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Why a Labor Party?



By Fred Ellis

Look at Minnesota

AFTER everything that happened in the primary elections in Illinois, Pennsylvania, Iowa and a few other places, it will be instructive to have a look at Minnesota. There is something very special and characteristic about the coming primaries in Minnesota worth while following, studying and—to an extent—imitating.

The Minnesota Farmer-Labor Party.

THERE is a Farmer-Labor Party in Minnesota, an active political organization which has considerable standing among the workers and farmers of the state. It is 8 years old. This party placed its first ticket in the field against the tickets of the republican and democratic parties in the general elections of 1912, when the farmer-labor candidate for governor received 31.5 per cent of the vote. At the general elections of 1920 the farmer-labor nominee for the same office polled 36 per cent of the vote; in 1922, 43 per cent, and in 1924, 44.5 per cent of the vote.

In the coming elections of 1926, the Farmer-Labor association of Minnesota will again challenge the two old parties and will undoubtedly be successful in the effort. There, in the state of Minnesota, the workers and farmers have proven satisfactorily that independent political action by the workers in alliance with the farmers not only is possible but also practical and advantageous to the toiling masses.

Not as Helpless as in Other States.

WITH the advent of the farmer-labor party in Minnesota, political action for the workers and farmers ceased to be the empty, futile and hopeless proposition that it still is for the workers and farmers in other places in the United States. And why? Because in most of the other states and localities the masses are still supporting the old capitalist parties.

A few recent political events will illustrate the point. During the last four weeks, we had primary elections in about half a dozen states. What role did the workers and farmers play in these elections?

In Illinois they participated in considerable numbers in the primaries of the republican and democratic parties. That is, large masses of workers and farmers in Illinois have continued to recognize the old capitalist parties as their own. And what is the result thus far? Smith is the senatorial candidate of the republicans, Brennan is the senatorial standard bearer of the democrats. Both are old type capitalist politicians. Both are opposed to the workers and farmers. Both are servile tools in the hands of various groups of capitalists.

What have the workers and farmers of Illinois achieved in these

primaries? Nothing. They have helped their enemies against themselves.

In Pennsylvania things have turned out just as bad and for similar reasons. The official labor leaders in Pennsylvania, despite the existence there of a Labor Party which should nominate its own candidates, entered into the republican primaries to support the "best" man. They hit upon Pinchot for senator and Beidelman for governor. How much these two are better than either Pepper, or Vare or Fisher or any of the other capitalist candidates in the republican race, we have never been able to find out. But what was the result? That neither Pinchot nor Beidelman received the nomination. These went to Vare and Fisher—two politicians that are no good even according to the reactionary labor leaders in Pennsylvania.

In Iowa things seem to be a little better than in Illinois or Pennsylvania. The candidate who received the republican nomination for senator in Iowa—Smith W. Brookhart—is politically really different from Senator Cummins who was defeated. At least the campaign that Brookhart conducted could be interpreted as hostile to Wall Street and friendly in a measure to the farmers and workers. But Brookhart is the candidate of the republican party, the party of Big Capital. This party, if it at all permits the election of Brookhart to the senate, will either make him take its dictates or reduce his effectiveness in the senate to nothing. The burning question, therefore, is this: is there going to be a party of workers in alliance with the poor farmers to SUPPORT, DIRECT AND CONTROL THE ACTIVITIES OF THEIR REPRESENTATIVES IN CONGRESS? This question is as relevant to Iowa as it is to Illinois, Pennsylvania, etc., with the possible exception of Minnesota where the situation is considerably different. It is different because there they have a Farmer-Labor Party.

This farmer-labor party in Minnesota, despite its serious shortcomings in program, organization and leadership, is nevertheless a party of the toiling masses. It is distinctly different from the old capitalist parties and is opposed to them. It is built on the right idea—**independent political action by the workers in alliance with the poor farmers—even though this idea is not very clear in the minds of many of its present leaders.**

It is the presence in the field of this farmer-labor party that makes all the difference between the primaries in Illinois, Pennsylvania or Iowa and those that are coming up in Minnesota. Here the workers and farmers have a political organization which can be made to function in their own interests. Here they have an in-

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Look at Minnesota

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strument through which they can elect their own people to office and to support and control them after they have been elected. In the Farmer-Labor Association of Minnesota the toiling masses have got an organization which can be made to do for the workers and poor farmers what the republican and democratic parties have been doing for the capitalists.

The Enemies of the Farmer-Labor Association.

THE Farmer-Labor Association of Minnesota is confronting strong and powerful enemies. It has got to contend with them inside as well as outside. There are the republican and democratic parties still in existence and struggling desperately to combat the growth of the farmer-labor organization. And there are also agents of the capitalists—big and small—present WITHIN the farmer-labor movement trying to destroy it from the inside.

Thus Davis is challenging the nomination of Mangus Johnston as the candidate for governor on the farmer-labor ticket. This contest will be settled by the primary elections and, we hope, in favor of Johnston and against Davis. We say this not because we consider Mangus Johnston the ideal candidate. Johnston has serious and fatal shortcomings. He is far from being the clear, conscious and consistent champion of the interests of the masses against their exploiters that the workers and farmers need as their representatives. But Mangus Johnston has got the support of the workers and farmers in the Farmer-Labor Association whereas Davis is opposed by them his support coming from the professional politicians, the middle class elements and the reactionary labor officials. Mangus Johnston is the choice of the party having been nominated for the office of governor by the convention of the Farmer-Labor Association, held at St. Paul, in March. To support the nominee of the convention means in this case to support the farmer-labor association. It means to strengthen the movement against its enemies from within and to enable it to develop into an effective organ of struggle controlled by the workers in alliance with the poor farmers.

Spread the Minnesota Idea:

THE Minnesota idea should be spread to other states and localities. It is a correct idea inasmuch as it is founded on the principle of independent political action by labor in alliance with the poor farmers.

It is also a practical idea. This has been proven most convincingly by the development and growth of the Farmer-Labor Association in Minnesota.

And it is the only possible idea at this state of affairs. For anything else short of it means the continuation of the futile and hopeless game that we have witnessed just recently in the Illinois and Pennsylvania primaries.

The Workers (Communist) Party has pointed out the way towards spreading the Minnesota idea. It proposed the putting forward of United Labor tickets and Farmer tickets in the coming elections as a step in the direction of a Labor Party which would make an alliance with the poor farmers for joint struggle against the capitalist parties.

—ALEX. BITTELMAN.

Choice Bits of Futility and Reaction

"The little African gold cubes are easier to read now that new electric fixtures have been installed at headquarters. It has been suggested that the assembly room be called the Great White Way."—Dick Small, Teamsters' Union secretary, in the (Oakland, Calif.) Union Labor Record.

"A very short session of the Danville (Ill.) Trades and Labor Council was held on last Friday evening, due to the fact that the delegates were desirous of attending the May and Dempsey shows."—Vermilion County Star (Danville, Ill.).

"The British general strike . . . fully attained its purpose of winning for the coal miners a fair consideration of their condition."—Joseph E. Cohen, in the American Appeal.

"They (my property interests) belong to any great movement that can go on and do this job, and whenever the Amalgamated is ready to do that thing that they talk about in their preamble, or can show me that it is in a movement for that thing and it is time for me to turn over the property interests of the A. Nash Co. to the Amalgamated, I am ready now or at any time to do it." (Speech of Arthur Nash to A. C. W. A. convention) . . . It is, of course, no wonder that he was given a tremendous ovation by the delegates when he concluded his address."—The Advance.

"The contest for the nomination for governor on the Farmer-Labor ticket is not developing any animosity whatsoever. It is only a friendly contest to satisfy two factions of the progressive movement of the state."—St. Louis County (Hibbing, Minn.) Independent.

"In asking your permission to file this report in the record I summarize

it by saying that it shows that the Workers' Educational Bureau, of which William Z. Foster is the head, is the smoke screen which was in the early days intended to hide William Z. Foster, the now recognized leader of the Workers' Party, the political party which is subordinate to the Communist International of Moscow. Wangerin is secretary of Foster's amalgamation section of the Workers' Educational Bureau, and it is represented or was represented that Wangerin was secretary of the committee in charge of the Minnesota plan of amalgamation—so-called. Stating it another way, we have the Communist International of Moscow in direct charge of the Workers' Party of America, of which Foster is the leader. Subordinate to the Workers' Party is the Workers' Educational League, of which Foster is the head and has a division of this league in the International Committee for Amalgamation of the sixteen organizations. Foster is chairman of this and Wangerin is secretary.

"Foster does not believe in political action nor in economic action; he believes in organized force and murder—he calls it revolution."—Bert M. Jewell, president of the railroad employes department of the American Federation of Labor, to the convention of the Brotherhood of Railway Carmen. From the Railway Carmen's Journal.

"We believe that the year 1928 will mark the beginning of this decisive struggle between democracy and dictatorship. And we predict that this struggle will wipe out the remnants of middle-class liberalism and bring the European middle class into the socialist parties."—The Milwaukee Leader, a socialist party publication, from an editorial June 10.



A PEEK EACH WEEK AT MOTION PICTURES



"THE GREATER GLORY."

THE GREATER GLORY, adapted from the novel a "Viennese Medley," is largely a background for the brilliant blonde loveliness of Anna Q. Nilsson—miles removed, by the way, from the simpering Christmas-card angel blondeness of "America's Sweetheart." But the film also attempts a portrayal of the play of social forces in war-time Europe that is a new and welcome departure for the movies of this country. The personal theme centering about Anna Nilsson as the daughter of a wealthy Viennese family who is driven from home when she is involved in a scandal—innocently, of course—and becomes the center of the wild night life of Vienna's "schiebert," or war-profiteers, is banal enough. It is the Swedish actress's vitality and charm alone that save it from actual stupidity. But the picture of the swift decline of members of Vienna's aristocracy from propertied security to the poverty and insecurity that they had always trustingly believed to be reserved by a wise upper-class Providence exclusively for the proletariat, is not at all badly done.

The family about which the action centers is first shown in the Spring of 1914—well-dressed, well-fed, with all the quiet self-assurance and poise of position and wealth of long standing. Then comes the war, the krone dropping daily, government bonds and investments becoming worthless, prices mounting to fabulous heights, and finally the bread-line, food riots, and the last belongings pawned at government pawnshops.

The effect on the various members of the family group is really cleverly shown. Particularly on the old aunt who is the head of the family. At first a dainty, imperious, petted little old lady, and then a terribly frightened old woman with no earning power at all, who knows that she is a burden to the rest of the family and daily sees starvation staring her in the face.

This process of the impoverishment of the wealthy bourgeoisie in Central Europe has formed the theme of numerous books and articles since the war. It is interesting to observe how the tragedy of insecurity and uncertainty which is the daily and familiar companion of the great mass of the workers in all capitalist countries becomes visible to the eyes of the bourgeoisie only when it touches their own class.

The war-profit side of the picture is not so well done. The types would be more effective if their brutality and hoggishness were not so crudely and conventionally drawn. As it is, the moral seems to be that if a rich man gorges himself in an ungentlemanly manner while starving people look on and occasionally kicks a charwoman, he is wicked; but if he observes the rules of etiquette and eats politely where the people that he is helping to starve are out of sight, and doesn't kick his employes, but merely exploits and enslaves them, he is alright.

The film would be vastly improved if the producer would cut out the ridiculous helmeted figures on horseback, lifted from the "Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," that ramp across a pink-and-white sky to the accompaniment of something that sounds like the tintinny call for dinner in a country hotel, every time that war or rioting or revolution are mentioned, and the night-gowned ones that appear when a general impression of uplift is to be conveyed. On the other hand, a number of scenes might be added with advantage to remove a certain feeling of abruptness and difficulty in following the action of the story, frequently present in a film adapted from a novel, especially from one with a plot that is well somewhat subtly worked out, as that of the "Viennese Medley" is said to be.

The photography is excellent, and some very beautiful Viennese scenes are shown, and remarkably intelligent care has been taken with the minor characters and details, with the result

that the characters do really look like Viennese, and Viennese of the war years, instead of like Americans at a masquerade. Amy Schechter.

"MLLE. MODISTE"—MORALS IN THE MOVIES.

"MLLE. MODISTE," one of the month's best selling movies, might almost as well be called "Babbitt in Paris." The similarity between Hiram Bent, its "wine 'em, dine 'em, and sign 'em' hero, and Sinclair Lewis picture of a typical American business man as seen on the screen is accentuated by the coincidence of Willard Lewis having been cast for both roles. And in the words of one of the comedy's many wise cracks, Willard "knows his onions"—especially when it comes to playing the part of an affable nincompoop.

Hiram Bent hails from St. Louis, Mo., and, for movie purposes, is a millionaire banana importer. But in Paris he reveals his commercial ingenuity by taking up a side line, women's clothes. It is around the momentous subject of women's clothes, therefore, that the meaning and moral of this movie revolve. As Hiram puts it when he opens his "Mlle. Modiste" shop with a "splendiferous" banquet. "Here's to low necks and short skirts—may they never meet!" The hairbreadth escape that keeps the two from meeting provides the germ for a plot.

Middle-class morality is a sort of indescribable, indefinable something that is nevertheless indispensable, one finds out as the story progresses. Fifi, the model, is the kind of a girl who says she "isn't that kind of a girl" and she isn't! When Hiram, as banquet host, introduces her to all the potential masculine buyers (not of her, but of her costumes—the distinction is a fine one) she conceives the naive idea of auctioning off her clothes for the benefit of the French orphans, right on the spot. First her slippers, her fan, etc. . . .

When her dress is being bid for she modestly retires behind a screen, challenging male rivalry from over the top with head bobbing from bare shoulders. Even her tiny undergarments reach the hand of the highest bidder, and then the boldest amongst the males opens the bid "For the Screen!" Bidding goes on frenziedly, with Hiram's protests overruled because "It's all for the French orphans, you know," and finally the financially fittest is told to come and get it. Eyes gleam evilly and mouths gape as he eagerly clutches for the screen. It folds together in his arms, disclosing to the breath-holding guests "Mlle. Modiste," calm and smiling in her simple little dinner gown, donned dextrously between sales.

The fact that Hiram's buying guests saw a disrobed Fifi only with their mind's eyes and not with their naughty physical optics made all the difference in the world, of course, as far as middle-class morality is concerned. It happened, however, that her high-born lover, present incognito, became somewhat disconcerted before the final unveiling and departed early in a selfish dudgeon. Therein lay the great tragedy. How to convince him that she "wasn't that kind of a girl?" This problem was happily solved by resort to the green-eyed monster, jealousy, aided by the fact that Fifi had "whatever it is necessary to hang clothes on," and she also had the clothes.

The picture, adapted from the operetta, "Fifi," is full of funniness and well acted, while Corinne Griffith is very easy to look at—and she has a sense of humor that shows itself in Charleston-like antics which appeal to one's sense of modernity, to say the least. It's a far cry from her back to America's former "sweetheart," old-fashioned Mary Pickford, who scarcely moved anything but her eyes.

G. W.

New Days in Old England

A Historic May Day

By T. J. O'FLAHERTY.

I LEFT the usually turbulent but now comparatively peaceful Dublin on the evening of the 30th of April, bound for London.

Dublin is not an easy place to leave—particularly for those with a thirst for the dramatic.

But May Day in London in 1926 with 1,000,000 coal miners out of the pits! And with a general strike threatened! This was something that many men and women would sacrifice years of ordinary existence to experience.

So I resisted the temporary invitation of friends to spend a week shooting curlews in the heather-clad mountains of Wicklow, or discussing the futility of things in general with the cynical intelligentsia of Dublin who survived the gats of Black and Tans, Regular and Irregular Republicans and Free States.

MAY DAY, 1926, dawned rather auspiciously on the city of fogs, alias London. Perhaps the sun was just as benevolent when Oliver Cromwell, the pious bourgeois cutthroat, sent his troops into the house of commons and dispersed the jabbering funkeys of the Stuart king. Also on the day the royal Stuart had his royal head chopped off by the psalm-singing Covenanteer headsman.

The "tight little isle" has a history alright, but one would never dream of such things waiting in the offing as the Holyhead flier flew into a London station on May 1st, 1926.

"So you are not on strike yet," I remarked to the taxi driver who drove me to a hotel.

"We are waiting for the call, sir," he replied.

Yes, British workers use polite expressions, just as a Chicago gunman wears a silk shirt. But I frankly believe that a perfectly proper and smooth-tongued British worker would quite nonchalantly bore holes in the body of a British aristocrat with the same feeling of satisfied legality that a Berlin porter would express in accepting a mark for tipping his hat to a guest.

I have known good Irish Roman Catholics who would applaud the execution of a counter-revolutionary cardinal even tho they might thump their chests in devotion, mixed with religious horror over the contemplation of the 5th commandment: "Thou shalt not kill."

All roads lead to Hyde Park on May Day. And on this May Day more than ever.

One million miners on strike!

Four million workers in other industries, under the leadership of the General Council of Trade Unions, threatening to strike in sympathy.

Of course, the right wing leaders, led by Mr. J. H. Thomas, proletarian by origin but flunkey by nature—emphasize that this was an industrial and not a political struggle—that the General Council was not fighting the government or aiming to destroy the "constitution."

But who believed in Thomas? Only the capitalists and unfortunately large sections of the workers. The villain of "Black Friday" was out to beat his second, and he succeeded—on the evening of May 11.

But on May Day! Who could foretell what might happen, once the masses began to move. The masses are dangerous—to the ruling classes; to those who prey on them.

"Revolutions never take place until the pains of rebellion are no greater than the pains of obedience."

And this stage has arrived for the British working class.

J. H. Thomas, privy councillor to his majesty, the inebriated monarch of Britain, Ireland, India, Egypt, etc., would do his best to break the solidarity of the workers, but the best of prophets make mistakes.

And the government was taking no chances.

I watched the May Day parade at the Marble Arch, one of the entrances to Hyde Park, where the procession dispersed.

How many of you remember what David Lloyd George said of the social-



British Capitalism Losing Its Temper.

ist propaganda carried on in this famous meeting place, while speaking on the rise of the working class movement in the commons a few years ago?

George is a clever political opportunist. He is an astute reader of mass psychology. He reminded his colleagues in the historic house of the days—30 years ago—when socialist soap-boxers "raved" in Hyde Park, and the silk-hatted crowd laughed at them, the police tolerated them and the ruling class felt quite happy in the thought that the workers were too stupid to unite and the "nuts" were too crazy to lead.

But the "nuts" have changed, said the wily George and so have the times, which is responsible for all change. The wily Welshman likes to scare the bourgeoisie, so he can get a better price from them for his sense.

But the Hyde Park demonstrations are no longer sneezed at by Scotland Yard. Mounted police were there on May Day, 1926—plenty of them. Lloyd George, the flunkey of British imperialism, knew what he was talking about. The British working class movement is no longer a thing to be sneezed or laughed at.

YOUNG, old and middle-aged, marched or rode from the Embankment to Hyde Park. Policemen on slick mounts accompanied the parade. The horses pranced and "did their stuff" perhaps to impress the workers with their mobility. At that, they looked as precocious as those who sat on their backs.

The present London police force is comparatively new. None of those who went on strike a few years ago were reinstated. This is not surprising. It is a serious matter for the ruling class to allow their uniformed hirelings to affiliate with the Labor Movement.

Don't forget that Calvin Coolidge is "our" president, because he claimed credit for breaking the Boston policemen's strike, tho he should give the undeplored deceased Gompers a share of the credit.

ON they came in thousands, on foot and in many types of conveyances—young, middle-aged and old.

"Stand by the Miners," "Down with the Fascisti," "Support the Workers' Defense Corps," "Read the Sunday Worker."

Slogans—fighting slogans. "What kind of a paper is this Sunday Worker?" I asked quite innocently of a portly person who watched the procession with much interest.

"A labor paper," he replied proudly, "You should secure a copy." And so I did, and met Comrade William Paul, the genial editor, and the equally scintillating Charlie Ashleigh, whose

name is quite familiar to those who have even a nodding acquaintance with the revolutionary movement in the United States.

Communists, I. L. P.'ites, Young Communists, Young Pioneers, Labor Party branches, Trade Unions—they were all there marching together.

"This looks like what we in the States would call a 'United Front,'" says I to myself, but just then there was a commotion down the line. I could hear angry shouts, "Get the bastards!"

Two lorries came tearing along loaded with fascisti. And you never witnessed such a scurvy collection of human beings!

Perhaps everybody on the side-lines were not workers or radicals. But there was no sympathy for the black-shirts. Fortunately for them, the drivers stepped on the gas and they escaped with their hides. But they did not capture any red flags, as the capitalist press reported.

I AM in Hyde Park. It looks like the vicinity of a picket line in an American industrial struggle. Police! Police! Mounted and on foot. A disturbance in the distance and mounted police dash to the scene of trouble.

There are many kinds of people there—some hunting for amusement. But then, even during the French revolution, the theaters were open!

Here is George Hardy, sturdy and red-faced, acting secretary of the National Minority Movement. The secretary, Harry Pollitt, is in jail, but his wife, Marjorie, is on the job. She makes a hit with the crowd.

George Hardy was delivering a speech or reading a resolution. He was on the Seamen's platform. George is an old "Wob" and is just as proud of the fact as even Bill Haywood. I stepped behind the platform and pulled his leg—literally.

"There are three bastardly finks out here," he whispered. "I will meet you at—"

Scotland Yard men were busy with their notebooks. Not that they needed any. The British "stools" are the most accomplished liars in the world. And the judges usually take their word.

Nat Watkins of the National Minority Movement totes a considerable pipe, but, unlike that worn by our Hell and Damnation Dawes, it is not upside down. Neither is Nat.

The park was congested. Police lying on the grass, smoking pipes. Yodlers fiddling or dinging or whatever yodlers do. "No more war" banners in dangerous proximity to Communist banners that told the workers it was no use blinking the class war. It was there.

A tall fellow was in the center of the angry crowd. He wore an undertakers' collar. But perhaps it was his own. He was defending the government and the capitalist system.

"The workers are alright as long as they stay where they belong," he was saying, much to the disgust of a tall man who wore a button with the cryptic letters, "I. C. W. P. A.," the counterpart of the I. L. D. (International Labor Defense).

A lady of indifferent pulchritude was boosting the Prince of Wales, while a stately matron with a child on her shoulder more than suggested that the prince's supporter was, to put it mildly, of unquestionable virtue, since she admitted having a very warm spot in her heart for the prince, tho she never had the pleasure of seeing his royal countenance.

The woman with the child shot a leading question to her opponent:

"Would you marry the prince?"

"You bet your bleedin' lives," was the reply.

"Then you are no better than a bloody prostitute," said the woman with the child. "How could you love a blighter you never saw?"

"But he is our prince," retorted the suspected virgin, "and if all the royal family were like him there would not be so much trouble."

"Well, we would not run out of bastards," snorted the woman with the child. "For my part, I say damn 'em all! The working class can bloody well get along without 'em."

Still no blows were struck, tho plenty of hard words were passed.

I trotted hither to the no-war meeting. Perfectly liberal and non-factional. About one hundred persons listened more or less attentively while a speaker dwelt on the horrors of war. He did not mention the Chinese, Hindu or Egyptian wars, even at that moment, in course of prosecution by the British government. Evidently that kind of thing was more or less immaterial. What he did not like was war between the big capitalist powers. Still he was a good fellow.

Turning around for consolation, I noticed a demonstration. There was a semi-balded man carried on the shoulders of husky fellows with several hundred in the procession.

"There is Sak!"

"What the blazes is Sak?" I queried.

"Why, Saklatvala, of course," was the reply, "the M. P. of Battersea. He is a Communist."

And almost everybody in the vicinity began to cheer.

Sure enough, there was Saklatvala, a Hindoo, elected to the commons from Battersea, which sent John Burns to the house. But Burns is now rather quiet, tho some say he has not forgotten the working class.

Saklatvala is not quiet, tho. Rather funny to see a member of the Hindoo race elected to the commons by a typical British electorate. But they are exploited just as Saklatvala's people in India are. And Saklatvala, being a Communist, knows that the interests of the exploited colonial workers and those of the workers in the chief city of the empire are identical.

"Three cheers for Saklatvala."

There was a rush for his platform. The poor devil on the "no more war" platform did the best he could. His few listeners were leaving to hear "Sak."

"I am not surprised," he said, "that Saklatvala should get the crowd. They know he is loyal to the working class and that he is unafraid. They are confident that he will fight for them, regardless of consequences. But—"

And then he tried to induce a few people to remain, because the next speaker was a "Miss So and So," who was not bad to look at. But the audience did not stay. They went to hear "Sak," who was having the time of his life taking liberties with the Union Jack.

The workers listened to him and applauded. The detectives listened and took notes. And effectively. "Sak" got two months in jail for the speech he made on that May Day.

It was a glorious May Day. But the best was yet to come.

MASHURA (Picture of a Young Russian) By Moissaye J. Olgin



THIS is how I met her. I was sitting in a tram-car that stopped at the Lubyansky square. The square was in a red turmoil. A youth demonstration had just been terminated and a crowd of young men and women thrust themselves into the car. One of the girls looked like a glowing poppy among grasses.

Was she beautiful? I know not. A brown, oval, sunburned face with a golden glow under the skin. Oval, dark, luminous eyes with a little squint. Thick, brown hair combed back. A laughing big mouth,—red and white, blood and pearls. Apple-quality in the figure: round, resilient, luscious, substantial. The whole appearance so permeated, saturated, full of overflowing with life, sunshine, laughter, free joy, that one did not care to think whether the creature was beautiful. Ask whether a young pine tree is beautiful when it quivers in the hot summer wind.

The car was filled with a colorful hullabaloo. The tram had not yet moved from the spot before I knew that the name of the girl was Mashura.

She sat opposite me on the narrow seat next to the window. I looked at her, thinking how well the name fitted her appearance: broad, round, coherent, with a wide sweep: Ma-shu-ra. I must have looked at her with too much curiosity because she suddenly burst out laughing:

"You want to talk. Why don't you? Don't be bashful."

Smilingly I said something to the effect that she interested me as a type of the new proletarian youth. Mashura turned to the rest of her comrades with a loud voice in mock earnest:

"I have the honor to introduce to you a rare bird, an American who speaks Russian."

Not a quarter-hour had passed before we all became friends as if we had known each other for many years.

ONCE tried to make the balance of Mashura's day and found that hours were missing. It is like this. In the morning she must get up not later than six or half-past six, because she has to wash, dress, cook and eat breakfast, and then ride forty minutes in the tram and walk ten minutes to reach her factory at "whistle time,"—eight sharp. In the factory she works from eight to twelve and from one to five every day except Saturday, when the work is finished at twelve. At six in the evening she finds herself in the university where she takes courses and participates in the seminary till nine. Three times each week she is occupied, first, in the party nucleus, second, in a political circle where she gives a course, third, in the chorus. Besides, she has been charged with the special task of organizing sections of the M. O. P. R. (International Labor Defense). This necessitates her visiting workers' meetings and making speeches on behalf of the M. O. P. R., sometimes also organizing conferences and meetings. M. O. P. R. keeps her busy several evenings, a week.

All this is regular, indispensable work.

Figuring out the extent of her activities, I could not understand where Mashura found time, first, to eat supper, there being a ride of a minimum of fifty minutes from the factory to the university; second, to prepare the work for the university; third, to read books and papers; fourth, to participate in the Komsomol (the young Communist organization); fifth, to sew herself a dress, to mend stockings, to wash her linen; sixth, to live.

Of course, she did not need much clothing. A red kerchief on her head, a white blouse and a short skirt up to her knees, a pair of sandals on her strong, sunburned, well-shaped feet, and nothing else. Still—

"MASHURA, where do you find time—?"

Mashura jerks her head, her eyes flash like two black little mirrors, and her big mouth reveals a hundred strong, white teeth.

"Nitcheco—I find time."

"Mashura, what do you study in the university?"

"Biology and Marxian philosophy."

"Mashura, what do you want to become?"

"What do you mean, become? I am."

"What are you?"

"A proletarka."

Mashura gives her upper body a powerful twist so that her white blouse shakes. Mashura loves energetic movements. Mashura needs a great deal of space. She feels best in the open air. Oo—ooch! How good it is to move!

"Mashura, how many hours a night do you sleep?"

"Never mind. Who cares to sleep away his life?"

I WAS in Mashura's house. She inhabits a room with two other girls in the Arbat section of Moscow, on the eighth floor. There is an elevator in the house, but it stops at nine in the evening. Coming, as I did, shortly before eleven, because I knew that nobody comes home earlier, I had to walk up one hundred and twelve steps. But the girls boasted that their balcony overlooked half of Moscow (the house formerly belonged to the bourgeoisie, now it is honeycombed with workers.) We drank tea on the balcony.

Of Mashura's two room-mates, one is an office worker and the other a medical assistant. The latter works in a hospital two days in succession, with the whole third day off. When she is free she cooks for all the girls, preparing food for the other two days. There is no kitchen, and the food is cooked on the *primus*, a kerosene burner.

The room is clean though not large. There is a bed, a couch, two chairs, a table, a couple of boxes, a *primus*, a balcony. There are lots of books. All three girls are reading books. There are pictures on the walls, portraits of leaders, and a few landscapes.

Of the two other girls, the office worker is a weakly, pale creature of about twenty-two, with dreamy eyes and slow gestures. The medical assistant is a woman of about forty, with closely-cropped hair, a hardened face and mannish expression. Mashura looked enormously young in the company of her room-mates. One would believe she was sixteen. One would take her for a careless child, if not for the moments when the laughter disappeared from her face, at which moments one realized that this was an earnest personality, a woman with a will and a way.

"Mashura, what are you going to do tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow I am going to the Narkomzdrav (Health Commissariat). The day nursery in our factory needs a doctor. It's scandalous we have to wait so long."

Mashura swings her two fists downwards as if nailing something in the air with two hammers. In a minute she is laughing again, her white teeth gleaming in her big, luscious mouth.

"Sing, Mashura."

"Everybody is asleep."

"Don't talk nonsense. Who is going to sleep on a night like this?"

"Would you help?"

"Go ahead."

Mashura fills her chest with air, and a warm, frolicsome folk tune dances into the wide-awake white Moscow night. The refrain is caught up in the adjoining rooms. In a few minutes the whole house is a-singing. Ee-ee-ee-aa-aa-a-ch. Mashura screams out, spreading her arms. It looks as if she would swing herself from the balcony.

MASHURA says she has a man. How so? Quite plainly: she has a husband. Been married for a year and a half.

Why doesn't she live with him?

She jerks her head sidewise, and her brown face becomes all aglow with gold sparks which shoot from under her skin.

"Bourgeois notion."

"But don't you want to live with the man you love?"

"So we meet. What else? Must we always step on each other's corns? Or should we perhaps put two beds together and cover them with one quilt? Ha, ha, ha, ha!"

It seems Mashura has never seen a funnier thing than two beds covered with one quilt.

"But when do you meet him, since you are always busy?"

"Nitcheco. One finds time. A famous scholar once said: 'One must only know how to be master of his time.' This is NOT. (The Russian equivalent of Scientific Management).

Mashura is taking at the university a course in NOT.

"Can you tell me something about the Taylor system?" she asks, and her broad, laughing face assumes the expression of a lovely, attentive, well-behaved pupil in a class.

I SAW Mashura on the Vorobovy hills of a Sunday afternoon. From the heights, Moscow looked like a silver and gem embroidery on a green rug. At the foot of the hills the river Moskva spread like a blue sash with buckles of mother-of-pearl.

Young people played in the fields, Mashura among them. Her hair was disheveled, her face flushed, her shapely bare legs fairly jumping from under her dress. She took off her red kerchief, holding it in her hand and waving it in the air in front of a cluster of young men who ran in every direction. It was like this: whoever catches Mashura will have a dance with her. She waved the kerchief and ran, with the heated boys after her. Laughter rang, rolling all over the field.

Little white clouds danced in the hot summer skies of Moscow.

Voices rang from everywhere: "Ma-shu-ra! Ma-shu-ra!"

They Say

By HENRY GEORGE WEISS

Is manhood not within you, courage gone?
Are you but fit to be the slaves you are?
Can you not bear the light of Freedom's dawn,
Nor lift your heads to view a single star?

Oh tell me true—are you the blind, the dumb,
The patient beast of burden that they say?
But stupid dolts from whom no will can come
To break the bonds and throw the chains away!

You toiling serfs that delve below the earth,
You rugged ones that plant the generous wheat,
Are you but fools fit for your master's mirth?
Are you but dust beneath their haughty feet?

And you who toil in factory and mill . . .
Speak! Let me hear! They say you love your chains;

They say that at their bidding you would kill
To add another dollar to their gains.

They say . . . they say . . . and as they say
I hear

The thud of rebel feet, the sullen cry
Of Labor Militant write deep with fear
That on their brows which gives them back the
lie!

Have Faith in Massachusetts?

By ADOLF WOLFF.

"Have faith in Massachusetts,"

Once wrote a politician
Who since has climbed
Into the White House.
Have Faith in Massachusetts
Where long ago
Witches were burnt
Alive.

And where today
Two innocent men,
Two honest toilers,
Two devoted comrades,
Are branded as murderers
And tortured
Tortured for years,
Six terrible years,
Alive in a tomb
With the shadow of death
Getting nearer and nearer,
Bigger and nearer,
Bigger and nearer,
And the politicians
And the hangmen
Want us to,
Ask us to
Have faith in Massachusetts.

(7)

THE WORLD WAR.

WE must admit that the world war came as a surprise, even to many radicals, who had frequently quoted the decisions of the Second International, in which its coming was predicted. Many had lulled themselves into the belief that the labor movement could prevent war. In any case, the parties were unprepared for the war, and yielded to the terrorism of the governments. The imperialists had matters organized so cleverly that they could in every country claim that they were "defending the country," and that the enemy was "imperialistic." Lenin had not expected much from the reformists. But even to him their open betrayal was a surprise. They had accepted the decision of the International Socialist Congress in which the vote for the war credits was forbidden and the method of fighting against the war alluded to the Paris Commune and the Russian revolution of 1905, which could mean only a revolutionary fight against war.

But when the betrayal of the war socialists became certain, Lenin did not delay. He showed how the international decisions condemned the traitors. "When opportunism and chauvinism gained the upper hand in the biggest parties, then the Second International ceased to exist. There must be a new international." And Lenin began preparations for it.

The war found him in Galicia, Austria, and he was arrested as an enemy—especially since the endarmes suspected his agrarian statistics to be spy reports. He was, however, released on the recommendation of Victor Adler, and settled in Switzerland. There followed difficult times. The witchery went on and lower and more despicable became the betrayal of the "socialists." It took some time before the proletarian opposition to the party leaders could be organized. But Lenin was not disheartened. With Zinoviev and other comrades, he started a fight. Their war-time articles were published, many of them in English, in the collection called "Against the Current." Lenin himself has said that without knowing these articles the revolutionary workers cannot understand the development of the international revolutionary ideas before 1917. Lenin also wrote a book, "Imperialism, the Latest Stage of Capitalism." The Russian central committee published a manifesto and theses about the war and the attitude of the various parties. The Bolshevik Duma fraction fulfilled its duty and was consequently sent to Siberia. With them went Comrade Kamenev, who was sent from abroad to do party work in Russia as the representative of the central committee. In the publications of the Lenin institute in Moscow, the letters of Lenin to comrades abroad are published. Comrades Kollontai and Shlyapnikov were at that time in the Scandinavian countries and transmitted correspondence from Switzerland to Russia. Lenin also sought connections with the opposition movement in all countries in order to organize them. In 1915, there was held the International Women's Conference in Berne and the Zimmerwald conference in September.

From Switzerland, with the searchlight of his criticism he viewed the various tendencies in the world. He analyzed social-imperialists, social-patriots, social-chauvinists, and especially the Kautskian centrists. To the statement of Kautsky, that one question is concrete: the victory or defeat of one's own country, Lenin answers: "That is true, if socialism and the class struggle are not taken into consideration. But if they are, it is not true. Another question is also practical: either to perish in the slave-owners' war as a helpless slave, or to perish in attempts to fraternize with the slaves with the purpose of abolishing slavery. This is the really practical question."

Comrade Krupskaya tells in her memoirs, how they lived in a workers' family in an old house in Zurich. The neighborhood was really international: in one room there was the wife of a German baker at the front, in another an Austrian actor family. There was no chauvinism and the landlady won the admiration of Lenin by stating that "the soldiers could turn their weapons against their own governments."

Good signs appeared in the world. Karl Liebknecht, who in August, 1914, had not voted against the war credits, although in the fraction he had demanded it, gave his vote in December,

against the credits (he did this alone, although in the fraction he had had some following). The "Spartacists"—Liebknecht, Rosa Luxembourg, Mehring, Clara Zetkin, etc.—began to distribute illegal leaflets and write letters to the front. "The world war must be transformed into civil war," had become their slogan. Similar signs appeared in other countries. Many of them were very indefinite and confused. In the Zimmerwald conference, the centrist-pacifist elements were in a majority. Lenin organized the Zimmerwald left and presented in its name a different manifesto and resolution as amendments to the decisions of the conference. He published these resolutions and explained, how he could accept them, but in what respects they were insufficient. And he published the left-wing proposals in the same issue. This was a good lesson in tactics, showing how to use the opposition movements, but at the same time criticizing their inadequacy. The same thing happened in Kienthal, 1916. At the third Zimmerwald conference in Stockholm, 1917, the slogan was accepted; A general strike against the war. But at that time the Russian revolution was already in an advanced state and Lenin had already, in the spring, explained that it is necessary to start the new international, because Zimmerwald was too shaky. "Let the dead bury their dead." Whoever wants to help the wavering elements must himself cease to waver."

The February (March) Revolution.

WHEN the message came about the overthrow of czarism, Lenin responded immediately. He wrote letters to Comrade Kollontai, who was ready to leave Norway for Russia. In his letter, Lenin explains the character of events with amazing clearness and gives the first instructions: no confidence in the provisional government—Independent policy of the proletariat! Then he starts to plan how to get to Russia. He proposes Swedish passports for himself and Zinoviev and their wives. But how about the language? Somebody asks—We must travel as deaf-mutes, Lenin answered. It was not possible, of course. But how? The "Allied" countries don't grant visas. How about Germany? Everybody understands that this might be misinterpreted. Like a cautious man, Lenin takes precautions. He gets unchallengeable persons to bear witness that they had not made any improper agreements with the German government. Ludendorff tells in his memoirs that they let the Russian revolutionaries (there were not only Bolsheviks) go to Russia, hoping that they would weaken the war sentiment, and that every war-faring nation acts in this way. But he regretted it afterwards, for the disastrous results to German imperialism.

One Swedish comrade tells how the emigrants came to Sweden. They were hungry and cleared off the dinner. But Lenin did not touch food. He at once started to ask questions of the Russian comrades about the situation in Russia. Radek tells in a humorous way how they compelled Lenin to buy new trousers and shoes in Stockholm. The rest of his funds—about twenty dollars—Lenin left to the comrades in Stockholm, who could not come to Russia. And when they crossed the Finnish border, Lenin at once started a discussion with the Russian soldiers. These soldiers, and those whom they met on the train, were "defenders," and Lenin listened attentively to their arguments. Zinoviev tells how they expected to be arrested. But on the Finnish-Russian border they were met by the workers of the munitions factory in Sestroretsk, many of them enthusiastic Bolsheviks. On the train, Lenin at once started to argue with Kamenev, whose views he did not accept. In the Petersburg station, they were met by a patriotic officer, who made a speech expressing the wish that Lenin join the provisional government. "He will show you the provisional government," the comrades commented among themselves. And Lenin "showed" them even more than many comrades had expected. To the masses of workers and soldiers, gathered on the square before the station, he made his famous speech from the roof of an armored car, and raised the slogan "Socialist revolution." He explained it in more detail in his speech in the palace of Ksesinskaya (Mistress of the Czar), now the headquarters of the Bolsheviks. The reformist Suchanoy, accidentally present, describes the situation: "Never will I forget that lightning-like speech, the blows of which did not hit only me, the heretic, but even all the orthodox. I am sure that nobody ex-

pected it. You felt as if all elements were conjured and the spirit of destruction which knows no obstacles had hovered over the crowd."

Lenin arrived on April 3, and on the next day he presented his thesis, which contained the following: the war will be revolutionary only when the power is in the hands of the workers and peasants. The provisional government is imperialist. You cannot support its war. Our slogan must be: All power to the Soviets! A Soviet Republic! Police, army and bureaucracy must be abolished. The land must be put at the disposal of the soviets. Workers' control in the industry, food provision, nationalization of the banks, under the control of the soviets. A new party program and new international.

Lenin criticizes the attitude taken by the comrades, who made concessions to the "revolutionary defense." When Kamenev argues that the Bolsheviks had always had the slogan: Workers' and peasants' democratic dictatorship, and asks: Will the slogan of Socialist Revolution not be premature? Lenin answers that the essence of Marxism is that we must act on the basis of actual conditions, not our previous estimations. The estimations of the Bolsheviks have proved correct in general. But there are always unexpected things in details. The democratic dictatorship of the workers and peasants has been realized, although in an unforeseen form. This dictatorship, the soviets, tolerates, beside itself, the dictatorship of the bourgeoisie in the form of the provisional government. This dual power cannot last long. And Lenin explains, we will not demand the immediate realization of socialism. The power to the soviets and the social revolution is a slogan to be presented to the soviets and must be accepted by a majority.

The waves of the popular movement rise high. When the foreign minister, Miliukov, sends a note to the allied governments with an assurance of war "to the end," he is compelled to resign. The popular movement toward peace comes to expression in many mass demonstrations. But there is a very strong sentiment against the Bolsheviks, who have a very small minority in the soviets. But Lenin and the comrades work persistently. Comrade Zinoviev tells how they were met by officers in the Semenov armory, when they went to make speeches there. It was apparent that the officers were ready to kill them. And the sentiment of the soldiers was against Lenin when he started to speak. But after a time he had gained their confidence. In the early summer the problem arose, of how to prevent a premature upheaval. The masses in Petersburg, and especially in Kronstadt, were very much excited, and ready to start things. As the situation in the army and in the provinces was not ripe, the Bolsheviks opposed the fight for power. But the masses went out, and the Bolsheviks had to go with them in order to prevent a calamity. They succeeded in drawing the masses back as it was becoming clear to them that they would be defeated.

At the same time, the front offensive of Krensky collapsed. Many leading Bolsheviks were now arrested. Lenin and Zinoviev were ready to yield to court hearings, but when it became clear that they would be murdered by the counter-revolutionaries, the central committee decided that they should hide. They worked in a shack of brush-wood in the forest close to the Finnish border. They were furnished with the daily papers and wrote articles and letters. Later on, Lenin moved to Finland, where he wrote "The State and Revolution." In a brochure in July, "The Lessons of the Revolution," he had explained how the mere slogan "Power to the Soviets" would now mean betrayal. The slogan must be: Fight for the Power of the Soviets! Up to this time, the power could have been taken over peacefully. But now it was impossible. The masses must be prepared for the open fight.

The Terrible Metamorphosis of Mrs. Brown

We are publishing here the first of a series of three sketches on the British general strike sent to the New Magazine from London by Comrade Florence Parker. The articles are extremely interesting, as they were written by a close observer and participator in the great struggle. The second sketch will appear in the next issue of the magazine.

By FLORENCE PARKER.

MRS. BROWN was one of the most terrible examples of what even "a purely industrial dispute" can do to the mind of a simple British matron. One shudders to think what will occur to her were the dispute at any time to take a more wide reaching character.

She had married Brown when she was young and she had borne him three children willingly and one slightly more grudgingly, tho in fairness to Mrs. Brown one must admit that the grudge was largely caused by the financial insecurity which haunts even the higher-paid rank of the British workers.

Brown had always been a keen man for his trade union and she had early realized the economic significance of trade union activity.

But the war had been the first real step in the downfall of Mrs. Brown. In the country lived the sister of Maggie Brown and on her farm during those memorable years from 1914 to 1918 had worked a young German prisoner who had fallen in love with, and later married, Mrs. Brown's niece. But even before this Mrs. Brown had not believed in the war, nor in the righteous cause which Britain claimed as hers alone.

The air raids had not had the proper effect on her, either, for instead of cursing the Germans as any nice-minded British woman was expected to, Mrs. Brown railed against a vague "them," never stopping to define "them" more closely, but quite convinced that "their" nationality was not limited to the frontiers of Germany. In fact, Mrs. Brown had an inquiring mind and one which, tho slow to work, was not easily sidetracked. Having doubted the justness of the war, and having been skeptical about god from childhood, she was, as can easily be seen, a ripe subject for the sinister influence of the general strike.

At the beginning Mrs. Brown found herself active on the social section of the strike committee. But this did not satisfy her very long and in a very short time she haunted the public meetings, dragging to them apathetic neighbors and spending her meal times distributing handbills announcing such meetings.

The children were galvanized into political activity and shamelessly exploited at strike concerts long after the hour when they should have been in bed. Brown, busy on his strike bulletin, received from his always devoted little wife, a new and invigorating amount of support and encouragement.

For Mrs. Brown, hitherto merely skeptical and suspicious minded, found in the general strike, its workings, its progress and its potentialities, an answer to most of her discontent and much of her skepticism. In short, Mrs. Brown became a political fanatic. Had she not borne so excellent a character in the neighborhood where she had dwelt for the past 18 years, there is not the shadow of a doubt but that she would have been described as a Bolshevik, and an "agitator" at that!

She changed her baker because he did not share her views about the strike; she refused to pay her usual Sunday evening visit to Brown's mother because that worthy individual thought that the general strike was going too far. She even accused the local branch of the Women's Co-operative Guild of disloyalty to their class, for she considered all criticism of the progress and conduct of the strike as sabotage.

She got mixed up with all sorts of dangerous people, too. For example, she used to go round with the young woman who distributed the daily strike bulletin of the Communist Party and when she read that the

police were after such people and such papers she merely tucked a few dozen copies behind her baby in its ancient pram and innocently enough departed to various unknown addresses.

This last act, she felt, put her square with Sir William Joynson Hicks. And when Mrs. Brown caught her first sight of steel helmets on young British soldiers on the streets of her own suburb during the struggle of her own menfolk, then she did indeliberately to get even with the government.

Deed "see red" and determined quite The final touch was given when her

16-year-old daughter, Ella, returned one afternoon from a tour of inspection into one of the pretty parks in the bourgeois part of London and announced that she had seen children there, of 3, 4 and 5 years old, dressed up as "special constables" and wearing on their tiny arms and wrists the blue and white-striped armlets which now stand for anti-strike and anti-worker.

"That's done it, my lads!" said Mrs. Brown, gazing with a chilly glint in her eye at young Bert and Art, aged 7 and 8 years, respectively. "You can join them Young Comrades you're always talking about tomorrow. If

they're training up their children against us we'll show them a thing or two. Now off to bed with you both, and see you wash behind your ears. We'll show them what the working class, for she considered all criticism against us, then those fancy gentlemen bus conductors, then steel helmets, and now the children. They're simply asking for trouble. And they can have it, too!"

And in such fashion have the Mrs. Browns of Great Britain been thinking, talking and acting during the "late lamented" general strike.



Contentment

By EDITH IRWIN

Are you content with mere living,
With eating and working and sleeping?
Is there nothing in life that you long for,
Is there nothing you seek to be meeting?

Has toil darkened all, you poor creature;
Has poverty smothered ambitions,
Has it taken all hope of life from you,
Has it made you quite blind to conditions?

Do you wonder sometimes why so many
Have appetites only for middlings,
Why some never hear the glad heart songs,
But pay more than their share for the fiddlings?

Brace up and come out of your sleeping;
Demand of life all that there is;
Let the world know you are living,
And, living, know life—what it is.

On the Battlefields of Industry

By a Chemist.

THE explosion occurring recently in a celluloid factory at Rockford, Ill., resulted in the death of five and the injury of ten women workers. The explosion was the result of the neglect of the most elementary precautions on the part of the factory management in the handling of a most dangerous material.

Altho celluloid articles such as combs, knife-handles and eye-glass rims are not liable to explode in ordinary usage, as people used to fear when they were first put on the market, their manufacture is always attended by danger.

Celluloid is made from cellulose, which is the main constituent of wood, cotton, and is present in all vegetable fibers. It was invented by the Hyatt brothers about 1860, while they were attempting to produce a printers' roller material capable of withstanding atmospheric influences.

At first there was a great outcry by the manufacturer of the costly articles made from ivory, amber, tortoise-shell, etc., against the use of celluloid substitutes for these expensive commodities. But the manufacture of celluloid has lived thru this opposition and become a big industry. It received a tremendous impetus from the rapid development of the moving picture industry with its yearly use of millions of feet of celluloid film.

The basic material used in the manufacture of celluloid is cellulose, which is furnished in the form of tissue paper. This tissue paper is shredded and treated with nitric and sulphuric acids, changing it into a substance known as pyroxyline. Pyroxyline is very much like gun-cotton, a component of most explosives, in chemical composition. Altho not so explosive, it is dangerous enough to handle in a dry state, and is usually kept moist. Camphor, a highly inflammable substance, is now added to the pyroxyline, and the mixture ground up in drums. This mixture is then put thru heated rolls which meet the camphor, and the latter dissolves the pyroxyline, making a new substance, celluloid. Coloring matter is

then added at the proper time to give it the appearance of ivory, amber, agate or whatever is desired.

It is easy to see from the manufacturing process that the celluloid industry is an extremely hazardous one, and one in which numerous precautions are indispensable unless the lives of the workers engaged in it are to be constantly endangered. In the first place, the acids used in treating the cellulose gives off vapors which are very injurious to the lungs. They cause coughing, suffocation, congestion of the lungs and expectoration of blood. Then camphor is a highly inflammable substance and in handling it the danger of fire is never absent. Moreover, frequently in manufacturing celluloid the camphor is dissolved in ether, and this solution used to

dissolve the pyroxyline. Here another danger is added by the formation of explosive mixtures by the ether vapors.

In making many articles the celluloid, which comes in blocks, is worked on lathes. A fine dust is present thruout this process, and forms explosive mixtures which have given rise to many serious accidents.

Altho efforts have been made to substitute some other solvent for camphor in the manufacture of celluloid, this dangerous—but cheap—substance is still extensively employed. The introduction of safer methods would mean less profits for the manufacturers, and so, altho it might mean the saving of many workers from injury or death, capitalist industry naturally disregards the matter.

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FACTS THAT YOU OUGHT TO KNOW

The I. W. A. (that's the International Workers' Aid) are having a summer camp around New Jersey where the children of Passaic strikers can stay during the summer. That's swell.

The Young Pio-

neers of America are collecting money for their little paper "The Young Comrade." You ought to help.

School's out this month and it's a fine time to give other kids a copy of the "Young Comrade" to read. It's a classy little paper with stories, puzzles n' everything.

HERE I AM KIDS!

This is me! A swell artist made this "pencil photo" and I posed for it. My mother said it is "beautiful" and Dad said: "It sure looks as homely as you do." But he was joking 'cause I know he liked it too. How do you fellows like it? Write a letter and tell me!

JOKES

Pres. Coolidge is a wonderful man. He loves the workers. Isn't that a joke?

Johnny Red: "Hey, why don't you write something for the TINY WORKER."

Young Boy: "Because what I write is no good. So what I write gets left. Ha-ha."

Johnny: "That's right. But it won't get left. Send it in!"

Paid Ad

WANTED

Jokes, stories, funnies, news and letters from little boys and girls to print in the TINY WORKER. Shoot 'em in.

MORE PUNK JOKES

"You might be president some day."
"Everybody can be rich if they work hard."
"It's a free country."

Jailed for Defying the Injunction

By Thurber Lewis

SITTING in the Cook county jail in Chicago are 29 workers. By the time this appears in print their numbers will be swelled to 44. They are garment workers, mostly women. They are there because they violated an injunction two years ago.

The injunction was issued by Judge Denis Sullivan of the superior court of Chicago. He had a long history of anti-labor decisions to his credit before the strike of April, 1924, for activity in which the 44 members of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union now sit in jail. He is still on the bench. In the meantime he has more than vindicated his sobriquet of "Injunction Czar Sullivan."

On February 27th, 1924, 3,000 ladies' garment workers went on strike. They walked out of the hundreds of dress shops in the Chicago "loop" district determined to organize the trade 100 per cent and set forth demands for an increase in wages and a shortening of the working week.

On the very first day of the strike 13 workers were arrested on the picket line that had been thrown around the shops in the clothing market. Almost every day during the more than two months the strike lasted, these arrests continued.

IN the beginning, the police, assisted by several hundred hired gangsters merely contented themselves with booking their hundreds of prisoners on "disorderly conduct" or "disturbing the peace charges." But to no avail. The dressmakers' manufacturers association then appealed to the Illinois Employers' Association, the Chicago Employers' Association and the "Citizens' Committee for the Enforcement of the Landis Award," for help. They got it.

An attorney by the name of Dudley Taylor, counsel for all three of the above organizations, called upon his friend, Judge Denis Sullivan, early in March to see if something more drastic couldn't be done to break the spirit of the strikers.

It was done. On March 5th Judge Sullivan granted Taylor, appearing for the dressmakers, an injunction that not only forbid picketing but prohibited the strikers from so much as talking to the few scabs that were working or the scab's FAMILIES!

STATE'S Attorney Robert. E. Crowe did his little bit for the poor little manufacturers by turning over his special police force in plain clothes for their service. The above mentioned "employers" organization also contributed funds to help defray the costly expense of hired sluggers.

The strikers defied the injunction. For a time the police were a little leary of its legal ability to stand a test and didn't enforce it. They tried beating up the men and women on the picket line. But the more they beat the firmer the lines became. Workers from the trades joined the picketers. College students came from the University to help out. The Chicago Federation of Labor appointed a committee of 15 to support the strikers.

So they had to use the injunction anyway. In tens and twenties the pickets were brought before the "czar." The attorney for the workers didn't have a chance. Sullivan curled his lip and dealt out the sentences. Some were fines: \$100, \$200, \$500. Others got sentences ranging from 10 to 30 days, some with fines. All by reason of the autocratic power of Sullivan's black robe—for holding in contempt the usurpations of a lackey of the bosses.

MAYOR DEVER, State's Attorney Crowe, Chief of Police Collins, Judge Foell (who relieved Sullivan for a time in his weary duties of handing out sentences)—these men are—two years after their brazen, brutal, use of their offices on behalf of the dress manufacturers,—sitting in the same swivel chairs they sat in then. They are still ready to do over again



The Beast Is Still at Work.

By Fred Ellis

the filthy job they performed then. They have done it on many occasions in the past two years.

Their connection with gangsters, bootleggers and gunmen is openly known in Chicago. Every Chicago election is attended by violence. You can't get elected in Chicago unless you have the underworld on your side to do the shooting for you. The campaign funds are supplied by the "employers" associations who have received profitable returns on their money by strikes broken with police clubs and injunctions.

Thanks to the sluggers, the terrorism of the police and the injunctions of Judge Sullivan, the dressmakers did not win their strike. It cost the workers \$100,000. And they are not thru paying yet. After two years in the courts, 44 workers have got to

serve sentences ranging from 10 days to 90. The union has got to pay thousands of dollars in fines.

What can be done about these injunctions? Must striking workers always be put to the task of disobeying them and going to jail like the 44 who are there now? Judges are elected in Chicago. Judge Sullivan was elected. He was elected by the votes of thousands of workers.

NOTHING could be more utterly ridiculous. It is like inviting a ravenous wolf into your home to play with the baby.

What's the solution? The solution lies in the workers electing judges of their own. They can do this only by organizing a labor party of their own. That is the lesson of injunctions.

But the 44 workers who are in now cannot be saved by a labor party. A

labor party can only save workers in the future. Something must be done about it now.

The Chicago Federation of Labor took a stand for the strikers in 1924. It unanimously condemned the Sullivan injunction. Fitzpatrick warned Mayor Dever and State's Attorney Crowe during the strike that Chicago labor was taking the beatings of the strikers as its own. It is time for Fitzpatrick and the Chicago Federation of Labor to speak again and more severely.

If these 44 workers serve out their sentences they will, personally, be made the worse off. Jail is wicked; but they are serving their sentences bravely and defiantly. The sharpest blow will be dealt the labor movement of Chicago for allowing these workers to sit in Cook county jail without doing anything about it.

HANDS

By C. O'Brien Robinson

WE do not care what Charles Mason, whose diary, (thru an incident that we will not mention), happened to fall into our hands) contributed to the solution of the problems confronting us in every-day life, but we know that he was one of the over-sentimental, nevertheless sincere, dreamers of a great Utopia—a great Utopia which was to him no more than a dream, for he did not know where to find it.

January 19, 1923.

I CANNOT forget them—those hands. Thin — shriveled — rough — dirty. They were marked with the scars of cuts and bruises; the blood vessels had been broken by strain, leaving, here and there, little red shadows. The thin skin was protruded by pale blue vessels. The fingers were long, and each joint, sparsely covered by tight flesh, was indicated by a bony knot—they looked terrible. In my dreams last night, they haunted me—those hands.

I saw her fumble in a ragged pocket-book for a dime with which she purchased some sundry or other—I did not notice what it was—and then my eyes wandered from her hands to her face. Haggard, sunken eyes, drooping mouth, thin—emaciated. A ghost of what had once been—perhaps—a beautiful woman. Her garments—I cannot describe them. A muddled creation of feathers and I know not what covered her head and dropped—with a few straggling hairs—into her face. She lifted one of those damned hands and brushed the hair aside—that scrawny hand.

She left the store and I followed close behind. I saw her go into a factory across the street and the mental vision of the interior crossed before me. She had been there for years slaving—slaving—slaving. I could see

her bent to her task, year after year, month after month, week after week, day after day. Interrupted occasionally while she gave birth to a child—another mouth to feed by her and "her man," who also fought the machine for a mere pittance—then the oldest child in line took to the task of nurse maid while the mother went back to slavery. Only one out of a million such. Damn those hands—they bear the mark.

February 5, 1923.

SHE was in the store again today—I saw her. Beside her was a vision wrapped in fur—a vision—a woman—delicate and beautiful. She reached for a sundry on a shelf—her hand was like a lily, her fingers tapered—the nails were brilliant—they were just plump enough—beautiful—my eyes lingered. My poor old woman reached at the same time—the hands touched—

the beautiful woman cringed and brushed the other aside and stepped back as though she had touched a serpent.

In a moment she had left the store—she was soon whirled away in a waiting car—on which was the initials of the factory owner—she was his wife.

The wage slave bit her lip. Tears brimmed her eyes. She returned to the factory.

I see those hands delving into the filthy by-product of the factory—making wealth—for the beautiful woman who cringed at her touch.

I am filled with a hate—a jumble of emotions—I cannot describe them—I want to do something, something, I know not what—for those withered hands. I want to hold them and smooth them and treat their bruises—I cannot for they are too numerous—millions of them—hands!

Papers and Magazines for Women in the Soviet Union.

THE Soviet government considers as one of its main tasks the education of women, the raising of their cultural level and the development of their initiative and social activity. Illustrative of this fact is the steady growth of special newspapers and magazines for women.

In 1924 the circulation of national periodicals for women was 74,000; local periodicals, 50,000; periodicals in non-Russian languages, 14,250.

In 1925 the circulation of national organs increased to 151,000; local organs, 126,200; non-Russian languages, 29,900.

In 1926 the circulation of national organs reached 192,500; local organs, 152,600; non-Russian languages, 32,900.

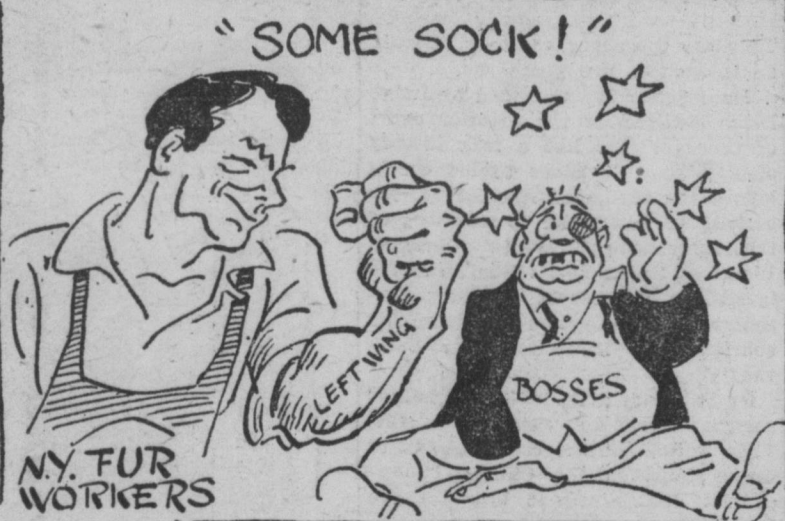
The total circulation of women's periodicals at this day is 382,000.

In addition to newspapers and magazines, the Soviet government also publishes for women large numbers of books and pamphlets.

All of which is only one phase of the tremendous educational activities of the Soviet government to make the worker and peasant woman a conscious and active participator in the building of a Communist order of society.

The Week in Cartoons

By M. P. Bales



FRENCH DEBT SETTLEMENT MEANS MORE AMERICAN MONEY TO CRUSH FRENCH COLONIAL SLAVES IN SYRIA AND MOROCCO!

