

The New Magazine

Supplement of **THE DAILY WORKER**

ALEX. BITTELMAN,
Editor.

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Towards a Militant Labor Movement in the United States



Machinists' Hall,
115 S. Ashland Boulevard.

THE formal beginning of a Communist movement in the United States will be dated September 1, 1919. On that day there were formed two Communist organizations: Both were born in Chicago, at national conventions of the two Communist groups, one held in Smolny Institute, the other in Ashland Auditorium. And by the actions of the two conventions a process has been started which has led to the creation of a revolutionary political party of the American working class.

It is thus seven years since the beginning was made to crystallize a political leadership for the workers and poor farmers of America, which shall know how to lead their struggles from day to day at the same time organizing them for the final struggle against the rule of capitalism.

Like on many occasions, the ruling class of the United States was very quick to detect the importance of the events that transpired in Chicago in the opening of September, 1919. The capitalists, their press and their government have sensed immediately the danger of the present capitalist order of society. And they did not waste must. time in starting out to destroy it. Three months after the formation of the Communist organizations the democracy-lov-

The COMMUNIST

"All Power to the Workers!"

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE COMMUNIST PARTY OF AMERICA

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HAIL TO THE SOVIETS!

May Day Proclamation by the Central Executive Committee of the Communist Party of America

ing Wilson administration carried thru the infamous Palmer raids. Thousands of workers were seized and thrown into jail, beaten, tortured and deported. A veritable reign of terror was instituted thruout the country. The capitalists and their servants had whipped themselves into a regular frenzy.

The Communist movement of America was driven underground but it was far from having been destroyed. Pressed by capitalist persecution, matured by practical experiences and clarified by intense ideological struggles, the revolutionary workers of the two separate Communist parties eventually came together into one organization. And in the beginning of 1921 the movement was again strong enough and already sufficiently unified internally to begin an open existence in the organization of the Workers Party of America.

What is inevitable will happen. The Communist movement in the United States became inevitable, and therefore possible despite all persecutions, because of the basic changes in the economic and political life of America following the world war. The emergence of American capitalism as the foremost imperialist exploiter of the world. The tremendous centralization of the federal government and its frankly brutal ways of suppressing the workers and supporting the employers. The great conflicts between capital and labor during 1919-1920 and the experiences derived from these struggles by the workers leading their more

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WORKERS OF THE WORLD
UNITE! YOU HAVE NOTHING
TO LOSE BUT YOUR
CHAINS. YOU HAVE A
WORLD TO GAIN.

Down Tools May First, 1920



The COMMUNIST

No. 10

All Power to the Workers!

FIVE CENTS

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE UNITED COMMUNIST PARTY OF AMERICA
SECTION OF THE THIRD (COMMUNIST) INTERNATIONAL

The World Congress of the Communist International

By JOHN REED

advanced sections to a revolutionary outlook upon the class struggle in the United States. The betrayal and bankruptcy of reformist socialism and of the Second International. The revolutionary situation in Europe. The successful proletarian revolution in Russia. The organization of the Communist International. All these events have combined together to bring about a sharpening of the class struggle in the United States, intense



struggles in the labor movement between working class revolutionists and reformist petty bourgeois, an eventual split in the Socialist Party of America and the organization—on September 1, 1919, of an independent Communist movement in the United States.

Seven years have passed since that memorable date. The Communist movement of the United States, now represented by the Workers (Communist) Party of America, has come to be an organic part of the American labor movement. It is at present the only factor in the American class struggle that is truly progressive, forward-going and inspiring to the various movements of the workers and farmers.

The banner of militant class struggle, of the proletarian revolution and of a Workers' and Farmers' government in the United States which was raised by the American Communists seven years ago is gathering around itself ever larger numbers of workers. Communist policies and Communist slogans are already exercising great influence in the everyday struggles of the masses. The time is approaching when the American working class, led by the Workers (Communist) Party, will discard completely the shackles of reformism and class-collaboration entering upon a determined struggle against the rule of capitalism and for a workers' and farmers' government.

Alex Bittelman.



"Smolny,"
1221 Blue Island Ave.

Pueblo Prints

By LA VERDAD.



THE Guitarist is a blind man. He never learnt how to read notes nor the value of notes, yet he knows how to keep time and play anything he hears. It feels so different to come to a "balle" (dance) where the gathering is dressed up to the minute, with few exceptions, and find the band of small town Mexican musicians in blue working shirts, khaki or denim pants, rarely in full dress suit of cloth. They are poor and what they earn goes for food. Most of these musicians play "lyrico" (by ear). When their instruments are in tune they play in a manner that is touching. There is a sweet dreaminess, a sadness expressive of romance and tragedy with all its delights and sorrows, weariness of body and soul, a brooding over much that makes or breaks their lives. The soft plaintiveness of their playing is an interpretation of their own human emotions. While they play the liveliest of dance music—say jazz—one is conscious of their manner of playing it. The delightful tum tum of the Guitarist and his sightlessness gets into one's bones.

Tall, thin Pablo gained the admiration of many and scorn of a few. During the flu epidemic years ago he bathed twice daily in the river, building a fire on the banks to keep warm. Every one in the village predicted his death, but he kept on bathing and living; others did not bathe, the flu got them and most of them died. "God's will," they all said, "God's will that tall Pablo should bathe and live to do it again." Pablo does not know the value of money. He was never paid with money for any work he did. He does not know what it means to buy or to sell. When hungry, he goes into a house, asks for food and works for it. Whatever he eats, he pays with his labor. He never begs. At times he obtains food from people who have no use for his labor. No one has checked him up to know if he paid in labor what he owed for food he took that way. One day he called at the small town store and said: "Oyez, quiero fosforos" ("I want matches"). The Mexican clerk didn't sell the matches to tall Pablo. He just gave them to him. Who expects pay from Pablo? You see, he didn't beg. He demanded. Demanding is not begging. At another time he was rendered considerably happy by the considerate storekeeper who presented tall Pablo with a new woolen shirt. Some time after that he came around wearing his old torn shirt, shivering with cold, for it does get chilly in northern Mexico when the wind blows from the north.

"Pablo, why aren't you wearing the new woolen shirt?" In an humble tone he answered: "I gave it to someone who needed it more than I do." Hearing this, the same considerate storekeeper offered him a pair of corduroy pants. "Patron," said the Mexican clerk, "don't give him the pants, put them on him, or he will give it to someone who needs it more than he does." They took him to the back of the store, dressed him up to be sure he wouldn't give the pants to somebody who needs them more than he does. He stuck to the trousers.

Juan, nicknamed "the mule," is the all-around flunky in the oldest hotel in the village. This swarthy bachelor is not an old man, nor will he ever be young again, even if he does not look a day older than he looked ten years ago. It was sad to see his bent figure, and withal that, comical. Juan had a way of walking with his head and chest so far ahead of his legs that it seemed he would fall forward on his face any minute. One actually waited to see it happen, and much relieved to see it didn't. One day this Don-less-Juan was approached by the "American" and, knowing him to be somewhat deaf, she cried at the top of her voice: "Juan (without the don), if you know of a good girl who wants work, send her to me." Smilingly (these wretched souls always wear the shine of a smile) he took the senora over and in his kind, quiet, nasal drawl he answered good naturedly: "Todas son buenas" (all the girls are good). What a worthy rebuke! Who would have thought or suspected Juan without the Don, nicknamed "the mule," to be so fine a cavalier?

To say anything unkind about anyone at all is a most distasteful thing to do. Things not kind are very often true, and the truth always gives a pain. It is painful to write about Che, the mute poet. His ever smiling face has eyes that aren't both alike, his hands and feet are not altogether straight, and he walks in a shuffling, hoppy shimmy way that is rather laugh-provoking. But there is the other Che, not seen at first sight nor at any other time if looked at superficially—Che of the heart. He, too, is a menial at the hotel, and he, too, has a nickname—"the burro." If he takes a notion to quit his job he will search for odd jobs. When he helped at the flour mill and was paid with flour he accepted most graciously, but the following day when he was again offered flour or money, he refused in his mute, eloquent manner, which meant something to this effect: "I am back on the hotel job and helped in this mill because I wanted to help. I had a meal at the hotel." The simple hearted "burro" smiled all the while he was making this clear. There are youngsters who glory in the art of provoking an unfortunate, and they indulged in it at the expense of Che's feelings. They would turn off the water supply when he wanted it to irrigate the trees in front of the hotel, or turn it on when he was thru and wanted it off. Their cruel teasing robbed him of his perpetual smile. After a trial of this sort he was seen to mount to the flat roof of the hotel, where he stood outlined against the sunset sky. He was watching the sunset. He watched that opaline sunset bathing the valley nestled at the feet of the Cordillera. So he stood there, a silent figure, alone with the beauty of a sunset and its twilight, a dim figure, with hat in hand, and may we imagine that he was thinking: "There is this beautiful thing in life that I may look upon and enjoy without it taunting me, ridiculing me, without humiliating Che, nicknamed 'burro.'"



A PEEK EACH WEEK AT MOTION PICTURES



"UP IN MABEL'S ROOM." THERE'S a lot of good fun: "Up in Mabel's Room." Marie Provost, one time bathing beauty for Mack Sennett, has lost none of her shapeliness and has become a comedienne of high order since she "walked the beach." She does the honors in this picture and does them well, and parades her form to the delight of the observant sex and the envy of the hopeful one.

The picture is a bedroom farce-comedy done over from the stage success. The story concerns itself with the adventures of three couples and three others at a week-end party that becomes hectic in the pursuit of an ex-husband by his former wife and the possession of a chemise—a gift to his former wife in the days of early infatuation.

The absurd plot is laugh-provoking. The sub-titles are snappy. Marie Provost has freshness and charm and is excellent both in negligee and with clothes on. Phyllis Haver, another one-time bathing beauty and one of those that "gentlemen prefer," does well, together with Harrison Ford, who plays the pursued hubby. The supporting cast is good enough to complete an hour's uproarious fun over what happens "Up in Mabel's Room."

Take heed: This is not an "important" picture. Take heed some more: It's worth seeing Mabel!

youth he loved a lady, but he didn't know he was the father of a son. Men, it seems, were like that in the old days. And so on and so on until the final climax, when his son, "Senor Daredevil," "brings home the bacon" to proud papa, saves his gold, saves the mining camp and marries the girl—tho you wonder why he does it. Dorothy Devore plays the girl—badly.

The new star, Ken Maynard, has appeared in pictures before only as a "stunt man." He rides daringly and his horse, "Tarzan," is a beauty, who goes thru many tricks that prove a circus training but are not essential to a good picture. Ken Maynard has looks; he has physique; he's no great actor, but he may learn to "get by." If his press agent can be believed, he is a Texas collegian who learned horseback riding better than civil engineering and spent some time doing "stunts" for leading circuses, finally graduating into the movies. He played Paul Revere and did his famous "ride" in "Janice Meredith."

"Senor Daredevil" is the first picture for Ken Maynard and his horse. If they don't give him something better to act in and a better leading lady Barnum & Bailey's circus is going to get back one of their old performers and a very fine horse. W. C.

"SENOR DAREDEVIL." A NEW star has risen in the world of movie "westerns." But the gods that guide the fates of a movie star have played a dirty trick on this one. Unless the First National Pictures will fire the bird that wrote the scenario of "Senor Daredevil" for Ken Maynard, this particular star is not going to glimmer for long.

Never—well, hardly ever—has so poor a scenario been given to any actor. The story is improbable, impossible, unreal, uninteresting, unbearable and—well, in short, it's "one helluva story." A rugged westerner who fails in supplying a mining camp with grub thru the evil machinations of a dirty, dirty, gawd how dirty villain, prays for a son. Presto, changeo—he gets one. All ready made. It seems that in his early



Ken Maynard

Rudolph Valentino

"THE world's greatest lover" is dead. The volume of the event stopped even the skeptic and scoffer for a minute, for the loss of "The Sheik" proved of such tremendous moment. The press, the movie world and the world at large were so moved that the impress of Rudolph Valentino was unmistakable. "Romance" was dead! The romance that for the moment was carried along in the person of this young Italian and one that spelled escape from economic physical, and all ailment; from the long and arduous day in the factory and the hum-drum of the kitchen—yes, and even from the continuous round of meetings and thousand and one tasks of the active worker in the trade union and revolutionary movements. Rudolph was romance and rest and peace and escape—joyous escape into an unreal world perhaps but escape nevertheless, from this one, if only for a moment. For the cinema, as in this respect, Trotsky points out, is replacing both liquor and the church.

This is true of course of all motion pictures. But Rudolph Valentino brought personality and fire and that indefinable "certain something" that caught the imagination and carried it along for ever so many of all ages and both sexes. His rise as a star was spectacular. "The Four Horsemen" in 1919 started him on the road to movie fame and "The Sheik" in 1921 definitely established it. "Moran of the

Lady Letty," "Monsieur Beaucaire" "The Eagle" and his last picture "The Son of the Sheik" (reviewed in this column a few weeks ago) are some of his other pictures. The titles of the "great lover" and "The Sheik" perhaps did not do justice to him as an actor tho they helped his popularity. No great actor, he was nevertheless above the average and his difficulties with the producers are said to have been due to his bitter complaint against the commercialism of the movies which sacrificed all art to the greater glory of profit.

The spectacular fame of "The Sheik" won't last—would probably have dimmed soon had he lived. Unless the artist is essentially great and his medium is a bit of pictured life that rings clear and touches deeply, one soon forgets. Fancy and imagination are so shifting, they don't stay where they are not permanently touched. Rudolph Valentino was a point for romance to focus on for the moment only.

Now he is dead. But the movies will continue. And the masses of the world will continue to go to them for education, entertainment—and escape—day in and day out and by the millions to be carried along by perhaps another "great lover" in a world of "stinky" and "over-slopped" romance. Until some day labor will make over this world of illusion into a more healthy one.



Decorative head drawn by Fred Ellis

By V. F. CALVERTON.

TO quiet, agrarian souls the railroad came like an invader in the night. It was a spectre that threatened to overspread the land with disaster and destruction. A demon of smoke and steel, it screamed its way across continent, stopped only by ocean and sea. Its whistle foretold the fall of rustic civilization.

The locomotive, in brief, was viewed as a leviathan, an octopus.

This was a social mood, not an individual caprice or poetic protest. In "The Octopus" Frank Norris gives it vigorous and vivid expression. Presley, in the early pages of the novel, epitomizes the attitude in a paragraph:

"Then, faint and prolonged, across the levels of the ranch, he heard the engine whistling for Bonneville. Again and again, at rapid intervals in its flying course, it whistled for road crossings, for sharp curves, for trestles; ominous notes, hoarse, bellowing, ringing with the accents of menace and defiance; and abruptly Presley saw again, in his imagination, the galloping monster, the terror of steel and steam, with its single eye, cyclopean, red, shooting from horizon to horizon; but saw it now as the symbol of a vast power, huge, terrible, flinging the echo of its thunder over all the reaches of the valley, leaving blood and destruction in its path; the leviathan, with tentacles of steel clutching into the soil, the soulless Force, the iron-hearted Power, the monster, the Colossus, the Octopus."

The locomotive effected a revolution in the western world. It revolutionized production by accelerating transportation, and revolutionized ideas by increasing contacts and multiplying communications, and changing leisurely hamlets into bustling towns and cities. It announced the beginning of a new age.

Frank Norris' novel, "The Octopus," is devoted to the theme of the locomotive and the epic of the wheat. Norris was one of the first American novelists to conceive of life in terms of forces instead of individuals. There was something sentimental in Norris' attitude, it is true, but there was at the same time something very powerful and something very accurate in his exaltation of forces over individuals. In an intuitive way, perhaps, he understood that it was man's destiny to control these forces for his own salvation, but into his novels this intuition seldom crept. It was always the force of the locomotive, the power of the wheat that prevailed. Life for Norris was a sweeping epic in which man was but an inconspicuous, microscopical puppet. Yet there was about Norris' work a proletarian sympathy and protest which, though not scientific or socialistic, invariably endowed his better work with a flash of beauty that was lacking in the prudish pastels of Howells. The conversation between two of the characters, Presley and Vanamee, about the former's poem, called "The Tollers," is illustrative of an attitude that was not characteristic of the bourgeois literature of the nineteenth century. Presley, whom we mentioned before, was a poetic type, hugging the soil as his

inspiration; Vanamee, a mystic, in love with the magic of the wheat, is like an iridescent apparition of the endless plains.

"The moment seemed propitious. The stillness of the vast, bare hills was profound. The sun was setting in a cloudless brazier of red light; a golden dust pervaded all the landscape. Presley read his poem aloud. When he had finished his friend looked at him.

"What have you been doing lately?" he demanded. Presley, wondering, told of his various comings and goings.

"I don't mean that," returned the other. "Something has happened to you, something has aroused you. I am right, am I not? Yes, I thought so. In this poem of yours you have not been trying to make a sounding piece of literature. You wrote it under tremendous stress. Its very imperfections show that. It is better than a mere Rhyme. It is an Utterance—a Message. It is Truth. You have come back to the primal heart of things, and you have seen clearly. Yes, it is a great poem."

"Thank you," explained Presley fervidly. "I had begun to mistrust myself."

"Now, observed Vanamee, 'I presume you will rush it into print. To have formulated a great thought, simply to have accomplished, is not enough."

"I think I am sincere," objected Presley. "If it is good, it will do good to others. You said yourself it was a Message. If it has any value, I do not think it would be right to keep it back from even a very small and most indifferent public."

"Don't publish it in the magazines at all events," Vanamee answered. "Your inspiration has come from the People. Then let it go to the People—not the literary readers of the monthly periodicals, the rich, who would only be indirectly interested. If you must publish it, let it be in the daily press. Don't interrupt. I know what you will say. It will be that the daily press is common, is vulgar, is undignified; and I will tell you that such a poem as this of yours, called as it is The Tollers, must be read by the Tollers. It must be common; it must be vulgarized. You must not stand upon your dignity with the People, if you are to reach them."

"That is true, I suppose," Presley admitted, "but I can't get rid of the idea that it would be throwing my poem away. The great magazine gives me such—a—background; gives me such weight.

"Gives you such weight, gives you such background. Is it yourself you think of? You helper of the helpless. Is that your sincerity? You must sink yourself; must forget yourself and your own desires of fame, of admitted success. It is your poem, your message, that must prevail—not you, who wrote it. You preach a doctrine of abnegation, of self-obliteration, and you sign your name to your words as high on the tablets as you can reach, so that all the world may see, not the poem, but the poet. Presley, there are many like you. The social reformer writes a book on the iniquity of the possession of land, and out of

the proceeds buys a corner lot. The economist who laments the hardships of the poor allows himself to grow rich upon the sale of his book."

"But Presley would hear no further. "No," he cried, "I know I am sincere, and to prove it to you, I will publish my poem, as you say, in the daily press and I will accept no money for it."

It is the vision of the wheat, too, that fascinates and inspires Norris. Wheat is no common thing for him. It is no common growth that is whipped into food for humans. It is a conception. It is a sweeping reality. It is the sustenance of a nation, of a world. It is a poem and a passion, a reality that is irresistible and overwhelming.

"There it was, the Wheat, the Wheat! The little seed long planted, germinating in the deep, dark furrows of the soil, straining, swelling, suddenly in one night had burst upward to the light. The wheat had come up. It was there before him, around him, everywhere, illimitable, immeasurable. The winter brownness of the ground was overlaid with a little shimmer of green. The promise of the sowing was being fulfilled. The earth, the loyal mother, who never failed, who never disappointed, was keeping her faith again. Once more the strength of the nations was renewed. Once more the Titan, benignant, calm, stirred and woke, and the morning abruptly blazed into glory upon the spectacle of a man whose heart leaped exuberant with the love of a woman, and an exulting earth gleaming transcendent with the radiant magnificence of an inviolable pledge."

It is these two themes that course through the novel, the locomotive, and the wheat. The immensity of the wheat, after all, becomes a world-immensity only through the locomotive which can transport it from town to city and from city to nation. While "men perished, were shot down in the very noon of life, hearts were broken . . . and misery, death and anguish spun like a wheel of fire," the wheat remained, and its rushing roar down chute and channel continued "persistent, steady, inevitable." The struggle with the railroad was similar. Man succumbed to it. The peasant-farmer was exploited and extinguished. The old virtues were converted into the new vices. The men of the Ranch had surrendered to the men of the Railroad, yet Norris never forgets to stress the fact that it had been "forces rather than men (who) had locked horns in the struggle."

"Into the prosperous valley, into the quiet community of farmers, that galloping monster, that terror of steel and steam had burst, shooting athwart the horizons, flinging the echo of its thunder over all the ranches of the valley, leaving blood and destruction in its path . . . The ranches had been seized in the tentacles of the octopus; the iniquitous burden of extortionate freight rates had been imposed like a yoke of iron."

Like the novels of the christian socialist school in England, led by Kingsley and Mrs. Gaskell, Norris' novels, as we said in an earlier paragraph, evidence a certain sympathy

with the proletariat. They are certainly not part of a proletarian art, which is an art created by the proletariat for the proletariat, or for all society. But they evidence a change from the literature of the bourgeoisie which had captured the literary citadel during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Before the eighteenth century, literature had been the child of the aristocracy, and, as in the works of Shakespeare, had expressed the ethics and esthetics of the feudal nobility. Norris' work marks the definite beginning of an anti-bourgeois trend in our literature.

Norris' work with its spirit of revolt grew out of the vast expansion of capitalism over the great western sections of the United States. The railroads had started as private companies, in bitter competition with each other, but in the struggle with the western ranchers and farmers, consolidation soon became expedient. The famous circular of January 2, 1889, issued by the three banking houses of Drexel, Morgan and Co., Brown Brothers and Company, and Kidder, Peabody and Company, and the notorious gathering at Morgans home, were the beginning of the "iron-clad combination" of railroad magnates that was to conclude the competition between the private companies. In the struggle for lands, congress invariably yielded to the railroad capitalists. The workmen were exploited, the farmers were tricked, the public, as the petty-bourgeoisie christens itself, was swindled. It was a time when millionaires were made in the mad gamble of a night, when cunning became a virtue and deceit a crown. While this insane scramble for wealth went on, and workers were bent, broken and crucified in the process, William Dean Howells, the leading American novelist of the bourgeoisie, wrote quiet, sweet stories of the parlor antics of the newly rich, and, in his own words, averted ugliness by turning his glance to "the more smiling aspects of life (which) are more American." Frank Norris, on the other hand, detested this unreal sweetness and serenity, that prided itself upon the ostrich gesture. It was the smell of earth that haunted him. In him was a desire to tell fact and not fiction. He hated the bourgeoisie, who desired relief in art and escape in fiction. He did not wish to write boudoir literature for decadents or saccharine tales for sentimental virgins. He did not wish to devote his talent to the art of the precious few. "No art that is not in the end understood by the people," he wrote, "can live or ever did live a single generation." Altho Frank Norris' novels may lack finish and want form, though they may suffer from crudity and melodrama and oftentimes fail of that beauty which great art attains, there is in them the spirit of candor and that flare of revolt that are always moving and dynamic. And it is in the light of this that one can understand the sincerity of his cry:

"I never truckled; I never took off my hat to Fashion and held it out for pennies. By God, I told them the truth. They liked it or they didn't like it. What had that to do with me? I told them the truth."

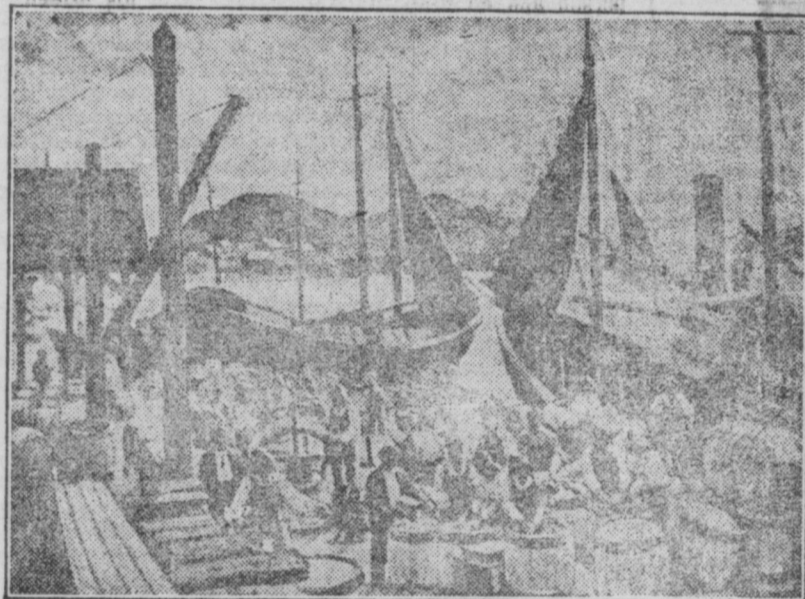
RUSSIA IN 1926

By Jessica Smith

I HAVE been out of Russia for sixteen months after a continuous stay here of almost three years. During that first stay I saw the miraculous achievement of the first months after the famine when Moscow and in varying degrees the rest of Russia shook off its garment of misery and emerged over night with ruins repaired, buildings painted, new street car lines running, shops and restaurants in operation. I saw the less spectacular but equally thrilling progress of the months that followed when a whole people set to work with incredible energy to rebuild a country that had suffered a series of disasters that would have left a less resilient nation listless and stunned. I saw the wheels of industry gain momentum from month to month, the railroads whipped into shape, one stupendous problem after another tackled and solved. Not without mistakes here and there, terrific mistakes—not without crises that all but shook the whole structure to the ground again. But every mistake and crisis was made a lesson and so meant that the path ahead was that more secure. And the course was steadily upward.

During the past year in America a constant stream of returning bankers, business men, preachers and politicians have brought reports of still further economic progress, of increased production in industry, of more efficient service on the railroads, of a comparative abundance of goods and food on the market, and most significant of all, of a happier expression on the faces of the people. So I was prepared when I arrived in Moscow a month ago to find that the two bus-lines that were operating when I left had increased to ten, that new buildings were going up everywhere, that the little last minute purchases I had forgotten to make in New York could all be made on the Petrovka, and that everyone was better fed and better clothed.

Now I have been here a month. I have left the snow bound north and came a thousand miles south to the village of Maslov Kut in the low lands of the North Caucasus region where the tiny green flames of the winter wheat are licking up higher and higher every day as the tides of winter ebb northward. I have talked to some of the peasants, attended a meeting or two, and during long days when the misty spring rains have turned the roads to deep sticky mud, I have read all the Russian papers I could lay my hands on. And I find that the change that has taken place in the last sixteen months is a far more fundamental one than the mere raising of the general economic level and consequently the material standard of the population.



The Port of Murmansk—A Painting by K. H. Korlgin.

Russia has definitely entered upon a new period during this past year. So far her progress has been within the technical framework of the old Russia. In order to build a new economic structure it was necessary first to get back to the point where they were before the revolution. There was not time to begin at the bottom and introduce a new technique all along the line. The change of ownership and organization could not wait for a change in the old methods to give them a more solid basis. First it was necessary to make the old system work, to fill the gap of the transition period, and then, when the elemental needs of food and clothing and shelter were satisfied, begin to build the new. The process of building the new has now begun in earnest. True, in absolute figures neither industry or agriculture or trade have attained quite their pre-war proportions. But they have come very near it—so near that nothing can stop their attaining them in the course of the next year or so. But the old technique and the old machinery have reached their limit. The progress that will take place from now on will break the bonds of the old technical structure, and is dependent on the introduction of new methods and new machinery.

I do not, however, want to give the impression that all is smooth sailing ahead. At the early spring there was a tense situation as regards foreign trade, the internal market, currency, fuel and transport, and the economic difficulties are not in the least minimized by the Soviet officials. The press was full of the frankest discussion of the mistakes that have been made within the last few months. But there is an important difference between the type of crises that Russia has gone thru in the past, and the present situation. This dif-



Building a Socialist Economy.

ference is implicit in the very terminology used in the discussions. Formerly every thing was a "crisis." Now there are "economic difficulties." The cause of these crises was destitution in one field or another—and they had to be solved by bending every available resource and effort toward the solution of that particular problem, even at the expense of some other vital element in the national structure, so that each crisis was usually followed by another crisis, for everything was at such a low ebb that the withdrawing of funds and attention from any part of the economic organism meant stagnation in that particular branch. But the economic level has gradually risen to the point where funds and attention can be more equally distributed, and the difficulties of the present are rather due to a more rapid growth in one line than another, and to an increase in the material demands of the population outstripping the capacity of industry to supply them.

THE commodity hunger rises from complex causes. In the face of an absolute increase in industrial production the growth has been far greater during the last year in heavy industry than in light. The city population with its increased buying power gobbles up much of the goods before it ever gets to the villages. What does reach the villages disappears from the shelves of the co-operatives like dew before the sun. Prices are still abnormally high, but there is no cry of overproduction now. No matter how high the prices the amount of good has still not caught up with the paying demand. No wonder the peasant will not part with his grain too rapidly. His belly is full at last. He is tired of his pre-war rags. He wants new agricultural machinery, but he also wants new clothes and shoes and whatever the factories can offer to make life a little more gracious after these years of struggle. He doesn't care so much what he is paid for his grain as long as there is something for him to buy in exchange.

Nothing could be franker than the admission of all these mistakes on the part of the government officials, nothing could be clearer and more searching than their analysis of the situation and its causes, nothing more realistic than their method of handling it. The export program for the current year has been cut down from 1,105,151,000 gold roubles to 720,000. Consequently the import program has to be cut from 1,009,678,000 to 685,000,000. For the gold reserve had to be drawn on again to meet obligations incurred when the larger figure was contemplated and they are insisting rigidly on the prompt meeting of all foreign obligations. Furthermore, they cannot run the risk of inflation by issuing more paper money. Some of the tractors will therefore have no plows to pull, some of the reapers and binders will stand useless without binder twine—but that is a temporary situation and the effect will be less serious than that of a falling rouble. Strictest economy is being observed all along the line. Credits for industry have been cut to the limit, the greatest care is being observed in the issuance of new currency, and from month to month the volume of goods on the market

is being increased. Even while the discussion still rages, these things are going into effect, and from day to day improvement in the situation are manifest.

I read about this situation in Rykov's speech in the Moscow papers a few days ago. I heard it again in the speech of a representative of the party "control commission" who visited Maslov Kut a week or so ago to find out from the local population at a public meeting what their complaints were and whether the local Communists were carrying out the government policy in the real interests of the population. The commission checked up carefully on every complaint. One of two members were ousted from the party. Similar commissions are visiting the factories and finding out what is the trouble there. Thus the Soviet government keeps a double check on itself. On the one hand they keep a close check themselves on the Communist Party members to make sure they are carrying out the policy correctly. On the other, by their constant public admissions of fault and definitely to the remedy that the whole country will insist on its enforcement. They have provided for this by loosening Communist control in the villages, and insisting that the peasants express themselves freely. There is no pressure applied in the elections. The peasants elect whom they will

to the village Soviet, and Communist who stay in office do so not by pressure from above but because they can prove in actual practice that they are working in the interests of the peasants.

The solving of the present difficulties will find Russia again far outstripping the progress of other years. More precautions than ever are being taken to avoid the mistakes of the past, and through the government planning commission plans are being worked out which will assure the equilibrium of the economic structure. The good harvest expected this year will find the government far better prepared to handle it than last. The progress that takes place from now on involves the application of new methods and machinery in both industry and agriculture which will create the new technique which, strictly controlled by the workers' government, will be a solid foundation for the socialist state of the future.

SOME OF THE FEATURES IN THE NEXT ISSUE

The Story of Labor Day, by Thurber Lewis. Decorative drawing by O'Zim.

In the Hell of Europe, by A. Landy. An introductory article to a series of articles by Henri Barbusse on the white terror in the Balkan States which will begin publication in a forthcoming issue of this magazine. Illustrative drawings by German artists.

The Control of Wages, the next serial article for the section of "What and How to Read," by Arthur W. Calhoun.

MARCHING

The lightning strikes the
The hurricane hurls it over
But the forest laughs at
That levels the lonely ro

Chorus

So gather, together,
Divided we crack
At the first attack,
United we stand forev

A single string snaps at
Of a kite that a child can
But the braided strands s
As to tow the stars at ple

Chorus

A heel can keep from stru
The waters in isolation,
But the woven river bend
To the traffic of a nation.

Chorus

Our masters note our comp
The unbroken ranks behin
And know that their doom
With the end of the chain

Chorus

Christ on the Corner - By T. J. O'Flaherty

REVEREND EPHRAIM BROWN, chief soap-boxer in the Church of the Living God, was pinch-hitting for Jesus on the Madison Street slave market. In addition to a bible, his equipment consisted of a banjo, one small drum, one large drum, a tambourine and two women, one very black, the other not so black. The Reverend Ephraim Brown was as black as the very black woman.

On the big drum was written: "This is the property of the Church of the Living God. Rev. Ephraim Brown." Besides making loud noises it also served the rather ungodly purpose of a collection box.

Madison Street, between Racine and Canal, holds the flop-house championship of the world. Unskilled labor is recruited here for the lumber camps, construction camps and the harvest fields in season.

Workers, shipping out after leaving their money to the bootleggers, the bawdy houses and some of the sky-pilots who offer the lonely the consolation of a thought from a mythical god at so much per brain wave.

Workers returning from a job, out for excitement. They get it too. When they are broke employment of face sharks ship them off for another roll.

Salvation Army lassies, Volunteers of America, individual preachers—all take a turn at saving the exploited workers. Rather their souls! Reverend Ephraim Brown was no organization man. He was working on his own.

A little wiry man was Brown, dressed neatly in a black suit topped by a skull cap somewhat larger than the headgear affected by the famous Bryan brothers at the last democratic national convention. A pair of glasses and a crucifix completed the Reverend Brown's sartorial equipment, at least the part exposed to the naked eye.

The blacker of the two women thumped the little drum, whenever a sinner showed signs of repentance and explored his pockets for metallic proof of a change of heart. Only dues paying penitents were recognized by the Church of the Living God. The sound made by the drum induced abandon and recklessness. Without a drum what could a street corner preacher do? This woman tickled the banjo when the preacher lapsed into verse. She was also banker for the firm.

The other lady on the Rev. Brown's staff was seated on a collapsible chair. Her job was to read the bible while the preacher explained it in a sing-song voice. A rather attractive mulatto.

Self-confidence oozed from the Reverend Brown. He defied his audience to prove that he was not giving the correct interpretation of the "word of god." It was not sufficient to read the good book, he said. It must be understood. He was offering genuine salvation. His customers would not be disappointed.

With so many different religions angling for souls how could a poor fellow avoid getting stung? Well, the Reverend Ephraim Brown could not be everywhere, and woe unto the sinner who did not run across him.

"Ye pore sinners can no more pick out a religion what is good for you," he said, "than a person with a sluggish liver could go into a drug store and pick out the right medicine without knowing what medicine was."

This sounded plausible.

Weary men sat on the curb. Some were weary and old. Tattered, hungry-looking wreck of humanity. Faces covered with scars and showing the ravages of disease. Others looked healthy enough. The atmosphere was charged with alcohol fumes. To light a match was risky.

The Reverend Brown was in the middle of a harangue against the demon rum when a voice from the

crowd asked: "Isn't it a fact that Jesus made wine and drank it?"

The preacher turned quickly to the quarter where the question came from.

"It's a lie," he shouted. "I will not let anyone get away with an attack on Jesus."

"Aw, how the hell do you know what Jesus drank? It's a long time ago, ain't it?" This from a curbside listener.

A tall husky Swede in overalls who had just dropped a dime on the big drum and felt that he had an equity in the Church of the Living God, offered to knock the inquisitive one into the middle of the street but the preacher held up his hand. A little excitement was the life of his trade. The Swede growled.

"He's full of moonshine," he snarled. By this time the skeptical one managed to get on his feet and after two attempts succeeded in mounting the curb. Using the shoulders of bystanders to steady him, he got to the Swede and acted as if about to commence hostilities. Contrary to expectations the Swede was not yet ready for war. Suddenly both extended their hands and shook. The preacher smiled and asked the girl with the bible to open to page so and so and quote Timothy or somebody who said something that apparently had nothing whatever to do with the aversion of a threatened quarrel. But the Reverend Brown smiled confidently and by the time he got thru explaining, the two near-belligerents were the happiest persons in the audience.



"A man who would drink moonshine is not fit for the kingdom of heaven," shouted the preacher who was growing madder and madder over the thought of anybody thinking Jesus took a nip.

"Jesus did not turn water into wine," he hollered, "but he put one over on the drunken bum of a governor at the feast. Why, Jesus was too smart for them. Those fellows were drinking all day and when they ran short, Jesus brought them water and they were so drunk they thought it was wine."

"You kept the best wine until last," said the governor, and Jesus laughed at him.

"Jesus laughed at him," crooned the very dusky lady. The mulatto picked her teeth and waited for the Reverend Brown's spasm to pass. It did in due time with the preacher looking none the worse for the excitement.

"Now I will answer questions," announced the Reverend Brown, "but first I want to tell you folks that I get nothing from god directly and very little the other way. Whatever I get is because god puts kind thoughts in your heart and you give because you know I cannot live on hot air, or do god's work on an empty stomach. I don't want much. Out of the little I get folks, I give away to god's poor. I gave about one thousand dollars away last year. I can prove it to you. Now I want three dollars, that isn't much folks. Now who is going to start?"

Horny hands began to fish into cavernous pockets. A dime, two dimes, four quarters, then several nickels hopped on to the drum. The preacher signalled to the lady with the banjo to strike up a tune. The three began to sing; the Reverend Brown always keeping his eye on the drum.

The shower of silver stopped. The trio stopped singing. The mulatto eyed the husky Swede who had already contributed three dimes to the drum. She smiled at him. The preacher counted: "Four quarters, one dollar. Eight dimes and four nickels, makes two dollars, six nickels, thirty cents. Folk, you gave me two dollars and thirty cents. I need seventy cents to make what I want. Are you going to give it to me?"

"Give the man what he wants," came a voice from the crowd. The preacher turned quickly.

"Yes, do as the good man said," he encouraged. The good man lurched out of the crowd and swaggered bravely into Madison Street.

"No, come along with the questions. Ask anything you want?"



"I want to ask a question," said a miserably-dressed person of middle age.

"Ask your question, brother," admonished the preacher. "Give me a dime to sleep in the Dawes Hotel."

The preacher cocked his ears and pondered. He had to think quickly. The mendicant might be establishing a dangerous precedent.

The Reverend Brown turned to the very dark lady with the banjo and asked her if she had such a thing as a dime on her person. She had. On second thought he advised her to keep the coin.

The audience would pay, perhaps. The Reverend Brown got 15 cents immediately from the crowd. More was coming but the preacher halted the collection. The man was getting more than he asked for—fifty per cent more.

"Now," said Rev. Brown, "before I turn over this money to this man, I want to find out if anybody in this audience knows this man. If not, the man is perfectly alright and he gets the money. But if anybody knows him and knows that he is not saying what is god's truth, then he don't deserve the money and he don't get it. I would not be doing the right thing by god if I gave his children's money to spend to an unworthy person."

Nobody volunteered to spill the beans on the needy person and he went his way joyfully with his fifteen cents tucked away in his pocket.

Some murmured that the Reverend Brown was a good and charitable person. Others growled that what he gave away was not his own.

The preacher was still after the missing seventy cents. However, he knew that the question period would bring additional attendance and he asked the audience to speak up.

"I was coming down the street," began one, "and I saw a man laid out for dead on the street. The cop told me it was moonshine did it. Now do you think that a law that does a thing like that to a man is a good law? What do you think of prohibition?"

"I think it would be better if that man could go into a place and get a good drink of liquor than drink moonshine. Prohibition has done more harm than good. Did you ever know of a man who drank his own moonshine?"

There was no answer, but the very word made teeth water.

"Any more questions?"

"Are the Jews god's chosen people?"

Before the preacher had time to answer, the tall Swede staggered across the street and threatened to beat the questioner into pulp.

"What hell do he know about bible, anyhow?" he said. "He know more about whore house." This amused the preacher and his women considerably.

"They were," replied the Reverend Brown. "Yes, the Jews were once god's chosen people, but no more. When the Jews dropped circumcision, then they were no longer god's children. Now it's no more than matter of form just like this," rubbing his palms gently and grinning.

The audience got a great kick out this question and three or four dimes hopped on to the drum.

I have a question to ask, bashfully whispered a healthy looking, clean and well kept man by my side.

"What is it?"

"I got stung by a woman."

"This is not a divorce court," replied the preacher to the delight of the crowd. A few more nickels fell on the drum.

The man who got stung confided to me that his wife ran away from him after sharing his bed and board for only fifteen days.

"I don't give a damn," he said philosophically, "it's cheaper without her. I get along alright. I work for the city and get good money. I think she ran away with somebody else. Well, let him have her. What's the use when she don't want to live with me?"

By this time the Reverend Brown has his three dollars and he pulled up his stakes and called it a day—at least as far as that corner was concerned.

SING SONG

As the single oak,
It over,
As at the feeble stroke
ly rover.

Chorus.
her,
k
ck,
forever.

s at the strain
d can measure,
ands such strength attain
at pleasure.

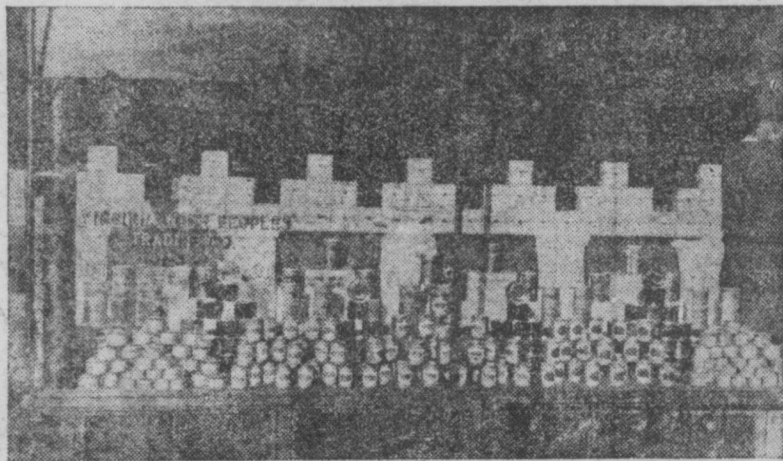
Chorus.

n struggling free
lon,
bends no knee
nation.
Chorus.
compact strength,
behind us
doom has dawned at length,
chains that bind us,
Chorus.

—J. S. Wallace.

A Chain of Successful Cooperatives

By GEORGE NALONEN.



Window Display of the Co-operators' Best Brands—Virginia People's Trading Co., Virginia, Minn.

In the Northwest we find a successful consumers' co-operative movement. Over a hundred co-operative stores, altho independent and locally controlled, are federated thru their own co-operative wholesale, the Co-operative Central Exchange, for commercial and educational purposes.

Many a story could be told, how isolated, purely local co-operative stores were helped out of chaos and bankruptcy thru the efforts of the wholesale. And now the situation is such that all the stores which are in direct contact with the Co-operative Central Exchange are standing on their own feet and are continually reaping benefits from the experiences gained in common.

Sales and Other Figures.

At the present complete data have been compiled from about 40 co-operative stores affiliated with the Co-operative Central Exchange. The figures are for the year 1925. Net sales were \$2,856,284.11; gross profit, \$444,923.38; total expenses, \$347,336.63; total net gain, \$119,121.24.

Resources and Liabilities.

These same co-operative stores showed the following resources:

Cash on hand and in bank, \$76,223.72; accounts and notes receivable, \$288,758.97; merchandise inventory, \$425,625; real estate, \$428,754.78; fixtures and equipment, \$134,938.37; other resources, \$51,481.36; total resources, \$1,405,682.11.

Liabilities: Borrowed capital, \$374,771.38; accounts payable, \$185,661.85; other liabilities, \$56,411.35; share capital (paid in), \$412,504.72; reserve funds, \$281,905.22; undivided profits, \$94,426.59; total liabilities and net worth, \$1,405,682.11.

Expenses as Compared with Private Stores.

For the first time in the history of the American co-operative movement, we have available comparative statistics as to the expenses of co-operative stores. The data on the cost of private grocers are compiled by the bureau of research of Harvard University and comprises the average of 545 retail grocers in 1924. The statistical department of the Co-operative Central Exchange compiled data on cost of 42 co-operative stores affiliated with the C. C. E.

The total of various expense items is: Private grocers, 18 per cent, and co-operative stores, 12.16 per cent. The corresponding gross margins were 19.8 per cent and 15.58 per cent.

These figures prove that co-operative stores can be successful and of benefit to the consumers, even in America.

Co-operative centralization tells the same story. Last year the gross profit of the Co-operative Central Exchange was 7.31 per cent and the expenses were 6.26 per cent. The corresponding figures of privately owned wholesales of the same size were 11.5 per cent and 11 per cent.

Educational Activities.

These co-operative stores do not limit their activities to commercial matters. This summer the stores have shown great activities on the educational field. Every Sunday there has been some kind of co-operative picnic or mass meeting. The masses have shown lively interest. One of these picnics, held at Chisholm, Minn., was attended by a crowd of about 3,000 people.

The program at these picnics, as well as at the indoor entertainments, was comprised of speeches, music, etc.

In addition the Co-operative Central Exchange helps the local stores in their educational activities by furnishing leaflets, a monthly magazine, the Co-operative Pyramid Builder, and advices on various subjects. During last year the exchange issued 76,000 leaflets on seven different subjects. About 8,000 circulars, dealing with educational questions, were mailed to the educational committees, employes and boards of directors of the societies.

The main task in the educational work has been to connect the isolated co-operatives with each other for common purposes, and to get the masses to understand that the co-operative movement is a working-class movement and thereby a part of the general labor movement.

A United Front.

Altho small in comparison to this big country, this movement in the Northwest has proved that the co-operative movement in America has possibilities. The co-operative stores,

rightly handled, can be commercially successful when they are rooted in the every day struggle of the workers and farmers. These hundred co-operatives referred to have been able to unite workers and farmers of dif-

ferent political and religious opinions. A formidable united front is the result and the common activity is teaching valuable lessons why and how the workers should fight their common enemy—the profit system.

STREET CLEANER

By Herschell Bek.

Whisper it into the ear of God,
He know how you fel about,
O cleaner of streets!
O handler of broom and shovel!
going up and down the streets,
sweeping up the dust
And the dirt and the dung,
day after day after day,
And nobody giving you a tumble,
And nobody giving a damn,—

Whisper it into the ear of God,
He knows how you feel about it,
trying to keep the streets clean
of the dirt and the dust,
and, always, the dirt and the dust
coming back again,—
Hasn't He held down your job
For a time too long to remember?

TO THE PASSAIC STRIKERS.

Hail to you, Passaic strikers,
Hail to you, you iron band,
Know that your courage shall live forever,
In the minds of workers all through the land.

Poverty, hunger, starvation, your lot,
And yet you did not bend
Under the strain of tired body and mind,
Your fight has won many a friend.

Strikers heated to rebellion,
Women and children helping, too,
They have come for a mass demonstration,
Ahl! There we see some coats of blue.

Blows are raining on the strikers,
Men are beaten, women fall,
And now the screams of terrified children
Can be heard over all.

You've done your work well, you damned sluggers,
You've beaten and bruised our women and men,
But the Day of Freedom's before us,
And we'll be the masters then.

By Rose Cohen.

THE TINY WORKER

A Weekly

Edited by Mathew Sprajcar, Verona, Pa.

Johnny Red, Assistant.

Vol. 1.

Saturday, August 28, 1926

No. 14

A LONESOME LITTLE CAPITALIST

By D. Shvelenko
Chicago, Ill.

A lonesome little capitalist
Sitting on the moon.
He said the world revolution
Came too soon.

Oh, how he hates these
Communists
They are his lifelong foe
And all the world is full
Of them

Where else is he to go?
3.
So there he is, sitting on
a chilly moon
Praying for the Communists'
ruin.

REAL HISTORY

A relative of George
Washington, says George
"swore and drank like a
gentleman."

Sure he did. And he
stole land like a gentleman,
too!

Do any of our little
Reds know more real history.
Come on—send it
in!

NEWS

The A. F. of L. membership
is nearly three
and a half million. If
their reactionary leaders
wouldn't stick around so
much with the bosses the
membership would be a
lot bigger.

The Chinese Nationalists
are making Chop-Suey
out of the reactionaries.
Good boys—make
some more!

JOHNNY RED—THE WISE OWL

By Rose Horowitz,
Rochester, N. Y.

Johnny Red was a little
wise old owl. He
knew he could learn a
lot by listening to oth-
ers. So he let Rosie Red,
his sister, tell him this
story:

"Oh, I just dread those
ugly caterpillars," said
the daughter of a wealthy
banker one day, and
saying so, she stepped on
every one that she saw.
By the time she was
ready to step on the
last, she was all tired out
so she sat down and soon
found it crawling on her
dress again so she threw
it off and went into the
house.

About a week later
when Corrinne came out
of the house again and
saw a beautiful yellow
butterfly, she tried to
catch it but the butterfly
proudly dodged her
and said, "Now that I
am pretty you love me,
but before I spun my cocoon,
you called me an ugly
creature and despised
me. You would have
killed me but you were
too tired after killing
the rest of my comrades."

"Ghee, Rosie," Johnny
Red said, "that's just the
same with workers.
When they have money—
they are loved, but when
they are poor they are
hated and despised."

Now, wasn't Johnny a
wise little owl for listen-
ing!

MATTY IS EDITOR

Mathew Sprajcar, aged
13, of Verona, Pa., is editor
of this issue. He sent
us this nice little story
we're sure you will like.

THE CAPITALIST DREAM

One day a Capitalist
was very tired so he told
his servants that he was
going to take a nap and
that nobody was to bother
him. Presently he fell
asleep and was dreaming.

He dreamed that a
worker walked toward
him with a quarter which
was burnt red-hot and
looked like a gold piece of
money. The worker told
him he was too poor to
keep lots of money and
that the Capitalist could
have it.

The Capitalist made a
grab for it and instantly
felt a burning pain in the
palm of his hand. He
yelled to the worker that
he would have him hang-
ed for giving him that
red-hot quarter.

The next moment he
woke up and found out
that he forgot to throw
away his lighted cigar
and the cigar had burnt
his hand.

GOOD NEWS!

We got some of
the nicest little
things from our little
writers and poets
of the Tiny Worker.
Some of them will
be in next Satur-
day's issue. Be sure
to get it!



A Typical Farmers' Co-operative Store—Brule, Wis.

On the Seventh Anniversary of Our Party

Seven Years of the Communist Party.

THE Communist Party came into existence in the United States in response to knowledge of how a proletarian revolution achieves victory gained from the great achievement of the Russian workers and peasants in November, 1917.

The workers of this country who were pledged to the class struggle against capitalism had before them the history of the actual struggle of the workers for power in Russia. They had in addition the lessons of the short-lived victory of the workers of Hungary, of Muenich and the struggles of the German workers generally.

These experiences proved the futility of reformist socialism. They showed that capitalism can be overthrown only if the workers seize the state power and establish their proletarian dictatorship. They showed that in the struggle for state power the form of the workers' government arises naturally upon the basis of the workers' organizations and the Soviets—workers' councils become the basis of the proletarian state power. They formed a party which accepted as its fundamental principles the lesson of these experiences—the Communist Party.

During the seven years that have passed since September 1, 1919 the Communist Party has remained true to these principles.

It has remained true to those principles in spite of the most bitter persecution. It remained true to them when four thousand of its members were in prison, threatened with deportation and long prison sentences. It became an underground organization in order that it might uphold these principles.

It fought its way out of the underground existence into the open, but without sacrificing its principles.

In the seven years of experience in the class struggle the party has learned how to carry on its work in a country in which the great mass of the workers are as yet still not class conscious. It has learned how to gather up the threads of discontent and opposition to a movement against capitalism of which it is the leader. It has learned not only the principles which must guide the proletarian struggle for power but it has learned—is learning, how to build the movement that will apply these principles on the field of battle against the capitalist class.

C. E. Ruthenberg.

The Outstanding Champion on Class Struggle.

THE formation of the Workers (Communist) Party was one of the greatest events in the history of the American proletariat. It definitely marked the crystallization of the left wing around the ideology and organization which will lead the workers to the revolution. Today the Workers (Communist) Party stands out clearly as the real vanguard organization of the working class. It not only holds before the masses the stimulating idea of a proletarian society and educates them to organize and fight for this ultimate goal, but it is also unquestionably in the lead in the everyday struggle of the workers. The socialist party is corrupt, paralyzed, and disintegrated. The Workers (Communist) Party is the outstanding champion of the organization of the unorganized, the formation of a labor party, the amalgamation of the trade unions, and of every other practical measure for building the labor movement, politically and economically, into a real fighting organization.

W. Z. Foster.

A Mass Party It Must and Will Become.

THE seventh anniversary of our movement in America at the time of its birth and now. Seven years ago the glorious example of the Russian revolution was giving new hope and courage to a war-sickened working class. The trade union movement had reached its highest point.

The steel strike had mobilized 350,000 workers against the most powerful group of capitalists in the United States. The coal miners had shut down the industry. Wesley Everest and his fellow I. W. W.'s had made their heroic resistance to the American legion thugs of the lumber trust. A farmer-labor party had been organized. The Seattle general strike had shown the ability of the workers of various crafts to unite and fight.

It was with the concrete proof of the will to struggle of the American workingclass apparent on every side that our party was organized.

It was born in struggle and for struggle. That the seven years, which have elapsed have not brought the fulfillment of the revolutionary promise many comrades saw in the year 1919 is no reflection either on them or on our party as a whole.

It means simply that American capitalism has learned many lessons from the experiences of European capitalism and that its favorable position after the world war has enabled it to avoid disaster. It has discovered new methods of fooling and bribing certain sections of the workingclass. It has brought to its aid the official leadership of the American labor movement.

But our party and the most advanced section of the workingclass also is learning and applying new methods of struggle. The same forces that bring decay to other capitalisms are at work in America and with the aid of the Communist International, the leader of the world revolution, our party is building, slowly, but surely and effectively, a movement which challenges American capitalism in every phase of its activity.

The revolutionary wave has subsided and the American workingclass is not

now clamoring before the fortress of capitalism. But this is a temporary halt in the forced march of the class struggle as all Communists know.

Far from being a period of pessimism and apathy, it is a period for new and increased activity, for building and strengthening our party, for finding new roads to the masses.

Strong and resolute, built on the solid foundation of Marxist-Leninism, confident in the leadership of the Comintern, our party enters its seventh year fully conscious of both its strength and weakness—its strength as the only revolutionary political party of the American workingclass, its weakness in that it has not as yet become a mass party.

But a mass party it must and will become because our party alone can organize, lead and inspire the American masses for the struggle for a workers' and farmers' government in America.

William F. Dunne.

Most Conscious Force for Labor's Progress.

SEVEN years of the Communist Party in the United States! This is a very short time in the history of social movements. In the history of society, the history of class struggles, even decades are not a long time.

Yet, in less than a decade, and facing the most cunning and best organized capitalist class in the world, the Communists have been able to inspire and stimulate the workingclass forward movements in many ways.

The Workers (Communist) Party has a long road to travel before it becomes the real leader of the American proletariat. But on this day of the Seventh Anniversary of our party we can certainly look with confidence towards the future when we examine the contributions we have made in developing workingclass political consciousness—the labor party movement—arousing the proletariat to its needs for organizing the unorganized, helping the movement for strengthening the trade unions and infusing the working and farming masses with a spirit of resistance to the encroachments of the exploiting class on the basic needs and working conditions of the American proletariat.

Today with the trade union bureaucracy part and parcel of the whole machinery of capitalist oppression and reaction, the Communists are the most conscious and energetic force for progress in the labor movement. No one can now point to a single constructive movement in the ranks of the workers in which the Communists are not an integral active force.

Every American worker should join our ranks and with us drive forward with redoubled energy and determination towards our goal—the victory of the workingclass and the establishment in the United States of a government of, by, and for the working class—an American Soviet Republic.

Jay Lovestone.

A Real Enemy of Capitalism Had Arisen.

THE birth of our Communist Party in August-September 1919 marked the most decisive turning point in the development of the revolutionary movement of the United States. The movement thus left behind it the period of merely debating and philosophizing about the class struggle and entered the period of fighting and directing it. A real enemy of capitalism had arisen. And two bulwarks of capitalism stood menacingly at the cradle of our party—arm in arm—attesting to their loyalty to capitalism: The socialist party and the Chicago police. But neither can the revolutionary spirit of our party be broken by the police, nor will the American workers be deceived forever by their misleaders. Our party will fulfil its mission in spite of all that and all that.

Max Bedacht.

Daily Worker—Greatest Party Achievement.

ONE thought only I would like to leave with my Communist Comrades and the growing hosts of our Communist sympathizers in the United States on this seventh anniversary of the American Communist Party. It is that one of the greatest achievements of our party, during the short period of its existence, was the establishment of our Communist Daily, THE DAILY WORKER, that has now been maintained successfully, by exceedingly great efforts, for nearly four years. One of the major ambitions of every comrade and sympathizer during this coming eighth year of the party should be to strengthen and build this effective spokesman of our movement. FORWARD TO THE MASS COMMUNIST PARTY! FORWARD TO THE MASS COMMUNIST DAILY! FORWARD TO COMMUNISM!

J. Louis Engdahl.

Strengthen the Party Organization.

THE effects of the Communist Party upon the American labor movement has been that of a life giving instrument, a clarifier of proletarian revolutionary ideology, a welder of the chaotic and latent left wing forces of labor and leader in the struggle against the forces of capitalism and the treachery of the labor bureaucracy.

Born seven years ago, in the fight within the socialist party, for revolution-

ary struggle, as against counter-revolutionary compromise and betrayal, under the inspiration of the Russian proletarian revolution, the growth of the party as the spokesman of the advanced and discontented section of the working class has been a continuous one.

Our resolve on this seventh anniversary must be to intensify our activities. To crystallize our activities organizationally by bringing in new members. To pay special attention to the forming of nuclei in the heavy industries. To help organize a Young Workers (Communist) League nucleus wherever there is a party nucleus. To insure the continuance of THE DAILY WORKER by an energetic campaign to increase its circulation. To push into actual life the slogan of "Organize the Unorganized," to help build a powerful left wing movement in the trade unions.

If every party member will put this resolve into action, the building of our party into a mass Communist Party will have begun in earnest.

J. W. Johnstone.

The Vanguard of the American Workers.

FROM a rebellious left wing of the socialist party to a revolutionary political party of the American workingclass—this was the road travelled by the organized Communists of the United States since the summer of 1919.

Seven years ago we raised the banner of the social revolution and of the Communist International; and for this we were persecuted, hounded and driven underground. We proceeded ahead nevertheless and have established a Communist party in the United States.

Seven years ago we were a group of enthusiasts ready to storm heaven and hell for the liberation of the working class but without sufficient experience and organic contact with the struggling masses. Today we are just as enthusiastic and ready to fight but incomparably richer in political experience and an organic, inseparable part of the labor movement.

Thru sharp ideological struggles inside our movement; in the process of merciless struggle with the reformists and agents of capital in the labor movement; thru our energetic fights for the protection of the immediate interests of the masses, for the development of a left wing in the trade unions, for a labor party and for militant struggles against capitalism generally, we are establishing our party as the vanguard of the workers of the United States.

Alex Bittelman.

Young Communists Greet Party Anniversary

THE organized revolutionary youth is proud of its leader, the Workers (Communist) Party. Of all the political organizations claiming composition of workers in this country the Communists alone, have been sufficiently interested in the struggle of the young workers to pay special attention to their organization and interests.

When during the world war the Social patriots of Europe and America who had won the leadership of the workers turned their backs on the anti-war agitation among the masses, the young workers of five countries—even before the adult workers—convened in Berne, Switzerland, and began an organized struggle against capitalism. The Russian revolution and war support brought the split within the American Socialist Party and separated the left wing elements from those who were following the supporters of the war, Hillquit, Berger, and company. At that time the American youth by an overwhelming majority were not found wanting in revolutionary spirit.

Today we are working hard; working hard to win the working youth to Communism. In the light of your leadership we will succeed.

Greetings to you on your Seventh Anniversary! Long may you live!

SAM DARCY,

Sec'y. Young Workers (Communist) League of America.

1916-19



1917-21



COAL STEEL RAILWAYS



A BILL OF RIGHTS BY LEFTS!



Decoration by Jerger

A LETTER FROM FRANCE - By Louis De Filippis

Poincare, the vanquished of May 11, the "abominable man," is again in power. The victorious Cartel of the lefts, the so-called bloc of democratic safety, has gone to pieces. Its leaders have concluded a bloc with their former electoral opponents. This political soup has been baptized the "Ministry of National Union."

The event has been acclaimed with frantic joy by the reactionary press, which earnestly announces the opening of a sweet era of financial and, consequently, political and economical equilibrium. In fact, the pound and the dollar dropped considerably since the formation of the Poincare cabinet. The public cannot see for dust . . . thrown into their eyes by this happening.

But the cost of living is rising higher and higher, even with greater speed than before.

But why did the bloc of the lefts fall? According to the reactionary press, it has fallen because it was a secret ally of revolutionary internationalism. The French nation is exclusively national and conservative. Its attitude, which has caused the downfall of the bloc of the lefts, is the condemnation of its policy, etc., etc. But the truth is the following: The bloc of the lefts has fallen because its ministries were unable to function regularly. They could not function regularly because the financial kings impeded them. They impeded them because, tho they stooped to their will, they did so with hesitation and fear. Their fear was of the growing class consciousness of the working population. They were too weak to take a stand, as dictated by their masters, against labor. They did all they could in the way of repression and reaction. It was far too little for the reactionary bourgeoisie. They were too vile to take a firm stand against those who were undermining their political, ideological and electoral reputation. A firm attitude against the great capitalists would have brought them the confidence and support of the working masses and the lower classes. They refused to take it for fear of being pushed too far and preferred a shameful political defeat.

If the franc fell as precipitously and so surely it was because the financiers willed it so. They willed it so for two purposes; namely, for discrediting the bloc of the lefts by causing a hostile public opinion against it, to cause its downfall, to facilitate a return to power of the reactionary bloc, which would in its turn facilitate the advent of fascism—and to profit by financial and general confusion by ruining the lower classes and diminishing the purchasing value of the workingmen's salaries. This explains the fact why in a country like France, at the brink of financial catastrophe the industrial wheels turn at a swing unknown in its history.

Reactionary capital has succeeded in both of these diabolical plans. In fact their men are ruling again. In fact they have accumulated great masses of wealth during the processes of the application of their fraudulent designs. In fact a great mass of elements composing the lower classes are proletarianized. For instance, a great number of small traders and shop keepers have been able to continue, the rest, having to make fresh supplies with the continuous rise of the price of commodities, could not compete with the former who can and purposely do sell things cheaper.

And finally those among the lower classes and workingmen who have saved a few francs by privations and sacrifice, now hold in their trembling hands a depreciated bundle of paper.

The political purposes of this machination is also social. The direct aim is the implanting of fascism in France. The reactionary press continuously beats the drum in favor of a strong government and points to Italy as sample and example.

Even capitalist democracy is becoming a hateful thing to the big bourgeoisie. It is an obstacle to its further development.

Labor unions, co-operatives, political, educational, sporting and other working class organizations have be-

come a serious menace to the system, for they impede directly or indirectly their successful competition with other countries in the foreign markets.

Democracy and universal suffrage of which it is mother, tolerates more or less the existence of these organizations. It is necessary, nay, indispensable to destroy them for the safety of capitalism. Democracy, even the most reactionary, to remain such, must bear them, and to a greater or lesser extent it does.

For this reason it must disappear and be replaced by a fascist terrorist dictatorship.

The proletariat on its part is convincing itself that there is only one solution to the problem of the existence of the working class—The overthrow of capitalism. They are also aware that democracy is no weapon upon which they can rely. They also begin to see danger of fascism and foresee the terrible consequences. They also know that democrats, social-pacifists and liberals, etc., are but instruments of the ruling class and that they are making way to fascism with whom they will finally march when compelled to make a choice between

fascism and bolshevism. The Frenchent battle which will perhaps become proletariat is awakening in this pres- decisive.

WEEKLY PICTURE SUMMARY

"MOANA"—They showed it in France and our daily there, "L'Humanite," agrees with The DAILY WORKER—a splendid picture!

"LA BOHEME"—A. S. says it's as good in its way as "The Big Parade." That's high praise.

"THE SON OF THE SHEIK"—Rudolph does his stuff.

"MANTRAP"—G. W. claims Ernest Torrence is one of the good features of this picture of a Sinclair Lewis story.

"THE ROAD TO MANDALAY"—No, no, don't go!

"VARIETY"—"Different, good, see Emil Jannings in this excellent German picture," advises "Smexico."

"PADLOCKED"—G. W. wasn't enthusiastic about this one with Lois Moran.

"BATTLING BUTLER"—G. W. also gave this one the "once over." She said yes, and no.

"THE BAT"—Mystery, detectives, burglars. Depends how you feel about those things. Try it.

A WEEK IN CARTOONS By M. P. Bales



BRITISH MINERS APPEAL TO AMERICAN LABOR