

The New Magazine

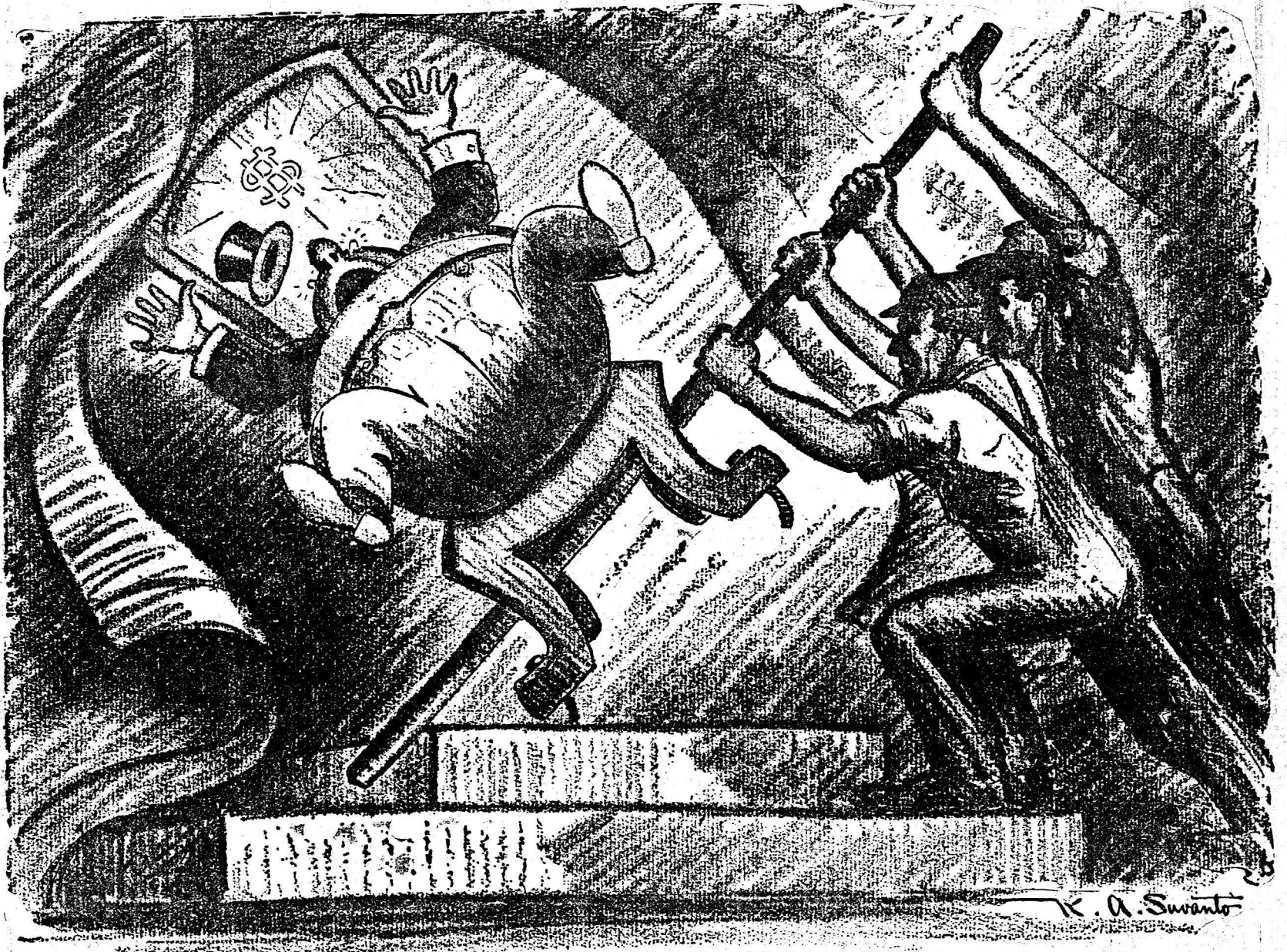
Supplement of **THE DAILY WORKER**

ALEX. BITTELMAN,
Editor.

Second Section: This Magazine Section Appears Every Saturday in The DAILY WORKER.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1926.

The Real Labor Day



By K. A. Swanto

THE march of progress in the American trade unions cannot be stopped. This is clearly evidenced by the newer and fresher winds that are beginning to blow in the movement. The reappearance of a powerful progressive opposition to the Lewis machine in the miners' union; the Passaic strike with its reverberations thru the textile mills and other industries in the

east; the great struggle and growth of the left wing in the garment trades. And the general spirit of vigor and militancy that is beginning to make its way in various sections of the labor movement—all this points to the fact that despite all obstruction by the reactionaries the American trade unions are making progress.

In celebrating Labor Day this year

note should be taken of the fact that the slogans and policies of the left wing are gaining a foothold among ever larger sections of American labor. The demands for the organization of the unorganized, for militant struggles against the employers, for driving corrupt labor fakery out of the movement, for amalgamation, for democratizing the trade unions, for a

labor party, etc.—all these demands of the rank and file can no longer be crushed or even suppressed by the reactionaries.

Our trade unions are making progress despite Green, Lewis and Farrington. What is needed is more class consciousness, more militancy, and more action by the left and progressive elements.

What's Become of the Slush Fund Investigation

THE sensational rocket of senatorial slush fund flared up for a minute on the columns of the capitalist press and died away. Why is it?

It is still news, altho not new in the practices of capitalist politics. But the capitalist press does not enjoy the idea of dwelling upon this unsavory subject too long. The labor press, however, cannot afford the luxury of forgetting about it. The fact that our legislators and executives are being bought and paid for by the rich and wealthy; the fact that reactionary labor officials are participating in this game and are committing the labor movement to the support of paid agents of capitalist corporations must not only be brought to the attention of the workers again and again, but a determined effort must be made to



By Robert Minor

break once and for all the alliance between labor officials and capitalist politics.

Alex Bittelman.

In the Next Issue

"The Messiahs and Othe Fakirs," by W. Pickens. A humorous little item on the mission of Jiddu Krishnamurti.

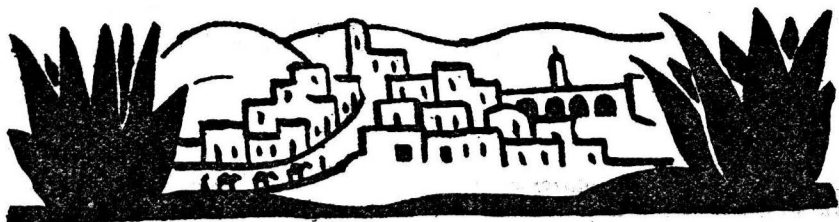
"The British Coaldiggers." A letter from a British coal miner on how the great struggle is going on.

"Religion in Literature," the third article of V. F. Calverton's series on Labor and Literature.

"Ethyl is Back," by N. Sparks. A splendid article of a popular scientific nature dealing with the evil effects of the popular gas "ethyl" upon the workers employed in its production.

Barbusse's first article on the White Terror in the Balkan states.

And many other features.



History of the Catholic Church in Mexico

By MANUEL GOMEZ.

CHAPTER III.

The Church and Political Progress.

LAST week I made it clear that the catholic church in Mexico has always been a political institution. In the present chapter we shall see what the political role of the church has been in the historic forward movements of the Mexican people. "Revolutionary Fathers" Excommunicated.

The struggle for national independence from Spain may be said to date from the year 1810. On midnight of September 10, 1810, Miguel Hidalgo, everywhere known as the father of Mexican independence, issued the famous "grito de Dolores" from the little church where he was parish priest. Hidalgo gathered a fervent band of revolutionists about him and led a prolonged struggle for independence. The revolt was finally put down. Hidalgo was executed. The catholic church, which was tied hand and glove to the forces of Spanish privilege in Mexico, co-operated with Spain by excommunicating this great leader, who is today revered by the entire Mexican people.

Hidalgo was not the only revolutionary leader excommunicated by the church. Another of the fathers of Mexican liberty who met the same fate was the warrior priest, Jose Maria Morelos.

Thus we see in the very beginning of Mexico's struggles what afterwards became a characteristic feature of them: the lower clergy—poor priests, exploited by the upper strata of the catholic hierarchy—aligned with the people against the church, revealing deep divisions within catholicism which must assist the process of eventual decentralization and destruction of the entire hierarchical organization.

Mexico finally achieved its independence in 1821. An important factor in the success of the revolution was the defection of Iturbide, commander of the Spanish forces, who had his own ulterior motives for going over to the Mexican side. One must understand this to appreciate the role of the church at that period and in the period immediately following.

A tremendous upheaval had taken place in Spain. King Ferdinand had been pushed aside by the triumphant liberal congress, which immediately put thru a series of reforms in Spanish law.

Immediately the reactionary forces in Mexico, and in other Spanish colonies, began to look with considerable favor on the idea of separtion from Spain. The new movement in Mexico gathered great momentum, now assisted with particular zeal by religious orders whose suppression had been decreed thruout the Spanish empire by the liberal congress of Spain. In Mexico City the very backbone of the revolutionary conspiracy was the Order of Jesuits; while in Vera Cruz Father Fra Jose de San Ignacio exhibited extraordinary activity in organizing all the influential people in his district under the banner of the revolution, in obtaining supplies of money, and in lauding Iturbide as the "savior of religion and liberator of the fatherland."

"Red, Green and White."

The church joined the revolution belatedly in order to win a new stronghold. No thought of republicanism entered its mind. It proceeded with a definite conscious program aimed to strangle the new republic at its very birth.

On February 24, 1821, Iturbide, with the sanction of his clerical sycophants, issued a manifesto, known in Mexican history as the "Plan de Iguala," which proclaimed the following principles:

1. Establishment of the Roman catholic apostolic religion as the na-

tional religion, without toleration for any other.

2. Absolute independence for Mexico.

3. Establishment of a monarchical form of government, "tempered by a constitution suitable to the country."

4. Summoning of Ferdinand VII, or some member of his family, or of some other royal family, to the throne of Mexico, to reign as emperor and establish a dynasty.

5. Establishment of a Junta to carry on the government until the meeting of the Cortez.

6. Said Junta to rule in virtue of an oath of allegiance to the king until the duties of the government should be assumed by the monarch in person.

8. That in the event of Ferdinand VII being unwilling to accept the throne of Mexico, the Junta to continue the functions of government until such time as a suitable ruler be chosen.

9. The government to support and maintain the "three warrantees": independence, unity, religion, symbolized in the national flag, by the colors, red, green and white.

13. Maintenance of the present institution of property.

14. Endorsement and protection of all ecclesiastical "fueros," privileges and possessions.

In addition to the articles quoted, there were a number dealing with the constitution of the army and judiciary, but I have sufficiently indicated the drift of the document. The semi-feudal despotism of church and big land owners is affirmed as the dominant force of the nation.

The First Mexican Empire.

The church did not succeed in finding a European monarch for Mexico. Whereupon it gave support to the overweening aspirations of Iturbide. On the night of August 18, 1822, the new-born republic received a mortal stab in the back. By a well-planned coup d'etat, Iturbide was suddenly proclaimed emperor, and a sergeant of the army was sent with his company parading thru the streets of Mexico City shouting: "Long Live Augustin I, Emperor of Mexico!" Iturbide, the arch-traitor—who betrayed first his own Spanish employer, and then the Mexican republic, which he had helped to establish—was solemnly crowned by the representative of the pope in Mexico. Shortly thereafter congress was dissolved.

Thruout the succeeding years the struggle raged between liberals and conservatives—the latter, the party of the big land owners, being consistently supported by the church. Iturbide's ephemeral empire had fallen before the end of 1822, but the struggle against reaction was rooted deep in the economics of Mexico's social system, and could not be ended so simply.

The Church and "la Reforma."

After the establishment of Mexican independence, the next great upheaval that marked the forward march of Mexico was the so-called Ayutla revolution, sometimes known as the war of the Reform. Here again we see the church standing squarely in the roadway of progress, pushing the other way.

Just as Hidalgo is the great hero of Mexico's independence struggle, so Benito Juarez is the hero of the "la Reforma," the first modern revolution to sweep aside the semi-feudal privileges standing in the way of capitalism. No other figure in Mexican history, not even Hidalgo, is revered in the republic south of the Rio Grande as universally as Juarez. His statue

A PEEK EACH WEEK AT MOTION PICTURES

MARE NOSTRUM

HERE is "another of those things."

A picture splendidly acted, beautifully photographed, most capably directed—all for a story that is so damnably punk it is an insult to even the intelligence of a jack-rabbit. And more, it comes a whole eight years too late for its purpose. We advise every worker to see it (showing at the Roosevelt Theatre in Chicago) for its many good features and to see what hysterical war propaganda really looks like in normal times.

"Mare Nostrum" is a rank propaganda story written by that rank propagandist Blasco Ibanez, for the Allies during the world war. And a vicious bit of propaganda it is. The "sacred cause" of the Great Powers is glorified, and the Germans vilified and pictured as head-shaven brutes. The story deals with a sea captain in the Mediterranean and his love for a beautiful spy, espionage, and submarines. The brutality of submarine warfare impresses one quite vividly and dramatically and of course is pictured at the expense of the Germans only. On this one theme are wasted all the splendid things we mentioned.

Antonio Moreno gives a most creditable performance very ably assisted by Alice Terry, who is not only a blond but very much an actress. Three hundred pound Hughie Mack occupies a prominent role and a lot of space. The balance of the cast is composed entirely of foreign actors (including Germans whom it villifies) speaking volumes for the "foreign invasion" of American films, a subject deserving of special notice. Read these names of the cast: Fernand Mailly, Mlle. Kithnou, Michael Brantford, Frederick Mariotti, Mme. Paquerette, Andre von Engelman, Rosita Ramirez, Uni Apolon, Alex Nova, and Kada-Abd-el Kader.

On seeing this picture one cannot avoid a comparison with "The Big Parade," another "war picture." The former is at least an approach to an honest portrayal of war, brilliantly done, artistically satisfying; "Mare Nostrum" is a dishonest bit of fake for gullibles the most ably done. Why such a medium was chosen for the lavish expenditure of both money and talent, at this time particularly, is indeed a mystery (After all the Germans may not be "our" next "enemy"). Rex Ingram who has many notable productions to his credit has also most



ANTONIO MORENO

capably wasted his ability as director on it.

To convince yourself how motion pictures are chosen to herd the worker into slaughter, or to see how it is done if you are already convinced—see this picture. The lesson and many good features it has of the picture are worth the price of admission. W.C.

CHICAGO'S PAUL ASH—A MUSICAL BARNUM

CAN you imagine a crowd that will wind around a theater for two blocks, patiently waiting for an hour and a half "to see the show?" For three days in succession this sight greeted us at the Oriental Theater as early in the evening as 6 p. m., and it took exactly four attempts on our part to see the performance without waiting. And we had to miss supper to do it!

It wasn't the movie. "Senor Daredevil," the picture showing last week would never pass the censorship of the most gullible galoot who goes to the theater. Paul Ash does it! Paul Ash of the waving, long hair and the flare of Barnum. There is something quite remarkable about this self-styled "Rajah of Jazz." He has contrived to weld a performance that gets down to his audience, that gets under its skin and that becomes a habit that brings them back week after week with clock-like regularity and in increasing numbers.

His performance is often vulgar. A downright, broad and "common" vulgarity that is reminiscent of the old burlesque show. He resorts to the rankest kind of sob stuff and slapstick. He monopolizes the stage. Even when another performer is doing his or her "specialty" Paul has his own little spot-light. He dominates and is part of every move that is made at all times and everything that "goes over" only adds to Paul's particular glory.

Paul Ash is all these things and more—and I know it! And I'm hanged if I don't make an effort each week to crash the gate to get in before the half-mile line that gathers every evening to pay tribute to his low-down genius. With the intelligence of the born showman, Paul Ash has combined the music of his excellent jazz orchestra with scenery, variety and surprises. And the usually mediocre performers who fill his bill really look to good advantage. Not that Paul does not include occasional really good "bits." On the program, which is changed every week, a dancer, a singer, or perhaps a member of his own orchestra will surprise you with something that is truly clever. That's part of a Paul Ash show. But that's not all.

The secret of this musical Barnum is not pure charlatany, nor even ability. Paul Ash has discovered the secret of making the audience take part in his show. He's personal. When he talks to his audience—it's to an old acquaintance. When he tells them something new—it's something "special" for his audience. They sing with him and for him. They meet every Sunday morning in a Paul Ash Club to get acquainted. He lets them laugh at his hair. He lets his performers poke fun at him on the stage—within limits that don't endanger his prestige. He laughs, he sings, he dances and he plays—and they pay to see Paul Ash—the one and only Paul Ash—and his performers who are styled the "Little Hot Ashes." They sure are. And so's their old man! W. C.

is in every city. A full-blooded Zapotec Indian by birth, he personified the essentially native character of the revolutionary movement.

During all the years of his prominence Juarez was anathematized by the catholic church. The church helped to raise armies against him and stopped at nothing, not even foreign intervention, to strike at the cause of which he was leader.

The liberal pro-capitalist revolution swept the country. The clerical dicta-

tor-president, Santa Ana—that archfiend of Mexican history—undertook "to scatter the sacreligious enemies of the Lord," but he was forced to flee the country, nevermore to return.

The three years of bitter war led to the presidency of Juarez. The reform laws and the constitution of 1857 were the signposts of the new era.

(To be continued in the next issue of this Magazine.)

In the Hell of Europe

By A. LANDY

An introduction to a series of articles on the White Terror in the Balkan States, beginning publication in the next issue of this magazine, written by Henri Barbusse.

THE white terror is the offspring of world capitalism. It is horror, murder, torture and tragedy organized on a mass scale. It has made out of the Balkans "the hell of Europe." And if we could substitute "white terror" for "industrial," we could say with Marx that "the country with a more developed white terror merely shows the one less developed the picture of its own future."

There are people, "slaves of the general inertia and mediocrity," who will not believe that such savage and hellish barbarism is possible in our day. But savage oppression and wholesale mass murder are the methods of the international bourgeoisie fighting to maintain its supremacy. The white terror, or fascism, is the socio-political form of world capitalism since the war.

People who are still accustomed to think of the world in terms of independent nationalities and of its economy in terms of independent national development, fail to realize that the very powers that have blessed the world with "democracy" have also blessed it with the white terror; that "democracy" and fascist white terror are different sides of the same medal, different forms of the same capitalist domination, and that fascism, white terror, or open bourgeois dictatorship is becoming the dominant form of capitalist rule.

The white terror is more immediate, more violent, more bloodthirsty. And for that reason it is most dangerous to the international labor movement. Its activity in the Balkans has revealed the true character of international reaction and the constant need for organized revolutionary action on the part of the world proletariat. "Nothing that has been said concerning the terrorism exercised by the Balkan governments," writes Barbusse, "is exaggerated. To those who ask: 'Is it true?' one can only reply: 'The truth is worse.'"

Barbusse, together with two other Frenchmen, went to the Balkans to

make a first-hand investigation of the conditions which were giving rise to repeated tales of indescribable horror. And the facts and figures which he has gathered, the scenes of torture and torment which he describes, the tragic and futile cries of helpless peasants and workers are the most puis-

ories are closing, unemployment is increasing, and the police and military expenditures are absorbing most of the national budgets. All the Balkan countries are facing a serious economic crisis. In Bulgaria, where the peasant element is equal to four-fifths of the total population, industry has



By V. Bissig

sant indictment of fascist reaction and the most powerful plea to every Communist to work more intensely and more persistently to carry on more steadily his daily tasks and to defend the rising revolution against the bloody reaction of world capitalism.

The class-conscious workers and peasants of the Balkans are being ruthlessly oppressed. In Jugo-Slavia, in Hungary, in Bulgaria and Roumania the contrast between the modern palaces of the nouveaux riches and the miserable quarters of the city and country proletariat is enormous. Fac-

been endangered since the war. Imports have increased, exports decreased, and the budget has been confronted with a deficit. In Roumania money is lacking for agriculture; credits to the peasants have been cut down, and public instruction is almost non-existent. The former boyard feudalism has given place to a modern capitalist feudalism ferociously oppressing the working class. In Jugo-Slavia the war budget has increased 227 million dinars and the ministry of social economy has been completely suppressed.

All the Balkan countries are in the hands of parasitic governments, maintaining themselves by artificial means and utilizing the same instruments and organs of repression: legal and military terror, police and fascist activity. These reactionary governments, supported by the big bourgeoisie, are waging war against the Balkan masses. In Roumania a semblance of parliamentarism is maintained. In Bulgaria, Greece and Jugo-Slavia the ruling oligarchy has other means at its disposal. "The Balkan elections," writes Barbusse, "take place under the direct pressure of the gendarmes and the fascists and by the brutal intervention of the authorities." The so-called opposition parties are in reality hypocritical and servile supporters of fascism, as is evidenced by the activity of the social-democrats in Hungary and in the Balkans. The Bulgarian church has called upon the people to help establish order (or fascism). The reforms that have been undertaken are nothing but shams and dupery. Whereas in all the Balkan countries, as well as in Hungary, the powers have established a law for "the safety of the state." This law, which is essentially the same in Roumania, Bulgaria, Jugo-Slavia and Hungary, is the legal expression of reactionary dictatorship. By virtue of these laws men and women have been condemned to death because they have harbored fugitives sought by the police without knowing that these fugitives were guilty or without this guilt ever having been established.

A number of gendarmes in the Balkans is out of proportion to the population: 45,000 in Roumania, and 60,000 in Jugo-Slavia. There are said to be 40,000 ex-officers and soldiers of the counter-revolutionary Wrangel in the Balkans, constituting a violent agent of destruction and oppression in the hands of the reactionary governments. The nature of the crime these mercenaries are hired to commit is of little importance to them as long as it is paid for and unpopular.

American Imperialism in Uruguay

By HOMER PEYROT

(Translation by Harrison George)
THE republic of Uruguay has finished negotiations with the North American firm of Hallgarten and company for a loan of \$45,000,000. This loan comes to increase the external debt of Uruguay which, previous to it, amounted to \$192,711,776.06.

The conditions of the loan are found in the law with respect to it adopted at the beating bell of the legislative power. Article 1 of the said law authorizes the executive power to contract the loan in two series, one of \$30,000,000 and another of \$15,000,000. The figure at which the loan is made is 91.53.

Article 2 establishes the half yearly form of payment, with an amortization fund of one per cent per annum accumulative.

Article 3 is interesting enough to transcribe fully. It is as follows: "Both the capital and the interest of the bonds will be paid off without deduction of any impost or other right that may exist at present or that the Uruguayan government or any other authority within the territory of Uruguay might create."

Articles 4, 6 and 7 establish the end given to the funds and from where are to draw the means for the first amortization. Article 5 establishes that, in case contracting another loan guaranteed by the state income, this loan must be given preference against the state income or another equivalent.

The conditions noted, we will say that the loan was settled in a pre-unaccustomed to the heavy govern-

ment and with a haste wholly mental and bureaucratic apparatus of our country.

A few days sufficed for its projection, approbation and signing. The National Council of Administration, in order to liquidate the subject, even met on the morning of the 19th of April, a "national holiday" for the bourgeoisie. This haste was carried into the chamber of deputies, where a motion was made that it might be immediately considered while yet the chamber had not reached that point on its agenda, and where it was voted with the sole opposition of the two Communist deputies.

It is needless to point out the dependence toward the Yankees that the loan sanctions. But we re-emphasize that it is free from all impost, present and future. It is no longer for the "sovereign" government to decide imposts and taxations. The interests of the Yankee bankers are wholly safe from them.

Another interesting aspect of the loan is the complete imperialist nature of Article 5. The external debt of Uruguay is owed to different countries. The "consolidated debt", for example, that amounts to \$60,828,276, was contracted in England. But now the Yankees, with this Article 5, assure themselves the monopoly.

For instance: Suppose the government wishes to contract a new loan. It is certain that, indebted as the government is, new guarantees will be demanded. But then it must give securities to cover both the new loan

and the present loan. On the other hand, if the new loan is contracted with the present loaners, this will not be necessary.

The loan is in dollars and must be paid in dollars. At the emission of the first series, the dollar was equal to 97 Uruguayan centesimos, that is to say, at par. The strong economic position of the United States makes it foreseen that as payments are made, the dollar will not decline, on the contrary it is very likely that it will rise. This will redound to the injury of the Uruguayan government.

Then we observe the figure at which the loan was contracted (91.53); in accord with this the government will receive only \$41,188,500, in place of the \$45,000,000; while on the other hand the amount it must pay between interest and amortization, ascends to a sum of from \$91,000,000 to \$92,000,000.

Of the amount obtained \$7,000,000 will be dedicated to cancel previous loans not wholly covered, \$1,500,000 for our ridiculous army, and the rest for public works. The character of these public works obliges their construction to be slow, which results in the country having sunk a great deal of money in them for a time, paying, however, interest at the rate of six per cent all this period.

As can be seen, the conditions could not have been more ridiculous. But apart from all these circumstances, the loan will have an effect to worsen the workers' standard of living. With this loan the annual payment of interest and amortization of all external debts will amount to around 20,000,000

pesos, almost a half of the present total budget of the republic. Twenty million pesos yearly of legal graft that the working class of a country of 1,800,000 population will have to pay.

The first series of the loan, \$30,000,000, was bought, so we said, by Hallgarten and company at 91.53, and was resold wholly in North America on Wall Street market in a half an hour at more than 96. Which is to say that the bankers is that short lapse of time cleaned up a cool \$1,500,000. The government press of Uruguay received this news joyfully, declaring that the incident was proof of the solvency of the country. In reality it is no more than a proof of the strong imperialist development of the United States.

In conclusion, we reaffirm that the loan has worsened the economic situation of the workers for the 34 years that it will run. And that, therefore, the loan constitutes a battle won by Yankee capital against the proletariat of Uruguay.

In this respect, our Communist Party of Uruguay has carried out an agitation against the loan. For the First of May demonstrations it raised the slogans—"Down with the loan!" "Down with Yankee imperialism!"

But the protests of our working class, yet politically weak, have not prevented the course of things. As in all conflicts of interest between capitalism and the proletariat, it was a question of force. The interests of the bourgeoisie, therefore, triumphed, as they are the stronger at present.

The Story of Labor Day

Decorated by O'Zim.

THURBER LEWIS



THERE is more than one way in which the capitalists have time and again attempted to thwart the ambitions of labor. Wherever it seemed impossible or undesirable to attack labor headlong and directly, the master class would proceed in a roundabout way, but always pursuing the same objective, which is to prevent the crystallization of class consciousness and class organization among the workers.

Labor Day was conceived as labor's day. It promised to become, like May Day, a symbol of working class solidarity against the capitalist class. But it didn't. The capitalists together with their henchmen in the labor movement have accepted Labor Day as their own day, and in doing so have killed the soul of what should have become a day of real working class struggle.

Labor Day was made into a perfunctory, official holiday. It has become a legal holiday by act of congress and the legislatures of thirty-two states. The banks observe it. Everything is closed down. Factories stop. The mines are shut. None but the wheels of necessary transportation move.

But not because the workers will it. Not because of a show of main strength by the toilers in whose name this hollow tribute is observed. No! The factories close, the working class rests on that day because the masters themselves recognize the day and rest also. However, as the American labor movement becomes more militant and conscious, Labor Day also will become transformed into a day of struggle against capitalism.

How did Labor Day come about?

It was first suggested in the New York Central Labor Union in May, 1852. On the first Monday of the following September, a parade was arranged that terminated in a picnic at which speeches were made by labor orators. Two years later, in 1854, the American Federation of Labor, sitting in convention declared the first Monday of every September, Labor Day. In the resolution all wage earners, regardless of sex, race or nationality, were urged to observe the day until it should become as

common as July 4th. Various states were persuaded to make the day a legal holiday.

So far so good. Labor Day celebrations were held in all the large cities. Some of them were impressive. The movement was young and virile. In the early eighties it was picking up steam for the battles to be fought at the end of that decade. In 1886, a huge parade was held on Labor Day in New York, which was made part of the campaign to elect Henry George mayor of New York City. Sam Gompers was there and aided in the campaign. Injunctions were being used on a wide scale and with impunity in a number of strikes that year in New York. "Down with Injunctions" was one of the slogans of the day. Gompers spoke from the same platform with Henry George and told the workers to violate the injunctions.

Then came the eight-hour movement. The American Federation of Labor was the initiator and the moving spirit of this memorable campaign. The Knights of Labor, grown to great power by this time, made a fatal error in refusing to participate officially in the movement for the eight hour day. But the A. F. of L. went forward with the preparations for the calling of a nation-wide eight-hour strike on May 1, 1886. May 1 was the logical time, with summer in the offing to fight the battle rather than winter with winter around the corner. That is how May Day came to be. And that is how May Day superceded Labor Day—why May Day is part of the flesh and blood of the movement. But Labor Day was continued. Yes. But that is another story.

The strike was called. The response was enthusiastic. Great gains were won for the workers. But on the 3rd of May came the Haymarket—the bloody conspiracy against again a handful of virile, revolutionary leaders of the workers that was in fact aimed at the growing militancy of the workers' movement in general and the eight-hour campaign in particular. The reaction to this violent reprisal was terrific, and there followed several years of inaction.

Nevertheless, at the convention of the A. F.

of L., in 1889, the lull was broken and it was decided to proceed with the eight-hour campaign. One union at a time was to make the attempt until eight hours had become the universal work day. The Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners was chosen to call an eight-hour strike on May 1, 1890. Samuel Gompers addressed a request to the International Labor Congress, meeting in Paris, to aid the movement by calling mass meetings and demonstrations throughout Europe. The congress granted the request. The eight-hour strike was declared. More gains were made for eight hours in the building trades and great demonstrations of solidarity and support were staged throughout Europe. From then on May Day has been kept sacred by the militant European workers.

But what happened in the United States? After one more unsuccessful attempt, with the miners in the leading role in 1891, the eight-hour movement was abandoned. The militancy of the American Federation of Labor was dead. May Day was forgotten. In 1894, the United States congress enacted a law declaring Labor Day a holiday in the District of Columbia and the Territories. Perhaps the memory of May Day, 1888 and the fear that that day would come to be a tradition in this country as it had already become in Europe had something to do with this decision. The A. F. of L. was satisfied. This gift of the bosses fitted with the slogan, "A fair day's work for a fair day's pay." The perfunctory annual observation of an official holiday began and May Day was left to the revolutionary section of the American labor movement to keep alive.

From time to time, in various localities, Labor Day parades and celebrations have taken on a militant hue. They have occasionally been genuine workers' demonstrations, occurring in the midst of struggle, and serving as a means to unite masses of workers for a single purpose. But these occasions have been rare. For the most part, Labor Day parades are routine affairs conducted in each city by the central labor body which appoints a committee to arrange a parade and usually a picnic for

it to wind up in. The speeches are the flat, colorless and highly eulogistic type of oratory, that slightly altered and spoken by different (but not always) persons, are heard on the Fourth of July or Decoration Day.

During the war, notably in the year 1918, Labor Day was used by officials of the American Federation of Labor as an occasion to rally the workers to "help win the war." The day was made over into a militaristic demonstration on behalf of the "War for Democracy." The American Federation of Labor officialdom and all the little petty officials were hand in glove with J. P. Morgan trying to win an imperialist war. Since that time, Labor Days have been hardly less servile in spirit, altho they of course lack the blood and thunder of that disgraceful spectacle.

In recent years many local labor bodies have lost even the incentive to arrange parades on the day. In Chicago, for example, the question of a parade has been a disputed question. There has been no parade for five years. In several more years Labor Day promises to be nothing more than a mere bank holiday.

Such, in brief, is the record of Labor Day. Indeed, Labor Day has traced from year to year, a veritable picture of the A. F. of L. Today the effete Labor Day of 1926 epitomizes the effete A. F. of L. of 1926. It is not our present job to go into the why of it. It is enough to say that the end of the militancy of the official labor movement approximates the beginning of the United States on its career as an imperialist capitalist power.

New blood is needed. The present officialdom of the American Federation of Labor is a dead and bloodless hand guiding a movement grown sluggish thru too much patronage from the master class.

And that new blood, when it cuts off the dead hand and revitalizes the American Federation of Labor with the fighting traditions of its youth and the fire of struggle, will transform even Labor Day into a day of demonstration against capitalism, and will also observe in a real militant way the day of international working class solidarity—May Day.

Passaic Strikers' Reply to Mill Bosses

By MARY HEATON VORSE.

LAST week the mill-owners of Passaic defied public opinion thruout the country by refusing to deal with either the Lauck committee or the American Federation of Labor. They threw a challenge to the 16,000 striking textile workers of Passaic and to every conscious working man and woman of this country. To the letter sent by the plenary committee proposing negotiations toward a strike settlement, Charles F. Johnson, vice-president of Botany Mills, stated arrogantly, "as far as we are concerned the strike is over."

Early in the evening the streets near the mills were full of people going in one direction. These were the striking textile workers going to Belmont Park to give their answer to Johnson of the Botany Mills as to whether or not the strike is over. The streets are full of people. Women walking in couples, heads up, stepping out in wide springy footsteps. Streets full of people walking with purpose. They are gay and they laugh. These are happy people walking toward Belmont Park. It gets to be a procession. Thousands on thousands of people are coming together to tell the mill owners what they think of this new carefully planned offensive. It was a move calculated to break strike morale. Let the workers believe that there will be a settlement. Indicate that if their leaders will step aside that the mill owners will deal with the American Federation of Labor. Bring the striking textile workers to a high pitch of hope and enthusiasm, then as victory approaches snatch it away. Snatch it away just as they are about to change leadership. Separate them from the leaders by the pretext of settlement and don't give them a settlement. That ought to break the workers' spirit, especially workers who have been on strike seven months. So the bosses thought.

The crowd going toward Belmont Park does not look as if it's morale had been shaken. Thousands on thousands of people are there and more are coming. They stand quiet behind the high palings that shut the Park from the street. The tall trees spire above them. Dark trees form a background for the thousands of strikers' families gathered there.

A car drives up, the speakers are getting out. A murmur runs through the children, "Elizabeth Gurley Flynn." When the children here have grand children her name will still be a beloved name among the textile workers of New Jersey. The children who meet here every night to cheer the speakers, and especially to wait for Albert Weisbord, set up a shout. The crowd opens to let the speakers through. Women put beautiful bouquets of flowers, zenias and dahlias, into their hands. On the platform are the leaders the waiting people know and trust. They have been with them all the long months of the strike. Alfred Wagenknecht, relief director; Robert Dunn of the Civil Liberties; Elizabeth Gurley Flynn. Rank and file leaders from the Botany Mills, from the Forstmann & Huffmann Mills, are talking to the crowd. They catch the mood of the calm, assured thousands, the

they fall, it is without knowing that their fall pours forth into space a silent song great as the songs of Homer.

In the resistance of giddiness; before the enchantments of the fire, where sweat the faces of hard toilers, and whose active flame casts reflections on the hidden bodies, all these are the men who bear the grief of the world. In their spirit lives the millenary religion whose Messiah has not yet come: justice. Their dream is to hope for it, their passion to establish it. They are capable of dying gladly for their. What more powerful spirit can give to art its inspiration?

young local speakers laugh at the Botany offensive.

The listening crowd stands there, easy as on top of the world. Their laughing calm is more formidable than the grey powerful picket lines. They have victory in their eyes; they have victory in their step: They laugh. Their faces have lost the anxious look.

There has never been a strike like this. Never in the history of this country or any other, can you find a strike where the workers would stand secure and laughing in face of an offensive like today's, made after seven months. They have the serenity of the invincible.

What a sight to look down on! Literally a sea of faces. Every one is here; not part of the people, but everybody, mothers, fathers, children carrying on the strike together. Not just the men, with the women sitting at home seething in their hearts, strikebreaking in their hearts. The women in this fight have matched the men. They stand here quiet, clear-eyed. They have lost the mill pallor; they are people of defiance, they have the security that comes from strength.

The sky grows darker, the electric lights are lit. A shout echoes through the town. It rises and swells. The young leader is being carried to the platform by his fellow workers. Elizabeth Flynn has just finished speaking. She has brought word that Miss Wilkinson, representing the striking miners of England, will bring their greetings to their striking brothers and sisters in Passaic.

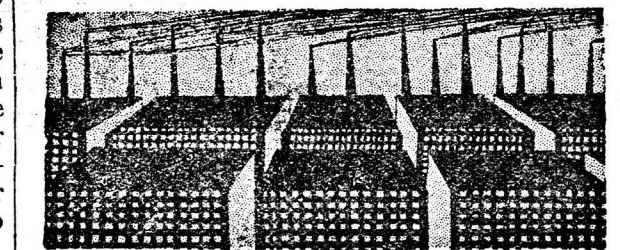


She finishes and her place is taken by Weisbord.

What a jolly crowd, they take active part in the meeting, shouting out full-throated answers to the speakers' questions. There is a constant response, a give and take between the speaker and listeners that is unlike the usual stolid passivity of the average audiences. These thousands of people standing here so quiet and assured, so alive, send up a stream of affection and trust toward their leaders.

Weisbord is explaining that tomorrow the registration for the United Textile Workers will begin. Another shout goes up. The workers of Passaic are not alone in their fight against Mr. Johnson's "new policy." It is as though side by side with this great crowd stood invincible the other workers who made this sight possible.

Who said you can't buy health? Who said happiness couldn't be bought? No, maybe you can't buy it, but you can give it. Did you go down in your pocket for Passaic? Did you give up something you needed for Passaic? Look at the Passaic workers, then you will see that the strike money can buy health and high courage to laugh at this last and most vicious attack of the bosses. The strikers answer to them is a shout from the thousands of throats of "Union! Union! Union!"



Art and Labor

EVER since people have been people, how many have realized that that which is most beautiful in the world is labor? Throughout the centuries, art has knelt before the woman, the warrior, the star. Has it knelt before the laborer? Are the fearless firemen a less heroic sight than the military encounter? From the face of the kneeling donors, one can tell what faith was. But what picture has been left to us to show the person who loved his occupation, the transfigured being enraptured by his beautiful work?

Each day, the worker consummates with his hands the welfare of the world. And it is to him that art will owe its new life. The spectacles of love, of prayer are exhausted for the artist. Who has worshipped the dolorous beauty of the trades? After so many out-worn images, here is the renaissance: The blast furnace opens its mouth from which a tongue of flame leaps out at the fearless men. The smoke stack blows towards the sky its great laugh of sparks which the birds overleap. In the midst of the white steam, the linen weaver appears. Half-dressed, in the moist incubus of her misty loom, the moving solutions illuminate her livid countenance.

Those who do not wish to find in Socialism the loftiest mysticism; the mysticism of the idea of justice, and those who oppose to it the respect for income, hold themselves triumphant in this affirmation:

It leads the world to ugliness. Through it art would perish.

We must beseech them not to cling so much without clearly ascertaining to what. What is their art? The novels where three hundred pages are necessary to learn whether the viscountess trifles with the baron or with the marquis, or with both. The plays in which a married woman discovers, during four acts, reasons to her liking for sleeping out.

This world is no longer capable of invention. Is it necessary to meditate so long before contemporary art to see that for it also the revolution will be salubrious. Its spent soul searches impotently after pornographic diversions. Let us delight in the healthy destroyer who will achieve its destruction. That which deserves to die ought to die. The world must be born anew.

The poets of the agricultural races have kissed the earth; and those of warlike peoples, ennobled murder. The writers of our indus-

trial race confine themselves to erotic amusements.

The condition of labor produces the permanent struggle between work and leisure. How many people will be allowed meditation by the shortest working day? And what art will come from this meditation of the people? The crowd which deals with reality supports the immured artists, ink-splashed, who spend their lives passing from a study filled with books to a salon filled with women. The dead mason, in erecting the story where they now write, has completed a drama as they will never write it.

What grandeur there is in the consciousness of the craft? No one yet has caused this beauty to dominate us. For, those who accomplish it are vowed to silence.

Ceasing to reproduce the gesticulations of idlers and to invent the psychology of stockholders, art is going to rediscover the times in which it was the sublimation of labor, labor of the soil, labor of war. The drama of the workshop is on the same plane as the Iliad.

The people who today hold reality in their hands, who endure the shock of the stone that falls and the engine that bursts, are the poets

By PIERRE HAMP

with sealed lips. There is a tragic harmony in their hidden suffering.

Their pain precedes the light. They come in the agitated hour of dawn. In the factory, their tramping changes to motionless transmissions. The habitual motion of the machinist feels the serrated screw-nut to the last thread.

It is the hour. The slow starting of the motion-rod displays the light-colored oil on the white, smooth surface. The fly-wheel winds its cables onto its spokes which accelerate themselves, great side-rods shooting out as if to seize an unattainable ideal. The looms go. The noise of the workshop in the open morning seems like the buzzing of an insect with black wings.

Who will tell of the lost paradise of this humanity? But see the good gang of workmen labor:

Six steel frame-workers bolt a high beam. Under them the abyss where flocks pass by. Their dozen arms obey a single spirit, the spirit of the trade. He who misses here falls and kills the others. Against risk, they are armed with skill. Their motions set, one in rhythm with the other, form themselves into a single motion. Nothing is so beautiful as labor. If

The Factory Incident A Story

By MAX GELTMAN

CHITO BARBADO was up early that sunny July morning. And as he neared the Y— Electric Co., where he worked, he could see some of his friends, already there, laughing, joking with one another, and in general enjoying the beauty of that July morning. As he came within speaking distance of his fellow-workers they greeted him with: "Buenos dias, Chito! Como esta." "Estoy bien"—I am well—he answered, and putting his strong arm around Benito's shoulders he gave him a hug which made Benito wince.

Chito took pride in his great strength. Not a bullying pride, but rather the pride of one who knows his own strength and uses it as a means of producing material good, and protecting one's self and one's friends. Chito, from pure joy of his physical well-being, stood on his toes and stretched his bronze-brown arms skyward, playing each muscle in the sun, which gave him the appearance of a Meunier statue. Chito was proud of his two strong arms, arms which stamped out more manganese bobbins than any other man in the stamping room. Chito's pride was a just pride—it was a craftsman's pride—a creator's pride.

More men had gathered. And, as was usual on those mornings when a number of them were early to work, they took to boxing and wrestling with one another. Chito spotted Tony, an exceptionally well-built young Italian, and asked him if he would wrestle. Tony accepted and soon the whole gang of men were around them, forming a ring, in which the two men, Tony and Chito, wrestled.

Now one was on the floor, now the other. "Come on, Chito." "Hold him, Tony!" "Attaboy, Chito! You've got him." "Yea!" Chito had shouldered Tony. Chito then helped Tony from the ground and they put their arms around each other's shoulders and just then the 7:55 bell rang—time to work—and thus they entered the factory, the gang of men following.

Chito, having donned his working clothes, walked over to his stamping machine, his lips puckered up whistling a Spanish love song. He sat down at his machine, waiting for the

power to be put on. And as he sat thus he could remember how, three years ago in the town of Mayaguez, in Porto Rico, having taken Ampara to the seashore and embracing her now and then with those strong, passionate arms of his. B-r-r—the power was on and the picture faded slowly from his memory. Time and again during that morning it would bob up, and each time he would have to perk his head down to that manganese-devouring monster, the machine. But it was hot, especially in that manganese-laden room. The black dust stuffed up his nostrils. No wonder, then, that Chito should find himself nodding, and trying to force back those grass-green thoughts which entered his head here in this manganese-black room.

It was eleven o'clock, busiest time of the day. The machines were whirling and stamping, cutting and grinding, a noisome din in an airless hole. Chito was not putting out as much bobbings as usual. Chito's head felt heavy. Maybe it was the heat, or the exertion in the morning. He shook his head severely and decided to make up his loss, for he was working piece-work. He began pushing more manganese toward the mixing knife of the machine; more and yet more, and c-r-r-r-r-n-ch! b-r-r-r-r!—a nausea came over him and like a flash the memory of his right arm embracing Ampara fitted thru his mind, and he fainted.

When Chito awoke he found himself lying on a white cot, his two friends, Benito and Tony standing tight-lipped over him. He felt a hot stinging sensation thru his body. And as if in the distance he saw a woman in white moving. He could not at first make out what was wrong. He felt as if he was being weighted down, his body felt so heavy. And then, noticing Benito, he wanted to beckon to him to come over, and it was just then that he became conscious that his right arm was gone. He let out a maddening shriek—a shriek of fear and hatred. It was an animal yell—a death yell—blood-curdling, maddening, full of hatred—civilized human

hatred. And moaning a few times, "ay dios mio, ay dios mio," he fainted. "You men go down and continue your work." This from the superintendent to Benito and Tony. A faint, "Yes, sir," and they left. "Well, what shall we do with him?" This from the nurse to the superintendent.

"We've sent for some of his family, and an ambulance. They should be here any minute. I'll be too busy downstairs to be bothered, so you can just see that he (pointing to Chito) is taken to the hospital, and if the relatives start becoming fussy, call up an officer. Good-day." "Good-day, sir."

On Militarism

To A Nine-Inch Gun

Whether your shell hits the target or not,
Your cost is five hundred dollars a shot.
Your thing of noise and flame and power,
We feed you a hundred barrels of flour
Each time your roar. Your flame is fed
With twenty thousand loaves of bread.
Silence! A million hungry men
Seek bread to fill their mouths again.

—P. F. McCarthy.

You will be given rifles; take them and learn how to use them. Military science is indispensable to proletarians, but not for shooting on their own brothers, or on the workers of other countries, . . . as you are advised to do by the social traitors. You must learn how to fight against the bourgeoisie of your own country, so as to put an end to exploitation. Poverty and wars, not by pious resolutions, but by overcoming and disarming the bourgeoisie.

—Nicolai Lenin.

RED PEPPER

The upper classes are becoming more snobbish. The woman who raised her eyebrow is now having her face lifted.

During the Eucharistic Congress the Pope allowed Chicago catholics a special dispensation from fasting. They met on a Friday.

The money the congress will bring the catholic church suggests that the Pope's representative might become known not as Cardinal Bonzano—but Bonanza.

General von Ludendorff is reported to be married again. Militarism always looks for war.

The British miners refuse to begin digging until the mine-owners dig down to dig up a raise.

—WALT CARMON.

A War Cry for Women

By ELEN HEACH

I HAVE read the story of "Peter, How Great, Sublime." Will you now publish the story of woman's greatness. Not alone one woman, but tens, hundreds of women. I was in a general strike in Belgium some years ago. The gendarmes rode the big Belgian horses into their midst, crushing, killing, oh, so many heroic women. Said one brother, "Look what we do for you." This man was a union man, he spoke to three of his brothers, big, strong men. "Look at the killer of women, come, brothers, each of us four take the horses by the legs, one man to each leg." These men sprang to the work. The officers knew what was coming to them and again tried to ride them down, the men. It would not work; burly bodies of Belgian men workers grabbed the horses by the legs and in a second of time over went the horse and the rider together.

Then came an army of women, "To the river," they cried. "To the Skelde," rounding up the scattering foe, their throats spitting fire as they rushed, the wives of the Belgian strikers pushing and prodding on the strikebreakers to the banks of the River Skelde. "Now, in with them," one screamed. "In with them," they all screamed, and as one woman a hundred women drove 30 or more strikebreakers into the waters, wading waist deep to keep the enemy's heads under to their last gasp. Then came the song:

"Arise ye Workers of Starvation,
Arise ye wretched of the Earth
Justice thunders Condemnation
A better World's in Birth."

Womanhood gone astray with revenge? No, no, justice had spoken

in their act. Let justice speak in all countries where strikebreakers supported by authorized governments go out to kill men and women and little children workers.

HERE'S another instance of the working woman's courage. Courage in action. It was at a large, enthusiastic meeting of strikers in Antwerp. There was a dearth of men workers, union workers ready to serve on committees. In the audience they sat, these brave men, yet afraid to act together. Their wives were sitting with them. "Come up to the platform" cried the chairman of the meeting, "more men are needed here with their promise to walk out and stay out till victory is theirs." Still some of the men hung back. They had families of little children and they feared not for themselves, but for their children. A woman sat in the midst of other women; her husband was at one side of her. He hung back and slowly shook his head at the woman. She sprang to her feet, she cried out aloud, "More men for the strike, more for the committees, more pledges against the common enemy." Then, turning to her husband, she spoke, pointing her finger to the platform, "Your place is up there." "Your place is up there." The husband sprang to his feet and went forward.

"Don't shilly-shally, Wendell," said Ann Phillips in a message to her husband, caught in a riot of "Broadcloth Mob" in the famous Faneuil Hall of Boston. She spoke from a sick bed, but her voice rang thru the hall as her message was delivered: "Don't shilly-shally." A slogan for these United States working women.

THE TINY WORKER

A Weekly

Edited by Isadore Betz, Los Angeles, Cal.

Johnny Red, Assistant.

Vol. 1.

Saturday, September 4, 1926

No. 15

HIP, HIP, HOO-
RAY!

Another little comrade joins us for the first time. These nice little things are

By MARGARET JOHNSON, Ashland, Wis.—Age 10.

A POEM

Roses are red,
Violets are blue,
I am a Bolshevik
And so are you!

SOMETHING ELSE

By MARGIE

One day in school teacher said that God made the grass grow. George said: "No, the workers made the grass grow by working the fields."

SPECIAL NEXT WEEK

Beckie Mudman, only 10 years old, will tell how she joined the Young Pioneers. It's fine. And other good things too! Get this issue.



HORSES!

Shorty Martin asked a boss for a job.

"Sure," said the boss, "we'll give you a job. Report at 7 in the morning. You work until 5. The work is hard for a little fellow but it will make a man of you. Your pay will be only \$3 a week but if you work hard you will advance."
Shorty looked at him and said: "Say, mister, you don't need a boy. You need . . . horses . . . horses!"

Here's another nice thing by clever little Rose Horowitz of Rochester. Sing it to the tune of "Barney Google."

Keep cool with Coolidge
He's an A-1 capitalist tool
He clubs the workers
According to his rule
They must give up their daily bread
To give the grafters a soft bed
Silent Calvin, the well known open shopper.

BIG EXTRA!

We get a few very nice little things from Minnie Rarasick, district Pioneer director of Los Angeles. Her little Reds are fine. Here's an essay on the "Boy Cooties" (I mean Boy Scouts) by Isadore Betz, age 10, which makes him editor of this issue of the TINY WORKER.

THE BOY SCOUTS

The scouts are organized to help the bosses. When they go to the camp they try to get other children to join. There they get training. The Young Pioneers sometimes join the Scouts and try to organize them into Pioneer groups. We can get a lot of members if we talk to the Boy Scouts and show them what their organization is doing.

—Isadore Betz, age 10.



This is Saturday—Johnny Red's Clothes are on the wash-line.

A Daily Paper of South Slav Workers

THE STORY OF RADNIK

By S. ZENICH.

IT was in 1905 and 1906 that the social-democratic movement in the South Slavic parts of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy began to develop with rapidity. Up to then there had been a very small number of the workers around the social-democratic party while the party was young, inexperienced, and its official leaders already leaning to the bourgeoisie, altho that movement itself had been persecuted by the government.

Their leaders came mostly from the ranks of the bourgeoisie and from the liberal intellectuals. The most prominent of these were: Duraj Demetrovich (now one of the leaders of the Croatian fascisti); William Bugshek, supporter of the government during and after the world war; Vitomir Korach, later a member of the Belgrade fascist government (now, as a former minister of social affairs, on the government payroll); Edbin and Anton Kristan, now both in the service of the Belgrade government, and some others. All of them have become traitors to the workers and peasants, but they were the leaders of the social-democratic party.

Nevertheless, the movement slowly but definitely became a mass movement which created its own leaders.

The masses were driven by exploitation to consciousness and struggle. Their wages were small—\$1, \$1.25 and \$1.50 for fourteen hours work—these were the wages of the workers. They had no labor unions, they did not understand the English language at all: they were exploited in all aspects of their life.

These conditions forced to the fore new leaders. One of these new leaders that developed from the ranks was a printer, Milan Glumac-Jurishich.

From the very beginning of his affiliation with the movement he was very active and showed initiative. He never was satisfactory to the official leaders of the party because he did not agree with their reformistic attitude. He was more revolutionary and was considered by party leaders a hot-headed, uncontrolled enthusiast. The government called him a dangerous socialist and sometimes an anarchist.

From the beginning he was isolated in the party, but he was a real fighter in the eyes of the broad masses. In proportion as the party developed into a mass party Milan Glumac became more dangerous to the reformist leaders.

In the meantime in the United States there were hundreds of thousands of Jugo-Slav workers. All large cities and industrial centers, especially Chicago, Pittsburgh, Milwaukee and Detroit, were inhabited by Jugo-Slav wage slaves. In these cities were some workers (qualified to follow a trade) who were members of the social-democratic party and labor unions in Europe. They felt it necessary to organize Jugo-Slav workers into political organizations of the workers.

Exploitation of the workers became more and more intense. Not only American exploiters but new Jugo-Slav agents of the bourgeoisie attacked the interests of the workers. Money exchangers, real estate salesmen, builders of new "banks" and churches, and representatives of various political groups in Austria-Hungary—these gentlemen were very busy trying to win over the workers.

Of course, the conditions of the workers and peasants were such that they inevitably were forced to create their own leaders. The wages were small, working hours long and the peasantry carried burdens of taxes and military expenses. The leaders were not revolutionists—all that was a condition for the development of new leaders.

In the city of Pittsburgh there was organized the first Croatian Workers' Club. Pittsburgh was followed by Chicago and general sentiment for independent workers' organization existed in all larger towns and cities where lived Jugo-Slav workers.

During the short time of activities of those clubs it became necessary to have a workers' paper thru which the new idea of socialism could be spread. But there was lack of money and there

was no capable man who could edit such a paper.

That fact was one more argument for the necessity of a workers' paper which would defend their interests.

The Croatian Workers' Education Club of Pittsburgh finally decided, first, to secure one good editor from Europe and, second, to organize a workers' federation on a national scale. Communication had been established between C. W. E. C. at Pittsburgh and the central executive committee of the social-democratic party in Croatia (part of which was Austria-Hungary and is now part of Jugo-Slavia).

Social-democratic leaders such as they were did not believe in the success of the C. W. E. C. in Pittsburgh, but they did not refuse to send one of their capable comrades. To get rid of him the central executive committee

sharp, clear and enthusiastic articles in the paper were swallowed by the workers like hot cakes. Organizations were built in all larger cities of this country.

One thing was characteristic of Radnicka Straza during the editorship of Milan Glumac—the writings of the paper were not fully in the spirit of the socialist party. Glumac said many times: "The socialist party is too soft for the capitalist class and its agents." He was a left socialist in spirit and conceptions of struggle against the capitalists.

Until 1912 the South Slav Socialist Federation grew numerically and the subscriptions increased to 3,000.

Nevertheless the sickness of Comrade Glumac forced him first to a farm, then to California, where he could not remain because he was isolated from the movement. He came

Real Estate

By HERSELL BEK.

Men who go by the name of brokers,
on the corners of Main Street,
in offices with "Real Estate"
written in gold on the plate glass windows,
Bargain and barter in slices of earth,
And the slices pass from hand to hand,
And each soft hand takes an easy rake-off
of so many dollars of easy gain.

And a grimy miner,
And a steel worker,
After a hard day's work,
Go home along Main Street,
To their flats in a tenement house,
And they ask themselves questions,
"Why is the rent so high?"
"And where is the rent to come from?"

And the wind whistles answers in the
night,
Answers they cannot understand,
And men who go by the name of brokers,
Keep on buying and selling slices of earth,
And each soft hand . . .

of the social-democratic party decided to send Milan Glumac-Jurishich.

Milan Glumac-Jurishich had been convinced of his success since he came to America. In 1907 he was in Pittsburgh. The same year the W. E. C. was organized in Chicago and definite preparations had been made for other cities. In 1908 the C. E. F. (Croatian Educational Federation) was organized and its official organ was issued—Radnicka Straza (The Workingclass Guard). The editor of the paper was Comrade Milan Glumac-Jurishich. At once he became a leader of the Jugo-Slav workers in this country.

In its first year Radnicka Straza was issued twice a month in half newspaper size. The next year—1909—the South Slavic Socialist Federation was definitely organized and affiliated to the socialist party of America. In the meantime, Radnicka Straza became a large weekly paper (like the Radnik or The DAILY WORKER now, in four pages). The socialist movement among the workers became a fact.

Radnicka Straza was born in a hard time. In 1907-10 there was great unemployment in this country. Workers were hungry and desperate; the ignorance of the workers was still strong; religion, patriotism and general backwardness ruled supreme among the workers. But the activity of the comrades under the leadership of Comrade Glumac never ceased. They were very active. Glumac himself was editor and printer of the paper. He worked for four or five dollars a week, with which he had to support his family and pay expenses for medicine and doctor (he had tuberculosis). Many times he gave money to hungry comrades. Radnicka Straza, under his editorship, was a strong whip in the hands of the socialists against the Jugo-Slav priests, business men, speculators and bourgeois in general. The paper gained daily in influence among the masses. Short,

back to Chicago and finally died in January, 1924.

His successor as editor of Radnicka Straza was Theodore Cvetkov, at present a renegade to the Communist movement. Cvetkov was a pacifist by soul and an opportunist by political conceptions. After the death of Glumac the fighting spirit of the movement declined to a great degree.

In 1915-16 came the discussion and split in the South Slavic Socialist Federation. Two wings were created—a right-social-patriotic wing, with Kristan and B. Savich at the head, and a pacifist-opportunist centrist wing with Cvetkov at the head.

In 1917 Radnicka Straza was suppressed by the authorities and Nova Misao (New Thought) was issued. After the first number Nova Misao was also suppressed and Znanje (Knowledge) was issued. Znanje was as large as Radnicka Straza in 1917.

From that time up to 1922 Znanje was issued. The editors of it were T. Cvetkov and Geo. Kutuzovich, who became a renegade to the movement in 1923. Parallel to the left wing in the socialist party the left wing movement among the South Slavic workers developed. The Cvetkovites were very weak as compared to the influence of the left. The Jugo-Slav workers became class conscious to the degree that they knew that bolshevism is the solution for them. During the world war they passed thru hard experiences; they were attacking the pacifism of Cvetkov, the membership were with Cvetkov because of his anti-militarist attitude. But the membership felt that pacifism cannot save the working class from the heel of imperialism.

The workers passed thru great experiences. The American capitalist class persecuted them. Those who were for the allies were forced into the army and forced to contribute special war donations; those who were for the central powers (Austria-Hungary and Germany) were threatened

with jail, persecution, and many of them deported to Georgia prisons, etc.; internationalist workers (followers of the left wing in the socialist party) were under the most terrible conditions, blockaded from all sides by the enemies not only on the part of American capitalist servants, but by Jugo-Slav dollar patriots and priests.

These conditions were the main reason for the large influence of social-patriotism on one side and pacifism on the other. The left wing had no leadership, had no full and correct political line because it was just beginning to develop. Later on the left wing became stronger and stronger and finally became a real power among the Jugo-Slav workers in this country.

The South Slavic Socialist (International) Federation as a whole became a part of the left wing in the socialist party. Later on the federation was affiliated to the Communist Party of America and from that time remained an active section of the American Communist movement.

In 1921 the decision was made to change Znanje to Radnik and that instead of a weekly it should be a tri-weekly.

Cvetkov and his followers were opposed to both changes. In connection with other political and principal differences, the question of the press was one of the most important. For nearly one year the fight went on and finally Cvetkov left the party and the federation. Some of his followers went with him. All of them declared that the South Slavic Federation would collapse, that Radnick would not be able to continue publication three times a week. Their demoralizing, pessimistic and opportunistic attitude did not destroy the movement. They did not even succeed in splitting it, because the membership stood strong for Communism and party policy and discipline was sufficiently applied. But they succeeded to a certain extent in isolating the federation and in shaking its morale. Nevertheless, altho very slowly but positively the federation became stronger in all ways.

Radnik as a tri-weekly paper, with a better political line, better articles and greater spirit step by step breaking down the walls of isolation, became a more popular organ. The ranks of the membership became closer and politically stronger.

In 1926 the Bureau of the South Slavic Fraction (former federation) came to the conclusion that Radnik should become a daily. The 1st of May was selected as the date. In reality, on the 1st of May, 1926, Radnik became a daily. The enthusiasm of the membership and subscribers, as a whole, was such that about \$10,000 was collected for the daily, altho the Jugo-Slav workers gave for the International Labor Defense at least \$10,000 and for The DAILY WORKER at least \$5,000 and for strikes and other campaigns a great sum of money. We must have in mind unemployment, also the offensive of the entire reaction and bourgeoisie (including opportunists in various forms).

Radnik is a daily. Its policy is the policy of the Workers (Communist) Party of America. It becomes more and more a mass organ of the Jugo-Slav workers in this country. More than that, Radnik is becoming a Communist (Bolshevik) paper. Its influence reaches the Jugo-Slav workers in South America, Australia, New Zealand, not to speak about Canada, Jugo-Slavia and even Soviet Russia. Radnik has connections with Jugo-Slav workers in all those countries.

The conditions of the workers are forcing them to come nearer to the vanguard of their class. Radnik is trying, with success, to reach all the Jugo-Slav workers in this country, to organize them for class struggle against the capitalists.

The fighting spirit of Milan Glumac-Jurishich, the first editor of Radnik (Radnicka Straza), combined with the Communist idea, principles and politics, is leading the Jugo-Slav workers into the ranks of the Workers (Communist) Party of America in the strug-

WHAT AND HOW TO READ

By ARTHUR W. CALHOUN.

NOW we come to a book that some of the comrades have stigmatized as the gospel of class collaboration. You won't know what to say about that till you have read the book, but suppose that as you go you keep in mind three questions: (1) Did the authors intend class collaboration? (2) Would the book tend toward class collaboration if its teachings were generally accepted? (3) Can we make any sound use of the material in it? It may sometimes happen that the same book can be used as a text-book in class collaboration or as a text-book in class struggle, according to the disposition of the students and teachers.

The book in question is Hamilton & May's "Control of Wages," one of the numbers on the "Workers' Bookshelf" of the Workers' Education Bureau. As you read the first two or three chapters see whether you can find anything to explain the new interest in economics, both on the part of business interests and on the part of labor. How much hinges on the question whether labor is a commodity or not? How does the traditional business view about wages differ from the labor and "social" views? What motives do you detect in the orthodox explanations of why wages are what they are? What difference does it make whether there are any natural laws determining wage levels? In so far as there are such laws, where must we look for them? Perhaps it will appear as a result of this study that labor's choice is between trying to make itself a more valuable commodity and trying to get rid of the wage system.

As you proceed with chapters IV and V, try to get a clear picture of the possible sources from which the workers might possibly gain wage increments. Supposing it were possible to pare away unnecessary income of property and privilege to the limit, how nearly would the needs of labor be met? You may not like the author's emphasis on the smallness of the total amount available for annexation; but remember what we said in an earlier number: that even in the United States, the richest country in the world, the total annual product is at best barely sufficient to give the whole population a decent living even if all injustice in apportionment were done away with.

Now why has labor been more interested in attempts to change the distribution of wealth than in efforts to increase production? Under what conditions might labor safely face the problem of efficiency of production? To what extent have labor and the technicians common interests as against management and the property holders? Assuming that labor could in various ways promote increase of industrial efficiency, do you find in that fact any guarantee that the benefits will accrue to labor? These questions are of practical significance. A year ago the B. & O. plan was a flowery gospel. Today it is beginning to sound like a battleground. It may turn out that experiments with union-management co-operation will put a new edge on the class struggle in the form of a battle over the fruits.

When you come to chapters VI and VII of Hamilton and May you face the problem of a general strategy of the economic system. Is it necessary for labor to have a general economic philosophy? How would you characterize the reorganization contemplated by the authors? Is it reasonable to expect a rational, orderly solution along logical lines? Would labor domination mean an automatic end of economic injustice?

In chapters VIII, IX and X we arrive at a theory of wages. We see that it is necessary to figure in not merely the amount of money in the pay envelope, but also what the money will buy, and besides this we need to count the things the worker gets without paying the bill out of his own pocket. Are free schools, libraries, etc., under capitalism a benefit to the worker? How much would a Communist society increase the number of services furnished free to the com-

munity? How would it change their nature?

After you have taken everything about the workers' income into account, sum up in one sentence the wage theory that emerges. What use can you make of such a theory by way of propaganda? Could you apply it effectively to the workers' struggle in a particular industry?

Then come chapters XI and XII, which offer an approach to a policy for labor. What sort of internal and external adjustments would organized labor have to undertake in order to get itself into a position to act advantageously on the analysis provided in this book? How far can inventive and constructive functions be performed by a militant labor organization? How would you decide in a given case how much emphasis to put on getting something away from the employer as compared with promoting an increase of efficiency? How much weight would you give to arguments about "fairness," "right," "justice"? What would you say to the authors' argument for reform as contrasted with revolution? Is their viewpoint a labor viewpoint?

On the home stretch, through chap-

ters XIII-XV, ask yourself finally whether this book is a treatise on class collaboration. How much of a clue would it give to the sort of analysis of economic function necessary under a workers' commonwealth? What are the chances of the workers going in for production? If they do, will their co-operation with management allay the class conflict or will it open

up new things to quarrel about?

Some would say that the questions raised in the reading of this book would give a sufficient outline for a complete analysis of the economic system. Has the book modified your notions in any respect? Has it given you any new weapons for your fight? To whom would you recommend the book?

WEEKLY PICTURE SUMMARY

"MOANA"—See it!

"VARIETY"—"Smexico" says "Yes—By all means!"

"THE SON OF THE SHIEK"—Rudolph Valentino's last picture. If you have never seen him—go. (At the TIVOLI THEATER).

"LA BOHEME"—A. S. praises it highly. (At the CAPITOL).

"PADLOCKED"—G. W. says "too much morals."

"THE BAT"—Spooks — detectives — crooks — blooie, blooie.

"MANTRAP"—G. W. gives it some good points . . . Ernest Torrence among them.

"THE ROAD TO MANDALAY"—No!

"BATTLING BUTLER"—Just so-so, according to G. W.

"UP IN MABEL'S ROOM"—Men will like it.

"SENIOR DAREDEVIL"—Save your money.

NOTE: Only Chicago theaters showing a program for one week are listed. Pictures of current week changed Monday.

A WEEK IN CARTOONS

By M. P. Bales

