be, lived in dread of Stephenson's blackmail threats. An organization for the detection and apprehension of horse thieves—a lost art since horse flesh lost out to gasoline—was turned into an armed K. K. K. force at the service of the grand dragon. When his downfall took place it was reported that he had the ambition to become president of the United States. However that may be, he did not become president and is not likely to.

This was the character whose word was law with the senators from the Hoosier state who made the welkins ring with their patriotic effusions in the oil-stained capital of the nation. When Senator Ralston, democrat, was gathered into the meatless arms of his fathers, Stephenson compelled Governor Jackson to appoint Arthur Robinson in his place. Senator James E. Watson, one of the wheel horses of the G. O. P. machine, was alleged to have a membership card in the klan. He denied the allegation. Now it may be told.

Wery unto irrepressible indignation over the scurvy treatment accorded him, Stephenson has decided to squeal. There are many vacant chairs in the prison chair factory he says. He wants to see them occupied during working hours by some of his former political friends. But those fellows have ears as keenly attuned to warning noises as the wild crows on the hills of Scotland. The governor discovered that he had an appointment in Kansas City and others made themselves scarce in places where they used to hang out.

When Th— Adams, the Indiana publisher tried to pry the — off the klan cesspool a few years ago he was almost ruined. Enemies sniped at him from every corner and loop hole and it looked for a while as if he could thank his stars if he escaped jail or an early grave for his pains. But Adams is now chuckling. Stephenson is going to spill the dirt and the hidden documents that Senator Reed tried to unearth when he held his session in Indiana are now about to be brought forth, laden with facts that "will rock the state and shock the nation."

The bottom has fallen out of the Ku Klux Klan. The deluded petty bourgeois and proletarians who were led to believe that the Negro, the Jew and the non-Nordic alien were responsible for their misery have removed the rheum from their eyes and now see things more realistically. Perhaps they do not yet realize that the conditions that suggest a shortening of the belt can be laid at the door of the capitalist system which takes toll off the toil of alien and native, Jew and gentile, black and white with unstudied partiality. The charlatans that once fattened on their folly have now retired on a competence or have entered some other line of legitimate graft.

The misguided workers who joined the K. K. K. thinking that it offered a solution for their economic problems should now be in a receptive mood to listen to the program of Communism which alone points the way toward the goal which all workers desire to reach, namely, freedom from all kinds of slavery and economic security for all those who contribute to the social sustaining fund.

CABARET AT DAWN

A jazz band blared to call the yokels in
And lewd songs rose above the raucous din.
Aemic clerks and florid plutocrats
Came here in noisy swarms and checked their hats
And drank bad liquor, joined by painted drabs,
And stiffly danced with many jolts and jabs
Of knees and elbows in the sweating crush
Upon the tiny floor. And then a rush
For taxis homeward or to cheap hotels—
And now it is a place of whiskey smells.
And stale tobacco smoke. The door is shut
And gone each bleary-eyed hanger-on and slut.
A speezy watchman pounds the nearby pave,
Scrub-women hurry by, each one a slave
Who cringes at the taxis' rush and roar
Along the startled street. And now no more
The music and the laughter. Gone is night
And all its garish gaiety and light,
And dawn creep pallid as a ghost to mock
The workers coming down to punch the clock.

HENRY REICH, JR.

Uncle Sam's Wage Slaves

By ELLEN WETHERELL

ON the dank, unwashed floors of the great press room of the government's "bureau of printing and engraving" at Washington, there are deep depressions made by the foot-steps of the women wage-slaves as they move forward and backward in a steady, monotonous tread about the presses at their work as printer's assistants. The men and women in this room are employed by the U. S. government to make its paper money. There are a few windows on one side of the room, but the light is insufficient and over each printing press there are electric burners whose heat vibrates the close, depressing air in which ink, oil and foul dust mingle with the breaths and sweat from the bodies of seven hundred men and women at work.

The clothing worn by the printers is caked with ink, while the dresses of the women drip with grease which flies from the presses in their revolutions. A girl's dress is ruined by a day's wear. Said one woman worker to me: "We went to Superintendent Ralph to ask if shields of zinc or some other substance could not be placed around the presses to protect the dresses of the women." With a satirical smile he replied, "Oh, yes, a bow of pink ribbon on every press if you say so."

Two years ago Alice Roosevelt and other society women declared that they "wanted to do some good." They said that they wanted to help improve the sanitary conditions of the bureau. One day these women drove down. Mr. Ralph knew of their intended visit, and he was ready for them. In the new wing of the building a dressing room was made clean and fine that these idle dames of society might see for themselves just how well the U. S. government at Washington took care of its workers. These ladies were not shown any of the work-rooms, nor did they see the dressing rooms in actual use.

Last week, following a guide, I went thru the bureau. I stood upon an elevated platform in the press room, where, as the guide said, "You can get a better view of the place." What I saw was a long, low room having a dozen windows or less at one side. An open iron grating higher than the head of the tallest man in the room, encircled all sides. Within this grating I saw a mass of men and women and machines so huddled together that it would have been dangerous for a visitor to have attempted to move around among them. The noise of the presses drowned our speech, but a woman, from the open spaces of the far west, who stood beside me, shouted in my ears "How awful!" Then, apologetic for her government, she added, "But these men and women work only four hours a day." "You are mistaken, madam," I called back to the woman, "government workers here go on duty at eight in the morning, they have half an hour at noon for lunch, and they quit work at four-thirty at night." There is a night force at work in this bureau at Washington, and on this force over 200 women are employed. One pale faced worker said to me: "I prefer to work at night. Of course I get no evenings for recreation of any kind; but at night the bureau is less crowded, the air is better, and I am not so tired. I get home about one o'clock in the morning."

Alice Roosevelt has said that the Bureau of Printing and Engraving was no place for a woman to work, but she didn't say by what means the dependent bureau girls were to make a living.

We have all heard of the ingenious remark of the famous French queen, when told at the time of the great revolution that the people were starving for bread—"But why do they not eat cake," said she. This is the logic of the idle rich.

Unsanitary Conditions.

Most of the workers in the bureau eat their lunches in the building. They bring them in the morning and put them in the lockers provided for their clothes. Every man and woman in the press room is compelled to make a complete change of clothing before they go home. One girl worker said to me: "The lockers are but eighteen inches long and into this go my soiled clothes, my dirty shoes and my lunch. When we shake our clothes at night red ants and mice run from them in all directions." The dressing rooms of the bureau workers are taken care of by a charwoman, but they are never clean. If a girl wants her locker to be decent she must scrub it herself. Six towels a day are allowed for two hundred women.

A. F. of L. Falls Down.

The superintendent of the bureau claims that the women workers receive sufficient wages, but strange to say, the women think differently. Three years ago a handful of bureau girls came together to talk union. The men printers were willing to assist them in organizing. Mr. Dalph, the superintendent, said he had no objection, but the idea seemed to worry him. Later some 300 women rallied to the organization under the A. F. of L. This union held meetings every two weeks. Frank Morrison, national secretary of the A. F. of L. spoke for the women and urged them to petition for a fifty-cent increase in wages. But his talk seemed half-hearted; scant was the help the bureau girls got from the national body of the A. F. of L. and altho the headquarters of the A. F. of L. are located in Washington and Mr. Gompers and Mr. Morrison were well aware of the working conditions at the bureau, and the low wages of the women workers, nothing has been substantially done in aid of these exploited wage-slaves



of the government by the national body of the American Federation of Labor.

The United States government workers in Washington cannot strike, they cannot vote, neither can they petition congress save thru the chief next higher in power.

It was by the help of a young radical some three years ago, and the determination of the bureau girls in their small union, that twenty-five cents increase in wages per day for women beginning their apprenticeship in the department, was wrung from Superintendent Ralph. Ralph boasts of his power to cut down expenses on behalf of the government. In 1910 he claimed that from the appropriations made that year he turned back into the U. S. treasury \$500,000. Today the union of the bureau girls is at low ebb. I am told that those girls who have a married life in view are not friendly to the union. But there are good union women and good stuff to make class-conscious union women among the 3,000 workers in the bureau.

Girl Experts Get Pauper Wages.

Boys over sixteen years are employed as printer's assistants, but they are clumsy compared with the girls at work. To the well drilled girl, the work has become an art, and the printer who has become accustomed to his assistant's method of work likes to retain her in his employ. Printer's assistants receive \$1.25 per day from the printer, and 25 cents from the U. S. government—the printers claim that the raise in wages must come from the government. There are printer's assistants who can handle 2,000 sheets of bills a day, while a little over 500 is a big day's work for a boy. The printed sheets of money usually contain eight bills ranging in denomination from \$1.00 to \$10,000, the presses register the number of sheets printed. A printer's assistant takes a blank sheet of paper which has been wet with water to make it pliable and lays it on the press made ready with chemicals by the printer; then by a most laborious effort of his body and arms the printer turns the revolving press once. The assistant is at hand to take the stamped sheet from the engraved plates and to lay on another wet one. To do this she is compelled to step backward to a table for the wet sheet and then forward to the press. There are no seats for these girls and women to drop into even for a moment. They are always moving forward and backward, first with the wet sheet then with the printed bill in a confusing noise of machinery in the midst of dirt and grease.

I have been thru the notorious cotton mills of North and South Carolina; I have stood with the workers at the machines in the great shoe shops of Massachusetts. I know what it means to breath and work in the phosphorous laden air in the corporation match factories of New England, but I have yet to find a more congested, or foul workshop than that of the great press room at the Government Bureau of Printing and Engraving at Washington. An expert shoe-stitcher commands \$25 to \$30 a week. The government bureau women are obliged to pay for housing, food and clothes on a \$9-a week wage.

Let those socialists who are clamoring for government ownership study the work conditions and wages of those industries in Washington over which the stars and stripes wave so proudly. Let them talk with these government wage-slaves and hear from their own lips how fine a thing it is to work for the United States government.

Hand Presses Superseded.

A bank note is not finished in the press-room, but it has to pass thru the hands of 54 men and women and 20 machines before it becomes United States

THE VICTIM

The wheels, flying like fiery steeds,
Stopped only for two minutes
When his body crushed and breathless
Fell down on the concrete floor
From the top of the whirling belt.

And now when two sturdy workmen putting his
bleeding body on a blue stretcher sadly take it out,
The fat-headed boss brings in a new leg
Who since three days was waiting on the door
of the factory for a job.

H. YERVANDOUNI.

money. A printer is allowed to spoil one sheet in every one hundred, but if the sheet is lost the printer is obliged to pay the face value of the note. Today most of the printing of bills is done by hand presses; the printers claim that the work done by the hand press is of superior finish over that done by the power press. Superintendent Ralph favors power presses. It is said that he is to receive a bonus on each press introduced into the bureau. We know that Ralph was urgent at the late hearing before the congressional committee to prove that the power press was an improvement in every way over the hand press. "And there is the economy to the government," he pleaded. But Ralph said nothing about the money he could put into his own pocket by the introduction of power presses introduced into the bureau—and the discharge of a large number of printers and their assistants.

Of course the printers are against the power presses. The Printers' Union took action on the matter at the hearing, but, as the evolution of industry takes no account of the individual, neither does the capitalist, nor the capitalist government. There was a compromise and a small number of power presses are to be installed in the bureau. The Glass Blowers' Union claimed that never a machine could be invented to displace their high-grade hand labor. They were kings of the craft. But, evolution, so careful of the type is she, so careless of the single man, produced a glass blowing-machine which enabled six men to do the work of 600. No man or woman wants the bread taken from their mouths—nor is willing to starve for the sake of scientifically developed machinery, and the plate printers and their assistants in the bureau of printing and engraving are no royal exception.

Dangerous Work.

I was taken into the room where postage stamps are made, and into the revenue stamp room. The latter contains a new power press invented by Superintendent Ralph. This press does the work of five men at the old hand presses. Two girls run one press. The machine numbers, trims, places the seal, and separates the stamps. One million sheets were spoiled in testing the machine. There are revolving machine presses for printing postage stamps, 24 stamps on a sheet. The engraved plates are polished by the bare hand of the printer, each plate must be polished as it comes around, after the sheet has been removed by the assistant. This is dangerous work; the bare hand of the printer is in constant contact with the chemically prepared metal. Only one sheet at a time can be laid on a postage stamp press. One press can print 10,000 sheets of stamps a day. There are over 50,000 postage stamps sent out of the bureau each day. The noise made by the presses is deafening.

I passed on into the room where the stamps are examined and counted. A girl expert can count 15,000 stamps a day. About to leave the building I said to the guide: "There is one room we have not been into." I had heard that this room was particularly dangerous for visitors to enter because of its crowded spaces, and the fumes from the chemicals. The guide's answer came quickly. "You will not be allowed to go into that room." Capitalism is stronger than craft unions.

Craft Unionism Outgrown.

Class unions are needed for government wage-slaves as well as for all wage-slaves. The evolution of the machine is driving the craft union to bay. The demand today is for the uniting of all unions into a class union, and also demanding for each worker the full equivalent of his or her special product. This must be the program of all government employes at Washington and elsewhere. Industrial unionism thruout the world. A Workers' Government. Today the leaders of craft unions are of the "pure and simple" kind. Said one of the union men to me in Washington: "Politically I am a democrat—the democratic party first, last and always."

Washington's streets and avenues are spacious and beautiful. Its trees and parks and sparkling fountains are a source of delight. Its marble buildings command the admiration of the world, and, over and above these stately piles of marble, against the blue of the heavens, floats the stars and stripes, but beneath, liberty lies low and bleeding; and justice is a thing of scorn.



Housing in the Soviet Union

By NIK. POGODIN (Baku)

FOREIGNERS visiting the U. S. S. R. are invariably surprised at the changes which have taken place within the last few years in the country which they formerly knew as Russia.

They are accustomed to think of Russia as an ignorant, barbaric country. This they learned from books on old pre-revolutionary Russia.

During the war with Germany I lived with an Austrian prisoner of war. He was an excellent locksmith and the Russian officials forced him, therefore, to work in a munition-factory. He received very little wages as he was an "enemy." What always surprised me was how that man could live in a cultured and clean manner on his meagre earnings. He bought neck-ties and white shirts. After work he used to wash and dress up and take a walk out of town. Later on he made me teach him Russian and he read the daily press.

That surprised me at that time, and it surprised many others. We used to say, "here is a cultured man."

Twelve years have elapsed since then. Not so long ago (only a month ago, I lived in Ivanovo-Voznessensk) I travelled again through the oil districts of Baku and Grozny. I often thought of my Austrian friend. If I knew where he was I should write him a cheerful letter saying:

"Friend, we have caught up with you in fact, we will soon be ahead of you. At any rate you would not surprise me any more with your neck-ties, white shirts and cultured manners."



Housing in Czarist Days.

It is very interesting to observe how our working man changes. He is not to be recognized.

Here is an oil pumper, a Persian from the Baku oil fields. Pumping oil is tedious and monotonous work. The Persian is ignorant; he has a poor knowledge of the Russian language. He recently left his native country as he was threatened with death from starvation. The only aim in life of that Musselman is to have enough to eat.

The "enlightened" bourgeoisie says about such people:

"He is despicable; he is just like an animal."

Perhaps in their eyes he does resemble a beast; for them every man should possess a dinner jacket.

The eyes of a Russian proletarian are somewhat different. An ignorant, filthy, ragged man is a brother at work and a class relative. When the millionaire bosses had charge of him, he lived under horrible conditions, his domicile could not even be compared with a stable. One must know the dark, low, stuffy, over-crowded barracks in the oil-districts to realize the significance of house construction for the Russian workers.

The Persian knew his filthy corner in the barrack. To this corner he brought his wife, there she bore him his children; there he lay ill in filth and darkness. He knew no other life. He could not imagine anything better. He saw the large European Baku with the masters' palaces, their fast trotting horses and automobiles, but that was all for them; for him these were things beyond reach.

And suddenly the Persian is given an apartment. He is no longer in a corner, no longer in filth; he has a light apartment—three whitewashed rooms. He is bewildered. He, the down-trodden, ignorant, Persian is ready to cry. In his apartment there is a gas-stove, a bath with hot water. He comes home from his work, washes, eats hot food, and everywhere around him is light and cleanliness. What should he do now? Somehow he must arrange his life differently. He must now spend his after-working hours differently. And here we see a man becoming transformed. He is cleaner, he has bought himself a neck-tie and a shirt. He goes to the club; he is learning to read; the Persian is becoming a cultured worker.

That is the essence of home construction in the U. S. S. R. That is its enormous significance. I saw hundreds of such houses in Baku scattered in small towns near the oil fields. Architecturally they are beautiful. They are light and comfortable. There

is the village and the club, flower-beds and electric railways which take one to work. The local administration took it upon itself to build houses for the workers. It spent more than was allotted for housing and the centre raised objections, but when people from Moscow came around and saw the difference between the old horrible barracks and the new villages, they said smilingly:

"Fine!"

This is also the case in Grozny. The Grozny works can truly be called Soviet works as everything was burned down by the bandits during the civil war. Now the powerful works have been restored, and they are known on the world market for the benzine they produce. Railways have been constructed. New villages are being built which resemble the small towns of Switzerland. Windows glisten in the sunshine, woman and children promenade the cheerful, sunny streets.

Here is the local Ivanovo-Voznessensk Soviet. We are taken out to see a new workers' town. It is built on European lines; the streets are cut straight, rows of trees are planted. In about two years the town will be like a garden. Further, we went from Orekhovo-Zuevo back to Donbas, the mining district, and the Urals, the metallurgical district. Everywhere new, light, workers' towns are in construction and a new cultured Soviet worker is developing.

Ideas are determined by environment.

Light and rest which give a good home to the worker bring forth new desires for knowledge and for a rational, cultured, organized life.



Housing Under the Soviets.

July Days in Russia Ten Years Ago

(Continued from Page One)

opportunists, arranged a demonstration of their own. But the masses, coming more and more under the influence of the Bolsheviki, changed it into a triumphal demand for the Bolsheviki slogans against the coalition: All Power to the Soviets! Down With the Capitalist Ministers! Down with the Political Offensive!

This was an attempt to force the moderates in the Soviets to act against the coalition government. But on the next day, after careful preparations, a counter-demonstration of the bourgeoisie took place.

In order to stem the rising tide of discontent with and fury against the coalition the bourgeois (constitutional democratic) ministers resigned from the government. This act was a public admission of the instability of the coalition and convinced the revolutionary workers of Petrograd and the seething masses in the rest of the country that their demands were proper. It was apparent that a great spontaneous movement was about to break in Petrograd. The situation was tense. One false move might jeopardize the whole revolution. Kerensky, foreign minister in the coalition government, was now made premier while still retaining his portfolio as foreign minister. He and Tseretelli began frantic preparations to deliver the revolution into the hands of capitalism. He was waiting for time to mobilize the "loyal" regiments against the masses.

The Bolsheviki, along with every other working class group, advised against demonstrations, did everything within their power to persuade the workers of Petrograd that such outbreaks would be futile. The leaders of the revolutionary proletariat were aware of the fact that the masses outside Petrograd, although profoundly affected by the events of the preceding months, were not ready for the decisive struggle. But the masses poured into the streets anyway. When the July action took

place and the masses were in the streets and face to face with the enemy it was no longer a question of debating. It was the imperative duty of the Bolsheviki party to try to take the lead and impart a more peaceful character to the demonstrations and to give organized expression to their demands. The question of armed uprising could not yet be placed on the order of the day.

The July days constituted the turning point of the revolution. The Social-Revolutionaries (who afterwards became paid agents of the Allied military missions in an attempt to overthrow the vic-

torious workers' and peasants' government) and Mensheviki exposed their true role as would-be hangmen of the revolution. They completely identified themselves with the Cadets and other bourgeois reactionaries and aided the massacres of the Bolsheviki, the suppression of the Pravda, the arrest of Trotsky, orders for the arrests of Lenin and Zinoviev, who were forced to flee for their lives, only to return on the wave of the November revolution.

In assailing the Bolsheviki the members of the government put into circulation the most infamous slanders, repeating and elaborating the fabrications to the effect that Lenin was a German agent in an effort to arouse, as they boasted, "the savagery of the troops."

During the frightful reaction that set in the Kerensky government was eclipsed by the general staff of the army which was officered by junkers and agents of the allies. The Soviets likewise, with the exception of the Petrograd Soviet disappeared from the scene. The reaction proceeded with the disarming of the revolutionary regiments that had refused to participate in the pogroms against the workers who turned into the streets to vent their fury against the betrayers of the revolution.

July Days in Russia clarified the party lines; no longer was there any doubt regarding the role of the Mensheviki as lackeys of the reaction and enemies of the proletariat. Kerensky tried to divert the lightning-flashes of revolution by constantly promising to call for election for the constituent assembly, only to continuously postpone it. The Bolsheviki kept before the masses the slogan "All Power to the Soviets," as a rallying cry for the masses in an effort to overcome the effects of the counter-revolution, and assure the revival and the final triumph of the revolution, which was realized in a few short months.

GENEVA

The powers round a table sit
And play with loaded dice.
A pistol's hidden in each mit—
And yet they smile so nice.

They sit upon their mighty seats
And talk of guns and speed,
Of ratios and merchant fleets
And such like things, I read.

They play for mastery of the sea
And speak with bloated lips.
They give no thought to you and me—
We build and man their ships.

Then let us say: "Kind sirs, attend!
This game has gone too far.
To all your navies make an end—
We'll have no more of war!"

HENRY REICH, JR.

Organizing the Chinese Workers



Canton is also the headquarters of the Canton Federation of Peasants' Unions. This organization was in the early part of 1926 more or less confined to the provinces of Kwangtung and Kwangsi, but its influence was extending to other provinces.

The organization of the Peasants' Unions is as follows: The peasants and small farmers in a village are organized in one unit. These units are grouped in towns, districts and provinces. If more than one-third of the farmers join the union, then they form a branch. In small villages where there are less than 30 members, they cooperate with an adjoining village. Larger areas are sometimes divided into arrondissements.

Mr. Wang, secretary and member of the executive of the Federation of Peasants' Unions, informed me that there are 66 districts comprising 60,000 members. The villagers hold mass meetings, the larger organizations delegate meetings. On the central executive committee there are 13 members. There is also a standing committee of five and in the districts standing committees of three. Provincial congresses are held annually, district congresses every six months, congresses in sections smaller than districts every three months and village meetings every month. Members of the central executive committee hold office for one year, officials of district committees for six months and others for three months.

The conditions for membership are as follows:
Members

- 1.—Must own less than 100 mow of land (roughly less than 17 acres of land).
- 2.—Must not be farmers whose interests conflict with the peasants.
- 3.—Must not be moneylenders who mortgage farms.
- 4.—Must not be "churchmen."
- 5.—Must not have connections with imperialists.

The entrance fee is \$1 (I was told sometimes less). There is a maximum monthly fee of 10 cents. Those who smoke opium or gamble are excluded. I asked Mr. Wang, the secretary, how they could know this. He replied that it was easily known to the village circle if, for instance, anyone was an habitual gambler. Persons who do not attend three meetings or those who refuse to obey the orders of the party, are expelled.

The chief points in the program of the Peasants' Union are:

- 1.—To obtain better conditions for the peasants and small farmers.
- 2.—To improve village organizations, which are now in the hands of the landlords.
- 3.—To raise the social status of the peasants and small farmers.

The farmers in Kwangtung, the province in which Canton is situated, are divided in two: those who are independent, and those who are tenants of the landlords. Their condition is very bad on account of the bandits who infest the territory and also as a result of the fighting.

The organizers of the Peasants' Union stated, as regards the economic status of the peasants and small farmers, that the average size of the small farm belonging to an independent farmer was from 2 to 8 mow (one-third to one and one-third acres). One mow is said to produce about \$30 per annum, so that the independent peasant farmer may get between \$60 and \$240, that is between £6 and £24 from his farm per year. The rent of these small farms often swallows up as much as one-half to two-thirds of the revenue.

Not very long ago the provincial office of the peasant organizations had just two old tables covered with papers in disorder, some rickety chairs, a poor desk and a poorly paid copyist who, having too much to do, could finish nothing. When I visited the headquarters of the Peasants' Union in May 1926, there were five departments working regularly, organization, propaganda, economic and military de-



A Chinese Peasant Hut.



partments and the secretariat. Besides voluntary workers, there are twelve paid clerks. Four booklets and forty-three pictorial bulletins and slogans have been published. A weekly paper, the "Plough" appears regularly in twenty to thirty sheets and 10,000 copies are distributed.

The Peasants' Organization has undoubtedly been of considerable military value to the Cantonese in assisting their advance in their Northern Expedition.

ORGANIZATION OF WOMEN.

The organization of women workers is one of the most pressing of China's industrial problems. Women and children are now more and more entering industry, in order to supplement the insufficient earnings of the father of the family; and the fact that in general they receive even lower wages helps to depress the rates of the men workers.

At present, where they are organized at all, they appear to be organized with the men workers—and that is chiefly in the textile industry in Shanghai. True, in Canton, I was told of a trade union which had been in existence for two months which organized the women in a match factory together with the men; and of a women's union in a stocking factory, claiming 200 members, which is said to have been in existence for three years. But these are tiny numbers compared with the women employed in the cotton mills and silk filatures. In Shanghai, there are said to be 125,000 workers employed in textile factories, of whom 57,700 were stated to be organized in the cotton unions affiliated to the Shanghai Federation of Labor Unions. As more than 60 per cent of these cotton workers were said to be women, it is to be presumed that some of the organized workers are women, but I could not obtain any specific figures.

Probably, also, some of the women employed by the Chinese-owned Nanyang Bros. Tobacco Co. are among those who are organized in Yellow unions in Shanghai, as about 70 per cent of the 5,000 workers employed by this company in Shanghai are apparently women.

In Shanghai the secretaries of both the Red and Yellow Union Federations stated that there was no organization at all among the silk workers, of whom there are 75,000, mostly women and girls. I was told that at one time a trade union was organized in the silk filatures by a Chinese woman worker. She was soon taken over by the Chinese employers

as a sort of welfare worker. All trade disputes went through her hands and in the opinion of the workers she looked after the employers' interests and not theirs. She became an official safety-valve instead of a workers' organizer—a much safer person. When I met her she appeared to be in very prosperous circumstances. Her volte face had rather disheartened the silk workers in Shanghai and discouraged any further attempts at organization.

There were, however, in June 1926, a number of strikes, one of them affecting as many as 30 silk filatures, in which 13,400 workers were involved, which indicate considerable solidarity among the women workers. Two of the strikes, according to the reports which I have seen, complained of the formation of a new Silk Filature Workers' Union, charged the union with being in conspiracy with the owners to delay the payment of the workers' wages and demanded the closing down of the union; which was done by order of the chief of the Woon-sung and Shanghai Constabulary. All this is difficult to understand unless the new union was held by the workers to be a bogus organization set up by the employers, in order to forestall any other movement. Quite recently in Shanghai some women social workers have gone to reside in the chief silk filature area, in order to get into touch with the women workers, study their needs and help them to improve their conditions.

The majority of the silk filature workers in China appear to be employed in the neighborhood of Canton. I was told that out of the 300,000 silk workers in factories in the whole country there were 200,000 workers, almost entirely women and children, employed in 170 silk filatures at Shundak, about four hours by boat from Canton up the Pearl River. They have no organization at all, although their conditions of work appear to be just as bad as elsewhere in China.

I asked the secretary of the All China Labor Federation at Canton why no attempt is made to organize the women in the silk filatures both at Canton and Shanghai—especially at Canton where trade unionism is legalized. He replied that 95 per cent of the silk workers were women and therefore very difficult to organize. He also said that the bad conditions were partly due to Japanese competition and partly to the failure of the silkworms in the last two years.

Such organization of women as is done appears to be largely on political lines. In the province of Kwangtung, where Canton is situated, considerable efforts have been made in this direction during the past year or more. There are three bodies, the Women's Freedom League, the League of Women's Rights and the Organization of Women Revolutionaries. I discussed these with a Chinese woman who was working in the office of the Women's Freedom League, who spoke to me in French. I give the English equivalents of the titles as best I can.

(Continued on Page 7)



KARL RADEK

head of the Sun Yat Sen University in Moscow.

—A friendly caricature by a Russian artist.

The Stevedore

When ships come in from Glasgow, Singapore
Or Java, stevedores have their work to do
Unloading kapok, spices, wool or glue,
Or from the Straits a cargo of tin ore,
Or Madagascar rubber's to the fore,
Or then again it's cotton from Peru,
Or hurlay from Calcutta or a slew
Of hides from Argentine to get ashore.

And then come precious silks from far Japan
And gold from Africa to please the plutes.
And though such cargoes nearly break a man
I think of those who toil—mere beaten brutes—
Beyond the seas producing all these things
To swell the coffers of their lords and kings!

—HENRY REICH, JR.

CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

by JACOB BURCK

NEWS ITEM
Geneva, July 12.- About the most important development in connection with the three-power conference for the further limitation of naval armaments here today was that the leading members of the American and British delegations took the afternoon off to play golf.

