INNOCENT NEGRO MEETS DEATH AT HANDS OF INFURIATED MOB

By GORDON W. OWENS.

The white fiends, ghouls, vultures and morons on the staff of the bloodthirsty anti-Negro capitalist newspaper, the Chicago Tribune, must feel highly elated now that a Nigger has been lynched in Chicago.

The foul and filthy Tribune, like a poisonous rattlesnake, has been spitting forth its Negro-baiting venom, for ever and anon.

This Nigger-hating newspaper on its front page last week, printed in lurid details, of how a white girl was dragged into a hall way by a Negro, who attempted to attack her there, and how an infuriated mob of whites kicked and beat the Negro assailant to death.

It was later proven that an innocent, unmolesting Negro worker was killed by a mob of white booze hounds, and that the girl had not been molested by a Negro at all.

The next day on page 10, in small type appears an article in this race-riot breeding newspaper telling how an innocent Negro was killed by the white hoodlums.

This is the way the Tribune reports everything in reference to a Negro or Negroes, by printing dastardly, vicious and bare-face lies. The stench of this yellow newspaper is so rank that it stinks to high heaven.

And what is true of the Tribune, is also true of the other capitalist newspapers. Negroes should boycott the Tribune, and cease buying it.

The Chicago DAILY WORKER, the Communist daily, is the one and only daily newspaper in the United States which is fair and square to Negroes. The DAILY WORKER prints truthful and unbiased Negro news and articles.

Negroes all over the county are duty bound to read and support, and subscribe to the DAILY WORKER. Fortunately many Negroes read, buy and subscribe to The DAILY WORKER, and more will continue to do so.

As the circulation of The DAILY WORKER increases, prejudice against Negroes and other people decreases.

The Negroes can help to decrease prejudice against them, by helping to increase the circulation of the DAILY WORKER.

Yep, War Is Hell!

To The DAILY WORKER:—"Forbes" is a magazine for capitalists and the would-bes. At the end of an article appearing in the October 15 issue, is the statement, evidently intended as a climax, that Sherman was right when he said that war was hell.

Don't imagine for a moment tho, that the writer, J. F. Lisman, member of the New York Stock Exchange and expert on railroad consolidations, is shedding tears because of the millions of lives lost in the world cataclysm. Nor should you suppose that the crippled and maimed, the widowed and orphaned, have aroused his compassion. Oh no! Not even the loss of hundreds of thousands of lives of his fellow countrymen is tormenting this investment banker . . . even before he makes his home in Hades.

What is causing Lisman so much concern, is the repudiation of the czarist debts by the Russian Soviet Republic. What greater calamity could befall any capitalist than that he should be deprived of his loot?

What does it matter that men turn into beasts, disemboweling each other with a curse. The blind, the shell-shocked, the limbless remains of what were once men, these are necessary sacrifices for "democracy." What makes war hell, is the rise to power of the working class and the abolition of the exploiters by means of confiscation and repudiation. If that's hell, let's have more of it.—Jay Engel.

We Greet Our New Comrade.

To the DAILY WORKER:—Cannot fully express my gratitude to Comrade Meyler for sending me the DAILY WORKER. I appreciate the literature sent and I am trying my best, in this sparsely settled neighborhood, to get the literature before thinking people, not bourgeois nor capitalists, of which I have more than I need.

I do enjoy T. J. O'Flaherty. He wields a terrific shilelah, many a "hearty grunt" will escape from the mauled capitalist system when he strikes, and that Berzerk of my own blood, Engdahl, when Berzerkganz takes him, the plutes have something dangerous on their hands.

As I am in my 70th year, I cannot be as useful as I'd like to be, but I will send you from time to time, little versus like the enclosed, as "the spirit moves." I would like to be considered a comrade in the ranks,

Thorjus Rinden.

Editor's Note—We print Comrade Rinden's poem in another section of this issue.

RED KERCHIEFS.

To the DAILY WORKER: In Monday's DAILY WORKER, on the report of the Foster-Gitlow campaign meeting, it was stated that "other union groups were conspicious for the red kerchiefs, etc." May I please inform you that the groups referred to were the Chicago Juniors. They were out in full force.

As for the kerchiefs, at the last C. C. C. of the Juniors, this kerchief was adopted as the Junior symbol, after the form of the Russian Pioneers. Hereafter, if you see a young comrade with a red kerchief around his neck, you may be sure he is a Chicago Junior.

Eva Stolar, City Publicity Manager of the Juniors.

Русская Вечеринка

Russian Vecherinka, performance and dance will be given by the Society for Technical Aid to Soviet Russia, TODAY, Sat., Oct. 18, at 8 P. M. at the Soviet School, 1902 W. Division St. A good time is promised to all Are you coming?

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To All Communists In America

We Quote

"But an especial feature, outdistancing anything we have ever done before, will be the beginning in the November issue (Workers Monthly) of the 'History of the Russian Communist Party,' by Gregory Zinoviev. This unexampled account of the greatest movement the world has ever known, written by its chosen chief, the President of the Communist International, who lived thru its early struggles as the intimate associate of Lenin, has been put into English for the first time for serial publication by monthly installments which will cover a period of several months. For those who wish to understand in intimate detail the tremendous force that is remaking the world—to know the meaning of history while it is in the making—and above all for those who wish to throw smug timidity to the winds and to become an active part in the glorious struggle—the reading of this great work is indispensable. Especially for those courageous men and women (and boys and girls!) who have already become members of the American Communist party, the Workers Party, this series is their opportunity."

ROBERT MINOR—in the October, last issue, of The Liberator.

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In the November Issue
"Paterson—Field of Battle"
By Rebecca Grecht
"Seven Years of Workers' Rule"
By Moissaye Olgin

Publication date of the Workers Monthly—November First.

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THE DAILY WORKER

SECOND SECTION
This magazine supplement will appear every Saturday in The Daily Worker.

OCTOBER 18, 1924.

Communism Versus LaFolletteism

By Alexander Bittelman

In the last analysis, Communism versus LaFolletteism is the same thing as working class against capitalist class. That may not be as yet apparent to the American working masses at this time, but it is true, nevertheless, and as time goes on this truth will become the inalienable property of every loyal member of the working class.

Two Angles of Communism

What does Communism stand for? If a straw vote were to be taken on this question among the working masses, the common answer would be something like this: Revolution, Soviet Russia, some future order of society, the millenium on earth, etc.

In all these answers there would be found a certain measure of truth. Communism stands for Revolution, of course, for the social revolution which will abolish capitalism and lay the foundation for the communist order of society. Communism stands for Soviet Russia. In what sense? In the sense that Soviet Russia is the living example of how the working class all over the world will eventually break the chains of capitalism.

But this is not all that Communism stands for. Or, rather, the above is only one phase of Communism, the phase that embodies the final aims of the proletarian class struggle. But what about the struggle itself? Has Communism anything to contribute to the immediate needs of the masses?

This is the second angle of Communism, the one which deals with the methods of struggle of the working masses to be employed by them today and tomorrow and until the very moment when they become ready to seize power, for the overthrow of capitalist rule. Communism, therefore, is not only the ideal of the future order of society but also (and mainly) the theoretical and political expression of the everyday struggles of the working masses against capitalist exploitation.

The Communist message to the workers is a message of struggle against the capitalists. Whatever affects the wellbeing of the workers is therefore of immediate and practical concern to Communism and to the Communist Party. It is primarily from this angle that one must consider the challenge of the Workers Party against LaFolletteism.

Between Big Capital and the Workers

What is LaFolletteism? It is a political movement seeking political power. It makes its appeal from two bases. To the middle classes LaFolletteism appeals in the name of capitalism (yes, capitalism) and against the danger of violent revolutions, while to the working masses the appeal is made on the basis of fair play to labor.

Just read LaFollette's campaign propaganda. You will find that the basic idea of all the utterances of the La-Follette group directed to the middle classes is: Save the existing order! Don't permit the struggle between capital and labor to reach the point of violent revolution! If necessary let us grant to the upper sections of labor and to the trade union bureaucracy some minor concession, but, for heaven's sake, don't let the class struggle assume the proportions of civil war.

This is the essence of LaFolletteism. It represents the groups and classes that stand between the working class and Big Capital. Economically these classes come into conflict not only with Big Capital but also with the workers. The rich farmer, the independent manufacturer, the small merchant and banker—and these groups know quite well which side their bread is buttered on. They are conscious of their respective group interests which they are determined to defend.

Now, what happens is this. When these middle classes come into sharp collision with the monopolized industries and big bankers, which usually happens in times of crisis and economic depression, they (the middle classes) incline more towards the workers. On the other hand, when business is comparatively good and the workers attempt to utilize the situation to better their own conditions, the middle classes immediately get on their guard and run for shelter into the arms of Big Capital. That is the normal political state of mind of LaFolletteism is one of vacillation between the demands of Big Capital and the demands of the workers, always deciding in favor of the former whenever fundamental capitalist interests are at stake.

Incline Towards Labor

At present, because of the general decline of capitalist economy and the downward trend of affairs in the United States, the middle classes find their interests greatly encroached upon by Big Capital. Hence, the dissatisfaction of the small capitalist with present conditions. Hence, his determination to build a political weapon for himself with which to protect his property and profits against the devouring appetites of Big Capital. Hence, his apparent "sympathy" with the aspirations of Labor. Hence, the present rise of the LaFollette movement.

This is the picture of LaFolletteism as it reflects itself in the minds of the middle classes themselves, that is, when considered from a subjective point of view. Objectively, however, this LaFollette movement is merely one of the means in the hands of capitalism for the perpetuation of the present order of society. Whatever the motives of its participants and whatever the intentions of its leaders, the LaFollette movement, can do nothing else but strengthen capitalist rule and the system of capitalist exploitation in the United States.

The fact that the trade union bureaucracy is in alliance with LaFollette does not change the fundamental nature of the movement. On the contrary, this alliance offers additional proof for our contention that LaFolletteism is the political expression of the middle classes. The bureaucracy of the American trade-unions, in order to retain its present position of leadership, is compelled to resort to political maneuvers. Gompers and Johnston and the rest of them have proven completely bankrupt as leaders of the economic organizations of the workers. The result was dissatisfaction and restlessness in the ranks of labor, which has been threatening to find its expression in an independent political party of workers and poor farmers.

And what would that mean? The beginning of a real class struggle in the United States, the first step towards concerted political action by labor against the daily manifestations of capitalist exploitation and against capitalist rule in general.

But such prospects Gompers and his crew couldn't accept without a struggle. The trade union bureaucracy then decided to strike up an alliance with the middle classes led by LaFollette thereby diverting the rising anger of the masses into the safe channels of petty-bourgeois reformism.

The Workers Party Against LaFolletteism.

By this move of the trade union bureaucracy, the movement for a farmer-labor party has been defeated, but not the class struggle. The latter continues and so does the political expression of the class conscious workers of America—the Workers (Communist) Party.

This party stands for the social revolution. It is the most implacable and uncompromising enemy of American capitalism. And because of that the Workers Party is the only labor organization in America ready at all times to engage in struggle against any and all manifestations of capitalist rule. The Workers Party therefore stands up against LaFolletteism as the only defender of working class interests.

LaFolletteism is a political alliance of the petty-bourgeoisie and the trade union bureaucracy. The Workers Party is the party of the class conscious workers and the political expression of the proletarian class struggle. As against surrender to the middle classes, which eventually spells surrender to Big Capital, we say: The proletarian class struggle on the economic and political field. And as against a LaFollette party we say: A political party of workers and poorest sections of the farmers—the Workers (Communist) Party of America.

YOUTH AND JUNIOR

Two Generations of Russian Communists

LISTEN HERE, NOW!

There's only one Sunday night in every week, and every one of them is going to be made interesting—full of pep.

We're letting you in on this early. It's going to begin a week from now —Oct. 19, at eight o'clock at the Lodge Room (not the big hall, but the "Lodge Room"), at the Ashland Auditorium. And it'll keep going in the same place every Sunday night. We're expecting you to get the habit.

"What's it all about?"

"What's going on?"

"Who's going to be there?"

Why, it's the *Open Forum!* Didn't you know? The Workers Party is going to have an *Open Forum* every Sunday night during the next few months. Current history, politics, science, in lectures by the foremost speakers of the labor movement. Come and see! And hear! And discuss! That's an *Open Forum!*

On October 19th, C. E. Ruthenberg, executive secretary of the Workers Party of America, will open the forum with a lecture on "Political Forces in the Election."

On October 26, J. Louis Engdahl, editor of the DAILY WORKER and candidate for U. S. senator, will speak on "Wall Street and Us." "Us" will be there. Will you?

On November 2nd, Alexander Bittelman of the central executive committee of the Workers Party, will speak on "Communism versus LaFolletteism." Say! If you think Bob LaFollette will free the workers from Big Business, come and listen to this one!

The week after, on November 9th, Oliver Carlson, who spent two years in Soviet Russia, will lecture on the lives of Russian youth, and compare the lives of American youth. Hey, you young workers! Will you be there? Everybody get the *Open Forum* habit. Beginning October 19. Don't forget!

On the Founding of the First International

4th November 1864.

Dear Frederick,

Some time ago the London workers sent an address to the Paris workers with reference to Poland, calling upon them to take common action in this matter.

The Parisians for their part sent a deputation over here, headed by a workman called Tolain, who was actually labor candidate at the last election in Paris, and who is a very nice fellow. (His companions were very good fellows too.) A public meeting was convened in St. Martin's Hall for Sept. 28 by Odger (shoemaker, chairman of the local London Trades Council the council of all London trade unions, and especially of the Suffrage Propaganda Society of the London trade unions, connected with Bright) and Cremer, a stonemason and secretary of the stone masons' trade union. (These two men brought about the great meeting of the trade unions for North America, under Bright, at the St. James' Hall, as also the Garibaldi manifestation). A certain Le Lubez was sent to me, asking if I would participate on the part of the German workers and especially if I would send a German speaker for the meeting, etc. I sent Eccarius, who managed splendidly, whilst I assisted him as dumb figure on the platform. I knew that on this occasion real "powers" both from London and Paris would be figuring, and thus decided to depart from my otherwise fixed rule of declining all such invitations.

Le Lubez is a young Frenchman, that is, he is the thirties, but he was brought up in Jersey and London, speaks splendid English, and is an excellent intermediary between the French and English workers. He is a music teacher, and has given French lessons as well.

At the meeting, which was packed to suffocation (for there is obviously a revival in the working class at the present time) the London union of Italian workers was represented by Major Wolff (Thurn-Taxis, Garibaldi's adjutant). It was resolved to found an International Labor Association, whose general council is to have its headquarters in London, and to act as intermediary between the labor unions of Germany, Italy, France, and England. It was further resolved to convocate a general labour congress in Belgium in 1865. A provisional committee was nominated at the meeting, Odger, Cremer, and many others, in part old Chartists, old Owenites, etc., for England. Major Wolff, Fontana, and other Italians for Italy; Le Lubez, etc., for France; Eccarius and I for Germany. The committee was authorized to add as many members as it thought necessary.

So far good. I attended the first meeting of the committee. A subcommittee was nominated (including me), commissioned to draw up a declaration of principles and provisional articles. I was prevented by illness from attending the session of the subcommittee, and the session of the whole committee following this.

At these two meetings—the one held by the subcommittee, followed by that of the whole committee—at which I was not present, the following had occured:

Major Wolff had submitted his statutes of the Italian labor unions (which possess a central organization, but, as turned out later, consist essentially of associated auxiliary unions) to be utilized by the new association. I saw the stuff later. It was obviously a piece of Mazzini's handiwork, so you can imagine for yourself in what spirit and in what phraseology the real question, the labor question, was dealt with. And how the nationality matters were edged in.

Besides this, a program had been drawn up by an old Owenite—Weston, now himself a manufacturer, a most agreeable and well meaning man full of the utmost confusion and of unspeakable breadth.

The general committee session following this had commissioned the subcommittee to remodel Weston's program and Wolff's statutes. Wolff himself left for Naples, to attend the conference of the London union of Italian workers there, and to induce this union to join the London labor association.

The subcommittee held another meeting, at which I was again not present, as I got to know of the rendezvous too late. Here Le Lubez had submitted a declaration of principles and a revision of the Wolff statutes; these had been accepted by the subcommittee for submitting to the general committee. The general committee met on Oct. 18. As Eccarius had written me that danger was to be expected, I attended, and was truly horrified to hear the good Le Lubez read an introduction, in frightful phraseology, badly written, and entirely immature, claiming to be a declaration of principles. Mazzini peeped through everywhere, overlaid with the vaguest shreds of French socialism. Besides this, the Italian statutes had been almost completely accepted, altho, apart from their other faults, they actually aim at something impossible, a sort of central government (with Mazzini in the background of course) of the European working classes. I opposed mildly, and after much discussion Eccarius proposed that the subcommittee should once more submit the matter to a fresh "editing" contained in the Lubez declaration were however accepted.

Two days later, on Oct. 20, there was a meeting at my house; Cremer for the English, Fontana (Italy), and Le Lubez. (Weston was unable to come). I had not had the papers in my hands up to then (Wolff's and Le Lubez') and was unable to prepare anything, but was fully determined that not one line of the stuff was to be allowed to stand. In order to gain time, I suggested that we should discuss the "statutes" before beginning to "edit". This was done. It was one o'clock in the morning before the first of 40 statutes was accepted. Cremer said (and this is what I had been aiming at): "We have nothing to submit to the committee meeting on Oct. 25. We must postpone this meeting until Nov. 1. The subcommittee, on the other hand, can meet on Oct. 27, and try to come to a definite result." This was agreed to, and the "papers" left behind with me for me to look through.

I saw that it was impossible to make anything of the stuff. In order to justify the extremely peculiar way in which I intended to "edit" the "accepted principles", I wrote an address to the working class (though this was not in the original plan): a sort of review of the development of the working class since 1845. On the pretext that all essentials were contained in this address, and that we must not repeat the same things three times, I altered the whole introduction, threw out the declaration of principles, and finally replaced the 40 statutes by 10. In so far as international politics are mentioned in the address, I speak of countries, not of nationalities, and denounce Russia, not the smaller states. My proposal were all accepted by the subcommittee. I was however obliged to take up two "duty" and "right" phrases, and one on "truth, morality, and justice" in the introduction to the statutes, but they are so placed that they cannot do any damage.

My address, etc. was accepted with great enthusiasm (unanimously) at the session of the general committee. The debate on the manner in which it is to be printed, etc., takes place on Tuesday. Le Lubez has received a copy for translation into French, Fontana one for translation into Italian. I myself have to translate the stuff into English.

It has been very difficult to manage the matter so that our views can appear in a form acceptable to the present standpoint of the labor movement. These same people will be holding meetings within a few weeks for suffrage, with Bright and Cobden. It will take time before the reawakened movement permits of the old boldness of speech. We must hold firmly to the cause itself, but be moderate in form. As soon as the thing is printed you shall have it.

Salut,
Yours,
K. M.

Herlock Sholmes Catches Reds

By A. DONAN COYLE.

"My dear fellow," said Herlock Sholmes, the great New York detective as we were seated on either side of the fire in Centre St. headquarters, "These commoonists get far greater sums of money than you can conceive of. It undoubtedly runs into the millions of dollars."

"And yet I am not convinced of it," I answered. "The reports and rumors have never been substantiated in any way."

He fell into a reverie. No great detective speaks hurriedly. Not because e cannot speak quickly, but rather because it does not befit a great detective to do so. One would think at first glance that he was an ordinary plain-clothesman. And in truth he looked like any other man on the force. But yet he was Captain Herlock Sholmes; known the world over as having run down the Wall St. Bomb Plot perpetrator and having exposed and nipped in the bud the various attempts to start May Day riots. His slight graceful body, beautifully delicate nose, pointed sensitive chin, clear blue eyes and long slender tapering fingers bespoke his similarity to any other policeman. He lifted his head.

"Whatsewer," he said, "wait here a few minutes until I change clothes and I will prove to you that I am right."

He disappeared into the bathroom. Soon he reappeared. I was amazed at his complete disguise. It was even more complete than that which he used when he caught the queen of Bohemia and the prince, but I promised not to tell that story until a later day. It involves too much royalty. The bit of cactus on his upper lip had been removed, his neck was white, and in place of the jazz-bo he usually wore, was a red Windsor tie.

"Come," he said, "the scheme is this. I have here a check for fifty thousand dollars with Lenin's signature forged on it. It is made out to this guy William X. Foster and endorsed to me. We will find a Bullshevik and ask him to cash it. If he does, you will admit, that it proves beyond a shadow of a doubt that such checks are common to them."

I nodded assent. I had to nod because such ingenious power awed me into speechlessness. We had to walk north to the next street corner in order to take a car to the heart of the city. About half way up the block we met Smith, an old friend of mine. Having acquired Herlock's remarkable ability at perception to a small degree I noticed big yellow egg-stains on his chin and shirt.

"Hello Smith!" Sholmes called as we approached each other. "Pretty rotten combinations of food you are eating nowadays."

"You don't know what I ate, today," Smith retored.

"I'll wager you the best five cent cigar made, I do," challenged our hero. The wager was made.

"You had watermelon, chicken and coffee," Herlock said confidently.

Smith réluctently admitted that this was correct and paid the dues. After we parted I asked Sholmes how he knew.

"Well," he replied, "I knew he ate watermelon because I saw a watermelon seed sticking out of his left ear. He ate chicken surely, because he looked hungry. Those egg stains that misled you are from some other day. The price of chicken is as high as the price of eggs and it is logical that between the two he should choose the former."

I gasped at such genius. My readers will agree that had the czar one such detective, that rascal Vladimir Trotzky would now be eating beans rather than helping nationalize the Russian women. To this day I regret that Herlock didn't go to Russia. The six billion rubles that I bought for twelve cents might have made me rich, but let us go on with the story.

When we were settled in the street car Sholmes pointed to a man siting opposite us who looked like the ambassador from Roumania, saying, "There is our man!"

"But how do you know that he is a bolshevik?" I objected.

"By his beard," he answered intensely. "I suspect a bomb under it."

Presently the ambassador from Roumania and alleged bolshevik, rose and left the car. Herlock rose to follow him and I followerd Herlock. We overtook our hairy friend in a side street.

"Comrade," said Herlock in a deep growl imitating the N. Y. Tribune's description of how reds speak, "I have a slight favor to ask of you."

The ambassador turned around but said nothing. He must have felt the presence of the powerful personality.

Herlock continued, "I want you to change this check for me. It came from the revolution to buy guns with and the hock shop owner hasn't any loose change about so you will have to cash it."

The bolshevik or ambassador scratched his chin and looked dubious. He started to walk away.

"You must change it or the attempt on Washington will fail." Herlock shrieked at the same time putting on a wild look and dishevelled his hair to convince the stranger that he was the real thing. "Karl Radek himself sent me to you!"

The stranger looked convinced. He put his arms around the detective and caressed him.

"Sure," he said in a half apologetic, half pleading tone, "come to my house and I will change it for you."

The victory was Herlock's. He looked an I-told-you-so look and chuckled.

The stranger's house was a large, dark and gloomy building set in the midst of a little park and enclosed with rather heavy iron gates. This was rather disappointing in view of my having expected to be lead into a cellar. However, it looked convincing. The building cast fantastic shadows; just the kind that bullshoviks would enjoy carrying out their bomb throwing proclivities in. We followed him thru an important and luxurious looking office, probably this guy Ruthenberg's, passed a long corridor, up a narrow flight of stairs and finally into a spacious hall. Here we heard queer, long drawn-out noises and occasional shrieks that sent chills down my spine. The detective whispered that this must be the place where they cut up the babies of Rotary Club members and make hamburger steak to sell to strikers. Finally we stopped in front of a door with a window such as bank tellers usually have. Here he opened the door and asked us to step inside. We thought that this must be the counting house. No sooner had we stepped inside than the door slammed. Our ambassador from Rou-

(Continued on page 7.)

The relation of the shop nucleus to the territorial branch was taken up in a previous article. The relation between the shop nucleus and the shop nuclei branch is herein briefly touched. This second form is a good deal different and works much more simply and effectively.

The shop nuclei branch is one made up of the shop nuclei existing within a given territory. Naturally, then, both in the shop nucleus and the shop nuclei branch, the members have full powers on all matters.

The branch executive committee of a shop nuclei branch is composed of members elected from the various shop nuclei or at a general shop nuclei branch membership meeting. Sometimes in a shop nuclei branch, there will be members not yet attached to a particular shop nucleus. The branch, in such instanches, takes care that there are members on the branch executive committee from every shop nucleus in the branch.

If the shop nucleus members were all attached to a definite shop nucleus then, of course, only work-shop members would be on the shop nucleus branch committee. But there will naturally be party and other workers, very active comrades, etc. not belonging to a particular shop nucleus. They are likely to be wanted and elected on committees. And it is correct that these live-wire comrades shall be placed at the disposal of the shop nuclei. To make certain, however, that members of the shop nucleus proper, that is, those who actually work in the shop, are on the main committees, there is the provision that every shop nucleus shall have its delegate on the shop nuclei branch committee.

Shop Nuclei Branch Supervives Work of Nuclei

It is the duty of the shop nuclei branch to lay out and direct the work in the branch and in the various shop nuclei.

The branch or its committee takes up mainly the ways of developing the work of the nuclei. The activity of a shop branch is but the activity of a shop nucleus enlarged and continued. Its work is not different from that of a nucleus. Rather, gathering the experiences of the various nuclei, it makes use of such information to help concretely the work of each of the nuclei.

The work of the shop nuclei branch is both general and specific. It is general in the work laid out for the party shop nuclei branch in a certain locality, unions, etc. It is specific in the work planned out for each nucleus and, if possible, its members.

The branch committee assigns its members to meet with the shop nucleus, to participate actively in the shop nucleus work. This aids in coordinating the work of the nucleus and the branch and developing the activity of the individual members.

The shop branch, or its committee, takes up the general political, educational, economic, trade union and other work in the branch and nuclei. It arranges for public propaganda and educational meetings in order to attract other elements. Its organizes study classes; it discusses the trade union problems of the nuclei members and the workers, the development of shop commitree work. It lends aid to weak nuclei in arranging meetings for the workers. It puts forward a program for the systematic political development and education of the members. The branch aims at the proper training of functionaries, officials, propagandists, etc. The branch distributes the party literature, official organ, the DAILY WORKER, and other information received from higher committees, to the shop nuclei. It receives a share of the dues and other moneys from the nuclei to carry on its work. It institutes the organization of other nuclei and organizes membership campaigns.

The shop nuclei branch, briefly, then, supplements on a larger basis the work and program of the nuclei and the individual members. To make the nuclei members work and to direct that work in every possible field for Communist activity—that is the main function of the shop branch. It is no easy task for it is making the Communist revolution.

Shop Branch Must Get Accurate Knowledge of Working Conditions

The nuclei members must collect data on every matter connected with the work in the shop. All information should be collected for use in their propaganda. Detailed knowledge must be got of the local industrial conditions. The shop branch and the nuclei can lay out work for the individual members in the shop or territory, such as distributing literature, visiting prospective members, trade union work, etc. The more real knowledge of facts and how to use them, the more productive the work. Members should write up notes of their experiences for the benefit of the others. Wall bullettins can serve to this end.

Forward to Shop Nuclei!

These few lines indicate but the outlines of the work, both in the period of transition to shop nuclei and the time when the ideal form, the shop nuclei branch, is developed. It is going to take a long time before the shop nuclei branch becomes commonly prevalent in the Workers Party of America. But we must know what we are aiming for, organizationally and politically. Hence these lines. Meanwhile, we must take up the immediate steps toward reorganization.

In America we have no shop nuclei experiences of the party; the Young Workers League has had some, but the organizational problem is so much different that the league's experiences in the initial stages cannot help the party very much except in an inspirational way. The party must build its own road. That means to try organization in the most favorable places. The party is laying out a program for that purpose. The various activities of a shop nucleus, such as shop committee work, union activity, literature, finance, and many more matters must be dealt with in detail. However, it will be trying to ORGANIZE SHOP NUCLEI, no matter how difficult, that will give us a clear picture and understanding, instead of a mere formula, of the undoubted superiority of the shop nuclei over the present territorial branch. Then, as in every other country, the membership will enthusiastically respond to the work of making the WORKERS PARTY A PARTY OF SHOP NUCLEI!

Forward to shop nuclei!

Solovetzk, the "Red Hell"

By LUDWIG MAGYAR.

The delegation of menshevik and social-counter-revolutionary emigres have recently instituted a great campaign against the Soviet Union. They wish to arouse the public opinion of the working class and of the bourgeoisie against the Soviet power and, as a pretext, they make use of the alleged heart-rending, terrible fate of political prisoners in the Soviet Union. They are supplying the parties of the Second International with propaganda material on this question and these cronies of the Russian mensheviki are, in the French chamber of deputies and in the columns of the "Vorwarts" and the Vienna "Arbeiter-zeitung" shedding crocodile's tears over the martyred, tortured Russian socialists, who—alas!—are languishing in the terrible dungeons of the Tcheka, and are being shot several times every day. The social-counter-revolutionary Suchomlinov is pestering comrades Anatole France and Severin with tedious letters of complaint, while the London and Amsterdam Internationals issue appeals and protests. The anti-Soviet campaign is in full swing. Let us examine the facts a little more closely.

• • •

How many political prisoners are there in the Soviet Union? We will not make comparisons. We will not point out how many revolutionary workers and peasants the Bulgarian social-democrats, as members of the murderous Zankoff government, have caused to be slaughtered. We will not ask why the social democrats in the Bavarian diet voted against an amnesty for the Niederschonenfeld prisoners. We do not ask how it comes about that, with the consent of social democracy, over 7000 Communists are eating their hearts out in the prisons of Germany. We do not ask how many Indian revolutionaries are expiating their revolutionary deeds in the prisons of the labor government of Ramsay MacDonald. We will not call attention to how many Communists have been arrested and murdered with the consent of the Polish socialist party. We also leave aside the question as to how the social democrats in Finland, Lettland, Esthonia, Hungary and Yugoslavia have acted. We would only state that in the Soviet Union—which embraces one-sixth of the earth and which has a population of 150 millions—there are only five hundred political prisoners. Mensheviki, social-counter-revolutionaries, anarchists, monarchists, fascists are doing their utmost to set up illegal organizations in the Soviet Union. And in spite of everything there are only—let us repeat it—five hundred political prisoners. This number includes mensheviki, social-counter-revolutionaries, anarchists, monarchists, fascists and all enemies of the proletarian revolution, whatever they may choose to call themselves.

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How are the political prisoners treated? What life do they lead in the "Red Hell" as the appeals of the mensheviki so "mildly" describe it.

On the Solovetzk Peninsula, where "the bolsheviki, these hangmen of innocent socialists, act with the greatest cruelty," and over which the greatest outcry has been raised, the political prisoners have complete self-administration. They have absolute freedom of movement the whole day, and the system prevailing in Solovetzk is the wish and the demand of all political prisoners in Russia. Wassiliev, a member of the central bureau of the mensheviki, who is confined at the Susdal camp, proposed to the political prisoners in Susdal to commence a struggle for the improvement of the prison regulations.

"Our general demand is clear: We want the system obtaining in Solovetzk be introduced in Susdal," he writes to one of his comrades.

And the brother of Martov, Zederbaum-Levitzky, stated, that the demand for the introduction of the Solovetzk system was a too far-reaching demand. "This demand can only be regarded as a maximum aim," he writes.

And this is how all prisoners in Susdal write. Their slogan is: The Solovetzk regime in Susdal.

The administration at Solovetzk have allowed the members of the prisoners' families who visit them, to live with the prisoners a whole week. Nowhere in the world do prisoners enjoy such privileges. It is easily understood that this regime is desired by the prisoners in other places. Complete self-government, a whole week in company with the members of their families, a prison diet at which the prisoners themselves never complain; this is the picture furnished by the "Red Hell."

• • •

The prison group of the Georgian mensheviki writes to Wassiliev, member of the central bureau of the mensheviki:

"Regarding the general regime we can only repeat that nobody can consider it a crying evil. If in reply to our hunger-strike there would be admitted, to investigate the conditions, an anti-soviet minded commission, even including European socialists, they would only be able to report that the Soviet system and its justice are not the pleasantest institutions, but that there is nothing to complain about regarding the prison regime in Susdal."

In Susdal therefore the prison regime is quite satisfactory. In Solovetzk it is still better and therefore, prisoners at the former wish to obtain the Solovetzk regime.

We could publish hundreds of quotations from, or facsimilies of such letters.

• • •

There are therefore only five hundred prisoners in the Soviet Union. These are given humane treatment, as the prison regulations in the Soviet Union are of a remarkably mild character. The prisoners themselves recognize that even the sworn enemies of the Soviet power would have to admit them to be thoroly satisfactory. And the mensheviki and the social counter-revolutionaries in emigration, who during the civil war have rivalled the bands of Kolchak and Denekin in acts of bestial cruelty, work up a spurious indignation over this regime. And the heroes of the Second International, who persecute revolutionary workers, issue appeals, pass resolutions of protest and relate lying stories to the workers as to the "Red Hell."

A gang of hypocrites and calumniators against the Soviet Union. The workers must spurn these lies and calumnies with loathing and disgust.

HERLOCK SHOLMES

(Continued from Page 2.)

mania was not with us. It was pitch dark. We felt at the walls and could find no lights. Both the walls and the floors had that same soft yielding softness. Suddenly the room was flooded with light—we were in a padded cell.

The little window that gave it the appearance of a bank, was opened and two faces peered in.

"Here they are doctor," said the ambassador from Roumania and alleged red, "the one with the kindergarten tie thinks he is a detective and the other one seems just plain ordinary dumb."

At this point I fainted. But as I fell over I could hear him saying, "See I told you so." It was the ambassador talking not Herlock Sholmes, the great New York detective.

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Youth Day in Moscow

By Anna Porter

Sunday was International Youth day, and Moscow seemed all youth from my window overlooking the Theater Place or "Ploshchad." Every day, almost in Moscow seems a day of demonstrations, with the "Young Leninists" and other groups and companies of Red soldiers marching by to the Red Square around the corner.

But looking down from my red cushion on the high, broad windowsill, I became aware that this was nothing ordinary, and I then recalled from my sub-consciousness the word "molodyosh" that had been staring me in the face from the billboards for several days past. Such words make no impression at the moment, holding no meaning for me until I spell them out; and now I spelled out with a retrospective eye, "Internatsionalni Molodyosh," and I knew what signified that for four hours those solid ranks of youth and childhood with their red banners and drums and bands, marched past my window, by the gay flower-beds of the plaza, where two years ago were dusty heaps of stones and trash, around to the tomb of Ilych in the Krasni Ploshchad.

And in my mail the same day, came clippings from the home papers,—denunciations of the Youth movement as subversive of the political teachings of our country,—as an insidious effort of traitors to introduce bolshevism into the ranks of our youth. At this distance,—in this place,—it all sounds so blatant and silly and futile. Here, we take it all for granted—the forward march of youth over the dead traditions of the capitalistic past. A young woman friend here is eager to visit America "to see what a capitalist country is like" before it passes away. At twenty-four, capitalism to her is ancient history, and the U. S. of A. an anachronism and a curio. So let the reactionaries rave, as the solid ranks of youth march by to pay homage to Lenin.

Another clipping was from an interview with Dr Clampett. This well-meaning liberal has some authentic information to give on several subjects, but when he speaks of a man "fortunate enough to enter and leave (Russia) in safety," he betrays a childish ignorance, a wilful desire to mislead, or a guilty conscience. Everyone is safe who enters with proper credentials. Without such, he may not enter at all. If he abuses the confidence placed in him, he will not be safer than in other countries. His statement that after August 1, letters addressed to Petrograd will not be forwarded to Leningrad, the new name of the city, is unworthy of an intelligent person.

Dr. Clampett refers to and quotes from the "Educational Principles of the Soviet Government," but without comment. There is much complaint against this policy,—and especially in its immediate application by dropping out a large group of bourgeois students, by visitors who do not understand the vital necessity to the government, of training up an expert proletariat to carry on the reconstruction of Russia. One sad lesson the revolution taught — a lesson that Marx impressed;—that even the sympathising elements of the former bourgeoisie cannot be trusted completely in face of the realities of the revolution and its class alignment, except here and there individually, and that counter-revolution and sabotage must be met by a proletariat thoroughly equipped to carry on the work.

The revolution is not established in a day—a long and still dangerous period lies ahead; when the intensification of the class struggle in all countries will reflect back to Russia, and Russia must be 100 per cent prepared, with its proletarian army and its proletarian experts, to meet the situation of the future. Hence in this year of small export crops, and a consequently diminished budget, the necessity of dropping out of the universities even those bourgeois students who has already made a few years' progress. The hardship of this policy, so much criticized even by sympathetic liberals, is to be ameliorated in a measure, by distributing these students so far as may be possible, in the technical schools. It must be remembered that the cost of education is not alone its equipment and staff, but largely the maintenance of the students as well.

Perhaps the most amusing of my clippings is the solemn announcement of the destruction by the Government Committee (headed by Lenin's widow, Krupskaya,) of all the works of Tolstoi, and the banning from Russia of the works of Plato, Kant, Maeterlinck, Spencer, Schopenhauer, Nietzsche and Nordau, and "even of Kropotkin." I read this aloud amid shouts of derision to a group of a dozen at a friendly intellectual evening gathering at the house of a Russian professor. The article added to these works all such as "deal with liberalism," and God with a capital letter—could absurdity go further?— as well as fairy-tales of kings and princesses. Most of us had been, the evening before, to an elaborate ballet in the gorgeous Grand Opera house, staging princesses et all, in all the most alluring phases of their pampered lives. Well, let these propagandists against Russia amuse themselves with their twaddle. We should worry!

And Soviet Russia goes straight forward, and its solid ranks of youth march by for hours to do honor to its founder,, and the echo of their tramp across the water fires our own Youth and confounds the "patriots."

RUSSIA'S YOUTH IN CAMP

THE SEVENTH VICTORIOUS YEAR AND THE TASK OF EVERY COMRADE

WEDNESDAY, November 7, 1917. John Reed arose very late. The noon cannon boomed from Peter-Paul as he walked down the Nevsky. It was a raw and chilly day.

On the corner of the Morskaya Reed ran into Captain Gomberg, Menshevik oboronetz, secretary of the military section of his party. When he asked him if the Bolsheviki insurrection had really happened he shrugged his shoulders in a tired manner and replied, "Tchort znayet! (The devil knows!) Well, perhaps the Bolsheviki can seize the power, but they won't be able to hold it more than three days. They haven't the men to run the government. Perhaps it's a good thing to let them try. That will finish them."

A whole crop of new appeals against insurrection had blossomed out on the walls during the night—to the peasants, to the soldiers, to the workmen of Petrograd. One was from the Petrograd Duma and informed the citizens that at an extraordinary meeting on November 6 the Duma had formed a Committee of Public Safety. This was actually a declaration of war against the Bolsheviki.

Further down the Nevsky Reed bought a second-hand copy of Dien from a soldier for fifty kopeks. The Bolshevik paper, printed on large sized sheets, in the conquered office of the Russkaya Volia, had huge head-lines: "ALL POWER TO THE SOVIET OF WORKERS, SOLDIERS AND PEASANTS! PEACE! BREAD! LAND!" The leading article was signed "Zinoviev,"—Lenin's companion in hiding.

It was 10:40 p. m. On the platform at Smolny sat the leaders of the old Tsay-ee-kah—for the last time dominating the turbulent Soviets, which had now risen against them. The election of the presidium had given the Bolsheviki 14 as against 7 for the Social Revolutionaries, 3 Mensheviki, and 1 Internationalist (Gorky's group). The "right" shouted that it would refuse to participate. The Tsay-ee-kah stepped down and in their places appeared Trotsky, Kamenev, Lunacharsky, Kollontai, Nogin . . . .

The hall rose, thundering. How far they had soared, these Bolsheviki, from a despised and hunted organization less than four months ago, to this supreme place, the helm of great Russia in full tide of insurrection.

Outside the methodical boom of cannon sounding the revolution. The Winter Palace was being attacked. Inside the delegates screaming, the lefts assuming authority, the rights being shouted down as traitors and counter-revolutionists.

So, with daring and the crash of artillery, a new Russia was born!

Since this hour, nearly seven years have passed, seven victorious years for the proletariat of Soviet Russia. And there again comes from the victors in Russia to the proletariat of all lands a call to hold world-wide demonstrations on November 7th in celebration of proletarian rule over one hundred and fifty millions of people.

How will the Workers Party and its supporters respond? Have we built during the year? Are we stronger today than we were last November 7th? Has our Communist understanding grown and has discipline increased?

The number of demonstrations we hold this November 7th will tell. Every organized point in the land ought celebrate this seventh anniversary of the birth of Soviet Russia. In 400 cities there are Workers Party branches and locals. No less than 400 demonstrations in honor of the deeds and accomplishments of our Russian comrades should be held.

Every loyal comrade and disciplined Communist will begin this minute to help in the details necessary to make the celebration of the SEVENTH VICTORIOUS YEAR FOR SOVIET RUSSIA in his city a huge success.

SPEAKERS READY TO ADDRESS NOV. 7TH MEETINGS

HERE is a partial list of speakers ready to take the field to address meetings on November 7th, 8th and 9th. Speakers not here listed are requested to send in their names and addresses. District organizers are asked to send to the national office a full list of speakers residing in their districts.

Can be routed from Buffalo:
Franklin P. Brill.
Rudolph Katz.
James Campbell.
Jos. Siminoff.
T. R. Sullivan.

Can be routed from Minneapolis:
J. O. Bentall.
J. F. Emme.
Tom Lewis.
C. R. Hedlund.
Jack Bradon.
Emil S. Youndahl.
Thurber Lewis.
Walter Frank.
O. H. Wangerin.
C. A. Hathaway.
Leslie Hurt.
Carl Cowl.
C. Forsen.

Can be routed from Cleveland:
W. J. White.
Lotta Burke.
J. Kobyiak.
A. V. Severino.
John Brahtin.
Max Lerner.
Scott Wilkins.
C. Buehler.
Rebecca Sacharow.
Carl Hacker.

Can be routed from New York City:
Ben Gitlow.
Ludwig Lore.
Wm. Weinstone.
Rose Pastor Stokes.
Alex. Trachtenberg.
Harry Winitsky.
H. M. Wicks.
Juliet Stuart Poyntz.
Julius Codkind.
Benjamin Lifshitz.
Jack Stachel.
Pascal P. Cosgrove.
Emanuel Eision.
Otto Huiswood.
Rebecca Grecht.
Charles Krumbein.
Carl Brodsky.
M. J. Olgiati.
Solon DeLeon.
Jos. Brahdy.
Morris Pasternak.
I. Glass.

Can be routed from Seattle:
Norman H. Tallentire.

Can be routed from San Francisco:
J. H. Dolson.
Jack Carney.
Ella Reeve Bloor.

Can be routed in North Dakota:
Chas. H. Heck.
H. R. Martinson.
Alfred Knutson.

Can be routed from Chicago:
J. W. Johnstone.
Martin Abern.
Manuel Gomez.
D. E. Early.
Harrison George.
George Maurer.
Arne Swabeck.
A. Overgaard.
Peter Herd.
C. E. Ruthenberg.
Wm. Z. Foster
Alexander Bittelman.
Jas. P. Cannon.
Wm. F. Dunne.
Max Bedacht.
J. Louis Engdahl.
Jay Lovestone.
Earl Browder.
Jos. Manley.
T. J. O'Flaherty.
Robert Minor.
William F. Kruse.
Max Schachtman.
John Williamson.

(Additional names will be listed in Monday's issue.)

The Play That Displeased the Brass-Buttoned Bullies

By NATHANIEL BUCHWALD.

Arthur Hopkins, the producer of "What Price Glory?" ran into a piece of luck, and much obliged to the admirals and generals who tried to suppress the play. In all fairness, Rear Admiral Plunckett, who so vehemently denounced the play as a piece of pacifist propaganda, full of nasty cuss words, is entitled to a rake-off on the box office receipts. No amount of paid press-agenting could have accomplished half as much.

But the professional wits in the New York dailies are giving the admiral the razz and poking fun at the whole affair. Which is vicously stupid, for the attempt to censor this war play is not merely a whim of a single militaristic patriot, but a characteristic expression of the bullying temper of the imperialist gang that lords over us. Still worse are the editorial hypocrites who are congratulating themselves upon having won a victory over military censorship of public morals. They know damned well that they have won nothing of the kind and that the stage, the screen and the printed fiction will continue to truckle under the standards imposed by our lords of war and imperialism.

For the time being, the particular gang of brass-buttoned bullies who tried to gag the play, appears to be licked. "What Price Glory?" minus some of its best swear-words, will stay on, much to the delight of the producer and the edification of our "American liberties." But the very fuss raised about this play shows that it is a rather novel thing for a playwright to dare tell the truth about war and the men who make it. Verily, the exception proves the rule, and the rule is for our staged, screened and written fiction to conform to the unwritten code of lies about the glamor of soldiery and the glories of war. So long as an author conforms to this unwritten law, he is free to lie in his own way about the army, the navy and the romance of the battlefields. But no sooner he attempts to portray the hellish truth of the murder profession than a hue and cry is raised against him. The fact that so few pieces of war fiction have aroused the ire of the militarists simply shows that there has been little attempt at artistic truth and honesty about the war. Militaristic censorship of peace time art and literature, is not a menace—it is an insidious fact, a stinking element that pollutes our spiritual life at its source, a corruptive devil that guides the pen of every purveyor of popular fiction. Militarism is the watch-dog of capitalism, and part of its duty is to foster alluring lies about the sordid business, to instill in the mob a sense of glamour and glory about the insignia and the symbols of war, of killing for profits and markets. Whether directly or by implied terrorism, the brass-button lords see to it that capitalist art remains capitalist.

Yet the attack of the militarists upon "What Price Glory?" maneuvered many of us into the awkward position of defending a play that really is not much as a piece of theatrical art. It was not this play that he meant when Hamlet, the prince of blues, said, "the play is the thing." Even before the piece achieved its pacifist notoriety it was more a riot of peppery soldier-slang and humding cuss-words than serious significant drama. To be sure, the spicy lines were not put into the play with the idea of bringing down the house. The unlady language of the American soldiers is of the very essence of the play and serves as an effective means of portraying the soldiers as they really are. Nor is the unseemly conduct of the men toward their officers and the officers toward women and booze portrayed with a view of furnishing either delicious thrills or pacifism. But the audience manages to pick out from this rather truthful and lifelike mess the choicest, spiciest bits of slang, obscenity and sex allusions. For the respectable ladies, whose good manners bid them call a leg a limb, a performance of "What Price Glory?" is an occasion for being naughty while remaining respectable. For the men the play has thrills of he-man talk and gladness of recognition.

No artist is, however, safe from the vulgar appraisal of his admirers, and surely Lawrence Stallings and Maxwell Anderson, the authors of "What Price Glory?" cannot be held accountable for the reactions of the audience.

But they should be held accountable for the dramatic truth and purport of the play, and of this little can be said in their favor. There is a kind of chaotic elemental protest stirring in the play against the horror of war, and a shameful, humiliating, degrading life of the men who are herded together against their will to fight somebody without knowing why. When Captain Flagg, one of the principal characters, is about to engage in a fight with Sergeant Quirt over the possession of a coy prostitute he says that it is the first time since war began that he has a real reason for fighting. That Captain Flagg embodies all of the protest, disillusionment and cynicism a professional soldier must feel about the army, its leaders and its spirit. But the protest is with him a chaotic, emotional reaction, finding expression in torrents of filthy oaths, rather than a conscious philosophy of pacifism. Neither Captain Flagg nor anyone else in the play, voices pacifist ideas. But the hideous truth about the marines, the army and the war induces in the audience a mood of resentment against war, and a feeling of disgust with the soldier procession. In this sense Rear Admiral Plunckett is perhaps right when he says that after reviewing this play, no mother would allow her son to join the army.

The play, however, lacks in dramatic coherence and purpose. The emotional side of the drama revolves about the rivalry between Captain Flagg and Sergeant Quirt over the French prostitute. Both men are brutalized by a long career of soldiering to the point of slothful, will-less lust. They hate each other enthustastically enough, but they also have admiration for each other, since both are capable soldiers and daring adventurers. They have some old scores to settle, and the presence of the girl serves to rekindle all of their former feud spirit. There follows a rather implausible series of intrigues between the two men, each of whom in turn gets the better of the other. But in the end war gets the better of both of them. They are in a position to dodge the order to go to the front, but the hypnotic curse of war is upon them. The army has paralyzed their will, and they proceed to the front, hating war and despising themselves for their lack of will.

The fabric of the play is genuine enough. The atmosphere is portrayed with a competence that proceeds from thoro familiarity and fine artistic choice of significant detail. But the garment that is made of this genuine cloth is a rather uncouth affair, showing neither elegance of workmanship nor qualities of usefulness. If not for the pacifist notoriety it achieved "What Price Glory?" would be no more than a fairly good play, realistically staged and superbly acted.

Ibanez Starts a Bourgeois Revolution

By HARRISON GEORGE

"My people are in captivity! I can no longer remain silent! I am going to speak. It will make a noise in the world. Alphonso XIII must go. Only a republic can save Spain. The Spain of honest men will rise to overthrow the tyrants. There must be an end to this new era of inquisition. We must strike at its head. Those greatest in position are the guiltiest!"

So speaks Vincente Blasco Ibanez on the front pages of the capitalist newspapers throughout the world. And this mountebank literateur, whose "Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," the most spiritualized expression of allied war propaganda against Germany, was inspired by confidential and unquestionably remunerative conversations with Clemenceau and Poincare, has the audacity to add—"Remember, I am to get nothing for it. My writings about Spain I am going to give to the press of the world."

True, Ibanez may get nothing from the newspapers. Publicity men seldom do. But what about someone else? What about the Spanish bourgeoisie, who have with ever increasing avidity watched the progress of capitalist economy across the Pyrennes and bewailed the feudal restrictions still burdening Spanish business with the remnants of medievalism? Or, how about the French foreign office, which watches with anxious gaze the perilous adventure of Prima de Rivera in Morroco? Does France feel that she must "take a hand", as she has for some time threatened, to guarantee her own colonies from native revolution? Time will tell.

But one thing is certain, the capitalist newspapers do not herald upon their pages any revoluton that is not a capitalist revolution. If Ibanez, the prostitute novelist, is setting out to overthrow Alphonso the Syphilitic,—with his pen—it is because there is both money in it, because the bourgeoisie are behind it. This dilletante revolutionist who makes war with his pen, now takes as example the "flaming D'Annunzio" who took Fiume for the Italian bourgeoisie in the same name of "liberation."

Ibanez was "silent too long." But even now when he speaks it will not be for the Spanish proletariat, whose leaders by the scores have reddened the streets of Barcelona with their life blood, struck down by hired assassins of the bourgeoisie. Ibanez has been silent. He has uttered no protest while the "new inquisition" was crushing the organizations of the Spanish workers. He said no word of indignation when the Fascist-monarchist bands descended upon the unions with iron hands, and even now he raises no voice for the Communists who fill the dungeons of Spain where died the victims of Torquemada.

Ibanez has "been silent too long" to now be trusted when he speaks, as he does and as he will, in the name of "liberty", in the name of "revolution." Spanish workers remember Ibanez, how he got his fame by playing the demagogue, by appearing dramatically before crowds of open-mouthed workers in the hastily-donned jacket of a worker, how he even broke into prison with agitation for a republic, but when all these things had won him admiration and renown, Ibanez spurned the workers' interests and only used his knowledge of their miseries as literary material.

The Spanish LaFollette has declared war on the Spanish king in behalf of the untrammelled dictatorship of the bourgeoisie, and not in the interests of the workers. The workers will be asked to fight for "liberty" only to find that it means the liberty of capitalism to exploit them. It is not that Ibanez has been silent too long, but that too long capitalism has permitted the dead hand of clerical feudalism to suppress, not liberty, but business on the Iberian peninsula.

GRAFTER FORBES WILL NOT BE TRIED UNTIL VOTES ARE COUNTED

The trial of Colonel Charles R. Forbes, former head of the United States veterans' bureau and John W. Thompson, St. Louis contractor, on charges of defrauding the government in connection with the hospital contracts, this afternoon was set for November 24.

The date was fixed after the court had first postponed definitely fixing it until tomorrow.

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Wars and Revolutions

By L. Trotsky

THE American "pacifist" program of world subjugation is by no means a program of peace. On the contrary it is pregnant with wars and with great revolutionary upheavals. It is not just for the fun of it that America is building up her fleet. America is actively engaged building light and fast cruisers, submarines and other auxiliary warships. And when England whispers a feeble protest, America points to the fact that Japan has an excess of light cruisers, which "compels" the United States to build more warships in order to maintain the ratio 5:5:3. In this manner America continues to increase the number not only of her light cruisers, but of every other type of warship as well.

And it is impossible for the other governments to compete with the United States, for the latter can turn out warships as easily and speedily as she turns out pies. Preparations are thus being made for the greatest sea battles the world has ever seen to be staged (in the not very distant future) on both the Atlantic and the Pacific, provided, of course, that the bourgeoisie will still rule the world for a considerable length of time.

For it is impossible that the bourgeoisie of the world will complacently retreat to the rear seats assigned to it by America and become the vassals of American capital. Too great are the contradictions, too abnormal are the appetites for gain, too strong is the instinct to preserve the old dominating position, too deeply rooted are the traditions of a world empire in England to permit such a possibility. Military conflicts are inevitable. "Pacifist" Americanism is preparing the ground for new wars of unusual scale and of unimaginable monstrosity.

It we should now turn again to the main question of the future position of European reformism, we shall have to say that the sucess of European reformism is directly dependent upon the success of American "pacifism." If American will succeed in her ambition to turn Europe into a dominion of the new type, i. e. if she will not encounter in the very near future the resistance of the masses of the people in the form of war or revolution, then European social-democracy, as the shadow of American capital, will also preserve its influence to a certain extent. And Europe will sink to a state of degeneracy and indifference thriving on remnants of her old glory and leading a meager existence on a strict American ration. All this will be covered over with an ideological dressing made up of stale, warmed-over maxims of European social-democracy and spiced with ingredients (pious phrases) from the American Quaker-pacifist kitchen. Anything ugner, anything more repulsive, more debasing, than such an aspect, is hard to imagine.

The point to consider then is not what the actual forces of social-democracy are. The main question is whether or not American capital, thru a parsimonious financing of Europe, will succeed in establishing there its regime. It is impossible to foretell events with any degree of certainty. Especially it it hard to be definite as to the time it may take for events to develop. It is sufficient to understand the new forces that are affecting world affairs today, to have a clear idea of the fundamental factors which will determine the fate of Europe, and in the light of such knowledge to follow the course of events strictly marking down the success and failures of the chief boss of our age, the United States of North America.

At the same time we must understand and expose the political maneuvers of European social-democracy. It is also well to remember that those contradictions which caused the imperialist war ten years ago, still remain in force like an open yawning wound. They have become more pronounced during the war, they have been strengthened by the peace of Versailles, and have become more deeply rooted with the development of the class struggle in Europe. And America will come face to face with these sharp contradictions as time goes along.

It is a difficult task to put a hungry people on a ration. We know it from our own experience. True, our situation, as well as our motives were different. We were prompted to adopt the expedient of food rationing by iron necessity of a desperate life and death struggle of a revolutionary country. But from our experience we learned that a regime of scanty rations is under all circumstances apt to cause discontent and insurrections. The sinister Kronstadt insurrection is an illustrative example of the shortcomings of a regime based on rations. So that when we see now America making a rationing experiment on this gigantic scale, involving many foreign nations and doing it from purely capitalist motives, with the sole purpose of imperialist plunder,—we cannot help but think that she will meet with strong resistance from the masses of the people.

Without a bitter struggle along both class and national lines America will not carry out her project. The more American capital becomes politically self-reliant the broader the scope of its world influence, and the greater the control of American bankers over the governments of Europe, the more concerted, the more decisive will be the resistance of the masses of Europe, not only of the proletariat, but even of the petty-bourgeois peasantry. For we wish to warn our American friends that to turn Europe into a colony is not at all as simple a task as they imagine it to be.

We are now at the initial stage of this process of America's attempts to colonize Europe. After years of starvation the German proletariat has felt now some relief, pitiful and insignificant tho that relief may be. We know that the worker, who has been exhausted by long years of sufferiby will be appreciative even of the smallest improvement in his position. And such a minor improvement is now evident in Germany as a result of the stabilization of the currency and wages. It is due to this fact mainly that the German social-democracy is still retaining a certain degree of political prestige.

Such a state of affairs, however, will not last very long. America does not intend at all to increase the German ration, especially that portion of it which is meant for the German worker. The same holds true of the French and English worker. For what is America aiming at? America wants to make certain of the lion's share of the spoils of world capitalism, so as to insure a privileged position to the upper layers of the American working class at the expense of the laboring masses of Europe and the rest of the world. Without the co-operation of the American labor aristocracy, American capital could not hold its own. Without Gompers and his bureaucracy, without the aid of the highly paid skilled workers, the entire political machine of American capital would break down. And in order to keep the American labor aristocracy in its privileged position, it is necessary to place the European "rabble," the European proletarian "mob" on a meager, stingy American ration.

The firmer this regime of an American ration becomes established in Europe, the more difficult will it be for the European social-democracy to keep up the faith of the laboring masses in the religion of Americanism, and the more energetic will become the resistance of the workers of Europe against this master of masters—American capital. It is then that the slogan of a European revolution, or a Union of Soviet Republics of Europe will receive an immediate, practical, militant meaning for the workers of Europe.

By what means does the European social-democracy poison and lull into drowsiness the consciousness of the European proletariat? Social-democracy declares that Europe, dismembered and sliced into pieces by the peace of Versailles, cannot exist without America. But the Communist parties of Europe answer: It is a lie. We can exist without America, if we only wish to. Europe does not need to be torn to pieces. She can become a United Europe. And it is only the revolutionary proletariat who can unite and consolidate Europe into the United States of Europe! America is powerful. Against the British Islands with their dependence upon her colonies all over the world, America is almighty. But we say that all of America's might and strength will prove feeble and ineffective against a Europe of workers and peasants united with us into a single Union of Soviets.

American capital is fully aware of this danger. American capital is the most avowed, the most bitter enemy of bolshevism today. The policy of Mr. Hughes with regard to Russia is not just an incidental whim or caprice. It is the expression of the will of the most centralized part of American capital which is now entering upon a career of open struggle for world domination. American capital cannot very well avoid contact with us because the waterways of the Pacific lead into China and Siberia. The idea to turn Siberia into an American colony is the most cherished dream of American imperialism. But here American imperialism hits against the rock of a proletarian, revolutionary government. We have monopolized our foreign trade, we have a socialist foundation for our economic policy, and such conditions are not at all favorable to the monarchistic, autocratic aspirations of American imperialism.

Even in China, into which country American capital is penetrating under the slogan of "open doors," we find that the ideas popular among masses of the people are not the religion of Americanism, but the political program of bolshevism translated into Chinese. Not Wilson, not Harding, not Coolidge, not Morgan or Rockefeller, not these names are familiar to the Chinese coolies and peasants. It is the name of Lenin that is being hailed with joy and hope not only in China, but all over the Orient.

America can undermine the strength of England only by hypocritically championing the cause of the oppressed peoples of the colonies. We find, however, in the Orient, side by side with the American consul, American merchant, American professor and American press agent also devoted fighters for Communism and revolutionists who were able to translate into the native languages the really liberating program of bolshevism. All over Europe as well as in Asia, American imperialism has to face the challenge of revolutionary bolshevism.

I remember how in 1919, on the occasion of Wilson's arrival in Europe, when the entire bourgeois press was full with the names of Wilson and Lenin, I once remarked jokingly to Vladimir Ilytch: "Lenin and Wilson, these are the two apocolyptic figures of new history." Vladimir Ilytch laughed. I did not suspect at the

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BLESSING THE DAWES PLAN

What Does Your Boss Look Like?

By T. J. O'Flaherty

There is an old saying that poets are born, not made. This is only a half truth, which is the most dangerous kind of a lie. Poets, in order to be made must first be born. Most of them could stay unborn and unmade, as far as we are concerned.

Prose writing comes easier to some than to others. Those who write best are not usually the most prolific writers. This is unfortunate, but it cannot be helped.

Invited Again.

The DAILY WORKER has extended several invitations to its readers to tell of their experiences thru those columns. The invitations were usually given the frozen lid. Perhaps our readers were led to believe that a correspondence school in journalism is necessary in order to qualify one to write for The DAILY WORKER. On the contrary, those who have been spoiled on capitalist papers and by capitalist schools of journalism have a hard time living down their past, on a working class paper.

Read the title of this article. "What does your boss look like?" We are not building up a rogues' gallery. Nothing of the sort. But we would like the workers who read this paper, to write in and tell us about the work in the shop or wherever they toil for the boss.

We want a picture of the life in the industries. The boss is a very irritating part of that picture. He may be the owner of the factory, or he may be only the owner's lieutenant, whose job is to drive the workers to the limit of their endurance, turning out wealth for the owners' profit.

Everything Interesting.

Not alone would we like to have you write about the boss, but also about incidents that take place in the shop, anything that has news value or propaganda value. And to a Communist a piece of news that has not propaganda value is as flat as a pancake and not near as palatable. A Communist can turn anything into propaganda, or else he is not a Communist.

Your boss may be a lean and hungry individual—the kind that Caesar did not like in his vicinity. Remember what he said about Cassius?

Fat and Lean.

Or your boss may be a fat man, half a dozen chins trembling under the original, bushy eyebrows, such as the bouncer in one of Charlie Chaplin's early comedies sported. His stomach may prevent him from picking up a dime off the ground, without considerable difficulty. He may have to use a special chair from which to give his weighty decisions to the "help." But lean or fat, light or weighty, we want to hear about him.

We are not merely concerned with his personal appearance — that will serve to embellish the story. What he does in general or better, what he did in particular. That is what we are after.

We Want The News.

The DAILY WORKER is interested in getting the news from the workshops. And we would like to have it told just as one worker would tell it to another after the day's work. Forget that you are writing for publication. Take your pen, or better still, your typewriter, as if Steve Brown was sitting in front of you, and begin at the beginning. There is no particular way to begin telling a story. That depends on you. I usually begin at the beginning.

For example, Jack MacLaughlin comes home one evening and while his wife is getting supper ready, she notices that his brow is flushed and inquires "What's the matter this evening, Jack? The boss getting under your skin again?"

Jack Curses Amiably.

"Yes," replies Jack, deleting the string of terms that would lend emphasis, if not dignity, to his language, but for the moderating influence of Mrs. MacLaughlin, "that beetle-browed, empty-headed, atavistic moron pulled off as dirty a trick today as I ever witnessed in my life."

MacLaughlin works in a railroad freight yard and his boss is a beefy fellow by the name of Sidebottom.

The Surly Sidebottom.

"You know old Finklestad," continues MacLaughlin, as he proceeds to demolish the supper. Wife nods. "Well, shortly after the noon hour today, Sidebottom told the old man who had a fairly easy job, oiling trucks and doing the odd jobs, that he would have to pull his pound from now on or look around for another job. Finkelstad has been there for over fifteen years and has given the best years of his life to the company.

"But Sidebottom, in order to make himself strong with the railroad chiefs, has lost whatever spark of humanity he ever had in his soul. He forced poor Finkelstad to take a truck and haul heavy loads for the rest of the day. The old fellow was barely able to walk home.

Had No Union.

"I told Sidebottom I had a good mind to knock some of the mutton out of him, but he just growled and walked away. What can we do? We had a union once and did not have enough brains to keep it."

You could tell your story in this conversational style.

On the other hand, there is Bill Stafford, the foreman on the docks. He is a shabby looking fellow, with a very vile tongue. John Casey, comes home one evening and while smoking his pipe after supper, Tom Shachtsteln, a neighbour, walked in. Casey is laughing. Shachtsteln asks him' what he is laughing at. "I am laughing at Stafford, that sawed-off foreman of ours. He was as mad as a hatter today. Everything was going wrong with him. He hired two men early in the morning. They were hauling boxes to the gangplank, every truck carrying 1,200 pounds. The man on the handles was pulling like the devil, but his partner who was supposed to shove, was more of a liability than an asset. Stafford fired him after cursing a blue streak at him.

A Catholic Cursing.

"According to the union rules, there must be two men on each truck and the greenhorn on the handles knowing that, sat down on his machine, took out his pipe and lit up.

"Stafford was fit to be tied. He is a good Catholic and it is said that he goes to holy communion every day in the year. But he swore like the devil. 'Holy Junaiin' Jesus!' says he as he sat in front of the fellow sitting down on his truck smoking. 'Suffering baldheaded Christ!' That was not the worst of it by any means.

Stafford Had a Fit.

"Old Stafford chased around looking for a partner for the boy with the pipe and finally landed one. But after a few minutes the new arrival got thirsty and walked out to the soft drink parlor, and when Stafford came around again, he was my brave lad sitting on his truck with the old reliable in his mouth. Well, if 'Old Bill' goes to communion tomorrow morning, he'll have to tell the priest a long string of sins first."

Perhaps you are an insurance agent. It is not a key industry, but there are thousands of insurance agents wearing out shoe leather collecting nickles and dimes that build castles for the financiers who own the companies. The capitalist government used the insurance companies to good advantage during the war to sell liberty bonds, thrift stamps and boost every move of theirs to keep the people calm while the war raged. The agents go into the homes of the workers and if they are loyal white collar slaves, they inject the poison of the master class into the minds of the workers, particularly the women.

Useful Propagandists.

These agents are continually driven by the officials of the companies in the endeavour to produce more "business," the shop word for insurance policies. On every Saturday the district superintendent gives the agents a lecture. It is usually a fusillade of insults that no worker in overalls would stand for.

Plenty of News.

A insurance agent could tell a very interesting story of one of those meetings. In fact there is wealth of good material that the DAILY WORKER is more than anxious to get lying around the country. We depend on our readers to send it to us.

Do not forget in writing that you are telling a story. If your grammar is not perfect, we will take care of that deficiency. But we want to get the news, the live throbbing news that is turned out every day in the mills, mines, factories, railroads and every other place where the workers give their brain and brawn to create wealth, the major part of which goes to the master class.

In writing about your boss, and of the incidents of your employment, you will be helping materially to lift the heavy hand of oppression from the shoulders of your class and to abolish the cursed system which has made of this world a valley of tears for the workers.

Prospect of War

(Continued from page 4)

time what a great meaning history had in reserve for that innocent joke. Leninism and American imperialism—these are the main two forces now struggling in Europe, over the Atlantic and the Pacific and the fate of humanity depends upon the outcome of this struggle.

Our American capitalist enemy is more powerful than our disorganized, European capitalist enemies. America is doing now part of our work. It is organizing European labor. The revival of the Second International means, temporarily and outwardly at least, the European proletariat will have to conduct its struggles not on a national scale, but on a continental scale. As the recognition of the necessity for resistance penetrates into wider and wider masses of workers, their slogans and ideas become more and more revolutionary. And more revolutionary ideas mean a more favorable ground for bolshevism. Every success of Americanism, as far as it will be successful, will inevitably result in a greater concentration of energies on the part of the proletariat, which fact alone insures the growth of bolshevism on a larger scale and in a more concerted, more revolutionary form. The future is with us!

MENSHEVISM IN GEORGIA

(Interview with the deputy chairman of the People's Commissariat of the Transcaucasian Socialist Federative Soviet Republics, Comrade Mirsa-Daut-Gusseinov.)

After his arrival in Moscow, Comrade Mirsa-Daut-Gusseinov gave the following details of the recently attempted revolt of the menshevik in Georgia:

The chief aim of the revolt was, according to the declaration of the leaders of the menshevik gang of bandits, to show to the entente countries that unrest prevailed in Georgia and that the mass of the Georgian people were against the Soviet power. In the event of the revolt being a success, its leaders had intended to induce the western European countries to intervene in our affairs. According to the declaration of Dahugeli and other members of the "Committee of the Independence of Georgia," the English, and in particular the French, imperialists exercised pressure upon the foreign bureau of the mensheviki to organize a revolt in Georgia. And in this connection the leaders of the revolt apparently hoped for timely support for the rebels, chiefly on the part of France. It is characteristic that everywhere where sporadic revolts broke out, the menshevik leaders based their propaganda among the population upon the rumor that the French fleet was approaching the coast of Batum with landing forces, and also that mass revolts had taken place in North Caucasia.

It was therefore, I repeat, the chief aim of the menshevik to create the appearance of a powerful revolt of the whole population and then to raise the question of the necessity of the intervention of west Europe.

The working class of Georgia has remained quite unaffected by the revolt, of course, with the exception of those isolated workers who are members of the menshevik party.

With regard to the peasantry, the whole of East Georgia and a whole number of other provinces of the Republic were quite undisturbed and only a few bandit-like assaults by the detachment of Tscholokashvili gave evidence as to the events which were proceeding. It might be mentioned by the way, that this Tscholokashvili did not succeed in rallying a group of more than 15 men and the rumors he spread abroad regarding an army of 20,000 insurgents, proved, as was to be expected, mere empty talk. In West Georgia the mass of the peasants likewise refrained from taking part in the revolt.

It must be pointed out that everywhere where the mensheviki temporarily gained the upper hand they immediately restored the land to the landowners and transferred the municipal and state property back into private hands. All this served to expose to the peasantry the true features of the leaders of the revolt. The peasants could not help seeing that the movement was led exclusively by nobles, landowners and generals.

The red army of Georgia has shown that it is thoroly worthy of the designation of a revolutionary red army.

The fundamental importance of the declaration of the "Committee for the Independence of Georgia" consists in the fact that the mensheviki have admitted their complete bankruptcy and the loss of every particle of influence among the broad circles of the workers and peasant population of the country. As regards the remaining sections of the republic, the intellectuals and the petty bourgeoisie of Georgia, contrary to the expectations of the leaders of the revolt, have remained loyal. In addition to this we have in our possession, declarations by professors, teachers and physicians, which strongly condemn this adventure of the menshevik, as it threatens the economic and cultural prosperity of Georgia with very harmful results.

The revolt has now been finally crushed and the mensheviki, who have taken to the mountains, are handing over their arms and delivering up the prisoners they made during the attacks of the bandits. By these acts they wish to some extent to atone for their serious crime against the workers of Georgia.

A Correction

In a previous article, THE SHOP NUCLEUS AND THE BRANCH, I said, "There shall be representatives of the shop nucleus on the branch (old style—territorial) executive committee and vice versa. This is necessary for working purposes, even tho the shop nucleus members are already attached to various branches. . . in order to influence the work in the territorial branch. . ."

Rather, this should read, "Wherever possible, there shall be representatives etc. . ." With the existence of both Shop Nuclei and territorial branches, it was not be possible at all times, because of particular conditions, to arrange for mutual representation between nuclei and branches, especially so when a shop nucleus is composed of very many former branch members. When the Shop Nuclei Branch is in existence, that problem, however, is solved. Meanwhile, matters will have to be adjusted on the basis of the special conditions. This should also apply to the point, "The shop nucleus executive meets regularly with the territorial branch executive committee."

M. Abern.

Open Forum, Sunday Night, Lodge Room, Ashland Auditorium.