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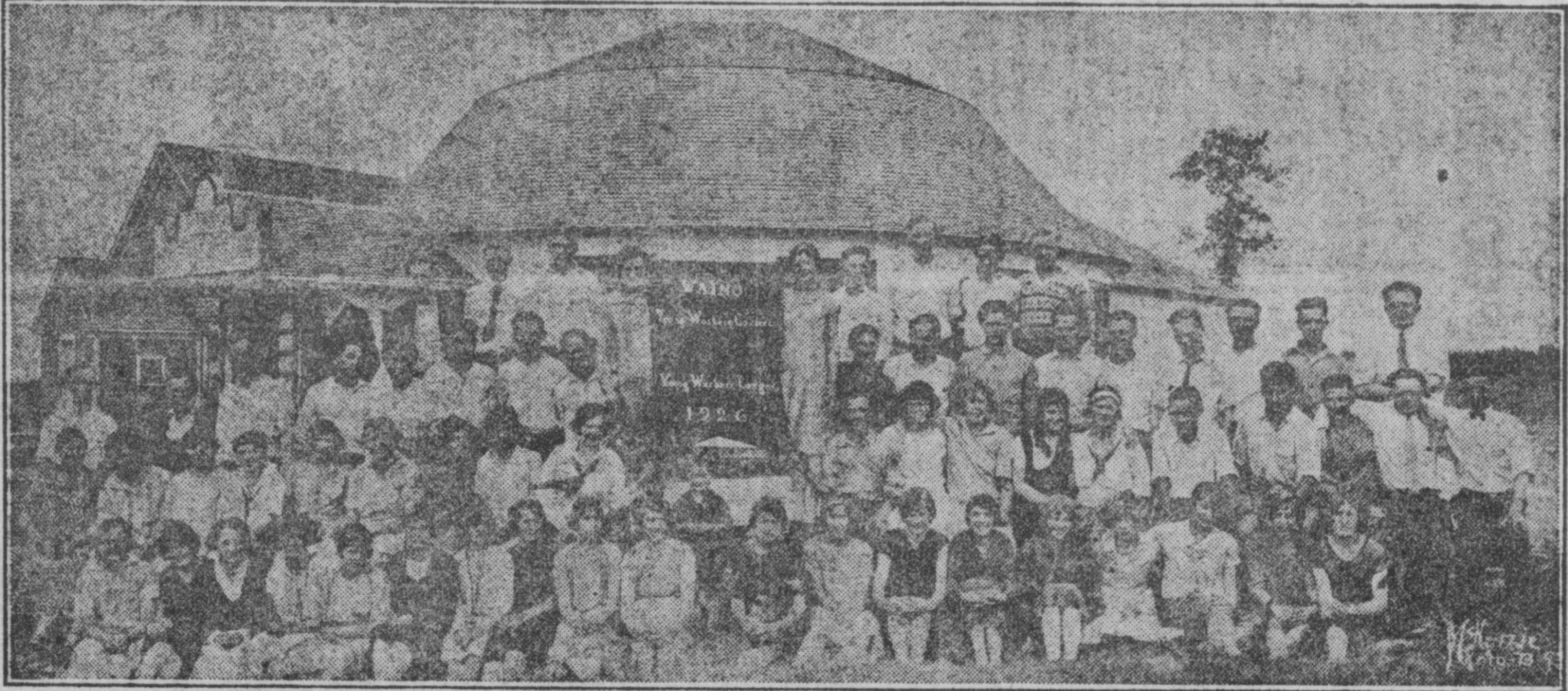
The Little "Red" School House



By OLIVER CARLSON.

ONCE upon a time (so the story goes) the little red schoolhouse was the fountainhead of American culture and learning, where the Jacksons, Lincolns, Grants and, in fact, all the great political, industrial, financial and military genuises were taught the three "R's" and received the necessary knowledge, and encouragement which sent them forth into the world to make of this country a nation greater and more powerful than history has ever known of heretofore.

But my story is not one that deals with the little red schoolhouse of yesterday. It is the story of the little Red schoolhouse of today. It has only just begun to function, but from the success already achieved we can safely predict that it and its successors will play no small part in moulding the exploited youth of today into able fighters for the abolition of capitalism.

The Waine Young Workers' School.

NEARLY 500 miles northwest of Chicago lies Waine. It is the center of a farming community dominently Finnish. The big lumber companies have reaped fortunes in that region, but the big timber is all gone now, so they sell cut-over land to the poor fish from Chicago, Milwaukee and other large cities who have swallowed the stories about "become independent by being a farmer." Every year yields a new crop of settlers, who struggle on in vain for a year or two and then return to the cities, poorer if no wiser than when they came. The Finns have stuck together, have organized co-operatives and halls of their own, and thus managed to eke out an existence—and have become class-conscious.

It was in the above-mentioned region where a Young Workers' Summer School was conducted last year—and where a larger and more successful one was held again this summer for a period of five weeks, from June 21 to July 24. It was a unique school in more ways than one.

Its Aim, and How Organized.

OF all the students at the courses—and there were 57 of them who completed the entire course—not one paid a cent for tuition, for board, or for railroad fare from his home to the school and back again. The course committee, which had been on the job many months before the school opened, had succeeded in getting a sufficient number of organizations to support the idea of the school financially that the students who were selected to attend the courses need have no financial worries. Altho the Workers' Party and Young Workers' League were the moving spirits behind the school, still a very large number of non-party organizations gave both financial as well as moral support to it. A number of co-operatives, women's organizations, farmers' clubs, etc., are included in these.

The aim of the school, as expressed in the certificate given each student who completed the course, is:

"To train young workers and farmers to an understanding of their position in present-day society, and of their relation to the working class generally.

"To teach them how to examine and understand the basic forces at work in society.

"To give them a knowledge of the various types of working class organizations, their policies and their tactics, thus preparing them for active and intelligent participation in these organizations, to the end that capitalism shall be abolished and replaced by a classless society based upon production for use instead of for profit."

In conformity with these aims, the course of study embraced the following subjects: Sociology, Marxian Economics, American Social and Labor History, Forum, Current Events, Working Class Theories, Historical Materialism, Problems of Socialist Reconstruction, Public Speaking, Theory and Practice of Young Workers' Organizations, and Playground-Athletic-Social Leadership.

The Composition of the School.

ALTHO slightly over 60 students entered the school, only 57 were able to complete the entire course. (It may be important to note that 115 applications were received from prospective students, fully half of whom had to be rejected because of the physical inability to handle so many). These students came from six states: Minnesota, Michigan, Wisconsin, North Dakota, South Dakota and Oregon, and from no less than 39 different cities, towns or villages.

In age, the students varied from 15 to 27 years. The average age was between 18 and 19 years. They were virtually evenly divided as to sex, there being one more girl than boys.

Most of them were workers. The most numerous groupings consisted of lumber workers (13), farm workers (7), domestic workers (9) and clerical workers (7). In addition to these there were students, schoolteachers, pipefitters, millinery workers, etc. Approximately 50 per cent of the students were members either of the Young Workers' League, the Workers' Party, or both. The remainder were wholly unorganized or belonging to farmers' clubs, athletic clubs, co-operatives, etc.

Student Activities.

FROM the very start we were determined that the students should have as much as possible to say about conducting affairs of the school. The entire student body met regularly every week to discuss school problems and the work of its sub-committees. The student body was responsible not only for keeping the school clean, but also for helping the cooks in clearing the tables and washing dishes, for keeping discipline, conducting entertainments, editing a wall newspaper, supervising and conducting athletics, etc., etc. Every student did his share of work—and the work was done willingly and cheerfully. A student council, consisting of the chairman of each of the sub-committees and two members elected directly from the student body, was in general control of all work. The instructors were not permitted to serve on any committee nor have a vote in the meeting of the student body. Not the slightest friction developed between students and instructors—quite to the contrary, this method of putting the responsibility for the success of the school directly upon the students themselves did much to make the school a success and to develop initiative amongst them.

A model Young Workers' League was formed, divided into seven nuclei. The showing of the students was exceptional. Basic tasks and problems were discussed and executed with a gusto that would surprise many a veteran.

The wall newspaper was one of the finest examples of work that I have seen from young people. It appeared regularly twice a week, containing all manner of material, both serious and humorous, and was well illustrated thruout. I believe that every student in the school contributed at least once to the paper.

The Importance of the School.

UNDOUBTEDLY there were many shortcomings with our Red school in Wisconsin, but the students voted it a huge success and were unanimous in demanding that an advanced school be conducted next year. All of them left the school thoroly imbued with a spirit of class consciousness and have now gone back to their homes to agitate and organize. It is important to note that more than half of the class came from two of the most important sections of the country, i. e., from the Iron Range of Minnesota and the Copper Range of Michigan. They are going back to begin the work of rousing their comrades and fellow-workers into action. The traditions of struggle from both Calumet and Messaba Range indicate that something can be done to organize and lead the copper and iron ore slaves into action. The students from the little Red schoolhouse will be the pioneers to set the machinery into action. The little Red schoolhouse is no longer an experiment. It is a fact, testified to by more than one hundred students, who are carrying the message that they learned there into mine and mill and logging camp. These students are young Americans (nearly 80 per cent of them native born) and they will be the torch-bearers for still greater numbers to follow them in creating a revolutionary mass movement of American workers.

Long live the little Red schoolhouse! May it grow and flourish from coast to coast.

BOOK REVIEW

CAPTAIN OF INDUSTRY.

MEN AND RUBBER, the Story of Business, by Harry S. Firestone, in collaboration with Samuel Crowther. Doubleday Page & Co. $3.50 net.

YEARS ago the paper-backed books of Horatio Alger were the rage with every lad in the country; they still enjoy a certain vogue today. Millions know of the stirring struggle carried by Ben Beazley from bus boy to broker—a rise attained by sheer grit and honesty; of how New Nixon conquered the wily moves of a rascally uncle, paid the mortgage on the old homestead, saved his dear sacrificing mother from virtual starvation and, by hard work (and more honesty) built up the powerful trading corporation of Nixon, Snuffle & Co.; and who can forget the noble battles with circumstances that were fought by the dozens of other Algerian characters, all of them with invariable success?

Those who gained a mawkish inspiration from this sort of tripe were, it goes without saying, quickly awakened by years of real effort in any work they undertook. The popularity of Alger waned in the exact proportion to the materialization of concrete realities.

Now the king is practically dead. But Samuel Crowther lives! And this hack Boswell for Henry Ford, John H. Patterson and others presents us with a "biography" of Harvey S. Firestone, written at so much per word, by Boswell Crowther, who politely hides his authorship behind an "in collaboration with."

Who is Harvey Firestone? How did he become a millionaire rubber magnate? Why is his name so frequently connected with Liberia and the Philippines? From reading this book you can never find out the answer to these questions. You are given the flabby story of how Firestone started out as a horse trader for his father in Ohio, struggled up thru a job as bookkeeper, then country drummer of vanilla extract and wild rose lotion, bookkeeper again, rubber tire maker in a shanty, and finally into the position of leading tire manufacturer in the world. The actual process of growth and development of the business is very vaguely sketched. Pretty tales are told of stock manipulations, of increased capitalizations (the smooth run of the story does not prevent one from hearing the gentle gurgle of watered stock being poured into the capitalization and pushing up the dividends to very satisfactory heights), of law suits for patent infringements, of "efficiency" (in cutting down the working staff and having one man do the work of three).

But you can read the book over and over again without discovering from Crowther how Firestone's tiny original capital blossomed into the millions now at his command. It may perhaps be explained as Crowther would have it, by the story that

"in times long gone by there were two sorts of people; one the diligent, intelligent, and, above all, frugal elite; the other, lazy rascals, spending their substance and more in riotous living. The legend of theological original sin tells us certainly how man came to be condemned to eat his bread in the sweat of his brow; but the history of economic original sin reveals to us that there are people to whom this is by no means essential. Never mind! Thus it came to pass that the former sort accumulated wealth, and the latter sort had at last nothing to sell except their own skins. And from this original sin dates the poverty of the great majority that, despite all its labor, has up to now nothing to sell but itself, and the wealth of the few that increases constantly altho they have long ceased to work. Such insipid childishness is every day preached to us in the defense of property."

—By Vose.

The implications of this bit of irony of Karl Marx is neatly substantiated by a slip of the Crowtherian tongue. He tells us that in 1914 some one million tires were produced, using 1.14 horsepower(!) per man. Today production is around 7,000,000 tires, using 2.2 horsepower per man, "and this will increase." So! The intensity of exploitation, thru the systematic speed-up of the workers to a high pitch, has increased 100 per cent in a decade. Wages, however, have only increased, granting even the dubious rise acknowledged by the author, from an average of $21.17 in 1914 to $34.96 today. And the reports of conditions in Firestone's Akron rubber works makes the $34.96 average wage sound as veracious as a Barnum hoax.

You would be led to think from this that the workers in Firestone's works are not only harried but dissatisfied. Not so, says our Boswell. The "human relation" is nothing short of idyllic. Such a prose poem as Crowther's description of the sweet and angelic collaboration of the employes and our Mr. Firestone has not been written for a long time. The workers get free shower baths, they have a playground, they see free movies, and every time they suggest an improvement in manufacture or offer an invention to Firestone which nets him thousands of dollars he is so deeply touched that the inventor receives honorable mention in the plant and is slipped a five-dollar bill.

With such a paradise at Akron is it to be wondered that Firestone says: "We do not believe in shop committees or in any form of self-government in the shops. But we do believe in being fair, and when a dispute arises we take the position that the workman is right and proceed on that basis." Which is so much gas and gaiters, as the British say. Just as the author conveniently forgets to list the great labor turnover in the plants, so he completely omits any reference to the great Akron rubber strike in 1913, a desperate struggle for decent conditions which was brutally suppressed by the combined ruthlessness of the Goodriches, Millers, Goodyears and Firestones of the tire industry. When the test comes Firestone does not "take the position that the workman is right and proceed on that basis." The ideal tire industry employer, like his prototype in the tin lizzie industry, has built his reputation and his wealth on the body and mind-wracking torture of the highly ingenious and cold-blooded proposition of intensified speeding up of workers.

In almost every ointment is a fly; every preacher points a moral. The fly is the contrast of America using 75 per cent of the world's rubber and producing only a small fraction of 1 per cent under its own flag, while Great Britain controls more than 77 per cent of the world's rubber output. The moral is the exploitation of Liberian and Philippine fields, especially the latter. And the last chapter of the story is devoted to propaganda for the removal of what vestige of independence the Philippine Islands still enjoy.

"Surely," said Firestone to a committee of interstate and foreign commerce of the house of representatives, "it is practicable to recommend that our government take active steps to remove those laws in the Philippine Islands which are an effective barrier against large-scale development of rubber plantations there and to enact such laws as would encourage the investment of capital in the Philippine Islands." And the author adds that "if the Philippines are to be developed, capital must have assurance that it will be properly protected, which the present political situation does not assure."

The rubber industry is a powerful one in this country, and Firestone's camping visits with Harding and Coolidge are not in vain. In his interests bills are introduced into congress to throw the rubber plantations wide open for exploitation. To be sure, this will occur only at the expense of Philippine independence, and will be built up on virtual slave labor in the islands. Rubber will be sapped as much from Filipino laborers as from the trees planted there. But it were asking this captain of industry to turn into a St. Francis of Assizes to consider these concomitants to his expansion policy. For, after all, as he himself admits, he wants to do this only for the peepul, for all of them, from the humble worker who curses every time he rides his lizzie and gets a blowout to the kid who complains about the high price of rubber bands for his bean shooter.

It is a crying shame that the whole nation, high and humble, does not give vent to a popular demand for the election of this champion of the rights of the people to the presidency. At least the Ohio electorate should show their appreciation. Even Delaware has elected its powder king, Du Pont, to the senate. Firestone deserves a seat in that august body—at least.

—Max Shachtman.

A PEEK EACH WEEK AT MOTION PICTURES

DIRECTOR OF "POTEMKIN" INVITED TO GERMANY.

S. M. Eisenstein, the man who directed the production of the famous Soviet film "The Cruiser Potemkin," received a request form several of the best German theaters to assume directorship of dramatic productions. The theaters are willing to engage the best German artistic talent for his direction. This request was transmitted to Eisenstein thru the Soviet Society for Cultural Relations with foreign countries.

In the meantime the Press reports Eisenstein engaged to direct a picture for Douglas Fairbanks for which he has secured permission and a six months leave of absence from the Soviet Films.

The Photoplay Magazine runs this interesting comment on the picture, "Potemkin":

"The photography is beautiful enuf to enchant an artist and the action is vivid enuf and swift enuf to satisfy any box office demand for melodrama. The scene in which the Cossacks pursue the populace down a long flight of steps, shooting in the crowd, is unforgettably impressive. When enuf of our directors have seen this episode, you'll find it duplicated in home-made dramas."

As we workers are apt to put it in the vulgar: "Thanks for the buggy ride." Remember that a worker's motion picture outfit made the picture in the world's first workers' government. Wait a little while boys—there is even better stuff coming!

A DOZEN IN BRIEF.

"VARIETY"—Go! (Roosevelt)
"MOANA"—Beautiful.
"THE ROAD TO MANDALAY"—Don't waste your time.
"MARE NOSTRUM"—Abominable war propaganda.
"MANTRAP"—Some good, some bad.
"SON OF THE SHIEK"—Valentino's last picture (Belmont)
"LA BOHEME"—Worth seeing.
"TIN GODS"—Rene Adoree is in it (Northshore).
"THE AMATEUR GENTLEMAN"—Hokum well photographed.
"UP IN MABEL'S ROOM"—Good fun in chemise.
"THE BAT"—A lively spook picture.
"BATTLING BUTLER"— Comics in boxing gloves.

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

Make it a weekly habit.
ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

AN AMERICAN MOVIE MADE BY WORKERS.

"THE PASSAIC TEXTILE STRIKE."

IT is indeed a pleasure to see such working-class enterprise as this. The Passaic strike is on full blast, the labor world is agog with it, and now here it comes for us all to take a good look at it. They are bringing this picture from city to city—seven reels of actual scenes from the Passaic strike, acted by the strikers themselves, woven into a graphic story to inspire all labor with their deeds.

The prologue brings a bit of life of the family of a textile worker. A bitter, hard life it is. Then the arrival of Weisbord and THE STRIKE. Picket lines. Demands. Twelve thousand join the union; 16,000 on strike; 645 strikers go to jail. Injunctions. Fight. The company union and more fight. And finally common cause with organized labor in the A. F. of L.

Surely, if ever, here is a picture for every working man to see. For each and every worker to see at least once, to see it for himself, with his own two eyes—to see what labor can do when it wills. If we could, we would send every worker whose vision remains to view this picture for his own good. We would send him to see it, to feel it and to drink of its inspiration to strengthen his head and heart for militant labor. When you go to see the picture, do this for the labor movement: take your children. Take your children and as many other children as you can. Give them the opportunity to learn of the struggle in which they will soon become a part. Your children are our fighters of tomorrow.

"The Passaic Strike" is now being shown in many cities. It will soon be shown in Chicago. The demand is very great, but you can do a service to the labor movement by starting the wheels going to have it shown in your city. For terms write to the National Textile Strikers' Relief Campaign, room 14, 743 Main avenue, Passaic, N. J.

—W. C.

Meierhold Theater in Moscow

(2)

By Ruth Epperson Kennell.

Meierhold and a synthesis of his scenery showing machine and factory forms used in dramatic representation.

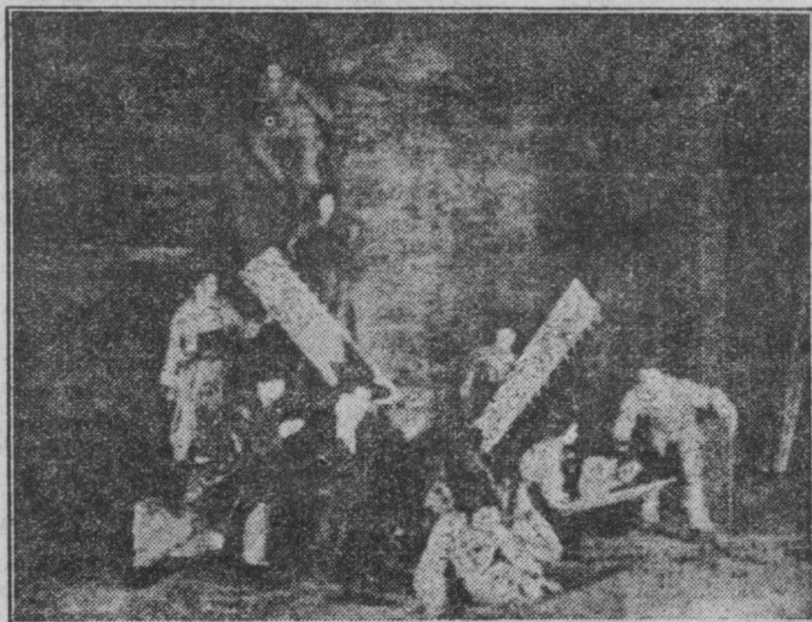
FOR contrast with the old literary forms of the conventional written drama, we turn to the Weierhold theaters, where an entirely new theatrical art is in process of development. The avowed purpose of the director, Meierhold, is to make the theater a living part of the people's lives; not to produce the literary works of men of letters, but to be a dramatic chronicle and interpreter of social events. Art has only an incidental value in the social purpose of the theater. Therefore the plays produced here are not printed dramas, read by the public—they are simply events which live on the stage and which in many cases have only a temporary interest. Striving to satisfy that need which is driving the people of the west from the theater to the cinema, Meierhold employs the devices of film art on the stage. His theaters are in theatrical circles what the Communist Party is in political circles—agitator for and constructor of a new society.

During the celebration of the twentieth anniversary of the 1905 Revolution in January the Theater of the Revolution presented a play, "The Barometer Indicates a Storm," which vividly depicted scenes from that bloody period. The Meierhold staging was particularly effective for this subject: the great curtainless stage and on it plain wooden walls with steps leading above, which could be anything from a factory to a railway station, and contained within their mysterious depths interiors of the winter palace, offices, meeting halls and other scenes disclosed when a section of the wall opened, or when a set came rolling out on a platform with the actors placed for action. Such devices, including a screen on which were flashed stirring slogans and photographs of the heroes, made possible the rapidly shifting scenes and swift action essential to the reproduction of 1905 events. The incident of Bloody Sunday was made a living reality again. The workers, led by the Priest Gapon, carrying ikons and portraits of the czar and singing hymns, passed across the stage on their way to the winter palace. A moment later sounded the rattle of machine guns and the people came running back, only to fall dead or, wounded, to be lifted and carried away by their comrades. At last, the terrifying rattle of the machine guns gave way to the sprightly music of a military band. Then followed the futile deputation of the czar, the removal of the senile old general from his post, the forming of the Petersburg Soviet, a stirring meeting of the central committee at which Trotsky was chairman, and as a climax the arrest of the central committee, who sang the International as they were led away. The production was viewed by tens of thousands of Moscow workers.

* * *

AT the Meierhold in January appeared a new play which is decidedly the most artistic its ingenious director has produced. If one marvels at the mechanical construction of the Meierhold stage, at the rapidly shifting scenes and the acrobatic feats of the actors, at the combination of motion picture technique with the spoken drama and the profligate use of the spotlight (which is sometimes indiscriminately directed at the audience as well as the actors, in characteristic disregard of the former's comfort), one feels that here is an art as yet in its experimental stage. But in "Roar, China!" there is a toning down and discriminate use of all these elements to create something beautiful. The one set used thruout—that of a British battleship at dock in a Chinese river port, with a body of real water lying between the dock and the steamer—lends itself admirably to the changing action which in one scene is on board the ship and in the next on the dock (effected by the transfer of light from the front to the back of the stage), making possible a striking contrast between the degenerate rich foreigners on the deck and the Chinese workers on the dock. The scenes with the Chinese are poetically realistic, catching the sympathetic natures of the people, but on board the steamer Meierhold's usual exaggerated burlesque of bourgeois society expressed in jazz and the fox trot, vulgar display and senseless chatter, strikes a jarring note, for it is not possible to contrast realism with burlesque.

V. E. Meierhold, head of the new revolutionary theater.



"Earth Prancing," final scene.

A British battleship is unloading its cargo, which is in charge of an energetic American. The coolies, directed by a cringing Chinese foreman, are carrying the heavy bundles on their backs, in an endless procession of bent, straining bodies. A strange jargon rises as they speak in their own tongue. The foreman drones out his orders, the workers take up the cry and make it into a song, and in rythmic motion they move the heavy machines. Finally the dock is cleared and the perspiring laborers are ready for their pay. But the American haggles with them, finally refusing their demands, and in scorn tosses them a few coins.

On deck, the fat lady and her extravagently dressed daughter are trying to amuse themselves. The orchestra, in queer Scotch kilts, is playing above and the girl and her mother dance with the American and a young officer; glasses clink and champagne flows—in short, a typical Meierhold scene. Thru the doors leading to the deck slips a white-clad figure, the little Chinese cabin boy, with a face like a flower. Across the water, off stage, shouting is heard: it is the rising murmur of the discontented workers. The cabin boy is called upon to interpret it: the dock laborers demand more money; they threaten. The officer draws his revolver, and the cabin boy falls on his knees and begs him not to shoot his people.

It is night and the ship looms up in the shadows. The American is on the dock bargaining with an old boatman to take him across the narrow stretch of water. On the docks are lounging several of the disgruntled workers, who watch the altercations with sympathetic interest. The American refuses the boatman's price. The boatman, in turn, sits on his airs and refuses to move. The American attacks him, the boatman lifts his oar; there is a struggle, a splash, and darkness hides the scene. A little later the workmen fish out of the water the American's funny panama hat and laugh at it.

The alarm is sounded—the American has been drowned! The crowd grows, the Chinese police appear and the boatman escapes in the crowd. A long, still form wrapped in a sheet is carried in. The terror-stricken people try to creep away, but are held back by the British marines, who have quietly assumed command of the town.

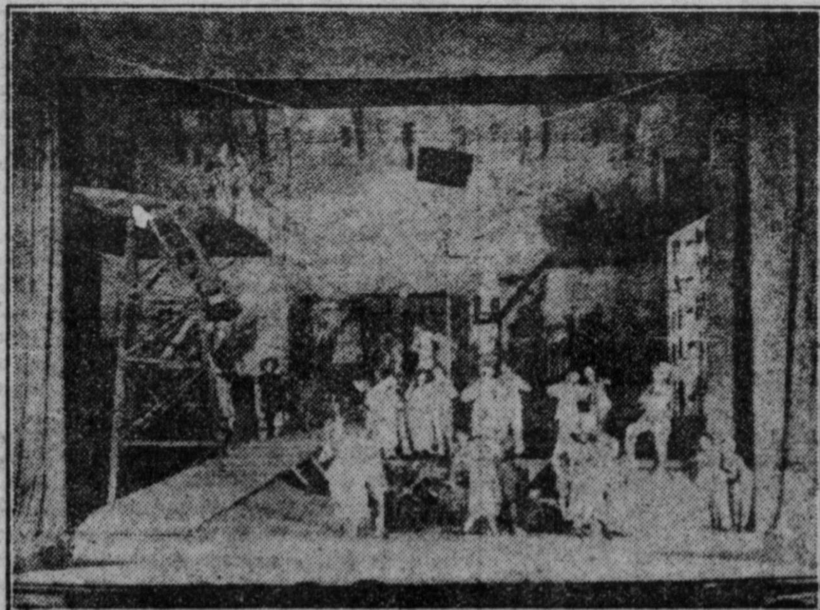
The mayor of the town comes on board the ship with his interpreter, a Chinese student, to offer regrets and apologies for the accident. The captain will accept no apologies; moral recompense must be made for this outrage to the British flag. "But he is an American," suggests the student. "It is all the same," replies the captain, "he is ours." He demands that two of the dock laborers be executed in punishment for the murder; if this demand is not acceded to by nine o'clock the next morning the ship's guns will be turned on the city.

Again the wailing siren call which heralds each scene—the dark, curtainless stage grows light. The workers are sitting about eating bowls of rice. Street fakers, peddlers, beggars and opium vendors pass to and fro. An old peddler, his wares dangling, comes down into the audience. The student appears with the terrible news: two of them must die. But why? They have committed no crime. And which two? They try to hide from one another, to escape. The student resolves to send a telegram to Shanghai for help, but two marines bar the way. Meantime, the foreigners in the town are taking refuge on the steamer and all is being prepared for the bombardment.

Once more the mayor and his interpreter board the ship, bringing a rich silk robe as a present. The robe is accepted, but their efforts at conciliation fail. As the dawn approaches the white figure of the cabin boy appears on the forecastle. He is singing a plaintive, almost inaudible lament, while adjusting a rope about his neck. With a sigh he slips over the railing and hangs lifeless before the door of the cabin. But his sacrifice is in vain.

The workers on the dock finally decides to draw straws. The two selected for the sacrifice by this agonizing method are a young man and old man. The young man has a wife and child whom he cannot bear to leave, and life seems just as sweet to the old man.

With all the ceremony of a religious rite the executions take place on the dock next morning. All the foreigners are there, including three sisters from the mission, an English clergyman, an American girl in smart knickerbockers and a tourist with his camera ready to take the most harrowing scenes. The wife comes with her child to plead for mercy. "Tell her to ask God for help," suggests the captain. "I will not tell her," replies the student, but as if she understood, the woman tears from her neck the crucifix which she received at the mission and tramples it on the ground. The stocks are removed from the necks of the prisoners, who make a last effort to escape. Then calmness comes at last and they submit to being tied to the posts; covers are drawn over their heads, mercifully hiding their faces. When the grewsome details are carried out to the end, the mood of the Chinese workers begins to change. A subdued roar rises. At this moment, a telegram is brought to the captain summoning his ship to Shanghai, where an uprising has taken place. With drawn revolvers, the captain and his crew back off the stage followed by the workers, who brandish their oars threateningly.



"Masse-Mensch" (Crowd Man), Act II, by Ernst Toller, as produced by Meierhold.

Class War in America in the 1880's

By Amy Schechter.

(Decorations by Jerger)

THE celebration of Labor Day, the apotheosis of the respectability of the official labor movement has once again been enacted, with the usual touching scenes of fraternization between capital and labor—with army, church and Wall Street patting labor on the back and praising it for being a faithful and obedient servant and bringing in fat dividends and keeping the Reds in their place. This is a good time to turn back—just by way of contrast—to those stormy days forty years ago when America's real Labor Day was born in the midst of violent conflict between the classes. No farce that, but a tremendous drama of class struggle from which the revolutionary workers of every European country have drawn inspiration for the day which has become a sort of rehearsal for revolution; a day when capitalist governments are afraid and troops are massed in all the industrial centers.

May 1, 1886, was the culmination of a movement of the greatest significance in the history of the American proletariat. It marked its conscious entrance into the arena of class struggle. "I only wish that Marx could have lived to see it," writes Engels to a friend, a month later. "What the downbreak of Russian czarism would be for the great military monarchies of Europe—the snapping of their mainstay—that is for the bourgeoisie of the whole world the breaking out of class war in America . . . the way in which they (the American proletariat) have made their appearance on the scene is quite extraordinary—six months ago nobody suspected anything, and now they appear all of a sudden in such organized masses as to strike terror into the whole capitalist class . . ."

Never before or since, in this country, has the irreconcilable antagonism between capital and labor and the inevitability of class war been stated with such openness and realism as it was by both sides in the eighties. With the final swallowing up of the last traces of the public lands by the great corporations, "American labor was" as Commons put it, "now permanently shut up in the wage system." And labor conditions at this period were excellently calculated to drive into the minds of the workers a realization of the intolerable slavery which that system involved, and their last illusion of the possibility of escape gone, to goad them into turning at bay.

The tremendous displacement of man power by machinery in the course of the preceding decade and a half had driven hundreds of thousands of skilled workers—a large native element among them—into the ranks of unskilled labor.

An official report published in 1886, puts the displacement in the silk industry ("in the last few years only") at 90 per cent in winding and 95 per cent in weaving; in cotton goods, at 50 per cent ("in the last 10 years"); in the manufacture of agricultural machinery, at 50 per cent; of shoes "in some cases 80 per cent, in others 50 per cent to 60 per cent," and so on for a number of other industries.

The huge immigration of this decade, over 5,000,000, aggravated the situation. The labor market was greatly overstocked. Moreover, capitalists had discovered that profits hitherto unheard of could be made from the exploitation of children, and in many lines adult labor was being rapidly superseded by child labor.

Troops Firing on Labor Demonstration, Baltimore St., Philadelphia.

In a number of towns, parents were unemployed while their children were working.

Then came the great depression of 1884-1885. Wages were slashed again and again. In the mines, where some of the hottest struggles of the period were fought, the cut was 40 per cent. The textile workers were also very hard hit. In Paterson, for instance, wages were reduced 50 per cent within three years. Large numbers of mills were shut down. Contemporary press descriptions of the streams of starving textile workers wandering about in a despairing search for bread might be taken from an account of the Russian famine.

The following is taken from the Hartford Examiner's account of the textile region along the Willimantic in February, of 1885:

"Since July, fifteen of these concerns have shut out their employees, and their inability to find work has brought starvation nearly unto death . . . In the severity of the winter young girls have tramped from place to place in search of work, have begged shelter and food and slept in outhouses and barns, and are today the victims of hunger and exposure . . . the males tramp out farther in the state . . . and become desperate . . . while the old people and infants remain in the villages starving by inches . . ."

Not only were wages extremely low and, in many cases paid monthly, but the pleasant practice of holding back 15 to 20 days' pay out of a month's, sometimes till the end of the year, or even of the term of employment, "so that," writes the Commissioner of Labor, "the poorest paid and most numerous classes are thus unable to exist from pay-day to pay-day without credit." The masses of unskilled workers lived in an eternal round of debt. Hours for this class of labor were from eleven to twelve in states where legislation had already been enacted; in other states anything up to twenty, and in all states hours were limitless for tenement industry. Pennsylvania miners worked up to 18 hours. Minnesota passed a law limiting work on the railroads to 18 hours a day.

Horrible things were done to the children of the proletariat. Thruout the country children from eight, in the south from six years worked eleven, twelve and thirteen hours a day under unspeakable conditions. Often, as in the Harmony Mills, in Cohoes, N. Y., known to workers as "Hell's Mills," children were flogged with leather straps when they could not keep up the pace required. The mill owners said that "They were kept under control in a way that benefited their morals . . ." A superintendent, either uncommonly naive or uncommonly stupid, told the Labor Bureau officials, "Now, I have noticed a strange thing. Families come here from Ireland and the girls are as rugged and healthy and rosy-cheeked as you would ever see, and yet in two years the girls would be consumptive, and half the family would be gone in seven years." In New York City we read of children working at stripping and preparing tobacco, "11 to 13 hours, not as long hours as grown persons, but enough to kill them rapidly." Tens of thousands of workers grew up illiterate because they had been shut up in the factories since earliest childhood.

In mill as well as mining towns workers were compelled to live in the filthy tenements provided by the companies at exorbitant rents. The Fall River "Cotton Manufacturer" wrote of these tenements, "They are not as good as we would like to have them, but they are good enough for operatives."

At the beginning of the decade capital believed that under existing circumstances the great mass of unskilled and defenseless was completely in its power, and open to limitless exploitation. But gaining impetus during the destitute years of the 1884-1885 depression, a great wave of revolt swept thru this class of labor, "an elemental protest against oppression and degradation," manifesting itself in thousands of furiously-fought strikes, and carrying hundreds of thousands of workers into the Knights of Labor. In the year from July, 1885 to July, 1886, membership rose from 104,066 to 702,924. "The movement bore in every way the aspect of a social war," writes Commons. "A frenzied hatred of labor for capital was shown in every important strike . . . Extreme bitterness towards capital manifested itself in all the actions of the Knights of Labor, and wherever the leaders undertook to hold it within bounds they were generally discarded by their followers, and others who would lead as directed were placed in charge . . ."

This great mass movement of the proletariat—"that mighty and glorious movement," Engels calls it—created panic in the ranks of capital, with its force and its swiftness, its destruction of the barriers of craft and nationality and race, its direction toward "the solidarity of all labor." To add to this was the fact that for the first time organized revolutionary propaganda was gaining a real foothold in the general labor movement.

In the far-west the Red International, preaching a

Police Breaking Up a Labor Meeting in West Side Turner Hall, Chicago.

somewhat unclear but militant socialism exerted some influence. But the revolutionary party that was becoming a real force among the workers was the Black International, affiliated with the anarchist International in Europe. In the New York section, led by Johann Most, simon-pure anarchy prevailed. But in the middle west and the west, particularly in Chicago, which was the stronghold of the movement, a sort of anarcho-syndicalism prevailed. The practical result of their theories meant a close connection with the unions and participation in the daily struggles of the workers. In every big Chicago strike of the period we find the anarchists—or Communists, as the bourgeois press called them—in the front ranks, leading and organizing.

By 1886 the Black International had between six and ten thousand members. Of these at least 2,000 were in Chicago, and included a large English speaking element. The party exerted a powerful influence over very much larger numbers. In Chicago, for instance, the Central Labor Union, to which the majority of the unions in the city were affiliated, was completely under anarchist control, co-operating with the International in all its parades and demonstrations, and spreading revolutionary propaganda among the thousands of unemployed who tramped the streets of the city.

Capital, then, was thoroly afraid, and openly and thru its official spokesmen talked class war and preparation for the forcible suppression of the proletariat. Labor replied by announcing that it would meet force with force, and by forming armed defense units in connection with unions, anarchist groups, and other workers' organizations.

General Sherman, Chief of Staff of the U. S. Army, in an official speech on Governor's Island declared:

"There will soon come an armed contest between Capital and Labor. They will oppose each other not with words and arguments and ballots, but with shot and shell, gunpowder and cannon. The better classes are tired of the insane howlings of the lower strata, and they mean to stop them."

The San Francisco "Truth" influential in the west, answered with the following call:

"Working people of America! I tell you these words are not mere mouthings . . . they mean blood . . . because you dare to ask for what is your own, the full product of your own labor . . . Arm yourself at once . . . the day of battle will be upon us long before we are prepared . . . This sign, this speech of Sherman, is deadly in its significance. We have no moment to waste . . ."

Commenting on a strike, the Chicago Times remarked that "Hand grenades should be thrown among those who are striving to obtain higher wages, since by such treatment they would be taught a valuable lesson and other strikers would take warning of their fate."

In a furious reply, the Labor Unionist of Akron, Ohio (neither socialist nor anarchist) cries:

"God speed the day that hand grenades will be thrown among honest men, who asking for their just right, when refused, quit work . . . That day would be the dawn of deliverance for enslaved labor . . ." The Unionist then goes on to recommend the institution of a military order by the Knights of Labor, "For, if such teachings as the above go on, the day is not far distant when the laboring man will need to know the use of firearms. The organs of monopoly teach giving us hand grenades . . . Let us be prepared when they are ready to open the ball and let them dance to the music of a little dynamite and hot shot . . . If the organs of monopoly wish to hasten the revolution . . . let them preach the hand grenade doctrine." Come on, monopoly, with your hand grenades!

There was continual talk of enlarging the army for

The Confession of An Agent Provocateur

A Sensational Document on the White Terror in Poland

Po|ish press today is carrying on a conspiracy of
s c ncerning the mass arrests of Ukranians
ha e just been made everywhere, at Lemburg.
v, Przemysl, etc.
have already pointed out that we were once more
ned here with an affair fabricated entirely by
ski's police in order to discredit the movement
national minorities which is becoming a greater
e each day.
des, it is very possible that documents had been
ered. But one would have to have
poor sense not to realize that he is
lealing with the work of provocateurs.
terday we promised to publish a docu-
which would demonstrate irrefutably
:ill of the Polish reaction in practices
s kind. We shall see later.
vas a matter of a very simple fact:
onfessions of an agent provocateur. It
confession of one of those poor bug-
which Upton Sinclair's "100%" defin-
lepicts.
e, in its tragic simplicity, is the letter
he sent, after being seized with re-
, to the Sejm deputy, Gogula.)

* * * *

De uty,
he istrict of Nowogrodek, one hears
whe e: "Jancevitch is a provocateur!
vitch has thrown a thousand people
he dungeons!" etc. . . Looked at
icially, without considering the causes,
ay believe that it is really so. I beg
o listen to me then, to learn how all
appened.

ow One Becomes a Provocateur!

ORKED as an instructor for the "Wy-
olenie" Party (Party of Freedom).
ar had had a negative influence on my
l constitution. I did not have a single
of subsistence and I felt very little
to do physical work. Thus, I allowed
t to be easily convinced by the Agent
ka and became agent of the "Defen-
at Nowogrodek. I was given the task
covering a supposed conspiracy set on
y a secret White-Russian organization,
of the state. The thing had to be done quickly and I had neither the time to discover the conspiracy nor the possibility of learning how to organize this. They gave me very short notice, threatening not to give me a single zloty if I did not deliver a document. On the other hand, they promised me $5,000 and the possibility of living in Posen under a false name in case I should discover this secret organization. In order to encourage me they showed me mountains of money. That made me determined at the outset to find some facts, and even when the searches and inquiries gave no results, they were very well satisfied with me in the "Defensive." They paid me a very high salary, higher than the one promised. And they gave me gifts of important sums. I led an easy life, but I did not discover the secret organization and learned nothing of it. I passed the greater part of my time in the company of my colleague, Weraxa. I fell completely under his influence, and he depicted to me a stately existence and a rich and idle future.

"ON POLISH LAND." By the Polish Artist Sokolova-Skalja.

The Other Side of the Medal.

ON the 27th of March, 1925, I was arrested by the Defensive. At the outset, they treated me in a friendly manner and gave me whiskey. But later they began to beat me. Each time the treatment became worse. They demanded that I discover the conspiracy and deliver the would-be White-Russian organizations of revolt for which they promised me the $5,000 and immediate freedom. In the course of the last two months, I had received the sum of 660 zloties. I realized clearly: I was becoming a victim of my master, Weraxa.

I was unable to find anything, not knowing a single organization other than the "Wyzwolenie" and the "Independent Peasant Party"; and even of these parties I knew no more than any other person reading the newspapers. The bad treatment became worse, but I could not say anything. Then they began to **torture** me with an **electric current**. My strength left me. It seemed to me that my bones were being pulled apart. Frightful muscular cramps paralyzed my limbs. The misery was unendurable. After several repititions, I lost consciousness.

A Street in Warsaw Guarded by Pilsudski's Military and Police.

The Denunciation.

TO put an end to my tortures, I agreed to everything they demanded of me. I said everything that might interest the "Defensive." My statements were partly invented, partly a confirmation of what the police claimed. It is in this manner that I confirmed the charge that the following persons had taken part in the conspiracy: M. Makowski, the Sejm deputies, Holowatsh, Gogula and Sobolewski; and a hundred other persons in addition.

After this examination by the agents of the Defensive I said no more about the thing to any one.

Later, I was summoned before the examining magistrate. The examination took place in the building of the Community of Nowogrodek in an office of the Defense to which they conducted me from the cellar which had served as a prison for me and where I was tortured in the most horrible manner for six days. The presence of agents of the Defensive during the examination agitated me so much that I once more confirmed, before the examining magistrate, the statements which I had made to the Defensive. I ought to say here that the police prepared me for this examination two whole days before. Day and night, two agents were continually present and taught me that I was supposed to declare to the examining magistrate. They gave me whiskey to drink constantly and promised me my freedom if I would be ready to repeat my confessions to the magistrate.

Just before my appearance they gave me more to drink, so that I made my confession in an intoxicated state.

On the first of April, I was conducted to the prison of Nowogrodek, and on the second of April, the prisoners had already arrived. I was isolated, and yet it was sufficient for me to show myself in the yard for a shower of hisses and blows to be brought forth. On the second of May, I received a violent blow on the head which left a deep wound. They bandaged my head and declared that the blow had been dealt out of vengeance. At the district tribunal I gave the same testimony.

Tardy Remorse!

SOME time later, my wound healing, I began to calm down, but remorse assailed me. I saw the truth in all its horror. An abyss had opened up for my innocent victims. I decided to act according to my conscience and my feeling for justice. This time I sent true confessions to the attorney of the district court of appeals and to the court of the tribunal. I submitted myself to a medical commission which found, in spite of the five months which had passed, the marks of the tortures of which I had been the victim. They discovered five scars, one of which was ten centimeters long, the others of different sizes.

The tribunal will bring everything to light.

Irresponsible?

IN the court room, in the presence of the judge and the witnesses, I shall show you, Mr. Deputy, the traces of the tortures which I have undergone, and you will be able to see that the sufferings which I have endured were the most inhuman. They have killed the feeling of responsibility in me for all that I have put forward. The chief culprit and the initiator of my false confessions was no other than the commander of the Defensive, the commissioner, Kutzuper. I have been maltreated by Agent Jan Wodnizki, who, in order to deceive me, called him Janusch Dembzki, and by two other agents whom I do not know, but whom I shall be able to recognize.

You can make use, Mr. Deputy, of the material that contains the confessions which I have written in prison and which I have sent to the courts, to the attorney of the district tribunal of Wilna and Nowogrodek, to the Court of Appeals and to the Court of the Tribunal. Up to the present, I have not yet received a single reply and the victims of my bad actions are still repining in prison.

I am perhaps unworthy, Mr. Deputy, of having my mistake pardoned by you whom I have so cruelly denounced. I hope, by way of compensation, that what I write you will have convinced you that I was under the influence of a strange will and under the pressure of unbearable physical suffering which I have had to undergo at the hands of the Defensive.

At this moment, I curse my action. I am incapable of describing all this concretely. This is only part of my arguments; the rest, Mr. Deputy, you will have at the special hearing, and more precisely in the court room.

I beg you, Mr. Deputy, to give me your moral support and thus to aid justice.

Signed: **Bronislav Jancevitch.**

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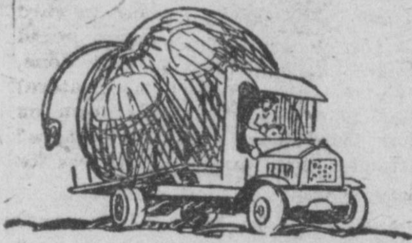
mpaign against labor. A Washington dispatch
ing in the general press (Nov. 1884) states that
usinessmen of this country are in favor of an
e of the army and its concentration in the larg-
s so as to suppress riots and control strikers."
r, (Jan., 1886) says that "In view of the dis-
t of the laboring classes Congress is urged to
e the regular army." In 1884, the press gives
nual report of General Phil. Sheridan to the Sec-
of War, in which he says that "The danger of
e with foreign nations seems remote," but tells
ns of other troubles . . . between capital and
a d the danger of "entire cities being destroyed
furiated populace . . ." After another lec-
y still another general, on how to put down labor
, with a detailed plan for the defense of the
pal buildings and the city hall Park, New York,
ern labor paper came out with an equally de-
description by a friendly army officer, on street
tactics for workers, and the use of barricades
areful and highly technical diagrams. Riot drills
requent—and frequently broken up by workers.

e resolutions and resolutions of mass meetings
ke sympathizers were frequently direct class
ges. During the 1885 strike on one of Gould's
s a convention of employees on the whole
vestern system passed a resolution declaring that
and capital have met in a deadly conflict,"
edged support to the strikers, sustaining them
. sympathy, money and . . . lives if neces-
A Chicago mass-meeting addressed by a miner
ad come from Shawnee to get aid for the strik-
the long and desperately-fought coal strike in
g Valley, Ohio, passed a resolution declaring
he employment of all means to protect the wage
class from the tyranny of capital is justifiable.
the military has been called out to defeat
erests of the working classes, the mass meeting
s to arm themselves and offer resistance to
ss who are depriving them of their bread, their
ess and their lives."

sketch of conditions in the first half of the
s will give some general idea of the causes
that "entrance of the American proletariat on
ne" of which aroused not alone Engels, but revo-
sts the world over to such enthusiasm, and the
an bourgeoisie to such fear and determination
an end to this challenge to its supremacy. In
xt article will be described the culmination of
vement, and the campaign of capital against its
h enemies—the Knights of Labor and the Black
ational—with its climax in the Chicago Anar-
rame-up, following the great eight-hour strikes
monstrations of May 1.

Meditations of a Cherry Picker



By PAULINE SCHULMAN.

CELIA and Doris met on a fruit farm as cherry pickers. Doris inquired how long Celia would remain on the farm. Celia replied that had she not felt as if she owed a debt to society she would remain thruout the winter.

Doris looked at her with her large blue eyes and asked: "What do you mean by owing something to society? I cannot understand the word, debt especially, in connection with that other abstraction, Society."

Celia: "Did you notice a little while ago how I was stung by a bee? Do you know why? Because I interfered with its labor. It was busy with a cherry which I was trying to pick. So it stung me in self-defense. A little insect, without brains, yet it knows how to protect itself when its work of obtaining food is interfered with.

"Do human beings understand how to defend and protect themselves? No, because they are submissive slaves. They let a few individuals not only take their food away from them, but also the food of their little children. They build houses, and weave cloth for others, and in return they get but very little, hardly enough to exist or keep soul and body together."

Celia was a bit out of breath. She mopped her brow, fanned herself with her apron, cast a fleeting glance at the uneven horizon, set herself down on the grassy turf, and renewed her charge at Doris. "Another incident let me mention, perhaps then you will better understand the nature of my debt to society."

"The other day I brought food from the village. I walked for it, as you know, five miles. I placed the food in a box which served also as food pantry. But the next day I found the food gone and the dishes broken. A cow stood looking at me with indignation, as if to say: 'I had to do it. I was hungry. They exploit me, squeezing the last drop of milk from my body. But they do not give me enough to eat. Well, I helped myself. As to your dishes—they were in my way, so I broke them.'

"You see, then, that helpless creatures without much brain, unable to handle tools of production, nevertheless know how to help themselves. But man, the master of the earth, is constantly starving, and when he obtains a few crumbs left from the large loaves of bread that he is baking, he feels happy, very happy, indeed."

Doris: "What has all this to do with your so-called debt?"

Celia: "Did you see the vineyard nearby this cherry orchard? And how the grapes are pruned? Do you know why they prune grapes? Because all superfluous twigs and branches must be lopped off or else the strength of the grapes will be reduced. This is sufficient evidence that in order to have a plant or tree grow properly a great deal of attention must be given to it, and especially to its parasites.

"To the human plant no one pays any attention. The human plants are neglected altogether. They become more and more uncouth, they form bad habits from their days of infancy which finally develop into second nature.

"And there," said Celia, "on the cultural field and with human plants I find my opportunity to pay my debt to society."

Doris seemed to be bored by Celia's talk, and was gazing into the distance. Her thoughts most of the time were concentrated upon one thing only, how to reach the matrimonial harbor of safety where she would feel secure.

Doris: "Why did you come here, into the field of real, not human plants?"

Celia: "Why did I come here? Oh, I had to. It is already twelve years that I am responding to the tick of the clock, running to and from the subways, hearing naught else but the whirr of the machine, and seeing endless gray walls before me.

"Life became dry and monotonous because the work I was doing did not interest me. It was dead material that I was handling, and for the benefit of whom? For a few individuals, my employer and his family, in order to enable them to live in luxury. Is it for this that I came here, I asked myself every single day. Of course not. I was eager to learn, and therefore entered the school of life in which I felt I could learn a great deal. Especially was I interested in problems concerning the rich and poor. When I was but a twelve-year-old child I used to ponder over the question why this division into classes and how it came about.

"My questions were usually answered by the statement that a girl of my age must not ask such foolish questions, for these ways of life have been instituted by the 'Lord,' etc. I

was not satisfied with these replies and decided to investigate for myself. I left my native village and came to the great city of New York. I chose the life of a worker, abandoning completely the petty-bourgeois class. It was in the factory where I have been working for the last twelve years that I found the answer to the questions I used to ask when a child.

"I understand now that the question of rich and poor has nothing to do with the 'Lord,' for this is an economic problem that must be settled by man himself. I realized that the school of life is a place wherein one must pay a heavy price for knowledge acquired, but I was and still am willing to pay it. However, at times I do get a longing to see once more the beautiful mountains surrounding the village of my birth. I would look thru the factory window and see nothing but the gray wall of the adjoining building. Neither sky nor a ray of sun could I see during the eight hours of work. Often I tried to close my eyes, and then I would fall into a revery, finding myself in my little village, enjoying the beauties of spring. This,

I think, will explain why I am here for a while."

When Celia and Doris were walking on the road, the neighboring farmers could never tell that these two were living in two different worlds. These two cherry pickers were far, very far, apart from each other in spirit.

Doris was contemplating the home which in her opinion was the refuge. She walked "aimlessly" and without "a purpose" in life, as she herself once stated.

But Celia kept on trudging up the hill and down the mountains, fearing none and nothing save the danger of becoming confined to a small little home. She traversed in her imagination every nook and corner of the world, a world that fully belonged to her, with its sorrows and joys, beauties and miseries.

How We Make Rubber

By ESTHER FRADKIN.

I WAS one of several hundred workers in a large rubber plant which is located in a small town in Massachusetts. I had to paste the lining on the last with my fingers. The first two weeks my fingers were so sore that I could dress mornings only with the greatest difficulty. When I told the girls about this, they advised me to soak my fingers in hot water and to massage them.

One afternoon when I went into the ladies' room to massage my fingers I noticed Mary standing in the corner with her face to the wall. Mary was a beautiful, healthy young woman who worked opposite me. She often made mistakes in her work, which the other girls tried to correct before the forelady noticed them.

When I came near Mary I was surprised to see that she was milking her breasts and allowing the milk to fall into the sink. She was crying bitterly. The elderly woman, whom we called Mother, was helping her. I learned later that Mary was trying to save baby by nursing it after work.

In the other corner of the room on a couch lay Nelly, also in tears. Her little boy was in the hospital in a critical condition. A few weeks before he had been run over. His mother was working at the time.

Everyone in the crowded room was moved by the plight of these two young mothers. One of the younger girls said: "Catch me getting a kid and going to work in a factory. If I get married my husband will work and I'll take care of the kids." "But suppose your husband gets sick, or loses his job? What are you going to do then?" asked one of the older women.

The woman whom we called Mother kept quiet for a while, then said: "I've worked here a long time, girls, and I've seen many young mothers suffer. But I think, what's the use of crying? Why can't we do something?" Angela, the floor girl, shouted: "Yes, why don't we do something? Why don't we form a union and get a nursery where mothers can leave their babies when they're working?" A soft little gray-haired woman in the corner of the room said quietly: "You read in the papers every day that unions are striking trying to get bread for workers and their children. They don't get bread, and they won't get nurseries. The only time that we'll get them is when we workers take over the factories."

Everyone in the room shouted: "Yes, yes, Emma is right." Mary and Nelly had stopped weeping now. They were listening to what we were saying. Then the bell rang. All of us, Mary and Nelly along with the rest, filed into the workroom, back to our tables.

Fragment.

By OSCAR RYAN.

Look you, Evelyn:
John has gone to the front,
Where he will do great things.
—Oh? you're not overjoyed?

Ha, you have NO imagination,
But squirm at material inconveniences?
—A fine wife for a soldier!

You know, after it's all over,
He will come back to you;
—Glory, peace and power
The lot of our countrymen;
and John the hero of it all.
—Just think! a hero!
—Why, you're crying . . . ?

THE TINY WORKER

A Weekly. Edited by Dorothy Rubin, Minneapolis

Johnny Red, Assistant.

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FUNNY BIRDS

Hey—What's This?

A bird that goes to work for lower wages in a place where other workers are on strike. This bird has no tail, no feathers and no brains. He won't join a union. He can't fly but sometimes they make him fly. Alright what's the answer? The word is only of four letters. Ghee, it's a cinch.

Hey, Some More. What's This

This bird thinks Coolidge is a great man. He believes in Santa Claus and won't let his children join the Young Pioneers. He thinks he will go to heaven after he dies. They put this kind of a bird in clocks. The word has six letters. What's the answer?

Yoo-Hoo!
You know how badly The Daily Worker needs money don't you? Did your Daddy send any? Go on—ask him to do it right now.

BOO-HOO!

Here's a picture of Johnny Red today. Just look how sad he is. The tears are streaming down his cheeks. He's as blue as a cat without milk for a week. And you fellows did it! You did! Johnny is used to receiving at least 37 contributions a week and this week he only got 17.

Rose Horowitz did not write and neither did Crammion Oliver nor a whole lot of other Tiny Reds. I'll say Johnny is blue—real blue—blue boo-hoo!

You little Reds had better send something in if you don't want Johnny weeping all over the place. We can't hire another janitor to be mopping up all his tears.

Our Johnny Red has
Editorial Blues
The tears are falling
into his shoes.

You had better send
A thing or two today
Or Johnny Red
Will just fade away.

REMEMBER?

How we begged little Dorothy Red of Minneapolis to tell us her name? Just look at her answer! It's the cutest little thing:

COMRADES ALL

I am a little girl,
Eight years in this whirl
DOROTHY RUBIN is my name.
The Red flag I will help to carry to fame.

2

My father is a worker
My mother is one too,
They are both red fighters
Against the robbing crew.

3

The Capitalist gang is feasting
On little children like we
And robs our fathers and mothers
Of their dearest family.

4

That's why my father and mother
Put RED blood in me
I will join with Tiny workers
And fight for a world that's free.

Atta girl, Dorothy. Stay with us! And be sure to write often now that we are all acquainted.

Textile Contrasts - - - By Raymon Coffman

(Ramon Coffman is the "Uncle Ray" of newspaper fame. He is the author of the "Childs History of the World," and his articles for children go into a million and a half homes every day. He is now writing for The Publishers Syndicate of Chicago. Coffman has always been a friend of the labor movement and has written several times for The Federated Press.)

* * *

EIGHT years ago I spent several weeks of my life as a tutor in the family of Arthur R—, a New York millionaire. I had never performed such work before, and I did not realize when I obtained the position that I was to be little more than a glorified nursemaid to Mr. R—'s two sons, Arthur, 15, and George, 12.

The history of my work as a "tutor" does not concern us here, but it did give me an insight into the life of the family of a baron of the textile industry. Mr. R— was the owner of five mills in which cloths were made. I did not at that period see the inside of a textile mill or meet any man or woman who worked in one; but I observed with interested eyes the Park avenue mansion.

The mansion was of four stories. On the first floor there was naught but a reception hall, a dining room, and the quarters in which the servants prepared food for the four master mortals of the household. To rise to the second floor an automatic electric elevator was provided. This floor was given up to a magnificent drawing room and the bedrooms of the master and the mistress.

I slept on the third floor, in a room equipped with a private bath and a fireplace. It was desirable that visitors should see that the tutor, the chosen guardian of the scions of the family, was adequately provided for. The rooms of the boys, with further private baths, were, of course, on this floor.

Tempted tho I am to go into further details, I must not drift too far into this description. Remarking only that the numerous servants of the household were stuck up on the fourth floor; that I visited a further R— household by the New Jersey seashore and learned of still another up in Maine; that I did not count the family automobiles or the servants; that I ate at the master's table and partook of rich food (tho a bit of it stuck in my throat), and that one of the men servants confided to me: "Yiss, Mr. R— is very rich; he inhirrited his five mills from his father;" I shall pass on to another side of the picture.

A few blocks east of the R— mansion on Park avenue there are buildings which do not provide four floors to a family. I knew of those eight years ago, and that is why the food did not always course down my throat so pleasantly, and why my private bath did not give me an unstinted feeling of luxury; but it was only later that I gained something of a knowledge of the lives of men and women who worked in the mills which supplied the income for the goings-on of the R— family life.

That first glimpse was attained at Paterson, N. J. There was a strike in progress. I did not make a scientific study of wages, hours and working conditions; but I did learn a single salient fact—that while Mr. R—, the master, worked (or at least put in time) two hours a day, and obtained a family-expenditure-privilege of $100,000 or more a year, the men and women who make the cloth were considerably less fortunate.

I have been reminded of all this in 1925 by a visit to another home of the textile industry—Passaic. This visit is fresh in my mind as I write, it having occurred only two days ago.

A good proportion of the city of Passaic is "out." Sixteen thousand workers have dared to question the right of mill owners to blacklist them and spy on them and to slash their wages at will. These strikers are probably a little more than half of the working population of Passaic, a city claiming about 70,000 persons within its limits. If you are in the habit of counting one working person to each family of five, you will need to revise your system calculations to provide for Passaic. The father works. The mother works. Big brother works. Big sister works. Of course I am speaking in hit-or-miss fashion. There may be no big brother or big sister in a family; all of the offspring may be below the legal age for child labor. The mother may be dead, or the father may be dead. What I am driving at is that the Passaic child cannot look forward to a university education, no matter how much he might desire one, or how well he could utilize one. I am speaking of a normal child, in a normal mill worker's family. A normal child, when the age of possible income-producing comes, will not pursue his education while his mother or father, or little brothers and sisters, are suffering for lack of proper financial provision. No, he will got out to the mill and strive to get a job to eke out the family income and make it adequate to living needs.

On the day I visited Passaic, a statement by the head of the largest mill in the city appeared in the daily newspapers. This gentleman contended that the average wage for the whole textile industry has been $22 per week.

Twenty-two dollars and some odd cents! There is a figure to conjure with. Knowing the cost of rents, the cost of food, the cost of clothing, may we conclude that this is a handsome sum for a family of five to grow up on? I suppose that you will reply that it is inadequate; and indeed it is not sufficient to maintain even a very miserable standard of living for a family of five persons. Hence it follows the young daughter or son must go into the mills as early as possible. Their ten or twelve dollars a week, added to the family income, may drag the family out of debt, or mostly out of debt!

Back in January of this year some of the mill owners put their heads together. They were looking forward to a time when their profits would slacken. Something must be done, and done quickly. What more natural than that they should cut down on that "burdensome item," the wages? After all, they weren't in business for their health.

I was not present when the mill owners conferred, but I'll bet the next hat I hope to buy that this sort of argument prevailed upon them:

"If we cut the wages, say 10 per cent, we can probably persuade our employes that it is necessary because of hard times, and probably they will accept it without making trouble. Then we can maintain a decent level of profits. On the other hand, if there should be a strike, it would come at an auspicious time. There is a slack in the industry, and a few weeks disappearance of the workers from the scene will not seriously handicap production. They will be licked, and we'll fire all agitators and drive them out of town."

If that reasoning prevailed, it did not work out very well. Sixteen thousand men, women and children walked out. It was one of those movements which sometimes occur among unorganized workers when they are goaded to revolt. Some, indeed, who were less bold, less far-seeing, remained at their places, fearing the proverbial wolf and anxious to hang on to what crusts they had; but the greater part of the workers braved the snow of the winter and did not scab.

The strike has continued strong 32 weeks without a break. The rich mill owners were at first indifferent, thinking that the workers could be forced to come crawling back to work at whatever miserable wages the mills chose to pay. But they did not reckon with the spirit of the striking textile workers or with the American labor movement, which has supported them throut the strike. When they saw how well the strikers were sticking the mill owners roused themselves and resorted to violence in an effort to crush the spirit of the strikers. In this they were ably supported by the local police, whose many acts of unprovoked violence are too well authenticated for reasonable doubt. The owners have resorted to every deceit, frameup and device. They have prostituted the courts to their purposes, and stiff jail sentences and excessive bail bonds have been the rule thru the strike. More than 465 strikers have been arrested to date in the police campaign to harass the striking workers and break their strike. But, miracle tho it may appear, they have not been able to break this strike, and it looks to me as tho they will never accomplish this purpose. They will have to recognize the workers' union.

I have seen the Passaic workers in action, attended their meetings, observed their efficient and excellent relief system, talked with the young workers, in whom I am especially interested. I can say without hesitation that nothing in years has stirred my faith in the workers' world as has my first-hand experience with this strike of exploited textile workers. The human brotherhood and solidarity displayed in this struggle for unionism will certainly have its effect on the unorganized workers everywhere in the other textile industries and in all American industry.

Finally, I cannot see how any worker or labor sympathizer can fail to dig down deep into his pocket for strike relief for these heroic young strikers: fathers and mothers, grandmothers, grandfathers, young workers, all of them of heroic mould; all of them sternly determined in their fight for a decent living wage. The Passaic strikers are fighting the battles of every working man and woman in this country and should be backed to the limit of labor's purse. More, in their struggle against police and court autocracy and the attempts of men like Chief Zober to nullify the constitution, these striking textile workers are fighting the battles of every American citizen. Every decent American citizen should get behind them and back them with money and with articulate moral support in their battle against autocracy and arrogance in industry.

Introducing Mr. H. C. Frayne

A Typical Labor Faker.

By V. Zack.

HE is a well-fed gentleman, short and stout. His belly hangs down between his legs. He becomes frequently indisposed: he looks like a man who has the sugar sickness. He thinks a lot of himself. He is New York state representative and high in the councils of the A. F. of L. But that is not so important as his membership in the Civic Federation, where big capitalists meet with their lieutenants, the big labor leaders, in order to figure out how to hoodwink the laboring men.

And then, not less important is Mr. Frayne's membership in Tammany Hall, of which he is a prominent executive member. This ought to be sufficient for a personal introduction.

Mr. Frayne has no power, the A. F. of L. is a decentralized organization, all power is vested in the various internationals, whom Mr. Frayne invokes only when it serves his purpose. Mr. Frayne's power is merely the power of his ability to serve the highest bidder, usually the capitalist class, and that's quite a power at present in the United States, especially in strongly centralized industries, or in industries with powerful employers' associations.

Every morning at 10 a. m. Mr. Frayne comes to his office, giving advice to numerous other little Fraynes who need his supreme counsel, and there is plenty of money in all this, as it is in all Tammany jobs, from the Tammany judge down to the Tammany labor leader. The New York labor movement is divided into two categories, the bona fide labor movement, that is the one controlled by Tammany Hall, Tammany unions and the others. Amongst the others used to be the socialist unions—those "damned Jews," as the bona fides call themselves, but in the last five years, socialism moved closer to Tammany, and lately there arose the greatest menace that there ever was to constituted authority, the left wing, and against that there is one sweet united front. Hence the socialist Shachtman went to Mr. Frayne, and Mr. Sigman went to Mr. Green. Then there is the "socialist" Forward, as the mouthpiece of these new combinations on the Jewish field, and Mr. Leary of the World. This is the political introduction for Mr. Frayne, and where his power comes from.

You heard a lot lately about Mr. Frayne in connection with the furriers' strike. Of course, you may wonder what Mr. Frayne has to do with the furriers' strike, with negotiations with the fur manufacturers. Indeed, Mr. Green himself, who belongs to the same society as Mr. Frayne, also came in to help the poor furriers out of their plight. At first these gentlemen came in like bulls in the china shop. This is now known as Carnegie Hall. Then they put on silk gloves—this is known as the Armory. Then they came bearing gifts. They agreed to the 40-hour week. Beware of Greeks bearing gifts. If you give them your confidence they will stab you in the back. It's like catching the chicken with the sweet corn after you failed otherwise, and it's an old game. It's a long time since Mr. Frayne had to work so hard, and what is personally a nuisance to him is that he has to meet and give his valuable counsel and advice to these damnable Jews, Sorkin, Shachtman and Mr. Samuels.

Mr. Frayne has a big job, but as a mere pastime he handles some little strikes, like the costume tailors in the Metropolitan Opera Co. There he took his revenge at the "damnable" Jewish outfit. He played as their powerful friend, kept them walking for all the winter months in the streets on the picket line, played even an April fool joke on Wm. Green, who has no business to butt in on Frayne's jurisprudence, and finally let the tailors know that they were wasting time, as they were all wrong and the Metropolitan Opera Co. was upholding the principles of the A. F. of L., which always stood for the right of the firm to reorganize their staffs as they please, and to fire whenever and whomsoever they please.

Then there are the shoeworkers of Brooklyn, who wanted that Mr. Frayne use his influence that the Boot & Shoe Union affiliated with the A. F. of L. should not scab on them during the strike. But then Mr. Frayne does not do such favors just for the asking, and he of course refused. The selling out business is a lucrative proposition, and now that the lefts are there it's even harder work. This is, in brief, an introduction to Mr. Frayne's activities, not to mention his meetings with his masters in the Civic Federation, the time he spends with the leaders of Tammany, the double-crossing of each other in the official A. F. of L. family, the judges, police and the underworld.

Mr. Frayne is a very busy man indeed, but he will always meet you with a smile. Oh, yes, he is a friend of the working men, always was. Yes, he was a worker himself once. You did not hear much that was not praiseworthy of Mr. Frayne in the past, neither did you hear of Mr. Heifers, who represents the A. F. of L. in New Jersey state, until these damnable Reds went on an organized campaign, spoiling these nice quiet faking businesses.

Both Mr. Frayne and Hilfers are typical labor lieutenants of the capitalist class, the executors of a well-conceived policy of the employers directed against the budding new militant unionism within the A. F. of L., coming from the left. Mr. Frayne, in this case, leads the fight against this new unionism amongst the organized workers, and Hilfers leads the fight of the employers against the militant action to organize the unorganized. The active appearance of Mr. Green in this situation only shows how much importance the capitalist class attaches to these two struggles, the furriers and Passaic, N. J. These two struggles have by far transcended the narrow economic objectives that gave them birth, and tho they remain purely economic struggles they bear a much greater significance.

Sports and Sports

By NAT KAPLAN

A HEAVYWEIGHT championship fight brings a good share of odor with its glory. Press talk of graft and politics in the Dempsey - Tunney fight are only evidence of the fact that once more, the usual partners of prize-fighting were present.

In Illinois, O. W. Huncke, chairman of the Illinois boxing Commission lifted the lid of professional prize-fighting and exposed a nasty mess. It was the kind of mess that is sure to be found as long as sports remain a "business"—particularly a gamblers' business. In this kind of "business," big and certain profit means the necessity of corrupt athletes, and promoters. A wise gambler bets on "a sure thing." Fights are "fixed" and the foolish poor fish who ventures a few hard-earned dollars on the fight is sure to be "cleaned." Boxing is no place for "suckers."

O. W. Huncke resigned very likely because he was new in the business. The Illinois Boxing Commission was organized less than three months ago. Probably he has not yet become part of the game and was thus "disgusted at the continual battle of the crooks of boxing to flout the rules of the commission." The climax came when the Rosenberg-Taylor bantamweight title fight was banned because of the uncovering of the attempt on the part of a clique of New York gamblers to win the fight for the champion by bribery, gun-play and intimidation. This brazen attempt at "fixing" a fight is nothing new. But the extent of it in the state has forced the commission to call in the National Guard for fights to "safe-guard the domestic tranquility."

This condition is quite the accepted thing in all professional sports and thruout the country. Wrestling is rotten with it. Baseball is not immune. You will recall the world series scandal of a few years ago. But all sport is not tainted. In contrast there is Workers' Sport. Organizations are springing up here and there and banding together. A healthy wholesome air surorunds these efforts. There is both room and need for them, and they deserve full-hearted support.

In New York and Chicago they have been at it for a couple of years. (Turn out some day for instance to see the Hungarian Workers' Sports team play soccer—and see the difference). The Pennsylvania State Federation of Labor at its last convention issued a call for its affiliated bodies to build Labor sports. The Young Workers' League more than anyone else have been instrumental in promoting workers' sports. A recent statement of the Y. W. L. puts the matter very pointedly: "Professional sports—baseball, prize fighting, etc., are a supposed substitute for real sports. Professional sports can be characterized by corruption and graft (fixed games, etc.) and nationalist propaganda side shows."

There you are. Professional sports—workers' sports. You say there is no Workers' Sports Club in your city? Hell's bells, man! Organize one! Get another person and you've got a hand-ball team!

Special Features for the A. F. of L. Convention

In the Next Issue of This Magazine, October 2nd

Wm. Z. Foster, outstanding progressive and left wing trade unionist, writes on the tasks and likely outcome of the convention.

With photograph of author.

P. S., a prominent Detroit trade unionist, describes the atmosphere prevailing in the Convention City on the eve of the convention.

With photographs of Convention Hall.

Facts and Figures on the Organization of the Unorganized by Thurber Lewis.

Front Page Drawing by Jerger.

Photograph of the Executive Council of the A. F. of L.

OTHER FEATURES.

Big Spencer, a dramatic story of the struggle of the German workers, by Kurt Klaeher.

Translated from the original by A. Lundy.

Illustrated by Adolph Dehn.

The State Jewish Theater in Moscow, by Ruth Kennel. Amply illustrated with photographs and drawings.

Educating Young Workers for Struggle, by John Williamson.

Concluding Chapter of History of Catholic Church in Mexico, by Manuel Gomez.

The Week in Cartoons, by Bales.

Drawings, by Ellis, Vose and others.

A WEEK IN CARTOONS By M. P. Bales