The Non-Cooperative Movement in India

By LOUIS ZOOBOCK

IT IS a known fact that England had ruled and rules India not for India's benefit but for the benefit of the English capitalists. This does not require much explanation; the British government had done its best to discourage popular education; it taxes the Indian people heavily. India had more public schools before the English conquered the country than it has today. After 960 years of British rule, we find that 90% of the males and 99% of the females are unable to read and write.

The taxes imposed by the British imperialists are unbearable, being 50% of the produce. From 30 to 40 million of the population of India are systematically undernourished so that England's annual revenue may not be diminished by a dollar. India is forced to pay for its own food, as well as the salaries of the English rulers. It is forced to support the British army as well as all the military campaigns "conducted in the interests of India"; it is forced to pay the pensions of the many officials and officers, military and civilian, who have been employed in India.

England deliberately discouraged manufacturing in India. Her discriminating duties have ruined every branch of native manufacturing and as a result 80% of the whole population has been thrown back upon the soil; but even here the taxation consumes 50% of the produce of the cultivators. The "cilers of the soil, when they have sold themselves for a loot due to the money lender, when they have over and over again mortgaged their crops and their bit of land, are sold by the tax collector until they drop of starvation".

Universal Discontent

Such are some of the unfortunate results of the policy of England, which has produced a strong revolutionary movement in India.

The discontent in India is universal; it spreads over all provinces and includes all classes: it is directed not against any particular act of England, but against the government as a whole.

The "Non-Cooperative" movement is only one of the many movements now operating in India. Gandhi, the leader of this movement, is the typical product of India—the land of mysticism and spirituality. In him are gathered all those traits that are there above. He is an ascetic, imbued with the ideas and teachings of Tolstoy. He combines in himself a romantic personality with the power of demagogic oratory. Besides duty, nothing else is important to him; his uncompromising adherence to what he considers his duty and the purity of his daily life exalted him almost to divinity in the minds of his followers.

The Gandhi Gospel.

His gospel is that of "renewed and regenerated mankind", freedom, according to him, can be only won thru moral regeneration and not by warfare. All forms of hate must be replaced by love. The people "must put away all weakness, timid servility, degrading filth, every form of moral impurity, and put on courage, self-respect, industry." So equipped they could assert themselves and their position would be irresistible. They had only to refuse to co-operate with a government that could not meet their demand, and that government would find itself helpless.

At the meeting of the Indian National Congress, in December, 1920, Gandhi succeeded in changing the constitution of the congress, and in making it the "instrument of non-cooperative action." These include three things: The driving of the British goods in Indian bazaars, the establishment of Swadeshi, the complete independence of India, and a return to her ancient ways.

To accomplish this the people of India must gradually withdraw from all co-operation with their European masters. Gandhi: Government servants must resign their posts, lawyers their practices, students their schools, and notable landowners must give up their titles and honors, laborers must refuse to work for foreign employers, foreign goods are to be boycotted, also taxes to laws and payment of taxes are to be refused. Thus a political and economic independence would be established. The whole activity could be carried on only as it was carried on at present, without violence and even without bitterness. Once satisfaction was lost, once the India people failed to maintain the highest standard of conduct, the cause would be lost."

"Non-Co-operation" a Failure.

This program of "non-violent non-co-operation" could and did not succeed even in India.

Indeed, when one reads the newspapers of those troubled years, one is struck with the way non-violent beginnings drifted quickly to violent ends. The policy of Gandhi resulted in a succession of failures. His first appeal to the office holders and to the rich and powerful was disappointing in results. Only an insignificant number responded.

The next appeal was to the students. Here the response was overwhelming. The students thronged in great crowds to place themselves at the disposal of India's great "leaders for the service of their country."

Great meetings were held, speakers were moved to impassioned eloquence and large sums of money were promised for new schools, but when here the enthusiasm soon died out and the students returned to the English schools and colleges. The vision of "a national education" was a splendid one, but the efforts of the leaders to make it more than a vision proved a complete fiasco. They could provide only a few ill-equipped schools and could offer only the same old subjects less efficiently taught.

Change of Tactics.

In 1921, the second year of the struggle, the non-co-operators shifted from political to economic agitation. A remarkable boycott of foreign cloth began. Wearing it was denounced as a sin. Ten million rupees were collected to popularize the charkas or spinning wheel. In many of the principal cities great bonfires of English cloth were made. Everywhere homespun was proclaimed the only possible dress for patriots.

For a time the movement achieved a large measure of success, but it brought with it a burden of suffering. English cloth is better and cheaper than the Indian article. India does not possess enough mills to supply the normal demand. As a result the burden fell heavily on the poor.

The movement of non-violence soon changed its form. It assumed the character of revolutionary outbreaks. In the cities "volunteers" in uniforms drilled openly in the street, and paraded with banners while shouting praise of Gandhi. In the rural districts armed bands were formed and the police and petty officials were brushed aside in many places. In Fyzabad district a non-co-operator had stirred up agrarian riots. At Aligash, when a political agitator was sentenced to prison, the crowd attacked the police guards, and the result was two killed, several wounded, and a postoffice and other buildings burned. At Malegaon men were prosecuted for carrying arms at a mass meeting. A crowd attacked police, killed a sub-inspector and a constable, and in quelling them three were killed and nine wounded. When the Prince of Wales landed at Bombay, the occasion was made one for savage and bloody rioting in a section of the city. At Chauri-Chaura, a score of Indian policemen became engaged in an altercation with a group of non-co-operators. The altercation became a fight. The police were urged to escape, they were battered to death with sticks.

These are only a few of the cases which occurred before the famous Moplah rebellion broke out in the Malabor region. The rebellion lasted several months and was mercilessly crushed by the English government.

The Future.

Thus we see that the Tolstoyan philosophy on non-resistance, as preached by Gandhi, has proved a failure. The main objections to Gandhi's program is that the people of India are not capable of such a revolution as he preached. In general the theory of pacifism is not practical or possible for a whole nation to follow. "Gandhi," as one said, "will be an educator for the future," but he can hardly be the savior for the present. His scheme of non-co-operation can be useful only as a part of a broader program, not as a program in itself.

Real resistance to English rule in India in coming. A greater India, a Republic of the United States of India, is the vision of every Indian, but it can be realized only thru a revolution led by men of sterner mold than the mystic Gandhi.

Australians Lose Jobs.

MELBOURNE, Australia, Feb. 29. —Because of the wholesale dumping of foreign textiles into Australia, most of the Australian textile manufacturing plants have been forced to close, and thousands of operatives are unemployed.

Reports received by the textile unions state that hosiery, underwear, and knit goods are imported from Germany to Britain, where the cartons and labels are removed and the goods re-exported from Britain to Australia as British-made goods.

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"The idea becomes power when it penetrates the masses." —Karl Marx.

Special Magazine Supplement

THE DAILY WORKER

SECOND SECTION
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Changes In Agricultural Relations In United States

By OSCAR PREEDIN

THE attempts to explain the present difficulties of farmers by temporary changes in relations of agriculture to industry—(disproportion in existing prices in favor of industrial products against farm products in comparison with the so-called pre-war prices)—by "cheating" of farmers in the sphere of transportation and distribution—(high tariffs and increased distances between the prices that farmers receive and what consumers pay for farm products) —and by changes in overseas markets—(decrease of purchasing power of the old foreign customers of U. S. agricultural products of other countries)—are based without question on very real facts.

Listening to these explanations the farmers can recognize that they are exploited in many ways. If they will consider those means of exploitation closer, they may be able to discover that many of them are fingers of the one hand—capital—which are snatching the produced values for its greedy stomach.

Explanations Insufficient.

But these explanations are not sufficient even when carried thru to the very root of the evil. It is very easy to see that they all try to find the causes of farmers' difficulties outside of the sphere of production—not in agriculture itself. They are very far from the main point: from **the most important changes in agricultural relations on the fields, from the place where free American farmers are transformed into dependent peasants,** where the system of agriculture, as it was established during the colonization period, is smashed now in pieces and an entirely different system of agriculture is introduced in its place.

These changes are equal in importance to the expropriation of peasants' lands in connection with the abolition of serfdom in Russia in 1861 and in other European countries before that time, or the expropriation of commons' lands in England from about the last quarter of the fifteenth century to nearly the end of the sixteenth century.

Difference in Substance.

But the present changes are here essentially different in substance. The agricultural relations of United States with a dominating owning system were different not only from the old relations but even from the results of the "glorious" revolutions in agricultural systems in Europe. In Europe the medieval relations in agriculture were changed only so far as to open the way for development of capitalistic relations in agriculture. In United States, on the contrary, the farmers' system was a creation of capitalistic colonization. It could not have and did not have any obstacles in the way for development of capitalism but was in all the world the clearest expression of **capitalistic agriculture** in the period of colonization with abundant free lands suitable for cultivation and **where the expansion of private landownership ahead of expansion of its cultivation** found sometimes very strong opposition and was restricted.

The farmer system (I have called it this to distinguish it from the tenant system of Europe), as established in colonial times in a period when capitalism was represented by many competing groups of manufacturers and traders, essentially differed from all other agricultural systems by the facts that this system did not know any separate class of landowners-pomeshchiks, junkers, pans, barons, lords—but under this system the development of land rent was limited and the land was practically inseparable from farmer's income or profits, and that the actual farmers owned the land which they cultivated.

Various Forces at Work.

The forces which contributed to the establishment of such a system were many. There was a time when in the play of divisional conflicts the colonization of the western free lands and the expansion of the farmer system was here supported even by the Southern slave holders who helped the "West" to destroy the plans of the powerful "East."

What kind of agriculture would be here today if about a century ago slave-holding "South" had not joined the "wild West" against the "civilized East"? if the attempts of "East" to "deliver up the public lands in the new states to the avarice of the old ones, to be coined into gold and silver for their benefit" had been entirely successful?

The "westerner," Senator Benton, of Missouri, in his speech in the United States senate of Feb. 2, 1830, protected that "the sales of the lands will be held back . . . every possible inducement will arise to screw up the price of all that is sold . . . no more favor to the settler . . . no sales on fair and equitable terms. . . . Laws will be passed to fix the minimum price at the highest rate; agents will be sent to attend the sales, and bid high against the settler, the settler and the cultivator. . . ." "Speech of Mr. Benton," Printed by Gales & Seaton, Washington, 1830, p. 72.

Danger Was Real.

The danger was real. . . . Attempts of the "East" to restrict the colonization and to grab the public lands would have resulted, if successful, in considerable separation of land ownership from the actual cultivators. Thru grants of whole territories to single persons, thru sales "for songs" thousands of acres to speculators, thru acquisition of public lands by agents of banks, etc., a system of colonization was attempted where the seizure of free lands in private ownership could go far ahead of actual farming and where even a separate class of landowners could be created.

The "East" failed to carry out those plans thanks to united opposition of the other sections of the country and to divisions in its own sections on this issue. Some decades later the slaveholding "South" failed to expand its plantation system on account of free farming, and under united blows from East and West slavery was abolished; previous medieval relations in the South were destroyed and her agriculture opened for capitalistic exploitation. The owners of the large plantations were transformed into capitalistic land owners. Here in the United States came into existence capitalistic agriculture with masses of tenants on one side and big land owners on the other.

But outside of the territory of previously slave-holding sections, the colonization proceeded mainly where sufficient quantities of land remained "public" up to the time when actual farmers settled there to work.

Much Land Seized.

Nevertheless, very considerable tracts of unoccupied lands were seized before the westward movement of the farmers reached them. The new states had very large private land holdings at the time of their admission or annexation. They had many millions of acres of which owners did not cultivate a single acre.

Land holding corporations, companies, agencies, were formed to centralize, to control and to "hold on" to the lands which were appropriated in the past thru seizure, private grants by Spanish rulers, corrupt sales, railway grants and numerous other methods.

Thanks to them, in the new states of the West, where still a small part of the total available land is in farms but very much land is in hands of land holders (speculators), prices of land are considerably higher than the average in the United States. Against average price of plow land in the United States of $90 per acre, in California this price was $130 and in Oregon $100 per acre in 1920. The new settlers are compelled to pay exorbitant prices—or high rents —for the reason that the uncultivated land is already appropriated.

Figures Unbelievable.

The statistics of tenancy and farm mortgages do not give us a complete picture either of the state or of the progress of separation of land ownership from actual farmers. They show us only the current conditions on the "land in farms." But "census farms" and "census land in farms" are very fluctuating things in United States. In agricultural statistics of European countries we can find always the land as a stable quantity with more or less accurate and detailed information about the changes in ownership of land in general, not only in connection with its cultivation.

In agricultural statistics of United States, on the contrary, the "land in farms," many millions of acres with all their buildings and improvements are things which from census to census can appear, disappear and reappear without making any disturbance.

Startling Phenomena.

In some states the disappearance of "land in farms" is startling. In New England in 1920 were over 4 1-2 million acres less of "land in farms" than in 1880. This same kind of "progress" was experienced in the Middle Atlantic states. From 1910 to 1920 only 22 states had an increase of "land in farms" (total 94 million acres), but 27 states had a decrease (total decrease 17 million acres). This shows that during the last census decade in a majority of states less land went into the circle of "land in farms" but more went out from there into the mysterious "total land area."

The United States census statistics, by recording only those farms which at the date of census are "directly farmed" or engaged in "agricultural products, and raising animals, fowls, and bees"—may be sufficient in respect to production of all these things. But when we speak about the separation of the farmers from the land and want to have full information about the actions of financial capital in this matter, then such statistics can disclose to us very little, but instead mislead us if we trust them too far. Widespread ruin of farmers by financial capital can be confused without such statistics giving any inkling of it.

In its business with farmers, financial capital in case of default can "foreclose" on the farmers with all their land and belongings. The calling of farm mortgages seldom is followed by immediate sale to another farmer or by a lease to a tenant. In many cases some years elapse until a called in farm finds another cultivator. In this manner in districts where farms are called in just before taking the census and are in search of purchasers or tenants during the time of census but not "directly farmed," only the remaining farms are recorded. The census will represent this district as without tenancy and without mortgage debts, therefore, as faring very well, but in reality it may be the scene of the most cruel and widespread "executions of farms" by mortgagors.

Present Example.

Especially during a time like this there should be wider intervals between disruption of cultivation of a farm ruined by bankruptcy and revival of its cultivation by a new purchaser or tenant; conquests of financial capital in agriculture are going ahead at rapid speed, but necessary agencies for disposition of its acquired lands are still in the period of organization; ruining of farmers is an intensive process carried on by all available means for the sake of increasing land holdings, with their promised future rents, in hands of financial capital; temporary prevention of cultivation of land is unavoidable because of the desire of land holders to keep rents at the highest point.

Therefore, the present statistics of tenancy and farm mortgages represent only a part of very widespread separation of farmers from their land.

But even this part, which is **represented by census statistics, is very considerable: in 1920 in the total number of 6,448 thousand farms in U. S. were:**

2,455 thousand farms (38.1 per cent) operated by tenants;

68 thousand farms (1.1 per cent) operated by managers;

1,611 thousand farms (24.9 per cent) operated by nominal owners (mortgaged);

2,313 thousand farms (35.9 per cent) operated by real owners.

Here we can see that among all actual farmers in U. S. in 1920 only about 36 per cent were full owners of the land which they cultivated. That is all what is left from the original "farm" system.

(To Be Concluded Next Week)

The Causes of Rural Unrest

THIS is the first of two articles dealing with the important changes that are taking place in American agriculture and of which the present widespread rural unrest is a reflection.

MOST writers dealing with this subject stress the discrepancy between the price paid to the farmer for his produce and the prices paid for commodities purchased by him. Other writers deal with the problem of the middleman and the distributive charge levied on farm produce.

COMRADE PREEDIN goes to the root of the matter and shows that the American farmer is rapidly becoming "peasantized," i. e., he is losing his ownership of the land very rapidly—is a non-owner working for finance-capitalists and that rent and interests are the burdens that are crushing American farmers.—Ed. Note.

Hurricane Winds

Hurricane winds! if you must bite and blow,
Why not upon the hovels of the poor
Who suffer so,
Such pain endure.

Blow thru the costly castles of the rich!
For they have hearths with myriad logs to burn,
Being blessed by boundless, wondrous wealth which
They did not earn.

Edward James Irvine.

IMPEACH COOLIDGE!

Today's Installment of "A Week"

By IURY LIBEDINSKY
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* * * *

(WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE)
The Russian Communist Party branch is governing this frontier city and fighting the counter-revolution. Earlier installments tell of the fuel shortage that prevents seed grain from being fetched on the railroad. The Party meeting decides to send the Red Army far away for fuel, at the risk of leaving the city open for bandits and counter-revolutionists. It also decides to conscript the local bourgeoisie for wood cutting in a near-by park. Varied types of party members are flashed on the screen: Klimin, the efficient president of the branch, who still finds time to have a sweetheart; Robeiko, the consumptive, whose devotion is killing him; Gernulph, the brilliant youth of 19 on the Cheka; Matusenko, the luxury-loving place-hunter and Stalmakhov, a practical workingman revolutionist. Last issue brings the startling news that Sereaha Surikov, a chekist had been buried alive by counter-revolutionists, far out on the Steppes. Klimin and Stalmakhov talk of their friend who was too sensitive and tender hearted for the stern work of the revolution. In this issue Klimin reads a farewell letter from Surikov, written before his capture by the enemy.—(NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY).

* * * *

CHAPTER VIII.

KLIMIN finished reading and rested his head on his hands. "It is painful for me," he said, "for I feel myself to blame for his death. I always valued him highly, and he was one of the best political workers in the Division. He went fearlessly into bayonet attacks with the Red Army men, and, in a moment of panic, kept people from running away. There were few such Communists as he among the young of the Party. But for a Chekist's work he was altogether too nervous, and I overestimated him when I took him to work in the Cheka. Much in his letter I do not understand, and much is simply wrong. Take his attitude towards shooting; altho the bourgeoisie describe Klimin as a cannibal, every shooting leaves me with a feeling actually physically unpleasant, like the feeling you have in childhood when some sort of evil impulse makes you squash and tease flies on the window pane. . . . And I have always been conscious of the blood, the sufferings, the groans, and probably always shall be conscious of them. But he worked like a man under a spell. And only suddenly, somehow, came to see the horrors of a shooting, shivered and was done for. Whereas I, if I do not fall ill, know that I shall go on shooting, without end, just so long as the revolution needs it.

"'I'm sorry for that fellow,'

"After all, he was an intellectual," said Stalmakhov quietly. "I do not mean to say anything against him, for there are intellectuals of more than one kind, some like him, useful and necessary to the Party. But I do dislike all that talk, Communism, for and against Communism. . . . Is Communism some sort of philosophy? What is there in it to be talked about? You know, for me, it is a friendly word.

"And in all my life there have been only two such friendly words, that and the word 'nurse'; I named my sister so. My parents died early; I don't remember them, but know only that my father was a shoemaker, and that I was left with a sister, a dozen years older than I. She loved me, caressed me, and gave me the best bits. Her face was not beautiful, wrinkled and yellow, like an old woman's, but for me it was the prettiest in the world. I was just fourteen when she died during an epidemic of cholera, and from that time on I had no friendly word, just as I had no friendly place or home.

"Until the actual revolution, ten years later, I grew up in the streets. Cleansed boots. Sold newspapers. . . . Worked as a lad in a tailor's, a bookbinder's, and then in a printing shop. Wandered about all over Russia. How did I live thus without dying of hunger? Why did I not turn into a drunken beggar? I don't know. . . .

"But the moment the revolution started, it was as if some one said to me, 'Well, Stalmakhov, your life is just beginning. Take it.' I was then working as a postman in a little town in the South, and you know, going from one to another of those smug little houses, listening how those philistine swine rejoiced at the 'bloodless' revolution, that had come by accident, I wanted to shout at them, 'It's not your revolution. . . . You waited for it with full stomachs, but it found me, Stalmakhov, hungry and cold in the road. It brings release to me, and not only release, but also the chance of emptying on some one all the hate piled up in me by my past life.' How I hated at that time! . . . All the well-fed, the bourgeois, the merchants, teachers, doctors, officers, and most of all that cursed ordinary middle class person. I did my hating in the revolution before ever I started to love.

"And only long after I had been beaten for Bolshevik agitation, after in Moscow in October I had taken part in the storming of the Kremlin and the shooting of the Junkers, when I was still not in the Party, and did not understand anything of politics, then, in moments of weariness a promise of rest began to glimmer before me, far away. Like the Kingdom of Heaven for the peasant, far away, but promised absolutely, if not to me then to those who are to come, to my sons or grandsons. . . . And that will be Communism.

"What it will be like, I don't know. . . . Not long ago I took up a book by a man called Bellamy, about Communism, something in the way of a fairy story, and I disliked it so much that I did not read it to the end. Much too much like what things are now, and I feel that it will be so different that it's hard for us even to imagine it. But, when my head is muddled and tired, when work goes badly, when somebody ought to be shot and sometimes you don't rightly know why, then in my mind, I just think my friendly word, Communism . . . and it's as if some one were waving to me with a handkerchief. . . .

"There's a fellow in the Political dep . . . Martuinov. . I heard him lecture. A clever chap, spoke always to the point and so that one could understand. And about the Communist Society—just as if he'd been there! But I saw him work, in the house-to-house search . . . even to talk of it is unpleasant. I saw that he and all his talk were not worth a farthing. . . . Of course, was more like that. He gave his life for the Revolution. And yet he could so easily go off into philosophy like that. . . .

"Yes, that is true," said Klimin. "We, workmen, somehow take the Revolution differently. . . . Not long ago I had a talk with a comrade, also an intellectual. . . . About the refectory for the responsible workers. He was arguing that the refectory ought to be closed. And in his argument the line of his thinking was like this: the Revolution demands of us that we should keep within the general ration, if only of a skilled workman. (The skilled workmen got more than the rest during the rationing period.) I did not reason so: we are the Revolution, we are what we call at meetings the forefront, the advanced guards. If each one of us, who are carrying on a big work, is to hunger and weaken and break down, of course there will soon be an end of our advanced guards; it's as simple as that! But then, for the intellectuals, the Revolution is something outside, a little God demanding sacrifices, but for me, for example . . . I can say something like what some king or other said, 'The State . . . that's me.'"

He laughed.

"Well, well, it's getting dark, and I promised to go somewhere. . . . Goodbye, Stalmakhov, I beg you, find Karaulov, or telephone to him. . . . I know you'll do your best to find him. Perhaps we shall really have to call the Communist Company to arms. . . . So you'll do it."

"I'll do it."

They shook hands warmly and separated.

And no sooner was Stalmakhov out of sight than Klimin was thinking, with intense, eager delight, of how he was just going to see Aniuta.

This delight pushed its way thru care and worry, like the Spring grass thru the last thin crust of ice and the cold black earth. It was sad that Surikov had been killed, and Gornuikh's gloomy prognostications kept continually floating into Klimin's tired brain.

Aniuta was waiting for him on the terrace. He walked thru the little garden, past the road reddening the west, mist was rising from the thawing black earth, and the trees were as if covering from an illness. From far away she noticed the nervous twitching of his tired, thoughtful face. He caught at her, of course, was not like that. He gave his life for the Revolution. And yet he could so easily go off into philosophy like that. . . .

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He laughed.

"Nothing," he abruptly replied.

It was the first time that she had seen him upset. At work she had known him sometimes worried and stern, sometimes very angry, but never gloomy.

"He does not want to say," she thought and she was unhappy. Hitherto she had not thought of her love for Klimin, and had never sought it, just as she did not seek luxurious life, delicate food or fine clothes, but accepted everything just as it was. But now, seeing the suffering on the face of this man who was dear to her, and feeling her powerlessness to help him in his suffering, she painfully became conscious of her love for him, and at once his aloofness hurt her. Both were silent, and in that watchful silence he suddenly felt that she was hurt.

(To Be Continued Monday)

What Do You Think of "A Week"

The DAILY WORKER wants to know what its readers think of the first serial novel it offers to its readers. We have already published three installments of this gripping story. Another appears today. What do you think of the story, its setting, its characters, as far as we have gone? We want our readers to let us know. Write down your views and send them in to the DAILY WORKER, 1640 N. Halsted St., Chicago, Ill. We will publish as many of these letters as we can find space for. Don't delay. Write today.

HELP!

By MAX BARTHEL (Berlin).

Germany plunged with its laboring folk
Down into the deepest hell,
Men and women die, and old people.
The asylums are full and the prisons too.

Tubercular and starved are the German children
Infants moan in bare rooms!
Intelligence stands with its knowledge before the naked void.
Before starvation there are cruel torments in Germany.

The people can no longer cry from hunger.
The laboring masses are exhausted;
They are defeated, in misery, in chains;
Every day brings new torments, new misfortune.

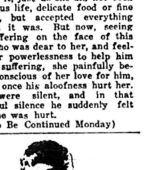
We call upon the comrades of other lands,
Who work and know what Need means;
We call upon all women and mothers, too, and all those
Whose heart still glows for undeserved misery.

We call to those who have worked all their life long;
They have drudged with fists and minds;
They have fought desperately for existence;
All bear the red stripes of defeat.

Yesterday we helped Russia, Bulgaria, Japan;
Today we carry our love into the heart of Germany.
Do not relax, you friends of distant lands;
The bread is poisoned which uselessly decays.

You distant comrades of England and Russia,
Strong iron men in the United States,
Miners of Australia, of France,
And you comrades all of other lands:
Help!

See, we want brother to help brother,
That all those who work
Shall at last set up brotherhood upon the earth,
That slavery and misery shall be shattered.
(Translated from the German.)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Honest Government In Soviet Russia

By KARL BORDERS

(The author was with the American Friends (Quakers) in Soviet Russia for nine and a half months during the famine.)

* * *

IS there any graft and dishonesty in Russia today? Well, it depends on whom you ask. And if you had asked me a year ago, my answer would have depended on what day you asked the question. If it were the day that theft was discovered in the warehouse, or the day that Famine Committee President of Ivanovka was reliably reported to be dispensing special rations to his friends, I should probably have said, "All Russians are thieves and liars." If I had just come from a conversation with Tovarish Rolff who works with much patience, long hours and little reward to bring enlightenment to the Communist youth of Sorochinskoe; or if it had been the day I tied my clothes in a neat bundle, put them on my head and waded the river with the district school inspector to visit a children's home where there was a suspicion of graft —I should very probably have said with great decision, "The Russians are a fine, honest lot."

In either case, I should have fallen into the great Nordic Fallacy and have been guilty of that supreme error, a universal race or class generalization. He replied at once that the reason was simple, the prospect of the nearest wall and a well-oiled rifle was a rather strong deterrent. Undoubtedly this does play a part. During the time I was in Russia—ten months—I heard of twenty railway officials being executed when found guilty of accepting bribes. A noticeable increase in railway efficiency followed all down the line.

But the explanation lies infinitely deeper than that. First of all, the men who occupy the major positions of power and importance are men who have been tried for years in the fire of revolutionary activity, who have so long forgone the acquisition of personal wealth for their cause that they are above temptations of this lower order. Lenin, whatever other criticism may have been heaped upon him, was never accused of having ambitions for personal enrichment. The others at the top will bear the same close scrutiny.

Importance of Communists.

It is, of course, one of the sad things of the revolution that there are not enough of that sort to go around for all the positions of trust and importance. An American who was with the Red Army during the Revolution told me in Moscow five years later that one of the great disappointments of his return was to find that such great numbers of the idealist youth of those early days were not to be found. They had naturally been the first to offer themselves in the battle against reaction and had been killed in the hottest part of the fighting. War, contrary to Mr. Brisbane's brilliant column, does not destroy the most bloodthirsty and bestial of the race first.

A second condition bringing about this honesty in high places is the construction of the Soviet State, which keeps the officials in closest touch with their constituency. I saw an example of this in Moscow at a meeting of delegates of all the trade unions of the state or gubernia of Moscow.

The meeting was held in the great Hall of the Nobles, now the Dom Soyuzov or House of the Unions. (It was in this same hall that the body of Lenin lay in state just a few days ago.). By a special ticket from the president of the Moscow unions my friend and I were admitted to the platform which had been erected at the end of the great ball room with its magnificent chandeliers. The floor of the room was filled with representatives from the industries of the state, horny-handed workingmen and stalwart working-women straight from the bench and the machine.

It was the custom in all such meetings that I attended to have as part of the program a presentation of the World Situation, as they termed it, and the man selected to present this world view was always one of the best informed men they could find. On this occasion it was none other than Gardener, one of the triumvirate nearest Lenin. He was received with applause upon his appearance, but without ceremony, and went shortly to the speaker's desk. He smoked a cigarette thruout the talk which was more like a class room lecture than a speech. And, here is the significant thing; thruout the talk a perfect snowstorm of questions written on bits of paper was showered on the platform from all parts of the audience. He knew, and his audience knew, that he was speaking to the backbone and sinews of the Revolution. Here was the significant and determinative constituency of the government plying one of the chiefs with questions. It was the sort of thing that happens in America when a member of the cabinet addresses a notable chamber of commerce.

No Teapot Politics in Russia.

Then there is still another reason. It would simply be impossible for an official in Russia to sell a Teapot Dome and get away with such a convenient little loan as our late secretary of the interior is reliably reported to have done.

With private ownership of estates, stocks and bonds eliminated, it would be a matter of real practical difficulty for an official to take any large sum and remain in Russia to enjoy it. The salaries of all officials is well known, and it is also well known that none of these salaries will permit luxurious living. It can also be assumed that the official has no other means of support, owns no ranches, clips no coupons, and draws no retainers' fees. A rather certain suspicion would attach to one of these officials if he were observed to be living unusually well.

I have laid emphasis on the more or less mechanical deterrents. The real reason, in the end is the second one I have pointed out. Lenin did not refrain from stealing for any of these reasons, but simply because he was not that kind of a man. There has been no sensational corruption at the top in Soviet politics because the leadership has been in the hands of men who are honestly devoted to a cause into which they have put their lives and are actuated by no ulterior motives. And the system to which they are devoted will make increasingly less probable such conditions in every part of the Soviet Republic.

The Infallible Decision

In California when a radical is apprehended, if he is suspected of having harbored a thought, he is arrested for thinking it, tried for criminal syndicalism, and convicted for contempt of court.

Shortly we may expect:

Prosecuting Attorney (to an astronomer, charged with carrying mystic inscriptions in the left hind pocket of a pair of union-made trousers): Is it not a fact that this is a code message in the unknown tongue; and that is was delivered to you by a flying dutchman, ten feet underground?

Astronomer: Those, Sir, are copies of ancient Babylonian inscriptions, recording an eclipse.

Prosecuting Attorney: Lair! where did you get them?

Astronomer: I took the paper out of the waste basket in the observatory, and, as I was going for a walk, I brought it along. Nature is not always considerate of the time and place in making her demands.

Judge: Any one uttering the word "Nature" in this hall of Justice is guilty of contempt of court. I sentence you—

Prosecuting Attorney: Your Honor!

Judge: What is it?

Prosecuting Attorney: Your Honor is well aware that the crime of contempt of court carries a light penalty.

Your Honor, I just saw this criminal bestow a vile look of disdain upon the Holy Bible that sanctifies you witness stand.

Judge: Proceed!

Prosecuting Attorney: Base criminal, do you believe that Jesus Christ was the son of God?

Astronomer: No.

Prosecuting Attorney: What do you believe?

Astronomer: (off his guard) I believe he was a lucky lad who, by some happy chance, was led to think instead of imitate.

Prosecuting Attorney: Your Honor, the crime of blasphemy does not carry a sufficiently heavy penalty for this infidel.

Judge: An insignificant detail, a technicality of no consequence—culprit, stand up while I make an example of you!

(Astronomer stands up with a bewildered expression on his face.)

Judge: You are convicted of the unpardonable sin, and I sentence you to be hung in this world and to be burned for ever with hell-fire in the next.

Next case!

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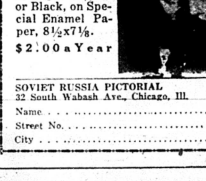
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THE LITTLE GREY DOG.

By HERMINIA ZUR MUHLEN.

(Synopsis: Benjamin was a little colored slave who had lost his father and mother. It was in the old days of negro slavery down south so Benjamin had to work hard all day in the fields under the hot sun and he was often cruelly beaten by the overseer. One day Benjamin was surprised when his only friend, a little grey dog whom he had saved from Browning, spoke like a human being and told him to run away. They ran until they came to a river, where an alligator was just about to eat Benjamin up. The dog then saved the boy's life and got the alligator to take them to an island in the middle of the river, where they would be safe from the servants of the rich slave owner who were after them.)

"WE thank you, mighty animal, but how can we reach the island? The water is rough and deep, and my little friend can't swim."

"I will carry you over on my back," answered the alligator.

Benjamin and the dog seated themselves on the scaly back of the animal, and it began to swim. What a journey that was! The waves played over the back of the alligator and the dog was afraid that the alligator might change his mind and eat both of them for breakfast. For that reason he spoke continuously to the alligator, flattered him, praised his goodness of heart, and declared solemnly that the alligators are the noblest animals in the world. This trick did not fail in its purpose. When they landed on the island, the alligator called twelve of the strongest alligators to him, instructing them that they must not harm a hair on the boy or the dog, that they were his guests. He also commended them to the care along the bank of the river and stand guard, keeping the people from coming to the island. This was well done, for when the sun was high in the heavens, five men appeared sent by the rich man to look for Benjamin. One pointed to the island, started to go into the water, when an immense alligator pushed his head out of the water and the man crept back. "He can't be there," said the man to his companion. "The alligators here must have eaten him."

Benjamin and the dog rested all day on the island. The little boy ate the sweet berries that grew there, drank from a well, and at evening the alligator carried them back again to the bank and bid them a friendly farewell.

Today traveling was more difficult than it had been yesterday, for Benjamin's feet were blistered, he groaned and complained at every step. The dog comforted him, encouraged him, let him ride on his back a little while the the boy was too heavy and after a few minutes the dog's bones would crack and he would have to lie down. Deep sorrow tormented the dog, surely the servants of the rich man were somewhere in the neighborhood, determined not to return home without the boy. And even if they were not found, how far was it to the North? How will we get there if Benjamin is already too tired to go further? Toward midnight they suddenly saw a fire burning on a meadow. People must be there. The dog dragged the boy into some thick bushes, told him to keep still, crept softly toward the fire. A pot hung over the fire, and a blond man sat before it. Close by stood a wagon with large wheels, to which a brown horse was harnessed. The dog looked at the many very searchingly. He looked different from the people at home, had a very light skin, kind blue eyes; surely he was a Northerner. But was he a good man? Then the dog remembered that only very good people understand the language of animals, and the dog decided to tell him the story of little Benjamin. Carefully he came closer to the fire and said softly, "Good evening, man. Are you a Northerner?"

The man looked at him in surprise, but, oh, joy, he had understood the words and answered, "Good evening, my friend. Yes, I am a Northerner. Do you want to eat something? My supper will soon be ready."

"I am not hungry," replied the dog. "But I want some help." And then he told the story of little Benjamin.

The blond man became red with anger and his eyes gleamed. This made the dog happy. "He is really a good man," thought he, "for only good people are angered by the sufferings of other people." When he was thru speaking, the man said, "Bring your little friend here quickly. My horse has rested enough. We will ride at once. Immediately so that no one can capture Benjamin."

How happy the little grey dog was! In spite of his weariness, he danced with joy, wagging his tail, and started toward the bushes where Benjamin was hidden. Then he saw something terrible. Some men came over the meadow with a dog, which ran straight towards the bushes. The grey dog howled with fright. The blond man looked up, jumped forward and called to the dog, "Keep still, the man back just a moment, and all will be well." At that the dog ran toward the man. The man had reached the bush, with one bound the dog leaped at the man, bit hard, did not loosen his hold in spite of cuts and blows.

All the meantime the Northerner had taken little Benjamin in his arms, ran hastily toward the wagon, jumped in, and called to the dog, "Follow me, I will protect you in a safe place." Then he cracked his whip, started on the road, the brown horse galloped ahead, for he knew everything that was going on.

The grey dog still gripped the man's throat, thinking every moment that if he could detain the man, it would be an advantage to the good man and the little boy, and would save his friend. But his many days of wrestling, took a large knife from his pocket and plunged it deep into the breast of the faithful dog. The dog whimpered piteously and fell heavily to the ground. His clouded eyes still saw, far off in the distance, a tiny spot that kept growing small- er and smaller; that was the wagon which was carrying little Benjamin to freedom.

Great joy filled the dog's heart. He wagged his bushy tail once more. Then he died.

The blond man and little Benjamen waited a long time in vain for the grey dog. Benjamin wept bitterly, and his new friend comforted him: "The brave dog will come running back. All is well with him."

But tho Benjamin was safe, he was always sad when he thought of his friend. But he did not know that the little grey dog had died for him, paying his debt of gratitude to Benjamin with his life.

(The End.)

Translated by Ida Dailes.

The Poor Fish Says: I see where the Mayor of Chicago is making war on scantily clad chorus girls. This is going too far. The next thing they'll be doing is putting trousers on Cupid.

Youth Views

By HARRY GANNES

Hungary Trains Boy Scouts.

Good boy scouts make good fascisti. Hungary has learned that lesson, and that's why in Hungary you will find a highly developed boy scout movement.

A traveler thru that country sends the news that he saw some of the best types of boy scouts in the land of Horthy. Not content with having washed their hands in the blood of the Hungarian Communists, the white guard, monarchist leaders in that ill-fated land are training their youngsters to be the murderers of any future attempts on the part of the workers.

Would you be surprised to learn that the Hungarian boy scouts are the image of their American brothers? Even their creed is formulated on the same "principles." Boy scouts the world over are merely army kindergartens. In the lands of the open reactionary anti-working class (fascist) rule, the boy scouts are kindergartens of murder and destruction.

There is no mathematical problem involved in the question: How far is it from a boy scout to a white guard? It's a matter of command.

"Obedience," the central theme of the boy scout creed, covers a multitude of sins.

What is most heart-rending, tho, is to see some good, honest trade unionists encourage these organizations. It's like taking a lion's cub for a pet, thinking you were bringing up an Angora cat.

Every worker who permits his kids to join the boy scouts can blame himself when this same kid jabs a bayonet into the ribs of some striking fellow worker, or burns down some trade union hall.

Why a uniform on the boy scouts? Why drill? Why unquestioning obedience and blind patriotism to a Daugherty Injunction government? Why such liberal contributions from the bosses to the boy scouts? Ask yourself these questions, worker.

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UNCLE WIGGILY'S TRICKS

A LAUGH FOR THE CHILDREN

BIG PROBLEMS FACE RUSSIAN COMMUNISTS

NOTE.—Today the DAILY WORKER continues the publication of the important speech by Chairman Kamenev, of the Moscow Soviet, on the big problems now confronting the Russian Communist Party, the ruling party in Soviet Russia. Every day the DAILY WORKER is publishing installments of this momentous discussion involving the fundamental interests of the emancipated workers and farmers of the Soviet Republic. This discussion should therefore be of the greatest interest to all the workers and farmers of this country. Kamenev spoke to the Moscow Communists as follows:

* * * *

Continued from Friday.

LET us now consider another aspect of the question—let us remember what we demand from those comrades among the workers, or even among the unemployed, who are expected as Communists to understand our final aim, Communism, and our latest bloody struggle with the White Guards, and at the same time to find a clear mental path thru those immediate external contradictions of the principles of Communism and Socialism which they—the unemployed or the city proletariat, are bound to come across at every step, when they go into the street, look at the shop windows, or observe the doings of the New Economic Policy.

We demand a very high degree of self-control, experience, and theoretical understanding from these comrades, if they are not to be carried away by anarcho-syndicalist currents. We must admit to ourselves that in proportion to the extent of the existence of the NEP, and in proportion to the increasing acuteness of the situation created in the relations between the separate workers, the unemployed, and those NEP bourgeoisie, these anarcho-syndicalist currents are inevitably bound to reach nearly to the ranks of our Party. And when the workers' group, this Myasnikov set, has been able to gain a hearing among certain elements of our Party whose outlook is extremely limited, this influence exercised by Myasnikov's counter-revolutionary speeches is explicable as a result of these contradictions which we are unable to eliminate, which remain, and which are the constant cause of a certain amount of doubt and vacillation in this wing of our Party, a certain tendency to give a hearing to those ideas current in the Myasnikov atmosphere.

What is the essential character of the Myasnikov tendency? The opposition of the working class to our state.

What is Menshevism? The opposition of the working class to our state.

It requires a high standard of political schooling to understand that our state, despite its many faults and despite the insufficient wage payments to the workers, is still a workers' state. And this standard cannot be expected of every workman.

The Two Dangers.

The two dangers threatening us from various quarters are: First, degeneration under the influence of the NEP; and secondly, the anarcho-syndicalist tendency. How are we effectually to combat these dangers, how are we to ensure that the increased demands put upon our Party are to be adequately met, how are we to make sure that a strike does not merely pass over without affecting us, but is made unnecessary by us beforehand; how are we to help the economists on the one hand and the provoked proletariat on the other, how are we to find an antidote against these decomposing influences within the Party, how are we to find a reply to the questions engaging the proletariat, questions which will become increasingly acute as the contradictory system of the NEP develops further?

The answer to this is to be found in the workers' democracy, in the raising of the general tone of the ideological life of our Party, in the conversion of every nucleus into a laboratory of Party thought, in which every member of our Party, and every non-partisan worker placing his confidence in our nucleus, can have the problems which disturb him answered in free discussion.

The answer is to be found in not having the resolutions adopted by the nucleus dictated from above, but in their being the result of independent thought expended on these fundamental questions.

This higher standard of political life, in the nuclei and in the higher organizations alike; the discussion of all questions coming before the Party in these organizations, so long as no insuperable obstacles stand in the way of such discussion; this is the guarantee, at the present juncture, against the schismatic elements entering our Party from various sides, just as other measures, measures of severest discipline, superlatively military in description, afforded guarantees to our Party against other dividing influences in other times of bitter struggle.

Another condition essential to the workers' democracy, dictated by the general situation, and a necessary guarantee for free discussion, is that the posts in our Party are filled by election.

Democratic Centralism.

You are well aware, comrades, that this question of the discussion of all questions, and of the participation of all members in the discussion, the question of the choosing by election of the whole Party apparatus from the top to the bottom, is in no way new to us either as a problem or as a task. The idea of this system has not occurred to the Party now for the first time.

We have long been aware that democratic centralism does not consist in the Party being elected from below, but in the underlying principle of the instructions of the Party to the part of the persons and institutions holding positions in the Party.

This was a fact established for us some decades ago; but we have had to apply this democratic centralism in different ways under different conditions, and if we had delayed, at the present juncture, in our transition to a broader application of this principle, we should have committed a grave error.

But can anyone maintain that on this occasion the Central did not observe the necessity in good time? How did this workers' democracy come about? As early as the Plenary Session of the Central in September (convened in connection with the prevailing excitement and with the formation of the workers' group above mentioned) Comrade Dserzinsky submitted to this session a report pointing out that a dying out of our Party, the dying out of the inner life of the Party, the greater prevalence of nomination rather than election, might easily become a political danger, and might paralize our Party in regard to the political leadership of the working class.

An analysis of this movement, present both within and without the Party in July and August, caused Comrade Dserzinsky to set up a broad commission to inquire into the internal situation in the Party. The task set this commission was to deal with the question as a whole.

The Plenary Session following, in October, passed a resolution citing the resolution of the Central, and stating that: "The Plenary Sessions of the Central, and of the C. C. C. (Central Control Commission) fully approve of the course adopted at the right moment by the Political Bureau, with reference to carrying out of the Party democracy; they also approve of the stronger measures dictated by the Political Bureau to combat the 'wasteful expenditure,' and against the dividing influences of the NEP upon the various elements of the Party."

Application of October Resolution.

This resolution is the sole one passed by the October Plenary Session with reference to Democracy. The October Plenary Session dealt with various other questions as well, but these had no reference to Democracy. It dealt with some very delicate problems, but not with those pertaining to Democracy.

With regard to Democracy, the Plenary Session of the Central and of the C. C. C. debated on the following lines. The resolution passed on this subject was as follows: "The Plenary Session instructs the Political Bureau to take every action required to accelerate the work of the commissions appointed by the Political Bureau at the September sessions: 1. The commission for examining into the disparity between the agricultural and industrial prices; 2. over the workers' wages, and 3. over the situation within the Party. The Political Bureau, after working out the measures necessary to be taken in these matters, is to begin with the immediate execution of these measures, and to report on its activity at the next plenary session of the Central." Thus the October Plenary Session mentioned the Political Bureau to work out the resolution.

And we have worked it out, indeed, we have done more: we have succeeded in having this resolution (which contains every present element of workers' democracy within the Party, and which points out the actual character of this workers' democracy and how it is to be practically applied) unanimously adopted by the Political Bureau and the Presidium of the C. C. C.

By this action the Party has thus afforded the guarantee that the change of policy which we are accomplishing is really being carried out with sincere agreement, and can and must be executed with the slightest possible injury to the Party.

Difficulty of Task.

The carrying out of such a change of policy, comrades, is invariably difficult. We have gone with you thru a large number of such alterations in tactics—sometimes the evolution has been difficult, and has cost the Party much, and sometimes it has been comparatively easy.

We know then when we changed our course in the trade union question, we were obliged to do it in the midst of a reciprocal struggle, in the midst of a severe combat which drew the whole Party into discussions outside the actual issue.

And when we undertook the fundamental change of tactics implied by the NEP, we undertook this without internal discussion, without internal struggle, without the formation of factions. Here, with regard to the NEP, we performed the evolution unanimously, and it was, therefore, performed smoothly and with the least possible detriment.

And what is the question before us now? We are, and always have been, in favor of the workers' democracy. I have not heard a single criticism of the formulation of the resolution passed by the Central. Nobody will assert that the workers' democracy is distorted in this resolution, or that this or that point should be added.

We do not see any practical proposals for the carrying out of the real workers' democracy. But the danger exists that we shall find this evolution difficult of performance, and that some unsound conditions may be caused by it.

Unity of Party at Stake.

In the Central we have done everything possible for facilitating the performance of the evolution: we have attained the unanimous acceptance of the resolution in the Central. But what danger is incurred by the actual performance? The danger exists that when we turn into this new path, our Party vehicle may take the course so abruptly that its wheels may leave the earth altogether . . . You know the high appreciation of which our Central is worthy. You know that the unity of the Party is at stake.

We are confronted by the danger which threatens us at this curve, the danger that when we do not possess firmly established groupings, we shall no longer know what we are to understand regarding the freedom of discussion which we proclaim.

At every district meeting the same question arises: "How does the matter stand, does this workers- democracy include or exclude free discussion and the freedom to form groups?" The workers' democracy, like every other democracy, includes the freedom of ideological groups. If we think of democracy in its complete and unlimited form, the rights of groups cannot be excluded.

But we maintain definitely that the workers' democracy, as formulated by the present resolution of the Central, permits no freedom to groupings, let alone freedom for factions. Here, too, we must come to an agreement with one another. There are comrades who believe that these limitations are impossible; Comrade Preobrashensky (I am glad to see that he is present) maintains that: We cannot comprehend the workers democracy without this freedom for groups. Why are we against groups? For the reason that we are obliged to leave the Party fundamentally where it is. We are against groupings because we do not merely represent a Communist Party, and because we find ourselves with you, in a special situation, as a Communist Party.

The Danger of Groups.

And if even the Communist Parties of France and Germany possess group freedom, this is merely a circumstance which originates in the inheritance of the organizatory methods of Social Democracy. Our Party is not in this position; our Party differs from all other Communist Parties in that it governs the country, whilst the others are still struggling for power. We need be a prey to no illusions here. Here we have 400,000 Communists belonging to different spheres, different generations, and coming from different parties—and these 400,000 Communists are governing the country. Is it possible to allow these 400,000 Communists the liberty to form groups? We say—no. Such freedom to form groups leads to a splitting up of state power, and it is only irresponsible persons, only such who have no comprehension for the reciprocal relations between our Party and the state power, who can play with this idea and talk so much about it.

The 10th Congress of our Party dealt with this question at an exceedingly critical moment, and those comrades who maintain that the resolution passed by the Central is inadequate, or must be differently interpreted, must be asked the question: What do you propose to do with the resolution of the 10th Congress? The resolution was Comrade Lenin's, written with his own hand, and passed without any amendment. Comrade Lenin understood very well the circumstances which induce the formation of groupings and factions.

There is a certain transition stage. When we stated at a meeting that this is the resolution passed by the 10th Congress two years ago, someone replied that the resolution was out of date, and should be altered, since it was written two years ago. But this resolution is so formulated that it cannot become obsolete.

At the present time we are carrying on an existence three-quarters of which is passed in a vise between the ruling regime and the elements hostile to the Soviet government, an existence surrounded on all sides by the snares set by the NEP. So long as this objective situation remains, so long does every word of the resolution passed by the 10th Congress retain its full force. . . .

(To Be Continued Monday)

Evening Song

By SHERWOOD ANDERSON

Back of Chicago the open fields—were you ever there?
Trains coming toward you out of the West—
Streaks of light on the long grey plains? Many a song—
Aching to sing.

I've got a grey and ragged brother in my breast—
That's a fact.

Back of Chicago the open fields—were you ever there?
Trains going from you into the West—
Clouds of dust on the long grey plains.
Long trains go West, too—in the silence.
Always the song—
Waiting to sing.

THIS TIME IT'S REALLY TRUE

By GERTRUDE HAESSLER

MY neighbors are a cool-headed, well-balanced pair; she is German—a veritable Brunhilde in stature and demeanor—and he is a dignified, bearded Russian professor at the Academy who endured and worked and suffered in Turkestan Trans-Caucasia during all the dangerous years of the civil war.

When I brought to them the news of Lenin's death, they both went pale. Brunhilde groped and reached for support, and said in a quivering voice: "I don't believe it. They have said it so often. Only last week the health bulletin was so cheerful."

But her behavior showed that she believed only too well.

And the dignified professor—he who has always seemed so distant and reserved—put his head in his hands for a moment and then got up and began to pace to and fro in a bewildered manner. "But I just dreamt about him last night," he kept saying. "Isn't it strange? It can't be true. It can't be true." He was a pathetic figure. It seemed that someone tried to steal from him and threw into his face between him and the assassin.

And when I left the room I could hear the two talking excitedly away in Russian, "And I dreamt about him last night, just last night."

The official news came at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, but everyone on the streets knew long before that. The co-operative on Ivernskaya 19, which had been closed only one day in commemoration of Bloody Sunday of 1905, opened its doors in the middle of the afternoon for the sale of black cotton and ribbon only. Each of the show windows contained Lenin's picture draped in red and black."

The buildings of Moscow had been decorated with red and black flags in memory of the unsuccessful revolution of 1905, and as we wandered aimlessly thru the streets, from square to square, seeking to find some real spirit with whom to share our grief, the red flags without the black borders were hauled in, to be hung for a moment later at half-mast with black crepe tied to their staffs.

Before the Dom Soyuzov, the Trade Union Hall, the soldiers were clearing away the heaps of snow on the roadway. Here Lenin was brought the next day; here he will lie until the funeral in the Red Square on Sunday; and here thousands upon thousands of people are coming to look at him for the last time. The peasants and villagers from the neighboring provinces are pouring into the city. They are sleeping anywhere and everywhere, but they must see their beloved leader.

The workers instinctively flocked to their factories to get the latest details as soon as they heard of the news. The theatres were crowded with grieving people, speaking impressively from the stage. Every one of the speeches made to them by Soviet officials and by the delegates from foreign countries is the Opposition. Hundreds of these spontaneous meetings were being held less than two hours after the official news was announced.

The concert that had been planned for the evening by the Comintern workers in commemoration of Bloody Sunday, gave way to a demonstration of mourning. "It does not matter what the speakers said—what is there to say on an occasion like this? When the first speaker finished and said: "Let us honor our beloved leader's memory," the people rose in a body and deep silence prevailed. Then the chairman, in a quavering voice, started singing the revolutionary funeral march; a few women's voices joined in for a short time; but the singing faltered out; no one moved and no one spoke some minutes; no one knew what he was doing or where he was. Everyone was dazed and carried away—then gradually the people resumed their seats.

But a working woman rose from the audience and spoke in a strong, steady voice. "Comrades," she said, "I work in a factory far from Moscow and I came here on factory work. When I heard of Comrade Lenin's death, I came to the Comintern, where I was sure of meeting people who would understand what I was feeling. I have just suffered a bereavement in my own family and I say to you now: Do not sit down and weep! Our leader was a man of action, and the way to honor his memory is not to collapse and give way to grief, but to carry on his work, to follow the road he has pointed out for us, to spread his gospel thruout the world, and to realize his aspirations."

And that is the spirit of all the people. They are stunned by the news, but they are not afraid of the future. Ever over a year his grip on the wheel had gradually slackened, and now that he will never again lead the people, they mourn the loss of a beloved friend but they have no misgivings of the future.

As soon as the news spread that Lenin's body would arrive from Gorki at one o'clock the following day, people thronged to the station. They were prepared to wait thruout the night in the bitter cold for the sake of a glimpse of the bier. But when it was announced that no one but the elected delegations from factories and institutions would be allowed to come near the station, the waiting people dispersed.

On the morning of Jan. 23, the day after the news spread, and the day after the calamity, all the approaches to the Dom Soyuzov were cleared of traffic and pedestrians.

The streets were crowded with people, and after the procession had passed, they poured into the square in front of the Dom Soyuzov.

And all that day, ever since the hall where the body lies has been open to the public, thousands of people have been thronging to look for the last time on Lenin. Solid walls of cavalry police are needed to keep the throngs from stampeding out of the lines toward the hall. The crowd gets beyond the control of the men now and then, and the crushing and seething of the mob is terrific. But gradually the lines proceed in orderly fashion toward the hall.

Once inside the hall, the silence and gravity, compared with the fighting scramble on the outside, have an immediately subduing effect. Two columns of people march quickly past the bier, get a fleeting look at the body which is lying in the middle of a brilliantly lighted hall, and march out at another entrance.

At night the situation is no better than in the daytime. Thousands of people stand in line two and three hours during the night in this bitter cold, weather waiting their turn. The employes of institutions, the workers in factories, the children from the school marche in groups behind their red banners draped in black. Night and day, night and day, the endless stream flows uninterruptedly on.

In a proletarian family, two children were whispering to each other late the evening the news was announced. "Things will be very bad in Russia now," the little six-year-old boy said. "Things will never be bad in Russia again," said his ten-year-old brother with great confidence. And that seems to be the feeling of the Russian people now. The first reaction is one of despair and bewilderment, but a little maturer thought makes them realize that Lenin's work has already progressed so far, that his disappearance from their midst is no permanent blow to the work before the Russian people. His death is the death of a well-beloved friend, and as such he is deeply mourned.

And everyone is agreed that the only way to behave in the present situation is to carry on the work of this man of action—to spread the gospel of this man of genius.

A NEW UNITED FRONT - - - - -

By CARL REEVE.

A STUDY of the initial issues of two new publications which first saw the light of day this month, "American Mercury," edited by H. L. Mencken and G. J. Nathan, and the "New Leader," edited by renegade socialist, James Oneal, reveals a striking similarity in editorial policy and in the class of readers appealed to. Oneal in contributing to the Mercury a series of insinuations entitled "The Communist Hoax," relinquishes all claim to being a scientific socialist or Marxist. He has sunk at last to the level of the shrieky, indiscriminate cynical Mencken.

Birds of a feather flock together

"The editors," says the American Mercury, "view the capitalist system if not exactly amorously then at all events politely. The reader they have in their eye, whose views they hope to soothe, is the normal, educated, well disposed, unfrenzied, enlightened citizen of the middle minority. There is no middle ground of consolation for men who believe neither in the socialist Utopia of the proletarian enemies of the socialist fol-de-rol; yet such men constitute the most intelligent and valuable body of citizens that the nation can boast. Good work is always done in the middle ground between the theorists."

"The New Leader," says the first editorial of this official socialist weekly, "is not 'liberal,' or 'radical,' or 'progressive.' The New Leader is socialist in its point of view. We shall not make the mistake of glorifying the working class." After thus giving a new definition of socialism, the New Leader in this same issue—Jan. 19—tries to prove how similar it is to the American Mercury by reviewing that magazine in these words, "The American Mercury cannot be classified as 'liberal,' as 'radical,' as 'progressive,' or as 'revolutionary.' Its one editorial promise is war on hokum, political, economic and social."

We suggest that the American Mercury should be read and reviewed "Edited by H. L. Mencken, George J. Nathan, and James Oneal." Perhaps even if they lost sight of their aim—"To ascertain and tell the truth"—this board of editors would better please the "middle minority." This should be a good combination. Both publications are gentlemanly and polite in hurling from their frigidly critical attitude their thunder at the Communists. The New Leader "Resents this method (cheap, noisy) and attacking a group which, after all, is insignificant." But the Leader "Has seen many who left us today" programs in anticipation of imminent social upheaval in the United States. We observe them now as the most incorrigible of petit bourgeois opportunists. We shall urge the recognition of Russia, at the same time we shall avoid those destructive, impossible socialists, and their bizarre programs."

And now listen to what the "one editorial" in the American Mercury, praised so highly by the New Leader, says about Marx and the Communists: "In the field of political Utopias there is not only useless, it is also dangerous. The ideal realm imagined by an A. Mitchell Palmer or a King Kleagle of the Ku Klux Klan is as idiotically Utopian as the ideal of Alcott, a Marx or a Bryan. The American Mercury will devote itself to exposing the nonsensicality of all such hallucinations."

Here we have the spectacle of an official socialist paper praising an editorial policy characterizing Marx as "idiotically Utopian." The socialist organ commends a magazine which "has no set program, either destructive or constructive," which believes that the world is down with a score of painful diseases, all of them chronic and incurable. Further, we have the renegade socialist editor, James Oneal, giving up his last claim to being a scientific economist by supporting such a magazine with a contribution, characterizing, among other mis-statements, the Communist movement of America as an "emotional reaction."

The Communists certainly are willing to admit that their tone and tactics are different from the "middle ground" criticism of Oneal and Mencken. It is easier to criticize than create. The DAILY WORKER, also born in January, goes the American Mercury and the Leader one better. Realizing that the workers are the historically rising class, the DAILY WORKER is trying to see that that class gains the supremacy as quickly and efficiently as possible. While the Mercury and Leader are so politely theorizing about the workers in mincing terms that the workers seem to resent it, the DAILY WORKER is putting into effect the program of "all power to the workers."

The DAILY WORKER will continue to be a potent factor on the side of the American workers in the class struggle. The New Leader and the American Mercury will continue to produce artistic criticism of the workers as they fight their life and death struggle. As observers, Oneal and Mencken, knitting their knowing brows into a frown of disapproval, will entertain the "middle minority" by critically analyzing—always in a polite and aesthetic manner—the labor pains attendant upon the birth of the workers' state.

The Day of Days

By WILLIAM MORRIS

What's this? For joy our hearts stand still,
Each eve earth falleth down the dark,
As tho its hope were o'er;
Yet lurks the sun when day is done
Behind to-morrow's door.

Grey grows the dawn while men-folk sleep,
Unseen spreads on the light,
Till the thrush sings to the colored things,
And earth forgets the night.

No otherwise wends on our Hope:
E'en as a tale that's told
Are fair lives lost, and all the cost
Of wise and true and bold.

We've toiled and failed; we spake the word;
None hearkened; dumb we lie;
Our Hope is dead, the seed we spread
Fell o'er the earth to die.

What's this? For joy our hearts stand still,
And life is loved and dear,
The lost and found the Cause hath crowned,
The Day of Days is here.

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THE LEADERSHIP OF THE BRITISH LABOR PARTY

By WM. F. DUNNE

SINCE the rise of the British Labor Party to power the American liberal and labor press, as well as the organs of capitalism, have devoted columns of space to it. There has been a decrease in the articles on Russia for here is something that American writers think they understand—it has a homelike flavor and there is no great hostility to the British Labor Party as yet.

It is, say most of the publicists, the apotheosis of democracy and the crowning proof that in Anglo-Saxon nations no other weapon than the ballot need be used by the workers.

In the liberal press, particularly, does the comment reach an ecstatic note; the dictionary is plundered to embellish the adjectival eulogies of the aims and methods of the British Labor Party.

A Neglected Fact.

None of the commentators seem to have taken into consideration one fact that is obvious to the most casual observer of the British labor movement—that the Labor Party is not a homogeneous entity, but a huge amorphous body in which all shades of opinion from the Manchester school of liberals to the Communists prevail.

The leadership of the British Labor Party, in addition to lauding parliamentary action to the exclusion of all other means, expressing its firm conviction in the basic goodness of modern democratic institutions including government, before and during election, has, since it assumed office, discouraged to an extent not yet fully known in America, the party spirit of militancy that has shown itself in two great strikes—the railwaymen and the dockers.

The Call, the official organ of the Independent Labor Party to which the intellectual leaders of the British Labor Party belong that "the growing industry, unemployment, loss of economic power by the unions and consequent defeats have had the usual result in countries where the workers possess the franchise—they swing to parliamentarianism as the only available method of securing any immediate relief. They hope the government will be able to do what they could not do with their unions alone while the factories were closed —put an end to the increasing tyrannies of the employers.

They expect the Labor Party government to take the side of the workers in the strikes that are inevitable and if the leaders were not of the type that values the smug approval of the middle class more than the confidence of the workers, they would, as a political tactic sure of success, use the government as lever with which to force maximum concessions in the form of wages and working conditions from the employers. A government with a policy of this kind need not long remain a minority bloc in parliament in a country where the majority of the population are members of the workingclass.

Unable To Lead.

But the leadership of the British Labor Party is constitutionally unable to have confidence in the driving power of the masses or to mobilize that power.

The left wing of the party may get control of the organization but never of the leaders. Their route is already charted. They will adhere to their policy of class collaboration and parliamentary futility and in the end will denounce the workers as "ignorant ingrates; dull hopelessness will be their outstanding characteristic and the more bitter ones will finally become the advisers of the most reactionary section of the British capitalist class.

There are those persons who will say that this is bitter criticism and unkindly; that the leaders of the British Labor Party have not had time to prove themselves and possibilities as to their end are unwarranted.

Not Individuals But Types.

To those I say that I am not criticising MacDonald, Snowden and the rest as individuals but as a type—a type in which there are few or any variations. They are historical products thrown up by the clash of forces in the class struggle and whether they come to the surface in Russia, Italy, Bulgaria, Germany or England matters but very little.

They strive to cure the evils of a struggle that can be ended only by accentuating the struggle, thru a reconciliation of warring classes and in this they serve the beneficiaries of the system. Capitalism claims them for its own and the manner of their end can be predicted with almost mathematical accuracy.

Not in its present leaders but in the left wing elements of the labor movement who reject the policy of conciliation and class collaboration lies the real leadership of the British workingclass.

When they take their place as the acknowledged vanguard of the British movement they will find the present leaders in the camp of the enemy.

The Road To Ruin.

Belief in the identity of interest of all classes in the British Isles, grouped around the standard of the British empire, conviction that the state is or can be made an impartial agency, complete confidence in parliamentary machinery as an instrument that can wipe out the cause of class antagonisms, lead straight to the betrayal of the revolutionary movements. If it does not, the history made in the last seven years is devoid of meaning for the workingclass.

Communist Party Gains in Leading Saxon Cities Shown in Tabulation

The following table illustrates the gains made by the Communist Party and the losses of the Social Democratic Party in the recent communal elections in Saxony, as compared with the elections in 1922.

It also shows the victory of the capitalist parties which, however, was not a very great advance over the last elections, and was only made possible by the apathy of a great part of the masses who did not vote at all, due to the bitter disillusionment caused by the treachery of the Social Democratic Party.

The table gives the number of places captured by the Communist Party, the Social Democratic Party, and the combined Capitalist Parties, in the principal cities and towns of Saxony.

	1922			1924			Change		
City	Comm.	Soc.	Cap.	Comm.	Soc.	Cap.	Comm.	Soc.	Cap.
Leipzig	6	30	26	14	19	28	+8	—11	+2
Dresden	4	38	42	10	27	44	+6	—17	+2
Chemnitz	11	21	28	15	16	30	+4	—5	+2
Plauen	7	18	35	10	11	40	+3	—7	+5
Zwickau	3	16	17	9	13	27	+6	—3	+10
Aue	3	13	19	8	6	13	+5	—7	+3
Schwarzenberg	8	5	13	10	3	14	+2	—2	+1
Grimma	1	7	13	4	4	13	+3	—3	—
	43	148	194	79	93	219	+36	—55	+25

"Norm-oil-cy"

By SCOTT NEARING
(Federated Press Staff Writer)

The oil expose is not a scandal in any accurate sense. It is a lesson in realism. Senators Lenroot and Walsh have merely managed to provide with the ordinarily accepted transactions between business men and public officials, in the course of which business men exploit American resources and plunder the American people.

Mr. Daugherty does not regard the matter as scandalous. Mr. Coolidge has not, in any one of his public utterances, displayed the least indignation or ever surprise. Men high up in American public life are evidently quite accustomed to this kind of thing, and are annoyed—not scandalized—when it comes to light.

Read Imperial Washington (R. F. Pettigrew); turn the pages of Ida Tarbell's History of the Standard Oil Co.; run over the works which Ray Stannard Baker, Lincoln Steffens and Charles Edward Russell turned out in the muckraking days that preceded the war, and you will find this story repeated again and again, in chapter after chapter of American business history.

Nor is it incongruous that these very men were the arch patriots of the war days. The war, like Teapot Dome, was a business proposition. The same men who profiteered before and during the war have been profiteering since the war, and will profiteer on profiteer so long as the profiteering system remains.

It may be difficult to explain to those patriots who fought and bled in the war why a few men should get away with millions, and this will prove particularly embarrassing during the coming months in audiences of bankrupt farmers and workers on part time. But with the press flourishing, the movies in full swing and the radio broadcasting, it will be possible to persuade the American masses to forget even tho they cannot forgive.