

The New Magazine

Supplement of

THE DAILY WORKER

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Editor.

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The Messiahs and Other Fakirs

By WM. PICKENS.

JIDDU KRISHNAMURTI! A name to conjure with. Its unpronouncibleness and strangeness will appeal to the ignorant. His backers and exploiters are shrewd enough to know that the easiest way to impose some new religious fanaticism on the minds of the ignorant is to go to the other side of the world and get some stranger of a strange name and fetch him around to be "the Messiah," "the Anointed," "the Christ"—all or which terms mean the same thing.

We'll bet Mrs. Besant, or anybody else, a quarter of a dollar that the theosophists never would have nerve enough, in an English-speaking country, to make a god or a demi-god out of a plain "Henry Smith" or "John Jones." But "Jiddu Krishnamurti" has the necessary number of strange sounds in it. Do you remember the happy old lady who, returning from the Sunday morning service, said: "I certainly did enjoy the preaching this morning! I just love to hear the preacher repeat that wonderful word—'Mesopotamia!'"

Messiahs are no new things in human history. Many new religions have had them, or held out hopes to have them. That is necessary to a new religion. Now our theosophists are exploiting this young Oriental. That is another thing about Messiahs: they have to be young, around 30 years—old enough to be comparatively safe and yet young enough to be appealing. And so Jiddu Krish (we will call him that to save time, or maybe just Krish will do) is adopted by our theosophists. Theosophy is a religious cult whose devotees pretend to be more directly connected with some god than do the followers of most other religions. The word means "divine wisdom" or "wisdom of god." Whenever a fellow wants to get out of working hard for a living he al-



By Jerger

ways pretends to have some closer connection with God than ordinary mortals have. You will notice that such people never do depend on God to feed and clothe them, however; they expect the ordinary mortals to

do that. They pretend to control private wires to heaven, but they live in the sweat of other men's brows.

A few centuries ago this Krish, with his claim to some sort of inside dealing with the Almighty, could have been put over big on this little world. But today, if we must worship any human at all, we are going to worship some of our real benefactors, like Edison or Burbank or Carver. One Burbank in a million years is worth more, both to the stomachs and to the souls of mankind, than is a "Messiah" every season.

Theosophy may serve the more brainless section of the rich by relieving them of the ennui of their idleness and furnishing them with a more aristocratic religion than that of the sweaty working people. After all the wealthy old dames might worship something a heap worse than this little brown man Krish. They might have a fair-looking god out of Valentino, but he could dance and drink and cuss too humanly, and his performances were too easy for the common people to grasp and comprehend. But Krish is sufficiently unknown and unknowable to turn the trick. And it is a good deal better "divine" statesmanship to fetch "Jiddu Krish" from the far heights of India than to attempt to put over "Sam Shanks" from the red hills of Georgia.

Go to it, Krish! We wish you the best of luck—by all means better luck than that which has overtaken most of the "Messiahs." We hope you will always avoid scandal, which will be hard enough, even for a god, under the circumstances—and we advise that you demand of them always "cash down" for all of your promissory notes on divine favors. There was just one Messiah who loved his enemies and sought first of all the kingdom of heaven—and they lynched him.

THE COMING A. F. OF L. CONVENTION.

ON the fourth of October the American Federation of Labor will convene its regular annual convention in Detroit, Michigan. It devolves therefore upon every trade unionist to begin giving serious consideration to the problems confronting the labor movement and to the means for strengthening it.

thought to the present situation. Every trade union organization that feels its responsibility to itself and to the labor movement organization is in duty bound to immediately start a discussion of the issues to come before the convention of the A. F. of L.

There are great opportunities to be found in the present situation for in-

BRITISH MINERS DETERMINED TO WIN.

THE British miners lack no courage, nor perseverance, nor readiness for sacrifice. What they do need is moral and material support from their brothers abroad. And it is our duty here to come across immediately with the maximum that we have, and more.

See what the Russian workers did. Up to date they have contributed a total sum of \$4,500,000 and have again decided to assess themselves to the extent of one percent of their earnings to aid the British miners. American labor should take note of this fact and try to emulate the example.

International class solidarity is the dearest possession of labor. Hardly another factor is as vital to the success of labor struggles at the present time as

the growing consciousness of the world unity of labor. Today it is the British miners that are in need of support from the workers in other lands. Tomorrow the American miners are most likely to be in the same position. And the success of both will depend upon the readiness of the world to render this support.

Remember that the British miners are confronting not only the British capitalists and their government but also vaccination and even treachery among the right wing and sham left wing leaders in the trade unions. Dangerous as this situation is, the British miners are determined to win.

By Vose



In connection with this important event in the life of American labor, we wish to call the attention of our readers to the Program for Building The Trade Unions issued by the Trade Union Educational League. The program was carried by The DAILY WORKER in its Labor Day issue.

American labor must give serious

creasing the ranks of the trade unions and strengthening their fighting power. The slogan of the left wing for the Organization of the Unorganized should become the demand of the entire movement to be expressed in concrete action by the A. F. of L. convention in Detroit.

A. B.

A Lump of Scab Coal!



By Jerger

History of the Catholic Church in Mexico

By MANUEL GOMEZ.

(Chapter Three—Continued)

"To Hell with the Constitution."

When the secretary of the interior ordered all government employes to take the oath of obedience to the constitution of 1857, the catholic hierarchy deliberately advised, and even commanded disobedience to the order. The archbishop of Mexico sent circulars to all bishops under him declaring that since the constitution contained provisions inimical to the institution, doctrine and rites of the catholic church, neither clergymen nor laymen could take the oath of allegiance to it under any circumstances whatever. The bishops then sent circulars to their respective country vicars and parish curates, informing them:

"First. That it was not lawful to swear allegiance to the constitution

pire," which lasted for three years, supported by French bayonets. On its overthrow Jaurez came back to power. He was succeeded by another liberal, Lerdo de Tejada. Then followed the revolt of General Porfirio Diaz, who, basing himself on the old aristocracy and the army, as well as foreign concessionaries, maintained himself in power as dictator for a period of 32 years.

I have already pointed out in previous chapters how the church gradually regained much of its lost power during the "Diedadora Porfiriana."

Diaz ruled by intimidation and subordination. There was no such thing as free elections. Every governor, every local municipal president or "jefe politico," every member of the chamber of deputies, every senator,



because its articles were contrary to the institution, doctrine and rites of the catholic church.

"Second. That this communication must be made public and copies of it distributed as widely as possible.

"Third. That those who had already taken this oath must retract it at the confessional and make this retraction as public as possible, and that they must notify the government of their action." (Zamacois, "History des Mejico," Vol. VIX, p. 525.)

We therefore see that it is not only now that the catholic church has begun to resort to rebellion against a progressive constitution. The hypocritical clerics who pretend to set so much store by "law and order" and the principle of constituted authority—for the workers—have never scrupled to attack these principles when erected as a barrier against reaction. The oppressed classes in society can well take a leaf from the book of their enemies in this respect. "Law and order" represent in themselves nothing that deserves respect. They are a weapon of governmental suppression. Only under a workers' and farmers' government can they serve the true interests of the toiling masses.

Happy Days Under don Porfirio.

We cannot here go into the long-drawn-out details of the struggle which the church and its allies carried on consistently for the overthrow of the liberal Jaurez regime. It culminated in the "Second Mexican Em-

pirator," which lasted for three years, supported by French bayonets. On its overthrow Jaurez came back to power. He was succeeded by another liberal, Lerdo de Tejada. Then followed the revolt of General Porfirio Diaz, who, basing himself on the old aristocracy and the army, as well as foreign concessionaries, maintained himself in power as dictator for a period of 32 years.

I have already pointed out in previous chapters how the church gradually regained much of its lost power during the "Diedadora Porfiriana."

Diaz ruled by intimidation and subordination. There was no such thing as free elections. Every governor, every local municipal president or "jefe politico," every member of the chamber of deputies, every senator, was virtually an appointee of the dictator. A working class had begun to develop in Mexico, but strikes were forbidden by law, and were savagely suppressed. It was under Porfirio Diaz that thousands of Indian peasants were robbed of the land that had been in their families and communities for generations and turned into peons on the lands they once owned. Privilege was thus more firmly entrenched than ever.

Beginning of the Modern Struggle.

But the Porfirian system carried with it the seeds of its own dissolution. This brings us to the modern struggle. In 1910 began what is now known as the Mexican revolution. When Francisco I. Madero led the revolt against Diaz under the slogan of "Effective suffrage and no re-election," a movement was being initiated of far deeper significance than that indicated by the inadequate slogan. The slogan merely expresses the uncertainty of the bourgeoisie under Madero. With these forces were fused the agrarians led by Zapata—and, at a later stage, the newly-born working class. It was one of the greatest movements in all Latin-American history. All the forces of progress in Mexico were with it.

The church, of course, was with the enemy.

No sooner had the Madero movement triumphed than Francisco de la Barra, installed as provisional president after the flight of don Porfirio,

A PEEK EACH WEEK AT MOTION PICTURES

"TIN GODS."

THIS picture has its merits. Even the story is different. Not the "busy-business" man who deserts the wife in the "eternal triangle," but, for a change (and the relief of abused husbandhood) the politically ambitious wife neglects the husband in this drama. The husband goes to South America and to pieces—to be saved by a fiery dance hall girl. An old theme, 'tis true, but remodeled to a thrilling climax with a tragic ending, which also is an unusual procedure for American pictures.

Thomas Meighan is the leading actor. His performance is not more than an adequate one—he has done better—and to be fair, no more can be said for Eileen Pringle, who acts ambitious womanhood. But the picture rises to one above the average with the acting of Renee Adoree. Her characterization of the passionate Latin dancing girl is, in the opinion of this humble critic, as fine a job as a director could ask for. This gifted lady who helped to make "The Big Parade" what it was, is an actress the equal of any in American films.

"Tin Gods" is no great picture—but you've seen worse. It's showing (until Monday) at the "Chicago."

—W. C.

"THE AMATEUR GENTLEMAN."

DIPLOMATICALLY, "with reservations," we advise you to see this picture. We liked it. Not that we want you to acquire the genteel qualities of a "gentleman," for that is what the story deals with, but because of the other worth-while features about it. It has real pictorial beauty: the old English settings are a delight; old English customs, views of the life of the times, dress of the period and the architecture are all a setting which almost make the story unimportant. And it is unimportant, but it moves quite speedily even though with considerable clap-trap attached to it.

The son of an inn-keeper and ex-champion boxer of England, on coming into an inherited fortune, desires to become "a gentleman." He convinces his father of his manhood by beating him in a boxing match (these scenes are most interesting if you are interested in the manly art of squashing noses). On his journey to London he falls in love with a "lady," acquires a valet, who becomes also his social mentor, and after many adventures (which, because of the old English settings, are quite interesting), learns to his sorrow that "gentlemen are born—not made." Ho-hum! But he gets the "lady" "for keeps" and, being a blond, it seems that even at



THOMAS MEIGHAN
in "Tin Gods." A Paramount Picture.

that early date gentlemen preferred them.

We recall a scene in this picture of three monocled "gentlemen" viewing a painting. The arrangement of this scene was so striking pictorially that we advise you to carefully look for it if you see the film. Richard Barthelmess does a good job of his leading part, his "lady" friend is above the average and the director deserves a vote of thanks for his job and especially his choice of photographers.

—W. C.

"VARIETY"—Excellent, say most critics including ours. Coming to Chicago week of Sept. 13 (Roosevelt Theater.)

"MOANA"—A thing of beauty.

"BATTLING BUTLER"—G. W. says "fair."

"THE ROAD TO MANDALAY"—The road to boredom.

"MARE NOSTRUM"—Just stale war propaganda.

"UP IN MABEL'S ROOM"—Ah, that's something else again!

"MANTRAP"—Has nothing to do with "Up in Mabel's Room."

"SEÑOR DAREDEVIL"—You'll be sorry if you go.

"THE SON OF THE SHIEK"—Valentino's last picture (Uptown).

"LA BOHEME"—A. S. says "fine."

"THE BAT"—Ssh . . . spooks!

"PADLOCKED"—G. W. says "well . . . if you can find nothing better."

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

. . . Among the deputies imprisoned by Huerta after the dissolution of congress there was not a single one who belonged to the catholic party. Finally, an outstanding clerical, don Francisco Garcia, was named special magistrate to judge the deputies of the dissolved congress." (Calero, "Un Decenio de Politica Mexicana," p. 128.)

The New Magna Charta.

It is not surprising, therefore, that when the present Mexican constitution was adopted in 1917, following the overthrow of Huerta by the revolutionary forces under Carranza that the old anti-clerical provisions of 1857 were re-affirmed and even improved upon. This is the constitution which President Calles is now trying to apply in the face of reactionary catholic rebellion.

The Mexican revolution clashes naturally with the church because the church in politics represents everything that the revolution must sweep away. The present chapter of our story has shown us that the church not only intervenes in politics but that at every critical stage of Mexican history the church has fought militantly in the very forefront of the reactionary enemies of Mexican progress.

(The next chapter of "The History of the Catholic Church in Mexico" will show how the church has systematically allied itself with foreign enemies threatening the very independent existence of the Mexican nation.)

Religion in Literature

By V. F. Calverton

THIRD ARTICLE.

WITH the rise of the bourgeoisie in the eighteenth century religion, as a motivating force, came back into literature. In the days before the commercial revolution, in fact during the entire period of feudalism, literature was but a hymn to godliness. In the middle ages religion and wisdom were synonymous. The main writers were priests. In fact, very few others than priests could write. The Roman catholic church was the inspiration of the age. Thinkers fed upon its doctrine for ideas and conceptions.

Occasionally there were rebels like Frederick II who opposed the church, believed religion an imposture, and struggled for a freedom of thought that was execrably radical in that day. Frederick II, who was known as the Stupor Mundi, or the miracle of the world, in the thirteenth century, is a very interesting type of medieval rebel. Refusing to project a crusade at the behest of three popes, he denounced the catholic church, advocated a confiscation of its property, introduced Jewish and Moslemic philosophers to his courts, and in a score of other ways endeavored to combat the influence of the christian religion. In addition, he founded the University of Naples in 1224, enlarged the medical school at Salerno, and constructed a zoological garden—all daring and novel at that period.

We must remember, however, that Frederick II was almost like a lone meteor in a starless firmament. He was an infidel in an age of faith—an age that forbade dissection of the human body for fear that the resurrection-bone would be destroyed, and burned Giordano Bruno at the stake for maintaining that the earth went around the sun. In literature it was not the Italian poems of Frederick II that flourished, but the prose of the churchmen.

The modern drama grew out of the church. The first dramas were devoted to christian themes. The birth of Christ and his resurrection afforded the background and motif of these early plays. These plays, which are known as the Miracle plays, were, of course, thoroly religious in tone and sentiment. At first they were put on by the churches, but later, as they became more elaborate and drew larger audiences, they were staged by the labor guilds. Out of these miracle plays sprang the morality plays and interludes, and then the Elizabethan drama of which Shakespeare was the highest expression.

With the denunciation of the pope, the confiscation of church property, and the severance of church and state, Henry VIII in England weakened the influence of the church upon the drama. The artists of the later aristocracies fought free of religious dogma. Elizabethan and restoration dramas were unreligious in spirit.

It was with the puritanic bourgeoisie that religion in literature was revived. Religion in literature now instead of emphasizing God had stressed virtue—the virtues of the bourgeoisie. Literature became looked upon as a vehicle for moral instruction. This moral instruction, of course, was definitely associated with christianity. Samuel Johnson in his magazine, *The Rambler*, for instance, according to one critic attempted "to instruct mankind; to teach the happiness of virtue and religion; to display the horrors of vice and piety; to inculcate a proper subordinate of the passions; and to arm the mind against the vicissitudes of life." Johnson himself, who was the most important critic of the 18th century, declared his purpose to be "the increase of virtue rather than of learning," and in another place added, with sincerity and fervor, "there are few ways in which a man can be more innocently employed than in getting money." This was the characteristic of the virtue of the bourgeoisie, which the literati of two centuries decorated and deified. Anthony Trollope in the 19th century, in line with the same sentiment, asserted that he had "always thought of (himself) as a preacher of sermons, and (his) pulpit as one which (he) could make both salutary and agreeable to (his) audience."

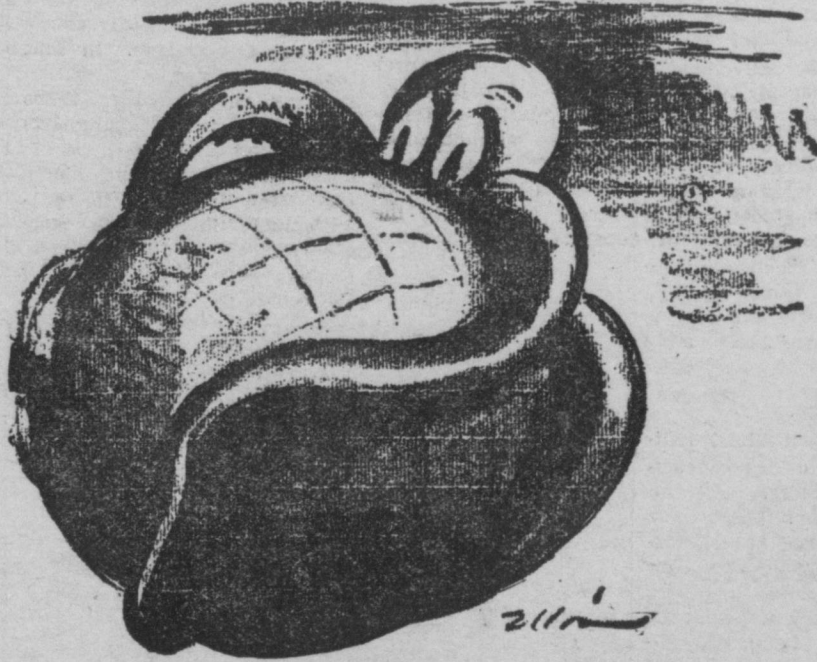
Religion thus was preserved as a sacred element in literature. The

preacher as in Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield" and Jane Austen's novels, was treated with gentleness and praise. Only at occasional moments did an anti-religious fiction ruffle the placidity of the literary horizon.

It is because "the Damnation of Theron Ware," by Harold Frederic is one of the first novels to attack the religious myth that it is deserving of serious consideration. Modern religion is but a justification of capitalist enterprise. Radicalism and religiosity are not compatible. The one depends upon material factors and the

literature that helps to disseminate them is of social value.

In "The Damnation of Theron Ware" the protagonist is a methodist minister, a devout, sincere soul, who has consecrated his innocent and ignorant mind to the cause of the church. His contact with Father Forbes in the town of Octavus, to which he had been isolated by the methodist conference, brings him some catastrophic revelations. At the same time the author gives a picture of the ministry, and christian evidence that would volcanically disturb the



other upon spiritual. Their points of view are disparate and antagonistic. Christian socialist movements are essentially saccharine and ineffective. Jesus-radicals are always sentimentalists. There has been so much research done in the origins of religion, and particularly in the beginnings of christianity, that the appeal to Jesus is infantile and idiotic. The very historicity of Jesus is not only questioned, but with the discovery of every new forgery and every new evidence its reality grows weaker and more dubious. At all events, even if Jesus did live, what he said is certainly unknown aside from the myths of simple-minded fishermen and madmen. The gospels themselves, if one would take from them an evidence and disentangle a philosophy, have been so well garbled and in essence so confused and contradictory, that this gesture, too, is rendered hopeless and impotent.

Yet what christians know of the dubious origins of their creed? What christians know of the slender, ever-attenuating evidence upon which their Christ depends? Bruno Bauer and Feuerbach had begun the investigation many decades ago—George Eliot even translated Feuerbach's "Roots of Christianity" into English—but the majority of proletarians as well as bourgeoisie are entirely unaware of the nature of their work. Of course, this investigation is too technical to excite numerous readers, but its conclusions should surely be known. Lit-

mind of a believer.

The Reverend Ware, having conceived of the idea of writing a book on Abraham, decides to go to Father Forbes for counsel. Father Forbes is a catholic priest whose vast erudition has not clouded his mind to fact nor dulled his dexterity as an ecclesiastic.

"Modern research," he says to the simple-souled Reverend Ware, "quite wipes (Abraham) out of existence as an individual. The word 'Abram' is merely an eponym—it means 'exalted father.' Practically all the names in the Genesis chronologies are what we call eponymous. Abram is not a person at all; he is a tribe, a sect, a clan. In the same way, Shem is not intended for a man; it is the name of a great division of the human race. Heber is simply the throwing back into allegorical substance, so to speak, of the Hebrews; Heth of the Hittites; Asshur of Assyria."

"But this is something very new, this theory, isn't it?" queried Theron.

The priest smiled and shook his head. "Bless you, no! My dear sir, there is nothing new. Epicurus and Lucretius outlined the whole Darwinian theory, more than two thousand years ago. As for this eponym thing, why Saint Augustine called attention to it fifteen hundred years ago. In his 'De Civitate Dei,' he expressly says of these genealogical names, 'gentes non homines;' that is, 'peoples, not persons.' It was as obvious to him—

as much a commonplace of knowledge—as it was to Ezekiel eight hundred years before him."

Father Forbes' reply is significant. It explains the tenacious affection of the church for ignorance.

"Why should 'everybody' be supposed to know things? What business is it of 'everybody's' to know things? The earth was just as round in the days when people supposed it to be flat, as it is now. So the truth remains always the truth, even tho you give a charter to ten hundred thousand separate numskulls to examine it by the light of their private judgement, and report that it is as many different varieties of something else. But of course that whole question of private judgment versus authority is No-Man's-Land for us. We were speaking of eponyms."

Later on, after discussing the ghosts of dead men's thoughts, the priest continues the original topic:

"The names of these dead-and-gone things are singularly pertinacious, though. They survive indefinitely. Take the modern name Marmaduke, for example. It strikes one as peculiarly modern, up-to-date, doesn't it? Well, it is the oldest name on earth—thousands of years older than Adam. It is the ancient Chaldean Meridug, or Mero-dach. He was the young god who interceded continually between the angry, omnipotent Ea, his father, and the humble and unhappy Damkina, or Earth, who was his mother. This is interesting from another point of view, because this Mero-dach or Marmaduke is, so far as we can see now, the original prototype of our divine intermediary idea. I daresay, tho that if we could go back still other scores of centuries, we should find whole receding series of types of this Christ-myth of ours."

The Reverend Ware's reply is as characteristic of the religious mind as the collection plate is of the religious service.

"All I have done is to try to preserve an open mind, and to maintain my faith that the more we know, the nearer we shall approach the Throne."

The plot of the novel is inconsequential. In revealing the weakness and duplicity of the clergy, it merits attention. Instead of extolling the preacher, it exposes him. The exposure is not in the form of malicious satire, but of simple dissection. The love-made flight of the right Reverend Ware adds drama to his stupidity, but not power to the novel. The novel is not a distinguished achievement. It is important because in 1896, when it appeared, it was part of that trend that was slowly deviating from the bourgeois literature that had preceded. Since its appearance the preacher has lost his position of prominence and power in fiction. Now it is only in the trashy tosh of Ralph Connor and Harold Bell Wright that the preacher remains a hero and his profession an honor. In the new literature it is the vices instead of the virtues of the clergyman that have been described. Harold Frederic's novel chalks the beginning of this new attitude.

Sorrow

By JIM WATERS.

(On reading the death of Serge Yessenin).

Cover me Dusk,
Cover me with your somber robe,
Bury me deep in your sack of night
Away from the stars and the moon;
For I have a great sorrow—
A great, black sorrow tonight.



Write for your fellow
AMERICAN WORKER
CORRESPONDENT

A Magazine for and by Workers in the U.S.A., Canada, Mexico, Europe, and the East

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But He Must Also Write!

When you see a steel worker on the job, he struggles at his heavy and dangerous task. The very slightest mistake of injury and death. What a wealth of material to write about, to reveal all the conditions in the industry to the need for organization to protect their interests. This steel worker, like thousands of others, must become a worker correspondent. Write a White, a steel worker, tell why on Page Two.

Scenes From the Hell of Europe

(The White Terror in the Balkans)

By HENRI BARBUSSE.

I.

The Organization of Destruction.

THE Balkan governments all make use of similar instruments and organizations of repression. In all these countries, the chief of these instruments, the most powerful of these organizations are the army and the military leagues. One cannot imagine another place in the world where the uniform and galloon enjoy more complete power, where the officers are invested with an irresponsibility and despotism more absolute. One of the most sadly picturesque aspects of the Balkan capitals are the quarters occupied by the officers and the importance which the military monuments display there.

At Bucharest, the Military Circle with its opulent architecture, eclipses all the other monuments of the city, even the Palace and the new banks.

At Belgrade, the Military School is not a monument, it is an entire quarter. The budget of Jugo-Slavia amounts to 12 milliard dinars; 2,700,000 are dedicated to the war budget, not to disregard the one milliard advanced by the good grace of France for new armaments. In Bulgaria, out of a revenue of about 5,700 million levas, 2,800 million go to the army and police. In Greece: total expenses, 8,471 million drachmes; ministry of War, 2,272 million.

Military Leagues and Police.

BY the side of official militarism, semi-official militarism; by the side of the army, the leagues composed of reserve officers or of ex-officers. All the Balkan countries are provided with them. Many have several of them. The Serbian White Head (which succeeded the Black Head) has been implicated in all the recent political events. In Bulgaria, fourteen members of the Military League form the Military Convent, the supreme committee which off-hand is called the Squadron. In addition, there is a Tcheka composed of five officers, members of the League. Operating parallel is the secret association, Kubrat.

As for the organization of the police: it is everywhere formidable. The Roumanian Siguranza (Safety) commands millions, newspapers. It has attaches and agents, ears and hands everywhere. It is a state within the state. The number of Balkan gendarmes is out of proportion to the population. There are 45,000 gendarmes in Roumania, 60,000 in Jugo-slavia. The gendarmes are distributed over the country in small groups and commit exactions, cruelties, robberies and crimes, certain of impunity. In Roumania, they have profited largely . . . by the would-be proletarian law of the division of the estates.

Fascists and Cossacks.

THE government of Bucharest, in spite of its protestations of neutrality, undeniably encourages the growing and turbulent group of Anti-Semetic Students—fascists and provocateurs. Altho it has struck at the Independent Students, in dissolving their organization and in prohibiting their journal, it openly tolerates the propaganda of the Anti-Semetic Students. In that way, the Anti-Semetic Party, which has never existed at Bucharest (it fortified itself in Yassy under the orders of M. Couza who, from the height of his professorial chair, openly preached pogroms) has just been installed there by the liberals. The Anti-Semites have five journals at their disposal, display their placards and their insignia in the open street, and are never molested in their public demonstrations. One evening, when some of these desperados came to shout in front of my hotel in order to punish me "for infringing upon the national sovereignty," I was assured that they had been surrounded by agents of "Surety" whose principal concern was to keep the crowd from hindering their demonstration. These are the young people who, by their special notion of the honor of Roumania, have hindered the secretary of our League for the Rights of Man from speaking at Bucharest. At the expense of a few compliances, the authorities possess in this a convenient means of having their hand forced. One cannot insist too much on the artificial character of this anti-semitic agitation, cultivated by force by hiring provocateurs in the bosom of the least fanatical population and the one least inclined to race-hatred in the world.

Another grouping constitutes a violent agent of execution for the Balkan governments: the ex-officers and soldiers of Wrangel. In the streets of Belgrade one meets cossacks in uniform who are only waiting for the opportunity—one of them has shouted it recently in the street during a brawl—to carry out in the Balkans the counter-revolutionary activity which they were unable to conduct in Russia. Vandervelde remarked at the end of the voyage which he took to the Balkans, that the Wrangelites abound by the thousands in Bulgaria. They say there are 40,000 Wrangelites in that country and this figure is not improbable.

It is at the demand of France that Bulgaria lodges the armed bands of Wrangel. The latter had their official representative, Petriaev, harbored in the Russian embassy at Sofia. Stamboliski held them in check and life was then difficult for them; but their decisive participation in the coup d'etat of June, 1923 made their fortune.

At the congress of the Russian National League in September, 1925, General Miller, representing General Wrangel and the Grand Duke Nicholas, made an edifying report: 3,000 of Wrangel's soldiers, 4,000 Don cossacks are perfectly organized in Bulgaria. All the Rus-

sian refugees of the country are under the direct eye of the monarchists and Wrangelites who fleece them to the profit of the Grand Duke under threat of expulsion, ridding themselves of non-monarchist refugees. In fact, the president of the Russian Committee plays the role of Russian ambassador and has the greatest authority over the whole Russian colony. The Wrangelites, those civil war specialists, who "detest the Bulgarian peasants and love the Bulgarian government," have founded mixed associations with Bulgarian superior and subordinate offices. They have special institutions. They are dreaming of having their grand military school and they will undoubtedly attain it. They already have a school at Sarajevo. In that way they renew and multiply themselves.

In the mines of Pernik, out of 6,000 workers, there are 2,000 former Wrangel soldiers whose hiring has been imposed by the government.

When one reads the detailed reports of repressions, one sees the important role which this parasitic, reactionary organization (comfortably installed in poor Bulgaria and not less solidly incrustated in Jugo-Slavia, executor of schemes of oppression and imperialism of the two governments, even when these schemes conflict) has played in the massacre of the Balkan peoples. These are the Wrangelite bands which invaded Albania in 1924, overthrew the government of Fan Noli who was supported by the peasant masses, and placed in power M. Ahmed Zogou who has reestablished the power of the feudal Beys and has connected



the Albanian foreign policy with that of the Serbian dynasty and of Italy. The nature of the task which they have to perform is of little importance to these bullies provided that it is paid for and unpopular. One of them, who looks even beyond the fat daily revenue, has disclosed to Mme. Anna Karima the Wrangelian dream: to restore Russia, then connect to this restored Russia the "Balkan Provinces."

By putting these diverse forces in action, there results a systematic and implacable crushing of all attempts at real democracy even under the most attenuated forms.

The People Are Defenseless.

WHAT can the people do in this field of civil war where the mechanism of power is used to silence them and to subjugate them? Nothing. They have not the right to budge in defense of their interests, for the legitimate and sacred solidarity between worker and worker and between man and man. One may say that the right to organize does not exist in the Balkans. If it exists in the letter of the law, it is in reality impossible to realize other than in appearance. The congresses are readily stopped and dissolved off-hand. All that is permitted are lamentable parodies of working class organizations which conceal a blind servitude to the regime, sad domestications which are deceptions both for the people interested and for the public opinion of the world. At Bucharest, every time that the trade union workers assemble, a police inspector is at the door of the local and examines and registers the cards. All public demonstrations are forbidden. The few proletarian demonstrations that have taken place in my honor on the streets of Bucharest and Belgrade were anomalies which were only tolerated at this moment for special reasons, and which will certainly not be renewed henceforth in these large cities. One must insist upon the rabidness with which every attempt at real working class co-operation even on the purely trade union ground is persecuted and annihilated. The Bulgarian trade unions were, in the hands of the working class, powerful forces of culture and of progress. All the independent labor organizations, even those that confined themselves strictly to trade demands, have everywhere been driven out of their locals and dispersed. One of the most typical examples is that

of the suppression of the large Bulgarian Workers' Co-operative, Osvobojenje—Emancipation—which numbers 68,000 members, 140 branches and 400 agencies. Its goods and its funds were confiscated. This tyrannical measure did not have for its aim merely the cutting of the bonds of organized popular solidarity but of freeing the merchants from the formidable competition of co-operation. They have recently arrested without any pretext seventeen members of the Trade Union Alliance at Bucharest. The Bulgarian Independent Alliance of Trade Unions—35,000 members—has been dissolved just as in Hungary—a quasi Balkan country. Following a strike, they have excluded from the right to organize entire sections like those of the shoemakers and turners (non-Communist). In Roumania and Bulgaria they accept only those unions which are always ready to do acts of servility. In some places they support only democratic and socialist parties which have given guarantees of servility. In Belgrade, the beautiful building of the prosperous United Trades was confiscated by the police and sold to a merchant—at the time when there are 250,000 unemployed in Jugo-Slavia (the laws consider them as culprits), when the worker there is paying a tax equal to 6 per cent of his salary, the clerk 50 per cent (wages considered as revenue), when the bureaucracy there (200,000 functionaries) absorbs 50 per cent of the budget and when they have suspended their old-age insurance.

In Bulgaria, in 90 per cent of the enterprises, the 8-hour day is suppressed. The cost of living is forty times higher than before the war while salaries have increased only fifteen times; the appointments of the functionaries have risen only by the coefficient 10, pensions according to the coefficient 5.

And the Silence.

THRUOUT this Roumania of today, thruout this Jugo-Slavia, and thruout this Bulgaria which is the most pathetic circle of the Balkan Hell, the methodic suffocation of every pulsation of liberty transforms itself at sight into a calm which rends one's heart because it is the calm of a cemetery. One well knows that the heads which were erect have been struck down and that if others here and there raise their heads again they will be struck down in their turn; that all the living and conscious forces of the workers of the city and country have been or will be annihilated. This collective mutilation might lead one to believe that there is a semblance of order which can only spread over this frightful earth. But this peace is a shroud and the surviving understand that their existence depends upon the first gesture, upon the first word.

Buglaria, Roumania, Jugo-Slavia, Greece are dying of the White Terror.

The Woman Without a Heart.

By Roy Nierenberg.

Last night I sat in the moon light
Gazing upon the Celestial art,
I decided to paint a picture
Of a woman without a heart.

I still remember the last time I saw her
A picture of beauty and tone,
Her face was as white as marble
And her heart as cold as a stone.

Her eyes were burning with passion
Her lips were as red as a rose,
Her soft fluffy hair perfumed the evening air
But her voice was as cold as snow.

The picture now seems to be fading
As the moon vanished into the dark,
The only vision I have now remaining
Is of a woman without a heart.

TWO POEMS.

By Henry George Weiss.

INDUSTRY, HONESTY, THRIFT

A crazy man commits a crazy crime and goes
to the crazy house for several years.
Worth fifty thousand dollars when he enters, he comes
out a millionaire, having spun not nor toiled,
While I, who have practiced Industry, Honesty, Thrift
digging ditches, washing dishes, respecting
property, saving pennies,
Am worth after the same length of time exactly
ninety cents!

FUTILITY

By HENRY GEORGE WEISS

When they hanged August Spies, George Engel, Adolph
Fischer, Albert Parsons,
They thought they had killed the revolution.
When they shot Joe Hill, lynched Frank Little, tor-
tured Wesley Everest,
They thought they had killed the revolution.
Now surely, by God, if they electrocute Sacco and
Vanzetti
The revolution will be dead!

Fighting for a Square Deal

A Letter from a British Miner.

The following letter was sent by a South Wales miner to a friend in the United States who was kind enough to let us have it for publication in this magazine. Although dealing with the first weeks of the great strike, the letter represents a document of tremendous importance for the understanding of the historic conflict taking place in England).

Abersychan, So. Wales,
May 9, 1926.

Dear Friend:

The impossible seems to have happened. We are all on strike over here. I have plenty of time to write now, being we are locked out.

We are all out, besides sanitary workers and gas workers. Safety men are allowed to work so far; but they are abusing that concession. If things are not played square very soon, I can see a row about same; and every man jack of them will have to stop.

We are called a sporting nation, but when workers and their children are the quarry, you won't find much sport about them in our favor.

The "higher-ups" are the most unsporting crowd that ever drew breath. They are fine sports with our rights. Give them all and they are pleased. Give them a little fox to beat up, or a pheasant or deer to shoot down, why they are the finest sports ever.

They believe in giving us about as square a deal as the poor things they shoot down. They haven't as much real sport in them as a garden slug.

Did they do their bit in the late war? No; they were on soft jobs in safety, and having the best of wine, woman and song, and the first pick of everything. There is another war on now and again they will try to dodge it by using our own brothers to shoot us down.

But things like that are apt to recoil against them and I wouldn't be in their shoes just now, for all their dirty blood-stained dough.

The more they hit us, the more sullen and ready to hit back we feel. I am prepared to work hard, but intend to have the same chance in life as those who now batten on my work.

We are all solid. We had a meeting this week, and on the platform were workers of all the trades around here. Railway men were there, transport, and in fact all the jolly lot in the one fight. Gee, I felt proud and reverent when I saw that. Nothing has been known like it in all the world before.

If things don't settle soon, everyone else that is left in work must come out, and that will about put the tin hat on things. We shall get their servants, cooks, etc., out. They will have to clean up their own dirty work and bathe their own children and kiss them goodnight (a thing seldom done by them—the nurse does it for them), and cook their own meals. I bet it will be some cooking, too. The servants have already left the house of commons.

So you see we are out for a square deal this time.

If their pits don't pay, why in all common sense don't they give them up? No, it is only a gag to get more of us.

I had a shop, or anything else, and it didn't pay, do you think I would hang on? No, I would cut my losses as soon as possible and clear—and more so with a big concern like a pit. No, that is all moonshine, but they are not putting their moon-madness over on us this time of day.

Bust 'em—I'm not standing for it!

Here we have what you haven't got out there, namely: dukes, lords, sirs, etc., independent of the people who own industry.

These lords were looked up to as such once upon a time. Now we look upon them with scorn. A lord to us is nothing but a scab upon the country. Well, these people are trying to put us back into the old days—put us in our place, as if we were "small fry." So the people who own industry would like to please them, because it would hit in with things for them also, but it is not coming off. Our eyes are opened too wide for that now. The sooner the bosses quit this country, the better it will be for all concerned. A lot of what is going on is making people very bitter.

Even the women are waking up over here, and interesting themselves in public affairs. Our meetings now are mostly half women, and they are jammed full as a rule. We never smoke now in public meetings out of respect to them, but they must get right in, and not a will we have much better conditions.

I shall be pleased with the box of chocolates you mentioned, if it lands here, but outward-bound parcel post is stopped.

Well, we have just finished a bonny dinner and Mamie is asking me whether we shall be able to get one MEK it next week.

Supplies are bound to be short, and many places have started to ration out. We have the dough to get some, but I'm afraid the shops won't have much to sell by then.

Maybe after this struggle England will be a better land for the workers. I'm hoping so, anyway—if our cards are played right, it will be. All I hope is, we will keep cool and beat them by the justice of our cause. All their money won't bake a loaf of bread or cut a dram of coal. They can eat their money if they want to, but it won't keep them alive. The worker is the backbone of every nation. If the bosses beat them, they beat themselves every time. Give the worker a square deal and he is mostly happy.

I think that in the end all this growth of barnacles of

long standing years will be cleaned off the bottom of the ship of state. All these old lords, etc., are nothing but scabs and fungus. To me they are the most useless jokers ever born.

Blue blood, is it? Why, the rotten lot don't see England three parts of every year. It is not good enough for them. "Beastly climate, you know." Well, there are many hotter places, sure.

You can bet there are attempts made to blacken our case in the eyes of the outside world. But don't fall for them. Russia has no more to do with this than the poor old man in the moon.

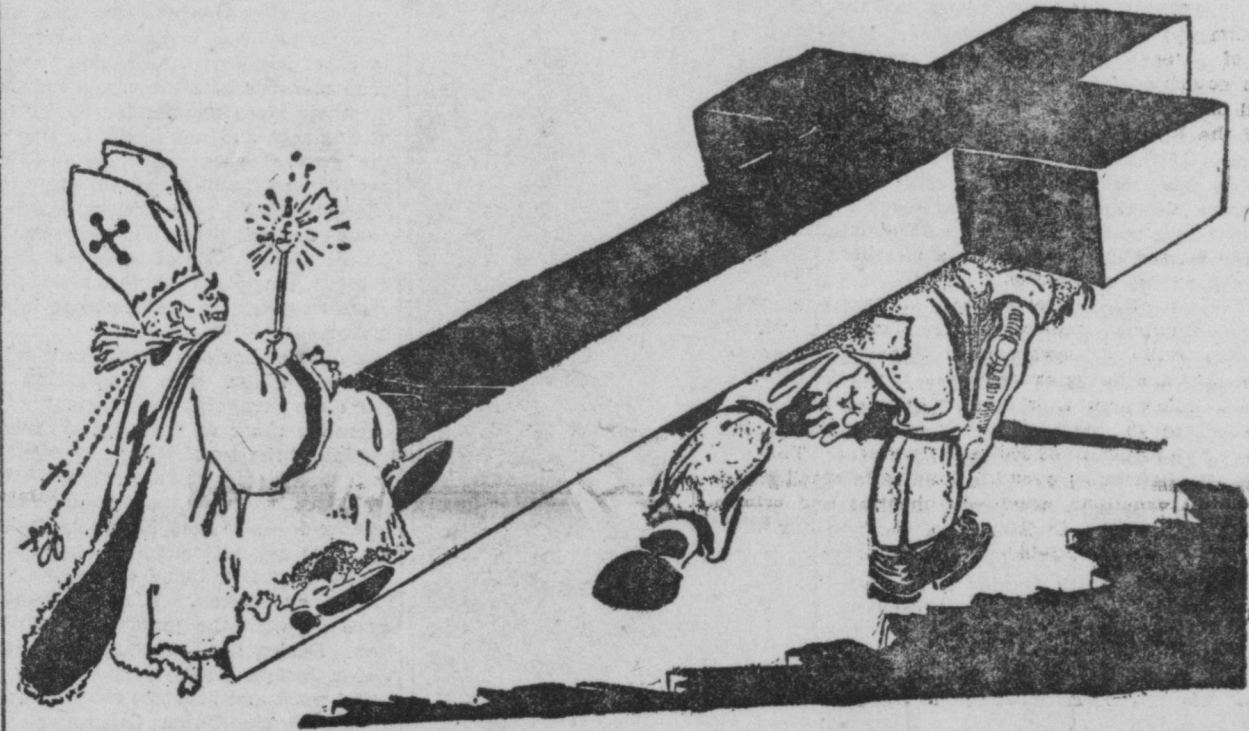
The whole case rests upon starvation wages versus the present position, and we have had no option but to accept this fight. The whole show has been played for by the other side.

Russia has no hand in the making of this pie. The wages offered are too low to keep body and soul together, and that is why all the other workers are with us.

They say pits don't pay! A bigger lie was never invented. They are paying as good as ever they did, but greed rules their brains.

This is the agreement we have: So much for wages—so much for profits—and so much for costs of production—on the coal produced. Now this is how the blind side of the business is worked, to show the outfits don't pay.

Here it is called C. O. P., i. e., "Costs of Production." Directors' fees run into thousands of pounds, besides their gross profits on the money they have invested.



The Priest to the Miner: "Be humble, my child. Each one of us has got to carry his cross."

Directors' work is done in some nice villa in some nice climate. That means nil as regards producing a dram of coal.

They have big villas here, and when the weather is nice they come home. Their servants: gardeners, footmen, chauffeurs, etc., are classed on the pit books as producers of coal.

Do they pay, out of their regular income, for the food they eat, wines they drink, cigars they smoke, rent, taxes, etc., clothes and what-nots?

No, they call all that "stores, timber, etc.," in other words, "costs of production," and that is how they rob us; where the trouble is concealed. Even our local bosses are supplied with gardeners, motor cars, wireless outfits, house, free coal, light, etc. They have banquets every so often; Xmas time they have a bonus, and a big fat turkey; also holidays with pay, and pay for sickness.

Not satisfied with all that, they put their friends into "jammy" (soft) jobs, doing nothing, only hanging on.

In the pit I work in, the waste is awful to see, and the plant lying about is enough to make one weep. They don't put practical men in charge underground now, they are all mostly "paper men," and they know no more about producing a ton of coal than a farm laborer. To think clearly of it all is enough to send a true practical collier off his nut. You should see mining now as it is carried on here. Half-full drums are coming up the pits now, owing to our present conveyor system.

But with all that, the pits are paying the owners very well indeed. I'm working harder seven hours than I did eight. Why? Because there is more speed and hustle.

Again, there are here by-product-works on top of the pit, the finest in the world; also the biggest power house in England.

All this is run free of charge by the small coal we fill for nothing. The profits from these concerns are not counted in with the regular mine proceeds at all. Well, is this fair?

The profits on the by-products alone will cover all pit expenses, but they tell us that is a separate industry, and does not come into our earnings. Gee, it is jammy for them, isn't it?

The terms the mine owners offered us, you know

through your newspapers. They are not our terms, but theirs.

I fought and ruined my health to my dying day to protect this country and now I am back, it is a worse fight to live in it because our own kith and kin are in the lines fighting and suffering slow starvation and that is worse than real war.

There it is mostly short, sharp and sweet, but here, you can see workers' children fading before one's own eyes, blighted by poor food and suffering from shoddy clothes and foot-wear. We pay the top-most price, but even our food-stuffs are faked up, everything we wear is shoddy and faked.

We won't accept them—just as well starve above-ground as underground working for them. So now they say we are fighting the community! What a lie! If the coal owners are the community, then goodness help us in the next war. They haven't the courage or heart of a field mouse. So don't you fall for their lies over there. We are not Bolshies or Communists, we are just workers fighting for a living wage; fighting for our women-folks and children. The greatest call ever heard was, "Suffer the little children to come unto me." Why should the workers in the family of god get the worst upon his table every time? He doesn't wish it that way, I'm sure. He gave us brains as well as a place to put food, and if we don't use our brains what is the use of god giving them to us?

A man who fights for bread for his children is all that is bad. He is a Bolshie, or, in other terms, a Red. Why, now, to me he is only a human being. For being

less he would be the biggest coward known. Why, ever since nature formed itself, the smallest thinks known will fight for their young. So we are not really so bad ever here.

Cook is obeying our mandate and his own, and believe me, he knows his job. To the other side, his one great fault is he will not name his price. He hits too straight for them, and he is beating them on tactics.

I have spoken of this useless mob of lords, sirs, dukes, etc., over here. Since the war we have added a good many more.

We have one to every milestone now; the old country is honeycombed with them—they bleed the land. They are useless ballast every time, with their deer parks and hunting grounds.

They say, "Send the skilled men overseas, or use Canada, but our deer parks, Oh, no!"

We are willing to work, and work hard for a square meal, but we can't expect it under the circumstances I have shown you.

"What are we to do?" is the next question. I know what I would do if I had my way.

You may have friends calling and talking about us, so don't be afraid to show them my letter. Truth here is a bugbear to many in high places. Our papers are mostly dictated lies, when anything affecting the workers is concerned. So don't fall for those lies.

The printed wage-scale issued by the Powell Duffryn Steam Coal Co., Ltd., and made up according to the awards of Earl Buxton and Lord St. Aldwyn, will show you that the standard rate plus 5 per cent, and plus subsistence allowance, that is, the total wage, extends from a minimum of 5 shillings, 9d, for single men over 21 years of age, to a maximum of 7 shillings, 2d, for married men, per day.

This would be, in U. S. money, a daily wage of from \$1.38 for single men, to \$1.72 for married men.

When you consider that we have to pay as much for almost everything here as you do in America, and more for some things, why you can see what this means to the workers' families here.

These wage-terms, so kindly offered to us by the company, we are supposed to accept, also, upon "day to day contracts."

Well, good luck and cherrio.

Robert B.

Joseph Manley

By Alex Bittelman

JOE was a worker, a proletarian and a militant fighter. When a man like him dies the labor movement sustains a great loss.

He was only 39 years old. Still young and energetic and with a future of struggle in the cause of labor which would have placed him among the best and most valuable leaders in the international working class movement. But fate and the damnable capitalist system willed differently. And Joseph Manley is no more.

On August 26, 1926, the life of Joseph Manley came to an end. His death resulted from internal injuries sustained in a fall from a building in Brooklyn, New York, on August 24, upon which he was employed as an iron worker.

FROM what I know of Joseph Manley, that was not the way he would have liked to die. Joe was a born proletarian revolutionist. He had it in his blood to hate capitalism and capitalist oppression. His whole makeup was that of challenge, resistance and struggle. And nothing would have suited Joe better than to lay down his life—when the time came—in the working class struggle for power and for a new order of society.

JOSEPH MANLEY was born on July 26, 1887, in Dublin, Ireland. His father was a physician and an explorer, but most of his mother's family were workers employed in the making of casks, barrels and tubs. That is probably the reason why ten-year-old Joe was made a cooper's apprentice when the time came around for him to begin making a living. At about the same time Joe became a member of his trade union.

He emigrated to Canada in 1907 and soon afterwards came to the United States. Here he joined the Western Federation of Miners. During 1907-8-9 he worked in Butte and in Cobalt. In 1910 he became a bridge-man and joined the Bridge and Structural Iron Workers' Union, of which he was a member (16 years) until his death.

The political and intellectual development of Joseph Manley is interesting and instructive in many respects. The road of Manley was traveled by many American workers. Some of them, along with Manley, have gone the whole length and have come to be Communists and active members of the Workers (Communist) Party. Others have stopped in the middle of the road and are still wavering between the deadening conservatism of Gompers and the invigorating, promising creativeness of Communism. Still others have turned back on their militant past and have become satisfied with merely vegetating and slowly dying away either in the folds of Gompersism or in the morass of impotent futility of anarchism, syndicalism, etc.

Manley started out on the field of class struggle as a trade unionist. Ten years of age he became a cooper's apprentice in Dublin, Ireland, and joined the union. A European worker of his type might have started out as a socialist, but for a militant working class youngster in Great Britain (or in the United States, for that matter) a quarter of a century ago the natural and possible thing was to enter the class struggle thru the trade union. Why? Because there, unlike many countries on the European continent, it was not socialism but trade unionism that stood at the cradle of the class struggle.

But when Manley came to Canada in 1907 he was already mature for a fuller understanding of and participation in the class struggle. He joined the socialist party of Canada and later, when he came to the United States, the socialist party of America.

This was no accident. During the decade (1897-1907) of work, struggle and union membership in Ireland Manley had learned things. His liking for books and reading, together with a more than ordinary faculty for thinking and reasoning had made Joe Manley, around the twentieth year of his life, a conscious opponent of capitalism and a determined fighter for socialism. The great crisis of 1907, the unemployment and suffering of large masses of workers, which met Manley on his arrival in the United States

must have exerted a powerful influence upon his intellectual and political development.

However, Manley did not stay long in the socialist party. He was expelled from its Washington state organization in 1909, together with a whole group of left wingers, among them William Z. Foster, with whom Manley collaborated later in many outstanding events in the American labor movement.

As a member of the socialist party of America Manley was a left wing socialist. Tho he couldn't very well, as far back as 1909, have crystallized a consistent revolutionary working class philosophy like the one represented by the Communist International, yet he was proletarian revolutionist enough to rebel against the anti-proletarian, opportunistic and compromising policies of the socialist party leadership. For this he was expelled, but it did not hurt him. On



the contrary, since then Manley's intellectual life became more intense. He became deeply occupied with the basic problems of the proletarian class struggle. At first he joined the Industrial Workers of the World. Like many another militant worker of those days, this was Manley's way of challenging the reactionary bureaucracy of the American Federation of Labor and their opportunistic counterpart in the socialist movement. Joe was in search of a revolutionary proletarian organization and he thought he had found it in the I. W. W.

One must remember that that was the period before the world war and the Russian revolution, before Lenin as the world proletarian leader and before the Communist International. Now it is easier for a militant worker in America to find his way, but it was not so when Manley was groping toward a revolutionary working class organization. Disgusted with the reactionaries and opportunists of the "official" labor family, Joe later on switched off toward syndicalism and became active in the Syndicalist League of North America, led by Foster.

The world war and the collapse of reactionary syndicalism, along with opportunist socialism; the futility of traditional dual unionism as a means of revolutionizing the American labor movement; the great and obvious need of a political mass party of the workers which became so pronounced since about 1912; all these developments have brought Manley back into the main stream of the American labor movement. Together with Foster, Johnstone and several more revolutionary trade unionists, Manley became actively engaged in large organization campaigns within the American Federation of Labor. Chief among those were the organization of the stockyard workers in Chicago and the organization of the steel workers,

which resulted in the great steel strike.

In the steel campaign Manley has been closely associated with Foster. During 1918-1922 Manley was an active member of the national committee for the organization of the steel industry, functioning there as the representative of his union, the Bridge and Structural Iron Workers' Union. Later he was directing the campaign of his union to organize the non-union bridge shops.

During this period of his life, when he was actively engaged in large organization campaigns within the A. F. of L., Manley already had a clear conception of the wider meaning of these activities. He realized quite definitely that the way to revolutionize the A. F. of L. is to bring into its ranks the large masses of the unskilled unorganized workers, to build an effective left wing movement in the organization and thus seek to defeat the reactionaries in the unions. It was this line of reasoning that made Manley one of the leading spirits of the Trade Union Educational League led by Wm. Z. Foster.

It was at about the same time, and because of these activities, that Manley became a prominent figure in the Chicago Federation of Labor. That was the time when Fitzpatrick and Nockels still had in them the genuine spark of loyalty to the workers and a good measure of militancy in fighting for their ideas against the opposition of Gompers and his machine. Due to the general progressiveness of Fitzpatrick and Nockels, reinforced by the effective work of Foster, Manley, Johnstone and other left wingers, the Chicago Federation of Labor was then holding the place of the most progressive center in the American labor movement.

Manley's horizon was continually growing wider. His conceptions of the class struggle were beginning to approach those of the most advanced section of the world labor movement—the Communist International. The Russian Revolution undoubtedly had a profound effect upon his whole makeup. His revolutionary working class instincts at last found a concrete political expression. His sympathies were all with the proletarian revolution. During the famine in the Soviet Union Joseph Manley joins actively in relief work and becomes the secretary of the Trade Union Committee for Russian Relief.

At that time Manley was so close to the Communist movement ideologically that his actual membership in the party became a practical question. And when Joe had realized this fact he made the logical conclusion. In 1921 Manley becomes a member of

the Communist Party of America.

From that time on and until about a year before his untimely death Manley is to be found in the front ranks of every progressive and militant step in the American labor movement. As one of the founders of the Trade Union Educational League, Manley carries on active work for the building of a left wing in the trade unions in the capacity of eastern district organizer of the T. U. E. L. With the sweep of the farmer-labor party movement in 1922-23 Manley becomes one of the most active Communists in the movement. So much so that when the federated farmer-labor party was formed in July, 1923, Manley was elected national secretary-treasurer of the organization. In this work he was greatly aided by the experiences that he gathered in previous years as a leading spirit of the farmer-labor party of the United States led by Fitzpatrick.

As he grew in political maturity and Communist Party experience, he also became an influential man in the party. During 1923-25 he stood very close to the central leadership of the Workers (Communist) Party of America and was later made a candidate of its central executive committee. Unfortunately, the sharp internal struggles in the party had the effect of weakening his ability for active party work and even moved him to complete abstention from participating in political and party life. But that was a frame of mind which could not have lasted very long with Joseph Manley. He was too proletarian, too ardent a revolutionist and follower of the Communist International to be satisfied with the role of mere onlooker in the class struggle for any length of time. Comrades that have been close to Manley are quite positive in saying that shortly before his death he was beginning to chafe under the position of inactivity and was seriously considering the question of actively re-entering party life.

The labor movement and our party have lost in the death of Joseph Manley a valuable comrade in arms. His proletarian past, revolutionary temperament and his rich experiences in the class struggle and in the trade union movement would have made Manley an outstanding leader in the revolutionary struggle of the American working class.

Let this short and by no means adequate recital of Manley's life serve as a tribute to his memory and as a reminder to the working class militants still on their way to hasten their movements, to come into our party and help build the power that will lead the American workers to their final liberation.

THE TINY WORKER

A Weekly

Edited by Beckie Yudman, Los Angeles, Cal.

Johnny Red, Assistant.

Vol. 1.

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No. 16

BACK AGAIN!

Now you are back in school. The teachers will tell you that George Washington never told a lie, that Wilson was a great man, that every boy can become president and a lot of other fairy tales.

WRITE in to the TINY WORKER and tell us some of "The Bunk in History" that you are taught—and tell us WHY YOU THINK IT IS BUNK.

The Mexican government still insists that priests should get a six months vacation TWICE a year in some other country. That's a good idea.

The Red Chinese Army of Canton is knocking the tar out of WU PEI FU and the Big Powers are getting nervous. Ataaboy Canton!

The worker that joins a union helps all workers. Does your father belong to a union?



A very fat boy came down the street, Laughing at you and me But his very large nose In the air arose And my knuckles hurt, Oh, Gee! Arthur settles fate... tee, hee. —X. Y. Z.

WAR IS DECLARED EXTRA!

Some little fighter sent us the poem above which is sure to provoke a war. Now don't send us any more poems about fights because if we print them we are liable to get in them and Johnny Red likes to fight but he shouldn't. It's better to fight the bosses like in this poem:

A guy I like Is like McMite He helped the strike With all his might. —By Sidney Nadolsky, Grand Rapids, Mich.

NEXT WEEK

Dorothy Red (what's that girl's name?) of Minneapolis will have a dandy story called "The Red Flag."

HOW I JOINED THE YOUNG PIONEERS

By Beckie Yudman, Los Angeles, Cal.

Two years ago my father asked me to join the Junior League which is now called the Young Pioneers. I went to one of their meetings but I didn't like it, so I didn't go again for a long time.

The next year I went to another meeting and liked it much better. They talked about a paper called "The Young Comrade." When I came home I asked my father if I could get a subscription and he said yes. Now I get it and enjoy it very much. I am trying my best to get all my playmates and friends to belong to the Young Pioneers and I think that all workers' children should belong. They teach you how to fight for a better living for all workers. —Beckie Yudman Age 19.

Why Is She Back and What Does It Mean?

By N. SPARKS.

LET'S all heave a sigh of relief. Ethyl is back! There are big signs up around the Standard Oil filling stations telling us so. It looked pretty bad at one time with the newspapers kicking up all that fuss and calling it "looney gas." But now, thank goodness, the trouble's all over! They had an investigation and now everything is sitting pretty. Ethyl is back.

"Of course, if you're a garage worker, maybe it isn't so good. And if you work in one of the stations where they mix that stuff into the gasoline you may have to be pretty careful. And if you work in one of the plants where they actually make the tetraethyl lead—but there's only a bunch of bohunks work there, and they don't matter. What does matter is the great automobile-owning public that you get the profits out of. Ethyl gasoline gives them more miles for their dollar, and that's what counts."

Being rather scantily represented in the great automobile-owning public (to the tune of a few second-hand Fords here or there) we fail to burst into cheers at this information. In fact we are still inclined to ask: "What is the necessity for inflicting a new and deadly poison upon society—a poison to which thousands of workers will be particularly exposed? Why can't people go on using ordinary gasoline to drive their cars? Well, the answer is: Tetraethyl lead (which is the substance that is mixed into ordinary gasoline to make ethyl gasoline) is an anti-knock. Unfortunately most of us don't even know what a knock is—let alone an anti-knock. So let us go back to the beginning and find out just to what extent tetraethyl lead is indispensable to the advance of industry and civilization.

Let us assume that you know some member of the great automobile-owning public—know him well enough to get him to take you for a ride. Notice the sound of his engine as you travel at medium speed. And now notice it as you travel fast, especially when climbing a hill. Besides the ordinary sound of the engine you will hear a distinct "Ping!" in every cylinder. Now we have it! That is the knock! That "Ping!" sounds just as tho something were knocking inside the cylinders, and if your friend cares much for his car he will slow down and maybe shift gears.

Now, of course, the next thing we want to know is: What causes the knock and what harm does it do?

An automobile is driven by the combustion of a mixture of gasoline vapor and air in each of the cylinders. This combustion is very rapid, so that it is often called an explosion. But this is not really correct. The flame takes a small but distinctly appreciable amount of time to travel the length of the cylinder. An explosion, however, is practically instantaneous. And right here is where the knock comes in. When the mixture is going at high speed, the mixture no longer burns quietly, the flame no longer travels uniformly thru the length of the cylinder. Instead, the mixture starts to burn, but then the rest of it explodes, making that "Ping!" or knock that we heard. So we see that the knock is caused by the fact that part of the fuel explodes instead of burning. And an anti-knock is something we can add to the fuel which will have the property of preventing that explosion, slowing it down into a uniform combustion.

Now what harm does the knock do? First, it causes excessive wear on the engine. Second, it reduces the efficiency (i. e., makes necessary more fuel for a given distance), for the sudden impact of the explosion on the piston and cylinder walls is not nearly as effective as the steady push on the piston caused by a proper combustion. These things are bad, but we must find something worse yet if we are to explain the common statement that the knock stands in the way of progress. Even the best automobile is not a very efficient machine—that is, only a small percentage of the energy contained in the fuel used is actually transmitted to the wheels. Increasing efficiency means saving fuel, and the conservation of oil fuel is becoming a problem of tremendous importance.



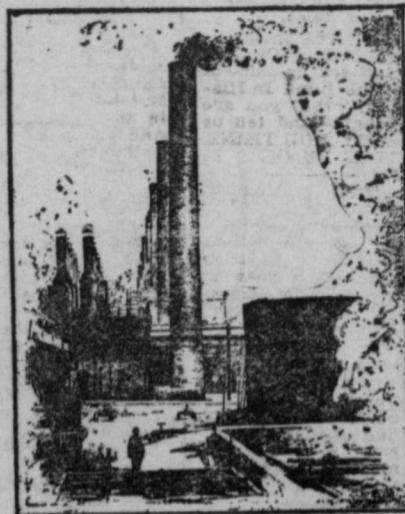
ETHYL is Back

There is a tendency among automobile engineers today to believe that the first great step towards increasing efficiency is to increase the compression in the cylinders. And, true enough, when very much higher compression is used in the motor much more power is obtained from the same quantity of fuel. But the knock! Alas! with increased compression the knock also increases. So much so that all talk of higher compression becomes useless unless the knock can be eliminated. And so the automobile engineer's dream of conserving oil by producing only high-compression motors has to wait for the production of an effective anti-knock compound.

So now we can see the setting of the scene into which tetraethyl lead, this standard-bearer of progress, burst in the years 1924 and 1925, poisoning, paralyzing and killing workers, driving them into convulsions and frightful insanity.

Tetraethyl lead, as an anti-knock, was discovered by Thomas Midgeley, Jr., a chemist on the staff of the Standard Oil. A new concern was created, the Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, half of the stock owned by the General Motors and the other half by Standard Oil. The Ethyl Gasoline Corporation was thus a child of both Morgan and Rockefeller. To the vice-presidency of this million-dollar corporation, Thomas Midgeley, Jr., a young man well under thirty, was elevated. Thomas Midgeley, Jr., could congratulate himself that his position for a young man of his age was absolutely unique, and his fortune was made. Standard Oil could congratulate itself that it would soon drive all competing gasolines off the market. General Motors could congratulate itself that it would soon introduce high-compression motors and all other makes of cars would become utter back numbers.

Into these happy dreams, however, burst from time to time a rude interruption; the report of a death here and there in the Du Pont plant at Deepwater, N. J., where the tetraethyl was being manufactured, or in the Ohio district where it was being unostentatiously distributed, a couple of cases of insanity, a few paralyses. It was not the accidents that mattered so much (the company was fully aware of the deadliness of the substance it was handling), but the fact



A view among the Tower Crude Stills at Whiting.

that despite all precautions, rumors would leak out and get into the papers. The company began a half-hearted, uneasy investigation into the accidents. It approached prominent experts on physiological chemistry and then drew back again. If the thing ever got into the papers it would be all up, with a vengeance.

Suddenly came the Bayway tragedy. A dozen or so men working in the Bayway refinery of the Standard Oil suddenly went into hideous convulsions and violent insanity and had to be removed to the hospital. The whole affair burst into publicity. The doctors were forced to admit that the victims were suffering from acute lead poisoning due to inhalation of tetraethyl lead fumes. The New York World scented a good thing, took up the name "looney gas," which the workers had christened it, spread it all over the front page and announced that it was beginning a campaign against it. Other papers were forced to come along. Thomas Midgeley, Jr., and his staff made heroic efforts to stem the tide. Time and again they announced that the only hazard was in manufacture, that it was only workers who would go insane; but the great automobile-owning public saw themselves going into convulsions and dying from using this gasoline in their cars and grew hysterical with fear. In vain Thomas Midgeley, Jr., gave an impressive demonstration to the reporters. To show its harmlessness to the user he called for a can of his beautiful red ethyl gasoline and washed his hands in it (carefully drying them off at once). All to no avail. Maybe it was only red ink he had washed his hands in. Maybe getting it on your hands didn't matter. The hysteria mounted. Ethyl gasoline was barred in New York. Thomas Midgeley, Jr., Standard Oil, General Motors, saw their dreams vanishing. To forestall complete prohibition, the Ethyl Gasoline Corporation announced that they would voluntarily discontinue the sale of their product pending the result of an investigation. On all sides the cry of "investigation!" was taken up. The surgeon-general of the United States was instructed to call a preparatory conference. The Ethyl Gasoline Corporation breathed freely again. At last they were on safe and familiar ground.

Before adjournment to the surgeon-general's conference, let us consider the different varieties of lead poisoning offered to its makers, distributors and users by tetraethyl lead.

Until the advent of tetraethyl only the chronic form of lead poisoning had been known. This is the form to which painters, typesetters and others who work with ordinary compounds of lead are exposed. Lead is what is known as a "cumulative poison." That is, a small amount of lead taken once does not act as a poison; but if even a tiny amount is taken into the body day by day, it accumulates in the tissues and gradually in the course of months or years, produces "lead drop," "lead colic," paralysis and sterility.

With the tetraethyl, however, one exposure is plenty. Tetraethyl lead is a liquid and is readily absorbed by the skin. Furthermore, tetraethyl lead presents lead in a highly volatile form, i. e., it easily turns into vapor. In this form it can be inhaled in large quantities. Whether absorbed thru the skin or the lungs, it distributes itself almost immediately thruout the body. The lead reaches the brain, and convulsions, insanity and death are the result. This is acute lead poisoning.

The workers in the factory where the tetraethyl lead is made have a chance both at the acute poisoning from the product and chronic poisoning from the other lead compounds and lead dust lying around. The workers in the blending stations where the tetraethyl is mixed with gasoline to make the ethyl gasoline have a good chance at both acute and chronic poisoning. The great automobile-owning public has a fair chance at chronic poisoning. And should the use of ethyl become general even those who walk the streets and have to breathe the sweet air of innumerable automobile exhausts would stand a fair chance of chronic lead poisoning.

Marx on Goethe

(From Deutsche Brüsseler Zeitung, Nr. 95, November 28, 1847, on the occasion of a review of Karl Gruen's "On Goethe from the Human Standpoint," Darmstadt, 1846. The article was later reprinted in an article by M. Krieger: Marx as a Journalist, in Die Zukunft (M. Harden), 1901, IX, 10; and still later in Max Gruenwald's "Goethe und Die Arbeiter," Dresden, 1912.—A. L.)

NATURALLY, we cannot speak at great length here about Goethe himself. We only draw attention to one point. Goethe in his works, conducts himself in a twofold manner towards the German society of his time. Now he is hostile to it; he seeks to escape what to him is repulsive, as in Iphigenia and, in general, during the Italian Journey. He rebels against it as Goetz, Prometheus and Faust, and pours forth his bitterest derision upon it as Mephistopheles. Now, on the contrary, he is on friendly terms with it, "accommodates" himself to it as in the majority of the "Tame Xenia" and many prose works, extols it as in the "Maskenzuegen," indeed, defends it against the onpressing historical movement as particularly in all the works where he comes to speak of the French Revolution. It is not merely individual aspects of German life that Goethe recognizes as against others to which he is adverse; it is a continuous struggle within him between the gifted poet whom the misere of his environment disgusts and the cautious child of the Frankfurt counsellor, respective Weimar privy counsellor, who sees himself forced to conclude an armistice with it and to accustom himself to it. Thus Goethe is now a colossal, now a petty, now a defiant, mocking, world-disdaining genius, now a considerate, contented, narrow philistine. Even Goethe was unable to overcome the German misere; on the contrary, it overcomes him, and this victory of the misere over the greatest German is the best proof that it can never be overcome "from within."* Goethe was too universal, of too active a nature, too much of the flesh, to look for deliverance from the misere in a Schilleresque flight to the Kantian ideal; he was too keen not to see that this flight ultimately reduced itself to an exchange of the fiat for the superabundant misere. His temperament, his powers, his entire spiritual disposition, directed him to the practical life, and the practical life which he met with was miserable.

In this dilemma—to live in a sphere of life which he had to disdain and still to be chained to this sphere as the only one in which he could participate—in this dilemma Goethe continuously found himself, and the older he became the more the mighty poet, de queree lasse,** withdrew behind the insignificant Weimar minister. We do not reproach Goethe for not being liberal, a la Boerne and Menzel, but for the fact that at times he could also be a philistine; not for being incapable of enthusiasm for German freedom; but for sacrificing his more correct esthetic sense, which broke through here and there, to a common philistine timidity before all great, contemporary historical movements; not for being a courtier, but for the fact that he could carry on the most insignificant affairs and menus plairs*** of one of the most insignificant German courts with a solemn seriousness at a time when a Napoleon was cleansing the great Augean stable of Germany. We reproach neither from the moral nor the party point of view, but, at the most, from an esthetic and historical point of view; we measure Goethe neither by a moral nor by a political nor by a "human" standard. We cannot here enter into a portrayal of Goethe in relation to his time, to his literary predecessors and contemporaries, in his process of development and in his life-attitude. We therefore limit ourselves to simply stating the fact.

*Von Innen heraus, i. e., it cannot be reformed but must be shattered from without.—A. L.

**Tired of war.
***Revels.

Book Review



WITH the pamphlet under the title, "Organize the Unorganized," Wm. Z. Foster has written an important document on the strategy of class war in the most vital sector, that of trade unionism. It is a compact and meaty little book.

The argument begins with pointing out that there are about twenty million unorganized industrial workers in America who could be enlisted into unions. Unless the unions begin to grow they will soon be smashed altogether; even the United Mine Workers is being crushed now by pressure from the non-union coal fields.

The present membership of the unions can be broadly divided into three classes, the author goes on to show: militant left wingers who want to organize, progressives who will help if organization starts, and reactionary right wingers who resist organization to prevent the radicalizing of the unions, to avoid struggle, and to preserve the jobs of the union bureaucracy. The left wing must initiate all organization campaigns, and when they are decided upon must actually carry them out, in co-operation with the center groups and against the sabotage by the reactionaries.

Situations occur where the most careful reasoning is necessary to decide whether to organize under the banner of the old unions in the field. Where no unions exist at all there must be new ones created, which must get into the A. F. of L., the main current of American labor. Where fairly sound unions exist, the workers can be organized directly into them. Where very old and decrepit unions claim jurisdiction over the field and are small in size, it may be necessary to organize independently, and disregard them. At times it is necessary, where reactionary unions claim control, but will not organize, to organize the workers first outside of the union and then carry on a struggle to compel the old unions to let them affiliate. Affiliation, one union in each industry, is the ideal, but it is one that cannot be slavishly followed.

The left wing, since it must do the organizing, must learn the various forms of activity possible, whether it is able to start a great, open campaign, as is still possible where the employers are disunited, or the unions already strong; or whether it must work secretly or semi-secretly thru the Workers Party nuclei, Young Workers, foreign language clubs, social clubs, company unions, shop councils, or even some new forms created for the occasion.

Almost always organization in the basic industries (and one reason for an organization campaign is that it will lead the unions into these heavy industries and away from skilled craft job trust psychology) will involve great strikes. The unorganized will join unions if they see immediate material advantages. As Foster says:

"We must study carefully the state of the industry and the condition of the employers' and the workers' forces, base our organization campaigns upon the economic demands of the workers and at all times keep the fight focussed on these demands, plan our organization campaigns carefully and thoroly mobilize all our forces to put them into execution, extend our scope of activity over the greatest possible extent of workers, strike the blow at the opportune time, demoralize the enemy, rouse public sentiment with our maneuvers, develop the utmost fighting spirit in our own ranks by our invigorating propaganda, and follow up our victories to the limit by organizing all the workers shaken into action by our big strikes and struggles."

This pamphlet, as was said before, is strategy. The minor tactics, the multiple considerations and possibilities in each concrete case, are not worked out in it. But in the very act of laying down the broad general principles our attention is called to the details, and if hundreds of militants everywhere do not begin to solve in practice some of the various "delicate questions" posed in the book then they will have missed the spirit of "Organize the Unorganized."

Vern Smith.

RAIN

By O. RYAN

I.

With what slow pain
the rain descends,
trickling down the wrinkles
of the beggar's neck
and splashing
his tray of laces.

II.

In a slum window
a child presses its dirty little face
against the dreary window-pane
and watches the flow in the gutter
carrying its freight of rubbish.

III.

Under the bright lights
a gentleman bows
and gracefully assists his lady,
holding aloft a green parasol the while
she skips nimbly into the shining limousine.

IV.

The door of the meeting-hall
opens and slams,
throwing a flood of light
and of virile stir
into the street.

V.

And the Red
shoving a paper into his pocket,
makes his way to a hash-joint,
thence thoughtfully homewards to his attic,
collar turned up against the rain.

In the Next Issue

The Young Proletaire, a play for children and grown-ups, By Michael Gold.—Illustrated by Fred Ellis.

American Capital Conquering Poland, by B. K. Gebert.—Original Photographs and pictures.

The Women's Page of the Magazine will carry a story by Rose Pastor Stokes, entitled "Jennie"—Illustrated by herself.

What's doing in the Moscow Theaters, splendid little items by Ruth Epperson Kennel who is now residing in Moscow.—With many photographs and illustrations.

The self-educational section of "What and How to Read" will be filled in the next issue by V. F. Calverton discussing reading in literature and art.

The Second Article of Barbusse on the White Terror in the Balkans.

"Ethyl is Back" will be concluded in the next issue, the first part appearing in this issue.—With photographs and illustrations.

Concluding chapter on the History of the Catholic Church in Mexico, by Manuel Gomez.

Bales' Page of Cartoons on the week's events.

BEGINNING SEPTEMBER 18.

The Life of Karl Marx, by Paul Lafargue.

A WEEK IN CARTOONS

By M. P. Bales

