

The New Magazine

Supplement of **THE DAILY WORKER**

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Editor.

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Which Way Now?



Gary, Florida and the Negro Workers

ANOTHER lynching of a Negro in Florida. A fresh and terrible reminder of the fact that the American national institution of Negro lynching still continues in existence. One more crime against the Negro masses, but so outrageous in its execution that even some of the capitalist papers felt impelled to protest mildly.

How much longer will it continue? How can it be stopped? This and the whole damnable system of keeping 12,000,000 people in the condition of pariahs.

And now—Gary, the bloody disaster in the model steel trust city of Gary. Who are the victims? Workers, of course. Un-organized workers slaving for the steel trust. But most of them Negro workers. The oppressed of the oppressed. The persecuted of the persecuted. Pariahs even among the slaves of the steel trust. What is worse than that?

The Negro Race Does Not Know Its Mind.

THAT the situation is not hopeless, goes without saying. But it requires an entirely different outlook than the one which is at present dominating the minds of most Negroes in the United States to bring about their emancipation.

In the first place, the Negro masses must cease relying upon the old capitalist parties. To believe, as some Negroes still do or pretend to do, that the Republican party can be utilized to alleviate the suffering of the Negro masses is to surrender the Negroes completely to the tender mercies of their worst enemies. To expect the party of big imperialist capital, which is feeding on precisely such practices as those the Negroes are being subjected to, is not only to expect the impossible but is outright betrayal of the most fundamental interests of the Negro race.

The republican party is quite willing to play a little political game with the Negroes. Why not? It costs the republican party nothing to indulge in the game. The only people that pay for it—in life and blood—are the Negroes without ever getting anything in exchange.

The Civil War Period and Today.

SOMETHING of a fundamental nature has changed in the life of the United States since the Civil War, the meaning of which not many Negroes have as yet realized. It is this: That the republican party of today is not the same as the republican party of the days of the civil war. Then—the antagonisms between North and South were real and acute. The capitalists of the

North were waging war against the feudal aristocracy of the South on the issue of a centralized federal government and free labor to enable the industrial development of the country to proceed without hindrance. This is how the republican party happened to become the emancipator of the Negro race.

What is the situation today? There is no more of the old chasm between North and South as far as the rich and wealthy are concerned. The economic system of the United States has become more unified, leaving no room for fundamental antagonism between the capitalists of North and South. It is for this reason that the republican and democratic parties, the old protagonists of North and South respectively, are no longer the kind of opponents that they used to be. In fact there is no real, basic hostility between them. They are practically both the same. Both are controlled and dominated by big capital of the East, West, North and South.

In view of these radical changes in the economic system of the United States and hence in the nature of the old political parties, it has become positively harmful and reactionary to continue to believe that the republican party is in any way friendlier or more sympathetic to the Negroes than the democratic party. It is also time to realize that Negro oppression is part of the capitalist system, which the two old parties are vitally interested to defend, to protect and to perpetuate.

The Hope of the Race Is Its Toiling Masses.

THE hope of the Negro race in the United States are the bulk of its membership—the workers and farmers, and those of its professional and intellectual elements who have retained their loyalty to the race and are willing to struggle and suffer in the defense of its interests.

By his very position in industry, the Negro worker is called upon to assume the leadership in the struggle of the whole race for its emancipation. The Negro workers are at present to be found in large compact masses in many industrial centers of the United States. They have facilities for education and organization which most of the Negro toilers of the South are denied. The Negro workers are gradually but surely fighting their way into the labor movement and are thus establishing valuable and vital contacts with the white workers. In this way the Negro workers are laying the basis for an alliance with the rest of the American

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Gary, Florida and the Negro Workers

(Continued from page 1)

working class which will prove the surest guarantee for the successful liberation of the whole Negro race.

The Negro farmer, the peon of the South, is the closest ally of the Negro worker in this struggle. The farmers make up the bulk of the Negro population of the United States. They are the most persecuted, outraged and oppressed. It is mainly they that spend their lives in the hell of cannibalism that go under the name of southern chivalry. It is they, therefore, that will back the Negro worker to the full extent of their abilities for any effective struggle for the liberation of the Negroes.

It is also true that large sections of Negro professionals and intellectuals must and will play an important part in these struggles. In fact a good number of them are engaged in organizing Negro movements against race persecution and discrimination. But the one idea that is still lacking in most of these movements is the basic and decisive idea, namely, that the hope of the Negro race are its toiling masses, and that the leaders of Negro struggles must and will be the Negro workers. The Negro professionals and intellectuals must adopt this idea and make it their own, if they wish their efforts for the liberation of the race to be productive of real results.

Unity With the Labor Movement is an Essential of the Struggle.

THE struggle of the Negro race against race discriminations and for complete economic, political and social equality must have the support of the workers and poor farmers of the United States, if it is to be successful in the achievement of its aims. The capitalists of the United States—white, black and yellow—are all opposed to the Negroes, not on the basis of color but mainly and chiefly on the basis of class interests. The Negro race is a race of toilers. It is oppressed and persecuted to advance the interests of the exploiting classes. Hence, the capitalist class of this country is vitally interested in perpetuating the present status of the Negroes.

Not so with the workers and poor farmers. Despite the prejudice against Negroes that may still exist among certain sections of white workers and poor farmers in the United States, prejudice which is assiduously cultivated by the ruling class, yet the surest ally of the Negro masses is the American working class. Because it is only the working class, which is an oppressed and exploited class, that is compelled to carry on a real struggle against capitalism—the main source of all forms of exploitation, class and racial.

Unity with the movements of workers and poor farmers must become a basic principle with the race liberation movements of the Negroes. The two have a common enemy and in their unity lies the assurance of their mutual success.

The Negro Labor Congress.

The Negro Labor Congress, though the youngest, is about the only Negro organization that has a fundamentally correct outlook upon the Negro question. It is, therefore, its duty to introduce into the other and older Negro movements in the United States the correct conception of their roles and tasks.

But the chief demand of the hour is organization.

The Negro workers must be organized into trade unions together with the white workers. The Gary disaster is an alarming reminder of this burning need.

The Negro farmers must be organized to struggle jointly with the poor white farmers. The agricultural crisis and the capitalist government are hitting both severely. Hence, white and Negro farmers must organize to protect and defend themselves.

The various Negro movements must be brought together on a united front basis. This is a timely and burning question. Upon the successful and quick solution of this problem depends largely the effectiveness of the Negro struggles for their emancipation.

Unity of action among themselves and unity of action with the labor and farmer movements of this country generally—these are the immediate pressing tasks of the Negro masses in the United States. This is the answer they must give to the recent lynching in Florida and to the disaster in Gary.

ALEX. BITTELMAN.

O'FLAHERTY ARTICLE NEXT WEEK.

The next article by T. J. O'Flaherty, "New Days in Old England," will appear in the July 3 issue of the magazine.

All Hell Can't Stop Us

(Tune: Hold the Fort.)

Now the final battle rages;
Tyrants quake with fear.
Rulers of the New Dark Ages
Know THEIR end is near.

CHORUS

Scorn to take the crumbs they drop us;
All is ours by right!
Onward Men! All Hell can't stop us!
Crush the Parasite!

Tear the mask of lies asunder;
Let the truth be known;
With a voice of angry thunder,
Rise and claim your own!

Down with Greed and Exploitation!
Tyranny must fall!
Hail to Toil's Emancipation!
Labor shall be all.

—Ralph Chaplin.

A PEEK EACH WEEK AT MOTION PICTURES

"NELL GWYN."

THE Gish sisters, both stars in the movie world, are great actresses in the opinion of a large following. Others have added to their name, if not their glory, the well-known name of "The Gush Sisters." You may belong to either of these camps into which movie opinion seems definitely divided. Or you may belong to neither camp and see this picture, in which case the "gush camp" will win another adherent.

The story is concerned with the rise of Nell Gwyn from a poor orange seller at the doors of a theater to a star on the stage and the favorite mistress of King Charles II of England.

The king sees her one day, becomes interested thru her quick wit, and when rain comes down in torrents at the theater (they had no roofs on theaters then) he adjourns to a nearby inn, where he asks the little orange seller to accompany him when he finds her still before the doors.

Her nimble wit and entertaining ways win the king's interest, a gift of a pair of silk stockings and a chance to "go on the stage." She is a star immediately. (They always are.) The king falls madly in love with her and forsakes a charming mistress on hand for Nell Gwyn, his new favorite. The old flame fights for her lover (and the favors that come with the love of a king), but our Nell triumphs thru her cleverness. The king is not well and dies. But in the end we are shown that the love of Nell Gwyn was, after all, a really, true love. Ho-hum!

Here again is a picture where historians could not convince the movie director. We have read a few things about Nell Gwyn—"a favorite of an English king whose many good deeds to the people made her loved by all." But the movie director decided Nell was something else again.

Anyway, he wasn't interested. Instead of Nell Gwyn, a great actress, a woman of some influence in her

time, we have a Nell Gwyn who is an irresponsible if clever child, whose mimicry and little tricks you soon tire of and wonder why the king forgets the other lady, who, in the language of the times, is "a hot mamma."

Dorothy Gish is not Nell Gwyn—not Nell as she was, if those historians did not lie to us. And the scenario written for her was no help. Historical accuracy, a picture of the times, conditions of all classes in this period, all seemed of little importance to those concerned with making the picture.

The director would have been much better with the Ziegfeld Follies. Thruout the whole story Nell was displaying as much of herself as the movie censors would stand for. Low cut gowns, generous hosiery display and transparent nighties were part of every scene. Which is all right in its place—and the bedroom scenes predominating were probably the place. But these were not essential to good drama or good acting, tho they might have been good substitutes for the absence of both.

There was little to interest the honest movie fan. The photoplay was the usual hokum, with very poor character drawing, and thruout the picturization of the dissolute court and ruling class you were continually offered apologies for guiltless "Good King Charles." In the beginning of the picture the king, on being told of a wit's remark that he "never said a bad thing or did a wise one," replies that he was responsible "only for his words, while his actions were those of his minister." Which was smart, was it not?—and after all, what need of a king to worry over the acts of his ministers, even in those days?

Dorothy Gish "wasn't so good" in this picture. The scenario writer was worse. And the director will probably get an increase in salary to handle bathing beauties after this job. If he does, it will be worth seeing. Nell Gwyn isn't. W. C.

Upton Sinclair to an American Capitalist.

June 5, 1926.

My dear Mr. ———:

I APPRECIATE your reading the "Letters to Judd" and taking the trouble to write me so fully on the subject. I quite understood your point of view. You are correct in your impression that I have never let a million dollar contract. I once handled a quarter of a million or so in the publishing of "The Brass Check," and I came out thirty thousand behind, which you will take to be proof positive that I am incompetent; but I was satisfied, because I had got several million Americans to read the book. Most of the time while you have been letting million dollar contracts I have been investigating the conditions of life of the laborers who do the work which makes the million dollar contracts possible; also the activities of the million dollar contractors in controlling and corrupting our political system. I have done a little investigating in your own "Philadelphia, corrupt and contented," so I know exactly what I am talking about.

I quite understand that it is the custom of business enterprises to finance new construction out of profits. If the shareholders followed the plan of foregoing the dividends and putting these dividends into new construction no one would object; but take the case of the Amoskeag Company, which you mentioned. The records show that dividends were paid right straight alone, and the new construction financed also, which is simply a way of eating your cake and having it at the same time. The difference between us is one of principle. You think that big business is entitled to any profits it can make, and I think that the making of big profits leads automatically to social revolution.

I am very much ashamed to learn that a German socialist has taken your money to investigate conditions in Russia. I have no doubt that he will find many dreadful evils to re-

port to you. For these evils which he reports you yourself will be directly responsible. You were an active and voluble member of the American capitalist class which waged active war upon the Russian workers' government. The Russian nation has been ruined by three years of capitalist war, and the people demanded "peace, land and bread," and attempted to get it. But you used your money and the money of your government to subsidize war upon the workers' government on twenty-six fronts. You even sent in American troops on several fronts, and killed many Russian workers without even the formality of a declaration of war. After this I do not wonder that it is taking the Russian workers a long time to struggle back to prosperity, and I am sure you will understand how obvious it seems to me that in paying a German socialist to go into Russia and report on conditions you are merely continuing the warfare of the American capitalist class upon the Russian workers' government.

I do not have to get my reports about Russia in that way. Many of my most intimate friends are living in Russia. Yesterday I received a photograph of my friend, Albert Rhys Williams, who has been living for several years in Russia, and for the last year among the peasants on the Volga. You will see from the enclosed photograph that Albert and the peasants and even the camels appear to be flourishing. Also I enclose a statement of the Russian reconstruction farms. You will see what some heroic young Americans are doing to the havoc which you and your capitalist friends caused in Russia. Too bad that you are not capable of social vision, so that you might put your money into sending tractors into Russia, instead of sending so-called socialists, for whom real socialists have to blush.

Sincerely,

Upton Sinclair.

Evading the Issue---As Usual

A Reply to Hillman on the Amalgamation of the Needle Trades Unions.

By JACK JOHNSTONE.

"GOD Save Radicalism—From the Radicals," is the title given a full page editorial in the Advance of June 4th, which is supposed to criticize and analyze my analysis of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers' Convention held in Montreal, May 10-15 of this year, which was published in The DAILY WORKER magazine section of May 28.

The editorial, like the action of the administration in the convention, is an evasive, demagogic discussion of many vital problems affecting the welfare of the Union, agreeing sometimes on the principles, but fighting against all efforts to put them into effect.

On the question of class collaboration the writer of the editorial pretends that he does not know what is meant by this term. Standards of production which is the very basis of all Amalgamated Clothing Workers' agreements was the forerunner of the B. & O. Plan. The class collaboration features of it were clearly exposed when production had reached such a high state of efficiency in Hart, Schaffner & Marx that by agreement between the union and the firm, the staff was reduced. One hundred and fifty cutters were dismissed from the service. Each of those who were laid off received the sum of \$500.00, making a total of \$75,000.00. The firm contributed \$50,000.00 and the cutters who remained in the services of Hart Schaffner & Marx paid the other \$25,000, this amount to come out of their unemployment fund, which means that they will not receive any unemployment benefit for the next two years.

Here we have the clearest expression and the effects of class collaboration upon the workers. They raise their efficiency, production is increased, then the axe falls—instead of fighting for a shorter work day, the shorter week, a 36-weeks guarantee, etc., workers are thrown into the ever-growing permanent army of unemployed.

This evasiveness of the writer of the editorial is additional proof that the administration cannot meet these issues in open discussion. The question of the Labor Party, world trade union unity, and many trade problems could be taken up and shown that the "radical" policy of the administration is to sidetrack these issues.

Where Do You Stand on Amalgamation?

MANY are the differences between the left wing and the administration. But I am going to take up only a couple of them and will ask the editor of the Advance to state clearly the policy of the administration on these questions.

On some questions the surface indications are, that both the left wing and the administration are ideologically in agreement, while on other points they are totally opposed to one another. I will give one instance of straight opposition in order to clear the situation, and then go into one in which the differences are not so apparent to the careless student.

A guaranteed minimum of 36 weeks work per year is a left wing proposal. This the administration does not concur in, so it was defeated at the convention. Why they do not believe in this safeguard against chronic unemployment, we will not discuss in this article. The point is, that here is a complete disagreement between the T. U. E. L. and the administration on the vital problem of employment in the industry over which the Amalgamated has jurisdiction.

However, let us take the question of amalgamation. The difference here is not so clear as it is on the question of the 36-weeks' guaranteed employment. In principle both the T. U. E. L. and the administration are in favor of amalgamation. Not only that, but every union in the industry, excepting the United Garment Workers' Union, are also in favor of amalgamation. So we must find out where the real difference lies.

Now that the Amalgamated, the

Ladies' Garment Workers, the Cloth Hat and Cap Makers, the Furriers, and the Journeymen Tailors all agree ideologically for the amalgamation of all these unions into one organization covering the industry, the question is how shall it be realized? The T. U. E. L. says that the next step is organizational.

To simply continue to pass resolutions in favor of amalgamation in conventions that have already gone on record for it, is evading the issue. So the T. U. E. L. proposed the next practical step, namely, that a conference be held at which the various G. E. B.'s or their representatives, be invited to lay plans and set the date for an Amalgamation Convention, to which the local unions shall send delegates based upon proportional representation.

Here lies the fundamental difference between the left wing and the Hillman administration. At the A. C. W. convention the administration defeated this proposal and offered nothing in its place that would bring about the realization of amalgamation. Hillman in opposing this proposal had this to say (His speech is here printed in full):

"The Chair desires to state the position of our organization. It seems that some people love to break into a place when the doors are wide open to them. It seems that no matter what the position of the organization may be, some change must be suggested even if the thing desired is recommended by your committee on behalf of the officers. It is said that the Amalgamated should take the initiative. The Amalgamated has not waited until 1926 to take the initiative. We took initiative in 1922 and it is because of that move that ultimately—and I am speaking now in geological terms—in the near future, amalgamation will become a reality.

"I believe that there is no room for separate organization in the needle trades. The problems of the needle trades can be handled more effectively and better thru one organization than thru many organizations. The convention took that position in 1922. The other organizations have met since and it would be up to them in convention to accept or reject the position of the Amalgamated. The recommendation of the committee is that standing for one organization in the needle trades be the position of the Amalgamated, but if some delegates have it in mind that we should become one organization before we amalgamate, and that we should try to break up the other organizations, I want to say that is not the position of the Amalgamated. For us to call for a convention for other organizations would be to assume responsibilities and power that we neither have nor desire. The Amalgamated will call conventions for the Amalgamated and the Amalgamated only. And if there is a majority in the other organizations that desire amalgamation it is up to them to fight it out in their organizations and not at this convention. The contribution of the Amalgamated to the labor movement should be a message of unity and not dissension. Our position in this as in many other matters has proved to be the right one. Even those who were opposed to it are changing their minds, and I believe that what this convention should do is to act in a manner that will bring those organizations closer to our point of view. By accepting the report you will restate the position of the Amalgamated which was initiated at a time when it was not popular to initiate it, when it took courage to call for amalgamation. Nothing should be done by this convention that will tend to bring about dissension in other organizations. We have taken our stand and when they are ready we will be with them. When you vote on the motion I want you to understand that you are voting to state again

as clearly as possible that we in the Amalgamated stand by our position for one organization in the needle trades."

Hillman's speech is not only a complete evasion of the issue, but it even distorts the facts. The left wing did not ask the Amalgamated to call a convention over the heads of the other unions. The following are the two "Resolves" of the resolution presented to the A. C. W. convention by the left wing delegates:

"Resolved, That the A. C. W. of A. in convention assembled, herewith goes on record for the calling of a general amalgamation convention, based upon representatives from the local unions of all needle trades international unions, for the purpose of amalgamating all or as many as possible of these international unions into one compact industrial union, this amalgamation convention to take place within six months' time; and be it further

"Resolved, That in order to prepare for the calling of this Amalgamation convention, the incoming G. E. B. stands instructed to invite the G. E. B.'s, or their representatives, of all other needle trades unions to meet with them in a preliminary amalgamation conference. This conference to take place within two months after the adjournment of this A. C. W. of A. convention."

This proposal is the only step that could have been taken to bring about the desired end, namely, amalgamation. In opposition to this practical plan, Hillman says, "We have taken our stand and when they are ready we will be with them." What does he mean by "ready"? All the unions have taken the same stand on amalgamation as the A. C. W. In fact the representatives to the A. C. W. convention of the Ladies' Garment Workers and the Cap Makers asked the Amalgamated to take steps to bring about amalgamation, and the striking Furriers of New York made the same request by telegram. To this Hillman says, "and if there is a majority in other organizations that desire amalgamation, it is up to them to fight it out in their organizations and not at this convention."

Ex-President Taft once said, "God

knows," in answer to the question, "What must a worker do when he is hungry, has no job, and is willing to work?" But this did not solve the hunger problem. And the slogan raised by the editor of the Advance, "God Save Radicalism from the Radicals" does not answer the question, "When all unions are in favor of amalgamation what must the honest-to-goodness radicals do to help to bring it about?"

Hillman says that all the Amalgamated can do, under the circumstances, is "to state again as clearly as possible that we in the Amalgamated stand by our position for one organization in the needle trades." This is pure demagoguery.

If this policy of merely beating one's breast and proclaiming, "I am for amalgamation" is pursued by all the unions in the needle trades, who, like the Amalgamated, are on record for amalgamation, then of course, amalgamation will never come about.

I have purposely taken up the question of amalgamation, because on amalgamation depends greatly the winning of many of the everyday demands of the workers. The further advancement of the needle trades workers as a whole depends upon the solidification of their ranks through amalgamation into one industrial union.

The ideological struggle for amalgamation in the needle trades unions has been successful. The next step is organizational. The proposal of the left wing, namely, to call an Amalgamation conference at which plans shall be drawn up for an Amalgamation convention, is the only practical method by which this objective can be reached.

The Hillman administration has the wonderful opportunity to lead the amalgamation movement into being. If they do not take this lead, it may hinder but it will not stop amalgamation. The rank and file in all the unions understand pretty well what it means to them, and they will find ways and means of bringing the necessary pressure, that will in the near future bring into being one union covering the clothing industry, and they will leave the editor of the Advance and God to save radicalism from the radicals.

Proletarian Art

A Review of "Red Cartoons"*

William Randolph Hearst, Joseph Medill Patterson, Adolph Ochs or any other wealthy publisher of capitalist newspapers would give a lot of money for the services of any one of the cartoonists whose creations have been brought together by The DAILY WORKER Publishing Co. in a big book of working-class drawings called "Red Cartoons."

Providing—they would draw what the managing editor told them to. It is just this that makes these cartoonists something more than mere cartoonists: their devotion to the interests of the working class. They are not "free" artists. Nor are they freak artists. They are artists who have given the fruit of their pens and brushes to the working class. This alone does not make them good artists. No, they have, besides their convictions, a skill and an art that make them exceptional craftsmen.

"Red Cartoons" will become historical. Because of the remarkable drawings, the cutting satire and their advocacy of the new society, yes, but more so because they will constitute a living record—a slice of ten years or so out of a period that marks the active beginning of a revolutionary movement—destined for a glorious future.

The cartoons to be found in this book are fearless. But protest is not their only tune. It is easy to protest. They build also. Before the eyes of the working class audience they shatter the falseness, the hypocrisy and the brutality of capitalism and its minions in the ranks of the workers. But theirs is not black art. They let the sun shine thru. They

show the workers a way out. They penetrate the picture of dark despair with a million candlepower light that gives off courage and leads to heroic struggle.

Included in the collection are some of the best works of the two old veterans—Robt. Minor and Art Young. These artists have built for themselves world reputations. Wherever working-class journals are published their work is revered.

Then there is the younger group who began their training in the old "Masses" days: Hugo Gellert, William Gropper, Maurice Becker, Lydia Gibson, Adolph Dehn and Clive Wood.

Fred Ellis, in the comparatively few years his work has been before the readers of worker publications, has carved a solid place for himself by the forcefulness and skilled draughtsmanship of his cartoons. Many of the drawings in the book are reproductions of his excellent dry-brush work.

New names are here: Wm. S. Fanning, Hay Bales, Juanita Preval, K. A. Suvanto, A. L. Pollock, G. Piccoli, O. R. Zimmerman, F. Kluge. But there must always be new names. There must always be fresh and new material for a movement so virile as American working-class cartooning.

It is futile to attempt a description of the power of the drawing and the play of ideas to be found in the sixty-five drawings in "Red Cartoons." It is enough to say that hours and hours can be spent turning over and over again the big pages inside the sturdy brown cover with a big fist on it.

T. L.

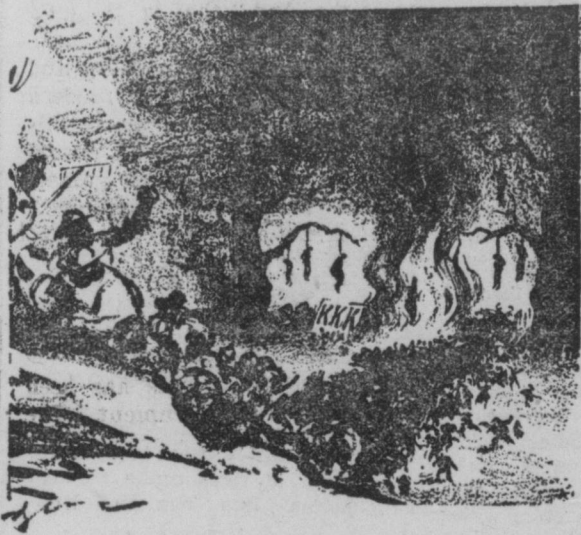
*Published by The DAILY WORKER Pub. Co., \$1.00. Size 9x12.

Lennie Quits Praying

By C. O'Brien Robinson

THAT Lennie slept mentally was the fact which belonged to everyone who knew him—including himself. But the basis for the accusation was rather of a peculiar type. Lennie just couldn't stay awake in church. Outside of this he was a rather lively sort of chap. He played alley marbles and corner-lot baseball, and really "didn't don't" when it came to the Charleston.

But there was something about the church that didn't strike an "awakenin'" cord on the Hell



bound soul of Lennie. Rev. Smith had said everything he knew to say during the first two or three weeks of his pastoring at the little church and the remainder of the four years had been spent in repetition. The prayer meetings were droll rehearsals of lamentable cant.

"Lord, our Heavenly Father, I have trod the ol' path of prosecutions thru the wilderness of afflictions for lo these many years, a honorin' and a praisin' you night and day. Some would build their castle on this ol' earth where the rust rusts, where the worms eat, where the moths destroy, where the work of Satan does flourish much; but as for me, Lord, I build my house with Thee in the land where the streets are paved with gold, where the milk and honey does exist in abundance for them that praise your name, and I build my home an everlasting mansion of joy and delight.

"Teach me to bear with the pain and persecution of this earth and lead me in that end to thy throne, O Lord, to praise Thee forever and ever, Amen!"

The shriek with which Brother Williams announced his "Amen" so startled Lennie from his nap that he started and jumped quickly.

To begin with, Lennie wouldn't have been there at all but for his mother who dragged him bodily to the meeting house all day Sunday and Wednesday nights.

"Thunderin' Moses, mom, I don't want to hear all that ol' racket any more, I'm gonna quit prayin', that's just a lot of bunk. I been readin' in the paper about the way they treat us Negroes and I don't see why you and paw have wasted all your lives a prayin', shoutin' and singin'. You can drag me out if you will, but I will never open my mouth to utter another prayer. If there is a God and he lets my people be burned, and lynched and starved like he does I DON'T WANT HIM!"

What made Lennie say that. A serious consultation was held between his mother and father that night and the old gentleman finally led Lennie out into the woodshed. Giving a serious lecture he beat Lennie until, in his own words, "you pray to God to tek' me off'n your hide."

In spite of Lennie's vow not to pray again, he did utter that prayer for the old Christian was an artist with the lash.

Lennie continued in the old way from all outward appearances, but he eagerly sought information about the way the "white folks" treated Negroes and especially studied the condition of the Negroes in the North, which, was a far away Canaan Land to the Negroes of the South. In the dirty little Southern Hell-hole where he lived "crackers" were always giving him an original taste of Christian meanness and a very profound hatred against all whites was bred in his heart.

The "jim-crow" school he attended was always closed up early so the Negro children could work and was opened late in the Fall so they could pick until the last ball of cotton was shipped.

His father and mother were both illiterate and lived in the very worst of conditions. Lennie had dreams but he never expressed them.

Early in the Spring Lennie was awakened by his father and told to dress quickly. Without question he obeyed hastily sensing danger in the air. Finally his mother told him that a white man and white woman had been found murdered and three Negroes had been seen near the spot of the crime. The whites were hot for revenge and swore they would wipe out every "dam' nigger" in the county. There was an old, dilapidated gun in the house, and old model Winchester, and not over 25 cartridges.

Hours of suspense then the sound of gun shot in the distance—nearer and nearer. The Negroes in their little colony made a desperate attempt to hold their own, but the "crackers" were too numerous and too well armed.

Soon the door was forced open and a blood smeared Negro stumbled in. "They're comin' close and they say its me. Lord, what'll I do. They'll hang me if yo' let 'em get me Brother Williams."

"On yo' knees, son, let's all pray."

The little group all knelt, including Lennie. However, he did so listlessly and never closed his eyes.

Again the door was opened and this time seven "crackers" came in. The men looked at the kneeling, trembling Negroes, then laughed boisterously. Cursing and shouting they snatched them to their feet, and began to drag them to the open doors.

"Say, Deacon, whatcha think this is. Who tole you to protect that Johnson boy. Didn't you know we want him? Let's hang 'em all, we



want to clean these "niggers" out once and for all, then we'll hang up a T. N. T. sign, "Travel, nigger, travel, ha, ha, Saw that in a Northern town last year. Ha, ha." this from one of the huskies.

Lennie was dangling on the arms of his father

The Middle Ages Come --and Go Again

THE great medieval spectacle is over. A papal legate, ten cardinals, 200 archbishops and bishops, thousands of priests gathered together in Chicago and under the eyes of hundreds of thousands of the faithful worshippers wine and wafers that they believe to be the actual body and blood of Christ were eaten. The Eucharistic Congress is over—the prestige of the catholic church is vastly enhanced.

From the president of the United States to a lowly Chicago police magistrate, politicians paused in their unseemly duties to let it be known that they too are awed by the power of the Roman catholic hierarchy.

The Chicago police department, the Illinois national guard and a division of United States troops were at the service of the celebrants.

It was the best press-agented pageant ever held. Newspapers vied with each other in giving picture and news space, the latter marked by the lowest sort of grovelling.

FROM the beginning, prominent members of the hierarchy, withholding their names, took occasion of the free news space to launch a vicious attack on the Mexican government for its attempt to curb the unbridled educational and political rampage of the church in Mexico. The press eagerly licked up these stories and had their Mexican correspondents send fresh stories of atrocities against the bishopry and clergy.

It was indeed a revival of the dark ages. The flourish of gold in altar, crozier and mitre, the jewel bedecked prelates, the costly vestments—all these added to the mysterious rites that marked every day of the Congress—were calculated to dazzle the multitude. There is no doubt they were dazzled.

The millions of dollars spent for the Eucharistic Congress were well invested for the church. It attests to the fact that religious power is not built on faith alone.

THE Roman church and its Eucharistic Congresses are welcomed by the whole machinery of American capitalism. The church serves a useful purpose for capitalism. It mentally entralls the most exploited portion of America's industrial serfdom.

But this thralldom will be thrown off with the awakening of that same proletariat at a time when it is prepared to accomplish what another proletariat accomplished—and also settled scores with its mental oppressors.

—THURBER LEWIS.

FAILURE

BY A WORKER

My eyes hurt me,
If I can't see—
What will become of me?

My eyes hurt me,
If they fail me—
I can now see
Myself
On the Bowery.

and they were led into the midst of the mob. The minutes were hours—black hours filled with terror. Lennie saw his father and the "Johnson boy" tied to a post. Soon a fire was lashing their stripped limbs. Their shrieks of agony rent the air. The "crackers" laughed. He saw a few women and children in their midst looking fiendishly at the burning men. Other Negroes were added to the "bonfire," and then, before his turn came, an armed force led by the sheriff came to the rescue.

A few arrests were made but nothing was ever done to the mob leaders. Lennie and his mother, robbed of their supporter, left for the North with a few other stragglers. Bitter, helpless and ragged. Not knowing what it was really all about—not knowing how to strike back. His mother was still praying, but in his heart the boy was cursing—cursing them who had killed his father before his eyes—cursing the South, cursing God,

LENIN - Short Stories of His Life

(8)

THE BOLSHEVIST REVOLUTION.

THE situation in the country became critical in the fall of 1917. General Kornilov had already in August started a movement to seize Petersburg and establish a military dictatorship. The capitalists shut down their factories in order to punish the workers "with the bony fist of hunger." The food crisis became alarming. The peasants and the army unit revolted. Kerensky organized constantly new governments, but they had no authority. He uses force against the peasants who attempt to carry out their program against the nobility. The Bolsheviks can again appear as a legal party and are gaining ground in the soviets and in the army. Lenin sends letters from Finland urging immediate preparations of taking over power. In October, he comes secretly to Petrograd in order to push forward his preparations. He writes letters, articles and pamphlets. In one of them: "Will the Bolsheviks maintain Power?" he answers the arguments made by the opponents. As some of the papers made the statement that the Bolsheviks do not dare to take power alone—they are only bluffing, Lenin refers to his statement in the first Soviet Congress during the summer, that a party which would not take power when it had an opportunity would be a political zero, and would have no reason for existence. To the arguments that the soviets, if they take power, could not keep the state machinery going, Lenin answers that it might be probable, if they tried to run the bourgeois state machinery. But if they establish a new, a soviet apparatus of power, they certainly can run it. The Soviet power will be the only solution of the problems the country is confronted with.

A fortnight before the October revolution, Lenin writes an article: "The Crisis Is Ripe," in which he says that the decisive moment of the Russian and the world revolution has come. There are signs of disturbance in the warring nations. And as the Bolsheviks have the advantage of an unusual amount of liberty—they have mass papers, they have the majority of the soviets in the big cities, they have the support of the majority of the army—they must remember that "To whom much is given, of him much is demanded." There is a situation in the country that a government, which enjoys the support of the Mensheviks and the socialist-revolutionists, faces peasants' revolts, and suppresses them. The government has betrayed the democracy and appears more and more imperialistic. Even the organ of the social-revolutionists has to admit that the old bureaucracy rules in the country. The peasants' upheavals, the votes taken in the army units, the new elections to the soviets, the controversy between the government and the civil service—all this shows that the situation is ripe. The future of the Russian revolution is at stake. The future of the international revolution is at stake.

But the central committee of the party was not convinced of the necessity of taking over power. Some members were doubtful. They were afraid that the party would isolate itself from the other socialist parties and did not have a broad enough basis. Comrade Zinoviev characterized his mistake well, when at the opening of the Fourth World Congress of the Communist International he explained that he had still regarded the Mensheviks as the right wing of the proletariat, when they were already the left wing of the bourgeoisie. Comrade Trotsky has in his famous article about the German October hinted that Lenin had shown some impatience in demanding the taking over of power before the Second Soviet Congress. It is true that Lenin regarded the situation as very critical, and he was afraid that the party would be late. The counter-revolutionaries were preparing and might take the initiative. He considered it as sufficient, that the Bolsheviks had the support of the soviets in the strategic centers and the sympathies of the soldier and peasant masses. The action was delayed by circumstances, so that it occurred the same day as the soviet congress met and sanctioned it.

Lenin was rigorous not only about the date but also about the technical preparations. He participated in the work of the military revolutionary committee, and followed closely the movements. In several articles about the Art of Rebellion, he had prepared the revolutionary workers for the fight. And as the revolt was so well

prepared, it happened with very little bloodshed. On November 7, (October 25, old-style) the power was taken and Lenin greeted the Soviet Congress with a short speech in which he explained the immediate task: End the war, give the land to the peasants, and realize workers' control in industry.

A Revolutionary Statesman.

THE Marxian teacher, the director of the early fights, the creator of the army and the leader of the rebellion was now in power at the head of his victorious troops. The first Marxian as head of a government. The first task was to strengthen the power of the working masses. Difficulties arose, for some comrades hesitated, resigned as people's commissars. They did not approve of the suppression of the bourgeois papers. New comrades were appointed. Then there were difficulties with the left socialist-revolutionaries, the allies of the government: they quit after the Brest-Litovsk treaty. And after that the government was stable—the most stable government in Europe during the past eight years.

A new state apparatus had to be created from the very beginning. It was an enormous task. The workers were not used to administrative work. The specialists sabotaged. It was necessary to learn through experience, and pay dearly for the experience. Lenin was very attentive to every detail. He had continual conferences with comrades in responsible positions. The comrades tell how he helped them. Not that he gave them ready-made orders—although he could do even that when it was necessary, during the critical days of the civil war. But usually he helped everybody to find the solution himself. The comrades tell how some question was complicated and unclear to them when they went to Lenin with it, but when Lenin started to ask questions, the matter cleared itself up. And then it happened that when some comrade went to Lenin with a complicated question, it became clear to him before he began to talk. He had learned Lenin's method of putting questions.

One institution was necessary from the very beginning—The Extraordinary Commission for Fighting Counter-Revolution and Sabotage (the Tcheka). There were counter-revolutionary plots everywhere. Many officials in the army and the soviet offices were sabotaging, either thru unfitness or unwillingness. A close watch was needed and swift punishment of the offenders. It was necessary to have an institution which could decide without the delay of formalities. This famous Tcheka has become the subject of innumerable legends. The bourgeois and the social-democratic papers spread fantastic stories about this "government within a government." There is nothing mysterious about the Tcheka, and it has never intended to usurp power and place itself above the party. The most reliable comrades were placed there, because the work is exacting. And the Tcheka has always worked under the immediate direction of the party. There have occurred defects and evil practices in it,—for even the strongest nerves can collapse under the strain of such a heavy burden—but the party has swiftly corrected them. The discipline has been extraordinarily strict there. And Lenin often praised the work of the Tcheka.

But a country cannot be governed with merely a good apparatus. A correct policy is needed. The government must show that it can meet the urgent questions of the people. The first task of the Lenin government was to send to all governments a message calling on them to make peace. Of course the imperialists ignored it, but the people saw that someone had made an earnest effort to end the butchery. Soviet Russia has from the very beginning been the strongest advocate of peace among the peoples, and the bourgeois governments have been compelled by its example to come forward with schemes for peace—although these schemes have been fake. And every day that passes shows the toiling masses that peace cannot come through the imperialists, but only by their overthrow.

The land question had been the main problem of Russia for centuries. It could be solved only through revolutionary, "plebian," methods—to use an expression of Marx. Lenin, in his book "The Proletarian Revolution and Kautsky the Renegade," has explained how the solution of the land question, in particular, shows that the policy of the Bolsheviks is not Blanquist and not adventurous, but a realization of the burning

needs of the people. The socialist-revolutionaries cried out that the Bolsheviks had stolen their program. They were answered: Why, you were in power for over half a year and did not realize your program; why do you complain if someone else has realized it?

But, someone may ask, why did the Bolsheviks take the socialist-revolutionary program and not their own? Lenin has given the answer many times. The S. R. program was the program of the peasants themselves. It was the nationalization of the land—as in the Bolshevik program. But a peculiar feature in the peasants' program was the "equal use of the land," that is, the land was to be distributed on the basis of the members of the family. It is a primitive method and does not adapt itself to the conditions of modern economy. But the peasants had to learn this through experience. A new land law was passed in 1922, on the basis of the experiences gained. In it is set forth how land can be acquired. First, the large soviet farms and the co-operative farms. Then the land of the peasants. The land departments of the soviets under the direction of the commissariat of agriculture solve the land problems.

A correct approach to the peasants has been the main problem of the soviet government. The greatest crises of the revolution have arisen from it. But the Bolsheviks have solved them and maintained their unity with the peasants. Even the big peasants were in the beginning for the October revolution. They had been the leaders of the village from early times and hoped to get the best part of the estates of the nobility. And in many cases they took it, since they controlled many soviets. But soon the class struggle broke out in the country; the poor and middle peasants began to claim their rights. A decree authorized the committees of the poor to settle the land question when the soviets of the rich peasants refused to carry out the land law. At the party convention of 1919, Lenin made his famous speech about the middle peasants, who had become the central figures in the country. The union between the workers and the peasants, created in the fight against the old regime and strengthened in the civil war against the white armies, was again confirmed through the N. E. P.—The New Economic Policy, which gave the peasants a vast freedom of initiative. Their self-government through the soviets has since taken great strides forward. And again at the last convention the Communist Party of the Soviet Union had to face the peasant problem: how further to strengthen the alliance between the workers and the poor and middle peasantry, and what stand to take towards the growing up of wealthy farmers who, because of the rapid development of productive forces, are becoming eager to get the control in the soviets and in the co-operatives at the expense of the poor farmers. The immediate future will show that the party has succeeded in solving even this problem.

How about the realization of socialism? Was this not the immediate purpose of the soviet government? No. Lenin had already, during the Kerensky regime, showed that the first question to be solved was the question of power. The ground must be cleared. Then it would be possible to start the building up of something new—socialism. Immediately the banks were nationalized, centralized around a government bank. Great trusts and industrial enterprises were also nationalized. But in most cases only a workers' control was established in private enterprises. The capitalists were asked to go ahead with production. But they were not willing to yield their power. Lenin tells how the soviet power took such moderate steps as to monopolize advertising for the soviet papers (private papers were also allowed to be published). But the capitalists refused to consider such petty things; they wanted to have the question of power decided first, and they started civil war. And only after three or four years were they willing to live as a disfranchised class and recognize the control of the workers' soviets which are successfully building a socialist economy.

The Declaration of Independence.

This document, the events of the revolutionary war and the famous constitutional convention that founded the United States will be put under the search-light of working-class writers in the next issue of the magazine. The "Fathers" of our country will also be examined for exactly what they were in the July 4th number.

The Metamorphosis of Mrs. Brown's Husband

We are publishing herewith the second of a series of three sketches on the British General Strike sent to the New Magazine from London by Florence Parker. The third sketch will appear in the next issue of the magazine.

By FLORENCE PARKER.

BROWN, being a printer, was very agitated about the newspapers during the strike. And Brown, in common with most of the organized, i. e., striking workers had been decidedly heartened by the action of the printers on the "Daily Mail," who had, the day before the strike, refused to print their paper because it contained a gross and insulting misrepresentation of the miners' cause.

Brown felt that his class was on the verge of complete triumph when the "Daily Mail"—affectionately known by many as the "Daily Liar"—was stopped by the printers, and all the scab-produced publications of the ensuing days failed to take away the sweetness of that first moment of revenge.

The first day of the strike there were no papers. The second day and, indeed, to a limited extent, on the first evening there appeared weird and wonderful collections of scraps of paper, printed and otherwise, bearing news, true and otherwise. The "Morning Post" came out as the "British Gazette" and the "Daily Herald" turned into the "British Worker." Brown bought the latter, read it, passed it on and was, on the whole, thankful to get it, though it seemed to him unnecessarily mild.

But, oh! how Brown loved the strike bulletins!

How he, a skilled and critical printer, took to his heart the typed, duplicated, often smeared, sometimes ill-spelt, nearly always amateurishly made-up sheets, in quarto and foolscap, on white paper while it was procurable, and later on various romantic tinted sheets, which were disgorged all over Great Britain daily and sometimes more often, from all sorts of machines, from printing presses which some councils of action were lucky enough to possess to duplicators and typewriters in all states of costliness and efficiency.

Every morning Brown helped with the production of his local strike committee's bulletin. He was on excellent terms with the young schoolmaster who acted as editor and found him a splendid chap, though at first he had been warned against him. "They say he's a Communist—but he seems all right."

Then another thrill got Brown in its grip. He began to develop a hitherto unknown spirit of acquisitiveness and feverishly started the collection of strike bulletins. The mild, though determined, duplicated sheets of the official trade union branches found their way into Brown's pockets, side by side, with all the shameless intimacy of the United Front, with the Bolshevik, seditious, disrespectful sheets issued God knows where and God knew by whom. Brown only knew about these latter papers that they must have been produced by people with incredible stores of energy and possessed with stocks of information which made him feel that where and whoever these demons were, my god, they knew something about the movement and about the right sort of press for the strikers.

In short, Brown thought only of strike bulletins and of the strikers' press. He had worked for many years as a printer and had often heard such phrases as "the power of the press." Now he was beginning to realize something of this power and had all the exultation of being part of the power behind the press.

What "the shadow of the Kremlin" meant to the "Morning Post" readers was a pale symbol compared to the words, "the power of the press," in those days to Brown. He found himself thinking of dynamos, and powerful, relentless machinery. He watched people closely as they read his—for he really felt it part of himself—strike paper.

And he happened to be in the offices of the Eastwich strike committee

when three members of their editorial board were arrested—and later given three months hard labor—for publishing the reassuring news that a certain regiment had been confined to barracks for insubordination and refusing to take up their duties against the strikers.

That same evening Brown, pondering over his latest phase of the class struggle and turning over in his mind various sentences, most of which began with "Well, if anyone had told me before the strike . . ." wandered on his rusty bike as far as Trafalgar Square and there fell a victim to the Red terror.

It happened like this. A newsboy was rushing past in a mad hurry calling out "Latest Strike Bulletin!" Now Brown had been caught that way before in the last few days and had found that the so-called strike bulletin was often indeed no other than the scab-produced "British Gazette," alias the Morning post. But still he was determined to miss nothing in the nature of a strike paper and to his astonishment, the newsboy called him comrade and was wearing the badge of the Communist Party. Brown bought his paper immediately and heard the priceless yarn of how thousands of copies of the pre-strike numbers of the Workers' Weekly had been sold on the street during the strike, being bought in many cases by people who had never seen or heard of the paper before and who had bought it thinking it was some anti-striker paper.

Brown did not like to confess that he had never read a copy of the "Workers' Weekly" before, for he was beginning to feel differently about the Communists since he had met them during the strike. For some months past he had merely read the "Daily Herald" from a sense of duty and reminded himself, with dismay, of the number of times he had refused to buy the Communist paper from the young woman who, rain and shine, winter and summer, stood outside his printing factory on Friday evenings. He was thankful, though, to remember that he, at least, had refused politely her offer of "Workers' Weekly, comrades, one penny!" After this strike every Friday evening should find him penny in hand, for it would be a great mistake to lose contact with the "real thing" in the way of the workers' press. And, after all, Communists are workers, only more so, as you might say.

Another phrase which tickled Brown's imagination, tho he could not quite remember where he had heard it, was "factory newspaper." He decided to ask the young editor of his strike paper for information. And did so, hearing not only of "factory papers" (which opened up all sorts of delightful possibilities in Brown's mind), but also of the "wall newspapers" of the Russian workers. He heard more of the Russian workers from the young editor who lent him papers and pamphlets about things over there. It seemed strange to Brown that he had never heard of this side of things in Russian. Even the "Daily Herald" had not emphasized, in the least, the news of life and conditions in that workers' country of Soviet Russia.

At the top of the Communist strike bulletins was always printed the phrase: "All power to the workers," and this Brown began to feel fitted in very nicely with his own pet phrase of the "power of the press."

And so we leave "Comrade" Brown waging the great strike which has acted on his mind like a huge spring-cleaning, destroying what was old and dusty therein and fitting it up again with such healthy and invigorating things as "solidarity" and "All power to the workers."

And Brown is, after all, a very ordinary example of British citizen.

It just shows the way that "red poison" spreads, that out of a tidy "constitutional" industrial strike the harmless, innocent minds of Brown and his mates could grow visions of workers' control—and, above all, in Brown's mind, workers' control of the press.

"Your Order, Please"

"MARRIED? You tell 'em I am," said the little waitress as she slung a bowl of soup across the table. "Got two kids," she continued. "My odest boy is two years old and the baby is four months old."

"But I don't understand how you can go to work with a baby only four months old?" I asked her.

"You don't suppose I'm doin' this because I'm in love with waitin' on table, to you? But we got to live somehow, and my husband ain't been workin' now for nearly a year."

I looked at her. I was beginning to see the slim young girl before me in a new light. Before she had been just a waitress, bringing me my order of poached eggs and toast or whatever it happened to be and asking me if my coffee was "all right." She always seemed rather cheerful and ready to make small talk. But she had never become confidential with me. Today she seemed worried and tired. There were dark circles under her eyes and she dragged her feet as she moved about. Her usual lightheartedness seemed to have taken flight. I had asked her if she was not feeling well.

"Oh, yes," she had replied, "I'm all right. But I'm dead tired. Didn't sleep a wink last night. The baby was so sick I thought she was going to die."

In my amazement I had blurted out: "You aren't married, are you?" So little Evelyn was married and had two children. And she was supporting her family on the \$10.50 a week that she was earning for waiting on table.

"How do you manage to live on \$10.50 a week? The four of you?"

"Oh, believe me, there ain't nothing left of my pay when I begin to dish it out. And besides, I'm in a hole. Just borrowed \$50 from my sister for some coal. Just to show you, I got paid the day before yesterday. I was all out of groceries, so I went down and came back with fifty cents of my week's pay. I have to walk to work."

I QUESTIONED her further. "Do you mean to tell me that your husband has not had work for nearly a year, and that all this time . . ."

"Oh, he worked a couple of weeks for a fellow who said he'd contracted some kind of a job from the city. I don't know what it was, but anyway Bud worked for him for two weeks, and then he got laid off. But he ain't seen his money yet. I guess that fellow's crooked. And we ain't got any money to sue him. Besides, I don't suppose it'd do any good. He most likely's got some of them big chiefs workin' with him."

The thought that this girl, with a baby just four months old, had been working during her whole period of pregnancy seemed incredible. "But if your baby is only four months old," I said, "surely you haven't worked this last year, have you?"

"Haven't I tho? I worked right up till nearly two months before the baby was born. I sure didn't want it, but what could I do. Gee, them rich is lucky. They never have kids, except when they want 'em, but we poor breed 'em faster than we can raise 'em. Believe me, it ain't easy to be workin' while in that condition. But after the baby was born, Sis, she gave

us a lift. She ain't any too well herself, but she's awful good to me."

"Who's taking care of the children now, while you're away at work?"

"Sis. I get breakfast for the kids and then dress 'em and take 'em over to her house on my way to work and call for them when I get thru here. She ain't feelin' so well. I guess maybe it's T. B. We ain't sure. But the doctor said she ought to go out West. Her husband had about \$500 saved up, but he went and put it into a garage. He's trying to work himself up. So now they ain't got a cent with which to move. She's awful good to me, Sis is. I don't know what I'd do if it weren't for her."

I pictured two little children growing up in a home like that. "I guess maybe it's T. B." rang in my ears. And this woman was taking care of two young children. What chance in life did they have with a start like that? I mentioned it to her.

"Oh, don't you suppose I know? But what's the good. I can't let 'em stay at home alone. She's trying to be careful. Don't kiss 'em or nothin'."

"But I should think your husband would try very hard to get work. What does he do? Has he a trade?" "No, he's just a common laborer. And I guess there's too many of 'em, that's why it's so hard for him to find work. And then he ain't so strong, either. He needs an operation. He's got kidney trouble."

I asked her if she belonged to the waitresses' union. A girl with all that trouble, I decided, would be good material to get into the union, if she was not there already.

"No," she answered, "I'm not. I can't take a chance on losing this job, and I can't spare the money for dues. But mostly it's my job I'm afraid of, if I'd lose this, I'd be in . . ." And she swore under her breath.

"But you'd get more money and you wouldn't have to work so hard," I persisted. "You once told me you came here at seven and worked until three, without any time off except a few minutes in which to eat your lunch. Don't you get all worn out?"

"Don't I? You tell 'em! Quit at three? Gee, I can't remember the day I went home at three. I'm always here to nearly four or later. By the time I sweep the place out and help the cook in the kitchen clean up after the rush hour, it's four o'clock before I can go."

"Doesn't he pay you for overtime?" I asked, not suspecting the least that he did.

"No. He told me once I could fix myself a soda for stayin' late. I worked till almost six that night. That other girl was sick and couldn't get here on time."

"And yet with all this, you can't see the advantage in joining the union?" I argued.

"Oh, I ain't sayin' that. I think unions is a mighty fine thing. It helps the workers. But I can't take a chance on losin' my job, my husband out of work, and the kids . . ."

"Order of creamed asparagus, r-e-a-d-y," bellows a voice from the kitchen.

"Scuse me," said Evelyn to me over her shoulder, and hurried off.

THE TINY WORKER

A Weekly

Edited by Johnny Red

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Saturday, June 26, 1926

No. 5

THE BUNK
"Washington never told a lie."
Do you know any more bunk? Send it in!

This is Skinny Jones on first base. He's a classy ball player on Johnny Red's team "the Red Stars." Next week they play the Washington School team. Watch for the score next Saturday.

FACTS THAT YOU OUGHT TO KNOW
The president of the A. F. of L. (that's the American Federation of Labor—ask your father what that

is) is Wm. Green. He isn't so good. He thinks Reds ought to be shot. But they won't be. So he's out of luck.

What Do You Mean "Awfully," Florence?
Dear Comrade Johnny Red: Your picture in the TINY WORKER last Saturday was awfully nice. You had a swell smile and I like your little pug nose.
But why didn't you comb your hair? I don't like to comb it neither but my mother says I look like the "wild girl from Borneo" when I

don't. She helped me to write this letter because I'm only 8 years old. I

will write again if you answer. Florence Markow-ski, Pittsburgh, Pa.

THE TALE OF A PUP
Johnny Red's mother was brushing off Johnnie's new pup, and asked: "But why do you call him 'Revolution' Johnny?"
"Well, he was all shot when I found him, wasn't he? And gee, ma, I liked him right away when he bit that rich Mrs. Van Dan's dog. So I brought him home and gave him a bath."
"And boy, he sure needed one. He scratched like anything. He had a million fleas on him!"
"Well, we got him clean Johnny," his mother said. "I'll just brush his hair down and he'll look fine. He seems to like you too."
"Hot dawg! He's a swell pup alright. Come on 'Revolution', let's go on parade!"
And Johnnie's mother smiled as little Red went down the street with 'Revolution'.

The Fight to Expropriate the Princes

By MAX SHACHTMAN

THE campaign for the expropriation of the German princes was the first mass movement of the German proletariat since its sharp defeat when Von Hindenburg was elected the president of the republic. It was the clearest mobilization of the people, under the hegemony of workers, against monarchism since the general strike to defeat the Kapp "putsch."

And when it is considered that against the attempt to rally the necessary 19,500,000 votes were powerfully arrayed all the forces of reaction, the monarchists, fascists, nationalists, clericals, democrats, and that the campaign was from the beginning systematically sabotaged by the social democratic and trade union bureaucracy—to such a point that the tasks of leadership, direction and mobilization fell almost exclusively to the Communists, it can be said that the 15,000,000 votes that were finally cast for the uncompensated expropriation of the wealth of the members of the former royal houses of the empire were the expression of a big victory for the German working class, a victory for the united front and action of the workers, a victory which is resulting in the strengthening of the revolutionary consciousness and faith of the German proletariat, in the spreading of the hegemony of the workers over broader sections of the people, and in the growth of the strength and influence of the German Communist Party.

Communist Initiative.

THE proposals for the expropriation of the princes was drawn up jointly by Thaelmann, of the Communist Party, Wels, of the Social-Democracy and Professor Kuczynski of the Committee for the Expropriation of the princes. The campaign was the result of the initiative of the Communists, who had introduced, in 1925, a proposal for adoption in the reichstag.

The law was to provide for the expropriation, without any compensation, of all the wealth of the princes who ruled in any of the states of Germany up to the time of the revolution of 1918, their royal mansions and palaces, the properties of their families; and this wealth was to be used for the welfare of the unemployed, the victims of the world war, the small farmers, tenant farmers and

peasants, and the sufferers from the period of inflation.

Popular Issue.

THE issue was a popular one. Hundreds of thousands of unemployed workers, and their number increasing daily; a million and a half war cripples, half a million of whom received absolutely nothing from the government, and others of whom received the pittance of two marks a day only of they were not even any longer able to lie in the streets and beg; hundreds of thousands of war widows and orphans, living in abject misery; employes and small middle class elements; thousands upon thousands of poverty-stricken peasants and land renters; all of these hailed the proposal to take from the robber princes their wealth which amounted to more than three billion gold marks.

The movement for expropriation grew like a prairie fire. The executive committee of the Social Democratic party, which at first declined to join with the united committee, was forced finally to enter the joint action because of the tremendous pressure exerted by the rank and file.

In at least one section of Germany, Cologne, the Christian Social party which split from the reactionary Catholic Centrum party joined the united committee for expropriation. The mass pressure was so great that the leader of the very conservative Christian Social party, Vitus Heller, wrote in the Catholic journal "Das Neue Volk," an appeal for all good Christians to rally to the vote on June 21st for the expropriation.

Fascist Opposition.

AS the movement grew in momentum and power, the reactionaries mobilized themselves for the defeat of the proposed law. Menacing parades of fascists, threats by the nationalists and monarchists, strengthening of the monarchist reactionary troops, god-inspired sermons in the churches, Stahlhelm, and inspired warnings by paid agents of ex-kaiser Wilhelm, that if the bill was made law inflation would ensue—were the methods used by the reaction to bring on defeat.

Stressemann made veiled threats of a dictatorship if actual expropriation were attempted, and declared that no government would ever carry out the law. Chancellor Marx, to stave off new elections to the reichstag which

would result from a victory for the workers, proposed a compromise law, which would have saved all for the princes.

A secret circular of the German Volkspartei in which Marx's compromise proposal was exposed as a swindle which the reactionaries were urged to support, and the warning given that if the expropriation law was put into effect it would result in the dissolution of the reichstag and the dictatorship of Hindenburg.

The Hindenburg Letter.

A "private" letter of Von Hindenburg was published in the black press, urging against the expropriation proposal. Hundreds of thousands of marks were supplied to paid agents by the princely houses for the defeat of the referendum. Personal journalistic prostitutes for Wilhelm Von Hohenzollern, Van Amstel, Kirk Van Der Gracht, and others, secured "interviews" from "prominent persons" outside of Germany in which lies mingled with threats of collapse were spread everywhere in an effort to discourage support to the referendum.

And the social democrats? The shameless sabotage of the leadership was in disgusting contrast to the splendid support given the referendum by the rank and file in the factories, which joined everywhere with the Communists in united factory committees. Solidarity in the ranks, in the sorely-torn labor movement of Germany, was magnificent. For the first time in years, soldiers of the reichsbanner, social democratic republican troops, marched side by side with the revolutionary workers in the Roter Frontkämpferbund (Red Front Fighters).

Social-Democratic Sabotage.

NOT, however, the bureaucracy. In the midst of the campaign, the official organ of the social democracy, the Vorwaerts, launched a vicious series of attacks on the Communists, attacks which were reprinted widely even in the so-called "left" social-democratic papers. The sabotage went so far that the Vorwaerts failed to print the appeal of the reichsbanner, its own organization, in which its membership was urged to rally to the polls. Treachery and the brand of Cain is ineradicable from the brazen foreheads of the social-democratic

leaders. Not even the shocking affair, in which the French socialist leader, Paul Boncour defended the claims of a royal German princess in court, in the midst of the expropriation campaign, aroused the condemnation of the social-democracy of Germany or France or of the Second International.

Still 15,000,000 workers and peasants and small owners voted to expropriate the princes. The vote against it was negligible, but by the technicalities of German democratic laws, the referendum was defeated. It was necessary for practically 20,000,000 voters to cast ballots in the referendum, no matter what the aye or nay vote might be.

Pyrrrean Victory.

THE victory of reaction in the defeat of the referendum is the victory of Pyrrhus: another such "victory" and they are lost. For the forces of revolution which are gaining new sinews and power and regaining the ground lost to it by social-democratic treason and its own errors, the great movement for the expropriation of the princes is a victory.

New thousands of workers followed the leadership of the Communist Party. The decisive sections of the working class, in the decisive centers, are moving towards the party of revolution. And as certain as is the decay of the German bourgeoisie so certain is the approach also of the decisive moment.

JUNE ISSUE OF THE "AMERICAN WORKER CORRESPONDENT" OUT

COAL miners are specially urged to become worker correspondents for the DAILY WORKER in an appeal by Alex Reid, former secretary of the Progressive Miners' Committee, in the June issue of the American Worker Correspondent, now off the press.

This article is the first of a series to be published in the correspondents' own magazine, each one to deal with a separate industry. They will take up the opportunities for developing working class writers in the railroads, in the steel mills, in the metal as well as the coal mines, in the textile and clothing trades, the automobile industry, the rubber industry and everywhere that labor toils.

The June issue shows a coal miner writer on its front page. The sketch is drawn by Fred Ellis.

Reid tells the coal miners that, "it is their duty to write for the DAILY WORKER as often as they possibly can."

Other articles in this issue are by Alex Bittleman, telling about "writers in the Soviet Union"; J. Louis Engdahl, who writes about the relations between the American Worker Correspondent and the DAILY WORKER; M. A. Stolar, on "What Is News?"; Max Shachtman, on "Worker Correspondents and Sacco and Vanzetti"; and a review of the activities of the worker correspondents of New York City by Helen Black, instructor in the Worker Correspondents Class. There is also the regular review of news about the worker correspondents in other lands. Special efforts are being made with this issue to get new subscribers and bundle orders. The subscription rate is 50 cents per year, single copies five cents. Bundle orders are three cents per copy. Address all communications to the American Worker Correspondent, 1113 West Washington Blvd., Chicago, Ill.



Copper Is God

By William Pickens

COPPER is god in Montana: it is worshipped, revered and feared; to ignore it is sacrilege, to attack it is blasphemy. Montana is the holy dominion of this copper god; Butte is his central sanctum; Ryan is his high priest among them.

The greatest copper company on earth is The Anaconda company. Anaconda—it sounds like the name of a snake or a dragon. If the innocent visitor lets slip a word against the greed of this great business, one of its local devotees and worshippers will immediately challenge you: "What would this country amount to without the copper interests? We all make our living out of it. It has made Butte what it is. Say what you please against it—but what have you got to substitute for it?"—For copper in Montana is the same as providence in the Baptist church: it creates everything, it is the fountain head of all their good; they live by it, obeying its priests and fearing its decrees.

All the preachers are ministers of the copper gospel. I tackled a catholic priest, and he defended it; I challenged a methodist minister, and he was for it. There are less than 250 Negroes in all Butte but their preachers are for the copper god. Every cent of all their collections comes as a blessing from this god. I do not think that Butte preachers are promising golden crowns in their heaven, but copper crowns, and copper slippers to walk the copper streets of a capprous future world. All the faithful saints shout for copper. At a dinner the visitor said something uncompliment-

ary of the great copper trust, picturing it more as a dragon than as a sacred god, and one of the "sisters" who heard it, was later overheard saying in an excited whisper to others: "O my god, if that man speaks at the Rotary Club tomorrow, he will ruin all of us; he's against the company!"

I came into Butte from Great Falls. As you approach Butte, your train is on the mountain top and Butte is in a deep valley below you like a pit instead of the abode of a god—a big hole in the ground, with a lot of lesser holes (called mines) in the bottom of this big hole. Butte is pronounced exactly like the first syllable of the word beauty, but that is all in the world that Butte has to do with beauty.

Down into one of the greatest mines we went, in a big iron bucket that carried us with the speed of a falling meteor, twenty-two stories of mine-levels down, down, down—each level representing one hundred feet or more. Some mines are being worked thirty-eight levels down, almost a perpendicular mile!

Down there one could see the subterranean business of this god. One became even more suspicious of a deity with so much underground work: tunnels, avenues, caves, rolling cars, vast machinery, and his thousand workmen, looking like grotesque demons in the flickering lights of their miners' lamps, their faces darkened by copper, their paws cracked wide by the biting capprous acid. In the main rooms and avenues there are electric lights, and the underground cars are propelled by electric power, some from storage batteries and some on trolley

wires. Those who live in the upper world never have dreamed what a vast world of life and action there is in the subterranean chambers of the copper god.

They get the precious copper not only from the ore, or "copper glass," but also from the acid water that is pumped out of this underworld. This water contains much copper in acid solution; it is pumped up by relay pumps from miles underground and is poured out into vast earthen vats. And how do they get the copper out of the acid solution of this devil's water? They simply throw into it tin cans, iron car wheels, worn-out machinery, scrap iron, "tin Lizzies," any old metal things, and the acid of the water seizes this metal and the copper is "precipitated, deposited. For a pound of tin cans, the god gets a pound of copper; or for one hundred pounds of old railroad rails, a hundred pounds of copper. It will eat up an iron rail in a few hours precipitating copper in its stead. The acid has a greater "affinity" for iron than for copper, it likes iron better, therefore as soon as iron comes into touch with it, the acid drops the copper out of its mouth, so to speak, and seizes the iron instead.

To the untaught devotee it looks as if the "holy water" of this god literally turns these baser metals into precious copper. Such are the "miracles" of this mighty copper god!

This acid water is the symbol of the whole copper business: it turns everything else to copper, all it touches turns to copper, politics, business, religion, and the souls of men. In the Montana mind copper can do no wrong.

The Week in Cartoons

By M. P. Bales

