

The New Magazine

Supplement of **THE DAILY WORKER**

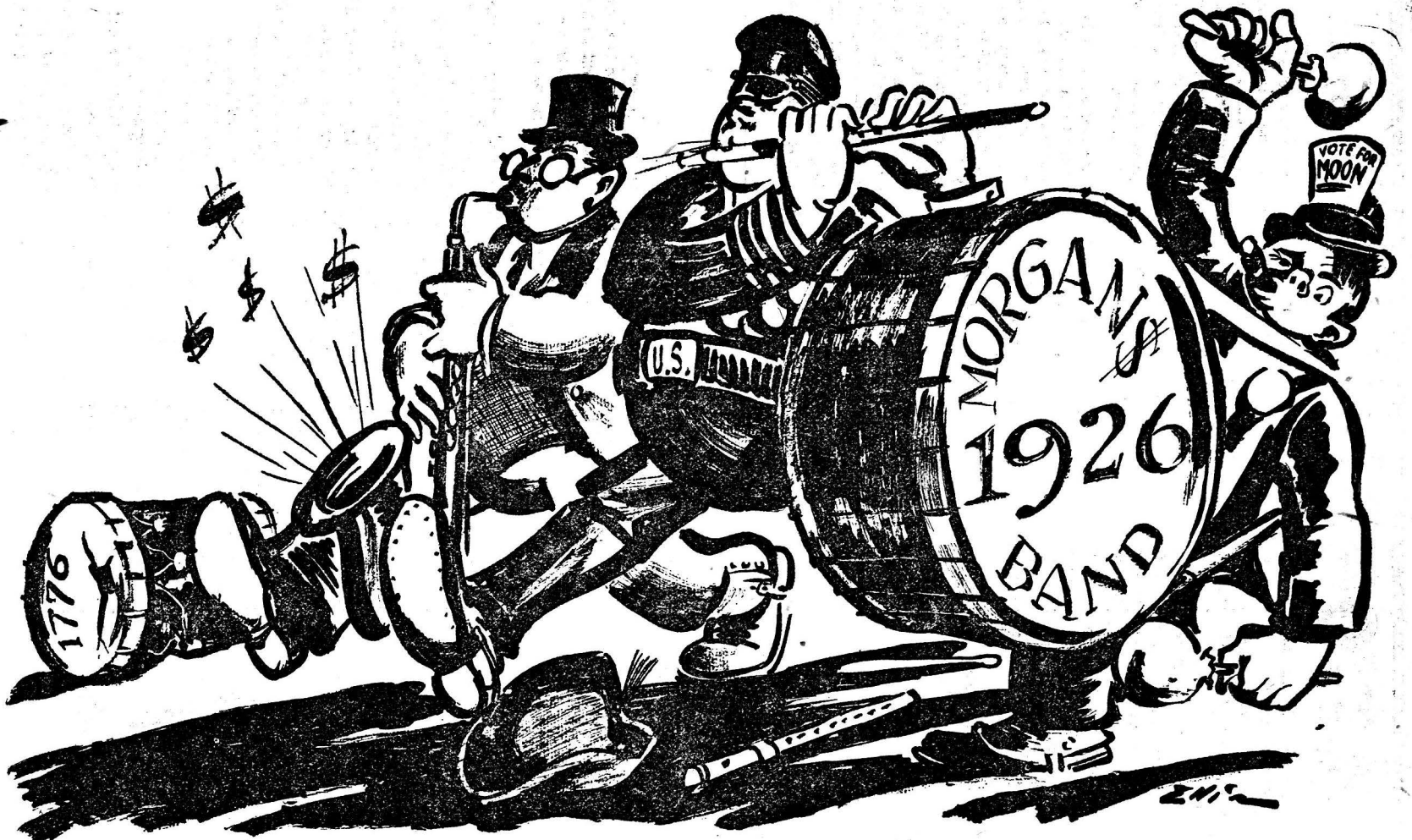
ALEX. BITTELMAN,
Editor.

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The Triumphant Exploiter of the World



By Fred Ellis

THE COMING DAY OF LABOR INDEPENDENCE

ONE hundred and fifty years ago the young American capitalist class initiated and led a successful revolution against the rule of Great Britain. It was a socially necessary and progressive step which was greeted and applauded by revolutionists all over the world.

Today the capitalists of the United States would like to forget the revolutionary nature of the struggle for independence. They would pay dearly to obliterate the memory of the armed uprising of the masses against the British aristocracy, which was led by their own forefathers.

In 1776, the American capitalists were leading a revolution.

In 1926, they are mobilizing all their resources to forestall, prevent, and crush revolution.

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READ the Declaration of Independence. It is a splendid and inspiring document in many respects, despite the fact that it represents and champions the interests of the capitalists. The power of the document, the thing that makes it live even today, is its defiant and uncompromising attitude towards oppression, its flaming call to revolt and victory.

What was the source of this red-blooded, invincible upsurge of revolutionary and humanitarian sentiment that is running thru the Declaration of Independence?

It is to be found in the fact that the American capitalists of 1776 were in a sense an oppressed class. The ruler of the colonies was the British king and the British aristocracy. Under this rule, the American merchants and manufacturers couldn't live. The further development of American industry and commerce was practically impossible.

Hence the bitter hatred against British rule. Hence the iron determination on the part of the American capitalists to overthrow and destroy the rule of the British aristocracy. Hence the unconquerable urge to power—towards the establishment of an independent republic.

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THE revolution of 1776 was a capitalist revolution. It accomplished substantially the same kind of a change in the political system of the United States as was accomplished in France by the Great Revolution of 1789, and partially in Germany—in 1848.

It was inspired and led by the bourgeoisie—by the merchants, manufacturers and bankers. It was participated in by the masses

—by the artisans, the workers and the farmers. These masses fought and bled to insure the victory of a capitalist regime. But in doing so they have created the conditions for their own revolution which will abolish capitalism and establish the rule of the workers and farmers.

The American capitalists of 1776 took part in the revolution AS A CLASS. They were fully conscious of what they wanted. They were fighting for a government controlled by the capitalists. And they got it.

The American workers, artisans and farmers of 1776 took part in the revolution AS A MASS. They were conscious only of the oppression under which they lived, and which became unbearable. They were anxious for a change, for some measure of relief. They thought they were fighting for real freedom and equality of opportunity. And in this they were mistaken and disappointed.

The day of independence of the American workers and poor farmers is yet to come.

* * * * *

THE New World of 1776 is no more. What we are having today in the United States should be called the Newer World.

From thirteen small colonies with only the beginning of an industrial economy to a full-fledged and mature modern capitalist country.

From a dependency of the British king to the position of the dominant world power.

From a nation oppressed and exploited by the British aristocracy to the most powerful oppressor of nations on earth.

From a young capitalist country struggling for independence to an imperialist giant holding in its strangulating grasp most of the republics of Central and South America and a growing portion of other colonial nations.

In 1776 the American capitalist class declared its independence from the British king and aristocracy.

In 1926 the American working class faces the historic task of declaring its own independence and of initiating the struggle for a workers' and farmers' government.

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THE day of working class independence is coming. Its consummation rests primarily upon a faster and more intensive growth of class consciousness among the workers.

(Continued on next page—page 2)

The Triumphant Exploiter of the World.

(Continued from page 1)

Great masses of workers are still following the lead of the capitalists. This is manifested most clearly by the fact that the republican and democratic parties continue to receive the support of considerable numbers of workers.

In a sense, the American workers of today are politically more backward than the American capitalists were in 1776.

As far back as a hundred and fifty years ago, most of the American merchants and manufacturers had already realized, what may be properly termed, the need for **INDEPENDENT POLITICAL ACTION BY THE CAPITALISTS AS A CLASS.** These merchants and manufacturers consequently broke with the dominant political leadership of that time—the king and the aristocracy. Why? Because that leadership was supplied by a class whose interests were hostile to the immediate and historic interests of the young capitalist class of America. These young American capitalists were no longer satisfied to be led politically by their class enemies. Hence, the Declaration of Independence, the Revolutionary War and the triumphant establishment of an independent capitalist government in America.

Today, one hundred and fifty years after the declaration of independence by the American capitalists, the conditions have become ripe for a second declaration of independence—the political independence of the American workers from the leadership and tutelage of their class enemies, the capitalists.

* * * * *

INDEPENDENT POLITICAL ACTION BY LABOR is the central idea symbolizing the historic necessity for the political liberation of the American working class.

A Labor Party, based upon the trade unions and including all other labor organizations, is at this day the concrete expression and the practical instrument for making labor's independence a reality.

An alliance between the politically organized workers on the one hand and the organized farmers on the other hand is the only effective means for the upbuilding of a political power that would be strong enough to struggle against and combat the political and economic domination of the capitalists.

—ALEX. BITTELMAN.

Has American Labor Revolutionary Traditions?

FOR decades any sign of militancy on the part of the American workers has been met with the cry of "Those damned foreigners." Capitalism and its agents among the labor bureaucracy has been at great pains to instill into the minds of the workers the belief that class consciousness, class struggle and revolution are essentially "foreign" and un-American, and that labor's role in this country has always been what they are trying to make it today—a passive appendage of the master class and its submissive slave.

Nothing can be farther from the reality. As it robs it of everything else, capitalism has robbed labor of a past that it might be dangerous for it to remember. For despite the fact that the American labor movement may have had even more than its fair share of yellow "leaders" and self-seeking politicians, the American proletariat has a history of stubborn and heroic struggle—sometimes more conscious, sometimes less conscious—but always along definite class lines and for definite class issues—that reaches far back into the early years of the republic.

In the course of the last century thousands of workers in this country fell fighting as workers and in the workers' cause. Hidden away in yellowing newspaper files, in the pages of musty and forgotten old histories and in the memories of veteran fighters in the class war, are scores of tales of mass action, of brilliant and audacious triumphs wrested thru sheer force of reckless daring and high-hearted courage in the face of overwhelming odds, of resistance to the death in the face of defeat, as well as countless repetitions of the familiar epic of solidarity and dogged endurance thru months of slow starvation during lockouts and strikes. And scores of grim instances, too, that it is well for American workers to know and remember, of the clubbing and bloody massacre of defenseless men and women and children by federal

troops, and militia, and police and mine guards and just plain thugs in capitalism's employ.

In most European countries the leading engagements in the class struggle of that land are widely known among the workers, forming a proletarian tradition and source of inspiration for today's conflict. But here partly, perhaps, because of the vastness of the land, and the isolation of many of the communities in which those battles, particularly the miners' and the rail-roads, were fought; partly, perhaps, because of the hurry of life that leaves little time for remembering; but mostly because of the devout wish of the labor bureaucracy to keep the movement entrusted to their tender care free from every taint of class struggle, past, present or future, that it may be wholly seemly and respectable in the eyes of their masters—the vast majority of the workers have only the vaguest conception of their heritage as members of the American proletariat.

With next week's issue of *The DAILY WORKER Magazine Section* will commence a series of sketches of the high spots in the class struggle in this country (a thoro treatment would demand many thick volumes). It is planned to rehearse the half-forgotten details of the famous strikes like the Homestead and Pullman and Colorado, adding comment from the contemporary labor press giving the struggle thru the eyes of the workers of the period; to deal, besides, with other strikes and clashes that are practically unknown, tho no less hotly fought, if on a smaller scale, and to tell something of those early struggles in the days of the first coming to power of capitalism that are of such significance in the history of American labor, such as the general strike of 1877 that swept the country like a great conflagration, striking terror into the hearts of the bourgeoisie and causing them to exclaim, "The Commune is here!"

A. S.

A PEEK EACH WEEK AT MOTION PICTURES

"THE BAT."

SOME years ago when we were at the tender age of transition from short pants to long ones, detective stories kept us up many nights. We read them in bed and up to the wee hours of the morning, despite the watchfulness of our parents to prevent it. We were obliged to burn the lamp very low (there was no gas or electric light in the room) to avoid waking the folks, and the dim lights and creepy shadows in all corners provided a weird background that helped to raise goose-flesh all over us.

"The Bat" is just such a movie story. Tho it did not give up the thrill of our youth, it was really good fun. Three distinct plots inter-cross each other to keep you guessing until the last minute as to who is "the bat"—the mysterious "killer" and thief, who is finally captured by the clever detective. There is robbery, murder, secret doors and secret passages from which dead bodies drop out! Shadows are played up by clever photography; lights go out mysteriously—you will find all the elements of the good old hokum that will prove good fun (or are you too jaded for such "nonsense"?) and about which you will laugh thruout.

Louise Fazenda, comedienne of pie-throwing comedies of the past, plays in her old make-up for "comedy relief," of which there is plenty, both with her characterization of a stupid maid and that of a "hick" detective. Both are ancient burlesque laugh provokers, but you will find them still working in good order.

We found after seeing this picture that we still like "mystery" stories. We don't read them any more for lack of time, but in the movies they still give us the impression they are not give you some as well or you can write us and tell the pop-eyed world what little we know about movies—which very likely you may think is plenty.

About ninety per cent of the pictures we see, before having seen them give us the impression they are not worth seeing. And after we have seen them the percentage is usually higher. Mystery stories and comedy, outside of a few truly worth while films we recall, still give us what little pleasure we can get from the movies.

"The Bat" as a play was a success. It looks like one in the movies. And now you can read it as a book as well, which makes it a profitable brain child for the author. You will likely waste your time reading the book, but you

will get a lot of good fun out of seeing the movie. Spooky and weird nonsense, that's true, but worth-while diversion if in need of an hour's relief after a hard day's grind of rolling up profits for your master. W. C.

"KIKI."

Kiki is a horrible example of what happens to a French play when it is sterilized to meet the demands of American morality. The heroine is meant to be an audacious little hoyden brought up on the streets of Montmartre; in the original she may have been a piquant and intriguing character. But since counter to all consistency of both plot and character, Kiki's technical virtue must be preserved intact at all costs until the marriage ring is safely in sight, the result is a fatuous and vulgar mess.

The manager of the theater from which Kiki has been fired after being a chorus girl for a night takes her to his home, after a wild drunk in a cafe. He says: "Kiki, have you ever been kissed?" She replies, looking heavenward in starry-eyed innocence: "I never knew my mother." And so it goes.

Despite Kiki's ostentatious and painful purity, the part, which has some good lines, might be tolerably carried off by one of the many vivacious flappers flapping around the movies at the moment. But, evidently, the star is the thing, and Norma Talmadge, with her mature face and figure and heavy kittenishness, makes it ridiculous and very dull.

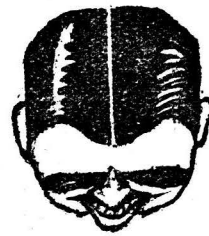
"PARIS."

Montmartre is also the scene of "Paris," a picture with a fairly foolish plot, but with good acting and remarkably beautiful and distinguished photography. There is a typical Charles Ray hero, an amiable and lavish American millionaire who goes around exuding dollars and chivalry, and heaps gifts upon the Apache heroine in his efforts to win her. He is rather more foolish even than the law in these cases allows. But the Apache girl and her lover, a singularly handsome pair—Crawford is her name, I think—act with a fire and intensity that really carries conviction. The swift grace of their movements combine with the fine photography to produce some scenes that are far above the usual movie level. It may be noted with satisfaction that the lady turns down the amiable millionaire for the impecunious and wholly unvirtuous Apache desperado. A. S.

As the Russians See Them



Gloria Swanson



Douglas Fairbanks



A. Nielsen

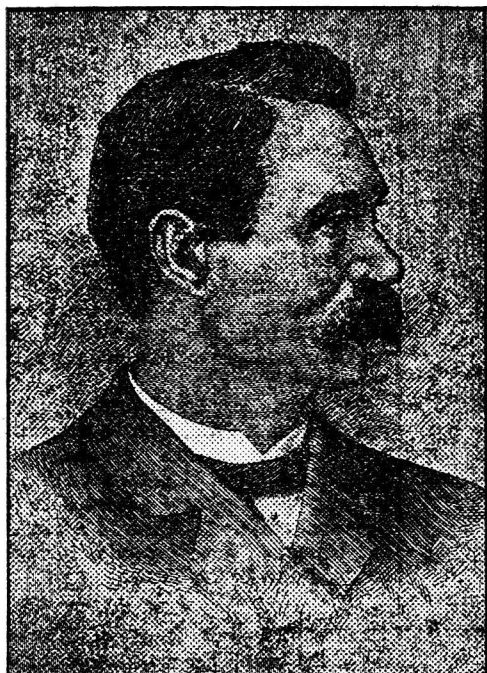
In Memory

By JIM WATERS.

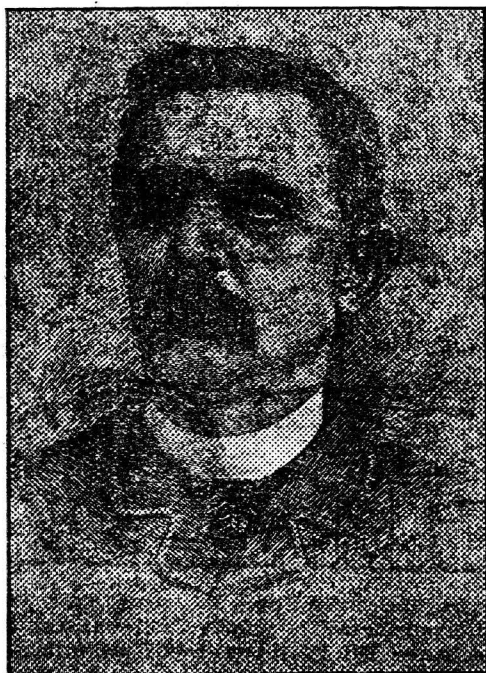
I remember, a shriek,
A crash of falling walls,
And groans of death.
We dug him out of a snarl
Of broken scaffolding, bleeding and numb,
And laid him on an old door.
He swung his head like a top
And talked about Jesus,
His kids and his old woman.
When the doctor came, he was dead.
I remember, six ragged kids
And a red-eyed old woman who couldn't cry
Staring vacantly at the corner as he read:
"Mike Surrento's death is the will of God."

Labor in Early American History

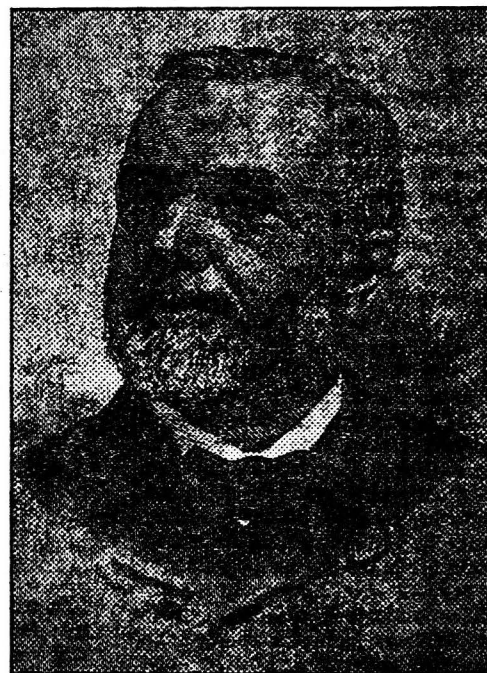
Leaders of the 1880's—Organizations—Struggles



JOHN McBRIDE
President Ohio Coal Miners' Union.



GEORGE HARRIS
President Amalgamated Association
of Miners and Mine Laborers.



PETER M. ARTHUR
Grand Chief Brotherhood Locomotive
Engineers.

PROBABLY the first labor organ ever printed in the United States was the *Workingman's Advocate*, which began publication in 1825 by the Evans brothers. This publication, after a few years, gave place to the *Daily Sentinel*, and this, in turn, to the *Young America*, which last printed at its head the first American labor platform, consisting of twelve demands, as follows:

First. The right of man to the soil. Vote yourself a farm.

Second. Down with monopolies, especially the United States Bank.

Third. Freedom of public lands.

Fourth. Homesteads made inalienable.

Fifth. Abolition of all laws for the collection of debts.

Sixth. A general bankrupt law.

Seventh. A lien of the laborer upon his own work for his wages.

Eighth. Abolition of imprisonment for debt.

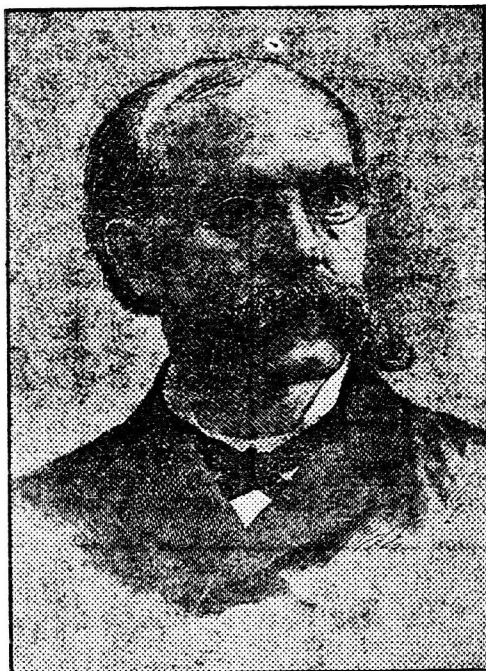
Ninth. Equal rights for women with men in all respects.

Tenth. Abolition of chattel slavery, and of wage slavery.

Eleventh. Land limitation to one hundred and sixty acres; no person after the passage of this law to become possessed of more than that amount of land. But when a land monopolist died his heirs were to take each his legal number of acres, and be compelled to sell the overplus, using the proceeds as they pleased.

Twelfth. Mails in the United States to run on the Sabbath.

THE first American trade union of which there is authentic record was the New York Society of Journeymen Shipwrights, incorporated on the 3rd of April, 1803.



T. V. POWDERLY
Grand Master Workman Knight of
Labor.

THE "sailors' strike" in New York City, in 1802, was probably the first in America. The sailors demanded of the ship owners an increase to \$14 a month instead of \$10. They quit work and paraded in streets with a band, inducing their shipmates to join the procession. The constables turned out, arrested the leader, locked him in jail, and put a summary end to the strike under the conspiracy statute.

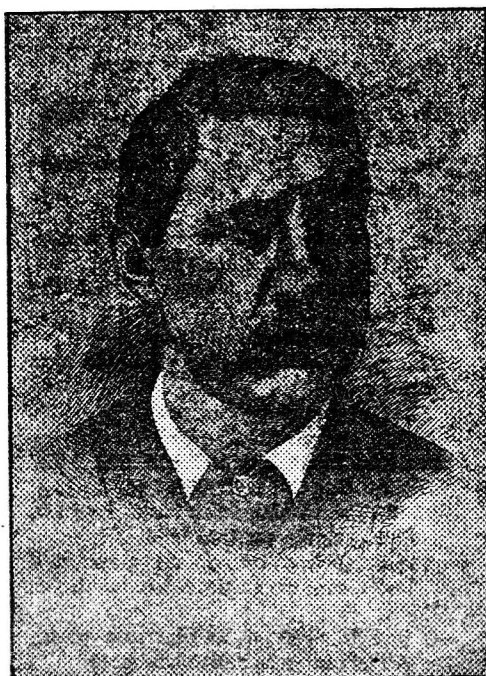
Thirty-five years later this conspiracy statute was bitterly assailed in a labor pamphlet which said "The laws have made it a just a meritorious act that capitalists shall combine to strip the man of labor of his earnings, whereas if mechanics (workers) combine to raise wages the laws punish them as conspirators against the good of society, and the dungeon awaits them as it does the robber."

The first victory of the workers against this law was won in the famous "Journeyman Bootmakers' case" in Massachusetts in 1842. The prosecution brought against the bootmakers' union, under the old conspiracy laws, was then decided in favor of the defendants.

THE first labor representative to the United States congress was elected during Jackson's second administration. His name was Ely Moore, president of the General Trades Unions of the City of New York, in 1833.



P. F. McGUIRE
Secretary Brotherhood of Carpenters
and Joiners.



WM. WEIHE
President Amalgamated Iron and
Steel Workers.



WM. AMISON
President International Typographical
Union.

New Days in Old England

The Big Battle Opens.

By T. J. O'FLAHERTY.

THERE were two British governments sitting in London on the morning of May 4, when the first line of defense of the army of labor was thrown into the struggle to defend the miners, in what developed to be the greatest general strike in human history from the point of view of forces arrayed, one against the other, tho it ended in a debacle hardly without parallel in the records of the labor movement of any country.

At Downing street the executive committee of the capitalist class, which was solidly behind the coal owners sat and acted with vigor. They had no illusions about the challenge to the government involved in the general strike, tho being quite well aware that the leaders of the General Council had no more ambition to overthrow the government than had the prince of Wales, who had returned from a continental watering place to do his duty at the home front as his good friends on the capitalist press told us. He flew home in an airplane and was not heard of any more until after the strike was over, when the papers announced that he had to go grouse hunting in Scotland in order to recuperate after his arduous toil during the crisis.

Eccleston Square was the seat of the industrial government which did not realize it was a government. Neither did it want to. Here was quartered the high command of the labor forces, with Ernest Bevin, the "Dockers' K. C." general in command.

The statue of Lord Nelson, in Trafalgar Square, looked down on a group of buildings in which were housed as worried a set of British officials as ever presided over the destinies of the empire. Not since the Spanish armada threatened the "tight little isle" in the days of the "Virgin Queen" were there so many evil forebodings floating thru the air of Whitehall.

All the capitalist papers, with the exception of the Daily Mail and a few others, were on the streets screeching like deceived prostitutes. Yet they knew what they were talking about. There was no division here. Most of them had words of praise for J. H. Thomas.

Pictures showed Mr. Thomas shedding tears all over the town. He was their man.

Motorcycles with message-bearers dashed out of Whitehall to all parts of the country. The government knew it was at war, and it did not know how long it would be able to depend on the telegraph.

Similar sights could be witnessed at Eccleston Square. Here is an excerpt from an announcement that appeared on May 3 in the Daily Herald:

"The T. U. C. appeals to all friends and supporters who have motor cars to place them and their own services at the disposal of the Movement in order to maintain a complete chain of communication between district and district." This also looked as if the T. U. C. knew it was at war.

There were plenty of motorcycles, with engines running and riders in the saddle, waiting at all trade union headquarters. They also rushed madly to all parts of England, Scotland and Wales with dispatches. The government dared not interfere.

As a matter of fact, the government was as weak as a cat during the first days of the strike. The legend "By Permission of the T. U. C." carried more weight in many parts of England than "On His Majesty's Service."

THE Welsh chambermaid in the hotel where I stayed was humming a song as she worked. I suspected the language was Welsh, and so it was. Being curious, I inquired what it was all about, and she told me that the song was in praise of the prince of Wales.

Her three brothers and father were on strike and she was certain they would fight to win.

"What do they do when they are on strike?" I asked.

"They go out on the hills and kill sheep," she replied. "Sure, they won't be hungry as long as there is anything to eat."



"But what about the prince? Surely he has no interest in the miners."

"Oh, yes, he loves them. You know I went down to Hyde Park last Sunday to hear him speak. I often go there to hear the Red Flag and the Welsh singers. There is a lot of singing in Hyde Park. There is Irish singing there, too, but the Welsh always beat the Irish singing."

"Did the prince speak last Sunday?"

"No," she replied, rather sorrowfully.

"That's that," said I to myself, as I went out to see what I could see.

Every conceivable kind of vehicle was in the streets. The congestion was almost perfect. The taxi drivers were not yet out, but a pair of cornless feet was the quickest means of locomotion.

I went into a barber shop on Fleet street for a shave. This was on the first day of the strike. A jovial fellow bearing all the scars of a journalist (mostly on his nose) entered and remarked to the barber: "Well, I see that you are not on strike yet!" "Not yet," replied the barber. "But who knows? Next week, perhaps you may be walking around with a pair of whiskers that would make any one of the Smith Brothers turn green with envy. Are you going to fight for your king and country this time?"

"Like hell I am. I did that once and once was enough. I am for labor

in this scrap. The holding up of the Daily Mail was the best thing that was ever done in this country."

It was not difficult to run into that kind of sentiment around town, particularly where workers of any category of labor congregated.

There was a different atmosphere on the Strand and the nearer one got to Whitehall the tougher it got. This is where the building that houses the Morning Post plant is located. The Post is the leading organ of British fascism and it was this plant that the government "commandeered" in order to be in a position to issue the "British Gazette." It was rumored that the Daily Mail people were quite angry with the government because the Carmelite House plant was not selected. The Post got considerable advertising out of the use of its plant and no doubt a bonus in cash besides.

Winston Churchill came as near being a dictator during the strike as he and his chief aids would publicly admit. He wrote the articles in the Gazette, signed "By a Cabinet Minister."

Churchill is extremely unpopular in England with most sections of the population, the fascists alone, perhaps, excepted. But he is aggressive and an extreme labor hater. He was the man to give the trade unions the "whiff of grape shot." And he was perfectly ready to draw blood.

Churchill drove up to the triangu-

lar Post building about midnight on May 3. About five hundred scowling trade unionists were watching the clumsy efforts of a few dozen scabs trying to unload print paper off a truck. Little by little the hum of conversation increased. Most of the on-lookers were printers. Police were stationed at short distances from each other around the square. I spoke to a little man at my side and made an uncomplimentary remark on the skill of the blacklegs. A policeman cocked his ear and walked over to an inspector who stood in the middle of the square. The latter immediately called his force together and gave them orders to disperse the crowd.

On the following evening I accompanied Charles Ashleigh to a printers' meeting somewhere around Fleet street, and the first person I laid eyes on was the worker I accosted on the previous evening. He was a member of Natsopa, the organization that stopped the Daily Mail.

OPPOSITE the Bank of England, right in the heart of the city a boy was selling the British Worker. Nobody particularly cared what kind of a paper it was, but they grabbed it. It was not the most fertile ground to drop the labor seed on, but the newsboy did not care as long as he was getting the coppers.

A typical burlesque stage Englishman emerged from one of the counting houses and dashed for the newsboy. "Paper," he asked. He was handed a British Worker. Gazing at it rather abstractedly, he passed the penny to the newsboy with a slow motion movement. When he recovered his senses he muttered audibly. "By George! A labor paper." Yes, the sacred precincts of the city was being invaded by the proletariat.

On the Strand opposite Charing Cross Station a plump lady was sampling the wares of a mushroom newsboy (his boyhood days were only a memory). He had quite a collection of sheets issued by enterprising merchants. A very effective method of advertising. All the news, if such it may be termed, was from the British Broadcasting Company, a government monopoly, and the most lying institution that ever used the air.

I asked the old news vendor for a copy of the British Gazette. He went to hunt for a copy. "Stirring days," I remarked to the lady. "The country is pretty well tied up." She burst into fury. "These labor leaders should be shot," she said. "The government should call out the Grenadier Guards and give the cattle a lesson."

"Don't you think the government broke off negotiations rather precipitately?" I observed. The lady grew purple. "Negotiate with that rabble!" she snorted. Then some more suggestions as to the use of gunpowder. "They must be taught to know their place," was her parting shot.

A newsboy in front of the postoffice at Trafalgar Square did not have a copy of the British Gazette, but he promised to have a copy for me about 12 noon. When I returned he handed me a British Worker. I asked for a Chicago Tribune, Paris edition. This was the third day of the strike. Nothing doing. Scotland Yard would not allow him to carry the Trib. Why?

On the previous day he was shouting his wares, and a Tory M. P. who was passing by thought the contents of the paper as heralded by the young lad was favorable to the workers. Lloyd George said something in behalf of the miners and blamed the government for breaking off negotiations. "Free speech" did not work in England any more. The M. P. called a bobby and asked him to arrest the newsboy on the ground that he was inciting the public. The constable looked at the paper and said that the stories justified the lad, so he could not arrest him. The Tory was far from satisfied, so he went down to Scotland Yard and returned with an inspector. The latter warned the newsboy to be careful in the future and told him that he could not secure any more Tribunes until the strike was over. He kept his word.

To the Ruling Class of England.

By HENRY GEORGE WEISS.

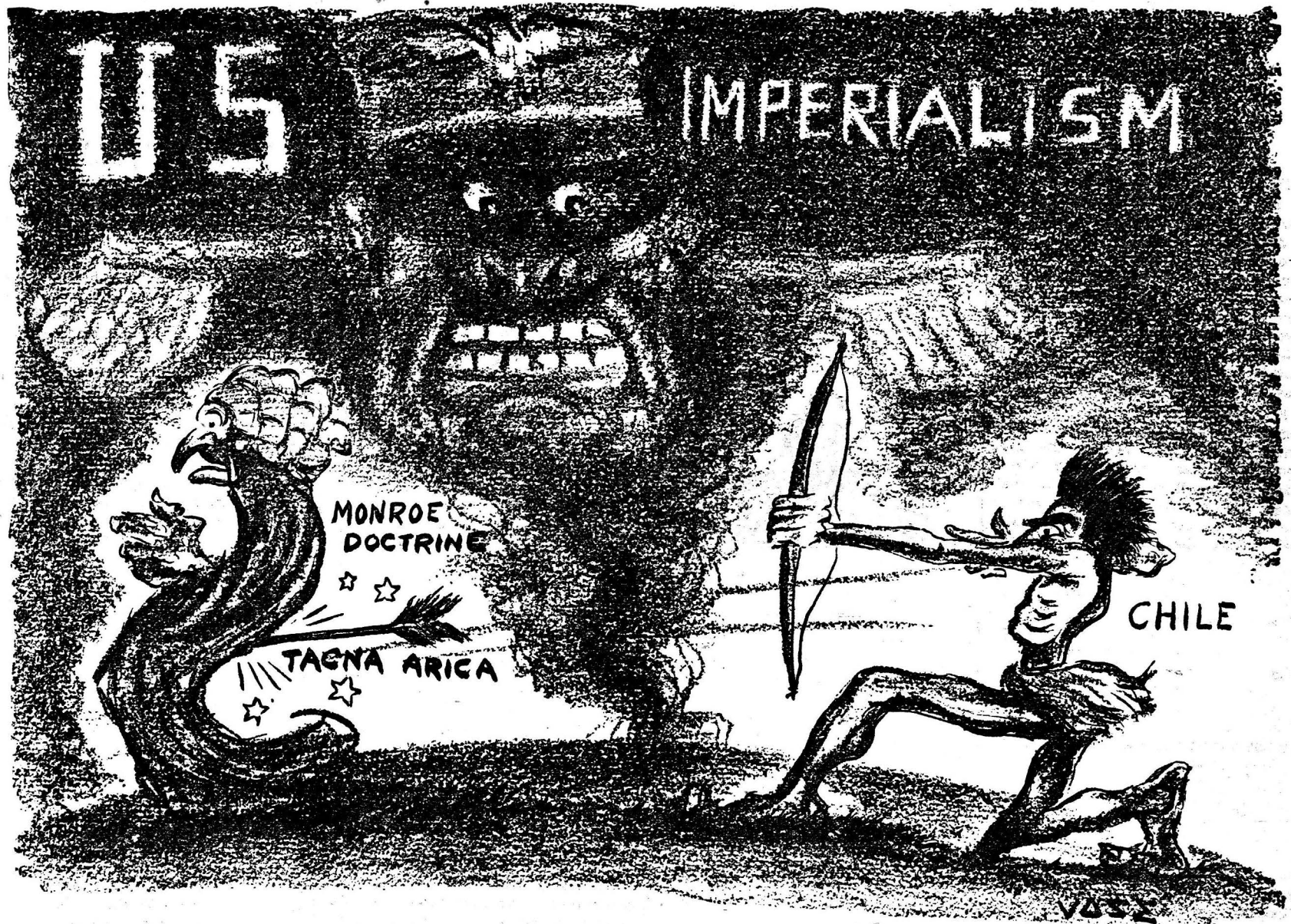
O you have need to plot and plan,
My lords and ladies gay,
Against the common working man
Who dares to speak today,
Against the common working man
Who has a thing to say.

No longer heedful of his place,
Respectful of his lord,
He stands and looks you in the face
And damns you with a word,
He stands and looks you in the face
And buckles on a sword.

Such insolence must not be borne,
My lords and ladies gay;
Come blow the trumpet, wind the horn,
And loose the pack away,
The pack of cringing hounds you scorn
Yet urge upon your prey.

For you must kill and kill and kill,
Wipe out the red with red,
Of blood and slaughter have your fill,
And trample on the dead,
And drive back to the mine and mill
The slave who raised his head.

O you have need to plot and plan,
Who boast your blood is blue,
Against the common working man
Who dares to challenge you,
Yet hearken, as you plot and plan
Yet hearken! as you plot and plan



The American Continent - - By Harrison George

WHOLE libraries have been written on the events of the last 150 years, years which have changed the face of the world, let alone the aspects of American life, in a way that would unquestionably strike dumb with amazement those who a century and a half ago, believed their own puny power and their own social arrangements to be the last word in civilization.

Nothing can give us the sense of the transitory nature of social systems and governments better than a peek at the past. Our space allows only a little peek, however. But, projecting ourselves back to 1776, our first gasp of astonishment comes at the realization of the dissolution of the old Spanish empire.

Spain claimed the great bulk of the western hemisphere, though it must be said that Spain, France and England, all claimed, some at the same time, that immense territory laying west of the Mississippi River in the North American section of the American continent. Land grants from the British crown often provided that the "grantees" could begin to claim land on the Atlantic seaboard and go as far as they liked, the grants reading "from ocean to ocean," there being the general idea that the land stopped somewhere and ran up against an ocean. But it didn't make much difference then, because Teapot Dome had not yet been discovered and the Indians, the 100 per centers of those days, had the idea they owned it, too.

The Indians of both North and South were generally hospitable and kindly people, but when the white man began to enslave them, to drive them to work in mines with whips and hot irons, as did the Spanish conquerors, or to steal their lands on a claim that some European monarch had given the white men a piece of paper, and to massacre them without mercy for trespassing, the Indians fought with marvellous heroism. The year of 1776 falls only in the third quarter of the four hundred years of time that the Indian forced the heralds of capitalism to walk abroad with rifles.

The thirteen colonies on the Atlantic seaboard were, of course, British in 1776. England had ousted France from Canada, claimed by France on the ground of Cartier's voyage. The great Mississippi valley, then called Louisiana, had changed hands, as usual, by exchange between the European monarchs, but was at the time claimed by France. Mexico stretched clear up to Oregon and still belonged to Spain, as did Florida.

Spain held her empire under the same iron hand with which she seized it. The territory was divided in four vice-royalties, Mexico, Peru, La Plata and New Granada. Besides these Spain had five so-called "captain generalships," something like modern Wall Streets' hold on Porto Rico and Haiti. These five were Yucatan, Guatemala, Chile, Venezuela and Cuba. Brazil was still a colony of Portugal.

The most ghastly massacres and tortures were visited upon the Indians by Spaniards to make them efficient slaves. Spain demanded gold and raw materials, and that everything manufactured be for Spain. Colonial governorships were well paid absolutions, stained with the blood of countless Indian slaves. Colonists were not even allowed to grow vines or olive trees, and everything cost six times its price in Spain. No books but religious ones were allowed in the New World. The Indians who were not slaves in mines were serfs, bound to the soil. Over this spectacle of blood and empire the same church which only last month produced the Eucharistic Congress in Chicago spread the halo of divine approval.

ENGLAND had the monopoly by agreement with Spain for furnishing still more slaves, Negroes, hunted down like animals in Africa, to New Spain. But England, moved by France's alliance with Spain, aided New Spain when it began its fight for independence, which continued from 1810 to 1826.

"If France has Spain," cried Canning in parliament, "at least it shall be Spain without the Indies. We have called a New World into existence to redress the balance of the old." It

was the twilight of Spain in the New World.

But England, too, had her "mercantile imperialism." Her governors sent to the American colonies in the North different only in degree from those of Spain, and were—be it said—almost as bad as the fathers of our country. These latter gentry were the rising capitalist element whose interests were conflicting with those of British business. The mercantile theory of England was that the colonies should not produce finished commodities, but should buy these from England, and send over raw materials and receive all goods, in British bottoms.

The ship-building class of New England, the manufacturing and trading class in the northern and middle colonies, and the big plantation owners in the south were the real owners and bosses of the colonies and, summoning the small landlords, wage slaves, bond slaves and chattel slaves behind them, "proclaimed liberty thruout the land and unto all the inhabitants thereof" just 150 years ago.

It needs no specially discerning eye to discover that we in 1926 have not yet caught up with that proclamation of 150 years ago. "Liberty" to the rising capitalist class meant free trade; equality, their right to share the robbery of the toilers with the nobility; and "fraternity" was to be defined as the great brotherhood of stockholders.

THE United States today is, so far as wealth is concerned, in the hands of a few. Nobody but some incurable liberals and sections of the middle class really believe in democracy, for the good reason that there is none. More than forty families have in excess of \$100,000,000 each. More than one hundred other families have over \$50,000,000 each. More than three hundred families have in excess of \$20,000,000 each. Even the "B. & O. plan" and the Watson-Parker law can't advance democracy a hair's breadth in the face of this sort of thing, this real oligarchy.

There are men richer than Solomon ever dreamed in every industry of this country. In oil, steel, coal, beef, cop-

per, railroads, traction, telephones, radio, power, tobacco, rubber, sugar, flour, armaments and shipping a handful of men rule the destinies of tens of millions.

The average wage of the factory workers is less than \$25 a week. The cost of living for a family of five is a minimum, for health, of \$2,200. A great percentage of farmers are tenants, another great percentage are mortgaged. The majority barely make ends meet—and sometimes they don't meet. New combines of already great corporations are of daily occurrence. The machinery constantly improves, the conditions of the ones who make it and use it grow steadily worse. There's an awful swag being made away with by the capitalist class as a whole. Like a spider in the center of a web of modern industry, the financial imperialists, the credit monopoly, rules over all, units all, lives upon all.

Wall Street has taken the place of Cortes in Mexico and Pizarro in Peru. It bosses with cruel fist the little republics of Central America. It is steadily driving British imperialism, which had built up its power in Latin America for a hundred years, into a subordinate position. It has but recently, in Brazil's withdrawal from the (British) league of nations, shown its probably final hegemony in that country of marvelous wealth. It has made Canada dependent upon New York instead of London, and is reaching over the whole world to claim the prize of financial overlordship.

One hundred and fifty years is not a long time, yet it is long enough to have shown how ephemeral are the powers of a ruling class. In that short space the mercantile imperialism of Spain has vanished utterly. That of the British has changed to financial imperialism and it, too, is being crushed. United States financial imperialism, which is giving its British rival the coup de grace, is flourishing over a volcano, a volcano now dormant and inactive it is true, but filled with explosive millions of wage workers who must sooner or later overthrow it or perish.

It will not need another 150 years, either; nor fifty.

THE FATHERS

By Thurber Lewis

THE Fourth of July has come again. Once more, a document called the Declaration of Independence is recited in the school-rooms and from flag-draped platforms by little children and grown men, equally innocent of all but the simplest and most doctored details of its birth—and blissfully unaware that it has long since died except in Independence Day rhetoric.

On this day too are recounted the heroic stories of the fathers of our country. Great, epic stories they are. Not a word, not a gesture came from these exalted and pious founders of a great republic that was not godliness itself. All noble men who lived, fought and died for liberty. They sacrificed their lives upon the altar of battle and travail that freedom and democracy might be born to flourish for the future generations of a whole continent. Thus the school-books, thus from the rostrum of congress and thus from the thousands of other rostrums annually erected for Fourth of July orators.

Just who were these fathers? Just what interest did they have in independence and liberty? More important yet: what part in this struggle for liberty did the mass of the American people of the time play and what was the attitude of the fathers towards them?

Let us take five of the outstanding founding fathers. Let us examine who they were and what they did, not in the ingenious terms of an idolizing and over-zealous historian but in the manner of an impartial editor of a Revolutionary War "Who's Who." We will take Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Franklin and Hamilton. These men are representative.

George Washington's father was a wealthy Virginia plantation owner. At the age of sixteen he became a surveyor for a powerful land company. Later on he was sent by large West Virginia and Pennsylvania land speculators to plot the Allegheny and Ohio valleys. The French came down from the north and built a fort on the present site of Pittsburgh. Washington was chosen as a messenger to warn the French to leave. His efforts failed. War was declared and he was given command of regulars under General Braddock in the attack upon Fort Duquesne. After the war, he retired, much enriched to his estate, at Mount Vernon. For fifteen years he led the life of a rich country gentleman planter. He was one of the largest slave-holders in the southern colonies. His marriage brought him an additional \$100,000 and made him one of the wealthiest men in the colonies. When the British parliament, by the Quebec act extended the jurisdiction of Canada over the western country, Washington was saved some 30,000 acres of his speculative holdings only by the outbreak of the revolutionary war. A rich man, a good soldier, he became commander-in-chief of the Continental army. The war was won as much by the laxness of General Howe and the absence of a consistent and well-supported campaign on the part of the British as it was by the courage and hardness of the volunteers who, fighting for freedom, were left, after the conflict, in a more degraded position than before. Land that was promised to them in the event of victory became the object of speculations which the most revered of the fathers thought nothing of exploiting. But Washington became a hero. As a hero, he fitted into the new regime to become the first president. He died much richer than he was born. He was an aristocrat of the first water. Liberty for him meant liberty from England and meant freedom from the competition of English traders and capitalists. For him, the masses were so many different kinds of slaves put here to do the fighting, the work and to carry the heavy burdens for propertied gentlemen's comfort.

JOHN ADAMS, the second president of the United States and another of the founding fathers was an extremely rich Massachusetts lawyer. He came of a wealthy family, graduated from Harvard and later built a very profitable clientele for himself among New England shippers and manufacturers. His first bid for fame was his leadership in the struggle against the "stamp act"—one of the impositions by means



of which the traders and manufacturers of England hoped to stifle the nascent and promising trade of the colonies.

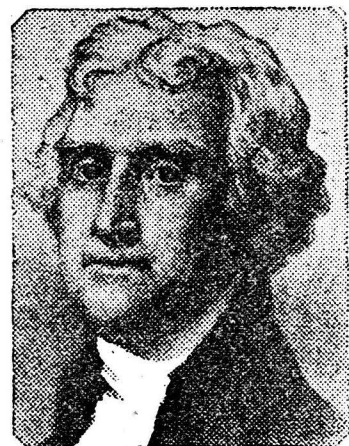
John Hancock, another signer of the Declaration of Independence was one of the richest of the colonial merchant princes and dealt extensively in contraband. John Adams was his counsel before the British Admiralty Court in Boston in a suit for recovery of \$500,000 alleged to have been incurred by Hancock as a smuggler—this at the same hour the first blood was flowing in Lexington.

During the negotiations for peace, John Jay, Adams and Benj. Franklin were the commissioners for the colonies. Franklin was sympathetic to France but Adams and Jay were distrustful of their ally and contrary to their instructions dealt direct with the British commissioners without consulting France. However, when the matter of Atlantic fishing rights was discussed, Adams and Jay (first chief justice of the Supreme Court) fought tooth and nail for their former New England clients.

Adams, even after the revolution, had distinctly monarchist tendencies. He was one of the diehards of the reactionary Federalist party that elected him president. During his term of office he was responsible for the passage of the infamous "Alien and Sedition Laws," expressly framed to suppress freedom of speech and press. He was a consistent advocate of the rights of the propertied classes to hegemony in the state. He himself had an income of \$25,000 a year. He was blunt in his expressions of contempt for the "lower classes."

THOMAS JEFFERSON, the author of the Declaration of Independence, was of a different type than most of the influential men of the revolution and the constitutional convention. He was an individualist and had, unlike the most, certain broad principles that he clung to. But he too was an aristocrat. He was not imbued with too much love of the workers. Like Washington, he was a Virginia tobacco grower. He was a lawyer.

He represented, before and after the revolution, not the more powerful sea-board plantation owners but the up-land cotton raisers, the home manufacturers and the frontiersmen, to whom his philosophy of individualism appealed. He became president after the iniquitous and high-handed administration of Adams and Hamilton had so discredited the Federalist party, that the Whigs, with Jefferson at their head and supported by the back-woods farmers and the small sec-



Thomas Jefferson

tion of the working class that had a vote won the election by a small margin after the deciding vote was given to congress.

But the power of property had been strongly entrenched and was here to stay. Jefferson rode into office talking of the revolution accomplished by his election. But McMaster observes:

"The men who in 1800 voted for Adams, could in 1804 see no reason whatever for voting against Jefferson. Scarcely a federal institution was missed. They saw the debt, the bank, the navy still preserved; they saw a broad construction of the constitution, a strong government exercising the rights of sovereignty, and growing more national day by day and they gave it a hearty support as a government administered in the principles for which, ever since the constitution was in force, they had contended."

The principle here referred to was, a strongly centralized government in which the decisive power is wielded by property. Thus "Jeffersonian Democracy" about which Tammany Hall politicians still like to prate is disclosed as merely another form which the dominance of wealth and estate took on at the expense of the exploited masses.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON, who, with James Madison, was the controlling influence of the Federalist party was the stoutest of reactionaries. He was the chief protagonist of empowering property with the greatest possible authority. He was the outstanding exponent of a strongly centralized government because the merchants and manufacturers whose interests he represented



John Adams

required a centralized state force for the growth of their enterprises.

He too was at heart a monarchist. But the democratic sentiments that had been sown for the purpose of getting the people of the colonies to revolt against the crown was not so easily banished. Hamilton and his colleagues were put to the job of making the best of it by forcing the states to accept a constitution that would in any event guarantee the decisive power to the class that had engineered the revolution.

Hamilton's greatest contribution to the class in whose early battles he was the most spirited fighter was his violent suppression of what was known as the "Whiskey rebellion." The frontiersmen of Pennsylvania had for decades sown corn and distilled it into whiskey. Hamilton, as secretary of the treasury, drafted a spirits tax, the imposition of which was vigorously resented by the frontiersmen. Hamilton persuaded Washington to give him an army of 15,000 men to march into the locality. This overwhelming show of force set a precedent for the national government to interfere in the affairs of the states and to enforce the decrees of a centralized, property-controlled state. By this act, control was vested in the class that to this day holds the strings of the state power in its grip.

Hamilton, with Robert Morris and other "revolutionary" financiers grew rich out of the revolution and the class hegemony that followed it. He organized the first bank in New York and hesitated not at all to use his position as secretary of the treasury to favor his institution. During the war, as the confidential agent of John B. Church, Hamilton made a fortune out of the commissary department of the revolutionary army. Later, when the division of spoils came, he made several more fortunes in land speculation, land that had been promised to the veterans.

One needs only to read the "Federalist," an organ of the banking and manufacturing interests in which most of the writing was done by Hamilton, to discover in what utter contempt

Americans Shall Be Free - - A Modern Morality Play

By Michael Gold

(The stage is in darkness. Looming up are square pedestals of various sizes, on each one a cloaked figure. Three on each side of the stage; and in the centre is the tallest figure of all.)

(Chased by a spotlight, a man comes sliding downward from the wings at the climax of a long roll of drums and rattle of broken glass. He is fully dressed, in hat, coat, shoes, etc., but has no trousers on—only B. V. D.'s. He stares about him wildly.)

Man: My God, I must stop sliding. I've slid all the way from New Rochelle; if I can't stop I'll land in the ocean at Coney Island. Down, down, down to hell; sliding! (Pulls himself together). There, I've stopped. (Low, ironical laughter off stage.) But they're laughing at me again. I can't escape. What's wrong with me anyway? (Tears his hair, beats his breast, and sobs.) Yes, they're right; I'm a toad, a worm, an ant-eater, a buzzard; they're right to laugh at me. A roach, a snake, a peanut, a limburger, a prohibition agent! I'm a sinner, yes, laugh at me! But I can't stand it any more. Where's the exit? Where is the exit? (Runs in a circle, flapping his arms.) Be calm, choose your exit now, and walk, don't run! For Christ's sake, don't run. (Laughs) Oh, my God, there's no exit. No exit! Is this a dream? Where am I? I'll stand on my head and find out. (he does so) No, it doesn't help; (laughter) I'm lost, lost, lost, (rights himself) and I can't find the exit. (A shot is fired, then bells and broken glass. He screams and falls on his knees.) Oh, God, I haven't prayed for twenty years. But forgive me; I admit fully I've done a great wrong, but what is it? What is my sin? It haunts me; it tortures me; and I can't discover what it is. What'll I do? I've always been a loyal member of the Elks, so, God, you must tell me what I did. I want to be saved. I want to be free! (another shot and he screams with added terror) Tell me, O Lord, I'll do anything to be forgiven. I'll go to church; I'll quit poker and bootleg; I'll join the national guard—anything. I'll eat more Bran for breakfast; shave with more Mennen's soap; I'll become a better American. Wear Boston garters round my neck; use that good gas, smoke Prince Albert, the joy-smoke; anything you say, O Lord. Heinz's 57 varieties; cascarats, peruna, walk a mile for a Camel. Anything anything—only tell me my sin!

(The spotlight shifts to first figure, which drops its cloak.)

First Figure (solemnly): Your sin is lying.

Man: (frantically): Lying? Lying? Yes, I'm a liar, but I have to be in my business. I'm a salesman for used cars and I lie to support my wife and children. Every one does; you must admit that.

Second Figure: (Unclanking, etc.) Your sin is pride.

Man: No, no. I'm just normal that way; that isn't my sin. My sin still hurts me. (laughter) And I still hear them laughing at me. I'm a criminal. Why do they turn from me? (dashes around in circle and stops before third figure.)

Third Figure: You are covetous.

Man: (tearfully) Covetous? Covetous? All I want is a million dollars, that's all. That's all. Isn't that reasonable? I'll quit when I get that. A million dollars. A man couldn't really be happy with less. Everyone thinks the same, don't they? Covetous?

Fourth Figure: Stupidity Sloth.

Man: (amazed and indignant) Me stupid? Why, I'm a ten-thousand dollar a year man! And a Harvard man!

Fifth Figure: You blaspheme against creative life. Commercialism, blasphemy.

Man: Blasphemy? Me? Yes, I swear a little; but even ministers swear nowadays. It's a sign that you're two-fisted, hairy-chested,

Man: (frantically): Lying? Lying? Yes, I'm a liar, but I have to be in my business. I'm a salesman for used cars and I lie to support my wife and children. Every one does; you must admit that.

First Figure: You're a liar. (Resumes cloak; spotlight is switched off to next figure; ironical laughter.)

Man: But everyone's a liar in America. That isn't what bothers me. It must be some other sin.

Second Figure: (Unclanking, etc.) Your sin is pride.

Man: Pride? You're joking. I'm not proud, except of my wife and house and children and job and dog and face and bank account and town and state and nation and color of skin and the fact I'm not a foreigner—

Second Figure: Your sin is pride. (Cloaks.)

Man: No, no. I'm just normal that way; that isn't my sin. My sin still hurts me. (laughter) And I still hear them laughing at me. I'm a criminal. Why do they turn from me? (dashes around in circle and stops before third figure.)

Third Figure: You are covetous.

Man: (tearfully) Covetous? Covetous? All I want is a million dollars, that's all. That's all. Isn't that reasonable? I'll quit when I get that. A million dollars. A man couldn't really be happy with less. Everyone thinks the same, don't they? Covetous?

Third Figure: You are covetous.

Man: No, you haven't helped me. It still hurts inside. (laughter) Everyone knows what's wrong with me, but they won't tell me. (does a series of hop, skip and jumps about stage and then stops short before fourth figure.)

Fourth Figure: Stupidity Sloth.

Man: (amazed and indignant) Me stupid? Why, I'm a ten-thousand dollar a year man! And a Harvard man!

Fourth Figure: (with a sneer) Stupid! Stupid! (much laughter.)

Man: Oh, my God, it's getting worse. What'll I do? Where'll I hide myself? I'll hang myself; that'll end it all. (finds a rope, and goes up to fifth figure.) Won't anybody tell me what's wrong with me? For the last time!

Fifth Figure: You blaspheme against creative life. Commercialism, blasphemy.

Man: Blasphemy? Me? Yes, I swear a little; but even ministers swear nowadays. It's a sign that you're two-fisted, hairy-chested,

100% Americano.

Fifth Figure: Blasphemy! (great laughter.)

Man: (rushing to sixth figure). Nobody will tell me. All they do is laugh and turn from me. They're kidding me—me, who has always been one of the boys. I'll do the hanging from this tree.

Sixth Figure: Lust, lust, lust!

Man: Lust? Lust? But not in my own town. Only when I'm on the road, or in Havana, Cuba.

Sixth Figure: Lust, lust, lust, and leg-shows. (shots are fired, much laughter, broken glass, lightning, thunder, a bull-roarer, drums, whistles, etc., then an awful crash, darkness. When the spotlight is flashed on again, the man is prostrate before the seventh figure.)

Man: (sobbing) I'm licked. I can't even hang myself. O, God, I come before you, a good and solid \$10,000 a year Americano. I know I'm a sinner but I can't find out what my sin is. God, I'm not perfect, but belong to the Elks, and I have a good standing at the bank, and a good job. I sold Liberty bonds during the war. I love my wife and kiddies. I love my automobile, and grease the crankcase every month. I love my flag. Thou knowest well I eat Bran, smoke Camels, use a Gillette—do anything. Thou wouldst have a good Americano do. So why am I suffering now? What is wrong with me? Why won't someone tell me my sin?

Seventh Figure: (unveiling to reveal a white-clad angel with a flaming sword.) Thy sin is (bends down and whispers word in his ear.)

Man: (screaming) No, no, no! Not that! And none of my friends told me. I'm ruined, ruined!

Seventh Figure: (aloud and with grandeur) Halitosis! Halitosis!

Man: (sobbing) Then there's no hope?

Seventh Figure: (solemnly) There is always hope for Americans. (she lifts her sword, and points upward.) A huge electric sign flashes into the legend:

LISTERINE!

The orchestra plays Yankee Doodle with queer, sour lively notes; there is crashing, lightning, thunder, bells, sirens, drums, shots, and what-not. Man is seen standing with lifted arms and joyful illuminated face. Curtain.

this particular father held the working masses of the "democracy."

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN is to this day regarded as one of the great prophets of business. He was in many ways a remarkable man. His literary and scientific achievements were very creditable. But he was also a business man of great wealth. For example he had no scruples about as he said "turning an honest penny" speculating in the traffic of servant contracts—bonds for white slaves brought here from Europe to serve long terms in the most abject servitude.

As an accomplished economist, he was one of the early protagonists of the young colonial capitalism. He was, before the revolution the postmaster general of the colonies for many years. After the revolution he served as a diplomat abroad and did many a good turn for American trade and shipping. He was opposed to opening up the lands to the west for free settlement because, as he put it, a man would not work for wages when he could have free land to exploit for himself.

"The Poor Richard" myth that has been built up around this prosperous entrepreneur remains to this day one of the central tenets of the Rotarian and Kiwanis faith. Benjamin Franklin was body and soul a member of the class of merchants and land owners whose sole purpose in revolution was economic freedom—the right to exploit and make profit free from alien restraint.

SUCH in brief and only too inadequately is the story of five of the fathers. They were all wealthy. They were all aristocrats. They were all exploiters. They modeled a government that served admirably the interests of their class and its heirs to this very day.

What of the toilers? What of the tillers and blacksmiths and carpenters, the workers? They fought the revolution. They were cajoled by the high-sounding and humanitarian phrases of the Declaration of Independence. After the revolution they found their lot unchanged. It was many years before any but the propertied were given the merest rights of suffrage. It was many years before trade unions battled their way out

of illegality. The exploitation of the workers in America after the revolution was every whit as intensive as it was before. Debtors' prisons continued to hold cheated and unfortunate members of the "lower classes." And on top of all this, a few, the "fathers included" grew richer and richer in the new freedom that allowed profits to remain in New York, Boston and Philadelphia instead of being scooped by London.

—And on every Fourth of July the same tales of epic devotion to liberty and sacrifice for freedom are told. The lineal descendants of that brave band of conspirators who won the freedom of unlimited exploitation keep alive the heroic legends—and continue to exploit.

Important Facts

THE tyrannical regulations of New England factory management in President Jackson's time were the subject of many and bitter complaints by the workers. For resting or amusing themselves on Sunday, instead of going to church, they were fined by the mill owners, who also taxed the workers to aid in supporting the churches out of their scanty earnings. During working hours the workers were locked in the mills as cattle in a barn, and out of working hours the employers claimed the right of controlling their actions, as absolutely as any southern planter did with the Negroes.

THE few labor organizations that existed previous to the revolution were mainly social and political in their nature. The Caulkers' Club of Boston was one of the earliest of these. It took an active part in the agitation preceding the battle of Lexington, and its younger members were foremost in the demonstrations against the British soldiery, which culminated in the "Boston massacre" of March, 1770.

The End of the Dress Rehearsal

We are publishing herewith the third and last of a series of three sketches on the British General Strike sent to the New Magazine from London by Florence Parker.

By FLORENCE PARKER.

DISMAY, astonishment and blasphemy were rampant when the news came thru that the general strike had been called off.

Old men strikers who still sang "God Save the King" at the end of strike meetings and who did not quite approve of the young women comrades smoking cigarettes, were disgusted at the action of "Judas" H. Thomas to whom they had been for years so pathetically loyal.

"What's the matter with the general council?"

"Who's put the wind up them? Just as we were setting in to win, too."

"Yah, leaders! Afraid of their jobs, that's all. If the workers were not such bloody sheep, there'd be no soft jobs going for shepherds."

This last remark was made by a young man whose vitriolic tongue had often a source of anxiety to the more elderly members of the strike committee. But there did seem, so often, to be something in what he said. This time, especially.

"If this T. U. C. won't carry on the job properly for us, then we'll have to find another T. U. C. that will," said a builder's laborer spitting reflectively.

"We've been let down badly somehow, there's no doubt about that," said a transport worker who had been quite a moderate at the beginning of the strike.

"Eh, but we've been . . . fools to put men like Thomas up there to represent us," this was from an old railway worker who had supported "Judas" hundreds of times.

Brown was definite. He knew his mind at last and he spoke it. Right at this moment he stepped into the revolutionary movement and cast aside uncaringly the political respectability and industrial apathy of past years.

"What is wanted is all power to the workers," he said. "And that's the job of the T. U. C., of the general council, of this 'ere strike committee and, by God, (Brown was well in the grip of things now) it's my job too."

"Garn, you're a Bolshevik," said a scoffing bus driver.

"That's the stuff to give 'em, Comrade Brown," said a young woman comrade, lighting still another cigarette, in spite of the obviously disapproving glances of the elderly comrades. "All power to the workers, don't forget to spare a copper for the out-of-work trade union 'leaders'." And so saying she swung out of the room banging into everyone with the knapsack which Brown had good reason to believe carried "seditious literature."

"Well, strike's over, we may as well get back home. Work again tomorrow."

The voice of Mr. Brown floated out of the stifling atmosphere of the crowded hall; it floated into the street and is still floating across Great Britain unobserved by the general public or even by the special strike police.

"Someone told me," she said, "that this was only a dress rehearsal. Well there's been a good deal of rehearsing and a fair amount of dressing up, between steel helmets, and special constable's armbands, not to mention a few thousand yards of red ribbon. If this is the dress rehearsal, what'll the real performance be like, I wonder. Well, we'll be in it all right, Brown and I. Steel helmets, indeed!"

The Revolt of the Sidewalks

By SAMUEL A. HERMAN.

WALKING north on Sheridan Road with all the time in the world at one's disposal, being unemployed, a person will probably notice the pretty mansions, and spacious homes of the moneyed class. A stranger especially may be interested in the type of people one meets there or in the classy appearing machines, among which Rolls-Royces are especially noticeable by their frequency. But I was not a stranger to this city nor a stranger entirely to the neighborhood. What struck me one fine day when the sun felt unusually good-natured and smiled down upon the city with golden rays of sunlight, was the sidewalks my feet passed over as I strolled along. Smooth sidewalks they were that made me feel like walking on and on and on, never stopping, nor resting but keeping in motion everlastingly. The faces of the sidewalks were not pinched, nor wrinkled, and I failed to discover one that was broken down from too much toil. Rather were they slick, and well fed and content with life as they stretched along for blocks ahead of me. Costly shoes passed over them that were worn on feet housed in costly hose of the finest silks. Canes of the rarest woods lightly tickled the sidewalks, carried in the hands of idlers who wore the finest of gloves. Carriages with babies sleeping in them were rolled pleasantly along by the maids of wealthy families. The sidewalks upheld their easy burdens pleasantly and smiled back at the sun above. Life to them was one long uneventful Nirvana without pain or troubles of any sort. So, impregnated with their optimistic outlook on life, I glided along until the sun went to sleep beneath the blanket of night.

A week passed. The day was chilly with an eastern wind that blew dust into the eyes making walking extremely unpleasant. So finding myself on Taylor St., I boarded a car going west. It occurred to me to look again at sidewalks, so I glanced thru the window. The sidewalks seemed racing east as the car sped in the opposite direction. And what sidewalks I saw! Pinched, thin, broken down by years of heavy burdens, cracked and wrinkled, and all dried up as if suffering from stomach disorders. Gloomy sidewalks, narrow poverty-stricken sidewalks, sickly, despairing and round shouldered sidewalks rushed by me in one confusing bewildering mob, rushed on and on dizzily into the distance. I forgot for a moment that they actually were standing still. The apparent became the real to my excited imagination. The revolution was on I said to myself. These downtrodden sidewalks are refusing to be slaves any longer while the easy going sidewalks of Sheridan Road bask in the sunshine. They are demanding that the aristocratic sidewalks do their share of the work, that they carry their portion of the weight in the city. They are demanding their lot of the sunshine and joy, their due amount of the rest and comfort. They are rushing to meet the idlers of the north side and put an end to their lazy existence. The crash is on! The class struggle has intensified until the proletarian sidewalks are up in revolt. A newer society will soon be formed wherein all sidewalks will enjoy leisure and work hand in hand together, where work and play will be synonyms, where every sidewalk will do its share cheerfully. Three cheers for the sidewalks of toil!

A Democratic Lady

By PAULINE SCHULMAN.

STROLLING along on 43rd street, New York, I noticed that the doors of Aeolian Hall were free and open for everybody. Aeolian Hall is known as a "high brow" concert auditorium and who would not like to listen to good music? So I entered. On the stage were seated ladies and gentlemen, dressed as for a performance, the ladies in gorgeous evening gowns, the gentlemen in black tuxedos. A tall slender girl arose—I thought she was going to sing—but instead she began to talk, introducing herself as the chairman of the meeting for the evening. The meeting, it appeared, was called for the purpose to "safeguard medical freedom," and to "protect personal rights." Also to protest against compulsory vaccination.

The chairman then introduced one of the speakers, Miss L. R. Sire, president of the Women's Democratic Club. Miss Sire began her speech by telling the audience that she was very busy and surely would not have come to this meeting had she not realized "the great importance and significance" of her presence. Miss Sire further explained her opposition to those who take healthy human beings, particularly children, and inject rotten serum into their blood.

"What we will have to do," said Miss Sire, "is to fight against this inhuman practice." She virtually commanded all "to unite all forces and fight the battle of righteousness." "Yes, a united front is what we need and must have," and with still greater emphasis she exclaimed: "This is a call to arms."

When I heard the last remark, the call to arms, I looked around me to see whether there were any uniformed men with brass buttons present, who would yank Miss Sire off the stage and hustle her into a patrol wagon. But I soon realized that none of the guardians of the law were present, and even if there were any about they surely would not have dared to compel a lady in a beaded evening gown to board a patrol wagon. That conveyance is for the present reserved for the "convenience" of striking women and girls.

Miss Sire spoke of "the hungry children going to school with empty stomachs, and that the legislature and congress are not doing anything for them." She also touched on the "housing problem."

Listening to this harangue, I said to myself:

"It is too bad that at this meeting one cannot enter into a discussion, or

at least ask questions. What would your first question be were you permitted to ask one?"

"Why," said I, "the first question I would ask Miss Sire would be no other than the following: Since you know that the democratic and republican parties are not doing anything for the public, why do you support either party?" Then I would relate the incident of the student in one of the classes of Columbia University, who asked for a definition of the word "proletariat." The definition as given by the instructor was thus: "Proletarians are those who toil, who maintain themselves by means of producing wealth for others, who do not possess any property and have to live from hand to mouth. There is another class of people called the bourgeoisie who derive their income not from their own labors, but from the toil of the proletariat."

"Well," would I continue, "since your party, Miss Sire, is not only in favor of private ownership, but also protects the rights of private property which breeds these same diseases into the social body that the rotten serum of which you speak breeds in the human body—then why do you work for that party of yours?" Another question would I ask Miss Sire: "If capital is not the agency which injects the rotten serum into the social body, then what is the cause of wholesale legalized murder which is called war, what is the cause of prostitution, theft and murder?" Miss Sire in her speech mentioned "the mob in broadcloth and high hats, who with clubs in their hands, rule and control the state, because they are well organized. We, too, must unite and the slogan shall be 'one for all and all for one.'" Then I would have asked one more question: "Tell me, Miss Sire, this: Suppose you were to see striking workers of a certain industry on the picket line, would you speak to them of 'unity,' 'solidarity,' 'one for all and all for one,' as you have spoken here to us tonight? If so, tell me, did you raise your voice in behalf of the 16,000 men and women who are out on strike in Passaic, N. J.? No, you did not, and never would, because this would be against the principles of your party, for the party you represent protects not human beings, but capital, which is a greater menace to mankind than your pernicious serum."

I would have asked many more similar questions, but this was not a meeting for discussion. This was a "call to arms." A call to arms by those who can utter nice words, but who can do nothing else except talk.

THE TINY WORKER

A Weekly

Edited by Charmion Oliver

Vol. 1.

Saturday, July 3, 1926

No. 6

Charmion Oliver Wins All Day Sucker!

Charmion Oliver writes: "I am a member of the Lenin Group of San Francisco, and am eleven years old. I have written for 'The Young Comrade' and as I am candy hungry I would win that all day sucker."

AND SHE DID!

Just look at the dandy things she sent in, and boy, you ought to see the swell all day sucker Johnny Red sent her!

POEM

By

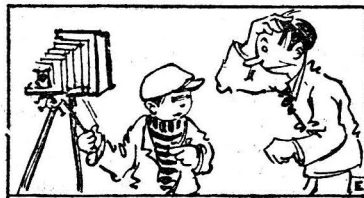
Charmion Oliver.

San Francisco, Cal. The workers are alive, but they act like they are dead,

Because they give the bosses all and go hungry instead.

Their faults quite many, but the bosses have only two . . .

Everything they say and everything they do.



Here you see Johnny Red taking a picture of his new dog "Revolution."

"It's like this," Johnny was telling the photographer; "In the last inning we had three men on base and we needed four runs to win the game. Skinny Jones hit one on the nose to the outfield. Before anyone could get it, 'Revolution' grabbed the ball and ran home with it and everybody scored and Skinny got a home-run. We won the game and everybody chipped in to get 'Revolution's' picture taken. That's some dog, mister!"

"You're right, boy, that's the first ball-playing dog I ever saw" the photographer said as he winked to his helper.

NOTICE!

"A fairy story by Charmion Oliver in next Saturday's issue of the Tiny Worker. Be sure to read it.

Phoebe Steinberg Assistant Editor of This Issue.

A little Chicago comrade sent in such a nice little poem she is made honorary editor of this issue together with Charmion Oliver. You'll like it—just read:

"NOTHER WAY

By Phoebe Steinberg, Chicago, Ill.

Little drops of water, Poured into the milk, Clothe the Capitalist family, in diamonds and silk. Wasn't that good? We hope Phoebe writes more.

SOME MORE

By C. Oliver.

Now for the all-day-sucker—The reason that teachers tell little boys they "might be president some day":

The teacher fears that the boy will grow up to be a bandit as most boys hope to be and she's just teaching him to be dishonest in another way and at the same time keep out of jail!

Isn't Charmion rough? Anyway, she gets the all day sucker!

Second Thoughts on the Fourth of July

By JAY LOVESTONE.

PRIOR to this year we communists in America called the day on which the Declaration of Independence was signed, July fourth. It occupied just the same place ideologically, politically, that July fifth, or sixth, or June thirtieth did. Until 1926 it had very little significance as a historic day for us.

This is the first time that we speak of the Fourth of July. This day assumes a real significance for us.

We must look out against any Americanization craze in our Party. In the bourgeois sense of the word, Americanization is a very dangerous thing. In the bolshevik sense of the word, Americanization at once affords a hope for the future and practical results in the present.

To speak of Americanizing our Party in the bolshevik sense of the word, means to speak of the Party adopting tactics based on the objective conditions. Examination of these objective conditions will indicate that historical traditions such as they appear to the superficial observer as abstract forces, are in reality very concrete elements, very substantial phases of the objective conditions at hand and transmitted.

The American bourgeoisie have always prided themselves on saying that there are no classes in the United States, never have been, and never can be. The history of America, like the history of any other country, is the history of class struggle. The first American Revolution is a gigantic class struggle. If we scratch the surface of the historical evidence of the first American Revolution, we will find that the Civil War was a class war. This Revolution grew out of conflict of economic class interests. It was not a single event; it was the climax of a series of events.

It is not my purpose to describe any battles or skirmishes or deal with the military disasters or victories of the contending forces of the first American Revolution. Such investigations are relatively unimportant for

the American workers in 1926. What is timely for us at this time is to trace certain facts of the first American Revolution, to see what lessons we can draw from this tremendously significant historical event and to see how the experiences of our forefathers stack up in the light of the estimates of these experiences given by our bourgeoisie. More than that, what is most valuable for us is to compare the tactics, the practices and activities of the American masses and their leaders in 1776 with the advice now being given to the American workers by those whom they still, unfortunately in the main, recognize as leaders today.

Much ink is being spilled by the robed, untitled and well-paid defenders of the present system in their attacks on the opponents of the capitalist order. These apologists of the exploiting class are shouting against the revolutionists. They are yelling against a dictatorship by the proletariat. They are ranting against the use of force. They say that is foreign, that is un-American. They are yelling from the housetops against the American workers having anything to do with other workers from the different countries in their struggles against the bosses. The official historians and editors of our ruling class are working overtime propagating the idea that the present form of the American government is eternal, and that it affords the workers of this country an opportunity in pursuit of life, liberty and happiness.

Let us examine these "eternal truths" that are hurled so gratuitously by the exploiters at the workingman.

It ill becomes the defenders of the bourgeois class which is a small minority of our population to speak of the sanctity, of the inviolability of the majority rule. American democracy today is the most crass, tho in spots well camouflaged, expression of minority rule in the interests of a minority, at the costly expense of the vast majority of the population, in the world.

The American workers can very

well draw inspiration on the question of majority and minority from the experiences of the first American Revolution. The workers and exploited farmers of this country are the overwhelming majority of this country. But in view of the fact that the capitalists who are a small minority are speaking so much against the Communist Party because it frankly says that the proletarian revolution at the outset may be initiated by a minority in the interests of the great majority, it is worth while to analyze the background of the first American Revolution for extremely valuable lessons.

At the time of the first American Revolution the Patriots (those who were against the government) were in a minority. The Loyalists (those who were for the then existing government) were numerically very strong. The conscious supporters of the government at that time were at least a third of the entire colonial population. They formed a majority in such important colonies as New York, South Carolina, and Pennsylvania. It is estimated that at least 100,000 persons who were for maintaining the government existing then in America, were exiled by the revolutionists. Their property was confiscated. They were tarred and feathered and they were treated much more roughly in many respects than the Czarists who were for maintaining the old reactionary government in Russia were by the Bolsheviks. The Communists of today can learn many lessons from the American Revolutionists of 1776 in treatment of counter revolutionists, of Loyalists, of Tories. The noted historian, Adams, in his book "New England in the Revolution" declares that "More colonials served in the Imperial than the Revolutionary army." He further says, "If we accept the estimate that at the beginning of the war one third of the people were in favor of independence, a third of the people were opposed to it, and one third indefinite, it is evident that two thirds could not have been counted upon to sustain the Patriots' (revolutionists,

those against the government) side with any ardor."

Force and Violence.

American workers have been sent to jail for defending themselves against the terrorism of the existing Tory government in the United States. Many states have passed laws which provide for severe jail penalties, and years of imprisonment to be visited upon any worker who dares even insinuate in the most indirect manner that the workers and poor farmers have a right to defend themselves against the brutalities of their exploiters.

In this light it is interesting to recall the declaration of the Continental Congress of 1774, which so forcefully declared:

"We are reduced to the alternative of choosing an unconditional submission to the tyranny of irritated masters, or RESISTANCE BY FORCE. THE LATTER IS OUR CHOICE. We have counted the cost of the contest, and find nothing is so dreadful as voluntary slavery."

No more inspiring words have been uttered for American workers by any Communist section of the world.

Let us go on to listen to one of the leaders of the American Revolution, Tom Paine. Incidentally, we should remark that Tom Paine has been much underestimated by the bourgeois historians and has been much neglected. These classic words of Tom Paine mean very much to the American workers today. We should think very seriously of what Tom Paine meant when he said:

"By referring the matter (the grievances against the British, ruling class) from arguments to arms, a new point for politics is struck. All plans, preparations, etc., prior to the 19th of April (the battle of Lexington), are like almanacs of last year."

Let the American workers think of Ludlow, Calumet, the Bisbee deportations, the slavery in the mining sections, the tyranny in the steel regions, in the light of these meaningful words of Paine.

The Negro Since 1776

By LOVETT FORT-WHITEMAN.

THE American Revolution of 1776 was not a complete national revolution, and its achievements amounted to hardly more than a political severance of British authority, yet remaining economically dependent upon English industry. It was only after the second war of 1812 that the American people were able to enjoy economic independence of England; thus we have the political and economic independence of America arriving at distinct periods in American history. The geographic features of the early republic at once manifest themselves to the evolution of its economic institutions and the differentiation of group interests. The rock-strewn soil of New England, in conjunction with an unfavorable climate, was inimical to the development of agriculture; but, on the contrary, these parts, by virtue of rugged coast line, swift flowing currents, abundant timber land close to the coast line, et al., constituted some of the basic factors conducive to ship building and maritime trade. Altho Negro slavery existed in the New England colonies and continued in those parts for some years after the birth of the republic, slavery in New England was never an important economic benefit. The Negro slave in New England found his chief occupation in the homes of the Puritans as a domestic servant.

But, turning to the tidewater regions of Virginia and the broad, fertile areas of the lower South, natural features at once lend themselves to the rapid development of an agricultural society into which the Negro slaves fitted as an exceedingly important economic asset. This became more so after the invention of the cotton gin, resulting in the increased production of cotton and it becoming a staple commodity of those regions. It was the result of the series of inventions in the treatment of cotton

in the latter part of the 18th century that the Negro slave and the institution of slavery in the Southland took on new and increased economic value and political importance.

Arising out of the new alignment of economic class interests are the political controversies centered about the question of a loose and strict interpretation of the federal constitution. The growing interest of the young commercial and manufacturing class of the North was to be thrown in increasing opposition to the agricultural and slave barons of the South. This opposition and contradistinction of class interests was to find itself reflected in their development of political thought and party organization.

Rise of the Republican Party.

THE birth of the republican party in the middle of the 19th century marks the definite organized attempt of the young manufacturing class of the North to win the reins of the national government in order to legislate in the interest of its class and to defeat the opposing interests of the ruling class of the Southern states. The abolitionist movement was the moral reflection on the question of slavery of this new manufacturing class of the North. The latter class was not only opposed to the extension of slavery into the Southwest, but desired its complete abolition. A slave-owning society bought little in the way of manufactured goods and desired a low tax on imports from England. The bitterness of the struggle between these two classes ever became more intensified, thus culminating in the Civil War in 1861. The emancipation of the Negro slave in 1863 was a war measure, one of the means utilized to break the economic power of the Southern states in rebellion.

Epoch of Reaction.

SOON after the Southern states had been taken back into the Union on a basis of perfect equality and the

spirit of mutual good will had developed between the North and the South, strong political reaction set in against the Negro thruout the South. This was expressed thru legislative acts of political disfranchisement of the Negro, the instituting of Jim Crow cars, mob violence, etc.

Booker T. Washington, the Southern Negro advocate, rose to prominence as the embodied spirit of the Negro's acceptance of the New South with its policy of Negro repression and racial inequalities. The central principle of the Washingtonian philosophy was that the Negro should turn to the soil, to become useful as a basic industrial factor, to postpone an active desire for political power and that industrial education was more necessary to the Negro at that time than the higher branches of learning. It was a philosophy of reconciliation and acceptance.

In opposition to the Washingtonian school of thought on the Negro question there arose in opposition in the North a militant group of Negro leaders having at its head such men as William Monroe Trotter of Boston and Wm. B. DuBois. These men saw in the Booker Washington program servile submission and the ultimate defeat of all that the Civil War had secured for the Negro in respect to his civic and political rights. The group crystallized about Trotter and DuBois stood for a liberalism for the Negro, demanding for him his full-fledged rights and privileges as an American citizen.

With the death of Booker Washington, in 1915, and shortly after America's entry into war, followed by hundreds of thousands of Negroes coming North working in the industrial centers and many going across in the American Expeditionary Forces, liberalism was re-enforced.

The New Negro.

THE World War thruout the world of the oppressed races produced a

profound stir. In America the deep unrest among the American Negroes was a sort of back-fire to President Wilson's 14 points for peace and democracy. During the World War socialist thought began to have its influence upon an appreciable area of young Negroes in the largest cities of the North. But the development of socialist interest and understanding among the Negroes at this time, was overshadowed by the rise and phenomenal growth of the Garvey movement, purely a Negro Zionist movement with the African continent as its objective. The Garvey movement has had its strong appeal for the Negro proletarian class, but has always been more or less frowned upon by the Negro petty-bourgeoisie and the intellectual.

Today the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and the Garvey movement constitute the two most influential liberation movements among American peoples. The former, based upon ideas of Negro nationalism, the latter the achievement of the Negro rights in American society thru the publicity of Negro racial merits and moral suasion. But daily there is growing among the Negro proletariat a group who sees the ultimate solution of the Negro problem in neither of the programs offered by the above organizations. This new group in increasing volumes is clamoring for radical changes in the social structure of the American order. Its central thought is that the social inequality the Negro suffers arises from economic class exploitation and that only thru the abolition of capitalist exploitation can the Negro attain complete emancipation. Today the Negro suffers lynching, Jim Crowism, political disfranchisement, inadequate educational facilities, industrial discrimination, residential segregation, etc. These are his immediate racial problems today, as yesterday.

Remembering the Gary Disaster

Dangers in By-Product Coking

By N. I. KISHOR.

SOME industries will probably never be safe. The dangers of explosion and fire brood over them continuously. The flying bricks and steel, the flaming tar, and the shower of acid at Gary are typical of a by-product coke plant catastrophe.

The dangers in by-product coking are not as apparent as in coal mines and other industries generally listed as "dangerous," and are more likely to be underestimated by the worker when he applies for a job or while he works. But almost every point in a coke plant is a danger point, and this is thoroly well known to the management and calls for something more than "Safety First" campaigns to bring the risks down to the scientifically irreducible minimum.

By-product coking is one of the most important links in the industrial chain. In fact, the progress of a country toward industrial independence can almost be measured by the size of its by-product coke industry. Of the chief products of the by-product coke plant the coke is indispensable for iron production and the coal tar and benzol serve as the basis of a huge section of the chemicals—aside from the increasing use of benzol as a motor fuel.

When soft coal is heated in the open air, it burns, but when it is heated in a chamber or oven where no air can enter, gas and vapors amounting to about one-fourth of the weight of the coal are driven off. The residue in the oven is a hard mass all coked together. This is coke, which is used in blast furnaces to reduce the iron ore to metal, and also as a more efficient fuel than coal. Of the vapors, some condense almost immediately after leaving the oven in a thick, black, evil-smelling liquid. This is the famous coal tar. The rest of the gas does not condense at all, but is drawn away and used for lighting and heating purposes in homes and factories. This is our ordinary, familiar "gas."

BUT this gas still contains two immensely important substances which must be extracted before the gas is used. By passing the gas thru sulphuric acid, ammonia is washed out of it, forming an important fertilizer. Then by passing the gas thru creosote oil, benzol, with its myriad uses, is extracted.

From the entrance of the coal into the plant the struggle for safety commences. The coal must be crushed before charging into the ovens. Unless special precautions are taken a large amount of coal dust is formed. This dust, if allowed to lie around in warm temperatures, becomes partially coked. In this condition it is explosive. Danger point number one.

From the time the coal is charged into the ovens the danger may be said in general to follow the path of the gas. Fifty to sixty ovens are generally run as one unit, the gas from all these passing from the ovens into a common gas main and being drawn to

the by-product plant by a large pump situated there. This pump (or exhauster) must always be regulated so as to keep a slight pressure in the ovens, a slight pressure in the tar main (where the tar condenses) and a slight suction in the gas main coming to the pump. If the exhauster does not suck hard enough (or if the mains get blocked up—which amounts to the same thing) pressure will accumulate in the ovens, and although an ordinary increase would probably only blow off the doors without doing much harm, a sudden large increase of pressure might blow up the ovens. If the exhauster sucks too hard air will be drawn into the gas main from outside, possibly in a sufficiently large amount to form an explosive mixture with the gas. Once the gas is mixed with air any spark or temporary overheating will cause a terrific explosion.

Beyond the exhauster the gas is under pressure and here gas leaks may be expected. If a small amount of gas escapes the worst it can do is to make the workers somewhat sick. It should be clearly understood that gas is not explosive "by itself" like T. N. T. It is only explosive when mixed with air and when the percentage of gas in the gas-air mixture lies between certain limits. Since gas is less than half as heavy as air, it mounts to the top of the building on escaping, and there would have to be considerable leakage indeed before enough gas would diffuse thru the air to make an explosive mixture. Once this mixture is formed, however, any spark, even a spark of static electricity from a driving belt, will explode it. Any attempt to put the blame for an explosion at this point on "a careless match-thrower" is ridiculous. If a little gas escapes from a leak a match can be safely brought directly up to it and the gas will only catch fire and burn quietly. It will not explode. Only when so much gas has already escaped that the atmosphere nearby consists of an explosive mixture of gas and air can an explosion take place, and not till then. And when this is the case, not even a match is required to set it off. The spark that follows on pulling an electric switch, or a spark of static electricity, is all that is needed.

THERE is another kind of gas that is generated and used in the plant. The coke ovens have to be maintained at a temperature of about 1700 degrees Fahrenheit. They are heated with gas, but with a weaker and cheaper gas than that made in the ovens from the coal. Either "producer gas," "blast-furnace gas" or "blue gas" is used for this purpose. All three are explosive; all three are poisonous, containing high percentages of carbon monoxide. Blue gas has the widest explosive limits and contains about 40 per cent of carbon monoxide, making it intensely poisonous. Even small leaks of such a gas are exceedingly dangerous.

Coming to the fire risks, any place where coal is stored, any place where

dust is allowed to accumulate, presents the danger of spontaneous combustion. Coal tar, creosote and benzol are all highly inflammable. The wells into which the tar runs down from the tar and gas mains and accumulates, are fire risks. All places where tar, creosote or benzol are stored or handled may be the scenes of disastrous fires.

In the benzol plant extreme precaution must be observed. Benzol is capable of penetrating the slightest leak in a pipe or connection—a leak so small that water would not pass through it. Benzol vaporizes readily. The vapor is about three times as heavy as air and therefore has a tendency to accumulate near the floor of a building. It also forms an explosive mixture with air, but in most cases of benzol disasters the first stage is fire, explosions possibly following secondarily. No spark of any kind should ever be permitted in a benzol building. No electric switches (except of the totally-enclosed type) should be allowed. All precautions should be taken against sparks of static electricity from driving belts, etc. Benzol has even been known to acquire a static charge itself, from friction, when passed rapidly thru a pipe, resulting in a spark and a conflagration. For this reason the benzol piping system should be electrically grounded if conditions favor the accumulation of static charges.

Some coke plants sell their coal tar to distillers; others distill it themselves. In the latter case the plant presents still another series of possibilities of disaster. If the tar is wet the distillation proceeds very turbulently, drops of water being vaporized suddenly with almost explosive violence. Cases have been known where the tops have been blown off stills in this way. Blockages due to naphthalene may stop up the vapor pipes leading from the still or the condensers, causing an accumulation of pressure in the still and a consequent explosion. Towards the end of the distillation—particularly if it has been carried too far, partially coking the residue, the bottom of the still may burn thru, precipitating tons of pitch onto the fire.

Naphthalene, one of the products of the distillation—the white flaky material of which moth balls are made—is exceedingly inflammable and generates a terrific heat when burned. A few years ago a naphthalene fire in one of the big distillation companies' plant reduced the entire building to absolute wreckage.

ENOUGH has been given already to show the manifold dangers in by-product coking. And yet only primary dangers have been touched upon. In practice, secondary dangers also cause great loss of life. By secondary dangers are meant those which come into play only when a disaster, such as a fire or explosion, is already in action. For example, an explosion in the by-product plant blows up the

tanks of sulphuric acid ("vitriol") which is used there, and precipitates the acid onto the bodies of those below. The same thing might occur in the benzol plant. Or a fire in the tar distillation plant might heat up the tank of benzol obtained from the distillation sufficiently to cause it to explode. And so on.

Furthermore, only those dangers have been discussed which are capable of giving rise to accidents of the dimensions of a catastrophe. The numerous possibilities of accident thruout the plant which might cause the death of an individual worker here or there have not been mentioned. These are mostly mechanical in nature. The coal crushing plant presents the same dangers as any other crushing plant anywhere else. There are numerous possibilities of accidents among those working on the ovens and around the heavy oven machinery—the coke pusher and the quenching car. The workers who go inside tanks that have contained benzol to clean them out are often taking their lives in their hands. Benzol vapors, being so heavy, are exceedingly difficult to remove from a tank and many a worker has died from benzol poisoning on entering a tank that was supposedly freed from vapor.

In which direction, then, does safety lie? Not in the direction of moral speeches to the employes, safety committees and brigades, and notices "A fire in this plant may cost every man his job." We can be frank and agree with the companies this far: That care on the part of the employes is extremely necessary. And then we can inform them that this only scratches the surface of the safety question. Safety requires two elements: a safe installation, and safe operation. In every part of the plant there is a safe way and an unsafe way in which the apparatus can be installed. There are safe and unsafe types of apparatus. Usually the safe installations are more expensive. Probably, in any particular plant, some of the dangers enumerated here do not exist; they may have been minimized or obviated. There are often special safety devices that cover certain risks. But these also cost money. In general, it may be said that with an unsafe installation, no amount of care in operation can guard against disasters.

In the same way there are safe and unsafe methods of operation. The safe methods usually take longer or are more expensive in other ways. It is easy to trumpet "Safety First" in speeches, in written notices and on signboards, and yet to give verbal instructions or demand certain results that involve unsafe methods of operation. No safe installation can be so foolproof as to guard against unsafe methods of operation.

YET some industries will probably never be absolutely safe. Even under Communism we will still have industrial catastrophes. Industry represents our conquest over Nature. This conquest is woefully incomplete and even under Communism the struggle with Nature will still be going on. We will probably still have an occasional mine disaster, a death roll at sea and in the air, a by-product coke catastrophe. Even increased research will probably never entirely eliminate the danger. The greatest industrial explosion in history—that at Oppau, Germany, in 1921—the explosion of an immense mass of material that is ordinarily never considered explosive, is still unexplained. But the enormous difference lies in this: under Communism industrial disasters will be at the scientifically irreducible minimum.

So long as an economic system prevails which puts profits before life, so long as the machinery of industry is used to enslave the worker to the boss instead of to free the workers from slavery to Nature, disasters like the Gary explosion will be periodical and will be duly noted as "regrettable occurrences." And the motto, "Safety First," should be understood as meaning "Safety First—but be reasonable!"

Historic Dates

1776. The Declaration of Independence of the young commercial and capitalist class of the thirteen colonies from the mother country, England, was made on July 4th.

1789. The United States of America was instituted under the new constitution on March 4, the first step towards centralization since the failure of the loose Articles of Confederation of March 1, 1771. George Washington was chosen the president.

1823. President Monroe sends message to congress, later known as the Monroe Doctrine, establishing America's demand for exclusive control of the Western Hemisphere.

1850. The first international union was started by the "National Convention of Journeymen Printers" in New York. Permanent organization was perfected in 1852 at the Cincinnati convention under the name National Typographical Union.

1856. The first national convention

of the republican party was held in Pittsburgh in February. Its address demanded not the abolition of slavery, but its confinements to existing limits and a practical demand that the northern capitalist class be given "adequate recognition."

1860. At the opening of the Civil War, in December, a joint resolution of house and senate was passed providing for a constitutional amendment to prohibit the adoption of any future amendment interfering with slavery in any existing state.

1863. Draft riots against conscription took place, during which the enraged people held the city for a few days. In the same year, at the end of February, was created the system of national banks.

1869. Formation of the Noble Order of the Knights of Labor in Philadelphia on Thanksgiving Day, with Uriah S. Stephens at the head.

1870-1. The first units of the Inter-

national Workingmen's Association were formed in the United States.

1881. On November 19, in Pittsburgh, was formed the direct forerunner of the American Federation of Labor, the Federation of Organized Trades and Labor Unions of the United States and Canada. (A. F. of L. formed December 8, 1886, at Columbus, O.)

1877. The historic railroad strikes, which spread thru east and west, and in which workers held several towns for numerous days, took place.

1898. Declaration of the Spanish-American war on April 20, marking a turning point for American capitalism and the launching of the imperialist era.

1917. Rounding out of America's imperialist career by the entry into the world war in April, following immediately on the second inauguration of Woodrow Wilson, elected because he kept us out of the war.

The Dangers of International Fascism

By HENRI BARBUSSE.

(Speech given before the jury in the trial against Clerd and Bernardon. Paris, April-May, 1926.)

Gentlemen of the jury:

If we wish to penetrate and understand this drama, then we must penetrate the greater and bloodier drama which controls and explains it; and that is the drama of international fascism.

I am, myself, in the midst of the social struggle. I had the opportunity to inquire into its causes and search in its depths. On that account, I shall analyze a definite side of the struggle for you, while, like a witness, I appeal to your human reason and to your judicial conscience.

Today, fascism binds the entire world together or is preparing to do so. Those who have a sense of reality must utter a loud cry of help, a cry of distress, for they see all the threats and all the catastrophes which this seizure of power by the fascists proclaims and signifies.

The true driving forces of fascism are the financial powers which, thanks to the recruiting activity of the press which the rich always have at their disposal, were able to direct the dissatisfaction, the apprehensions and the suffering of the middle and petty bourgeoisie into the path of reaction.

Nobody can deny that the sentence which a great American newspaper expressed a short time ago is fully justified. It said: "If capitalism has always determined human affairs in a greater or less degree, it must be said that this power of capitalism has today achieved its greatest effectiveness. And capitalism, that is, the rule of the money-bag cliques over the entire social life, goes everywhere hand in hand with fascism. It is no secret



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that international fascism has grown thanks to the financial support of the upper bourgeoisie, big business and the banks.

"Fascism arises out of capitalism. It is its logical consequence, its organic product. It is the highest and most violent reaction carried to its utmost extreme, the reaction of the old order against the new."

Fascism has a two-fold aim, a political one, that is, the seizure of the state power, and an economic one, that is the exploitation of labor.

The exploitation of labor is its raison d'être!

The unchaining of fascism, according to the current phrase which is always used in this connection, wants to effect the return to order of the mighty mass of producers, of the city and country workers, who are in reality the essence and the life force of society. It was only in our time that the masses began to open their eyes, began to be amazed at the unheard of absurdity, that those who should be everything are nothing and that the great mass creates, exerts itself, is hurled into wars which are carried on for a minority of profit-makers, for interests wholly removed from those of the creators. Now that the workers have begun to open their eyes and to be amazed, the first result was their organization and unity

in order to oppose an unjust constraint. As a matter of fact, social relationships stand thus: For centuries there has been an exploited and unconscious proletariat. Today it becomes conscious. One may even assert that the class conflict is in no way a new phenomenon of our time; on the contrary, one may much rather say, that only today have we learned to differentiate and to understand. As a matter of fact, the class conflict has always existed, because it was the result of the oppression of a majority by a privileged minority. As a matter of fact, up till today, the working class has been the subjected part. But in spite of its defeats, it has always been a struggle.

The organized proletariat opposes this war of destruction by an order which rests upon the political equality of all, upon the just rule of labor and upon the feeling of unity of the various peoples beyond boundaries which the proletariat deems artificial and criminal.

said that it is everywhere essentially the same. Everywhere it pursues the same goal: To stifle the effort to free the laboring people. But even if the fascist groups of the various countries are separated from one another by their national aspirations, they still have friendly feelings for one another and support one another by their concurrent efforts.

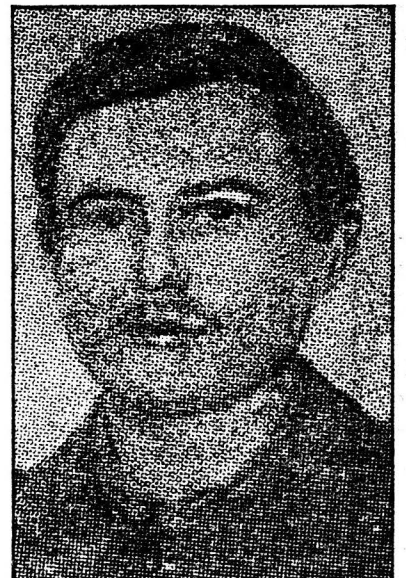
Fascism is weaker or stronger according to the country in which it is active, and consequently unscrupulous in a greater or less degree. It enjoys either the co-operation or the obliging acquiescence of the governments according to its actual successes. It appears everywhere—at least in its beginnings—with the same hypocrisy.

It does not say, "I am fascism." It says, "I am the party of order," which is indeed the most convenient of all lies used to betray the people. Or it describes itself as republican-national patriotic, or it plants another standard. It assumes all possible names. It seeks to confuse us with words. It

keeps all the workers in slavery. Gentlemen of the jury, I saw with my own eyes the devastation which victorious fascism has caused in city and country. A few months ago I travelled thru the east of Europe. I came into closest contact with the unfortunate peoples of Bulgaria, Roumania and Hungary, all of whom are massacred by the white terror. I found down there a seeming tranquility which pierces one's heart, because it is the tranquility of a cemetery. It is impossible to enumerate the individual and mass murders, to picture the injustices and the tortures of the prisoners or of the witnesses of so-called conspiracies—which were in reality invented or intentionally conjured up by those who are called the responsible bearers of power—because there are too many of them.

In France, fascism has not yet completely raised its head. But not much is needed for it to decide to do so, if it continues to enjoy the unheard of impunity as it has until now. The possibility of a coup de main is all the more threatening since multi-form fascism is confusing public opinion in a hypocritical manner concerning the true aims of its labor-hating, imperialistic organization, because it—which crowns it all—wraps itself in the tri-colored scarf of democracy.

In our day, we must deeply deprecate the inactivity and the credulity of public opinion which sees the inundation only when the dams are broken. Matteotti had to die at the hand of an assassin first—and he was only one among thousands—before public opinion could recognize Mussolini's true face. The counterfeiting in Hungary, exceeding all power of imagination, was needed first to recognize the true face and practices of Horthy and his circle.



Bernardon

We Celebrate---

(By Henry George Weiss.)

We celebrate July the Fourth,
The monumental fact that we,
An outlaw band,
Drove from the land
The hosts of English tyranny,
And flung o'erhead
The stripes of red,
The field of blue, the stars of white,
To show the whole wide world that we
Had won the fight—
Democracy!

Had won the fight and would be free
To drive the Indian to his doom,
With plow and spade
To rape and glade
And rear for him a monstrous tomb
Of clanging steel
And whirring wheel;
To kill the deer and fence the plain,
To raise upon his murdered slain
The festering slum—
"OUR KINGDOM COME."

We celebrate—how long, how long!
The day that freed our Money Kings
To unrestricted
Wealth depicted
Buy sable coats and diamond rings,
Buy luxuries
And granaries
Wrung from the labor of the poor—
How long, how long will we endure
The mean estate,
The starveling's fate?

The mean estate, the starveling's fate,
The festering slum, the children dead,
The crumbs, the oaths,
The hungry mouths,
The endless toil for board and bed?
How long, how long
Endure the wrong
Of robbery and persecution?

The class conflict, as Lenin said, must lead to the abolition of classes thru the rule and victory of the proletariat. Similarly, it must lead to the abolition of wars between individual peoples, because this victory of the proletariat would create a different, deeper, more sensible and more real class division among mankind than is done by the geographic boundaries and a more enduring unity than diplomatic ties could effect.

On that account, the second aim of fascism is the capture of the state power. It is a question of maintaining the old arbitrary order of oppression, which is closely interwoven with nationalism and imperialism, and to sharpen it.

As in the past, they want to force the continuation of the law of war and the destruction of all society thru the principle of rivalry carried to the extreme and of struggle under the slogan, "Everyone for himself," a struggle which is to be carried on between individuals as well as between peoples.

Today, it must be said that fascism exists everywhere. It must also be

forms all kinds of divisions, but at bottom the same kind of people are still involved. We see fascism under the cloak of patriotic or sport associations, and in Hungary alone, merely to pick an example at random, in Hungary, whose army was fixed at 35,000 men by the treaty of Trianon, there is an entire secret fascist army which is at present participating in the civil war, having no other task to fulfill for the moment. It receives its weapons from Italy; lately articles of dress, too, which, however, it has now also ordered from England.

In other countries we see fascism in the form of military societies, anti-semitic students, finally, the countless and perfectly organized divisions of soldiers and officers of the former Wrangel army. All these are the instruments of the fascist scheme. In a large part of Europe, the governments already depend upon this more or less secret and semi-official class-gendarmery.

And everywhere that fascism has obtained a footing, there rages a system of labor-hating robbery, which operates with fear and murder and

First Labor Parade

THE first labor demonstration ever held in America took place in Philadelphia on the Fourth of July, 1788. An eye-witness mentions the following trades as being represented in the parade:

There was a federal edifice drawn by ten white horses and followed by 500 architects and house-carpenters; pilots of the port with their boat, boat-builders, sailmakers, clockmakers, watchmakers, shipjoiners, ropemakers, cordwainers, coachpainters, cabinet-makers and chairmakers brickmakers, house, ship and sign painters, porters, weavers, bricklayers, tailors, instrument-makers turners, spinning-wheel-makers, carvers and gilders, coopers, planemakers, whip and canemakers. Then came the blacksmiths, white-smiths, nailers and coachmakers. After them the potters, hatters, wheelwrights, tinplate workers, skinmen, breechesmakers, and gloves, printers, bookbinders and stationers, saddlers, stonecutters, bread and biscuit-makers, gunsmiths, coppersmiths, goldsmiths, silversmiths and jewelers, etc.

The Sesqui Centennial in Cartoons By M. P. Bales

YOUNG REVOLUTIONARY CAPITALISM RIDS ITSELF OF THE DOMINATION OF THE BRITISH CROWN AND ARISTOCRACY

YESSIR, THAT'S MY BABY!

THE CIVIL WAR - INDUSTRIAL AND FINANCE CAPITAL OF THE NORTH SECURES A CENTRALIZED FEDERAL GOV'T., FREE LABOR, AND OPPORTUNITY TO DEVELOP FREE OF HINDRANCE

AH! THIS IS THE BERRIES!

FULL FLEDGED AMERICAN CAPITALISM ESTABLISHES ITS DOMINION OVER THE PHILIPINES IN THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR - THE FIRST MILITARY MOVE OF THE U.S. IN THE FIELD OF IMPERIALIST CONQUEST

IMPERIALIST WORLD WAR - THE U.S. ENTERED THIS WAR FULLY CONSCIOUS OF THE GREAT PROSPECTS FOR WORLD DOMINATION BY AMERICAN IMPERIALISM

BIGGEST IMPERIALIST POWER ON EARTH AFTER THE WAR!

PRESENT DAY AMERICAN IMPERIALISM

YOU BOYS CAN WAIT FOR THE CRUMBS THAT FALL

STRONGLY CENTRALIZED FEDERAL GOVERNMENT

STAY WITH ME BOYS, AN YOU'LL WEAR DIAMONDS

HORSES HORSES HORSES!

TO WORKERS & FARMERS GOV'T.

M. P. Bales + A.B.