

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

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On the International Slave Plantation



"Who is that you all are going to whip, Mr. Legree?"

For the Unity of the Trade Union Movement

Report of Comrade Tomsky on the Anglo-Russian Trade Union Conference at the Plenary Session of the All-Russian Council of Trade Unions.

The Antecedents of the Conference.

THE campaign for unity was begun by the Red International of Labor Unions. After long correspondence with the Amsterdam International, the latter declared that it was prepared to enter into negotiations with the All-Russian Central Trade Union Council on condition that the R. I. L. U. should be excluded from these negotiations. This ended the first stage of the negotiations.

We saw that the offensive of capital continued and that the post-war achievements of the working class were in danger of destruction. Everywhere political reaction is following close on the heels of economic reaction. And we believed that we had no right to seclude ourselves within our comparatively favorable position. We have never regarded our revolution as, in the narrowest sense, a national revolution. When, in Oct., 1917 we carried out our insurrection, we knew that our revolution was doomed to defeat unless we had the support of the workers of Western Europe. And we were right. The English intervention in Archangel failed because the English soldiers, amongst whom were English workers, refused to fight against us any longer. The French intervention in Odessa was a failure, because on the French iron-clads, the workers, stuck into naval uniforms, mutinied, and also because the English workers declared with sufficient emphasis: "Hands off Soviet Russia!" Since the West European proletariat has given us such support, we cannot remain passive with regard to them.

WHEN the black flood of reaction will have inundated the whole of Western Europe, and we find ourselves in a fascist environment, that will not be a matter of indifference for the fate of the Soviet Republic. It is this circumstance which compels us to pursue, not a national but an international labor policy, under the banner under which our revolution gained the victory. On the other hand, we take into consideration and grasp the fact that the interests of the West European working class demand the utmost concentration of forces.

After the well-known resolution of the Vienna Congress, our relations to the Amsterdam International entered on a new phase. I have said repeatedly that the correspondence which took place in this period resembles a petty bourgeois penny-dreadful, the peculiarity of this story being that it does not in the usual way end with marriage and happiness; our romance could not end with such a marriage, as no Amsterdam bride consented to meet the Moscow bridegroom.

The condition laid down was that we recognize the resolutions of the Vienna Congress. We on our part replied that we wished to discuss in common the questions relating to the restoration of international trade union unity, but without any preliminary conditions. We cannot in advance bind ourselves to any resolutions, in the passing of which we in no way participated.

The tactics of the Amsterdam International prove, that, at a time when the imperialist blockade already belongs to the realm of history, the trade union blockade is obviously continued by the leading circles of the Amsterdam International.

The Approach Between the English Trade Unions and Our Own.

OUR trade unions and the English ones have proved to be the most consistent adherents of unity. Our greatest and most lasting achievement in the treaty made with the MacDonald government in London—and this is all that is left of that treaty—was our connection with the English trade unions. The conference at Hull and

RUSSIANS URGE INTERNATIONAL UNITY CONFERENCE WITHOUT PRE-CONDITIONS

Moscow, May 19, 1925.

THE foreign commission of the general council of the trades unions of the Soviet Union have addressed the following letter to the general council of the Amsterdam International:

Dear Comrades,

The session of the plenum of the general council, for various reasons and in consequence of the London conference between the English trade unions and the trade unions of the Soviet Union, could not take place until the period from the 30th of April till the 3rd of May. The conference of the trade unions of England and of the Soviet Union have discussed in the fullest manner the question of unity, as well as the relation of the general council of the trade unions of the Soviet Union to the Amsterdam International. The plenum of the general council of the trade unions of the Soviet Union approved of the work and the decisions of the London conference and instructed the foreign commission to reply.

On the basis of these decisions we consider it to be our duty to inform you, that the decision of the general council of the Amsterdam International of the 7th of February has made a very profound impression upon our trade unions. We have thought that the result of our exchange of letters would have been a greater mutual understanding and a meeting of our representatives with the representatives of the Amsterdam International in order to examine together the question of the unity of the trade union movement, as a first attempt to approach this question in a concrete manner. In our opinion, this question is the most important and essential for the workers of the whole world. We only wished to achieve a joint conference between the representatives of the trade unions of the Soviet Union and of the Amsterdam International without pre-conditions.

YOUR resolution rejects our proposal and stipulates that the meeting can only take place after a previous declaration on our side that we are prepared to affiliate to the Amsterdam International. This means affiliation to the Amsterdam International as it is, that is, upon the basis of its principles and statutes. No serious importance is to be attached to the declaration of Oudegeest and Jouhaux, in which this standpoint is confirmed. We state with the deepest regret that these interpretations and declarations will do even more than the Amsterdam resolution to sharpen the differences, but they will in no way render more easy the question of unity.

We declare once again, that we are for the united international. Our aim, and the aim of the majority of the

visit of the English delegation to us have further strengthened this tie.

At the meeting of the general council of the Amsterdam International, the English upheld our point of view; the diplomatic resolution proposed by Stenhuis was, however, passed.

This resolution states that a conference will be called when in their opinion, it seems possible, and after the Russian trade unions have, without reservation, declared themselves prepared to join the Amsterdam International.

AMERICA represents an independent international. In Europe there are two internationals, and there is still a whole number of countries and organizations which as yet belong to no international. In the meanwhile capital is operating and maneuvering on a scale which is neither European nor semi-European. In such circumstances the question of unity could naturally not be exhausted by our trade unions joining the Amsterdam International.

We know, however, that every careless word dropped by us, will be inter-

class conscious workers of the world, is the creation of a united international of the trade union organized workers of all countries who stand upon the basis of the class struggle for the final emancipation of the working class from the capitalist yoke. In comparison with this great aim, the question of the statutes is of subordinate importance. The trade unions of the Soviet Union are prepared to affiliate to a trade union international whose statutes would not differ very widely in the main from the statutes of the Amsterdam International. The enunciation of the aims of this united international could contain all the aims set forth in the statutes of the Amsterdam International. The trade unions of the Soviet Union, however, have had no possibility of participating in the drawing up of the statutes of the Amsterdam International.

WE are of the conviction that a united trade union international should embrace, not only the trade unions of the Soviet Union, but all those who are at present not affiliated to the Amsterdam International. In order to achieve this, full regard must be had to the differences and traditions of the historical developments and political peculiarities of all countries.

How is this to be realized? How is the existing mistrust between the various sections of the divided trade union movement to be overcome without personal contact and all-around concrete examination of these important questions?

The mutual acquaintance of the representatives of the trade union movements of England and of the Soviet Union, the mutual desire for common methods, for common language for the realization of the mutually sincere efforts for trade union unity, will doubtless bring about very good results. The recent London conference undoubtedly promoted the strengthening of proletarian solidarity between the workers of England and of the Union of Soviet Republics. In the same way, a meeting of the representatives of the trade unions of the Soviet Union, and of the Amsterdam International, provided there existed mutual good will, could serve as the commencement for the realization of the unity of the whole trade union movement.

We therefore consider it desirable if the general council would revise the decision of the executive of 5th to 7th of February, and would convene together with the general council of the trade unions of the Soviet Union, a conference without pre-conditions, to discuss the question of the unity of the trade unions.

Signed: President Tomsky, Secretary Bogadov.

protected by the leaders of the Amsterdam International as meaning that we did not desire unity.

We could not make up our minds to negotiations without an authoritative resolution of our plenum. If we regard negotiations as entirely broken off, what is then to be done? Are we then to enter on a new attack, a new cannonade with all guns against Amsterdam, and engage in a last fight until we destroy one another? Would that correspond to the idea of unity? Is that Amsterdam's intention?

We could make up our minds to such a step after the approachment which has taken place between ourselves and the English trade unions. We submitted the question to the English trade unions as to what they would advise us to do in these circumstances.

As a result, our London Conference was called on the basis of a mutual agreement.

THE bourgeois press understands the interests of its employers thoroughly, and of course received us in such a way that if we had troubled about it at all or excited ourselves about its

articles, we should have died of consumption within three days. Fortunately Comrade Jarotzky, did not read these papers to us until after dinner, and apart from a hearty laugh which contributed to good digestion, the articles had no effect on us. It said, for instance, that "the red robber oblieftain Tomsky, with his band of agitators had now arrived," and that it was incomprehensible why they had been allowed to enter the country.

Naturally, neither the English conservative government nor the German government which was friendly disposed to us, wanted to admit us, the latter was prepared to allow us a meeting with the representatives of the English trade unions, not in Berlin, but very kindly in Frankfurt, not however in the well-known Frankfurt on Main but in Frankfurt on the Oder. Nevertheless the English trade unions were able to bring pressure to bear on the conservative government so that we did not have to avail ourselves of the German hospitality. We were even worthy of two interpellations in parliament; it was asked why we had come to London and whether we had not some deep designs. The bourgeois press interpreted the matter by saying that malignant agitators had now entered the country, who wished to corrupt the gentle and modest trade unionists. Each of these "innocent youths" whom we were to "corrupt" was at least half as old again as the oldest of us, and had furthermore twice as long a past in the labor movement as we.

The Course of the Conference.

IN spite of the custom at similar conferences of choosing a chairman from each of the parties, on our proposal a single chairman was chosen: Comrade Swales, the chairman of the General Council of Trade Unions.

It was proposed to us that we should read a report, in accordance with which, on the basis of our statements, the agenda should be settled.

Our time for speaking was not limited, and therefore we had the opportunity of expounding our views as to the unity of the international labor movement.

At the conclusion of our report, the British representatives wished first of all to discuss the resulting conclusions amongst themselves.

At the second meeting of the conference, we heard the reply of the British delegation to Comrade Tomsky's statement. Our delegation thought it necessary to have a thoro discussion about this declaration of the English delegation. After a few corrections had been accepted, both declarations—ours as well as the English—were passed by the conference.

The conference then unanimously resolved to issue a common declaration in the name of the whole conference. For the drafting of this declaration, a committee was elected composed as follows: Chairman Swales; members: of the English delegation Bramley and Purcell; of the Russian: Tomsky and Melnitshansky. Next day the commission passed the text of the declaration unanimously. The last day of the conference was devoted to the discussion of this declaration. The declaration was also unanimously passed by the plenum of the conference.

The Significance of the Declaration.

THE fact alone that the representatives of eleven million organized workers, belonging to different internationals and living under different conditions, found a common language and a common view as to the task of the international labor movement, is an eminently important factor in the history of the labor movement.

The bourgeois press understands very well the danger which arises from eleven million workers having found a common aim, the aim of a struggle for the unity of the international labor movement. The unification of all the proletarian forces in a world-wide measure must oppose the class of wage earners in one battle.

(Continued on page 7.)

The Discarded Soldier - -

By Liam O'Flaherty

THE Discarded Soldier had crawled to his garret to die. He lay on his ragged bed. He had lit the candle beside him to light him into eternity. His head peering from the bedclothes was a portrait of death. The face was pale and wan and haggard, like the face of a drowning man, sinking into a dark river in the moonlight. The light of his candle was his moon burning fitfully.

The Discarded Soldier hugged himself close trying to find warmth. His lean hands wandered over the clothes, drawing them closer around his body trying to shield himself from the cold draughts. The veins on the hands stood out like blue snakes, crawling outside the flesh. Death was in his eyes. They were pale blue spots, with red facings, stuck in deep hollows. They were half closed with weariness.

THE hands dropped wearily on the clothes.

POOR Discarded Soldier. Poor useless cannon fodder. Poor scrapped tool of capitalism. But a few years back, he was a strong youth with bright eyes and smooth sleek body perfect in every limb and then.

The recruiting sergeants came and looked at his body and they wanted him to fight the war for capitalism. They brought him from the freedom of his lonely home by the sea. They herded him into a battalion with others. He was sent among the monstrous guns, that spat out death. He was marched thru fields sodden

with blood to the trenches, where men lay huddled in holes, watching thru the night for death.

He was cheered and petted by fair ladies. They called him a hero. They sang to him. They feasted him. Fat men pinned medals on his breast—for valor they said.

Then again he was hurled against unknown enemies, pushed from behind, cursed, urged on, beaten, imprisoned when he complained, sent on again to kill, amid the roar of guns, and the mud of the trenches.

THEN at last he was caught by a bursting shell and hurled into the air, amid red hot bolts of steel and showers of earth and smoke. He was crushed into a jabbering mass of pulped flesh. He was no longer a hero. He was a wreck. Capitalism did not want him. The ladies no longer cheered him. They brought him flowers in the hospital for a few months and then forgot. The ribbons faded on his breast. He was cast into the great city, homeless, unwanted, penniless.

Capitalism no longer needed him. Capitalism forgot him. Capitalism imprisoned him when he demanded food. The servants of capitalism beat him with clubs, when he cried for bread. They called him a Bolshevik, a public menace, a scourge of society. They threatened to throw him into a lunatic asylum.

So he crawled into the garret to die, dreaming of his home by the sea—dreaming of the freedom of his youth and the warm sun.

THERE was not even romance in his ghastly death. He was not thinking of romance. He was thinking of his home and the sunlight. The hunger gnawing at his bowels made him weaker. It brought a mist before his eyes and transformed the noises that echoed in his ears. He was carried away from his garret to his home by the sea.

The distant noises of the city traffic seemed to him the noise of the breakers at night rolling toward a rocky shore. The recollection brought a smile to his lips. He became delirious. He could see the dawn breaking now in his home. He could see the waves gentle now and cheerful—surging calmly over the sandy beaches in an awed whisper.

Then the sun rising in the east, over the hills, glistening on the dew-covered crags. The sun. The beautiful warm sun. The dying man tossed away the clothes. He wanted to lay on his back in the sun. He wanted to bare his bosom to the sun. He stretched out his limbs with a sigh of gratitude. He wanted to bare every muscle to the regenerating warmth.

THEN he listened. Ha. There it was. The song of the lark as the bird soared into the fleecy clouds, singing its morning song of joy. He smelled the wild flowers, that grew by the sea. He saw the glistening sea weed on the rocks, bared by the receding tide. He smelled the salt sea breeze that swept in over the ocean.

Ha! He would soon get well, since he was back again in his home. He would soon be able to run and jump and shout as of old. No more hunger. No more tramping dirty ugly streets. No more fetid smells in slums. No more war, no more roaring guns, no more killing. Joy. To be back again in the sun—the great glorious sun that warmed him.

BUT, ah! The sun was too warm. The dying man licked his parched lips with his tongue. The drought of death was in his throat. His tongue was thick with it. His veins were on fire now. The fever of death was upon him—eating him and he thought that it was the sun. His brain grew dizzy. Then he smiled again. His head turned sideways on the pillow.

His lips set in a smile. He saw himself approaching a mountain spring, beneath a towering cliff that sheltered him from the overpowering heat of the sun. He wanted coolness now and water. There it was in front of him—the water rippling out from the base of the cliff, gurgling like wine from a bottle. He knelt on the grassy knoll beside the spring. He stooped until his head was among the water-cress. The stream was at his lips smothering him.

THEN as the water lapped his lips, he stretched his limbs taut to enjoy the exquisite draught and . . . His spirit faded into eternal night. The Discarded Soldier was dead.

Kool Kalculationations of Kal and Kell

By OUR WHITE HOUSE REPORTER

"I THINK I'll go to Swampscott, Mass., and spend the summer dog-days among the cool breezes of the New England hills," said Kalvin to Kellogg, as the two principal servants of Wall Street met for their weekly chat in the White House.

"You think," replied Kellogg with a sly wink. "When did you begin indulging in that vice so rare among politicians?"

Kal—The two of us have got an awful reputation as a pair of bone-heads, but we aren't any thicker than the rest of them—are we, Kell?

Kell—If we were we wouldn't be here. As far as I am concerned our critics can take a jump into the river with their wise cracks. They call me "Nervous Nell," but I should worry; I am getting mine.

Kal—You're getting yours all right, but I am afraid you're getting it in the neck. Did you read what the Monday Evening Plute had to say about your note to Mexico?

Kell—No; what did it say?

Kal—It said you might be excused for writing it if you were half shot, but that if you were sober, shooting was too good for you. And you know the editor of the Plute is pretty close to the Big Fellow.

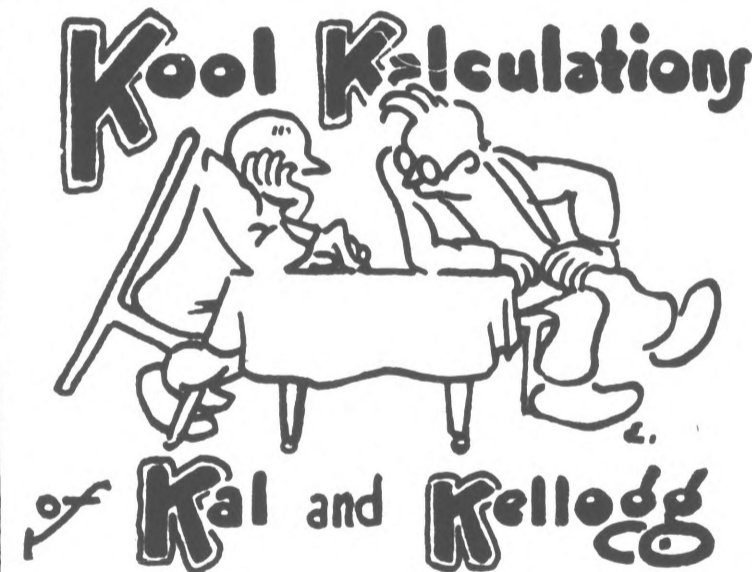
Kell—I know that very well. Say, Kal, I have an idea somebody has been double-crossing me. I wonder would it be Borah.

Kal—What makes you think that?

Kell—Borah agreed to the publication of the statement while we were in conference, after he heard the Big Fellow's message from Butler. But later on when he saw how it was taken by the public, he pretended that we pulled something on him. You better watch out for him, Kal; he's playing for the presidency. He's a more dangerous man than Charley Dawes.

Kal—I'm not afraid of either one of them. What I fear is a bad crop and high prices—or a bumper crop and low prices. I fear a slump in business more than anything my enemies can do. As long as things run smoothly I am the man for the job. I know how to keep my mouth shut and look wise.

Kell—I wish you had to do the dirty work I am doing. I get panned for pulling the Mexican boner when you are as much to blame as I am. You know well that it was all fixed up



between Sheffield and J. P. that we throw a hot dog at Calles and that he would come back like a belly-full of pulque. Nobody would be hurt, but the confounded Mexican peons that man Calles is more afraid of than we are.

Kal—I must keep quiet, Kell, or the whole show would go up. I got out of the Teapot Dome scrape by keeping my head closed and throwing a couple of bums to the wolves when they threatened to bite me. Nothing will happen to you unless you lose your nerve. I dropped Hughes because he is too dignified and would

not play second fiddle. But, Kell, that's what I am doing—playing second fiddle.

Kell—We're all taking our orders from the Big Fellow, but at the same time we have a certain dignity to maintain. If the people begin to laugh at us we are thru. That was the trouble with Warren. The people got the idea he knew less than his dog, and his goose was cooked. But to get back to Mexico. This fellow Calles means all right, but he is a politician like ourselves and he must keep up appearances. Now, since his election he has been getting fat on

the Wall Street bottle, but the peasants and the workers got wise and threatened to raise hell.

Kal—If I were there, I'd pull a stunt like I pulled in Boston.

Kell—Shucks! You had an easy job there. Breaking a police strike is velvet compared to subduing a nation of armed peasants. Hold your hobby-horse, Kal, and don't get a swelled head. Calles was up against it. He was using the troops to break strikes and drive the peasants off the lands they took from the big landlords, just as we told him to. Something was going to break. Then it was agreed that I should make a threatening statement and Calles would come back like a broncho and the workers and peasants would think Calles was raising the dickens with the "imperialists of Wall Street," as those damn Communists call us.

Kal—And—

Kell—Everything went according to plan, but we forgot that the newspapers didn't know what it was all about and proceeded to lay it on to us. You escaped, as usual, but the progressives have never forgiven me for once being a progressive. They charged me with inviting war with Mexico. And what do you think that . . . Hearst did?

Kal—Ah, yes, I am anxious to know how he took it. You know I had his man Brisbane with me on the Mayflower while Pershing and LeJeune were discussing the question of a future invasion of Mexico.

Kell—Yes; Hearst came out with a signed statement posing as the friend of Mexico, and we cannot open our mouths or tell the deal Brisbane made with us. Brisbane praises you in his column while Hearst slams me in the rest of the paper.

Kal—Don't worry about what Hearst does. He does not want to antagonize the Mexicans, and he did not get you the job anyhow. As the bible said: "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

Kell—I sometimes envy Al Fall. He got the dough and got away with it and is now living the life of Reilly. By the way, did you hear what the Big Fellow wants us to do about China?

Kal—His messenger boy, Bill Butler, has not arrived yet. As for me, I don't think about these matters. I think I'll take a walk on the lawn, so long!

Kell—See you later.

HARKEN, HYPOCRITES!

By COVINGTON AMI

"Might is not Right in Freedom's fight":
Thus so you say, thus oft you pray.

But—

The terror white that stalks the night,
The blood you shed, the millions dead,
The famished hordes on haunted roads,
The orphaned child, the war defiled,
The mindless Huns that man your guns,
The squileless ghouls you use as tools,
The wasted lands beneath your hands,
The death that lurks in all your works,
The lies you will the truth to kill,—
Your dreadful deeds deny your creeds,
Your every act but proves the fact
You're here in your hearts.

MASTERS AND SLAVES (A Story of t

(Synopsis of Preceding Chapters)

Nickles and Joe Vavas, migratory workers, meet under a freight train while beating their way west. They get off at Colorado Springs. Joe Vavas is a barber by trade, and Nickles manages to get work as a footman at Broadmoor, the mansion of the Broidins. His work is constant drudgery. Vavas is class conscious, and Nickles is not, but they are staunch friends nevertheless. An attachment springs up between Nickles and Marguerite, the maid at the Broadmoor mansion. One day Joe Vavas tells Nickles and Marguerite that a barbers' union has been formed to fight against the intolerable conditions. Joe Vavas has formed the union with the help of William who is an American by birth and not an immigrant like Joe. The younger elements in the union, led by Joe and William force a strike against the bosses. The strike is won by the barbers, but the union delegate from Denver sells out at the last moment, and the strikers are deprived of most of the fruits of their victory. The ku klux klan of Colorado Springs holds an initiation ceremony as a result of the fight of the workers. They swear to exterminate the reds. Mr. Broidin takes part in the ceremony. He desires Marguerite the young servant and makes love to her. Gradually Nickles is becoming more and more receptive to the ideas of Joe Vavas who is a Communist. The Broidins are more and more tyrannical. A Christian Science service is held at the Broadmoor mansion. At the ceremony the poet who officiates delivers an oration full of the claptrap of the master class. All this spiritual bunk does not prevent the guests from devouring a great quantity of food after the services are over. This means more work for the servants who are overworked as it is. The Broidins give a bathing party for their friends, which means extra hard work for the servants. Mr. Broidin purposely leaves his camera at the lake in order to send Marguerite to find it at night when everybody is gone. He follows her to the place, and there attacks her. In Colorado Springs there is a general strike wave following the strike of the barbers. The ku klux klan is preparing for a counter-offensive against the workers. The Broidins give a big ball at which the wealthy guests rage against the workers while they themselves indulge in all sorts of pleasures. Broidin makes love to a young woman who responds to his advances. The servants are worn out from their work at the ball. Joe Vavas and William form a local branch of the Workers Party. The members accept the Communist program as outlined by William. But one of those present objects, saying that they should come out for bomb throwing. He leaves the meeting when his proposition is rejected. William is elected organizer and Joe secretary. Joe meets Nickles and asks him to receive the mail for the local Workers Party branch instead of William because William is being watched. Nickles consents because by this time he has become practically converted to Joe's views. His own hard lot has caused this conversion. Marguerite reveals to her lover Nickles about the wrong that Broidin had done her. Nickles is not angry at her, but at Broidin. They decide that in two months they would leave. A leaflet is issued by the local branch of the Workers Party which rallies the workers of Colorado Springs. The reaction gathers its forces. The ku klux klan is getting on the job with the purpose of exterminating the reds and establishing "law and order." William and Joe are arrested, and their homes searched for names. Then they are liberated. There is great excitement and expectation of something terrible about to happen. Now go on with the story.

CHAPTER XX.

"WHEN are we going out for ten minutes?"—Marguerite asked Nickles.
"In four weeks."
The idea of this made the work lighter.
The Broidin family also made preparations to move to New York.
It was a dry winter day.
Joe's experience with the police filled Nickles with indignation.
"But just tell me why?"
He couldn't get it into his head.
It showed him our society from a new angle. He discovered that acts of violence are committed by those who want to remain in power.
Nickles got through with the table service. In this work he had a good deal of practice.
The knives and forks were nice and bright.
Broidin went through the room.

Nickles was sharpening the knife. His gaze crossed that of Broidin. What expression could there have been in that gaze as he held the big kitchen knife with the steel blade in his hand?
Broidin shrank back. He hurried into the dining room. He had to be among people. But Nickles's gaze followed him there too. And it followed him even when he went to visit the young society woman in the afternoon.

Telephone call.
Marguerite hurries to the receiver.
Mr. Broidin is wanted.
"He isn't home."
"When is he coming home?"
"I don't know . . . Who is that talking?"
"He knows. Just give him the message that he is to be at the clean-up today."
"I don't understand."
"Mr. Broidin is to come to the clean up today."
"To the clean-up?"
"Yes, to the clean-up, that's right . . ."
She was cut off.
Marguerite laughed.
And she laughed when she delivered the message.

It is evening.
A dark evening.
In winter it gets dark early.
"I am going out for ten minutes. Joe is waiting for me."
"For ten minutes? Will it be no longer than that?"
They laughed.
"I mean European ten minutes."
Dolly leaped about him.
"Why certainly, you're coming along."

Stillness.
The ten minutes last long.
An auto rattles somewhere.
Stillness.
Marguerite looks at the clock.
"He is certainly wasting time."
She waits.
The time drags on with leaden steps.
An hour has already gone.
It is cold outside.
She becomes uneasy.
Maybe he'll catch a cold.
She broods. She thinks of going out. But she does not. He might think it obtrusive and might get angry.
She lies down on the bed. Perhaps he had to go downtown. That has happened once before. But he always told her if that was the case. Maybe it happened all of a sudden, and he didn't have the time to go back to tell her.
She calms herself.
She is tired.
Sleep overcomes her.

Dolly yelps.
An auto tears by.
A blow. Blow of a fist. Powerful hands. Cold, cutting wind.
Someone laughs.
He is stunned.
What's that? What's that?
He opens his eyes.
White hoods.
The auto tears thru the white night.
He wants to cry. Cannot. They have stuffed something into his mouth. Earth. He wants to spit it out. He can't. His mouth is gagged. He wants to tear off the gag. Impossible. His hands are tied.
A living corpse.
The auto-tears through the night.
Whither?
The road winds on.
Pikes Peak is dumb.
Autos are coming from all sides.
White hoods glimmer.
What do they want of him?
The raid winds on.
Do they want to torture him?
His glance meets a pair of eyes. Only for a second. Somebody looks away towards the window.

The auto dashes on.
Perhaps this pair of eyes will save him . . .
What do they want with him?
Maybe it's only a joke. A joke of the rich on a poor man. He hadn't done anything wrong. What wrong has he done?
It is an evil, ugly joke.
It wasn't right.
The automobiles dash on.
Always higher up.
Suddenly the car stops.

He is all stiff. They force him though to stand up straight. Hoods. Many hoods. He is frightened. Joe and William. William cries.
"My wife, my children! My two children! . . ."
This cry tears fearfully into the white night. Nickles feels choked. It sounded as if millions were howling at him. Marguerite's picture rises before him. Disappears again. Only the cry remains.
The gag is removed.
He can cry too.
What for?
White, lonely night on Pikes Peak.
The others will only be glad.
It is cold.
A cold night of snow.
A voice bellows:
"Take off their clothes!"
That too must be only a joke.
He hears the words, but does not grasp their meaning. He is stunned.
A powerful hand grabs him. Tears the clothes from his body.
He looks for Joe. And William.
Both are already naked.
They shiver naked in the white night. Half a minute, and he too is naked.
William does not cry any more.
Nickles totters.
"Are you freezing?"
He totters.
"Just wait, very soon you will be warm again."
They swing whips. Whips with nails in them. Forty hoods in a circle.
"Begin!"
The three don't make a sound.
The whips whistle through the air.
The three collapse.
One of the hoods rubs his forehead?
"Are you weaklings?"
Another:
"We won't let you die so easily!"
The three men are tied together.
A great pyre.
Behind it the cross—and the speaker's platform.
The man with the death's head rises.
"See, the day of reckoning has come. The trouble-makers of the city are standing before the judgment-seat of God . . ."
"Law and order must conquer over the mob . . ."
"The laws of the state were not adequate. The mob ruled at will over Colorado Springs . . ."
"Upon us lay the sad but sublime duty to help the law where it showed itself too weak . . ."
"One hundred per cent Americanism has triumphed over these new-comers."
Once more the whips whirr through the air.
The flesh hangs in strips from the three who no longer freeze now. The hot blood warms them.
Nickles discovers familiar voices behind the hoods.
New blows of the whip.
Singing. Hymn singing.
"We are thinking of thee, Jesus Christ . . ."
A cry piercing everything?
"This is law and order!"
Blows.
Pain penetrating to the marrow.
Maddening pain.
Smoke.
Flames.
William: "My children!"
Then nothing. Nothing.
The fire blazes up in the white night.
And behind the fire the cross towers upward.
"For order!"—cried the man with the death's head.

Automobiles dash
Automobiles in
Burnt corpses.
Fire dying out.
The wife is wait
home.
She has already v
"Where can Willi
Marguerite wakes
She rubs her eye
Noise. An auto.
Maybe he is back
Or is he home?
looks out of the w
thing white is appr
She listens.
Stillness.
Doors open.
She trembles. Ni
She can no long
opens the door lea
empty.
Nickles?
In the morning M
that Nickles had g
day and wasn't bac
She reported the
too. She telephon
the information tha
work.
She did one thing
really what to do.
At lunch Mr. Br
He chased out th
was especially ang
Poor Dolly!
It was a sunny w
What should she
for him?
The evening pap
A photograph.
And another pho
An article:
"The ku klux klan
the stake."
A cry.
The cry of a wor
Marguerite collap
The whole thing
brain. She read th
tried to collect her
Who is the murd
There was only o
with the ku klux k
With the white h
Nickles!
She won't remain
The woman was
to go.
And the man offe
Why?
He pinched her o
Marguerite shudd
ried to William's v
They discussed ev
wife said that Mar
trate and report ev
The telephone .
. . . the dog .
. . . All this be
murderers was.
Marguerite was v
was disconnected.
with a serious expre
Then he said to b
one and to come ba
The next day he
He roared at her
"I'm going to ha
to mislead the auth
Marguerite was s
"You want to bl
can't do it."

Automobiles dash away.
Automobiles in the white night.
Burnt corpses.

Fire dying out.

The wife is waiting in the humble worker's home.
She has already wept all her tears.
"Where can William be?"

Marguerite wakes up.
She rubs her eyes. Had she fallen asleep?
Noise. An auto. Dolly.

Maybe he is back home now?
Or is he home? But Dolly is barking. She looks out of the window. She cries out. Something white is approaching. A ghost!

She listens.
Stillness.
Doors open.
She trembles. Nickles?

She can no longer bear the uncertainty. She opens the door leading to his room. The bed is empty.
Nickles?

In the morning Marguerite informs the Broidins that Nickles had gone out for ten minutes yesterday and wasn't back yet.

She reported the disappearance to the police too. She telephoned to Joe's shop, but received the information that Joe hadn't yet come down to work.

She did one thing and another, but didn't know really what to do.

At lunch Mr. Broidin was very nervous. He chased out the dogs. With the whip. He was especially angry at Dolly.
Poor Dolly!

It was a sunny winter day.
What should she do? Where should she look for him?

The evening paper.
A photograph.
And another photograph.
An article:

"The ku klux klan has burned three workers at the stake."
A cry.

The cry of a woman.
Marguerite collapsed.
The whole thing coursed wildly through her brain. She read the article again and again. She tried to collect her thoughts.

Who is the murderer?
There was only one witness who saw the autos with the ku klux klan.
With the white hoods.

Nickles!
She won't remain in this house any longer!
The woman was happy that Marguerite wanted to go.

And the man offered her money.
Why?

He pinched her cheek.
Marguerite shuddered. She ran out. She hurried to William's wife.

They discussed everything. All night. Then the wife said that Marguerite must go to the magistrate and report everything to him.

The telephone . . . the dog . . . the auto . . . the dog . . . the banging of the door . . . All this betrayed clearly who one of the murderers was.

Marguerite was very much confused. Her talk was disconnected. The magistrate listened to her with a serious expression.

Then he said to her not to talk about it to anyone and to come back the next day.
The next day he closed the door behind her.
He roared at her.

"I'm going to have you locked up. You want to mislead the authorities for revenge."
Marguerite was scared.

"You want to blackmail Mr. Broidin, but you can't do it."

Marguerite opened wide her eyes.
"You have demanded money from Mr. Broidin!"
"?"

"Yes! And now you come with your lies here, because you didn't get any money! I'm going to have you locked up!"

Marguerite trembled with anger from head to foot. She couldn't utter a word.

"Up to now I haven't taken down the testimony. If you wish you can dictate your false facts now and then I'll have you locked up."

Not a word passed her lips.
"Now then, if you wish you can begin your confession"—and he stressed sneeringly the word "confession."

The room spun with Marguerite.
She remained silent.
Her lips moved. She stared about her, to see if they were going to arrest her. Then she ran out of the room. At the home of William's widow she collapsed and couldn't utter a word for a long time.

The "Springs Paper" tried to make it clear to the workers that only their continued agitation forced the citizens to resort to self-defense.

The guilty ones could not be found.
Only one worker was found who could not give a good alibi for the day in question.

The case came before a jury.
Marguerite prepared herself for the trial. She secured a revolver and concealed it in her pocket.

"If there'll be no judge I'm going to get justice myself!"

Mr. Broidin was invited as witness. He knew Nickles. In the hall-way he was talking loudly about the rabble that was using this opportunity too for making trouble.

Marguerite stood behind his back. "Now I can kill him"—she thought. "But no. Not yet. Let the workers see what the justice of the masters looks like."

She went on.
She looked for a place from which she would surely hit him.

She walked to and fro.
Maybe her look was wild. Perhaps in this surroundings she looked out of place. A detective spoke to her:

"What are you looking for here?"
"I want to be present at the trial."
"Have you got a card?"
"No."

"Then you can't stay here."
"Are there any cards left?"
"No."

She had to leave the building. Mr. Broidin went before her into the court room, but she didn't have the force to shoot him.

She looked for the exit.
She was very much annoyed not to find it. She opened the door of a check room. There was no one here. The coats hung on the clothes racks.

If someone found her here he might think that she wanted to steal coats. Her heart beat violently. If they should search her they would find the revolver—what should she say in that case?

She turned pale.
At last she found the exit.

And now she had to wait three hours until the trial was over. She looked around at the automobiles. She knew the Broidin car well.

She locked the safety-bolt. Three hours is a long time—the revolver could not go off in her pocket.

She sat down in the park on a bench.

How slowly the time passes!
She had gone pretty far.

She must be careful. There are few people in the street. The doors are being guarded and watched. She was not noticed. At last. People are coming.

She gathered all her force together.
Still no Broidin.
One auto after another rides off.

Now: Mr. and Mrs. Broidin appear in the door.
Now!
Her heart contracts.
Her hand trembles.

It requires tremendous will-power to stretch out the hand. To force the hand to murder. Deliberately to extinguish the life of another. One must be so transported as to see more than an individual, to see all of society.

Marguerite stretches out her hand. Mr. Broidin helps his wife into the car. He does not see that the muzzle of a revolver is staring at him.

The last moment.
The right moment.
Marguerite presses the trigger.
Once.

Twice.
But the revolver misses fire.
A powerful blow comes down on her hand.
She is dragged forward by detectives.

It was only in the police station that she realized that she hadn't unlocked the hammer.
They took down her testimony.

The cause of the act: Broidin is one of the murderers.

Mild excitement.

But Marguerite was sent away the same day to the insane asylum.

In the "Springs Paper" the following notice appeared:

"At the end of the trial there was a painful incident which came by a hair near costing the life of Mr. Broidin the worthy citizen of our city. A crazy woman wanted to shoot him but the woman forgot to cock the revolver. The madwoman has been put away in the institution. The case will not even come before the jury."

Mr. and Mrs. Broidin left the same day for New York.

The friends of Joe and William and William's widow smuggled pamphlets and leaflets into the insane asylum.

Marguerite learns and works a great deal. She is altogether calm now and doesn't speak any more about Mr. Broidin having been one of the klan-murderers. Her lawyer makes every effort to free her from the insane asylum.

In Colorado Springs they did not succeed in killing the labor movement even with the murder of Joe, William and Nickles.

The life and death of these martyrs is only a shining example for the millions of workers, giving them zeal to continue with iron will and inexorably the struggle for freedom.

The slaves fight against the masters!
Oppression? Torture? Death?
Reign of terror of the master?

The wheels of time cannot be stayed, cannot be stopped.

The millions of slaves gather under new battle flags . . .
In the distance shines the red star . . .
In spite of everything!

The End.

Russian Weights, Measures and Currency

- 1 pood equals 36 lbs. About 60 poods equal a ton.
- 1 verst equals about two-thirds of a mile (0.66).
- 1 arshin equals 0.77 yard.
- 1 sashen equals 7 feet.
- 1 deissiatin equals 2.70 acres.
- 1 vedro (bucket) equals 3.25 gallons.
- 1 gold ruble equals \$514.
- 1 kopeck equals .01 of a ruble.
- 1 chervonetz equals 10 gold rubles; its gold party is \$514.

Soviet Russia Buys U. S. Cotton Valued at \$26,340,000.00

NEW YORK, June 26.—Soviet Russia bought about 30 per cent more cotton in the United States the present crop year than last, the All-Russian Textile Syndicate, Inc., announced today, closing purchases this week having brought the total to 243,000 bales, valued at \$26,340,000. The syndicate is the official purchasing agency in the United States.

Why Are the French Fighting in Morocco?

By JAY LOVESTONE.

WHY are the French militarists investing so much energy so much gold and so much proletarian and colonial blood in their campaign of subduing the Riffs?

What interest does the French militarist clique, which has taken the place of the Prussian militarist group as the leading military power of capitalist Europe, in waging such strenuous warfare in Africa at this time?

A Powder Magazine.

When the writer was present at the sessions of the last Enlarged Executive of the Communist International, he had occasion to discuss at length the whole Moroccan question with Comrade Doriot, whose arrest by the French government has just been reported. Comrade Doriot told me that Morocco is a virtual powder magazine for the French imperialists. Comrade Doriot said that the smallest spark might serve to influence and mobilize Morocco against French imperialist control.

The victory of the Riffs over Spanish imperialist forces has evidently been more than a small spark in arousing and inflaming the national aspirations of the Riffs against subjugation by French imperialism.

THE French imperialists look upon the contest in Morocco as much more than a local contest. With their hands full in European difficulties and entanglements the French ruling class might conceivably be more anxious to make temporary secondary concessions to Abd-el-Krim in order to secure peace in Morocco. But the French imperialists know that a defeat or a disgrace for them in Morocco means a smashing blow at their entire imperialist colonial policy. Such a disaster for imperialist France in its campaign against the Riffs would shake the foundations of all French colonies and spheres of influence throughout Asia and Africa.

In discussing this question with Comrade Doriot I said that Morocco is to French imperialism what the Philippines are to American imperialism. A free Morocco is a mortal blow struck against French imperialism. Free Philippines are a mortal blow against Yankee imperialism. Morocco and the Philippines are the Achilles' heels of French and American imperialism.

An examination of recent developments in Moroccan trade and a perusal of the role of France in Moroccan development shows that not only politically but also economically Morocco is virtually a key to French imperialist colonial prowess, just as the Philippines are potentially the key to American imperialist colonial prowess in the Far East.

In fact, Morocco serves to illustrate very well the why and wherefore of the tremendous importance attached by European capitalist powers of their control and domination of the development of their colonies and protectorates.

In recent years France has been particularly aggressive in its colonial policy. Imperialist France has more and more become dependent on its colonial possessions for the sources of raw materials for its developing industries. In 1924 France had for the first time in 19 years a favorable trade balance. The French imports from its colonies in 1924 were most instrumental in making it possible for France to show this favorable trade balance.

Agricultural development has been making rapid strides in Morocco. In the last few years the exploitation of Morocco's rich mineral resources have drawn world wide attention.

The Political Divisions of Morocco.

In order to have their regime function efficiently from an administrative and political point of view, the international imperialists have subdivided Morocco into three zones.

The first and most important section of Morocco is the French protectorate. Here are found nearly 85 per cent of the area and inhabitants of all Morocco. For is the capital and Casablanca is the leading commercial center and port of this zone.

Secondly, we have the so-called

and now limited practically to the coast line only, Spanish protectorate. This is a narrow strip of land, covering an area of about three hundred miles, from the Atlantic ocean along the Mediterranean. The towns of Tetouan, Ceuta and Melilla are the chief centers in this section.

Thirdly, we have the so-called international Tangier section. This covers an area of about 150 square miles. Tangiers is governed according to terms of a treaty signed in Paris on December 18, 1923, by France, Great Britain and Spain. Since the signing of this treaty American financial interests have protested against its terms and have in the last few months succeeded thru the pressure of the state department to secure certain modifications of the Paris convention provisions.

Agriculture Leading Industry.

PRICIPALLY Morocco is an agricultural country. Timely rainfalls are essential to enable the Moroccans to exploit fully the advantages and the possibilities of their soil. Practically speaking there is a dearth of irrigation facilities. The exploitation of the good natural agricultural resources is further hindered by the use of backward, crude implements. The last year was an especially favorable one for Moroccan crops because there was plenty of rain. Inclusive of cattle the first nine months of 1924 show a total value of 356,000,000 francs for the agricultural exports from Morocco. This sum was more than twice the size for the corresponding period for the preceding year.

Barley, wheat, beans and certain seeds are the most important agricultural products of Morocco in the year named. Sheep, cattle and hogs lead in the live stock industry of the country.

Great Timber Areas.

THERE are more than three million acres of the total area of Morocco covered by forests. But poor transportation and lack of irrigation, as well as increasing dissatisfaction on the part of the natives with the treatment by their foreign oppressors, are responsible for the present condition whereby only one-sixth of this vast forest area is utilized.

Tremendous Mineral Resources.

MOROCCO teems with rich mineral deposits. Yet, for the reasons mentioned in explaining the stunted development of the lumber industry, the utilization of the vast mineral deposits of Morocco is likewise retarded. There are no coal deposits to be found in Morocco, but the phosphate mines in the neighborhood of Casablanca are continually increasing their output. In 1923 the phosphate output totaled about 191,000 metric tons. These mines are exploited by the government and their products are the subject of government monopoly.

In the so-called Spanish zone, largely retaken by the Riffs, there are found rich iron mines. The development of these mines has only begun.

Growing Moroccan Trade.

BY far the greatest proportion of the Moroccan trade is carried on with France, Great Britain and Spain. There are no accurate official statistics ascertaining the volume of the entire Moroccan trade for the last year. But one can, with sufficient accuracy, say that this total trade was nearly \$100,000,000 in 1924. The exports for this period reached a record mark of nearly \$35,000,000. The French Moroccan zone imported nearly one billion francs, or about \$50,000,000, in 1924. This was more than 80 per cent of the imports into Morocco as a whole.

French Morocco.

IN view of the fact that the commerce of the French zone is obviously the most important and that the struggle of the Moroccan people now centers primarily against French imperialism, it will be appropriate to consider somewhat more at length the French protectorate.

The great dependence of France on its colonial possessions for raw materials is shown by the fact that last year there was a balance of four

million francs in favor of the protectorate in its trade with France. The French imperialists shipped two hundred million francs' worth of commodities into Morocco and took into France from Morocco two hundred and four million francs' worth of commodities. Recently there has been noticeable a heavy expenditure in Morocco for great quantities of equipment and supplies for railways, ports and such other works. Local taxation and revenue of the colonial government monopolies, such as of the phosphate mines, supply the bulk of the source for this expenditure.

Coal, cotton goods, sugar, wine, tea and kerosene are among the leading imports into Morocco. The United States supplies nearly 50 per cent of Moroccan imports of minerals, oils and kerosene. France supplies nearly 70 per cent of the cement and other construction supplies. All in all, the French imperialists supply about 65 per cent of the total Moroccan imports.

The live stock, cork and phosphate constitute the principal agricultural exports from Morocco. France and Spain take more than 50 per cent of the phosphate exports. France and England consume the bulk of Moroccan barley. Ninety per cent of Moroccan wheat and the greatest proportion of Moroccan beans, wool, sheepskins, cattle hides, gums and seeds go to France. In 1924 Morocco sent nearly 200,000 head of sheep, hogs and cattle to France.

Moroccan Industrial Development.

THE last decade has seen four years of rapid progress in the development of the transportation system of the country. This is especially true in the construction of highways now radiating in many parts of the country. The passenger and freight traffic have thus been tremendously facilitated.

At the same time railroad construction has been increasing steadily. These are only some of the signs of industrial developments of Morocco which are proving of great help to the French imperialists in decreasing their dependence upon foreign supplies for the raw materials which their industrial machine demands.

Lessons from the Moroccan Conflict.

WE can safely assume, unless presently unforeseen circumstances intervene, that the French imperialists will go to the limit in their efforts to subdue the Abd-el-Krim forces and to smash the aspirations of the Riffs for a completely national independent Morocco. This contest is turning into a tug-of-war between the

economic and military resources of the French imperialists on the one hand and the nationalist enthusiasm and energy, the fighting spirit and military skill of the Riffs led by Abd-el-Krim on the other hand.

The Riffs are flushed with their victory over Spanish imperialism. The Riffs are bent on restoring Morocco to the Moroccans. The French imperialists are still flushed with pride because of their victory over German imperialism. The French imperialists dare not voluntarily yield an inch of ground to the conquering Riffs, lest a sharp entering wedge be driven into their imperialist structure.

In this struggle between the imperialist forces on the one hand and the colonial masses on the other hand we find a classic illustration of the respective roles played by the socialists and the Communists in the international struggle against imperialism, of which the colonial struggles are only a part.

The socialist party of France, after hesitating, wavering, floundering and compromising, has definitely gone over boot and baggage to the imperialist camp of Painleve. The interests of the aristocracy, the uppermost strata, of labor are endangered, according to the views of the leaders of the socialist party of France, by the menace to a French military disaster in Morocco.

The Communists, on the other hand, led by such valiant fighters against militarism and imperialism as Doriot are openly resisting French imperialist aggression in Morocco. The Communist Party of France, like the Communist parties of the other countries, are solidly lined up with the colonial people of Morocco, oppressed by their respective national imperialist cliques.

LIKEWISE we may look forward to the British imperialists coming to the rescue of the French and Spanish imperialists, who have already united in their efforts to defeat the conquering Riffs. We may without doubt look to the union of all imperialist forces in this anti-imperialist struggle as well as in all other anti-imperialist struggles. As this Moroccan struggle broadens and becomes more intense we may expect that the participation of the Communist parties of the world under the leadership of the Communist International will simultaneously increase.

Morocco is a great prize for French imperialism. But Morocco may yet turn out to be a veritable graveyard for the hopes of the arrogant French imperialists.

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DR. RASNICK
DENTIST

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For the Unity of the Trade Union Movement

(Continued from page 2)

front to the capitalist class. And when the class stands up against class, it means not only an economic but also a political struggle.

The conference recognized the significance of this struggle. It did not remain within the narrow bounds of the economic struggle, but declared war against the danger of new wars as one of the preliminary conditions of unity, new wars however belong to the very nature of capitalist conditions.

These eleven million workers however not only found a common language, but they also gave certain organizational foundations to co-operation in the interest of the realization of the aims they had set themselves. When the organized masses of workers of the two strongest trade union organizations of the world join in trying to reach an aim which at first sight appears a very modest one—the unity of the international labor movement—this represents a force which must be taken seriously. The Anglo-Russian advisory committee is not yet organized, but it is already, among many millions of workers, the most popular organization in the world. We shall see how those people who can see no further than the end of their nose into the depths of the international movement, will be able to resist this alliance, those who

are to assert that the Russian trade unions can have no significance in the west European labor movement. Our firmly united trade union movement can give the international labor movement not only 6½ million organized, classed workers, but another trifle—these 6½ million workers are in the possession of power, they have the power literally in their hands.

In the scales of the struggle between labor and capital, every thousand workers is of importance. And wherever there are three workers, we must go and organize them so that none remain unorganized. This is how we must regard the tasks of the international labor movement and our duties in the struggle against capital.

The Immediate Prospect.

WE ask for approval of our work which we have carried out under extremely difficult and complicated circumstances. We steered a straight course for unity, we showed that for us it is no matter for jest, but that we are ready to work with earnestness and perseverance in the interest of this aim. We have already achieved something in this direction, and it is not for nothing that the bourgeois press has raised such a hue and cry against us. The Times declares that the declaration is writ-

ten "in the language of belligerent class-war" and contains dangerously ambiguous phrases. "And," says the Times, "class-war means, in the language of the Communists, seizing and actually fighting."

Mr. MacDonald, in his Easter message to the workers, issues a new slogan: the necessity of a bloc between the English and German trade unions. There is no need to be a British ex-prime minister in order to understand that such a bloc has existed already for ages and is confirmed by the fact that the trade unions of both countries belong to the same international.

Cramp, the well known leader of the British railwaymen proposes founding a continental international. If he were consistent he would arrive at the conclusion that every country ought to have its own international. Cramp proposed leaving Russia and the east to the Red International of Labor Unions, America to the American Federation of Labor, while the whole of Europe, with the exception of Russia, should belong to the Amsterdam International.

WE know that MacDonald, round whom the right leaders of the general council are gathered, is preparing for a great attack on our comrades on the eve of the approaching congress of the trade unions. The

bourgeois press on the other hand is trying to compromise the leaders of the trade union movement, and clamors: "They have capitulated to Tom-sky without resistance and unconditionally." The bourgeois newspapers further write that "the plan accepted by the conference is reminiscent of a military alliance between two states."

All these attacks of the bourgeois press are merely witness to the fact that the proletariat is on the right path. The British comrades and we ourselves are faced with a difficult task, and we must find the best means for mutual support in all the difficulties we shall meet by the way.

We do not in the least understand why the Amsterdam International will not even meet us. Are Oudgeest and Sassenbach afraid of us? Is it possible that they are afraid we shall corrupt them if they sit at the same table with us? We have nothing to fear, we have nothing to conceal from the workers, and we say: "Let us discuss our proposals together."

We are convinced that in spite of all difficulties, in spite of all the intrigues of the bourgeois press, we shall achieve our objects and overcome all obstacles. No one will be able to arrest the many millions of workers in their elementary efforts for the unity of the international labor movement.

The Problems of the Czech Communists

By ALOIS NEURATH (Prague).

I.

The Economic Situation.

AFTER the second party session of the Communist Party of Czechoslovakia, the Czech bourgeoisie began to engage in their new campaign against the proletariat. It was not the first time since 1920 that they endeavored to provoke the workers of Ostrow and particularly to defeat this most important section of the Czechoslovakian proletariat, in order in this way to prepare for the certain defeat of the workers in all other branches of industry. In the autumn of 1924, the Red Trade Union organizations in common with the leaders of the Communist Party of Czechoslovakia succeeded in frustrating this maneuver of the bourgeoisie. Strongly backed by the social democrats of all nations in this state, but especially by the Czech government socialists, the exploiters continued indefatigably their efforts in this direction.

As a matter of fact, the conditions of living of the Czechoslovakian workers have changed very much for the worse during the past two years. The rise in price of all foodstuffs, the pressure of taxes, the cutting down of the staff of officials and the underhand manner in which the unemployed were treated—all these measures of government and bourgeoisie, which were against the interests of the whole working population, were enuf to drive the proletariat to despair. When the slaves of the mines in the Ostrow district made their demands it transpired that more than 90 per cent of the Ostrow miners were prepared to take up the fight against the mine magnates. All efforts at conciliation on the part of the social democrats and the reformist trade union leaders, proved ineffectual. Social democrats, Communists, Christian socialists, independents, in short the whole of the Ostrow slaves of the mines proved determined to oppose in open fight the insolent presumption of the exploiters. Exploiters and social democrats concentrated their efforts on the one object: the isolation of the Ostrow miners were left alone, and after a few days of heroic fighting the strike had to be called off. It should be said at once, that the will to fight of the Ostrow proletariat is unbroken, that its connection with the C. P. of Czechoslovakia is firmer than ever, and that even the success of the mine owners has nothing like the significance that it had in previous similar struggles.

AS in previous years, the capitalists of other branches of industry, especially the employers in the metal and textile branches, are now anxious to follow the example of their fellow-capitalists in Ostrow and to put their wage-slaves on short commons.

From Bodenbach to Komotau, the workers in a number of large and medium-sized works of the metal industry are locked out on account of the demands of a comparatively small group of metal workers. As for the employers in the textile industry, it is up to the present only evident that they are making certain preparations for severer blows against the workers. At the present moment, the coalition parties are at daggers drawn about the customs on corn. There is however, no doubt that the family quarrel in the coalition will sooner or later come to an end thru a formula for agreement being found, and the necessary concession being made to the agrarians. After the agrarians it will be the turn of the cotton-lords and it may be taken for granted that this coalition government will to the best of its ability serve one master after the other. Apart from many other examples, the way in which the coalition government is now proceeding against the paper workers who are on strike in Bohmisch-Krumau, shows clearly what it is prepared to do for the knights of industry in the struggle against the wage slaves. The workers in one of the largest paper factories in Czechoslovakia (about 1,500) are on strike. The Czechoslovakian authorities immediately turned the small town of Krumau into a military camp. The struggle of the Krumau workers has been going on for weeks; their ranks are unshaken. The employers are now hoping that it will be possible to force the rebellious wage-slaves on to their knees by means of the brutal procedure of the gendarmerie, police and other armed guardians of democratic peace and order.

II.

Bubnik's Partisans in Alliance With the Bourgeoisie.

FOR months past, the Czechoslovakian bourgeoisie has been casting sheep's eyes at the extreme right wing of the C. P. of Czechoslovakia. It has done all that is possible on its part, to make the task of disintegrating the C. P. of Czechoslovakia as easy as possible to people of the type of Bubnik, Warmbrunn, Roucek, etc. It is well known that the right wing of the party carried on the fight against the resolutions of the C. I., and against the C. C. of the party re-

spectively in the name of party morals. By welcoming this "moral struggle" of our right, the bourgeoisie showed that it was also interested in—the purity and integrity within the C. P. of Czechoslovakia, as indeed it stood up for the maintenance and security of the C. P. of Czechoslovakia with admirable fervor.

When the Pol-Bureau caught Bubnik at his criminal work and turned him out of the party, the bourgeois press howled at the injustice which had been done to a man whose only care had been the purity of the C. P. of Czechoslovakia. The rage of the bourgeoisie and of social democracy over the quick and energetic action of the Pol-Bureau is much more comprehensive now that we have a clearer survey of the events than was the case in February of this year. The bourgeois parties dread the next election especially because of the influence of the C. P. of Czechoslovakia. They could therefore hardly contain themselves for joy when they saw Bubnik, Warmbrunn and their companions "at work" in the C. P. of Czechoslovakia.

III.

The Block Fights the Dangers of the Right.

THE block formed in Moscow between the left wing and the center is justifying its existence. The hopes of the bourgeoisie and of the right elements in the party that this block could again be shaken, have proved to be deceptive. It is now quite amusing to watch the somersaults turned by the social democrat and bourgeois editors. At the conclusion of the discussions of the E. C. C. I. they hoped that the Prague district organization would rebel against the Pol-Bureau, then they expected the Kladsno group to prove particularly uncompromising and, above all, they were perfectly certain that Brunn would take up an attitude of opposition to the C. C. and the C. I. And now we are at the end of the decisive events within the party. Those who had the audacity to make propaganda for a split in the party, who were bold enough to organize within the C. P. of Czechoslovakia a fight against the Communist International have been laid low. That which Zimoviev and Stalin prophesied in the Czechoslovakian Commission, has come true more rapidly than could have been anticipated: those who openly oppose the Comintern are immediately wide generals without troops.

The workers of Brunn and Kladsno as well as the workers in the whole state not only have nothing to do with

the Bubnik group, they show them decided opposition and treat them with the contempt they deserve. Until a few hours ago, Roucek was able to play the part of an influential and loved leader, i.e., just as long as he succeeded in deceiving the workers as to his real political conviction and as to the fact that at the bottom of his heart he had never for a moment been anything but a genuine and true social democrat. When Roucek had resigned from the party, a conference of Brunn representatives unanimously accepted this resolution. The party loses a dozen or at the most two dozen of those leaders who, consciously or unconsciously looked after the affairs of the bourgeoisie within the C. P. of Czechoslovakia. Not a single worker has gone with the renegades, and these gentlemen, having lost their game in the C. P. of Czechoslovakia, will now have played their last card as camp-followers of the bourgeois and social democrat parties.

THE outrageous game of the right clique leaders in the C. P. of Czechoslovakia is at an end. The struggle of these elements against the party leadership and against the C. I. has seriously injured the C. P. of Czechoslovakia, that cannot be denied. Having rid itself of these noxious and hampering inimical elements, the party must, without delay, turn its attention to healing the wounds it has received in the fight against opportunism. And this work will be accomplished in no time. The party as it is now constituted will be a reliable and determined guide to the working masses of Czechoslovakia. The block created in Moscow has, during the last few days, stood the test and will continue to stand it. There may be all sorts of difficulties here and there within the party, but one thing is clear: the block will stand fast against the dangers of the right, and from this we may logically conclude that even in the solution of all the other tasks which the C. P. of Czechoslovakia is faced, it cannot be shaken.

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Events in Bulgaria and Bulgarian Social-Democracy

IN a letter to the press, Malone, one of the members of the English delegation, whose visit to Sofia coincided with the explosion in the cathedral, in describing the bestialities of the Sofia executioners, says:

"The most deplorable thing is the malignant attitude of the social democrats towards the Communists. Pastuchow, the chief editor of the social democrat newspaper 'Epocha' and Sakassov, the former social democrat minister in Zankov's cabinet, have published declarations stating that they wholeheartedly support the Zankov regime. The social democrats inveigh against Russia and suspect 'Moscow' of being responsible for everything."

As a matter of fact, it is difficult to imagine anything meaner and more revolting than the part played by the Bulgarian social democracy, especially during the recent sanguinary events in Bulgaria.

THE Bulgarian social democrats have already divested themselves of the last rag of a socialist sense of shame and have even surpassed persons like Noske and Horthy's social democratic lackeys. The social democratic party in Bulgaria long ago entered the camp of the bourgeoisie. As early as after the split of the old social democratic party into the "narrow-minded" and the "broad-minded" socialists in 1903, the latter took their stand on the opposite side of the barricade in the fight between the proletariat and the bourgeoisie, although they were still eagerly coquetting with socialism. In this whole time, and especially during the war, they actively supported the bourgeois parties in their struggle against the masses of workers and twice participated directly in bourgeois governments.

In 1919, when the position of the Bulgarian bourgeoisie was terribly shaken, and the wave of revolution threatened to put an end to its rule, the social democrats were given three places in the government, and their leader Pastuchow was even "entrusted" with the ministry of police, so that he could settle accounts with the rapidly increasing Communist Party, and suppress the discontent of the masses of workers and peasants which was spreading throughout the country. And the first responsible person to illtreat the workers and peasants was none other than the social democrat minister Pastuchow.

FROM this time onwards, the Bulgarian mensheviks openly threw in their lot with the lot of the bourgeoisie. Their embitterment against the Communist Party which had long

ago shattered them ideologically and which uninterruptedly unmasked the treacherous part played by social democracy, reached its extreme limits and even infected the masses of workers and peasants who marched under the banner of the Communist Party, as well as the peasants who were organized in the ranks of the Peasants' League.

The leaders of the social-democratic party took part in the military and bourgeois conspiracy against Stambulski's peasant government. They supplied a minister for the Zankov cabinet which came into being as the result of the overthrow of the government on June 9, 1923. At the time when their minister Sakassov was a member of Zankov's cabinet, the well-known provocation of September 1923 against the Communists and the working masses of the country was undertaken. With their participation and their active support, the slaughter of the arrested Communists and partisans of the Peasants' League was organized in September 1923, when more than 5000 of the workers, peasants, teachers, lawyers and other members of the active intelligentsia, who had been arrested by the government, were basely murdered. The social democrats not only consented to this, but in the maddest way egged on the government to outlaw the Communist Party, the Red trade unions and the workers' co-operative association "Oswoboshdenije." They were the first to demand the dissolution of the legal labor party which was then organized.

WHEN however, under pressure from the Second International, which was alarmed by the exaggerated zeal of Pastuchow, the social democratic party withdrew its minister from the Zankov cabinet, it did not discontinue its active support of the terrorist regime. The most provocative, dastardly and fantastic insinuations, the most insolent calumnies against the Communists and against the Soviet Union were found above all in the press of the social democratic party.

Shortly before the explosion in the Sofia cathedral, the social democratic parliamentary fraction organized, in connection with the discussion on the budget of the ministry for foreign affairs, a wild demonstration against the Soviet Union. Kalfow, the minister for foreign affairs provided a credit for the Bulgarian mission in Moscow and justified it on the grounds that Bulgaria, too, might at any moment be faced by the necessity of recognizing the Soviet Union. The social democratic party which had never raised a single word of protest against

the terror raging in their own country and against the annihilation of the best part of the working masses in Bulgaria, was roused to indignation by this paragraph in the budget strongly protested against the Zankov government which was preparing for Bulgaria to enter into diplomatic relations with the "Moscow malefactors." The social democratic parliamentary fraction proposed a formal motion for the removal of the said paragraph from the budget, but this motion was rejected by a majority of the government itself.

AFTER the crime in the Sofia cathedral, the military budget was discussed in parliament of April 23rd. The social democratic party was of course as usual "at its post." In its name, the social democrat deputy Tchernookov, declared:

"At the moment when the Bulgarian army is making superhuman efforts to maintain order (?) within the country, the unpleasant task has fallen to my lot of explaining the vote of our parliamentary fraction on the military budget. The civil war which is being waged at present is not merely internal affair. The united front of the illegal conspirators appears to be a tool of foreign powers. In its striving after conquest, Moscow imperialism has found a good co-operator in the supporters of a united front (i. e. the Communists and the members of the Peasants' League.—Ed.) and therefore the Bulgarian army is carrying on a war which is to all intents and purposes patriotic, against the external enemies and their internal agents who are working in harmony towards a common end. . . . 'Our place can be nowhere but in the ranks of the defenders of the nation.' (!?) (From the central organ of the social democratic party of Bulgaria 'Narod' of April 24, 1925.)

At the same time the social democratic leader Pastuchow wrote in the newspaper 'Epocha' of April 28th:

"With the cold-bloodedness of the most blood thirsty executioner, Moscow is using the inflammatory in Bulgaria to set the Balkans and the whole world in flames, knowing beforehand that the first victim of this conflagration will be Bulgaria itself. Now this plan of Moscow is unmasked before the whole world and its intrigues in Bulgaria will become the subject of international policy."

THE editor of the "Epocha" on his part, hastened to say in the same number:

"Recent events here have created in Europe great indignation against Bolshevism, and mitigated the old feelings of hatred against Bulgaria. This new course is a real blessing

to our country. . . . It is our duty to give objective (!!) reports on everything that happens. The Bulgarian government will do its duty; and the individual parties must do the same. The central committee of the social democratic party decided to send communication regarding the recent events in Bulgaria to the bureau of the Second International, and to ask for help in the fight against the Bolshevik peril in the Balkans. The communications will be sent to all the prominent socialists of the world."

At the same time social democrats are appointed in all Bulgarian foreign missions to give information to the foreign press, to defend the sanguinary Zankov regime and to "refute" news about the horrible bestialities practiced on Bulgarian workers and peasants, which may penetrate into foreign countries. One of these social democratic agents of the executioners at Sofia is the Dr. Tschitschowsky who is carrying on a "controversy" with Malone in the English press. The real treacherous nature of the Second International, this agency of bourgeois reaction in Europe, is now reflected in the sanguinary deeds of its Bulgarian section. The treachery and ignominy of the social democratic party of Bulgaria crown the counter-revolutionary policy of the Second International.

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