

# The New Magazine

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## No Team Work!



The Interests of Capitalist Powers Clash, says Maurice Becker, DAILY WORKER Cartoonist, and They Just Can't Seem to Pull Together; Their Mascot-Bird, Named "Locarno," Hovering Above for Good Luck, Begins to Look Strangely More and More Like a Vulture.

## The Red Peril

By JOSEPH FREEMAN.

FOR many years we have heard of the Yellow Peril. Japan was pictured as the monstrous dragon girding its loins for the conquest of the world. The Yellow Peril has been more than a nightmare of the Yellow Press. It has represented the fears of American finance and industry seeking to exploit China. Imperial America and Imperial Japan have faced each other across the unexploited treasures of China, often exchanging those polite and ambiguous phrases of diplomatic friendship that are meant to conceal deadly economic feuds. America and Japan have been each others' perils in the sense that imperialism is the constant peril of capitalist civilization.

The slant-eyed Jap began to appear loaded with arms in American cartoons precisely at the time when Standard Oil and the Morgan group of banks sought to exploit Manchuria as their "sphere of influence." For thirty years American bankers have tried to obtain railway and financial concessions in China. During those thirty years they met the competition and opposition of Japanese capital. Today, the International Chinese Consortium (America, Japan, Great Britain, and France) represents a united front of bankers for the financial exploitation of China. Today also, the governments serving these four banking groups present a united diplomatic front in the political manipulation of China. United fronts are known to contain internal friction, and the united front of imperialist powers in China is not without its troubles; but so far they have, openly at least, co-operated in an attempt to set up a puppet government that will allow them to build railways and establish banks and make loans at usurious rates without interference. Despite Japanese, British and American rivalry, the recent naval demonstration was a fine example of "international co-operation," in a pirating expedition.

FOR all the imperialist powers, the peril in the Far East has changed its color. It is no longer yellow, but red. America's celebrated friendship for China was accompanied by the maintenance of the special treaties, by attempts to break into the Hukuagg loan, put over the Man-

churian Bank (E. H. Harriman and Co., Kuhn, Loeb and Co.), to obtain the concession for the Chinchow-Aigun Railway (J. P. Morgan & Co.). Russia has given up the special treaties. She does not seek to exploit China; she is not a capitalist country; she is the leader of forces opposed to imperialism. That seems a greater peril to the capitalist "friends" of China than the rivalry of some fellow-imperialist country.

This has furnished the "national defense" salesmen in the United States with a new selling point. The argument for a bigger army, navy and air force now runs: We must be prepared. Against whom? Against Soviet Russia.

One of the star publicity men for a bigger and better American air force is Col. William Mitchell, former Assistant Chief of the U. S. Army Air Service. He recently resigned after a sensational court-martial for criticizing the present air service administration. Now he is spending part of his civilian leisure writing aircraft propaganda in the Hearst press. He seeks to terrify the American citizen into supporting a bigger air service by waving two danger flags, red and yellow, Russia and Japan.

"The Russians," Col. Mitchell says, "have and are developing aircraft in a manner which the world knows little of and some day, possibly in combination with other Far Eastern powers, they will make a sudden and savage gesture to conquer western civilization. While their aerial strategists are evolving this new technique, their engineers are constructing air fleets unknown to any other power."

WHERE lies the danger, according to Col. Mitchell, is China. Russian instructors are training Chinese aviators; an agreement exists between Soviet Russia and certain northwestern Chinese chieftains by which the latter will help Russia in case of war by lending her trained Chinese aviators. In fact, Col. Mitchell has it from secret and authentic sources that China is altogether guided by the "geniuses of the Steppes who are seeking to shatter the fabric of our civilization." Russia is "planning to conquer new worlds"; Japan harbors "ancient grudges"; god

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## THE RED PERIL.

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help poor unprotected America "if those two nations should ever combine against us."

Can America be saved? You bet. There are plans by which such attacks and invasions can be repelled. In fact, Col. Mitchell himself has worked those plans out.

Meantime, we can turn to another savior of the republic, William Howard Gardiner, speaking before the United States Naval Institute in February, on "National Policy and Naval Power," also sees the Red Peril as the chief reason for increased armaments.

What is America's major problem across the Atlantic, according to Mr. Gardiner? It is to "maintain or exercise the balance of power as between western Europe and Russia." In Asia, too, Russia worries American capital. The United States cannot treat Russia as a friend in Asia (as a possible ally against Japan) while fighting Russia in Western Europe (as the enemy of world capitalism).

Another patriot who sees red is Congressman Underhill. On March 5, this gentleman from Massachusetts rose in the house to defend the retention of the Philippines by the United States. There used to be many excellent arguments on that side of the question. The first was—as a matter of course—that the United States was conferring great benefits on the islands. The second was that if left to themselves the Philippines would become the prey of Japan, the first helpless victim of the Yellow Peril.

THE truth of the matter was indicated as far back as 1899 by Whitelaw Reid, when he toured the United States propagandizing for the Spanish-American peace treaty and the Philippines purchase. Reid said

frankly at that time that the Philippines were only a step to China.

"To extend now the authority of the United States over the great Philippine archipelago," he said, "is to fence in the China Sea and secure a . . . commanding position on the other side of the Pacific doubling our control of it and of the fabulous trade the twentieth century will see it bear. . . . The trade of the Philippines will be but a drop in the bucket compared to that of China, for which they give us an unapproachable foothold."

The Philippines were to American capital what Walhalwal was to British capital and Kiaow-Chow to German capital: a strategic base for the exploitation of China. The islands are still that. But American imperialism fears Russian influence in China, hence the gentleman from Massachusetts in arguing the retaining of the Philippines part of the American empire takes this line:

"CHINA today is a seething mass of insurrection, of revolution, of war, of famine and pestilence, and yet all the great nations of the earth have guaranteed her integrity. What does that guaranty stand for? If that guaranty stands in the way of Russia and the Soviet government it would rank with the German 'scrap of paper.' The Soviets go in there and incite and excite all these disturbances and with their money and their power are trying to make of China a vehicle to establish throughout the world their pernicious form of government. . . . My view is that as long as the United States has control of the Philippines and has its government in the Philippines that is a guaranty of peace in the Far East, but the moment we give up our jurisdiction over there, we invite war not only for ourselves but practically for all the nations of the world."

The imperialist powers—with America at their head—fear the world's working class government. They fear most of all the example it has set to the working class in all countries.

## Mrs. Breznak - - - By Mary Heaton Vorse

Publicity matter issued by the Passaic Textile Strikers' United Front Committee, by the famous novelist, Mary Heaton Vorse.

SHE never misses picket line. You always see her tramping sturdily along, a short, powerful figure, broad-shouldered, deep-breasted, a heavy-built woman, strong. Her mouth is a determined line. Her nose juts out obstinately. Her eyes are two bright sparkling points. Humor and intelligence are in them and often indignation and anger. She never misses a strike meeting. After the meeting you could see her in the hall talking. Maybe she's telling what happened on the picket line. Maybe she's telling how her husband first made fifteen cents an hour and pretty soon that is all the workers will be getting if they don't win this strike.

Round and round, she's always at strike meetings at night. She is a delegate of the united front committee from the Botany mills. Some way she embodies the spirit of the strike more than any other one person. Strong, powerful, persistent—she is fortified with the indignation of years. That is Mrs. Anna Breznak. She is not an individual—she embodies the working mothers, whose slow anger is now kindled.

THE reporters have called several of our young picket leaders Joans of Arc of the strikers. It is fun for a young girl to lead a parade and see the glitter of danger flickering around in the air. When you are young any change has romance. When you are fifty-two years old, crawling out of bed at five o'clock in the morning and walking miles and miles, passing and repassing the police, patrolling the high ramparts of the mill back and forth, miles and miles, is quite a job. There is a sturdy defiance about her as she plods up and down. She is tireless. She always acts as if there was an inward indignation boiling in her. And why shouldn't there be?

HERE is a part of the true story of Anna Breznak. She came to this country from Czecho-Slovakia when she was a very young girl. She married a coal digger and went to live in Pennsylvania. The little Pennsylvania mining towns are very nice towns. They have substantial brick houses. There are no mean tenements there. The country is hilly and wooded and full of streams. Those Pennsylvania hills are good places for children to grow up.

Work was very slow in the mines and Mrs. Breznak had a relative who wrote her that there was plenty of work in Passaic. She came to Passaic many years ago. During this time she has had twelve children, nine of them are living yet. Many of them are small and still in school. Breznak found work in the Passaic mills for fifteen cents an hour. Recently he

has been making \$18 a week. Mrs. Breznak makes \$16.08.

This has been Anna Breznak's life. Always more children. Children to be looked after. Children under school age to be cared for. A whole family living in four rooms and with herself working in the mills. A life full of effort and toil, of bringing up nine children. A life-time spent in the service of the mills, piling up money for somebody else. At the end of all these years of effort nothing to show for it except her nine children. No house for them. No possessions. A bare living and nothing else to show for a lifetime of work.

Then a wage clash.

Mrs. Breznak went on strike. She went on strike with all the power of her strong body, with all the power and high courage which made it possible for her to bring up her children. She went on strike with all the strength of her powerful body that makes it possible for her when over fifty to stand the gaff of the terrible night shift in the mills, ten hours a night, five nights a week, and a quarter of an hour at midnight for all recess. Indignation was her motor power. Mrs. Breznak is mad clear thru, a fiery indignation sends a hot color to her cheeks when she thinks of what happened to the workers in Passaic.

Mrs. Breznak goes around the picket line to the halls where the strikers get their coffee. From there to the meetings and to the picket line again and to strike meetings at night. She plods thru the long strikers' day and she is never weary. The hot fire of indignation never dies down. It is there at the heart of the strike, smouldering a red-hot coal. There is no girl that is as tireless as she, for she knows the whole story of a workers' life. That is why she is striking with the indignation bred of the accumulated injustice of years.

WHEN Mrs. Breznak went to Washington she took with her her indignation. She walked down thru the marble hallway that led to Senator Borah's room, a sturdy figure. Come to tell the capital what the workers in Passaic go thru, come to shout to America from the senate steps, "We don't make enough to eat in Passaic." She strode down to Borah's office chewing a piece of gum. Why shouldn't she? This was only another kind of picket line. She was used to picket lines. This was another way of winning the strike.

Mrs. Breznak sat in Borah's office and told Senator Borah and Senator LaFollette about her nine children. She told how her husband made fifteen cents an hour when he first began work in the mills. The reporters of all big papers were there looking at Mrs. Breznak sitting squarely in her chair, a hand on each knee, her head thrust out a little, answering clearly the questions that were asked

her. Her answers seemed almost unbelievable. She answered loud and clear, did Mrs. Breznak. She told her story to senators, and she did not speak for herself alone. She spoke for all those other mothers in Passaic who work all night because the rich mills do not pay enough to their husbands to support their families.

"Sure I got to work nights," says Mrs. Breznak, hands on knees, chewing a piece of gum. "How would we eat—me and all the kids? You see the more kids you got, the more youngsters in the house, the more in Passaic a woman's got to work nights." She spoke as tho she were telling a commonplace. A murmur went thru the company. Borah called it pitiful.

Yes, it is pitiful that the mothers of children have to work nights. "The more children they got the more they got to work nights," but it is a commonplace in Passaic. That's the way life goes in Passaic.

Mrs. Breznak finished talking to the senators, and by the time she had finished talking and the other members had finished talking, Senators Borah

and LaFollette were sure that they ought to have a senate investigation. More ought to be known of the textile workers of the country, was what Mrs. Breznak said to them in a tone that had hot indignation behind it. No one was ever more convincing than she.

Mrs. Breznak and the others took a look around. They sat awhile in the senate gallery and they walked around the imposing Capitol grounds and wondered if the grave gentlemen inside there were going to do so much as give the textile workers a hearing.

Next day Mrs. Breznak knocked on the door of the white house and they let her in, but she could not see the president.

From the white house the way led to the department of labor. Mrs. Breznak told Secretary Davis the story of Passaic. So she went thru the picket lines at Washington tramping sturdily along. All the senators in the white house and the department of labor heard her story, told from the white heat of her indignation. She never misses a picket line.

## The Factory Child

By a Worker Correspondent.

Like the trampled flower she lay there  
In the cabin on the hill.  
"Jennie's sick," said Tom, her brother,  
To the foreman of the mill.  
Tossing in her restless fever  
On the blanket soiled and torn,  
Lay this workworn child of sorrow  
Eight sad years since she was born.

Then her fevered fancy wandered  
And her eyes grew wide with fear  
"Mamma, hurry there's the whistle  
I'll be late if I lie here.  
See the big wheel above the window  
What a big one, see it whirl!  
Mamma, I'm so tired of working,  
And I'm such a little girl."

"Can't I have a dolly, mamma,  
Like the one I saw today,  
Are there mills in heaven mamma,  
Won't God let me run and play?  
See how fast the spools are running  
Faster, faster, oh, my head!  
No, I did not do it, no sir,  
Please, I did not break the thread."

"Here, my finger's caught, its bleeding,  
Stop the wheel and let me go!  
Mamma, quick, the wheel will kill me,  
Stop it! Oh it hurts me so!"  
Then the "Last Boss" paused beside her;  
Fanned her with his cooling breath  
Touched her beating heart and stopped it;  
Soothed her with the peace of death.

# Beating Down the Value of Labor Power in Passaic

By H. M. Wicks.

"Capital cares nothing for the length of life of labor-power. All that concerns it is simply and solely the maximum of labor-power that can be rendered fluent in a working day. It attains this end by shortening the extent of the laborer's life, as a greedy farmer snatches increased produce from the soil by robbing it of its fertility."—Karl Marx.

A VISIT to Passaic, where 16,000 workers have been on strike for ten weeks against the inhuman conditions imposed upon them by the mill owners is sufficient to convince anyone of the truth of Marx's observation.

A frightful death rate among the workers in the textile woolen mills tells only part of the story. The United States labor bulletin, which certainly cannot be accused of presenting favorable or even unbiased reports regarding the condition of the working class in this country is forced to admit that the death rate from tuberculosis of workers in this industry between the ages of 25 to 35 is 41.7 as compared with an average of 30.3 for the whole population, or in other words the death rate is more than one-fourth greater than the average for the whole population. Deaths from pneumonia, Bright's disease and heart disease show a higher percentage in this industry than in any other.

This appalling mortality rate is due not alone to the long hours in unsanitary mills, but to the miserably low wages that prohibit the workers from obtaining sanitary dwellings in which to "eat and sleep" after they are thru with their drudgery in the ghastly slave pens. Both day and night work is in vogue in the mills for women and children as well as for men and frequently the rooms in which the workers live are so crowded that the beds are always occupied; the day workers sleep in them at night and then when they get up to go to work in the morning the night workers sleep in them in the day time.

They are always kept warm and are veritable pest holes for the breeding of disease. The homes of the workers are cold in winter and wretchedly hot in summer, but so meager are their wages even when every member of the family works in

the mills that they cannot obtain anything other than such pestilent living quarters.

## Wages Far Below Standard.

MANY of the families of strikers are people who strive in every way to keep in a cleanly condition the hovels they inhabit and their efforts toward this end are pitiful because their meager wages prohibit them from achieving desirable results. The spinners and weavers who make up the great bulk of woolen mill operatives obtain weekly wages varying from \$12 to \$22, while the third group of workers, the spoolers, frequently receive wages as low as \$9 per week.

Of course there are a few skilled workers in every mill doing special work who receive higher wages than this, but they are the exception. Even these miserably low wages which have always prevailed do not satisfy the inordinate lust for profits of the bosses. A whole series of wage cuts have ensued in the mills and when complaints are made by the workers to the individual bosses they are bluntly told that if their family cannot live on what they receive to bring some of the other members of their family to the mills and put them to work. And that is what is usually done, in an effort to try to solve the problem of endless slavery and stark poverty.

The average wage of the mill workers in Passaic is less than half the amount the budgets of the United States department of labor declare is essential for a family to live according to American standards. The employers' conception of a living wage is one just sufficient to enable the worker, his wife and the whole family, to drag around to the mill and work thru the shift without dropping dead in front of the machines. On the faces of the children of the mill towns is indelibly imprinted the mark of slavery; all of them are old before their time. The amazing thing about the Passaic strike is that these workers still have vitality enough to fight on the picket line after spending the better part of their lives in the mills where their very life blood is distilled into profits for the parasitic Stoehrs and other mill owners who do not even live in Passaic or in the state of New Jersey but who live in the most extravagant surroundings in elegant residences on Park Avenue in New York.

## Depreciating Labor Power.

UNDER the economic laws of capitalist production the value of a man's labor-power is determined by the food, clothing and shelter required to enable him to live from day to day and to raise a family so that when he is worn out there will be new labor-power to take his place. As Marx says:

"The value of labor-power is the value of the means of subsistence necessary for the maintenance of the laborer. The labor-power withdrawn from the market by wear and tear and death must be continually replaced by, at the very least, an equal amount of fresh labor-power. Hence the sum of the means of subsistence necessary for the production of labor-power must include the means necessary for the laborer's substitutes, that is to say his children, in order that this race of peculiar commodity-owners (owners of labor-power) may perpetuate its appearance in the market."—Capital, Chapter VI.

In Passaic and other textile centers in the United States this is not done. It is not possible for the husband, the head of the family, to make sufficient to enable his dependents to exist. His wife must enter the slave pens in order to supplement the family income. Then, if there are children, she has an additional burden of taking care of them after working hours. As soon as the children are old enough they also are sacrificed on the altar of greed. And in many instances the combined wage of a family of four or five is not sufficient to cover the value of the labor-power of one man working in a normal industry in this country.

The effect of the low wages prevalent in the Passaic mills is to beat down the value of labor-power by spreading the value of the man's labor-power over his whole family. This is depreciation of labor-power in its most flagrant form.

Furthermore, the wool textile industry is, in more ways than one a parasitic industry. It is parasitic the same as any other industry under capitalism based upon the exploitation of labor, in that its owners take from society without rendering any equivalent in return. Simply thru the ownership of the means of production the idle stockholders are enabled to live in idleness off the wealth produced by the workers. This is true

of all industries in this capitalist nation. But it is parasitic also in the sense that it uses up more labor-power than it is possible to replace. In plain words, because of the long hours, the miserable conditions of labor, the low wages and the consequent inability of the workers to obtain habitable quarters in which to spend the time they are not in the mill, the workers and their children die off much earlier than in other industries, thereby depleting the supply of labor-power, the replacing of which requires a constant stream into the mill towns of workers from other parts of the country. Not only is it an ordinary capitalist parasite, but it is even a parasite upon the capitalist system itself.

However, the capitalist bondholders of other industries will never bother about the parasitism of a part of the capitalist system. They will rather envy an industry that can beat down its workers to such a low level and at the same time achieve the feat of securing additional protection from the government in the way of high tariff walls that enables it to sell the product of its slave pens much above the normal market price, as is the case of the woolen industry.

## A Capitalist Paradise.

PASSAIC and other such towns are, until strikes occur, veritable paradises for the exploiters of labor. It is of no concern to the blood-suckers who live on Park Avenue and other streets of the nabobs whether their slaves live 30 years or 30 months. If they can squeeze every ounce of vitality out of the bodies of their workers in a few short years they will do so, knowing always that they can find other slaves, even tho they may have to scour the earth to do so.

Only the working class of the nation can wipe out such plague spots as Passaic and that can only be done by aggressively encouraging organization and inciting the workers in these pest holes to struggle against their oppressors.

Either the working class of America will conquer Passaic or Passaic conditions will spread to the rest of the country. Labor conditions in the woolen industry constitute a festering ulcer upon the economic life of the country that must be eliminated by the determined application of the class struggle.

# The Workers' "Friend" -- Hon. Wm. Goosepimple

By John Bernard.

THE "friends" of labor are limbering up for the coming elections. One of the first noon-day meetings of the campaign was held in a downtown hall last week. "Big free democratic speaking for working people" repeatedly yelled a circus "spieler" who stood out in front of the building.

Upon entering the hall it was noticed that the first five rows of seats were filled by men dressed as workers. The chairman of the meeting was speaking: "It is with the utmost pleasure that I present to you that stalwart democrat and friend of the working man, our noble fellow townsman, the Honorable William Goosepimple," he announced.

Goosepimple, very fat and red of nose, arose and waddled to the speaker's stand amid tumultuous applause from the first five rows:

"Ladies and gentlemen," he commenced, "I am indeed proud to be called a friend of the toiling masses. In this connection I wish to say that I made this same statement in an address last night, and in reporting my speech the contemptible, lousy pack

of mongrel hounds who edit the republican Daily Standard, the leading republican paper of our fair city, deliberately and maliciously omitted the letter 'm' from the word masses. But my dear friends, this diabolical plot to discredit me in the eyes of the honest workers is doomed to certain failure. In their frantic efforts to begot the issue this rotten gang of teapot 'domers' failed to cite a single instance in my entire career in which I was not found championing the cause of labor." (Loud cries of "Hurrah for Goosepimple" from the first five rows).

"Who was it, in the bitter cold of last winter, induced the 'best' ladies of our fair city to donate their garbage to our free soup houses? In all modesty, let me answer, it was none other than your old friend Bill Goosepimple." (Loud cries of "Rah for Goose" from first five rows).

"Who was it that signed the five-year agreement with the Ministerial Association to hold noon-day religious meetings in every factory and industrial plant of our beautiful city? Friends, the records of the recording angel bear the names of our leading

democrats as sponsors of this great movement. It is true that the motley gang of cut-throats from republican headquarters accused us of appointing only democrats to take up the collections at these services, but we hurl back at them the answer; 'we certainly are not going to trust any republicans to do it.' (Wild applause from first five rows).

"Beloved friends, if we democrats are put back into office in the coming elections, we pledge ourselves to devote our entire time (outside of meal time) to the interests of the workers."

And so on for the next hour and a half, Goosepimple kept piling up pledges to the workers until he had promised them almost everything from earmuffs to country homes. He would intersperse the pledges with vitriolic thrusts at the republicans, "roasting" them so unmercifully that one could almost hear them sizzling away to crisps.

He was in the midst of giving away the street railway when one of the most vigorous applauders in the third row, motioned for the chairman to come down from the platform. "You seem to think we are on a hun-

ger strike. When the hell do we eat?" he asked angrily as soon as the chairman was in hearing distance. The chairman hurried back to the platform, whispered something to Goosepimple and then announced that another meeting would be held in the same hall the next day. "Come on all you birds" he snapped curtly as he descended the steps from the platform. The "workers" who had occupied the first five rows followed him out and into a nearby restaurant. As they crowded into the restaurant such remarks as: "That fathead has a nerve to want us to work overtime without pay" and "We are 'fed up' on Goosepimple, we want some goose-liver," could be plainly heard.

Rather an interesting news item appears in this morning's issue of the Republican Daily Standard. It reads: "The Honorable William Goosepimple has severed his connections with the local democratic organization and has joined the growing ranks of the republicans. 'At last I am aligned with an honorable group of men and women who really have the interests of the common people at heart,' said Mr. Goosepimple in an interview last night."

# Heaven and Hell in New York Hotels

By BASIL G. KALFIDES.

AS often is the case with the hotel waiters, I was out of work walking the streets of New York looking for a job. For a hotel waiter can lose his job for any little reason you may imagine, for scratching his head, for leaning against the wall after the rush is over, for speaking to the guests or for not doing so, for not smiling to the guests or for doing so, for saying good morning to the guests or for not doing so.

The slogan of the hotel owners is: "Right or Wrong, the Guests Are Always Right." So you can imagine what the waiters have to struggle against. They have to deal with cranky old bourgeois ladies "who will kick even in heaven," as an Irish waiter remarked to me one day. They have to deal with young sophisticated intellectual bourgeois boys and girls, most of whom are vegetarians, and will ask for anything except things that are on the bill of fare. They have to put up with the swell-headed bourgeois women who will call up captains, head waiters, maitre d'hotel, and managers to complain about the "service," just to make a show and to feel the power they possess and how important they are. The waiter is sacrificed on the altar of the conceit and false pride of a nervous bourgeois woman.

For all those things and for a million other reasons it is customary and normal for a hotel waiter to be out of work—to be on the road most of the time.

AS I was walking in the center of the great metropolis of wealth around the hotel zone near the Grand Central high class apartment hotels at Forty-ninth street and Park avenue, in New York City, my friend Gus, with whom I had worked in many places, hurried towards me and with a smile on his face told me: "Come on, get ready, there is a chance for you in the hotel where I work in the room service. I spoke to the head waiter about you and he told me, 'All right, bring him around and I will see how he looks.' You have to have a new full dress suit, he told me, and the trousers have to have black silk stripes. The head waiter is very particular—he wants first-class service, you know. Also, you have to have five or six clean stiff front shirts and French military collars. You have to have patent leather shoes, for he always examines our shoes. They have to be shined at all times so you save trouble by wearing patent leather shoes. Have everything prepared so that you can start to work right away."

So I took the street leading to Seventh avenue where the second-hand clothing stores are located, looking for a full dress. I had about fifteen dollars in my pocket, and I had to be very careful how I spent the money to make it last till I got the job. Therefore, I was very cautious in buying the full dress and all the paraphernalia that goes with it. I went to a second-hand clothing store and asked for a second-hand full dress. The storekeeper asked me if I was going to use it for dancing purposes, or if I was a waiter. I answered him that I was a working man, a waiter, and he understood. He brought down from the shelf different kinds and sizes of dress coats. "Millionaires wore them before," he told me; "they cost hundreds of dollars, but you can have any one you choose for twenty dollars."

I told him once more that I knew the game and I offered him ten dollars. After a formal deliberation, he agreed and we closed the deal.

Next I had to get some stiff shirt fronts, cuffs and military collars for which I spent about three dollars. I did not have to buy any patent leather shoes, for I happened to have them from the previous job.

NEXT morning, with the waiter's panoply in my suit case, I started for the hotel. I went thru the delivery door, the employe's entrance. As I went in, the timekeeper asked me whom I wished to see. The house detective was standing just like a dragon staring at me with a suspicious look.

I told him I wanted to see the head waiter. The detective asked me if I was looking for a job. I answered him, "Yes Sir."

He called the head waiter on the telephone and the head waiter told him that I could go down to see him. Accompanied by the detective, I went down two basements. On one side was the baggage room where all the trunks of the guests were piled up in big rows. I read different labels of hotels pasted on the trunks, Paris, Berlin, London, Nice, Palm

Beach, San Francisco, Tokio, Pekin, Bombay, Alexandria, and all other countries of the world. Two Irish porters worked furiously taking in and shipping out the trunks of the traveling bourgeois guests.

As we went forward we passed the laundry where the work was done exclusively by women working at a frantic speed trying to keep up with the machine, folding napkins, tablecloths and bed linen as they came out of the mangle. A big cloud of steam coming out of the wet clothes as they were ironed out, filled the room so that you could not distinguish the working women in the laundry. You could only hear the voice of the forelady, "Hurry up, hurry up!" It seemed to me like a holy picture, picturing the descent of the god of the capitalist in a cloud of smoke, preaching the gospel of the speed-up and exploitation system. We went up one stairway, and we were in the office of the head waiter.

The head waiter, a tall, thin fellow, with a mephistophelian smile greeted me, "Good morning." His mechanical smile which he inherited as a habit trying to look pleasant to the guests betrayed his real self, an unscrupulous slave driver. He asked me the following questions:

"Where did you work before? Do you speak good English? Are you married or single? What nationality? How much do you weigh? Do you drink? What religion do you believe in? Are you a union man? Answer me why you quit your last job and how long you worked there?" And different other questions to none of which I answered the truth. For if I had told the truth, I would never have gotten the job.

After this cross-examination, he told me that I could start to work that night at five o'clock. They had several big parties, and he needed help anyway. He told the detective to take me up to the office to sign the contract.

I went into the office where a young girl had the contracts ready. She showed me the dotted line where to sign. I did not know what the contract said, or how much the wages would be or how many hours I would work or whether I would get a day off a week or none at all. I would not dare to ask such questions or read the contract for they would be suspicious that I might be a revolutionary worker, a union man.

I learned later from my friend, that the contract which I signed says that the boss has the right to discharge you any time, but if you want to leave you have to notify the boss a week before. That the wages were ten dollars a week and two days a month off. The workers who wanted to get four days a month off, had their wages reduced to eight dollars a week.

After the contracts were signed, I got my waiter's badge for which I paid one dollar, and fifty cents for the key of my locker. After all this red tape the detective took me down to the locker room where I put my clothes. I went out with only fifty cents in my pocket, after I paid for my clothes, badges and keys \$14.50 out of my whole capital of \$15.00.

I RETURNED at five o'clock and went straight to the floor where all the waiters were gathered. One of the waiters came in with an order from the head waiter:

"All waiters and bus boys in the grill room. The head waiter is going to lecture."

We all gathered in a circle around the head waiter who gave us a lecture on how to be clean and courteous to the guests. "Your faces," he said, "look terrible. You have no smile in your face. What's the matter? You don't get enough sleep or something? I know you are all working hard and long hours, but that has nothing to do with your being courteous and smiling once in a while. If you have troubles at home with your wife and children, leave them home or around the corner before you come to the hotel. Don't bring them in. The guests want a pleasant man to serve them. They don't want to know your troubles."

After this brilliant lecture he started a general inspection, inspecting our hair, ears, finger nails, fronts, cuffs, clothes, and shoes. A captain with a blue pencil was following him, and he drew two crossed lines on every shirt front which he thought was not clean enough. So the waiter had either to change his front or not work at all. Then he divided us into different groups to serve different parties. I and two other waiters had to serve Mrs. Van der Parasite, who gave a party of sixteen in

her apartment. He gave us the order on a piece of paper as follows:

Amandes Sale's.  
Celery and Olives.  
Canape du Caviare.  
Hoes D'Oeuvre Speciale.  
Consomme grenadin en tasse.  
Filet de Sole Anglaise Veronique pommes Parisienne.  
Petit pois francais.  
Quails en current jelly.  
Pommes Anna.  
Artichoke Hollandaise.  
Petit pois nouveaux.  
Pear coronation salad.  
Fromage Assortie, Camembert, Roquefort, Port du Salut, Cream Cheese.  
Baked Alaska or Profit Rolls.  
Demitasse.  
Toast Melba.

We, the three waiters came together, studied the order well and we divided the work so that we could get as good service as possible. One waiter went to get the table and set it in the room. I went to get the gold plates, the silver and the glasses. The other waiter went to order the stuff in the kitchen. In ten minutes all three of us were up in the apartment fixing the table. The maid gave us an order not to put any linen on the tale because her mistress wanted to put her own gold embroidered table cloths and napkins which she valued with pride at ten thousand dollars.

A pet monkey which was sitting by the luxurious fireside watched us working furiously following every move we made.

The walls of the dining room were covered with precious Persian rugs. In one corner was the statue of Buddha and in the corner opposite some holy vestments, antiques, of the Byzantine time.

The head waiter rushed up with two bus boys loaded with cracked ice and glasses of different shapes and forms, cocktail glasses, champagne glasses and cordial glasses. He directed the setting of the table. In the meantime, he put the champagne, the private stuff that the hostess had, on ice, and started shaking the cocktails.

Mrs. Van der Parasite emerged from an adjoining room to supervise the setting of the table. She gave all of us waiters the once over, holding a pair of lorgnettes in her hand. She was not satisfied with the appearance of the waiters. She did not like my face and complained to the head waiter why he did not have Theodore, a young pleasant looking Greek, and very obedient servant. "I pay enough money," she said, "and I must have what I want."

And she was right. Today the hotel waiters have to sell not only their energy and power, but their appearance and looks are also a commodity on the market.

The head waiter with a pleasant diplomatic way pacified her and told her that Theodore was off that day.

IN a few minutes the guests started to come.

I dashed down to get the Caviar which we served in the Reception Room with the cocktails. The other waiter brought up the Hors D'Oeuvre appetizers which were prepared with much art and skill to please the guests. One cook was working all day to fix the Hors D'Oeuvres. Everything was ready, and the hostess called everybody and seated them in their proper places at the table. Before the guests sat down we turned the lights out and we lighted some blue colored candles so as to give a mysterious and romantic atmosphere.

Two waiters passed around the Hors D'Oeuvre, while the other one came up with a huge electric heater in one hand and a table in the other, bringing in the consomme. He groaned under the heavy load and heat of the heater. The perspiration was pouring down his face and the heavy dress but added to the heat. I helped him take down the table. An expression of relief was apparent in his face as he muttered: "It's a great life if you don't weaken."

I and another waiter went down to get the next course. It was in the zenith of the rush time. All the dining rooms were filled. The waiters swarmed in the kitchen just like a colony of ants around a sugar bowl, carrying their orders on silver platters and covers to serve their masters. The chef was hollering the orders in French and in a loud tone so he could be heard from the deafening noise that was made by the dishwashing machine and

# A Letter From Lenin

The first instructions to comrades in Russia after the collapse of Czarism.

In the bulletin of the Lenin Institute in Moscow there are published the letters of Lenin to Comrades Shljapnikov and Kollantai, who were in the Scandinavian countries during the war and kept connections between Lenin and Russia. We publish the following letter which Lenin wrote to Comrade Kollantai in Christiania (now Oslo), who was to leave for Russia and had asked for instructions. Lenin wrote:

DEAR ALEXANDRA:

I have just received your telegram, which is written in such a way that sounds almost like irony. You think you can get "instructions" from here, where information is extremely scarce and when there are probably in Petrograd not only some comrades in actual leadership but also comrades with formal mandates from the central committee.

I have just read the message from the Petro-Telegraph Agency containing the program of the new government and also the news about the message to Bonar Law, that the czar has not yet abdicated and that it is not known where he is.

Yesterday it seemed as if the government of Gutchkov-Miliukov had come off completely victorious and had already begun negotiations with the dynasty; today the situation is that there is no longer any dynasty, the czar has escaped, and is, of course, preparing the counter-revolution!

We have begun to prepare theses, which will

probably be finished tonight and we will of course, send them to you. If you can wait for these theses, these will modify (or replace) what I now write only in my own name.

We have just completed with Zinoviev the first draft for the theses, a rough draft, and in the formal sense not at all satisfactory (we shall of course, not print it as it stands) but it will, I hope, give you a conception of the general lines.

We beg you urgently to give this information to Yuri\* and E. Bosh, and Ljudmila\*\* and at the same time scribble us some lines before you leave—and without fail make an arrangement with somebody who is to stay in Norway about the sending of our letters to Russia and of the letters from Russia to us. Please do that and urge some comrade who is to stay here (or some Norwegian who knows German, French or English) to be extremely prompt.

I consider the most important thing now not to get mixed up with foolish "agreements" with the social-patriots (or, what would be even more dangerous, with the organization committee,\*\*\* and vacillating elements like Trotsky and company), but to continue the work of our own Party consistently in the international spirit.

Now the order of the day is: To broaden out the work. organize the masses, rouse new

\*Piatakov.

\*\*Stalin.

\*\*\*The Mensheviks.

strata, backward, rural, servants, military nuclei, to a systematic, detailed, minute unmasking of the new government, and to prepare to take over power for the Soviets or Workers' Representatives. Only such a power can give bread, peace and liberty.

Now to strike a blow at the reaction! Not a shadow of confidence in or support of the new government, not a shadow of confidence in Kerensky, Gvosdjev, Ghenkeli, Cheldshe and Company.\*\*\*\* But armed waiting for the next development, armed preparation for it.

As there is free speech now, you must publish (as an explanation of recent history) our fiercest writings, and wire us, if we can help by writing thru Scandinavia. I am very much afraid that we will not succeed very soon in leaving this damned Switzerland. I shake your hand warmly. Yours, L.

I wish you every, every success!

P. S.—I am afraid that the weakest spot in Petrograd now will be mere enthusiasm, without systematic work for the new type of Party, which will under no circumstances be after the pattern of the "Second International." Broader work: to arouse new strata! To arouse new initiative, new organizations among all social groups, and show them that peace can come only thru an armed Soviet of Workers' Delegates, which has seized power.

\*\*\*\*Prominent social-revolutionists and Mensheviks, well-known social-patriots.

the clattering of the silverware that was handled at a furious speed in the silver room by the workers.

Everybody swears in the kitchen. In the dishwashing department they swear in Spanish and in Greek, from the terrific heat and steam. The workers know they are in hell, so they swear. The cooks are surrounded by fire, fire all around them, but the boss is a philanthropist, he supplies them with near beer to quench their thirst. We managed to get our order together and in two heavy loads of food covered with big shining silver covers we headed to the elevator.

ONE service elevator for fifteen floors was not enough when the rush started so we had to wait. The head waiter came down from the guests elevator. He took the express elevator and came to the service elevator where we were, mad as a bull. "You damn dumbbells," he said, "you shoemakers. What's the matter? You are as slow as molasses. Why don't you walk up the stairs if you can't get the elevator?"

The other waiter who had been working in the place quite long, made me a sign not to answer back. He told me afterwards that he, the headwaiter, gets that way many times but he cools off later. Finally, the elevator came. Five or six waiters with big loads packed in like cattle holding the trays high up like Atlas held the earth in mythology. We got off at our floor, rushed quick, and in time we took off the cups of the consomme, and served the fish filet of sole and the vegetables. We pass around everything, from one guest to the other.

All the guests were discussing different subjects by couples. One young couple discussed a criticism on a novel, "The White Monkey." Another young couple discussed a criticism on some opera singer in the role of Madame Butterfly. One fat old lady who was deaf was speaking thru a radio-like ear trumpet about charity activities. Another couple spoke about making millions of dollars, about business, exploitation, speculation in Wall Street.

So we had to wait holding those heavy burning silver plates in our hands till they got thru with their story in order to pick up a piece of fish or a spoonful of vegetables. The same way we served all the courses in the order of the menu.

One of the captains was an expert dressing maker for the salads. He made the dressing with the luxurious name "coronation." He mixed whipped cream, lemon, red pepper, Bar-Leduc. We served the salad, the cheese, the demi tasse and then the dessert. The profit rolls which is ice cream filled in rolls covered with chocolate sauce. They eat that to pay tribute to the profit system which allows them to live so luxuriously. Others had baked Alaska which is ice cream and cake covered with meringue and then baked in the oven. At last

we got thru. One waiter was left to serve the cordials, and the two other waiters, I and another one, took the dishes to the elevator—piles of them.

THE bus boys carried the dishes to the dish washers, and we went to the kitchen to get something to eat. We asked the night chef if he had anything for the waiters. He showed us a big pot full of beef stew, cooked several days ago and mixed with flour and restewed every day to look fresh and appealing to the help.

"Help yourselves, boys, plenty for everybody. Go to it," he said. But nobody cared, so the stew stayed there untouched. We took some soup and a glass of milk and we went down to the helps' hall, or mess hall as they call it. And it is a real mess. All the steam and hot water pipes of the hotel pass thru the helps' hall. They are placed in the ceiling. The heat that comes from those pipes gives us another shower bath. Once more we swim in our sweat.

There are four waiters, two bus boys, a houseman, and three dishwashers at my table. They all kick about the meals. They are getting worse every day. One of the waiters tells us his story that he had an order of prime ribs of beef and an order of mashed potatoes to be served in a certain room. He went up with full service, silver, ice water, bread, and everything. When he got up in the room the guest told him to cut it in small pieces and serve it to a pet alligator or crocodile which she had in the bath room.

Another waiter tells us a story that he served an order of lamb chops and vegetables the same way as the other waiter to a pet dog. All the waiters in one voice said: "Gee, the dogs have a better chance than the workers under the capitalist system."

A young Italian worker who was working in the ice plant which was located right opposite the helps' hall, came in and asked us if we wished music with the dinner. The workers that were working long in the place, knew the joke, and told him to put the piano in a high tune. I could not get the joke, but in a few seconds the Italian worker started a motor in the ice plant, to cut fine ice for the guests. It was making such a sharp noise cutting the ice that it was getting on everybody's nerves. We could not stand it. It would drive us crazy if we stood there any longer. So we started to our lockers to change our clothes.

IN front of the locker room there was posted a wall paper. A company supplies this wall paper to every hotel owner in the city. The subject is presented to the workers in pictures and a few explanatory notes down below give the dope to the workers this way. Every fifteen days a new subject is presented to the workers.

On one of them was a picture of a dragon with a big mouth exactly as the Steeple Chase

in Coney Island, devouring everything. At the bottom was written: "Waste," and in the opposite side was a picture of unemployed workers on a bench in the park, and at the bottom of this whole picture was written: "Waste brings unemployment. Don't waste, save everything you can. Help your boss to give you a job."

On another poster they had a pencil with this caption: "Does it belong to you? If not, return it to the office."

On another one they had a big factory with different machines and inventions with the following caption: "Who thought of that? Workers, if you can think of any facility which will do the work better, don't be afraid, come and tell it to the boss and you will get a favorable comment."

Such are the methods that the bosses use to keep the workers down, unorganized so they can exploit them as they please.

We went to the lockers to change. My dress coat was soaking wet just like a wet woolen blanket. The stiff collars were wet and soft as if you had soaked them in boiling water. I took off my underwear to wring the water out, but it was impossible to wear it any more. The weather outside was below zero and if I were to go out with wet underwear it would mean sure pneumonia.

So I was forced to put on my street clothes without any underwear. There is no bath room in the helps' quarters, but every room in the hotel in the guest rooms has two baths—a shower bath and a tub bath. There is no room in the lockers to have an extra suit of underwear. Most of the cooks and waiters leave the hotel with wet underwear. That is why most of them get sick.

Only a powerful union can better the conditions and the slavery that exists today in the New York hotels.

WE dress and wait for the other waiter who was left to serve the cordials to see how much will be the tip—our wages of the day. But we were disappointed when the waiter came down and told us that is not within the etiquette to present the check the same night of the dinner, while the guests are in the house. So Mrs. Van der Parasite holds on to the etiquette in this matter. And when we present the check next day she finds different complaints and excuses on the service so as to cut down the tip.

I was thunderstruck by the explanation given to me by the waiter for I was flat broke. I had spent everything I possessed in order to get the job, hoping to get a few cents from the tips, and now I had to wait till Mrs. Van der Parasite sees fit to reward us for our services rendered.

THIS is, in short, heaven for one class and hell for the other that exists today in the New York hotels.

# It Can't Be Stopped!

TRADE UNION UNITY



AMERICAN BILLIONAIRE IMPERIALIST TO AMERICAN TRADE UNIONISTS: "Now boys, you wouldn't think of associating with those damn foreigners, would you? Ain't we Americans going to stick together and conquer the whole world?" But the American Trade Union Movement cannot always be held under the domination of American Capitalists. The American Trade Unions also will ultimately line up for World Trade Union Unity, says Cartoonist Maurice Becker.

## "Funny Harry Waton" - - By Michael Gold

PROBABLY everyone who reads these lines will be ignorant of the fact that a red revolution was declared in New York, on the morning of April 12, 1923. It did not succeed, of course, but it got out its manifesto anyway.

Ellis O. Jones, a humorist formerly connected with Life, Judge and other satirical organs of the middle class, was the leader, father, nurse and trumpet of this revolution.

He held it in Central Park. A few cops were there to hear him read his proclamation, and a few curious friends to applaud. The weather was bad; it rained, and Ellis had to do his revolting under an umbrella. Maybe the drizzle was what put a damper on the spread of this stunt revolution.

No one took it seriously, anyway. But there are five or six people who take Harry Waton seriously, the chief of these being Harry Waton himself.

He is not satisfied with a mere revolution in New York however; he is going to start a world revolution. Harry has held a meeting in a hall, and published a "Marxian" pamphlet, and now the revolution ought to begin.

Harry does not approve of the Communist International. So he is going to start a new International, he announces. He does not approve of the Workers (Communist) Party of America. He is going to start a new party, therefore.

He does not approve of the church-god, neither does he approve of those who would kill the god-idea, and put in its place science and reason.

So Harry has invented a new Wat-

onian god for his Watonian International and his party of Watonian Communists.

He has provided for everything. Everything but the most important element in any movement—the masses.

The masses will not follow you, Harry, even tho you think you have the revealed word of a mystic "Mark" in your mystic grasp. The masses of the proletariat instinctively sniff out freaks and egotists. The time has passed for these last-stand, side-show saviours. Marxism is a blue-print to history; it is a technique for mass movements; it is everything but a philosophy for individualistic street-evangelists out for a collection and a personal church.

By the eleven thousand virgins of Cologne, what amazing effrontery. Millions of workers march behind the red flag of the Comintern, on a platform worked out by Lenin and other master minds.

And Harry Waton, a funny little egotistic book-worm of Second Avenue, comes along in 1926 and declares he will sweep all this away and set up a new and more correct movement.

Some of us have often wanted to run the world, but we never had the nerve to confess it to others. But Harry is naked and unshamed. Let's crown him with a bundle of old herrings and onion tops, the kind housewives drop from tenement windows on the East Side on the heads of passers-by.

He deserves it. He deserves a leather medal. He deserves a slapstick on the pants, a putty nose, and an ice-cream suit. He is a wonderful comedian.

### The Art of Making a Living

By J. O. Bentall.

MRS. MONEYBAGS was very tired and her head ached, so she had a masseur come in to massage her. The masseur was tired also and her head ached, but she felt that she had to go, for she had her living to make.

Mrs. Moneybags wore only the most expensive lingerie. Selma, the shop girl who sold it, loved it, but never had even enough of the simpler kind, for she had her living to make.

The real estate agent sold Mrs. Moneybags a beautiful house. He lived in a small and dingy flat himself, together with his family of five children, but he made his living by selling big estates for his boss.

The car salesman also sold Mrs. Moneybags the kind of a high-powered car he only dreamed of having, but never expected to get, for he had his living to make.

All of Mrs. Moneybags' servants did her bidding, and were always at her beck and call, for she was rich, and they had their living to make.

Marjorie adored furs and high-priced gowns and wore them every day. She was a manikin and had a living to make, so she posed for Mrs. Moneybags and her kind, but when her day's work was over she donned her old dress that she had just patched up and renewed.

Mrs. Moneybags' hair dresser, her beauty specialists, her physician, even her butcher and grocer, catered to her, for they all had their living to make.

Mrs. Moneybags was tired and morose almost all the time. She did not think any too highly of Mr. Moneybags, but she went thru with it. You see, Mrs. Moneybags had her living(?) to make, too.

### On "Going Back First"

By J. O. Bentall.

ONCE upon a time there lived a king who was very great and very funny and very stupid. He had power over his people and did with them as he pleased.

Among his subjects were those who did not like his tyrannies, and for such a king had as much love as Botany Johnson has for the strikers in Passaic.

The one crime that riled the king more than all other crimes committed by his people was that of hinting at "a living wage." All who were found guilty thereof were hauled up before

a peanut judge and sentenced to death by hanging.

When a large group of condemned victims were in the hangman's yard one day an unusual thing happened. Some of the group expressed an unwillingness to die. "Let us go on strike against this sentence of death," they said. Whereupon they walked out of the death yard, demanding the while that an agreement be reached before they go back to be hung.

But the king arose in his almightiness and in the dignity of his stupidity and said: "Let them first go back and be hung and then we will talk an agreement."

# Psychology of Revolution

By D. KVITKO.

FIRST ARTICLE

(Introductory)

A Psycho-Analytic Perversion of Mass Activity.

WHAT abuse and ridicule are being heaped on the Communist's head when he speaks of the need of revising the bourgeois culture! Even socialists—tho they claim Marxian parentage—poke fun at the "proletarian culture," forgetting that political economy, sociology, etc., have been already revised from a proletarian viewpoint. But there still remain other sciences quite untouched by the Communists, which also need revision; for instance, the field of social psychology, a virgin soil for our exploration. Nay, not altogether virgin, for the bourgeois husbandman ploughed and sowed it with venomous herbs which rooted themselves deeply in our "humanitarian" soil.

One example will illustrate how the bourgeois savants pollute our cultural sources. In the city of New York recently was staged a production under the title of "Goat Song," a rich symbolic play dealing with revolution in an artistic way. The Goat Song by Franz Werfel is a gem (so rare in our days of Abie's and other roses) prolific with ideas. It openly eulogizes social revolution. The written symbolically, yet the true meaning could be grasped by the average theatergoer, had the reviewers of the capitalist press not "reviewed" it,—that is distorted it,—to suit their own purposes. When interpreted from a revolutionary angle there is no superfluous or contradictory character in the play.

But some doctor of the New York Evening Sun could not let go such a revolutionary play without "psycho-analyzing" it. The doctor "psycho-analyzes" it so that in his "scientific" hands it became the embodiment of destruction, mob insanity, delusion and what not. It was a shameful trick, but, hats off! it was "psycho-analyzed" and many an unsophisticated reader was knocked off his feet. What the doctor has done with a revolutionary play, is generally being done with revolutionary phenomenon and unpatriotic mass action.

No modern warfare can survive without the aid of the doctor. But for purposes of class warfare, instead of the medical doctor, the doctor of psychology is called in and the revolutionary "mob" and the radical leader are first "psychologically" examined, and after such scientific analysis they are declared to be fit for either the psychopathic ward, asylums for the feeble-minded, or institutions for criminals.

Yet, when the layman speaks about psychology he speaks with reverence; not knowing that psychology, especially social psychology is as a science no more exact, than philosophy or sociology; that is that a bourgeois interpretation is just as valid here as it is valid in political economy. Of course, the question of strikes or revolution will have to be settled on the street but the bourgeois theories must be combatted in the pages of our press.

For this reason we shall first lay bare the various theories of revolutionary psychology showing the bourgeois face peeping out from them, and then we will build our own Marxian foundation for psychology. We will have first to clear the ground from the pseudo-scientific rubbish and then break it for our own structure. We shall attempt to prove that the Communist theory is grounded on a correct interpretation of human psychology, that the various anti-revolutionary theories of the "pathological" state of "imitation," "hypnosis," etc.,

are false, that our hypotheses are true, that our interpretation is correct, that is, that the philosophy of Communism is justified by its psychology. We shall prove that in all bourgeois theories are hidden both the fear of the capitalist before revolution and the distortion of facts in order to discredit revolutionary action. We shall commence our task with a brief exposition of the popular psycho-analytic theory of Dr. Freud by first expounding this theory and then showing how it is applied to the social field.

This doctrine operates with mystical terms of the "subconscious," "libido" (sexual force) "inferiority and other complexes," "suppressed wishes" etc., as with scientific discoveries, facts about which there is no doubt. In truth, there is no more speculative theory, no less scientific doctrine, than this "new psychology," as its supporters please to name it. Why, then, did it become so popular? Why does the layman take more interest in this theory than in any other?

The answer is that no other theory contains so much sensational material as psychoanalysis does. Dr. Freud, its founder, emphasizes the sexual element ("libido") where others see entirely different causes at work. But the psycho-analyst is such a skillful diviner, that he interprets the whole spiritual domain by these suppressed wishes. The whole "subconscious life," asserts the psycho-analyst, appears in a disguised symbolic form (why symbolic and how do they know that it is symbolic they do not tell us). Our dreams are phenomena of illegal ("suppressed") wishes and in the absence of the "censor"—the moral guardian—they sneak thru the forbidden border-line of obscurity. These dreams, according to them, are not chance combinations of a wandering mind, but records of the past, events symbolically disguised and therefore meaningful.

For instance, a long forgotten youthful infatuation, about which we ourselves "were not aware," that is a "suppressed wish," finds the "censor" after many years of suppression fast asleep. It then crowds thru many such suppressed wishes to the fore of one's consciousness and results in a dream. (Why this "wish" and no other they do not know). But this long forgotten experience no longer appears in its original form, whom we could greet as an old time friend or jeer as our enemy, but it appears in a fantastic, novel way. This happens with everybody but when the nerves are shattered, the idle and superstitious runs to the skillful magician for deciphering the script and he does it by making a story out of it. Who is there to contradict him that the meaning is not so? One cannot verify it himself, not even by his past experience, since that experience was "suppressed" from the beginning, that is, "consciously" one never beheld the experience and never will.

Of course, this presupposes a hidden "psyche," "soul," or spiritual entity which manages these affairs. As far as this theory has to deal with an anti-materialistic conception, mystic elements of "consciousness" or "subconsciousness" it is a reactionary theory, and we would pass it in silence.

But some step out with this theory and lay it at the foundation of their counter-revolutionary doctrine, showing that our ideals are such dreams, and both the "crowd" and the leader are obsessed by delusions. One of the quacks is Mr. F. D. Martin, chairman of the Cooper Union Forums, who is a "keen" observer of mass psychology. It is quite evident that Mr. Martin's hatred of mass action gave birth to his "theory," and for his dogma he sought the support of such prominent figures as James, Bergson, Freud, Dewey, tho they never dwelt upon this question (to support his own insignificance). But about Mr. Martin's "theory" next time.

## "All is Arranged"

By MICHAEL GOLD.

IT is arranged a Communist hang at dawn.

It is arranged he strangle as the sun rises, when dark mountains burst in flame, and birds sing.  
Pomp is arranged; church bells will boom, soldiers bugle and beat drums, shoot volleys.  
Flags shine in the public square, under the sky,  
With statesmen, generals and priests at the dark scaffold.  
State ritual;  
All is arranged.

2.

A lesson: A blow to stun the workers.  
A city to witness that Communists die like rats.  
A city to learn workers must be silent.  
The fat general has arranged it all.  
Divine services and a sacrifice to the fat frockcoat God.  
All, all is arranged.

3.

The Communist sits in his dark cell alone.  
Dawn will come,  
The sun rise, the Communist hang.  
But he is not terrified, he is not crushed;  
He has laid aside his strong body, said farewell to love and hate.  
And all night his mind chants a grim, beautiful chant,  
The chant of a Communist when it is arranged that he hang under the sky,  
The chant of the magnificence of history.

4.

Good-bye, strong mother who bore me in poverty.  
I must leave you, I have been ravished by the magnificence of history.  
Good-bye dear wife, and little happy son,  
I loved you well, but I am part of the magnificence of history.  
Good-bye, my strong body, I loved you, too.  
But you must burn in the fire of a greater body.  
History kissed my mouth when I was young.  
I was chosen, it was arranged.

5.

A thousand times our battle was lost.  
Spartacus was crucified,  
And thick as forest trees stood the crosses out of Rome,  
Where proletarians moaned for days and dripped blood and could not die.  
But our battle was not lost.  
The German peasants were mowed down with scythes.  
The French Communards were stacked like wood in Pere La Chaise.  
But our battle was not lost.  
Millions of workers died in the trenches of war, they choked the weary ground,  
And the battle seemed lost again, and my heart broke,  
But I beheld Comintern walk the earth with his plow,  
I saw Comintern weave again the strands of the great, glowing design of world history.  
And I knew our battle was not lost,  
And I was dazzled with wonder that the proletaire will yet rule the earth,  
And I am raptured with the beauty of the magnificence of history,  
For our battle is never lost, and all, all is arranged.

6.

The dawn comes, the Communist is strangled, his chest ceases.  
Dark city masses witness as the General has arranged.  
But the air is full of chanting from all over the world.  
And proletarian eyes see the huge shape of Comintern walking,  
walking behind his plow over the stony fields of the world.  
And proletarian hearts beat hard with the magnificence of history.  
And the hung Communist is reborn in a thousand proletarian hearts,  
Yes, all, all is arranged.

## 'Hold Firm'

A Poem to the Textile Workers

By Adolf Wolff.

JOIN one! Join all!  
Who weave and spin.  
Alone you fall,  
United win!

Hold firm! Close knit!  
Like cloth you make.  
A thread will split,  
But cloth won't break.

You downed your tools  
And will refuse  
Like slaves or fools,  
To stand abuse.

You've toiled enuff!  
Your blood and tears  
Into their stuff  
You've spun for years.

A living wage!  
Your just demand,  
A living wage!  
By this you stand.

Join one! Join all!  
Who weave and spin.  
Alone you fall,  
United, win!

# Progressive Miners Smash Dual Unions

By Alex Reid.

THE "Federated Miners' Union" of district five, has passed into the beyond, unwept, unsung. This so-called union like many dual unions in the past, that was organized to usher in a new wave of prosperity for the workers, and to displace the United Mine Workers of America, which, according to its officers had outlived its usefulness, so the press reports, has now been totally liquidated and its few members have returned to the United Mine Workers of America. Peace to its rotten ashes.

## Faker Elected President.

THIS dual union was organized last December in the Fort Pitt Hotel, Pittsburgh, Pa. W. T. Harris, ex-president of the West Virginia State Federation of Labor was elected president, and J. L. Hoffman was elected secretary. The dual union was in reality a company union, instigated and aided by the large coal companies around Pittsburgh, Pa., with a program of "back to the 1917 wage scale" to enable the coal owners to compete with the non-union coal, and to give the miners in the Pittsburgh district more work.

## Backward Program.

AS is usual in like cases, the sponsors of the dual movement had an elaborate set of principles, but in this instance many of them, to say the least, were very unprincipled, and only men who were the willing tools of the coal owners, and acting directly for them, and who were the avowed enemies of the rank and file, at a time when the miners were unemployed and starving, could have brot forth such an outrageous program to be foisted onto the shoulders of the suffering coal diggers.

The declaration of principles set forth by the sponsors of this dual movement were many. Unfortunately, and sad to relate many of the charges against Lewis and the bureaucracy were true. It is not exaggerating any to say that Lewis and district five officials were largely responsible for the birth of this dual union, thru the total neglect of the miners' affairs, and their bankrupt policies.

## Lewis, Fagan Treachery.

THE sponsors of this now dead dual union, played well on the emotions of the starving miners, taking advantage of their long unemployment, disgust with the Lewis and Fagan treachery, to fasten the company union on their necks, but thanks to the progressive miners in District Five, it was a total failure.

As usual the U. M. W. of A. officials did little to destroy the dual sentiment in the district, but the progressive miners at every opportunity wrote and spoke against it, and to them, and them alone belongs the credit of holding the U. M. W. of A. intact. At the very inception of the dual union sentiment in the district, the progressive miners bitterly fought against it, in all their local unions, and everywhere appropriate to the occasion with crowning victory—not to the officials of the U. M. W. of A., but as usual, to the Progressive Miners in our union.

## Charges Lewis Is Traitor.

THE charges put forth by the dualists against the officials of the U. M. W. of A. were legion. Among them was the following:

(1) "That the miners' leaders have built a matchless political organization for the sole purpose of perpetrating themselves in office and an organization to be bargained, exchanged or sold at the whim of the miners' leaders to the highest political bidders."

The dualists state the following to be a quotation of John L. Lewis to the newspapers:

(2) "That a wage scale is an instrument drafted by men seeking political office, who have no financial or other interest in the mining industry, but are fully content to make an empty, vague and meaningless offer of high wages, beyond the reach of practical union coal producers, paying union wages, to pay and compete in a competitive commercial coal market against non-union coal

producers paying a wage scale 33 1-3 per cent less.

(3) "That Lewis in making the Jacksonville agreement, upon his own statement, bargained and sold the union miners to a political party for an empty promise, the results of which have served to destroy the U. M. W. of A., shackle the miners in the union, and pass to non-union coal producers the greatest era of prosperity and output of tonnage in the history of the non-union field."

(4) That Lewis and the bureaucracy violated the constitution by refusal to send out the election returns of the last national election. That fields formerly controlled by the union no longer exist, the men having returned to the mines, non-union, as a protest against the national and district officials. That northern West Virginia, once union, is lost forever to the U. M. W. of A. That southern West Virginia and Kentucky are producing tremendous tonnage under non-union conditions. That central Pennsylvania is non-union, and lost to the U. M. W. of A., while the miners in Ohio and Indiana are in a critical condition.

(5) That the strike in the anthracite region, involving 158,000 men, was a well-laid scheme of the national officials to extricate themselves from the political blundering into which President Lewis entered to sell and bargain the mine workers of America to a political party for a vague, empty, meaningless, worthless and unprofitable so-called wage scale.

## No Justification.

UNFORTUNATELY many of the charges against Lewis are true. Assuming that all the charges against the national and district officials were true, that does not justify the dualists attempting to break up the United Mine Workers of America.

In most of the dual union movements of the past the workers have been generally militant members of the union attempting to better the wages and working conditions by a short cut, but this dual union in Pennsylvania was entirely different. It had as its main proposal a reduction of wages, and loss of working conditions. Its slogan was "back to the 1917 wage scale, to enable us to compete with non-union coal."

## March Backward.

It made no difference to the dualists that the 1917 scale was one-third less than the 1924 scale, that even tho the non-union miners were working more days than the union men they were in debt to the coal owners at the end of the pay. It made no difference to these company union tools that the miners in the non-union fields were existing in a stage of peonage, that their constitutional and natural rights were held in abeyance, that the immediate remedy was organization of the unorganized. All they wanted was a 'new union'—with the coal companies' tools at its head and a tortuous march backwards to 1917, bringing the hellish wages and conditions of West Virginia and Kentucky into the Pittsburgh district.

## Shames Officials.

ONE more dual union gone. One more attempt of the open-shoppers and the degenerate tools to break the morale of the miners has failed, and one more brilliant victory for the progressive miners of District 5, and one more cause for shame to the treacherous officials of the U. M. W. of A.

## Mislead Militants.

HOW much longer are the workers going to permit themselves to be misled by this folly—dual unionism. The lessons to the workers from this curse has been many, yet the dualists, unfortunately, find ready response among some of our most militant but mislead members in the labor movement.

Examining this question of dualism for a number of years back, we find a sad state of affairs. Not only in Pennsylvania but also in Nova Scotia and Alberta we find the miners' union has suffered terribly from this viper—dual unionism. Thruout the north-west we find the U. M. W. of A. in complete chaos with about a half dozen dual unions fighting each other for supremacy, with the inevitable re-

sult of complete confusion in the ranks of the coal diggers. About this I wrote in The DAILY WORKER:

## Result of Defeat and Betrayal.

THE Alberta miners, betrayed by the Lewis machine, their wages reduced, working conditions worsened, spurned and repudiated by the bureaucracy, turned for aid to a greater foe, the generation old idea of dual unionism, which has been more responsible than any other one thing within the labor movement for its backward condition in this country today.

"The miners, misled and betrayed, must face this question squarely and examine the dual movements of the past immediately before this poisonous reptile does any more harm than it has already done.

## Well Meant, But an Error.

IN 1905 socialists, anarchists, socialist laborites, industrialists and progressives, amidst a blare of trumpets, gave birth to the union that was to supplant the entire trade union structure and to realign the labor movement on a new revolutionary basis—the I. W. W.

"This organization, supported by and composed of the most militant members of the working class at its birth, lived, prospered and gained in membership for a time, but today has declined to about 16,000 members. Its strength and influence is practically gone and is a negligible factor as an organization of the masses of labor today.

"The rank and file had fought, suffered and sacrificed too much to build up their old unions to turn them aside for the new, and the same is true of all the other dual unions formed.

## The Collapse of the W. F. of M.

IN 1905 the Western Federation of Miners joined with the I. W. W. and remained with them for two years and then withdrew. The most militant fighters bitterly opposed the withdrawal, and stayed with the I. W. W.—such fighters as Haywood and St. John with a score of others.

"Because the Western Federation of Miners refused to stay the the I. W. W. the dualists set out to destroy it, hoping to get its membership in this manner, and finally reduced it to such a state that when the capitalist forces made their onslaught they completely wrecked the union. Not even the name of that splendid industrial union is left today, and nothing was left in its place of any power or number.

"It is well, tho, that we state, had the officials of the Western Federation of Miners met the onslaught of the capitalists with a solid front instead of allowing piece-meal destruction of a district at a time, the organization may still have been to the fore.

"Or had the militant fighters given to the miners' union the loyalty and energy that they gave to their new union, the I. W. W., and stayed within the federation, the miners' union would still be the pride of the American labor movement that it was in days gone by.

## Canadian O. B. U.

THE great movement in Canada in 1918, known as the Canadian One Big Union, is another classical example of dual unionism. This organization steadily grew to 40,000 membership and today has declined to about 4,000.

"The new union got nowhere, and the old ones were weakened and split by the loss of many thousands of their most militant members. Not only that, but the rising minority opposition that was crystallizing in the old unions was wrecked, and the control passed exclusively into the hands of the reactionaries.

## Transport Unions Ruined.

MANY other dual union and secession movements could be mentioned. Such as the A. R. U., and the secession movement of the switchmen in 1920. During the last two years the longshoremen and seamen have had bitter experience with secession movements.

"Both of these organizations had lost big strikes, and both of them were in need of rebuilding and rejuvenating by the militant progressive element, but just at this critical moment when they were needed most to

strengthen the unions they set about to tear them to pieces.

## More Unions—Less Unionism.

FIVE dual unions appeared, and when they finished fighting the old unions and fighting each other nearly all traces of unionism were wiped out in many seaports. Similar attacks are now being directed against the weakened railroad shopmen's unions.

"It is a notable fact that generally the dualists have been of the revolutionary or progressive type, who, disgusted with the program and tactics of the bureaucracy in the old unions, have unsuccessfully attempted, by lack of left wing organization, to turn the old unions into revolutionary weapons of the working class.

"Despairing of doing so by working without organization of a left wing, and looking for a short cut, they turned to dual unionism to accomplish that end. The result, however, altho unintentional, has been to further weaken the existing unions and the progressive element therein, leaving the bureaucracy more firmly entrenched.

## Must Fight Inside Unions.

BROTHER miner, your struggle in the union is the same as the struggle of workers in all the labor unions thruout America today. It is part of the class struggle. The Lewis machine, like the Berrys, B. and O. Johnstons, Lees, Greens, Farringtons and the whole class-collaboration outfit of the A. F. of L. can never be fought outside the old unions by forming new ones.

"To withdraw from the old unions is but to weaken yourselves and to turn the old unions over exclusively to the fakers. Those amongst you who are advocating a split in the miners' union are playing into the hands of the coal operators and the bureaucracy.

## Good Intentions Not Enough.

SHOULD the misguided few succeed in splitting away the discontented element in the miners' union, the element that has been in the vanguard of the struggle against the bureaucracy, the element that has fought for the miners in all the struggles of the coal diggers, the only real protection and leadership the coal diggers have, would but rob the membership of every vestige of protection and do the very opposite from what these militants set out to do in the first place—protect the miners from the treachery of their leaders.

"The miners will not give up the U. M. W. of A. They have fought and sacrificed for the union as few outside of it can understand. The plains and hillsides of this country are crimson with the blood of men who died that our union may live. Ludlow and Cabin Creek will never be erased from the memory of the coal diggers, and the contemptible leeches who now are in control of our union—the Lewises, Farringtons, and Cappelinis—will be fought and defeated within our union by the combined effort of an awakened, outraged opposition.

## Organize Progressive Committees.

IF we could organize the members outside the union we can certainly organize within it more easily. It is our duty to organize within the union at this time for the Progressive Miners' program, and part of that program must be the cleaning out of the class collaboration officials who are fighting the progressive demands of the coal diggers.

So, all together, slaves of the pick, organize with the Progressive Miners, for their program, organize for the next convention, elect progressives to fight for our program, for nationalization of the mines, shorter work day and week, for organization of the unorganized, for a labor party of the working class.

"Down with all secession movements!

"Down with the splitting!

"Make the U. M. W. of A. the leading fighting section of the working class in America!

Our motto must be:

"Not the destruction, but the conquest of the trade unions."