

AT THE DOORS

(Continued from Page 5.)

the dark rooms, he passed to the kitchen where the hilarious orderlies were playing freeshootneck. In the corridor one could distinguish by the light of the smoking night lamps saddles, swords, rifles, uniform, shoulder straps all thrown together in great disorder. It smelled of horse sweat.

"Get up, Samuel!"
The snow storm was raging outside—the storm which told Olga the story of little Grandchild snow-dake. It must, indeed, have been a witch's spell. It was almost impossible to move about that night. The wind swept down from the roof, made some-unsavily, whirled in a fury, blew from the devastated fields. The snow was heaving like a sea-wave. Instead of walking one was almost forced to crawl thru the snowy dimness, the shrieking, howling, whirling wind, the white obscurity, the white deadly song. And on this night three people were hovering about the house of Andrey Veraslakoy on the Sibirskaya Mounrain. Tanatar left his house and fell at once as if the white witch the snowstorm had sunk her icy hands into his neck. Tanatar drew his head in and his bridled face with its aquiline nose stuck out prominently. And again it seemed that the man, like some beast, was ready for a leap. Up to his waist in the snow he was ploughed thru it, crossing side streets, turning corners, until he finally reached the invisible house of the Veraslakys. Nothing could be seen, two steps ahead. The storm was sweeping down from the mountains and the steppes, flying at the houses with a sardonic cry. Some one came right upon him.

The tempest almost drowned the words:
"Who is there?"
"The Commander of the Cavalry Division—is this Doctor Fedoroff?"
Tanatar shriek still further into himself, and Fedoroff did not know whether the cry that followed was the voice of Tanatar, the howling of the tempest, or the work of his own feverish brain.

"He is watching Olga Veraslakya. Olga is mine, I won't give her up. Look out for Tanatar—Doctor! He will kill you."

They separated, but met again, frightened, and having met, noticed a third person. It was a white woman leaning against a fence, and when they had passed her, Tanatar bent over Fedoroff and whispered in his ear:

"That is my wife. My wife, Greece sickness. She follows me everywhere; she knows everything, but is silent, always silent. Bloodless. Doctor Fedoroff, Yassia, what an empty existence! Yassia, there is nothing worth living for. I am no better than a beast, uncultured, ignorant. And my wife, always silent, but knowing everything. She says that we must love man; we must love the women, examples of man—even Ivan Petrovitch Bekesh. We have forgotten man."
They crossed two side-streets, and met Bekesh. Ivan Petrovitch was standing near a cart on which he had hurriedly placed a package. Having recognized them as friends, he shouted gaily:

"Has certainly frightened me, have ruined myself to buy some bread for Christmas. I am carrying it in the dark so that nobody will take it away from me."
"In this snow-storm everybody came to the house of Iakov Kamynin the writer. The guests drank tea out of soup plates, peeled potatoes with an old sword, rest for vodka, and chemin de fer amid the shrieking of the storm, the clatter of plates, and outbursts of laughter. All thru the night and the following day, the writer Iakov Kamynin and his voyenetspitz Tanatar remained standing at the old round table; they could not play otherwise. Oil lamps were still burning till the morning. The table was cluttered with cards, thousand rouble notes, glasses, plates, potatoes, tobacco. Tanatar's orderly

went twice to ask Tanatar's wife, all pale and white, for regimental cash. After, having left the table, lay down on the sofa, to get up after an hour's nap and resume playing. Tanatar women left the room at daybreak and came back at noon. The room sounded like the faces of the players, had faded and drawn; the air was dense with smoke and charged with alcohol. The mild, exhausted with extreme concentration, wandered over the round table, the carpet-covered and fast-smelling sofa. The mind of the writer, Iakov Kamynin, was a dense gray like the smoke-filled room; and black, pitch black was the mind of the voyenetspitz Tanatar. Doctor Fedoroff had gone to bed long before and was now speaking in his sleep. Kamynin was probably right when he said to the newcomers:

"Have a smoke, cards, you know, are the only miracle in the world. Must be. That is why they are worth several sleepless nights. A miracle! Who does not dream of it? Queen of Spades, King of Trumps, and Nine—the unique miracle. And woman—another miracle."
Kamynin, while playing, was writing at the same time mechanically on his calendar.

"The miracle of days."
The women came in the afternoon, they cooked potatoes for the men. Kamynin's wife, however, Irina peeled potatoes not for her husband, nor for anyone else but Tanatar. Kamynin himself, hardly able to stand on his thin legs, was also peeling potatoes, while his eyes looked somewhere far beyond. And Irina came and put her head not on her husband's shoulder but on Tanatar's.

"Have you lost?" she asked in a low voice.
"Lost everything." And Tanatar smiled naively. "Regimental cash."
"Much?"
"Two hundred."
"Thousand?"
"Yes."
"Who got them?"
"Can't recall. Iakov, I think. Anyhow, it has been all spent on vodka."
"Come to my room, I shall put you to bed."
"All right, put me to bed." And Tanatar smiled naively and politely. "Is it still snowing outside?"
"No, the storm is past."
Tanatar and everybody was certain they must have looked like Irina. Cuplike breasts, almond-shaped eyes, hair like that of the stony Ariman, stiff horse hair hanging in plaits on her bosom, face and body almost square, almost stonelike and yet mobile like those of a circus woman. Irina had, in fact, once been a circus rider in Odessa.

The men finished drinking, crowded into the corners like flies on an autumn day and, keeping their military and fur coats on, went to sleep. The women were preparing the costumes for the evening masquerade. In the kitchen, the orderlies of the voyenetspitz took a hand now at playing cards. Kamynin remained sitting at the table, where the game had been going on. He was writing in his calendar and drinking what was still left in the glasses. The adjutant, Prince Trubetskoj sat beside him. They spoke to each other listlessly. Before 1917, the prince was owner of property extending over several streets in Moscow as well as of some estates in the Government of Moscow.
"It would be best to take a bath tonight, Prince," said Kamynin lazily.
"I would be best to take a bath tonight," answered the prince.
"Fresh strawberries. Yes. A good idea. But you know, when I am playing cards and drinking champagne, fresh fruit is all right to begin with, but after a while it's ham and cabbage I must have."
Kamynin went on writing figures when repeated lazily.

"Let us send for another bottle of cognac, Prince."
"After all, the cognac is not better than home-made brew."
"Let us send for home-made brew then."
"With red pepper and diet. We have plenty of bread."
"Well, there is no bread left, but that's nothing, we can have raw meat, Prince."
Kamynin wrote down the last figures, looked at his calendar a long time, then stood up, his thin legs wide apart and his hands under his arm pits.

Tanatar, pale and with half-closed, extinguished eyes, was lying in Irina's room covered with a plaid and resting his head in Irina's lap. Kamynin and Fedoroff came into the room together with the twilight. Kamynin made an effort to keep his balance and said:
"Have a smoke, Tanatar. Ira, I must write a book. A grown forest, a birch forest, is cut down to be made into paper. Everything for a book. For beauty. For beauty, Ira, you are living with Tanatar and I need another woman—for my book. Let us discuss the subject. Good and evil, truth and untruth—that is all that counts. Beauty is the thing. We must solve all questions in a very simple way. I mean to ask Olga Andreyevna Veraslakya to be my wife."
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"The idea becomes power when it penetrates the masses."
—Karl Marx.

"Olya Andreyevna Veraslakya." I must not get it down very simply before her. For the sake of beauty, for the sake of the book. It is all very simple.
"Twilight. Gray. It is twilight. Shadows were creeping into the corners. The face of Irina was the face of an Assyrian woman.
"Ira, we still have some cod liver oil, we shall have enough for all three of us."
"Tell us something about yourself, Iakov."
"Well, life is nothing: beauty is all. Beauty and miracles. Let us quit life."
"Do invite Olga, Iakov, we shall drink together sometime. Imagine—two tipsy women!"
Gray twilight. Tanatar suddenly bounded up like a rubber ball.
"Hey, a troika, vodka, Olga Andreyevna Veraslakya... all here!"
The orderlies drove up the Division troika, harnessed to a sledge. Tanatar fussed about the room putting on a driver's suit. Then he took Irina into his arm and began to shout incomprehensible words: "Anara—taira!"
Tanatar took the driver's seat; Kamynin and Fedoroff sat down in the sledge.
"Get up!"
Translated By Louis Loezowicz.
(Continued Next Saturday.)

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NEW YORK CITY	May 9	Central Opera House
BLOOMINGTON, ILL.	May 12	Radio Theatre
DEKALB, ILL.	May 12	Star Theatre
DIKON, ILL.	May 12	Family Theatre
DAVENPORT, IOWA	May 14	Northwest Turn Hall
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SPECIAL MAGAZINE SUPPLEMENT THE DAILY WORKER

SECOND SECTION
April 26, 1924.
This magazine supplement will appear every Saturday in The Daily Worker.

WHILE THE WAR WAS ON THEY PLEADED—



TODAY THEY RIDICULE AND FIGHT LABOR

World-Wide Significance of International Red Aid

By ISRAEL AMTER.

White reaction holds the working masses of the world in its bloody grip. In Germany, Poland and even in Rumania, Latvia, Estonia and Finland, in Java, India, China and Japan, in Spain and France, in the United States, Canada and South America—tens of thousands of the best workers are languishing in capitalist jails. They have been sent to these hellholes for daring to fight in the front ranks of the workers against their exploiters. In the interests of the workers they have suffered the wrath of the capitalist State, and today are paying the penalty of their heroism.

Post-War Annoyance.
The World War freed the international bourgeoisie with great pride. THEY had won the war; they were armed, the working class was split into warring camps. Despite the fact that they had accumulated billions of dollars, created values to the amount of more billions had been shot to pieces; and despite the fact that the workers and peasants of Soviet Russia had taken from them one of the most fertile lands for exploitation, they felt strong. Many capitalist governments were on the verge of ruin and collapse; many had lost the meaning of the working class. The international bourgeoisie felt safe; they would not allow another country to seize power, whether they would down the workers in blood.

In Hungary, the workers might attempt to establish their Soviet power; in Finland they might declare parliament their own; in Italy they might seize the factories and fight for State control; in Germany they might throw the Kaiser and proclaim the country a republic—the bourgeoisie did not fear. They were united together, they stood together, they were necessary of standing together. However much they might among themselves for the right of exploitation—against the working class and the militant peasants they are a united front.

The Black International.
Hence the workers of Hungary, Italy, Finland, Romania did not fight against their bourgeoisie alone. Behind the bourgeoisie of these countries stood the mighty capitalist governments of France and England, aiding them with guns and ammunition, with money and troops. They had tried to throttle the Soviet Government with guns and airplanes from England, France and the United States; just as they sent American, English and French boys to shoot down Russian workers and peasants who threw the bourgeoisie out of their land for ever—so, too, they aid the bourgeoisie of every other country in beating down and crushing the working class.

The capitalist system of production is truly anarchic. But the capitalist mind is clear. The capitalists very well understand their mutual interests and they are organized to protect their interests. Armies are not created by one capitalist government only to beat another capitalist government in the race of profits, for the raw materials and fields for investment. Armies are created in order to shoot down rebellious workers and peasants. They are to help other capitalist governments in subduing their workers. We have returned to the old standing armies of the world which were created for the purpose the capitalist world is preparing not only for another world war, but also to curb the revolution.

The Boygame of Capitalism.
The capitalists have operated well before the mirror of the school regarding the meaning of revolution. They have held up to them the "bliss" of the bourgeoisie, the "peace" of civilization. They have called the revolutionists, the "Reds," the Communists. They have depicted them as bloodthirsty ruffians bent upon destroying the world. Under the pressure of the great school of the church, the workers have yielded to the influence. But the spirit of revolt cannot be curbed in this manner. Capitalist exploitation and capitalist government—upon which the power of the bourgeoisie rests—will never give the workers a better lesson.

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The shrewd-minded capitalists have succeeded in keeping the workers apart. They are well organized, they are united, they have carried on vicious campaigns to destroy the organizations of the working class, trade unions, cooperatives, peasants organizations—all of them have suffered under the lightning hands of the capitalists and the capitalist governments. In Italy, Mussolini, the head of the international bourgeoisie, whose methods they are copying in all capitalist countries, has obliterated the unions and cooperatives and has turned them into organizations against the workers and peasants. In Germany, Stinnes, Thyssen and Wulf have carried on one vicious campaign after the other with the aim of destroying the unions. In France, Spain, Norway and Sweden, in England, United States, Canada and Argentina, in Japan, India and Australia—in all the countries of the globe, the capitalists, or

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they will free themselves from capitalist tyranny. They must stand solidly behind the militant revolutionary party whose hand of reaction they are to break. They must aid their families. They must help the imprisoned peasant who are paying the price of gain of capitalist soldiers.

The white terror in Europe and Asia demands that the workers of the world unite in defense of the imprisoned comrades and their families. It demands that the workers of every country where the hand of reaction does not yet press so heavily, form their Red Aid organizations at once. In Spain, France, Holland, Finland, America, Canada, Japan, China, Java and Korea, the best fighters for the working class are tortured in the prisons; many are driven to madness and suicide, others are murdered.

The largest number of the workers who were massacred and imprisoned are Communist. The masses of India have been told by the MacDonald Government of Great Britain that if they dare to fight for their freedom, the full force of the British Government will crush them. But the masses fight on, although their hands and feet are broken in prison.

Thousands Doomed To Die.
Tens of thousands of the best workers and peasants are being shot by the hands of the bourgeoisie. They are being shot by the hands of the bourgeoisie. They are being shot by the hands of the bourgeoisie.

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The Voice of May Day

By Harrison George

"There will be a time when our silence will be more powerful than the voices you strangle today!"
August 31st at the scaffold.

Capitalism is insanity, its voices come from madman throats, the hysterical shrieks of homicide, the moans of the wounded, the mutterings of masses in despair. But clear and beautiful with the beauty of relentless purpose, there arise above all the discord of the voices of these workers who are free of the streets which inspire and direct the struggle; voices which call to arms.

Because these voices were raised on May First, 1886, four workers were strangled to death in the Cook County Jail at Chicago. But the three workers were strangled and the years have led, their voices on this First of May, 1924, ring round the world.

What did May First mean in 1886? Whose were these voices? In what cause were they raised? Who strangled them?
The N. L. U. Tells Out.

For twenty years, since the Eight Hour League joined in the first national vote movement in the National Labor Union formed in 1886, labor had fought fruitfully and profitably for an eight-hour day. But the N. L. U. was an undisciplined army, directed by simple-minded or self-seeking leaders. The first biggest socialist capitalist politician for legislation, the latter sold out the workers. Fred East Johnson led to them, and the other side had been neutralized.

When this fraud was protested one former answered in twenty years is obligatory by its own nature and can drive no additional force from beyond its own ranks. The "contract" was injected into the laws by providing that only "when the contract was signed by the workers" it was valid. The contract was not to be broken. The workers had to sign any contract presented by their wanted work and there were bodies of unemployed. The soldiers who had fought to free the chattel slaves had merely created a fairly homogeneous class of wage slaves and found themselves among it, unemployed and starving.

With the inspiring exception of the so-called strike of James Sullivan in 1872, economic depression drove out of work and, naturally, the workers turned to politics, and just as naturally, the theoretically ignorant and non-temperance workers failed to accomplish anything. Even the so-called labor party formally started by the N. L. U. in 1872 was killed in the cradle by the treacherous leaders of the national trade unions with their force, and finally nothing but an ill-odored shadow; for the N. L. U. was a hopelessly mixed body of Eight-Hour League, cooperatives, local unions, assemblies and national trade unions.

EMPHASIS ON COMMUNIST EDUCATION
(Continued from Page Four.)
The Party has great political influence and is growing; but it is necessary to start a huge organization campaign to develop its strength to meet its political influence. It is essential, therefore, also to raise the Communist understanding of the membership to meet its greater political, industrial and organizational work. Intensity and organized Communist education in the Party; increase it through the starting of appropriate political education in the branches, cities and districts. The Party must make a great organization drive to draw in thousands more of the exploited wage earners and exploited farmhands and the present Central Executive Committee of the Party fully aware of these problems and is taking energetic and organized steps to increase the membership, to organize more of the workers under the Communist influence into the Party. The Central Executive Committee is trying to lay the proper emphasis on political and industrial activity; political work and gained strength, branches are being organized daily. The Party is in a vital and alive. That makes it all the more necessary for the Party to look itself over and see what are its present needs.

It was the dark years for the laborer. Unemployment sent not only men by the tens of thousands to tramp colonies of thirty, but by the millions. The unions were wrecked, workers were but a disguise for starvation. The Pinkerton gunnery of resistance, the Pinkerton gunnery and the murderous militia held back the laboring fire into crowds without compunction. Parsons addressed meetings of 40,000. He was then the subject of the Chicago Labor Assembly—its first president. In 1875, when Parsons' group called for collection of the Paris Commune, 60,000 people responded.

"Now, men, I warn you, that if you do not go to work at once for a 15.00 a day, the military will be sent here to compel you." So said the Sheriff of Cook County to striking workers in 1886, and this exemplifies the reckless repression used by the capitalists in those years. "Such treatment," says Parsons, "would be necessary to keep the workingmen in the same method." It would.

Parsons' speech was met by a great defense, sprung up everywhere. The Sunday before May Day in 1886, Parsons spoke at Cincinnati at a great eight-hour demonstration. Thousands marched in a parade headed by two of the organized companies and workers armed with Winchester rifles under the red flag. A rising tide!

The reason was that both national labor bodies had, in 1884, declared that on and after May 1, 1886, eight hours should constitute a day's work; and that a general strike should demand in the United States 600,000 people of the unions in the first four months of 1886. Gompers in the Federation was opposed, and Powderly of the Knights of Labor was indifferent; but workers everywhere were believed, and his comrades were with the masses.

The great strike broke on May Day, 1886, when 250,000 men in Chicago, others say 200,000, 40,000 in Chicago May 2nd, police fired on strikers, killed all day. It was really a terrible thing, never met again at the Haymarket, some unknown person threw a bomb, when the police attacked the crowd, killing seven policemen.

The murder of workers was an everyday occurrence, the press and daily went frantic over the dead police; the Chicago Tribune and Times drove the "better classes" to frenzy. Police "found" bombs everywhere. The not one of the seven men who were arrested, or Parsons, who surrendered voluntarily, had been at the meeting when the bomb was thrown, all were pronounced guilty after a farcical trial. Three were executed and pardoned after seven years. Louis Lingh robbed the

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May Day Apparition

enacted in their associations, and leagues, have left no means unused in their campaigns to exterminate the last remnants of their organizations.
Betrayers of Workingclass
In this brutal onslaught, they have been aided by the reformist political leaders and the reformist politicians. These "labor leaders" and representatives of the working class—Ebert, Leibar, Turati, Modigliani, Sobushka, Macdonald, Thomas, Lewis—stand for "social peace," which means working class surrender and means the acceptance of hunger and starvation, of wages that will not keep body and soul together, of poverty, of death, of the most abject condition of labor that crush the very life of the worker. AND ALL FOR THE MEANING OF "SOCIAL PEACE," which is preached and practiced by the reactionary, reformist "leaders" of the working class.

The militant workers revolt against each country. In every country, the capitalist world, the workers are rebelling. For five years in Germany they have fought against the combined attack of the German bourgeoisie and the French bourgeoisie; and the French bourgeoisie are aided by the upholders of social peace: Puidare, Ebert and Stinnes—

capitalist prisons. Tens of thousands more must face capitalist courts to be sent to decay in the pestholes of prison, others to be shot. Tens, yes, hundreds of thousands of women and children are doomed to hunger and death by the savage hand of capitalist "justice."

The International bourgeoisie could not succeed in its diabolical plan; the workers class not disorganized and disunited. The capitalist class will succeed still further if the workers of the world do not unite and stand by their fighters. The capitalists do not ask about color and complexion. They are indifferent to race and they do not ask about political affiliation. Militant workers are a menace and must be removed; prison, torture and death are the only means of their release. Dates of Tom Mooney when the workers of Leninist demand his release. Dates of Tom Mooney from a Spanish prison after the workers of France had demonstrated. INTERNATIONAL RED AID IS THE DEMAND OF THIS HOUR.

International solidarity is the strongest weapon of the working class in the fight against the bourgeoisie. The working class must learn to stand together as the internationalist class; and to stand together with this

the workers of the world unite in defense of the imprisoned comrades and their families. It demands that the workers of every country where the hand of reaction does not yet press so heavily, form their Red Aid organizations at once. In Spain, France, Holland, Finland, America, Canada, Japan, China, Java and Korea, the best fighters for the working class are tortured in the prisons; many are driven to madness and suicide, others are murdered.

The largest number of the workers who were massacred and imprisoned are Communist. The masses of India have been told by the MacDonald Government of Great Britain that if they dare to fight for their freedom, the full force of the British Government will crush them. But the masses fight on, although their hands and feet are broken in prison.

Thousands Doomed To Die.
Tens of thousands of the best workers and peasants are being shot by the hands of the bourgeoisie. They are being shot by the hands of the bourgeoisie. They are being shot by the hands of the bourgeoisie.

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Death Brings United Front to Mexico

By BERTRAM D. WOLFE

In face of the tremendous loss of the greatest nation in the world, Carrillo and his greatest international leader Nicolai Lenin, the peasants and workers of the federal district here joined in the united front or faction in the most complete unity that Mexico has ever seen. In the audience of the school of engineering assembled members of the Agrarian, Communist, and Labor Parties and the Socialist Party of the Southeast. Louis N. Morones, leader of the Mexican Federation of Labor, presided over the memorial meeting. Gutierrez Cruz, president of the League of American Writers, bitter personal enemy of Morones, stood on the same platform to recite a poem he had written in honor of Nicolai Lenin. What was perhaps more impressive was the joint presence of long-standing political enemies on the same platform united in the bond of a common sorrow.

Inspirational Atmosphere

The vast auditorium was decorated by the United Communist Party. The center of the stage was occupied by an enormous canvas of the face of Lenin painted by Mexico's greatest artist, Diego Rivera, who had known the great Communist leader personally and put all his love and admiration for the man in his futuristic canvas painted in jet black upon a red background. To the right of Lenin's painting was one painted by Xavier Guerrero of the dramatic face of Felipe Carrillo. De Negri's message spoke more briefly, but with equal intensity of feeling. He told the foreworkers of the state (mixed breed) worker, had received a baptism of ideas from their great leader and how the Yucatan peninsula had been working out the problem of the emancipation of those who toil, under his able guidance. "The cowardly attack upon Felipe Carrillo is useless," concluded the minister of Agriculture. "His work lives on and his murder will be costly to the traitors who have perpetrated it and the rebel leaders who are more responsible for the assassination, for he is transferred into the blood of a host of workers and peasants and they will avenge his death and complete his work."

Followed the secretary of the Agrarian Party, Luro G. Caloca. He summed up what Lenin meant to him with a few simple maxims such as "who works shall eat, and he who does not work shall not eat."

who does not work shall not eat. "Where there is no economic liberty, there is no freedom of the worker," he said. "The justice he redistributed of the land to those who till it. Caloca emphasized that the worker's right of knowing how to be a miser."

Rifle Necessary Ajunt.

Followed again two minutes of silence and then a poem to Lenin by the revolutionary poet, Gutierrez Cruz. A hand of 75 pieces played a funeral march and then a prayer from the Socialist Party of the South East, of which Carrillo had been leader, spoke of the work of Felipe Carrillo in Yucatan. "Felipe's motto," he declared, "was: 'Give the laborer land, books and liberty.' Now from his death we learn to add to land, books and liberty, a rifle to protect these dearly bought freedoms from the oppressor."

Perhaps it is this realization of the reason of the necessity of proletarian dictatorship that explains the fact, he proposed either the dictatorship of the bourgeoisie or a personal dictatorship by himself, but the dictatorship of the working class.

Leninism, declared De Negri's message, implied a new social ethics. Personalism of later humanity would be replaced by the man in his futuristic canvas painted in jet black upon a red background. To the right of Lenin's painting was one painted by Xavier Guerrero of the dramatic face of Felipe Carrillo. De Negri's message spoke more briefly, but with equal intensity of feeling. He told the foreworkers of the state (mixed breed) worker, had received a baptism of ideas from their great leader and how the Yucatan peninsula had been working out the problem of the emancipation of those who toil, under his able guidance. "The cowardly attack upon Felipe Carrillo is useless," concluded the minister of Agriculture. "His work lives on and his murder will be costly to the traitors who have perpetrated it and the rebel leaders who are more responsible for the assassination, for he is transferred into the blood of a host of workers and peasants and they will avenge his death and complete his work."

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TOLEDO COMMUNISTS

Will Debate

TOLEDO UNIVERSITY STUDENTS

AT LABOR TEMPLE AUDITORIUM
SUNDAY, APRIL 27

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A special edition of this book has also been published for the Workers Party, and members of the party are expected to place their orders with the literature department at the same address.

A LAUGH FOR THE CHILDREN



What in the world are you doing, Uncle Wig?
I wish Mrs. Wisdiggity would come back.

The Economic Conditions of the Landless Farmers in the U.S.

By LOUIS ZOOGBOCK

Their condition is more serious than that of the tenant farmer. The first step on the "agricultural ladder" in other words, the first step toward farm ownership—is absolutely necessary. An investigation by the Department of Agriculture for the period January, 1920, to March, 1921, for 84,000 farm families, states that 8.5 per cent were on their farms thru foreclosure or bankruptcy and that 15 per cent were on a farm out of his earnings. In 26 farm management surveys made in different parts of the United States it was shown that the agricultural workers tried to buy a farm of average value they would be unable to live on in 15 out of 26 communities surveyed. "In other words, even if the allowance for living expenses there would be less than enough to make the annual payments on interest, principal, and taxes ranging from \$25 to as much as \$122. In eight of the remaining communities, after meeting the annual payments for interest and principal, there would be less than \$200 for annual living expenses. Only in three communities was the remainder for living expenses above \$300."

One of the worst features of farm labor is that of seasonal employment. Seasonal labor is present everywhere. A large proportion of the farm workers. It is made up of workers who hire out usually for the crop season, and those who work in gangs, at day labor, or at specified tasks six to eight weeks in duration. The industries of the cities are the present ultimate source of supply of seasonal agricultural workers. Thousands of city workers, during periods of industrial depression, emigrate to nearby farming communities for a few weeks or a whole season in order to supplement their meager earnings. The conditions of life of this class of agricultural workers are such "as to inevitably weaken their character and physique, to make them carriers of disease, and to create in them a habit of untidiness and migration." The farms these workers are engaged on as seasonal laborers are usually lodged in barns and stacks. When they return to the city to spend time between seasons, "they not only meet the same conditions of life, but the excesses of the cheap lodging houses, saloons, houses of prostitution, and other similar establishments, which they find fall easy prey to gain."

The farmers, under pressure of financial capital, are forced more and more into the status of landless agricultural workers; it has become next to impossible for an agricultural worker to acquire a farm; this will especially become evident when we describe the actual living conditions of the farmer-laborer.

Throughout the U. S. in many regions the wages are very much lower than the average quoted. In the South, where the Cropper system still prevails, "life is reduced to its lowest terms in money." It is a condition of 6 and 8 and 10 work in and was known, North Carolina, has shown the following results:

GROSS DAILY INCOME (1921)

135 White Owners	Per acre	\$34 a day
41 Black	"	33c "
38 White Renters	"	14c "
13 " Croppers	"	8c "
36 Black Renters	"	15c "
16 " Croppers	"	10c "

The above figures are fairly representative of the conditions which prevail throughout the South. The croppers, as shown, live on an average cash income of 8 cents and upon some such paltry wage the South over. Can they hope to ever secure and pay for a farm of their own?

Housing Conditions

The housing conditions of the landless farmers are shocking. They are characterized by unendurable filth, primitive sanitary arrangements, overcrowding. Through the rural regions of the United States, a marked contrast is noticeable between the housing conditions of the farm workers and farm tenants. An investigation of the Interchurch World Movement made in 1920 in some of the best farming sections of New Jersey and Pennsylvania, where the housing conditions of the tenant farmers; the houses were described as "merely shacks whose function was to furnish a roof and shelter, with no 'eat and sleep'."

The housing of the large number of itinerant workers is beyond any description. The types of housing and accommodations include barns, "shacks on wheels," "bank houses," "trunk farms of Maryland, the cover provided for the workers are barn-like shacks; usually the workers are shared by 20 to 100 persons of both sexes and all ages. In the Michigan sugar beet fields, the workers are housed in four families with six to nine persons in a room. One family of eleven in Michigan was living in one room; one family of six was living in one room; one family of six was living in one room. The wages of the agricultural workers are miserably low. In 1920, the average monthly wages of a few laborers was \$4.83 with board and no home for sufficient rest.



The Dream of Henry Ford

small private bankers and all sorts of parasites." Such is the lot of the seasonal agricultural worker. In the South conditions are shocking. Here, as professor J. Smith has described there is a very large class of mobile tenant croppers who hire out for wages by the day or month. In the South, where the Negro is the larger source of labor, and racial lines are observed and the Negroes are separately housed and fed. In many places the hired men suffer under poor living conditions and harsh treatment. This is especially true in those places where the industry of agriculture appeared. On the huge estates operated by managers, the wages are paid in coupons or scrip which must be traded out at the estate store. The absentee landlords, who generally live in the East or in Europe, thus sapping labor of its just dues and the local community the rest of the landless and poor, well known, considerable poignance of his freedom. He binds him

self out for a season for bread and clothes for himself and family." This description explains why the children of the agricultural laborers work on the cotton fields of the South. Through the cotton fields, children in between the ages of 6 and 15 work in the fields performing a large proportion of the labor. Somewhat similar conditions prevail in other parts of the country. In the sugar beet fields, "children of 4 and 5, thin, scrawny, pale, and covered with the various stages of the season." They work between 10 and 14 hours a day, which leads to countless accidents. A national Child Labor Committee says: "we saw writes that were swollen and lame hands that were sore, cracked and full of dirt, and that were sore, cracked, and calloused. The glare of the sun is a very severe strain upon the eyes of many children." Miners' accidents amputated in other ailments from exposure to all weather; were cited as being all common on the cotton fields of California children as young as four pick from sunrise to sunset, etc. The hours of labor of the agricultural workers are exceedingly long. They range from 9 to 14 per day according to the type of farm, season and employer. In many places, both in the North and South, the workers are longer; and in the sugar beet fields men, women and children work 12 hours a day, 7 days a week. It is probably true in other agricultural work done by the job. Saturday half-holiday is given only by a few individual farmers. In brief, the working day on the farms is longer than the working day in industry; and the agricultural workers have no leisure for recreation nor time for sufficient rest. The wages of the agricultural workers are miserably low. In 1920, the average monthly wages of a few laborers was \$4.83 with board and no home for sufficient rest. In 1921, the monthly wages of agricultural hand work was \$30.14 with board, and \$23.79 without board. And by October 1, 1922, the figure was \$22.87 with board and \$18.58 without board. At present they are still lower. The figure shows that between 1920 and October 1, 1922, monthly while the cost of living declined 38 per cent, the average monthly wages of agricultural workers declined 26 per cent. The figures quoted above represent the average wages of the farm hand

Uncle Wiggly's Tricks
Mistake! Mistake! asked Uncle Wiggly to amuse Baby at the party.
I wish Mrs. Wisdiggity would come back.

Emphasis on Communist Education

By MARTIN ABERN

Comrade Rebecca Grecht writes interestingly in the DAILY WORKER on the subject, "Communist Education—A Preaching Campaign." Substantially, there can be little disagreement with her opinion that Communist education has not been sufficiently emphasized and that there is a need of coordinating the various phases of Party activity so that they emphasize the other in a beneficial way.

A big problem of the Party is to achieve a balance between the strong organizational campaign and the educational work.

The Party has been carrying on simultaneously a strong organizational strength. It has gained much influence among sections of the workers and farmers through its political activity, especially in the campaigns for a mass Farmer-Labor Party and for the protection of the foreign-born workers. Its political influence exceeds its organizational strength. It is necessary therefore that the Party gain more than it has organizationally through political and industrial activities. Unless such an organizational strengthening is obtained, then the political strength of the Party will be somewhat diminished. In Germany, for instance, the Communist Party has had mass campaign among the workers; its ideas dominated the masses, but it recruited to itself only a few thousand correspondents were not obtained. The masses did not fully recognize that it was only the Communist Party of Germany which was instrumental in putting forward the organizational gain. It did not receive the proper credit for its work. Much of the work must be done to gain over again, in a measure, in order to turn the minds of the workers directly towards the Communist Party as the genuine working class leader.

Workers Party Dynamic of F. L. P.
The Workers Party has been, and is, the dynamic force behind the Farmer-Labor movement. It is the greater or lesser degree, but not sufficiently so. The captains of the propaganda and the Workers Party for the formation of a mass F. L. P. movement, enough of the need of organizing the influence thus gained into the ranks of the Workers Party itself, has been calculated, from the standpoint of gaining much influence for the Workers Party among the rank and file trade unionists and other workers, the July 2nd Conference in Chicago is an example. Leaving aside the question of the formation of the Federated Farmer-Labor Party, there can be no doubt that the Party enormously increased its prestige and influence.

But passing events, the swift development of the Farmer-Labor movement, sweeping into its ranks many who formerly opposed such a movement, or were lukewarm about it, who have resulted in the Party not holding entirely the influence of the Party in its former political campaign. This is in part because the Party stressed the political character of the mass Farmer-Labor Party, but not enough of the role of the Workers Party and the need of organizing the workers close to it into the ranks of the Workers Party. Because the Party placed foremost the political necessity of the formation of a farmer-labor party and not enough of the Workers Party, it has been necessary in it. Today there are many who will stress the need for a huge organizational campaign by the Workers Party.

Our Party plays a tremendous role in the recent political campaign. It is necessary to organize this influence into membership into the ranks of the Workers Party, the Communist, in the last analysis, can be depended upon. Many minds are very sympathetic towards the Party comrades made at the U. M. W. A. convention. Strong attempts must be made to bring them into the Party and to acquaint them closely with the role and program

of the Workers Party in order that the future activities in the U. M. W. A. can be even more positive and suitably directed, and the work of transforming the U. M. W. A. into a revolutionary organization has been secured.

Political Education is Imperative.
Political, organizational, industrial and Communist educational activity must go on simultaneously and emphasize a degree and ratio to each other as is physically possible. Then Party members will better understand and more surely carry out the Party's political directives and other work. Even as the political influence of the Party is greater than its organizational strength, so also is the political activity not sufficiently counteracted by a corresponding Communist understanding on the part of the members as a whole. In efforts to get out mass political propaganda, we have often run away from the members insofar as the mass of the members did not always comprehend clearly what the Party was trying to carry out. There was not sufficient clarity of the members on policy.

The Labor Party policy, however, is one. If there is to be a 100 per cent response from the members, there must be at the Party meetings, especially in the branches, more discussions on topics very close to the daily lives of the workers. The large political problems will interest the Party member, of course, but these must, further, be handled closer to his daily life and to the lives of other workers. The branches should have discussion by the members on life in the shop. Every member can and should speak five or ten minutes

greater degree. The Party will find it self greatly handicapped in its organizational, industrial and political activity. Education through class struggle.

Education and speakers who have visited the membership are from only must there be a greater intensification of Communist education. It is not only that there must be carried out activity to make the members understand how the Party works and its routine work of the Party.

To build up the Party, to increase its political and other activities, we must have a trained officialdom. Functionary training must be obtained through actual and functional strength, trained officials, will be obtained through actual work in carrying out the Party program and thru functionary classes to hasten the development of trained officials. Functionary classes should be stated wherever possible to teach the members to work in the branches and other posts, large and small, in the Party. Each member should be the policy of the Party. Education, whether in theory or in training of Party functionaries, should be gotten into the Party. A theoretical training is essential. At the same time, we must re-educate the members in the Party. Education, not only thru books, but education thru active participation in the class struggle, in the daily lives and struggles of the workers. Education thru active and active work is education in our method.

Making the Work Concrete.
Another need, in the writer's opinion, is to bring the members closer to the Central Executive Committee of the Party, and other official bodies, such as the District Executive Committees.

The Central Executive Committee must not be removed from the members, as if we were composed of the unapproachable goods and the lowly mass of it, of course, this situation or impression by no means prevails.

There can be no doubt, however, that it would produce a healthy effect on the members, if they could see the political, industrial, or other spheres, were brought more often before the Central Executive Committee to discuss and give their points of view.

Youth is Keynote in Program.
Early on Christmas Eve, Doctor Fedoroff and the writer Iakov Kamynin stepped in to see Leon Petrovitch Bekesh. In the dim twilight they came walking in the crisp snow, amid many advertisements. Skating the fields and houses buried in snow to the roof of the building. They were wearing a yellow and blue striped jacket and a yellow and blue striped jacket and a yellow and blue striped jacket.

They found Leon Petrovitch Bekesh sitting on a bench in front of the building. He was wearing a yellow and blue striped jacket and a yellow and blue striped jacket. He was sitting on a bench in front of the building. He was wearing a yellow and blue striped jacket and a yellow and blue striped jacket.

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AT THE DOORS

By BORIS PILNIAK

(Continued from Last Saturday)

On Christmas Eve a special messenger called at certain houses, he delivered the following conditional note:

Please do not confound us with the numerous Fakers now coming. Ladies and gentlemen, if you wish to have the following goods:

Sugar, refined	1000 rbs. per lb.
Sugar, petroleum	500 " "
Matton	700 " "
Pork	500 " "
Meat, Cherkask	225 " "
Meat, Russian	100 " "

You will please state the quantity desired to our messenger, who will call at 8 p. m. (old time) and the specified goods will be promptly delivered. You no deposit is required. We trust your honesty.

Your Friends.
Christmas Eve.
A big bright star was to rise on Christmas Eve to unite all men—but no star could yet be seen. The mother of Doctor Fedoroff was busy making pie and was happy because a Christmas star would rise in the evening, because there would be "communism" in the house, and for once, no potatoes at all, and above all, because Vassia was her only son—born all. And there would be napkins, and a table cloth, and kerosene oil, and sweets, and games and the best pigmeats in the city.

Joy mixed with deepest sorrow—was the mother's; sorrow mixed with keenest joy was the son's. The Doctor chopped wood and heated the stove for his mother, and his heart was overflowing with a fervent tenderness, with a fervent love for his mother. His mamma, his mamma, troubled and happy at the same time, was fussing around the pigmeats, sweets and the nutmeg pie.

On Christmas Night a ball was given at the neighborhood. There was an orchestra, waltzes, goose, pork, cognac, chardak, cakes, pies, candy, tobacco, cigars, games of cards, charades, flying post, speeches. It was a joint meeting of the third element, i. e. the workers, the peasants and the representatives of the Communist Party.

But nothing special was happening on Christmas at the house of Ivan Petrovitch Bekesh, for if some people could not get out, the doctor and the doctor's wife, Bekesh was certainly doing his spring.

Early on Christmas Eve, Doctor Fedoroff and the writer Iakov Kamynin stepped in to see Leon Petrovitch Bekesh. In the dim twilight they came walking in the crisp snow, amid many advertisements. Skating the fields and houses buried in snow to the roof of the building. They were wearing a yellow and blue striped jacket and a yellow and blue striped jacket.

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really, of what use is it to you? Amusement, I suppose.

"I need it," said Kamynin and drew the smoke.

"It is for Olga Verelaska, for my dear friends," Doctor Fedoroff was thinking with acute pain.

"Yes, I suppose, as material for your writing."

"That's it. It need it as material."

"Well, you know. Quite a lot, yes."

"Are you going to write a novel around it?"

"Well, I do not know. Perhaps."

"How about the diary?"

"The diary? No, not give it to you at this price."

"What price?"

"The one agreed upon. I am selling it to you only because you are a writer. I would not sell it to any one else."

"But nobody else would buy it except as wrapping paper."

"You are right. You are absolutely right. Remember, however, that I put all my soul into it, all my life."

"And you want it for a thousand roubles?"

Doctor Fedoroff looked at the trem-

bling hand of Ivan Petrovitch Bekesh, at his pale forehead. Ivan Petrovitch sat, unannounced, erect, silent as if he were on strings. And in that moment, his hands, in the sweat of his forehead there was something bathos, something erroneous, as if he were a Kamynin, who had written fifteen books, and who looked like another Don Quixote, sat there with his bony legs spread wide apart, with his hat on, smoking wearily, speaking slowly and also wearily. "Olga Verelaska is a Japanese fan, and a table with postal cards arranged in symmetric order. Kamynin sat there with his bony legs spread wide apart, with his hat on, smoking wearily, speaking slowly and also wearily."

"Show me the diary, anyway."

Ivan Petrovitch turned to get up, then remained in a bundle of copy books.

and potatoes, and I can go on living and cultivating beauty for two years. I must write a book. I have written fifteen books already and each about a different woman. My wife, I think, is living with Tatar. What does Olga Verelaska really represent? She is very beautiful. What a beautiful woman—the only with pain."

"It is the wife of Bekesh," said Fedoroff.

"Maybe. But Bekesh is already selling his diary and I have still plenty of cod-liver oil."

"Iakov Sergeevitch, are you not afraid?"

"I am, but I must write the book."

"Kamynin added that he had beside potatoes and cod-liver oil also some denatured alcohol. Then the two separated.

"Kamynin's wife was absent. Keeping his hat and coat on, Kamynin took an old sweater, peeled some potatoes with it and cooked them. He was crumpling on the floor, and as he went into his work his mouth twisted convulsively to one side. He drank some denatured alcohol, some cod-liver oil, and soon fell asleep. His face now bore a calm and bright expression, the his lips were still nervously contracted.

And Doctor Fedoroff had patema. There were also pie, napkins, and a lamp, and his mother was fussing about and repeating:

"Eat, Vassenka, eat, my darling, have some more, my boy."

"The food was nice, but there were not enough pigmeats to appease his hunger. And his mother had been too busy to get her hair up for Christmas or to remove her old apron."

But all over the earth people were celebrating the holiday when Satan cast his spell over the earth for the last time before the coming of spring, sunlight and joy.

A note was brought to Doctor Fedoroff.

"The Soviet of the Workers' and Peasants' Deputies of the village Popovka certifies Anton Isudat Panashchik wants to be vaccinated against measles for his children on his journey. His mother, who is in the city, wishes the same."

For the County Secretary, President J. FITZIN.

CHRISTMAS people usually dress in their best clothes, go visiting their friends, retire at 4 in the morning, make merry, organize in societies, dance, play cards, make love and feel bored as it were, the in reality they remain the same; they suffer exactly as they did before or judge suffering—also as they used to do. On this particular Christmas day everybody went to the Communist Club. All day long comrade Tatar was driving thru the city in his break, giving rides to every girl he knew.

All night long Tatar, the handsome Caucasian, Tanatar, lay like a huge tired cat before the holy images in the empty church. The image lamps were burning in front of him, the silver of the icons was shining dimly. Candles were burning as they crunched as if ready to leap, and his eyes, deepest under the eyebrows, intense black and white, appeared on the threshold and said positively:

"Get up, Christmas night, the firmament pressed more closely to the floor in maddening, scintillating fire. Once, at that moment beyond the Tanatar, he stepped accidentally on a black ladder. His bowels leaked out. His eyes started by at her and struggled, spreading his legs wide apart—which made him look like Don Quixote and a pair of crossed arms in the same time. Then he said:

"Have a smoke." "There he knew, I got a beautiful pain. What a beautiful man." "Yes, and you know, I've got three foot—"



Back Again!

berap, they must fully know and understand what is wanted. The need of more intense Communist education is hence, as Comrade Grecht says, obvious.

The Two Forms of Education.
Our educational work takes on, of course, the forms of internal education of the members. Theoretical training will be obtained, in large measure, through lectures, lectures, discussions on important current events, a study of the labor party principles of the class struggle and the A. B. C. of Communism. We must not neglect the need of the members of our class who, on the whole, never been affected by the Communist lecture, but on the contrary, have been poisoned against them.

Whether the lecture, text books, or other methods will be employed, but a strong effort must be made to increase the educational and teaching apparatus. It is to be hoped that the Party can institute some District and National training schools where the selected comrades can go thru a course of Communist theory and practice. One thing is certain, that as much as has been done as is possible, even with the physical limitations prevalent in the Party. Still, unless the Communist understanding of the members is increased in a much



They are safe while he sleeps. The cartoon depicts a man in a suit and hat, likely a politician or official, standing over a large pile of money or gold. The man is holding a bag of money and looking down at it. The background shows a city street with buildings and a sign that says 'THE AMERICAN WORKER'. The cartoon is signed 'V.K. KAVRIN'.

Team of three horses. (Continued on Page 8.)