

The New Magazine

Supplement of

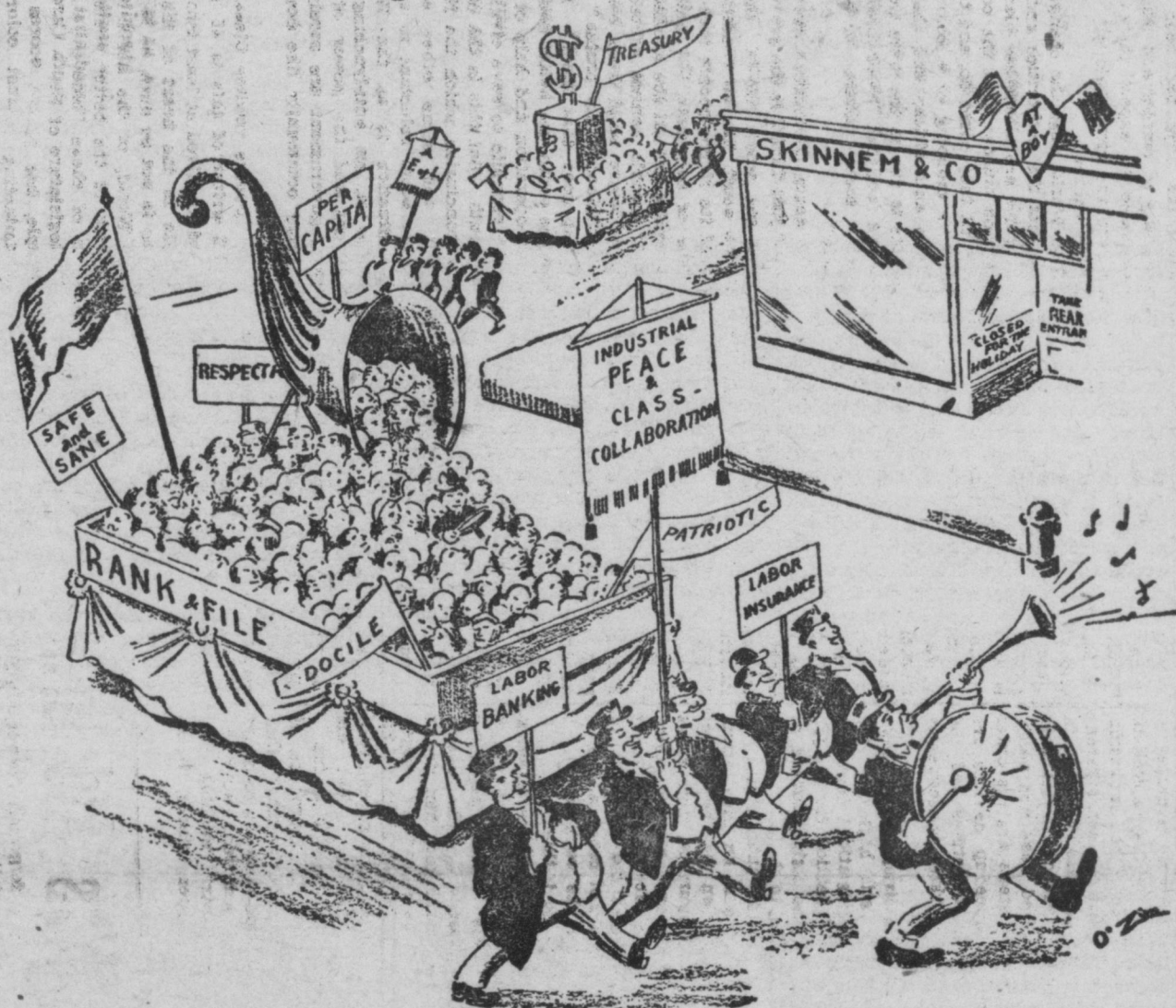
THE DAILY WORKER

ALEX. BITTELMAN,
Editor.

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Triumphant Reaction in the Trade Unions



Drawing by O'Zim.

THE sum total of the Detroit convention of the American Federation of Labor can be summarized in a few words. It is triumphant, brazen and self-satisfied reaction.

In this there is little of a surprising nature. A. F. of L. conventions are so organized as to prevent almost completely rank and file expression. The protesting voice of the outraged, exploited and betrayed masses is not heard in these conventions. It is the reactionary bureaucrat, the corrupt faker, the brazen servant of the employers who bosses and dominates the proceedings.

Matthew Woll, William Green, Wilson, Lewis, Walker and a host of others—what is the labor movement to them? An object of exploitation. A means of enrichment. A step-ladder to money, power and luxury. These are the people that dominated the Detroit convention.

Is it any wonder that the convention went into a fit of frenzy when Sherwood Eddy mentioned favorably the Soviet Union? Is it surprising that the convention reaffirmed its determination not to lead the workers into struggle against the employers under the mask of co-operation with the capitalists?

The true voice of the masses, which is expressed by the left wing, was not heard there. It could not penetrate the thick walls of reaction and the undemocratic machinery. But this voice is present and alive. The frenzied attacks upon the left wing, the Trade Union Educational League and William Z. Foster bear witness to this fact. The struggle will go on and the victory belongs to the masses.

Here Is the Queen!

YOU may not believe us, but this is the picture of the Queen of Roumania as she looks thru our spectacles. Of course, a queen is a queen, and far be it from us to say otherwise, but some evil-minded persons have associated Marie with people whose conception of morality is about as elastic as a check autographed by a confidence man.

It is this way. Roumania is a small country and in this period of capitalist imperialism small countries are usually in trouble, because they have very little to lose except oil wells. If they have oil wells they are in demand; if they have not they are granted the right of self-determination.

Roumania developed into something of a greasepot, so John D. Rockefeller, being a confirmed baptist, lighted the christian candle and called on all the world to notice that Marie was the handsomest queen that ever hit the sidewalk. It should be noticed that Marie knows every European capital as well as a poet knows his synonyms. In fact, for a number of years, whatever her husband Ferdinand left undone, she did it.

It came to pass that the kingdom of Roumania could see the wolf approaching the door and the wise men of the country, being persons of easy touch (we mean touchable persons), or members of that fraternity that live on their wits, felt that the queen, who is supposed to be easy to look at, might be a good drawing card in America. Peggy Joyce married five husbands, and every other actress not married to her profession did the same. Why not the queen? Even the her husband Ferdinand is dying of rheumatism.

Frankly, the reason why the queen of Roumania is coming here is because Roumania is broke and the queen is the country's foremost panderer. There are some oil wells in Roumania. Rockefeller has a mortgage on them. Naturally John D. will use his influence to make things easy for the queen.

Bassarabia comprises a large piece of land that was stolen from Russia by Roumania when Woodrow Wilson helped to write the treaty of Versailles. If Marie makes a hit in the United States, perhaps our solons may be more susceptible to accepting the status quo.

There are other reasons why the queen should come here, but as far as the workers are concerned this old parasite represents one of the most reactionary ruling classes in Europe and every worker should look on her as an enemy.



By WILLIAM GROPPER

Sherwood Eddy at the A. F. of L. Convention



DETROIT, 1926.

To the Tune of Yankee Doodle.

O Mister Green! O Mister Green!
Aint Eddy awful naughty?
Such naughty boys are seldom seen;
To praise the Bolshes sought he.

This wicked Eddy dared to raise
His voice at the convention,
Though mixed with slams, he dared to praise
Those whom to only mention.

Makes Mister Green and Woll and Frey
And other labor fakers,
Throw a fit and rage and cry
Like holy roller shakers.

O Mister Green! O Mister Green!
Aint Eddy awful naughty?
Such naughty boys are seldom seen;
To praise the Bolshes sought he.

Adolph Wolff.

The Theater Season in Moscow

By RUTH EPPERSON KENNEL

THE Mall (Little), on the magnificent theater square just across from the Bolshoi Opera House, is the old dramatic theater in Moscow, where some of the actors have been playing for many years. It therefore smells strongly of the past, is fondest of old melodramas, especially foreign, and is popular with the older generation. But a new play "Zagmuk," by a Russian dramatist, the story of a serf uprising in ancient times, is creating general interest because of its beautiful staging and sensational plot. Lunacharsky's wife plays a leading role. Here we find some of the magnificent scenic effects of the Bolshoi: gray stone walls flung up against a deep blue sky are altered to form the different sets, a courtyard, a market place, the corridors of a palace, the walls of a city. The most beautiful scene is a rich interior in warm red and gold whose balcony looks out on the walls and parapets of a fortified city standing afar off against the stars.

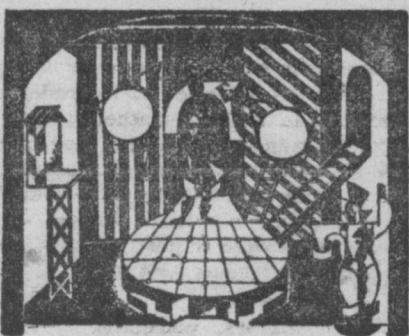
The heroine is sold by her father, in payment of a fine imposed by the overlord, and put up for auction, naked, in the market place. Her lover buys her, but the king sees and takes her for himself. One of the princes, a defender of the oppressed, befriends her and is consequently thrown into prison. There he plots an uprising to take place on "Zagmuk," the holiday of the serfs, the one day in the year when the people can do what they like. On this day, the king and his consort in magnificent robes mount their golden thrones raised on the stone steps outside the palace, and with impressive ceremonies liberate the prince, who is acclaimed ruler by the serfs. His first act is to demand the king's wife, and upon receiving her, he puts her up for auction, forced on his



A. V. LUNACHARSKY
Peoples' Commissar of Education.

ing her to disrobe. This is a signal for a general uprising of the serfs; the king escapes to his castle outside the city and long months of siege follow, during which the people feel that even their former life was preferable. Finally the king, by promising the lover the restoration of his bride, persuades him to open the side gate of the city. The hordes of soldiers swarm in and overpower the serfs. The girl, discovering too late the plot in which her lover has sacrificed his honor and his life, kills the king.

STILL another play of revolution and rebellion marks the close of the theatrical season. We find a suggestion of "The Hairy Ape," in the new play by Bill-Belotserkovsky, "Port Helm," or as the Russian has it, "Helm to the Left!" presented at a branch of the Mall Theater, an attractive studio some distance from the center. The time of the play precedes "Storm," being in the period before the revolution and at the beginning of civil war. The first act of the drama, which is in nineteen episodes, takes place on a foreign steamship just at the outbreak of the world war.



MASTFOR THEATER
Agitational Opera—Bouffe Scene

As in "Roar, China!" and "The Hairy Ape," we have a realistic picture of life among the workers. In the crew of the steamer the author has created strong, lovable heroes with whom we feel a comradely sympathy. So realistic is the atmosphere of tropical heat in which the screw laborers at the opening of the play, while the British captain and rich American passengers sit in steamer-chairs under canopies, that we ourselves almost drip with perspiration. And so vivid is the storm in mid-ocean that we feel the motion of the ship and the wind against our faces; it seems that we too are swept along the dark decks in the hurricane and finally lie panting with the sailors in their bunks. The five episodes of the first act take place on deck, in the captain's cabin and in the sailors' bunks, the walls of which, sliding back, throw open the cabins onto the deck. The fifth episode shows the arrival at the port of New York and the appearance on shipboard of various quacks and crooks, including the Salvation Army singing, "In the Sweet Bye and Bye."

The steamer set, with the aid of certain decorations, becomes a New York cabaret in the second act, where an exaggerated and false picture of the New York underworld is presented; as in the "Hairy Ape," the American millionaires are characterized as degenerate gentlemen in top hats and dress suits, who come to survey in coldblooded curiosity the antics of the prostitutes and pimps, and the sailors who have gathered here for recreation after their long voyage. This scene, devoid of originality, unreal and ugly (as a critic in "Pravda" has observed) is unworthy of the rest of the play. It could only justify its existence as an episode, instead of a long act, since it has no direct bearing on the plot.

In the third act, the immigrants are sitting about on the dock and our sailors who drift in, discuss the recent Russian revolution with a Russian immigrant, who later joins the crew. The appearance of a motion picture company and the commandeering of the immigrants to take part in the thrilling film of a Russian princess trying to escape from the howling mob (represented by three or four actors in Russian blouses and huge beards, and the immigrants at the dock who are instructed to pull out their shirts) makes a very funny climax to the act.

In the last act, back on the liner again, we find military discipline prevailing, as the steamer is carrying arms to the Russian White Guards and the crew preparing to mutiny. The play ends with the overpowering of the captain and officers who watch helplessly as the crew greets a Bolshevik cutter, and as the cheery command, "Left Helm!" is given, the steamer turns back without delivering the arms.

Adhering to the conventional forms of the Mall Theater, the production, while more realistic in some ways than "Roar, China," lack originality. The playwright, on unfamiliar ground in depicting foreign scenes and characters (albeit as a seaman he knows the life of a steamer), is less powerful than in "Storm." But the play on the whole has that wholesome simplicity and sincerity characteristic of the playwright and, in production borrowing somewhat from its predecessors, is a worthy finale to a brilliant season.

A PEEK EACH WEEK AT MOTION PICTURES

"MEN OF PURPOSE."

A GENERAL is at the head of the committee promoting this picture. A post of the American Legion presents it. The advertising of the picture urges: "Every American Citizen Should See It." So I did (at the Randolph). For all these reasons and because it is said to be the "Official Allied Production depicting the complete history of the world war"—"Most remarkable spectacle ever shown on the silver screen."

Well, it isn't. Tell it to the marines. It is neither "a complete history of the world war" nor the "most remarkable" blah! blah! blah! It cost me all of four-bits to see it and I can assure you it isn't. But it is a spectacle. A spectacle of outrageous war propaganda staged, as the picture assures you, "to show our government that we are ready to serve it in whatever need may arise," or words to that effect.

Just enough actual war is shown to serve the purpose of the legion-type patriots. You know the stuff: The kaiser was the scoundrel to blame for everything. We entered the war to save civilization, etc., etc. The war is pictured as a nice war. There are a few cooties, some mud and some dead bodies. But not too much. Not enough to discourage any young man from joining the marines. Should this picture have stirred you to patriotic action there is a marine recruiting sergeant stationed at the door. That's the kind of a business this is.



THE PASSAIC STRIKE—To be shown in Chicago, at the Ashland Blvd. Auditorium, Friday, Oct. 29.

MEN OF STEEL—A picture intended to make you kiss your boss every morning. (Roosevelt)

VARIETY—A truly splendid picture (Harding)

ACROSS THE PACIFIC—We are glad to credit George G. Nathan with this beautiful word of criticism: "Guano."

ALOMA OF THE SOUTH SEAS—Gilda Gray is a good motion picture actress (Uptown).

MARE NOSTRUM—War hokum. THE ROAD TO MANDALAY—Will someone tell us why they make these things?

SON OF THE SHIEK—Valentino. THE AMATEUR GENTLEMAN—The photographer is good.

TIN GODS—Reene Adoree is the best part of this.

LA BOHEME—A good picture. UP IN MABEL'S ROOM—Marie Prevost in chemise.

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

"THE STRONG MAN."

IF you are tired of Indians, bad men, good women and heaving chests in the movies, see this picture. You will see Harry Langdon. Here is a first-rate mimic whose antics are a pleasure to see. One of these lucky days he is going to get something to act in that will give better scope for his real ability. When he gets it, this comic cut-up will take his place as a real comedian and second only to Charles Chaplin.

We advise you to see this picture (showing at the Oriental), if only to see Langdon with a most realistic and amusing cold. (If you can get any fun out of a cold!) It's so real it will make your nose run. It is also a bit of mimicry the equal of any we have ever seen anywhere. It would do credit to Charlie himself. Do you remember the scene in "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp" in which Langdon was "doped"? This is even better.

There is a good deal of waste motion in both plot and action. The plot is far below even the level of the usual comedy standard. And brother that IS low! However, there are occasional situations that are really laugh-provoking, and Harry Langdon makes most of these in true artistic fashion.

With all its faults, this is the kind of picture in which you will find a good deal of wholesome fun. If you are in Chicago you can easily risk seeing it. If you don't like the movie—there is Paul Ash. And if you don't like this Jazzmaniac—well, maybe you are growing old.



Harry Langdon
"The Strong Man"

THE THEATER

"THE COCOANUTS."

HERE'S something somewhat different in the line of musical performance. There is not a naked lady in it, nor is there a single bathtub! But you will find to compensate you for the loss of good nudity, good lines, good music, and the happy Marx Brothers.

If you care for musical fol-de-rol you will enjoy these fellows. Harpo, Chico and Zeppo Marx are clever chaps. Here is the old slap-stick art modernized and with intelligent handling. Each is a good clown. Groucho is a buffoon not only gifted, but also given a collection of good lines to speak. (The book is by George Kaufman.) Harpo is a likeable clown who doesn't speak, but lets his mimicry speak for him. These two of the Marx brothers particularly (there are four of them) are enjoyable fellows and a rare combination.

The music by Irving Berlin is nothing

much to "write home about," but it is tuneful. The ladies are graceful and an eyefull. They are usually well adorned and plentifully so. An evening's performance filled with the antics of good comedians who work hard to please makes unnecessary much nudity to cover any lack of ideas and cleverness. The dancing is very good, and especially the numbers by the De Marcos, which will please those who lean to graceful motion.

You will find the ideas and plot the same old warmed-over hash. However, you will also find you won't care a bit as long as the Marx brothers keep clowning away. It's absurd stuff. It's low-down buffoonery that will make you forget your troubles for a couple of hours and rest your work-ridden carcass. It will even repay climbing those blamed steep steps which we humble have to climb at the Erlanger (old Palace) to get to the gallery seats.

KARL MARX

II.

CUVIER, an untiring worker and a great master of science, had a series of work-rooms constructed for his personal use in the Museum of Paris which he directed. Each room was designed for a special occupation, receiving the necessary books, instruments, anatomic devices, etc. Whenever he tired of one task, he stepped into the neighboring room and dedicated himself to another; this simple change in his spiritual occupation, as they tell, meant a rest for him. Marx was quite as untiring a worker as Cuvier, but unlike the latter, he did not have the means to install several study-cabinets. He rested while he walked up and down his room; from the door to the window there was visible on the carpet a totally worn-out strip as sharply defined as a foot-path in a meadow. At times he stretched out on the sofa and read a novel; sometimes he read from two to three together which he took up intermittently: like Darwin, he too was a great novel reader. Marx especially loved those of the eighteenth century and particularly Fielding's Tom Jones; the modern writers who entertained him most were Paul de Kock, Charles Lever, Alexander Dumas pere, and Walter Scott—the latter's "Old Mortality" he called a masterpiece. He manifested an outspoken liking for adventurous and humorous stories. At the peak of all romancers, he placed Cervantes and Balzac. Don Quixote was for him the epic of dying knighthood whose virtues were becoming absurdities and toomfoolery in the bourgeois world which was just then arising. For Balzac his admiration was so great that he wanted to write a criticism of his great work "La Comedie Humaine" just as soon as he had completed his economic study. Balzac was not only the historian of the society of his time, but also the creator of prophetic figures which were to be found under Louis Philippe, as yet in embryonic state, and which developed themselves completely only after his death under Napoleon III.

Marx read all European languages and wrote three, German, French and English, to the marvel of people who knew these languages; he gladly repeated the expression: "A foreign language is a weapon in the struggle of life." He possessed a great talent for languages which his daughters inherited. He was already 50 years old when he began to learn Russian, in spite of the fact that this language has no close etymological connection

with those old and modern ones that he knew. After six months he had already gained sufficient mastery of it to be able to delight in the reading of the Russian poets and writers whom he especially valued: Pushkin, Gogol and Schtscherdin. The reason for his learning Russian was to be able to read the documents of the official investigations which the government suppressed on account of their frightful revelations; devoted friends had procured them for Marx who is certainly the only West-European economist to whose knowledge it came.

Besides the poets and romancers, Marx had still another very noteworthy means of resting spiritually; that was mathematics for which he felt an especial liking. Algebra even offered him a moral consolation; he took refuge in it during the most painful moments of his agitated life. During the last illness of his wife, it was impossible for him to occupy himself in the usual manner with his scientific labors; he could only escape

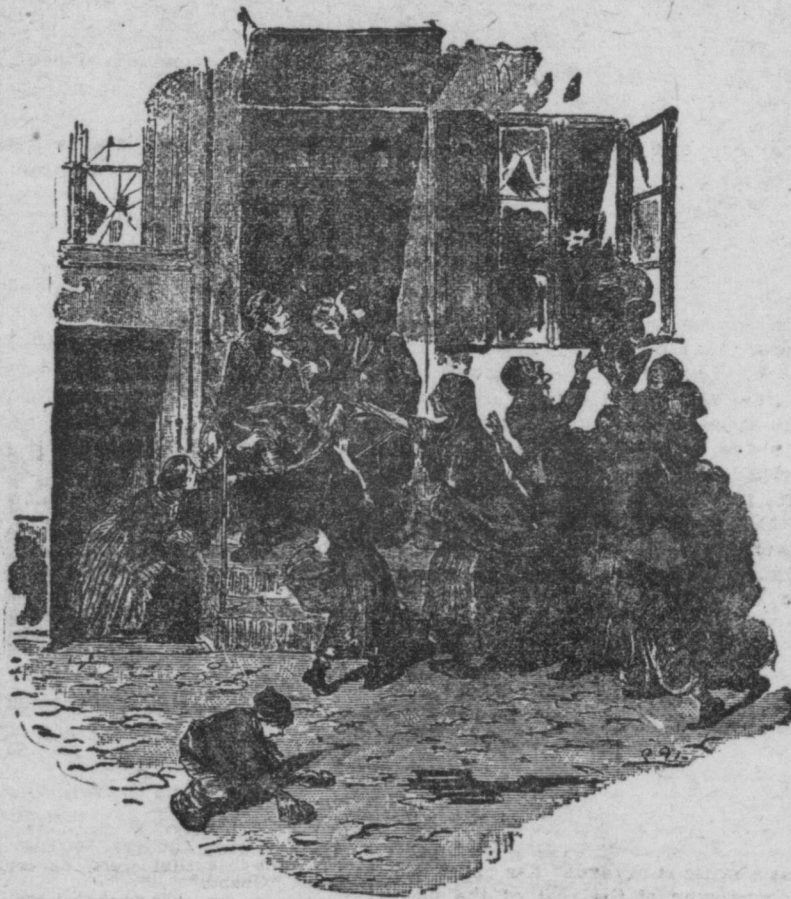
the pressure which the sufferings of his companion exercised on his being by submerging himself in mathematics. During this time of spiritual pain, he wrote a paper on infinitesimal calculus which, according to the statements of the mathematicians who know it, is supposed to be significant and will be published in his collected works. In higher mathematics he found again the dialectic movement in its most logical and, at the same time, most simple form; according to his opinion, only that science was really developed which had reached the point of being able to make use of mathematics.

Marx' library, consisting of more than a 1,000 volumes which he had carefully collected in the course of a long life of research, did not suffice for him; and for years he was a zealous frequenter of the British Museum whose catalog he rated very highly. Even his opponents have found themselves compelled to recognize his extensive and profound knowledge which he possessed not only in his

own field of political economy but also in history, philosophy and the literatures of all countries.

Altho he always went to bed at a very advanced hour, he was nevertheless always up between eight and nine o'clock in the morning, took his black coffee, read his papers, and then went into his study where he worked until two or three o'clock the next morning. He interrupted himself only long enough to take his meals and of evenings, when the weather permitted, to take a walk to Hampstead Heath; during the day he slept two or three hours on his couch. In his youth he was in the habit of staying awake whole nights at his work. Working had become a passion with Marx; it so absorbed him that he often forgot to eat because of it. It was not seldom that they had to call him repeatedly for meals before he came down to the dining room; and scarcely had he eaten his last bite when he was off to his room again. He was a very poor eater and even suffered from want of appetite which he tried to overcome by eating highly salted foods, ham, soaked fish, cavaire and pickles. His stomach had to pay for the colossal activity of his brain. He sacrificed his entire body to his brain; thinking was his highest pleasure. I have often heard him repeat Hegel's expression—his master of philosophy during his youth: "Even the criminal thought of a villain is grander and loftier than the wonders of heaven."

His body must undoubtedly have been a powerful constitution to be able to bear such an unusual manner of living and such exhausting spiritual labor. And, in fact, he was very powerful; his height was above medium, his shoulders were broad, his chest well developed, his limbs well proportioned altho his spinal column was somewhat too long in comparison with his legs, as is often to be found in the Jewish race. Had he participated in gymnastics a great deal in his youth, he would have become an extremely powerful man. The only exercise which he had practiced regularly was walking; he could tramp for hours, chattering and smoking or climb hills without feeling the slightest fatigue. One can assert that he worked walking in his study; he sat down only at short intervals in order to write down what he had thought out as he walked. He also liked to chatter very much while walking, stopping from time to time as the discussion became lively or the conversation important.



Bread Riots in Berlin

Why the U. S. Is in the Philippines

By HARRISON GEORGE

NOW we know what the Spanish-American war was about!

It was not to free Cuba from "Butcher Weyler," even tho to turn it over to "Butcher Machado." Nor was it to free the Filipinos from the Spaniards, but rather—we have found this out after a quarter of a century—to free the Moros from the Filipinos!

Time was, and the veterans of those days will bear witness, that the Filipinos were regarded as rather decent people, compared to the Moros. That was when the Moros were still unconvinced of the beneficent qualities of United States regulars, who "civilized 'em with a Krag-Jorgeson" rifle and jumped on their bellies after pumping them full of water.

THAT was time, also, when the Filipinos still believed the promise that the United States would grant them full and unrestricted independence. Whoever heard of an exploiting power "granting" anything to its exploited people without it being forced to! Few Filipinos are so naive nowadays.

But since that distant time the capitalists of the United States have found out that the Philippines are chock full of natural wealth and rich

resources, hard woods (not to speak of General Wood), sugar lands, rice paddies, gold mines, coal mines and the lord knows what else. Then, in addition, they recently discovered that Mindanao, in Moro-land, was an excellent place to grow rubber.

It happens that British capitalists caught the Yankees asleep at the switch and got a monopoly on rubber before the Americans woke up. With the result that American automobile owners are paying the British war debt to the United States by the way of the British corner on the rubber supply.

THUS it is that Colonel Carmi A. Thompson, personal representative of President Coolidge, is touring the Philippine islands "investigating" the overwhelming demands for independence coming from the Filipinos who are becoming a little incredulous of Yankee promises.

There is a law in the Philippines that no corporation can own more than 2,500 acres of land. For some reason or another, Bill Taft's supreme court has never been able to declare that law unconstitutional. And it now appears that this law restricts the United States Rubber trust from going into the islands where the Moros are, Mindanao and Basilan, in the

Sulu archipelago, and turning a patriotic penny into an even more patriotic dollar by developing immense rubber plantations to break the British monopoly.

SO we arrive at what is known as the "Bacon Bill" in the U. S. Congress, which would outwit the vigilant Philippine legislature, by cutting the Moro country loose from Filipino rule and establishing a rather brass-faced dictatorship of American officers over the territory, naturally conducive to giving the American Rubber trust anything its heart desires.

Colonel Thompson remarks that: "The success of the Basilan rubber planters convinces me that a rubber industry could be developed in the Philippines which would make the United States independent of any foreign rubber control and keep pace with the automobile tires and other rubber goods required by the American people."

THERE are 1,500,000 acres in Mindanao and Basilan, suitable for rubber growing. And Colonel Thompson observes further that:

"Filipino labor is said to be more intelligent and efficient than labor in the Middle West. I am much impressed with their physical vigor, skill and willingness to work. What is needed is capital."

What can be done with the boon of capital is explained by J. W. Strong, who introduced Para rubber cultivation at Isabella in 1905 and is now manager of the American Rubber company. He told Colonel Thompson that the net profit last year from nearly 2,000 acres of cultivated rubber and some 225,000 trees, was 16 per cent on the investment. A few years of that would pay of the entire original capital charge and the rest is clear velvet. It probably has done this for this plantation already.

Altho the Moros and Filipinos are supposed, in the American newspapers at least, to be at sword's points at each other, Mr. Strong remarked that the workers of both races "work peaceably together" and what is more to the point, they work for 60 cents a day.

WITH profits such as this in view, the American capitalists are prepared to "save the Moros from the Filipinos" or even to save the Moros from themselves. So as a counter move to the Filipino demand for independence we are hearing a chorus of morally righteous editorials in the American capitalist press that the U. S. must not desert the Moros, must protect the Moros, the dear little Moros, from the tyranny of the Filipinos.

CRADLE SONG

By JIM WATERS.

Oh, Newborn,
Child of the Toiler,
This is a bitter world for you;
From the shrunken breast of your mother,
Till the cold arms of death enfold you,
Hunger will be your bitter companion.
Many years of fruitless toil will come and go,
Before you understand the ways of Mammon;
Then thru this sodden age will come
The ray of hope that animates us all,
And then your face will hunger for the Dawn.
Oh, Newborn,
Child of the Toiler,
This is a bitter world for you;
But even so we greet you,
And prepare your loins for weapons of revolt.

A LAW IN PHYSICS

By HERSCHELL BECK

Get this straight, BO,
When one man wins
The many lose out.
It is a law in physics
Known in ancient Babylon,
The Greek philosophers knew this, too,
In Athen, long ago.

And yet,
men with proud bellies,
men puffing their fat cigars,
go on talking about success,
writing about success in the newspapers,
giving the many the tip-off to their secret,
with their milk-and-honey smiles
and their cabalistic words,

Push, pep, putting it over,
Work like hell, and stay within the law,
Everybody's free and equal,
Everybody gets an even break,
here . . . maybe.

O, I have seen the many blinded,
I have seen the many tricked
With magic phrases such as these,
And O, the many who are the losers
When one man wins.

For get this straight, BO,
When one man wins
The many lose out.
It is a law in physics,
And Jesus, lashing the merchants and the money-
lenders
Out of the Temple in Jerusalem,
He, too, was wise to this.

Roses, Wine and Song to Come

J. S. WALLACE

There is a wine was never known,
The juice of a grape that's not yet grown,
Its scarlet cup whoever drains
Shall feel the sun dance through his veins.

There is a rose that never grew,
A rare, rare rose of a red, red hue,
A hue so red, a scent so rare
Was never dream flower half so fair.

There is a song was never sung,
A tune that tripped from no man's tongue,
The deaf shall hear, the dumb shall sing,
And the lame shall dance to its carolling.

The rose, the wine, the song shall come
At the rat-tat-tat of a rebel drum,
The old in flame, the new in flower
As the workingclass comes into power.

Art and the Four S

By A. V. LUNACHARSKY

THE idea of socialism can be diversely conceived and interpreted. It is complicated. Here, even more than in the sphere of art, each new step does not obviate the preceding one but, on the contrary, includes it in a broader system. Here we are not dealing with the stages of the complete expression of socialism.

The First Stage.

In the first stage, the so-called social question is considered as a question of the inequality of man, not biological, but legal and economic inequality. One is tormented by the consciousness of the profound injustice of the fact that at one social pole is found well-being and superfluity, and at the other—miserable, oppressive poverty.

The privileged gave birth to the idea of philanthropic socialism; the step-children of society—to the socialism which Engels called "that communism which is founded solely on the demand for equality," and of which Kautsky said that "it is vulgar and naive; it was created not by social far-sightedness, not by altruistic thinking and feeling, but by urgent material needs, the struggle of class interests."

Philanthropic socialism, the socialism of sympathy for the sufferings of the people, has outlived its time and has not only become useless but, in many cases, harmful. Art has frequently enlisted in the service of socialism, but in so doing, has seldom raised itself to broad and exalted conceptions; it remained didactic, shedding tears and expressing indignation like an editorial in an honest newspaper.

The struggle for economic interests, sanctified by the idea of equality, is even now the concrete foundation of the entire socialist movement. Other artists have approached it and described it with more understanding and with more profound sympathy. But they did not raise themselves to the highest level of art, remaining on a level of naturalistic understanding. The artists exhausted themselves portraying the misery, the need and the ire of the proletariat, but they were afraid to understand his enthusiasm, as if ashamed to introduce "romanticism" into the sober portrayal of his struggles. An artist, not a proletarian, will hardly succeed in creating a masterpiece while standing on this naturalistic level. Nevertheless, one cannot fail to hail the gifted attempts of such writers as Mirabeau, Delagrèze, Youskevitch and especially Gorki.*

The Second Stage.

THE great French Revolution was the first to proclaim with such force the right of equality for every being. The thirst for freedom in the relations between people—that is the principal moral nerve of the end of the eighteenth and the entire nineteenth centuries.

But it turned out—and the courageous people, who had no fear of delving into the matter, had perceived it very early—that political and even spiritual emancipation is neither adequate nor concretely possible without the economic emancipation of man. The capitalistic dream of achieving such a freedom on the basis of the division of property among all, of founding a kingdom of equal, independent citizen-owners—this dream has disappeared. And then socialism came forward as a lawful continuator of the emancipation tendencies of the revolution: it set itself the task of organizing collective ownership for the complete emancipation of man.

Art is easily carried away by ideas of freedom because no one values freedom to such an extent as does the artist. The glorification of freedom, often full of enthusiasm, led to the creation of great works. But the artists have seldom expounded the idea of the necessity of instituting the collective human property as the sole basis upon which it is possible to erect the structure of freedom. The novels of Bellamy and even of Morris and several of the last works of the unique and gifted Velt, it seems to me, leave the reader cold. They are too much social treatise and too little art work; but the worst is that the whole stormy striving after freedom can be coiled off with the question asked by Zarathustra: "You tell me I am free, free. . . But for what are you free, my brother?"

Freedom cannot be an end in itself. As such, it merely appears to the slave. If the goal of socialism is freedom, then what is the goal of freedom? Enthusiasm over "empty freedom," which has lately acquired new strength and, in addition, has been spoiled by an unpalatable mysticism, is the enthusiasm of the helot and the cripple, the person who is smothered and who therefore thinks that air, the right to breathe, is an end in itself. One cannot deny the great significance of the art of the love of freedom, agitating and calling to revolution. But it is not very enduring. The idea of pure freedom is one-sided and perhaps that is why the people who are unable to give it a content,

*These writers are really attempting to transcend the limits of simple naturalism and to listen to the "romantic" in the soul of the proletarian.

exchange it for a mystic gas, with which their freedom is filled, and which tears towards the clouds, ever remaining empty and light because of this very emptiness.

The corrupt and disappointed thirst for freedom often manifests itself in an unexpected form—it becomes a thirst for freeing oneself from one's social duties, that is, simply a thirst for egotistic aloofness from the world process, from the struggle for concrete freedom and its new concrete content.

The Third Stage.

MORE profound and more lofty is the concept of socialism as the new collective world born within the old individualistic world. The basis of both worlds is the social character of the process of labor. But for the artist, the inner process is much more important here—the struggle in the soul of man and of mankind between the two bases, individualism and collectivism. I personally believe that the collectivistic attitude, the growth of the new collective soul, carries along with it not merely a powerful interest for the artist, the naturalist investigator, but also a powerful quality of value, capable of inspiring masterpieces permeated with the highest enthusiasm. Unfortunately, the artists of our

Jumping Up

By GEORGE JARRBOE

GOING down on the ladder Patrick dared to pause. For a split-second stolen from the master. "I am going down, always going down. Some day I shall go up." Other longshoremen shouted at him, admonitions to drop into their midst. He sneaked a look at the long ropes, cases precariously dangling, "whips" as aptly called, why not nooses, nooses that slowly strangled a man, relaxing reluctantly now and then so poor quality food could be thrust in the decaying mouth. Big feet up, big feet down, down, sweat stinging like little mosquitoes, half-uttered protests and murmurs of trapped slaves. Hooks plinked into cargo, methodically, like oars of galley-felons. The hold of the ship the bottom of a dark river, filled with tortures and chains. Bodies. Big boxes. Boxes. Hoodlum jokes. Comrades giving a hand in their clumsy way. Lousy smells of putrefying brains. Hell. Dig the hook in.

Case fell out of sling. Patrick naively touched his right ear, felt a little blood where the half-ton weight shaved him. Had to have a chew on that. Felt Mike rushing to the toilet. "Nearly got you, Paddy me bye, We get it sooner or later. Your tu'n'll come," joggled the big-hearted foreman.

Early in life Paddy took to the docks. There was a mother who required all the little fellow could earn, why hell three times what he could earn, the meager necessities seemed to make her slide quicker, she went out like a light. Somehow, doubtless from some naughty person, the boy got the idea this was all wrong. He



Drawing by Vose.

ages of Socialism

ave naturally given themselves over to individualism which has scarcely any feeling for the phenomenon of a new collective soul that is just beginning to take its wings which, at present, are still weak. Misfortune lies in the fact that they are every-accepting the psycho-pathological phenomenon of the mob as the true example of collective feeling and as the true expression of the collective. They are inclined to accept, especially the lofty sympathies, heroes and martyrs of the collective idea, merely its external, individualized aspect, without noticing its deeper social character. But then, shall we not wait for the artist-proletarian to express the collective-creative processes of human life? I do not think so. Even art itself, if conditions help it to take its normal forms of life—circles, schools, tendencies—can lead to correct performances. I want to say of the artist who carries on his work as teacher, as pupils, who feels that he is giving expression to the masses and to masses and is their inspiration, can enter the bright depths of the new super-individual soul thru simple self-observation. Unfortunately, individualism is ruining our artists. Instead of great

forms of art, schools, we see before us a forced, hysterical striving after originality, aloofness. Our artist can hardly create collectively at all, and that deprives him of the possibility of understanding the rising and growing collective psyche.

The Fourth Stage.

BUT if one merely considers here the standpoint of philosophy and history as a new epoch in human culture, differing radically from all former epochs thru which mankind has lived, socialism takes on a fascinating lustre. Labor, in all of its forms, is a process of the humanizing of nature, of its subjection to reason, of the conquest of the universe. But it cannot have the same significance in all its fullness so long as it is piecemeal and is conducted chaotically. Its piecemeal character, its disorganization, expresses itself in the degrading fact that it is a slave of the economic environment which it has itself created, of its own means of production. No less frightful and degrading are the class and national struggles which arm people one against another. The stage of profound disorganization of insane squandering of cultural forces, of internal struggle, is absolutely unavoidable in



LUNACHARSKY.

From the River A Story

ved to get the low-down on it. Followed up school. Wearing on the sorely tired life-giving to the budding mind, bright seeds of horizons, of the peoples' heroes "plunging thru the fiercest storm," of the ultimate calm blue sky and sweet river. While the big boxes stretched his muscles, a flexed his mind. A ladder out of his present un-ly life, rungs by the cynic aristos of Athens, oza, distorted sayings of a certain Judean Com-ist, the sunburst that was Shelley, naughty Ger-1, that baddest of bad boys—Lenin. Hell. Dig the in.

n of owner of line disturbed him. Fat, bloated, aristos made no use of chance to see world and its cities, understand and succor its lost men and wo- Paddy had just been reading of Akragas, "the beautiful city of mortals." Ah to go to Akragas, sh he had not read its white temples were ob- sded by smokey factories.

ctories! Paddy trembled at a poem by a naughty New York sal. About the factory wench and her dream of r things, she got caught and she couldn't wed, so the dark river, though the workers, all of 'em, were hing to her relief. Horizon dotted with five-point- lars, added Patrick, and hammers and sickles. Why couldn't the masters pay more? This bloated w had a hand in it. Why the fat stuff was stand- s squarely in his way on the ladder. Guess the ce- would have to present their bill. No doubt t ayment then. I should say not. Hope to kiss . Fat fellows on the latter. Knives cut meat, it

is also susceptible to explosion, in the distance drums, the day of glory marches nearer. Beautiful women up above—Helens, Sonnicas, Follies girls, perhaps even virgins—the kind men drowned railroads for and sweat- ed 800 fellow men on a great unhappy liner, and for each vessel 400 longshoremen must strain away months of life that such beauty might be brightly robed and royally jeweled. A tithe of one pearl would have saved the factory girl from the river. Fat stuff, will you never get off the ladder? Shall we have to slap you to sleep?

Three hundred pound bags of beans. Best breakers of backs and guts I know. Slaves carry 'em on their backs or try to. Bags. Tens, twenties, hundreds, mil- lions. Bags. Bags. Thuggees. Assassins. Bags. Com- rade gasping in the wings, blood on his lips, more blood coming. Ain't it annoying. Another lowbrow's got an internal hemorrhage . . . "Up from 'our tall' there?" the foreman at him in kindly tones. Paddy snatched a look at the ladder. Up it wended, up from the broken childish men, up from squalid homes reeking always of foul toilets, up from comrades slowly recovering in hospitals, up from unsung corpses of the industrial dead, up to a fine home, a lovely woman, really happy children, nearer landscape threaded with a silver river, glinting with hammers and sickles and five-pointed stars, winking a promise of freedom. Long roll of workers' drums and worldwide army marching. Hell. Dig the hook in.

Patrick groaned.

For a breather coming out into square of hatch, there was the bloated fellow grinning down at him. At his side a fabulous face that must have bloomed in Akra- gas. Jolly girl, of good shape. Probably having lots of fun. Happier and happier. Huh! The unwed mother plunging into the dark river.

"Paddy me bye!" protested the big-hearted foreman. The chained young colossus hastened to dig his hook in a case. Rattling of the winches on deck above. Winches too often defective, causing drafts to fall and take human lives, winches the masters cared little about, so much profit in the cargo you know, life-tak- ing winches, thought-murdering winches, proper expres- sions on the dungy river, damnable winches, suggest- ing the drum-fire of heavy machine-guns. Machine- guns. Winches. Machine-guns! Machine-guns! I must get back to my hook, said Paddy, the day of glory is not arrived.

Growing unbearable at the bottom of this hot and filthy river, into which the tortured factory girl had flung herself. Time to go up on the ladder, up to the woman of Akragas, up from foulness, fecal death. How sweet the new air. He dropped the slave's hook, stood up straight, breathing deeply, a free man.

Paddy smiled happily. Things ahead looked really worthwhile. Perhaps because another case fell out of slling, this time with better aim, they never found the ear with the pitiful scratch. A bit of cheap mess, I fear, on very valuable cases. But Patrick, himself seemed to mount, and burst on his famishing eyes white strand and whiter columns, a gorgeous countenance under bluest sky, gaily decorated with five-pointed stars and hammers and sickles. Up from the dark river! In his ears as he passed the roll of drums was drowned by the tread of all earth marching, the river was clearing up, big feet down, big feet up, sweat sting- ing but never mind, free men, free forever.

the growth of the economic power of man—but once it is understood, it becomes a curse. A significant part of the most painful and the most offensive sufferings of men are created by men themselves in their blind and fatal struggle and division among themselves. The process of destroying the dependence of the inspired person upon his soulless tools, of destroying class and national struggles, is difficult and complicated; but as a result of this process, an enormous quantity of liv- ing, cultural forces must be set free. The rapidity of the progressive movement of mankind will transcend all conceivable boundaries. Mankind will be trans- formed into a harmonious family of gods which will consciously follow its great goal—to secure the exist- ence and development of great phenomenon in the world: enjoyment, thinking and creation—phenomena, which arose in the world as a result of a happy concu- rrence of climatic and chemical conditions on a small planet and which find themselves in constant danger of senseless loss of energy or even of destruction as a re- sult of these latent processes. The self-defense of the hu- man kind is closely bound up with attack. The eternal goal of man and the goal which is continually drawing farther away from him, is to become a God, the prime thought and the feeling heart of the world. On the road to the realization of this dream, which has been of past and present, there will be created colossal cul- tural works and there will be realized the growth of refinement of the capacity to feel and enjoy, of the power of thought and the commanding mightiness of the will, indescribable in our language.

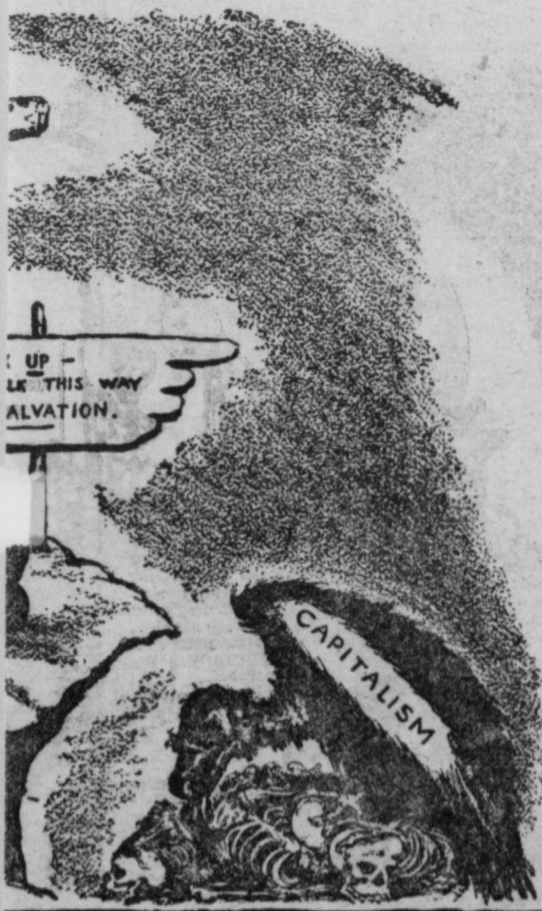
Socialism as a social question, is the prerequisite of true culture; it sets itself the goal of organizing even now the enormous but disintegrated forces of humanity.

Socialist as a teaching is the true religion of man- kind, divested of its mythical cloak in which the in- adequate development of the intellect and the feelings of our fathers had enveloped it. It unites our "humble," "materialistic" origin, the unavoidability of suffering, or degradation thru which we have lived, of baseness and error which we have committed; the unavoidability of the bitter draught of sufferings which we are still to take, and together with all this—the loftiness and greatness of the task of all human co-operation which sets before itself ever more clearly the goal: there must be a god, a living one, an all-happy and all-power- ful one. We are his creators!

Scientific socialism reveals, abstractly and in its basic lines, the painful, moving, majestic and strange process of god-creating, otherwise called economic process. Art, the art of tragedy, must reveal and make us feel this process in the whole, concrete, fiery, multi- colored, stormy transformation of its endless, real or conceivable manifestations. Every true art of tragedy is socialistic. Conscious art of tragedy is doubly social- istic.

Socialism needs art. All propaganda is embryonic art. All art is propaganda. It is the education of souls, their cultural transformation. On the general basis of the tragic world view, many tendencies are naturally possible which may contend with one another. But such a struggle is capable of giving birth to new lives, to new blossoms, is capable of adding surfaces to the thousand-surfaced figure of the human soul.

The union between scientific socialism and true art is a natural one. Unfortunately, very few at present understand the full cultural significance of socialism, and at the same time, new masterpieces of true art are unfortunately very rare.





By JAY LOVESTONE

Reminiscences of an American Loyalist 1738-89. Edited by Jonathan Boucher. Published by Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston and New York.

THE Reminiscences of an American Loyalist is the autobiography of a certain Reverend Jonathan Boucher who was rector of Annapolis on the eve of the first American revolution. The memoirs thus gathered are edited by his grandson. Mr. Boucher was a well-known preacher in his day. He was pro-government to the core. With the outbreak of armed struggle in the colonies Boucher was forced to go back to England where he was subsequently entrusted with the education of the sons of several outstanding figures in British tory politics at the close of the 18th century.

The writer of these memoirs came to Virginia in 1759 and soon became an intimate friend of George Washington. This friendship continued till late in 1775 when the preacher, much harassed by revolutionists, was compelled to flee the country.

Thru Tory Eyes.

A good portion of these reminiscences is of no interest at all to the reader. The details of personal and family life concern us only to the extent that they give us a picture of the social conditions at hand. In this respect, the Boucher memoirs have lasting value to the student of American history. Of course, no primary-school historian will gather any inspiration from this book. But for the historical materialist, the Marxian student of the first American revolution, there is substantial instructive material available in this writing.

Reverend Boucher looks at the first American revolution solely thru the eyes of the hide-bound tory, pro-government man at any cost and at any and all times. He tries hard to give us the impression of fair-mindedness and nonpartisanship. He succeeds only in emphasizing his tory viewpoint. For instance, Boucher speaks disdainfully of George Washington because his first education was received at the hands of a convict servant whom his father bought for a schoolmaster.

The Church and Our First Revolution. BOUCHER vividly describes the weakening, the sharp shaking of the foundation of the established church in the colonies in the immediate pre-revolutionary days and during the revolution. He says boastfully:

"In my own parish I remember with pride and comfort I had not a single dissenter of any denomination. Some of the thoughtful people of those less happy parishes applied to me to go amongst them and endeavor to check the delusion. Accordingly I prepared some sermons which I delivered among them, and by the blessing of God with such effect, that many who had been decoyed from the church returned to it..."

In the eyes of Mr. Boucher, who was a typical tory preacher, the forces opposed to the government "seemed to aim at a total renversement, and to stick at nothing to attain their end." This is the usual criticism of revolutionists at all times by all shades and sections of the defenders of the status quo of class relationships. Tho admitting that some individuals of his order "had been irregular, licentious and profligate," he bitterly cries out against an act providing for the trial of his fellow bible-pounders by a court composed equally of laymen and clerks.

Then Boucher lifts the lid off the attitude of his church to the revolution when he declares: "The church and the churchman did stand much in their way; or the great placemen had cunningly contrived to place our order in the front of the battle, that themselves might take shelter behind us."

Those of our devout who have no sense of humor might well chafe at Reverend Boucher's implied disapproval of the reactionaries' skilful use of the church and their faith in the prowess of the heavenly father's representatives on earth as a shield against revolutionary bullets and bayonets. To go on:

"The unpopular part I had lately taken respecting government had set the people against me," says our tory preacher. This leads Boucher to characterize the Americans of his day as "indeed a singularly violent, unproud and factious people." All of which goes only to show that the masses were right in their attitude towards the church which then, as is today, was primarily an integral part of the whole state apparatus which they were fighting to destroy. Boucher clearly reveals to us the close workings between the assembly of Maryland and the church in these enlightening lines:

"The management of the assembly was left very much to me; and hardly a bill was brought in which I did not either draw or at least revise, and either got it passed or rejected. It is not necessary here to set down how such things are done; they were done in that provincial assembly; and I have not a doubt but that they are done in the same manner and by the same means in the British parliament. All the governor's speeches, messages, etc., and also some pretty important and lengthy papers from the council were of my drawing up. All these things were, if not certainly known, yet strongly suspected."

Indeed, the pious and righteous preacher doesn't utter a harsh word in all his reminiscences about the means used to forge such a oneness of church and government. The tory confession is not so all-inclusive as all that. The reverend takes much pain, however, to question all the means used by his enemies—the opposing class, struggling for supremacy.

An Estimate of Washington.

A VERY interesting tory estimate of Washington is thus given by Boucher:

"I cannot conceive how he could, otherwise than thru the interested representation of a party, have ever been spoken of as a great man. He is shy, silent, stern, slow and cautious, but has no quickness of parts, extraordinary penetration, nor an elevated style of thinking. In his moral character he is regular, temperate, strictly just and honest (excepting that as a Virginian, he has lately found that there is no moral turpitude in not paying what he confesses he owes to a British creditor) . . . But he seems to have nothing generous or affectionate in his character."

Boucher goes on to tell about one of his meetings with Washington while the latter was on his way to assume command of the Continental Army. "Everybody seemed to be on fire, either with rum or patriotism, or both." The preacher narrates how he warned Washington that many events would transpire which have since then occurred. Washington then assured him that no such things as a civil war or struggle for independence would ensue. Says Boucher: "With more earnestness than was usual with his great reserve he scouted my apprehensions, adding (and I believe with perfect sincerity) that if I ever heard of his joining in such measures, I had his leave to set him down for everything wicked."

Obviously, Washington couldn't then see the objective logic of class warfare. The inexorable development of the conflict of opposing classes cannot be halted or dominated by personal wishes, promises, or hopes of any individual, no matter who he may be.

(To Be Concluded Next Issue.)

I Got a Job

By A Woman Worker Correspondent

IN the que of about forty women and a larger, very much larger number of men, waiting outside the employment office of Young's factory on Westminster and Russel, I found myself along with them in the rain waiting for a job.

I was "lucky." Out of the many women there, some husky enough to be used by the bosses to replace men in the monotony of factory work, I, a slim girl, was among the half a dozen that were given a job.

The foreman told me that the work would be somewhat dirty, but the pinch of unemployment had made me feel brave at the moment that I answered him that I did not mind the dirt.

Of course I had to pass thru the regular red tape that is uniform thru-out the factories of Detroit—answering questions as regards age, ability, etc.

Inside the factory there is one very noticeable fact—the large number of women. There is no doubt that they outnumber the men—and no wonder!

The wage, if we may call it such, is the grand sum of 25c an hour or \$12.00 a week. Women's hands are far cheaper than male hands!

The system of speed-up work is most modern and of course exacting. The bench moves at a certain speed. If one is slow, the work piles up. This means a constant and continuous speed in which one dare not stop even for a second. It is understood that the speed is not at a snail's rate, but a speed that will mean as great a day's production as possible—regardless of the wage paid to the workers.

Nine hours a day on your feet! I have to get up at 5 a. m. to get to work at 7.00 a. m., and we have but half an hour for lunch in which time I must get to the nearest restaurant to rush down a meal.

The dirt of the place is terrible. There is no supply of soap, and one must buy soap IN THE SHOP at 10c a bar.

To wash, one must use cold water to take off the grease. Such things as towels are conspicuous by their absence.

I suppose the next innovation will be a charge of 10c for the use of towels when they will be supplied!

Out of the \$2.00 a day that I receive, I will have to buy a pair of overalls to keep my dress from getting all full of that filthy grease and dirt.

Besides my regular operation. I have to carry bundles of springs on my shoulder. What with standing all day and carrying, at the end of the day I feel not a little tired out, but extremely fatigued.

The intense noise of the machinery just makes one's head swim. To be out in the open is like coming out of a jail after 40 years imprisonment. One staggers home to rest and after having rested the meal is just choked down one's throat. All the appetite is killed thru the noise, the dirt, the speed and the stink.

I sure am lucky! I got a job!



THE TINY WORKER

A Weekly. Edited by Margie Locke, Denver, Colo. Johnny Red, Assistant.

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MORE BUNK
By Margie Locke
age 13, Denver,
Colo.
Our teacher thinks
Our brains are
sunk.
She always gives
Us history bunk.
2
She told us that
Some kings were
good
When most their
Heads were made
of wood.
3
She told us if we
hope and pray
We all will be president
some day.
4
Our teacher tells
The bunkest
bunk
But we don't believe
all that old
junk.
Now isn't that
clever? This is the
first time we have
heard from Margie.
But she sure is
welcome. Come
again Margie—and
come often!
A dumb old guy
is Johnny Lead
He thinks no good
of any Red.
By Fred Goetz,
Age 12,
Portland, Ore.



"Gosh, I'm as hungry as a bear,"
Johnny Red's father said on Sunday
morning.
"Hey, when do we eat?"
Johnny's mother winked at Johnny
and said: "Come and get it!"
So Johnny's father jumped out of
bed and washed up quickly to come
to the table.
"Holy Cow—What's this?" his
father asked. On every plate was a
subscription blank for the new SUN-
DAY WORKER.
Johnny grinned from ear to ear.
Johnny's mother said: "Can't you
take a hint? Three dollars will pay
for three sub blanks for 12 subs for
20 weeks. Johnny and I will get the
names."
"Oh, ho—so that's the game!"
Johnny's father said. "Instead of pan-
cakes I get sub blanks for breakfast.
Well, alright, here's the money."
So Johnny's mother jumped up to
the stove and said: "And here's the
pancakes."
And Johnny shouted: "Oh, boy—
and here's the syrup."

DOUBLE-EXTRA!
HELP!
Something Awfully
Special.
Why not special
issue of the TINY
WORKER? Sup-
posing we start
with New York?
Just as soon as we
get enough contribu-
tions from New
York we will an-
nounce a special
New York issue of
The TINY WORK-
ER. Come on now
Irene Newman and
your little sister
and all the other
little Tiny New
York Reds. When
we get this out we
will try other cit-
ies.
RACE! RACE!
If any other
group of Young
Pioneers and other
children from any
city send in enuf
p o e m s , stories,
bunk, funnies and
other things we
will print a special
for them first.
What city will
have the first spe-
cial issue of The
TINY WORKER?
Los Angeles? Chi-
cago? San Fran-
cisco?



What Congress Will Do for Us (IF IT GETS A CHANCE)

By BERTRAM D. WOLFE

WHEN the worker and farmer cast their votes for congressmen and senators in the forthcoming election, they should not only keep in mind the astounding record of both parties in the last congress in vying with each other in subservience to big business and in their eagerness to reject any measures of benefit to the worker and the poor farmer, but they must also keep in mind what the next congress proposes to do to them if the same balance of forces prevails.

There need be no guess work as to the program of the next congress because it has already been frankly stated and no worker or farmer who supports the old parties need complain of being taken by surprise when the next session of congress begins its work.

A few days ago, Mr. Snell, chairman of the powerful house committee on rules, after a friendly chat with President Coolidge made a frank and fairly complete statement as to what the next congress proposes to do to the workers and farmers and the resources of the country if the present servants of big business continue to "represent" the people in the next sessions.

According to Mr. Snell, Number One on the order of business is "The disposition of Muscle Shoals." "Disposition" in this connection is a tremendously polite word. The Muscle Shoals power development cost the American government over \$150,000,000. It is such a gigantic power center that a former secretary of war of the U. S. government declared: "If I were greedy for power over my fellow men, I would rather control Muscle Shoals than be elected president of the U. S." But congress has safely tucked away in its archives the recommendation of the majority of the Muscle Shoals Joint Congressional Committee proposing to give this enormous development into private hands—into the hands of the Muscle Shoals Power Distributing company which is controlled by the Electric Bond & Share Co. Now the Electric Bond & Share is a modest little company which controls 1,700 power companies in 40 states of the United States (that was in last April, they may have covered the other eight states by now). And Electric Bond & Share in turn is controlled by the General Electric Co. And the General Electric Co. is controlled by J. P. Morgan & Co. And incidentally the Muscle Shoals Power Distributing Co. is made up of 13 associated South Eastern companies that sweep from Kentucky to the gulf including Georgia and Florida. Still incidentally it is interesting to note that one of these 13 companies is the Tennessee Electric Power Co., which according to Pour's Public Utility Manuel is linked with the Aluminium Co. of America owned by the "master mind" of the Coolidge administration, Andrew W. Mellon.

The second order of business for the next congress, according to Mr. Snell, is the "passage of bills increasing salaries of judges."

The third order of business is the "Radio Control Bill." What that will mean in the matter of thought control and in the matter of insuring the success of another monopoly we can judge from the practices of Mr. Hoover so far, from the difficulties already put in the way of the Chicago Federation of Labor's establishing a broadcasting station of its own (even before Mr. Hoover had the power to stop them) and in the refusal to permit Gitlow and Norman Thomas to broadcast speeches after they had been invited by broadcasting companies in New York City.

Next in line comes the "River and Harbor Bill" some of which may involve useful appropriation but which by and large, can be summed up with that picturesque term drawn from congressional vocabulary—"pork barrel."

Next according to Mr. Snell comes "Farm Relief Legislation." What this will be like we can judge from the fate of the Haugen McNary Bill in the

sessions just ended and from Mr. Coolidge's repeated statements of his program for what he calls "farm relief." But Mr. Snell is taking no chances on being misunderstood so he hastens to add, "In my survey of the farm situation I find that the condition in the west is now as good as desired and the republican party will do everything possible consistent with sound procedure (emphasis mine, B. D. W.) to alleviate the condition of the western agriculturist." What Mr. Snell means by sound procedure his vote and the vote of the majority of the last congress on even such a pitifully inadequate measure as the Haugen-McNary Bill clearly indicate.

But let us return to the order of business. Next in the ambitious program comes the "Consolidation of the Railroads." This means a single super-railway trust, of course, under a system of private ownership, the disappearance of the last vestiges of competition between roads and the creation of one powerful railway super-trust means that the old railway motto of getting from the farmer as freight rates "all that the traffic will bear," will be amended so as to read "just a little more than that."

Next come the "annual appropriation bills." Last year they amounted to about \$4,500,000 at the same time that Coolidge was blabbing about his economy. By economy he means economy at the expense of the workers and poor farmers but a liberal and free hand when it comes to big business and the "pork barrel."

The next point in Mr. Snell's modest little program is "a measure to reorganize the prohibition enforcement unit and strengthen the laws as to search and border control." This means another few thousand additional snoopers on the already enormous government payroll. When Coolidge took office, there were 600,000 persons on the payroll of the national government and he has since added 20 or 30 thousand more. Taken together, the national, state and city bureaucracies, we find that for every ten men gainfully employed in other industries there is one on the payroll of the government—national, state and local. We have thus the largest and costliest bureaucracy in the world and all Coolidge's economy blab does not prevent the high cost of government from being one of the great burdens upon the farmer and worker in the United States.

Finally, Mr. Snell admits that this is a short session of congress that is coming and that time will not permit him to do everything that big business requires of him, so his official statement, as reported in the press adds that "the session would be too short to consider much more than the above measures. This leaves out the proposal to regulate wage disputes in the hard coal field and to distribute coal in case of strike." In other words, he promises that a measure forbidding strikes in the coal industries similar to the Watson-Parker Bill in the railroad industry will soon be put across but big business cannot expect everything in one short session of congress. Moreover this reveals that congress is not only planning to outlaw strikes in the coal fields, but also to break strikes by distributing coal in case one should occur. To distribute coal in order to lessen a coal famine, to distribute coal at cost in order to limit the sufferings of the poor in our big cities in mid-winter, to distribute coal in order to break the monopoly of the coal trust over this most necessary of products—all this would be, in the language of Mr. Snell, "paternalism" and "inconsistent with sound procedure to alleviate the condition." To distribute coal to break a miners' strike—that is politics and good government as Mr. Snell and the majority of the present congress understands it.

Now the issue is up to the workers and poor farmers. Mr. Snell has spoken after conference with Coolidge and he has spoken with a rare frankness for which we should be grateful. If the same kind of con-



The Farmer Wants to Know

By JOHN B. CHAPPLE

CAPITALISM'S reactionary farm papers, printed by the millions of copies and sold for almost nothing, have proved one of the most subtle and vicious weapons for lancing the growing feeling of solidarity between the farmer and the city worker. This flood of capitalist propaganda has perplexed the man who toils in the fields, and for many years has rendered his groping toward a united front with the city proletariat sterile.

But capitalism by one of its inherent contradictions has produced a farm population intelligent enough to tear the veil of ignorance from its eyes. The flood of capitalist "dope" is about done for. The young farmers—those who are not driven off their farms and into the cities—will have none of it; economic pressure is so severe that even older men, minds dulled by long hours and little time to think, are vomiting up this poison.

"The Country Gentleman"—the name is a ghastly joke and an attempt to falsify the farmers' position and give him a set of ideals that will line him up with his enemies, the exploiters, in the class struggle—is one of these farm papers that drips capitalist poison.

To begin with, "The Country Gentleman" is published by the Curtis Publishing company, Philadelphia, which also turns out the Saturday Evening Post—leader of the blackest kind of reaction.

In the advertising pages of "The Country Gentleman" you will find Fisher Bodies, Timkin Bearing, Mobil oil, Westinghouse, Crane, Johns-Manville, Western Electric, Gold Medal, Fisher Bodies, Timken Bearing, Mobil-Swift, and the run of auto and tobacco ads.

What you will not find is anything about the farmers' revolt, about the rising mortgages and for sale signs, the delinquent taxes and the crops spoiling on the ground because of the marketing system and the freight rate barriers.

No, instead, there are the usual editorials about our grand constitution, about the millions of homes of "free" men and women, about the "rule of reason and law rather than force," about the community churches, the "centers of spiritual revival"—one final effort to hoodwink the farmer, to interest him in the "sweet bye and bye," so he won't struggle when the economic blindfold is slipped over his eyes. A rural pastor gave this game away when he told a farmer who had become interested in co-operative projects that such things would never work out because the Almighty had given humanity many tongues at the tower of Babel and people would not be able to work together but must seek individual salvation—not forgetting the rural pastor's salary as dope dispenser.

These so-called farmers' magazines advice building more buildings to help the lumber manufacturers; buying more machinery—to help International Harvester; borrowing more money—anything and everything except attacking what's wrong.

Another example is "The Farm Journal," also loaded with the advertising of American Telephone and Tele-

graph, National Electric Light, American Radiator, Hollywood-in-Florida, Harvester, General Motors, and the rest.

gressmen of the republican and democratic parties are returned to the next session, we know in advance what they will do for and to the American people. At least everyone will know what kind of congressman and what kind of congressional program he is voting for and if the workers and farmers do not revolt at such cynical frankness and elect representatives of their own, then they will have nobody to blame but themselves when the next congress represents the interests of big business and not the interests of the workers and farmers of America.

graph, National Electric Light, American Radiator, Hollywood-in-Florida, Harvester, General Motors, and the rest.

A favorite stunt of this magazine is to send out salemen to ask the farmers questions—and get their money. The idea of the questions is to make the farmer feel important—his answers will be the basis of a "demand" upon congress. There is an insidious angle to this scheme too. The farmer is asked if he believes in co-operative selling and when he says yes, he gets one like this:

"Do you think that child labor should be controlled by congress?"

Before the farmer gets a chance to answer, the subscription agent pulls this on him:

"Do you want your children to sit around till they're eighteen, never doing any chores? If they don't do any work till that age, will they ever do any work? Do you want to give away the right of controlling your own sons? Do you want to be prohibited from having your son turn the whetstone while you are sharpening a blade?"

The farmer, who can barely keep alive working fourteen hours a day with his wife and children working too, says no.

It is easy to figure what this sort of a survey can be used for by a paper with its capitalist backing. Farmers' signatures will turn out to be the "thousands of good American citizens opposed to child labor legislation." Thus the farmer unintentionally plays into the hands of the mill barons, crushing out lives of the children of the mill towns.

This is the last thing in the world that the thinking farmer would want to do. And this sort of thing does not work nearly so well today as it might have a few years ago. Farmers are becoming conscious of themselves and their place in society and their close relation with the city worker. The lie about "different interests" which was used by capitalist politicians in fighting the old non-partisan league and which is used every time the farmer and city worker move toward closer union, has lost its force.

The capitalist poison disguised as "help for the farmers" no longer goes down. The secretary of one farm club advised its members:

"There's too much reading of what's the matter and what to do and what not to do. Our farm papers are misleading us. They're telling us the legislature and congress will solve everything. It's a lie—it's their lie. The legislature and congress are not going to do anything. All the farmers must become class-conscious and until they become so, they will get nothing."

The president of another farm organization contrasted agricultural progress in Russia with the exploitation of the farmers by the capitalists in this country, and wound up:

"I'm a radical and I admit it. I don't care if they run me out of town with a horsewhip."

The day of the "Country Gentleman" dope is passing. The farmer does not care to be that kind of a gentleman; he knows that he too is a worker, a partner of the factory worker in the city—not an enemy of the factory worker as the capitalists tell him.

He is turning away from the subsidized pages of enemy "farm papers," turning away from the comic "relief" ideas of Arthur Capper, the "good management and diversified farming" formula; turning away from the "liberalism" of Frank Lowden, the same sort of knife-in-the-back that almost wrecked the English labor movement at the close of the 19th century.

Today's farmer is studying Communism because it offers him a real road to freedom.

SPORTS

Babe Ruth's contract has expired this fall. With the new contract as an incentive the



Big Boze of Bam socked four home runs in the world series for a new record. The newspapers now report he is to ask \$150,000 a year in his new contract.

All the good union men who will help to pay the salary of this King of Swat has begged its members not to attend games played with this high-priced bozo. He has allowed his name to be used in advertising scab prison-made goods. He is continually in stunts to promote recruiting for military service. He plays the patriotic gag for all the money there is in it. He is not only a good ball player but also a good "patriot" who knows there is money to be found in the flag. Such is Babe Ruth. And such is the business of professional sports. Phooie!

It was bound to come: the life story of Gene Tunney broadcast by Mr. Hearst. We learn that Tunney's first public bouts were staged as "church benefits." How elevating! Lifting faces for Christ's sake! His last fight was also somewhat of a church benefit. The politically wise old catholic church cashed in on some free advertising. Cardinal Whoozis, Bishop Whatsisname and a few other dignitaries threw a big feed for the new champion. There was plenty to eat and maybe something to wash it down. The church was mentioned quite often and as the old song goes "the papers printed their face."

YOU live in New York? You get that tired feeling? Your liver is acting kind of queer? You need exercise! You can get it by joining the Red Star Sports Club. This workers' sports club is now carrying on a membership drive. Your application will be gladly accepted any Thursday after 8 p. m. at 56 Manhattan Ave. Step around.

C. C. (Cold Cash) Pyle has raised general halleluja in amateur tennis circles. Besides Suzanne Lenglen, he now has made professionals of Vincent Richards, Feret, Marry K. Brown, Kinsey and Snodgrass. He is also working so fast he might have landed a few more before this is printed.

This means America has no chance at international tennis honors next year. Meanwhile this man Pyle (of money) will present the "world's greatest tennis players in captivity" at seats from one to five dollars. Watch the fun in the National Amateur Association. You will see hurried revisions of rules and we can assure you the "amateurs" who have not yet listened to the moneyed words of Pyle are going to get a nice increase in "expense" money. But it will be quite hard to keep the dirt hidden. Sports are now definitely a business. Usually a pretty bad business, too!

THE Bronx Workers' Sports Club is on the lookout for a few good young basketball players. If you think you are one of them, step over some evening to the club rooms at 1247 Boston road. This is, of course, only a New York opportunity.

Well, the old master is done for. Dempsey dodged Harry Wills successfully for years. Finally age and inactivity did the rest. Jack Sharkey, a new man, beat Wills decisively and erased him from the list of aspirants for the heavyweight championship. No doubt our friend Tunney will now sleep much better.

It's a sad case. Here was a splendid boxer who, because he was a Negro, was Jim-Crowed out of glory and the gift that's on it. It was difficult

for him to get bouts at all times. Altho a logical contender for a few years, Dempsey carefully avoided a fight with him. Dempsey was then no slouch. Neither was Wills. The bout should have been worth seeing. That is, if you enjoy the gentle art of lifting faces.

After fighting seldom, already at the age of forty, Harry Wills was beaten by a new man. The old muscles don't respond. The kick is lacking in the punches. Here's something like the case of our old capitalist system. The old boy has seen his best days. The Communists know it. The working class, young, carrying the kick of a mule in each fist, will come along and sock capitalism into the list of ex-champions. That's the history of all fighters and also all social systems. And remember—ex-champions never come back!

The Bug

COMING SOON—

The American Jungle, by V. F. Calverton. The next serial article by the author on Labor in Literature. A story for the Woman's Page by Rose Pastor Stokes, with a drawing by herself. Curiosities of Nature. A new permanent feature, conducted by scientists and technical experts.

In the **NEXT!** ISSUE!

SPECIAL FEATURES ON THE STRUGGLES OF THE CHINESE PEOPLE FOR FREEDOM, including articles on The Chinese Woman, by Halina Sieriebriakova. Revolution and Poetry in China. Drawings of and comments on leading men in present-day China. WHO IS WILHAM B. WILSON? A delightful story of the senatorial elections in Pennsylvania, by Harrison George. Illustrated by O'Zim. CAPITALIST PROPAGANDA IN THE AIR, by M. Chiloofsky. THE GARMENT INDUSTRY, THE UNIONS AND THE CLOAKMAKERS' STRIKE, by Joseph Zack. Illustrated by Jorger. THE ROLLING FARMERS, by Joel Shomaker. A feature in the Farmers' Column. A GUITAR IN THE RAIN, by Walt Carmon. And the other permanent features of the magazine.

Sunday Worker Appearance Postponed to December

DUE to the money-raising campaign TO KEEP THE DAILY WORKER, which requires the utmost concentration of effort by all our friends and supporters, it was found advisable to postpone the appearance the SUNDAY WORKER to December. This will enable us to give the subscribers and prospective readers of the SUNDAY WORKER an even better and more attractive weekly than was possible originally. Several more features and prominent labor journalists in the United States and abroad will thus be added to the SUNDAY WORKER.

A WEEK IN CARTOONS By M. P. Bales

