

# The New Magazine

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AKIA

## In The Public Eye

Nearly every capitalist politician is playing around with the Ku Klux Klan but hardly any of them want the fact to become known. Democrats as well as republicans are guilty of lending aid and receiving criminal support from the nightgowned monstrosity. The workers should draw from this fact the proper conclusions on election day, Monday, November 2nd.



Our grave General Dawes is crusading again. He always is. This time it is the primary law that is drawing fire from the "savior" of Germany, Europe and our own United States.

Well, we are not much in love with the primary law ourselves. But when men like Dawes declare war against it, we wish to know the reason why.

This is Andrew Mellon. He may not look here like his photograph but he is more his real self in this picture than in any photograph you may have seen.

Incidentally this is how Andy looks in the eyes of the French workers and peasants. To them he appears as the representative of imperialist oppression and robbery. Which explains the whole picture.

Romany Marie is nowadays so much in the public eye that people are apt to forget that Roumania is blessed also with a king. So here is the gentleman himself, Ferdinand of Roumania.

We are not altogether indifferent to his looks altho they are decidedly bad. But we stand ready to forgive him even his face if he would only assert himself and get his queen back home.



## Green Pretends To Be Offended

THIS year the American Federation of Labor had the unpleasant and startling experience of holding its annual convention in what in certain itinerant working class circles would be known as a "hoss-tile town."

Under pressure from the Board of Commerce, the Employers' Association of Detroit, the Associated Building Employers, the Michigan Manufacturers' Association and the conglomerate Citizens' Committee, the directors of the Y. M. C. A. committed the first breach of etty-kek by withdrawing an invitation to President William Green to speak in the "Y." auditorium on Labor Sunday. Pressure was also brought against the pastors and trustees of the churches to close their pulpits to the A. F. of L. delegates unless they would agree to surrender their pulpits on the following Sunday to open shop, American Plan speakers. And on the cover of the Detroit, the Board of Commerce official weekly organ, Oct. 4, the opening day of the convention, was the open threat of "another Herrin," should the convention take steps looking toward the organization of the hundreds of thousands of unorganized workers in the automobile industry.



WILLIAM GREEN

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The attitude of the executive council and the convention was that the organized employers were guilty of downright bad manners.

"I am reminded just now that there has come to us through devious ways the information that there are some minority groups of this city who seemed somewhat alarmed because of our presence here," Green said on the opening day of the convention in his keynote address. "Perhaps they still entertain the idea that the representatives of labor are vicious backwoodsmen who know little about cultured life. But as a refutation of that impression I invite them here; I invite them to come among us during the deliberations of this convention, sit with us, look and listen, and when they depart I will leave it to their judgment and their conscience as to whether or not the representative men and women of labor assembled here in this city do not compare favorably with any other group in society."

The propaganda the organized employers carried on before and during the convention was class-conscious. They assumed the American Federation of Labor would plan a campaign of action in keeping with the traditions of the world labor movement when it found itself officially bivouacked in the shadow of the open shop.

On the cover of the October issue of the Detroit was the following quotation from a published recommendation of James O'Connell, president of the Metal Trades Department of the A. F. of L., a few days before at the annual convention of the department: "I have given the situation much thought and I am convinced that if any success is to be had in organizing automobile mechanics it must be of a general character carried on by the American Federation of Labor thru its organizing forces. I recommend, therefore, that this convention in-

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## Day By Day

**Coolidge Fires His Big Gun** Election Day being only a few days off, Coolidge fires a last shot from his big gun. He assures the world that high wages are the main factor in "our" prosperity and that he is in favor of both.

Very fine sentiments, indeed, but we have good grounds not to believe him. And we feel certain that the textile slaves of New England (the president's own home country) together with millions of other American workers will share our opinion.

**Capitalists Say They are Against Luxuries** The National Association of Manufacturers not being officially responsible for the labor policies of the government seem to feel that they can speak out more freely than Coolidge. Thus the Association makes public a symposium of opinions of thirty-two executives of leading industrial organizations (meaning heavy exploiters of labor) expressing themselves flatly against the five-day week.

Reasons? They have many, one of them being that a five-day week will create among the workers "a craving for additional luxuries to occupy the additional spare time."

**Sacco and Vanzetti Again in Danger** The brutal beast that is holding the American working class in its grip would not let go of Sacco and Vanzetti. The lives of these two innocent workers are again suspended in the balance. If these are to be saved, another powerful movement of protest must be started immediately. The International Labor Defense is showing the way. Give it your utmost support.

**Scratch a Liberal And You Will Find A Capitalist** Brandies and Holmes are supposed to be the "liberal" members on the Supreme Court of the United States. And so they are: awfully liberal to the bosses. These two judges have voted together with the rest of the court to uphold the Kansas Industrial Court which practically outlaws strikes. Will the American Federation of Labor realize its responsibility in the matter? In the face of such decisions the American workers can hardly afford to lose much time in mobilizing their forces, economically and politically, for a real struggle against the capitalists.

**William Green is Not So Wild After All** While it is true that Bill Green spoke some "harsh" words to the Detroit manufacturers yet at bottom he is a good, tame little servant of the bosses. When they had to have "labor's" blessing in the celebration of Navy Day, they got Green to come down to the Brooklyn Navy Yard, deliver a speech urging a strong navy, and drive the first rivet into the keel plate of a new warship. Green calls that "promoting the peace of the world."

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# Karl Marx

## Personal Recollections



By PAUL LAFARGUE.  
IV.

HIS method of working often placed tasks before him the magnitude of which the reader of his writings can scarcely imagine. Thus, in order to write about twenty pages in "Capital" on the protection laws of the English workers, he had to work thru an entire library of Blue Books containing the reports of the investigating committees and of the factory inspectors of England and Scotland. He read them from beginning to end, as is evidenced by the numerous pencil marks that he made in them. He counted these reports among the most important and most significant documents in the study of the capitalistic method of production and held such a high opinion of the men who had been entrusted with them that he doubted whether one would succeed in finding such experts in any other nation of Europe, "men so impartial and unpersuadable as the factory inspectors of England." He has paid this brilliant acknowledgement to them in his foreword to "Capital."

Marx drew a wealth of information from these Blue Books which many members of the lower house, as well as of the house of lords, to whom they had been distributed, used as targets at which to shoot in order to measure the force of percussion of their weapons by the number of pages that the shots penetrated. The others sold them according to weight; and that is the most sensible thing they could have done, for this custom made it possible for Marx to buy them cheaply, from a dealer in old paper in Long Acre, whom he visited from time to time in order to look thru the latter's books and waste paper. Professor Beesley declared that Marx was the man who had made the most use of the official investigations of England, indeed, the one who has acquainted the world with them. Professor Beesley, however, did not know that before 1845 Engels had taken numerous documents from these Blue Books, which he had used in the composition of his book on the condition of the working classes in England.

In order to know and love the heart that beat under the cover of the scholar one had to see Marx in the lap of his family after he had put aside his notes and books and on Sunday evenings in the company of his friends. He then proved to be the most agreeable companion, full of wit and humor, and one who could laugh wholeheartedly. His black eyes, over-arched by thick eyebrows, sparkled with joy and mocking irony whenever he heard a witty word or a ready answer.

He was a tender, gentle and considerate father. "The children must educate their parents," he used to say. Never in the relations between himself and his daughters, who loved him very much, had even a shadow of paternal authority made itself visible. He never commanded them, but asked them for whatever he wanted as for a kindness, or he suggested that they forbear from that which he wished to forbid. And yet there was seldom a father who was listened to more than he. His daughters looked upon him as their friend and chummed with him as with a comrade. They did not call him "father," but "Mohr," a nickname which he had received because of his dark complexion and his raven-black hair and beard. On the other hand,

the members of the Communist League before 1848 called him "Father Marx," altho he had not yet reached his thirtieth year then.

He spent hours on end playing with his children. The latter still remember the sea-battles and the burning of whole fleets of paper boats which he made for them and which, to their great joy, he then put into a large pail of water. On Sundays his daughters did not allow him to work: he belonged to them the whole day then. In fine weather the entire family set out for a long walk in the country, stopping on the way at ordinary taverns in order to drink ginger beer and to eat bread and cheese. When his daughters were still small he shortened the long way for them by telling them non-ending, fantastic fairy tales which he invented as he walked and whose complications he spun out and developed according to the length of the road, so that the little ones forgot their fatigue in listening. Marx possessed an incomparable richness of poetic fancy; his first literary works were poetry. Mrs. Marx carefully preserved her husband's youthful verses. Marx' family had dreamed of a career for their son as writer or professor; in their opinion he degraded himself by devoting himself to socialist agitation and by occupying himself with political economy, which, at that time, was looked upon with contempt in Germany. Marx had promised his daughters to write a drama for them, the subject of which was to be the Gracchi. Unfortunately, he could not keep his word: it would have been interesting to see how he would have treated the man who has been called the "Knight of the Class Struggle," this grand and frightful episode of the class conflict of the antique world. Marx carried around many plans which were never realized. Among other things, he intended to write a logic and a history of philosophy, the latter having been his favorite study in his youth. He would have had to live a hundred years in order to carry out his literary plans and give to the world a part of the treasures which his brain concealed.

Thruout his life his wife was a companion to him in the truest and fullest sense of the word. They had both learned to know each other as children and had grown up together. Marx was not more than seventeen when they were engaged. The young people waited for nine years before they were married in 1843, and from that time on they were never separated. Mrs. Marx died a short time before her husband. No one possessed the feeling of equality in a greater measure than Mrs. Marx, and this, in spite of the fact that she had been born and raised in an aristocratic family. There existed no social differences nor classifications for her. In her house, at her table, she received workers in their working clothes with the same politeness and courtesousness as tho they were sovereigns and princes. Many workers of all countries have learned to know her charming hospitality, and I am convinced that not a single one of them has guessed that the woman who received them with such sincere and gentle heartiness is descended in the feminine line from the family of the Dukes of Argyll and that her brother has been minister to the king of Prussia. That did not bother Mrs. Marx; she had left everything in order to follow her husband, and she never regretted what she had done, even in the times of dire need.

She possessed a cheerful spirit. The letters directed to her friends, which flowed unforcedly and without effort from her pen, are truly masterful contributions of a lively and original spirit. It was considered a treat to receive a letter from Mrs. Marx. Johann Philipp Becker has published several of them. Heine, the inexorable satirist, feared Marx' ridicule; but he felt a great admiration for the keen and sensitive spirit of his wife. When the married couple lived in Paris he was a frequent guest at their



## A PEEK EACH WEEK AT MOTION PICTURES



### THE VITAPHONE IN NEW YORK.

THE VITAPHONE has taken New York by storm. In addition to Warners Theater where it has been playing for several months it can now be seen at the Colony Theater, both of which are packed to capacity at every performance.

Thru the Vitaphone, the talking moving picture has at last come into its own, leaving the experimental stage and becoming a bona fide means of entertainment. Its future possibilities are endless. There is no seeing at present what its future will bring.

One thing, however, that is apparent at present is that it will eliminate the orchestras and organs in the future from the picture theaters. At both theaters where it is playing there is no other musical accompaniment for the feature pictures that follow the Vitaphone prelude, except the Vitaphone orchestra, which is a part of the film and is superior to the best orchestra because it is able to keep up with the action of the picture, including the smallest detail in a remarkable fashion.

At the Colony Theater, where the Vitaphone brings talking pictures of Elsie Janis, Al Jolson, George Jessel, Reinal Werrenrath and Willie and Eugene Howard to us, the audience is kept spellbound as they sing and tell stories, almost every word being as clear as tho they were on the stage. After the intermission Syd Chaplin is seen in an unusually funny comedy, "The Better 'Ole," with the Vitaphone furnishing the music.

The program at Warners' Theater includes Giovanni Martinelli, Mischa Elman, Anna Case, the Metropolitan Opera House Company chorus and the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, Henry Hadley, conductor, in Vitaphone numbers followed by John Barrymore in "Don Juan."

All and all, the Vitaphone is the beginning of a new epoch in the history of moving pictures.

Sylvan A. Pollack.

### IN CHICAGO

THE first Vitaphone performance which has now been showing for seven weeks at the McVickers Theater, presents Anna Case, Mischa Elman, Martinelli and other opera and musical stars together with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. John Barrymore, noted stage and screen star is featured in the new picture "Don Juan," completing the second half of the bill. Performances are only twice daily: 2:15 and 8:15.

### IN BOSTON

The Vitaphone began its first week at the Colonial Theater this week. Cleveland, Detroit, Pittsburgh and Philadelphia showings are being arranged for early showing.

### A DOZEN IN BRIEF.

THE STRONG MAN—Harry Langdon will get a laugh out of you.

VARIETY—Excellent.

THE AMATEUR GENTLEMAN—Fairly entertaining with excellent photography.

MARE NOSTRUM—Holly halleluja for hundred percenters.

THE PASSAIC STRIKE—Every worker should see it.

TIN GODS—An average picture.

LA BOHEME—Far above the average.

ALOMA OF THE SOUTH SEAS—Gilda Gray giddily girates.

UP IN MABEL'S ROOM—Entertaining Marie Prevost.

THE ROAD TO MANDALAY—Phooie!

ACROSS THE PACIFIC—Phooie!

MEN OF STEEL—Phooie! Phooie!

Phooie!

house. Marx had such great respect for the intelligence and the critical sense of his wife that he told me in 1866 that he had submitted all of his manuscripts to her and that he valued her judgement very highly. Mrs. Marx always copied his manuscripts for publication.

### "THE EAGLE OF THE SEA."

NOTHING particularly great about it. It is very doubtful whether it can compare to "The Sea Hawk." There is, however, some exceptionally good acting in it and a few scenes of outstanding fineness. The story centers on a plot of Spanish emissaries to involve the United States and England in a war, in order that Spain might again reconquer her old Louisiana territory. The man selected to do the dirty work was Jean Laffitte, a talented pirate ably played by the dapper young Ricardo Cortez whose morality is aroused and becomes a real gentleman.

Honorable mention is due to Andre Beranger who plays the part of Jarvis, a scoundrel but perfectly lovable young pirate who is constantly celebrating with spirituous elements. He is consequently, seen tottering around unsteadily. But like the famous "soaks" of baseball, Alexander and Babe Ruth, he proves himself worthy of his hire in a time of pinch by holting himself over to the enemy ship and setting fire to the powder magazine. In getting back over to his own ship he was hit by a musket ball and carried by his comrades to Napoleon's stateroom, where he expired.

This reminds me that the ship on which the pirates were sailing was Napoleon's. Goodness knows why or how this ship came to be hereabouts. Florence Vidor doesn't do much except look beautiful and she does it rather well. She furnishes the motif for the Laffitte's conversion. The usual fadeout takes place in a very usual manner.



Florence Vidor in "The Eagle of the Sea."

### THE OPERA.

Six Italian works, two French and one German are to be presented in the first week of the Chicago Civic Opera season in its 1926-27 season, opening Monday evening, November 8.

The first week's program will include on Monday: "Aida" with Aroldo Lindi, Florence Misgen, Claudio Muzio, Cyrena Van Gordon and others; Tuesday: "The Jewels of the Madonna" with Rosa Raisa, Lamont and Rimini; Wednesday: "La Boheme" with Montesanto and Edith Mason; Thursday: "Resurrection" with Mary Garden, Ansean and Formichi; Friday: "Tristan and Isolde" with Cyrena Van Gordon, Marshall and Bonelli; Saturday afternoon: "Rigoletto" with Elde Norena and Chas. Hackett; Saturday evening: "Il Travatore" with Louise Loring, Polese and Lindi.



# The American Jungle

(Of the Series Labor in Literature)

By V. F. CALVERTON

**T**HE Middle Ages were scarred with ignorance and superstition, saturated with the blood of witch and heretic. Priests lived upon the labors of the poor. Predatory nobles burned and pillaged in the name of God. Crusades for Christ became part of the program of Popery. Paranoiacs became saints, and madness became virtue.

Yet with all of this strange, twisting life, this sacrifice of human spirit and human intelligence, there was about the Middle Ages a social economy unknown to our day. The profit motif was undeveloped. Capitalism, despite its early outbursts in ancient Greece and Rome, had not evolved into a system.

In brief, there was about the social philosophy of the Middle Ages a sociality of attitude, and a Communism of sentiment that, within its scope, gave unity and co-operation to endeavor. Riches, in the words of St. Antonio, exist for man, not man for riches. The Christian hierophants of the Middle Ages, reflecting the ethical outlook of the feudal order, were opposed to avarice and competition. The ideal system, wrote Gratian, is Communism. Usury was condemned, and private gain at the expense of public benefit was considered social sacrilege. Gratian's statement:

"The man who buys (something) in order that he may gain by selling it again unchanged as he bought it, that man is of the buyers and sellers who are cast forth from God's temple,"

is illustrative of the feudal attitude toward cupidity and exploitation. The "lust of gain" was inevitably scourged.

A schoolman of the fourteenth century expresses the same attitude in even more illuminating detail:

"He who has enough to satisfy his wants, and nevertheless ceaselessly labors to acquire riches, either in order to obtain higher social position, or that subsequently he may have enough to live without labor, or that his sons may become men of wealth and importance—all such are incited by a damnable avarice, sensuality or pride."

The common need was paramount. Usury was categorized with adultery and fornication, and no usurer "could become mayor, councillor or master of the guild." It was described as an unpardonable sin. The relief of the poor was one of the fundamental duties of those who had escaped poverty. In brief, it was the social character of wealth that was at the basis of the medieval doctrine of feudal religion.

The disappearance of this sociality of attitude with the rise of individualism is significant. Calvin's justification of interest and defense of the merchant are an arresting form of the change. Religion, with the commercial revolution and the new order, now becomes an anodyne of capitalism. Money-making is now justified as virtuous and profit defended as a form of religious wisdom. The economic virtues become predominant. Prudence and piety are now considered "the best of friends." And the discharge of "the duties of business" becomes the "loftiest of religious and moral virtues." Profit-making becomes an attribute of the good life. Success in business, according to the preacher, Richard Steele, becomes "a proof that a man has labored faithfully in his vocation, and that God has blessed his trade."

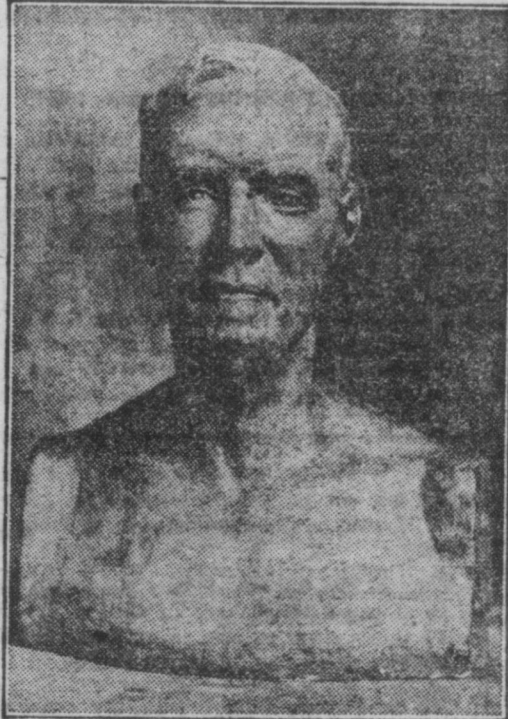
Thus religion justifies capitalism, defends and exalts the bourgeoisie, hallows the exploitation of the many by the few, sanctifies wars and is made to bless an industrial plutocracy.

Today the profit-motif is a mania. It has turned our civilization into an abattoir in which men are the victims as well as the butchers. The desire for profits consumes everything in its sweep. The very idea of a social world becomes taboo. Teachers are taught to impress its absurdity. Priests are driven to reveal its futility. Newspapers make it a mockery and statesmen denounce it as a dangerous dream. Is it any wonder, then, that men like Carlyle and Ruskin, lacking the telescopic vision of Marx, wanted to turn back to feudalism? Of course, their desire was frustrated before it was born, but its motivation is easily appreciated.

In things closest to man's life, the food he eats, the woman he marries, the monetary-motif has swept. "Marrying for money" has become a colloquialism that is knit into the very life of our language. "She did well" referring to her marriage—is but a form of economic approval. Our marital life in large part rotates about this pivot. In food manufacture the same spirit is

dominant. Our factories produce for profit. Putrid food that yields profit is better than pure food that brings loss. Cheap ingredients that ruin stomachs are better than good ingredients that strengthen muscle—if the former bring greater yield. And, therefore, we must inaugurate health boards and health commissions to prevent our manufacturers from poisoning the public.

Before 1906, however, there were no Pure Food laws of any consequence, and the poisoning of the public was a procedure that had no legal limits. The appearance of *The Jungle* in that year was a revealing and exciting thing. It alarmed the American readers. Aiming at their hearts, he hit their bellies, Sinclair confessed. Even Theodore Roosevelt was aroused. The meat-trusts



UPTON SINCLAIR

Portrait Bust by the Swedish Sculptor Carl Eldh.

were exposed. A Pure Food Law was passed. People would no longer be forced to devour the flesh of animals diseased and putrid. The belly had announced an anatomical revolt against unrestricted capitalism.

This fragment from *The Jungle* will illustrate why the book had such a sweeping effect upon the American people.

"There was, for instance, a Lithuanian who was a cattle butcher for the plant where Marija had worked, which killed meat for canning only; and to hear this man describe the animals which came to his place would have been worth while for a Dante or a Zola. It seemed that they must have agencies all over the country, to hunt out old and crippled and diseased cattle to be canned. There were cattle which had been fed on "whiskey malt," the refuse of the breweries, and had become what the men called 'steerly'—which means covered with boils. It was a nasty job killing these, for when you plunged your knife into them they would burst and splash foul-smelling stuff into your face; and when a man's sleeves were smeared with blood, and his hands steeped in it; how was he to wipe his face, or to clear his eyes so that he could see? It was stuff such as this that made the 'embalmed beef' that had killed several times as many United States soldiers as all the bullets of the Spaniards; only the army beef, besides, was not fresh canned, it was old stuff that had been lying for years in the cellars." Then there was Durham's, the famous packing house:

"De-veyled' ham was made out of the waste ends of smoked beef that were too small to be sliced by the machines; and also tripe, dyed with chemicals so that it would show white; and trimmings of hams and corned beef; and potatoes, skins and all; and finally, the hard cartilaginous gullets of beef, after the tongues had been cut out. All this ingenious mixture was ground up and flavored with spices to make it taste like something. Anybody who could invent a new imitation had been sure of a fortune from old Durham, said Jurgis' informant; but it was hard to think of anything new in a place where so many sharp wits had been at work for so long; and where men welcomed tuber-

culosis in the cattle they were feeding, because it made them fatten more quickly; and there they bought up all the old rancid butter left over in the grocery stores of a continent, and 'oxidized' it by a forced air process, to take away the odor, recharged it with skim-milk, and sold it in bricks in the cities. Up to a year or two ago it had been the custom to kill horses in the yards—ostensibly for fertilizer; but after long agitation the newspapers had been able to make the public realize that the horses were being canned. Now it was against the law to kill horses in Packingtown, and the law was really complied with—for the present, at any rate. Any day, however, one might see sharp-horned and shaggy-haired creatures running with the sheep—and yet what a job you would have to get the public to believe that a good part of what it buys for lamb and mutton is really goats flesh."

It is in its description of the proletariat and the kind of labor to which it is driven, however, that *The Jungle* is more significant. The novel describes the proletariat in action. The work of the laborer is revealed in vivid and extensive detail:

"There were the men in the pickle rooms, for instance, where old Antanas had gotten his death; scarce a one of these that had not some spot of horror on his person. Let a man so much as scrape his finger pushing a truck in the pickle rooms, and he might have a sore that would put him out of the world; all the joints in his fingers might be eaten by the acid, one by one. Of the butchers and floor-men, the beef boners and trimmers, and all those who used knives, you could scarcely find a person who had the use of his thumb; time and time again the base of it had been slashed, till it was a mere lump of flesh against which the man pressed the knife to hold it. The hands of these men would be criss-crossed with cuts, until you could no longer pretend to count them or to trace them. They would have no nails—they had worn them off pulling hides; their knuckles were swollen so that their fingers spread out like a fan. There were men who worked in the cooking rooms, in the midst of steam and sickening odors, by artificial light; in these rooms the germs of tuberculosis might live for two years, but the supply was renewed every hour. There were the beef luggers, who carried two-hundred-pound quarters into the refrigerator cars; a fearful kind of work that began at four o'clock in the morning, and that wore out the most powerful men in a few years. There were those who worked in the chilling rooms, and whose special disease was rheumatism; the time-limit that a man could work in the chilling rooms was said to be five years. There were the wool pluckers, whose hands went to pieces even sooner than the hands of the pickle men; for the pelts of the sheep had to be painted with acid to loosen the wool and then the pluckers had to pull out this wool with their bare hands, till the acid had eaten their fingers off. There were those who made the tins for the canned meat; and their hands, too, were a maze of cuts, and each cut represented a chance for blood poisoning. Some worked at the stamping machines, and it was very seldom that one could work long there at the pace that was set, and not give out and forget himself, and have a part of his hand chopped off. There were the 'hoisters,' as they were called, whose task it was to press the lever which lifted the dead cattle off the floor. They ran along upon a rafter, peering down thru the damp and the steam; and as old Durham's architects had not built the killing room for the convenience of the hoisters, at every few feet they would have to stoop under a beam, say four feet above the one they ran on; which got them into the habit of stooping, so that in a few years they would be walking like chimpanzees. Worst of any, however, were the fertilizer men, and those who served in the cooking rooms. These people could not be shown to the visitor—for the odor of a fertilizer man would scare any ordinary visitor at a hundred yards, and as for the other men, who worked in tank rooms full of steam, and in some of which there were open vats near the level

(Continued on next page)





## Farm Poetry Expressing Working Class Solidarity

By JOHN B. CHAPPLE.

THERE are several kinds of farm poetry. One kind is the nauseating stuff written by sentimentalists along this line:

"With face all aglow and busy hand  
"Preparing the meal for the husband's band."

If there are any farmers' wives who faces are all aglow, you will note it is the faces of the wives of capitalist farmers who hire "hands" to do the work. The surplus profits ground out the hide of the city worker are now being invested in big-scale, capitalist farming. The big farmer has his bank connections, is financed in the purchase of all kinds of expensive machinery, has better facilities provided him to get into markets, with the result that the proletarian farmer—the man with his wife and family on 160 acres of land or so—is being driven off the farm, lashed by hunger; is overhead in debt and unable to meet taxes; is working his wife and children in the fields in a desperate final effort to follow the capitalist advice to work and get rich.

The second stage in farm poetry is that of realism—realism without a remedy.

Markham in his "Man with the Hoe" refers to the farmer "stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox." He goes on: "There is no shape more terrible than this—more tongued with censure of the world's blind greed." He even wonders what will happen to the masters when this "dumb Terror" shall join in bringing about the revolution.

The cynical outlook of many interpreters of the farmer's position in society is typified by Carrie Eddie Sheffler. Touched by both compassion and amusement, she quotes a farmer in "Down on the Farm" as saying:

"Work all summer till winter is nigh,  
Then figure up the books an' heave a big sigh:  
Worked all year, didn't make a thing;  
Got less cash now than I had last spring.  
Now some folks say there ain't no hell—  
But they never farmed so they can't tell.  
When spring rolls round I take another chance,  
While the fringe grows longer on my old pants.  
Give my s'penders a hitch, my belt another jerk;  
Then, by heck, I'm ready for a full year's work."

THE next step in farm poetry expressing the farmer is reached when the farmer refuses to give his suspenders another hitch and earn more for those exploiting him. The stage of stolid toil is past; the farmer is becoming aroused, and the poetry of this intermediate stage expresses the changed point of view.

There is awakening vigor in this, written by a farmer fighting a losing battle to exist under the present system.

"Everybody on the back  
Gives him (the farmer) a resounding whack,  
'Cheer up, boy I know what's wrong,'  
Everybody sings that song.  
Banker, broker, butcher, baker,  
Politician, auto maker,  
But look out it'll come the day,  
When the fog will roll away  
And Dig-into it, by heck!  
Take his grievance by the neck,  
THEN WITH UPTURNED SLEEVES WILL  
HACK  
THROUGH THE CROWD THAT HOLDS HIM  
BACK."

## THE AMERICAN JUNGLE

(Continued from page 3)

of the floor, their peculiar trouble was that they fell into vats; and when they were fished out, there was never enough of them left to be worth exhibiting — sometimes they would be overlooked for days, till all but the bones of them had gone out to the world as Durham's Pure Leaf Lard!"

The Jungle is one of the few American novels of meaning to the proletariat. It grew out of the clash of social classes in the early twentieth century. A journalistic tawdriness of style, an unpliant obviousness of method, and a factitious finale suffice to undermine and cheapen the power of its appeal. As a social document, however, it is almost without parallel in our literature. Its fearless candor tends in part to redeem its crude and scabrous style.

In conclusion, The Jungle is expressive of contemporary civilization. It is an indictment of capitalism. It exposes the nature of a society that has converted possession into a virtue and co-operation into a vice.

# THE DREAM OF DEBS An



I AWOKE fully an hour before my customary time. Something was the matter, something was wrong — I knew not what. The silence! No wonder I had been perturbed. The hum of the great live city was strangely silent, in the ten succeeding minutes not a car passed. I heard no jar and rattle of wagon-wheels, nor stamp of iron-shod hoofs straining up the steep cobblestones.

Pressing the push-button beside my bed, I strove to hear the sound of the bell.

It rang all right, for a few minutes later Brown entered with the tray and morning paper.

"The creamery did not deliver this morning," he explained; "nor did the bakery."

"Nothing was delivered this morning, sir." Brown started to explain apologetically; but I interrupted him.

"The paper?"

"Yes, sir, and it is the last time, too."

I read on hastily, skimming much and remembering much of the labor troubles in the past. For a generation the general strike had been the dream of organized labor, which dream had arisen originally in the mind of Debs, one of the great leaders of thirty years before. I recollected that in my young college-settlement days I had even written an article on the subject for one of the magazines and that I had entitled it "The Dream of Debs." And I must confess that I had treated the idea very carefully and academically as a dream and nothing more. Time and the world

Here is the farmer approaching the stage of militancy, but not yet intelligent, not yet knowing exactly what is wrong, and not knowing in what direction to attack.

Many of the flareups from time to time on the part of farm organizations are of this nature. Temporary political pressure at most is all that results. Emotion is dissipated because of stupid tactics.

The final stage comes with the realization of the farmer's true position in society—his position as an exploited worker, a brother of the factory worker. When the farmer realizes that the power that makes his wife and children slave in the potato field or at picking berries is the same power that bends the child of the city worker over the factory bench, direction is given to his resentment and he enters as trained soldier into the army of toilers which will build the worker state.

Not all farmers are friendly toward Communism yet; it has been painted in living colors and handed them in the traitorous "farm" papers along with a lot of other capitalist poison.

But the wheels of changing society awaken in the farmer, without any schooling whatever in Communist theory, a feeling of solidarity with the city worker. The farm-labor movement is a half step in this direction.

Here is a poem, sweated and blistered out of a farmer sinking into poverty on a North Wisconsin farm, that his vigor, and a distinct sense of direction.

"Push upward, upward out of shadow's reach.  
You burdened masses, tear the victor's breach.  
In human greed's forbidding, frowning wall:  
Hark to an age-old, never-ceasing call.  
Push upward, toilers of the world, in noble strife:  
There's room for all on the sunny heights of life!"

"The call still rings that centuries ago  
Re-echoed thru the valley of the low;  
The call that Spartacus obeying died.  
That sent the peasants 'gainst the mailed knight;  
The call that shook the thrones of tyrant kings,  
The call for justice clarion-like still rings.

"Much you have gained in contests bravely fought;  
But sweat and blood and tears will be for naught.  
Your labor will be Sisyhean toil—  
Rolled to the top, the huge stone will recoil—  
If you not storm the stronghold of King Greed,  
For, while this monster lives, you're slaves indeed.

"And in the valley, where the shadows creep,  
You will in bondage serve and weep and sleep,  
To be awakened to a crimson glare.  
And flaring banners and the trumpet's blare;  
Again to wade in brother's blood knee deep,  
So that King Greed may richer harvest reap.

"The Brotherhood of men will ever be  
A dream beautiful you'll never see  
Enacted in the sober light of day  
If you not break the ghastly orgre's sway;  
So, toilers of the world, push on in noble strife.  
There's room for all on the sunny heights of life!"

had rolled on, Gompers was gone, the American Federation of Labor was gone, and gone was Debs with all his wild revolutionary ideas; but the dream had persisted, and here it was at last realized in fact.

I threw the paper down and proceeded to dress. It would certainly be interesting to be out in the streets of San Francisco when not a wheel was turning and the whole city was taking an enforced vacation.

HARMMED was the butler. When he entered I could see he was laboring under controlled excitement. He came at once to the point.

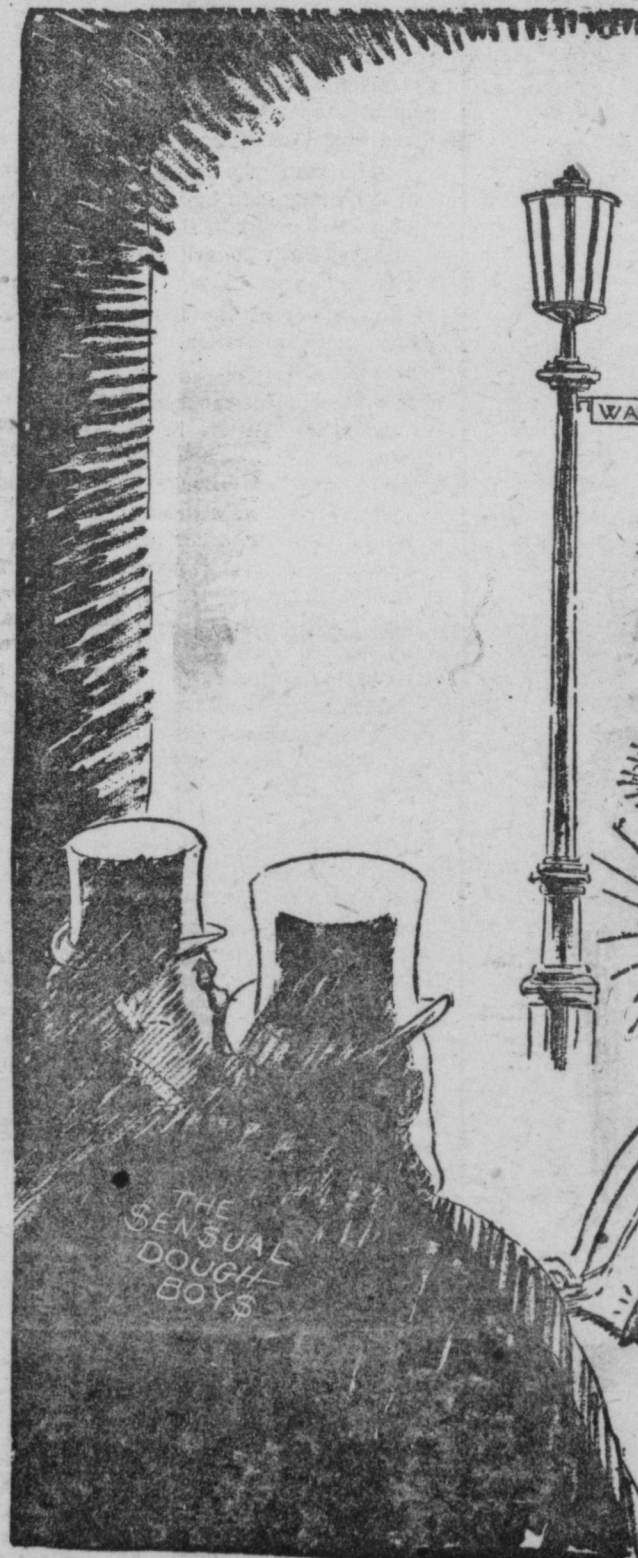
"What shall I do sir? There will be needed provisions, and the delivery drivers are on strike. And the electricity is shut off—I guess they're on strike, too."

"Tell Harrison to bring the machine around to the club for me—not later than eleven."

Harmed shook his head gravely. "Mr. Harrison has struck along with the Chauffeurs' Union.

"You don't happen to belong to a Butler's Union, do you, Harmed?"

"No sir," was the answer. "And even if I did I'd not desert my employer in a crisis like this. No sir, I would—"



Drawing by Jerger.

"All right, thank you," I said. "Now you get ready to accompany me. I'll run the machine myself, and we'll lay in a stock of provisions to stand a siege."

It was a beautiful first of May, even as May days go. The sky was cloudless, there was no wind, and the air was warm—almost balmy. Many autos were out, but the owners were driving them themselves. The streets were crowded but quiet. The working class, dressed in its Sunday best, was out taking the air and observing the effects of the strike. It was all so unusual, and withal so peaceful, that I found myself enjoying it.

The announcement of organized labor in the morning papers that it was prepared to stay out a month or three months was laughed at. And yet that very first day we might have guessed as much from the fact that the working class took practically no part in the great rush to buy provisions. Of course not. For



Abridged Reprint of the  
Famous Story

# By Jack London

Months and months, craftily and secretly, the whole working class had been laying in private stocks of provisions. That was why we were permitted to go down and buy out the little groceries in the working class neighborhood.

It was not until I arrived at the Club that afternoon that I began to feel the first alarm. Everything was in confusion. There were no olives for the cocktails, and the service was by hitches and jerks. Most of the men were angry, and all were worried.

At the other end of the smoking room I ran into a group of men bunched excitedly and angrily around Bertie Messener. And Bertie was stirring them up and prodding them in his cool, cynical way. Bertie didn't care about the strike. He didn't care much about anything.

"This is sedition!" one man in the group was crying. Another called it revolt and revolution, and another called it anarchy.

"I can't see it," Bertie said. "I have been out in the streets all morning. Perfect order reigns. I never saw a more law-abiding populace. There's no use calling it names. It's not any of these things. It's just what it claims to be, a general strike, and it's your

the last president of the old American Federation of Labor. He was your creature—or the creature of all the trusts and employers' associations, which is the same thing. You precipitated the big Closed Shop Strike. Farburg betrayed that strike. You won, and the old American Federation of Labor crumbled to pieces. You fellows destroyed it, and by so doing undid yourselves; for right on top of it began the organization of the I. L. W.—the biggest and solidest organization of labor the United States has ever seen, and you are responsible for its existence and for the present general strike. You smashed all the old federations and drove labor into the I. L. W., and the I. L. W. called the general strike—still fighting for the closed shop. And then you have the effrontery to stand here face to face and tell me that you never got labor down and gouged it. Bah!

A little later I met him in the cloak room, leaving, and gave him a lift home in my machine.

"Labor caught us napping and struck at our weakest place, the stomach. I'm going to get out of San Francisco, Calif. Take my advice and get out, too. Soon there'll be nothing but starvation in this city for such as we."

How correct Bertie Messener was, I never dreamed. The days came and went, and for a time it was a humdrum time. Nothing happened. The edge of excitement had become blunted. The streets were not so crowded. The working class did not come up town any more to see how we were taking the strike. San Francisco lay dead, and we did not know what was happening over the rest of the country. But from the very fact that we did not know we could conclude only that the rest of the country lay as dead as San Francisco. From time to time the city was placarded with the proclamations of organized labor—these had been printed months before and evidenced how thoroughly the I. L. W. had prepared for the strike. Every detail had been worked out long in advance. No violence had occurred as yet, with the exception of the shooting of a few wire-cutters by the soldiers, but the people of the slums were starving and growing ominously restless.

The business men, the millionaires, and the professional class held meetings and passed proclamations, but there was no way of making the proclamations public. They could not even get them printed.

But with the formation of the bread lines came new troubles. There was only so much of a food reserve in San Francisco, and at the best it could not last long. Organized labor, we knew, had its private supplies; nevertheless, the whole working class joined the bread lines. As a result, the provisions General Folsom had taken possession of diminished with perilous rapidity. How were the soldiers going to distinguish between a shabby middle-class man, a member of the I. L. W., or a slum-dweller? To make matters worse, the government tugs that had been hauling food from the army depots on Mare Island to Angel Island found no more food to haul. The soldiers now received their rations from the confiscated provisions, and they received them first.

THE beginning of the end was in sight. Violence was beginning to show its awful face. Law and order was passing away, and passing away, I must confess, among the slum people and the upper classes. Organized labor still maintained perfect order. It could well afford to—it had plenty to eat.

It was about this time that the great panic occurred. The wealthy classes precipitated the flight, and then the slum people caught the contagion and stampeded wildly out of the city. General Folsom was pleased. It was estimated that at least 200,000 had deserted San Francisco, and by that much was his food problem solved. Well do I remember that day. In the morning I had eaten a crust of bread. Half of the afternoon I had stood in the bread-line; and after dark I returned home tired and miserable, carrying a quart of rice and a slice of bacon.

It was a gloomy handful of men that came together at the Club that morning. There was no service at all. The last servant was gone. Hanover, Collins and Dakon were just leaving. They were leaving the city, they said, on Dakon's horses, and there was a spare one for me. Dakon had four magnificent carriage horses that he wanted to save, and General Folsom had given him the tip that next morning all the horses that remained in the city were to be confiscated for food. For that matter the killing of the army mules and horses for food had already begun.

Here and there stood automobiles, abandoned where they had broken down or where the gasoline had given out. There was no sign of life, save for the occasional policeman and the soldiers, guarding the banks and public buildings. Once more we came upon an I. L. W. man pasting up the latest proclamation. We stopped to read. "We had maintained an orderly strike," it ran; "and we shall maintain order to the end. The end will come when our demands are satisfied, and our demands will be satisfied when we have starved our employers into submission, as we ourselves in the past have often been starved into submission."

WE rode on, crossed Market street, and a little later were passing through the working class districts. Here the streets were not deserted. Leaning over

gates or standing in groups, were the I. L. W. men. Happy, well-fed children were playing games, and stout housewives sat on the front steps gossiping. One and all cast amused glances at us.

"Have you noticed, the last few days," Hanover remarked to me, "that there's not been a stray dog in the streets?"

I had noticed, but I had not thought about it before. It was high time to leave the unfortunate city. I had a country place near Menlo, and it was our objective. But soon we began to discover that the country was worse off and far more dangerous than the city. There, the soldiers and I. L. W. kept order; but the country had been turned over to anarchy. Two hundred thousand people had fled south from San Francisco, and we had countless evidences that their flight had been like that of an army of locusts. They had swept everything clean. There had been robbery and fighting. Here and there we passed bodies by the roadside and saw the blackened ruins of farmhouses. The fences were down, and the crops had been trampled by the feet of a multitude.

Early in the day Dakon's horse had cast a shoe. The delicate hoof had split, and by noon the animal was limping. Dakon refused to ride it further, and refused to desert it. So, on his solicitation, we went on. He would lead the horse and join us at my place. That was the last we saw of him; nor did we ever learn his end.

But as we rode along we saw that the devastation was not confined to the main roads. The van of the flight had kept to the roads, sacking the small towns as it went; while those that followed had scattered out and swept the whole countryside, like a great broom. My place was built of concrete, masonry, and tiles, and so had escaped being burned, but it was gutted clean. There was not a bite for us.

We spent the rest of the night vainly waiting for Dakon, and in the morning, with our revolvers, fought off half a dozen marauders. Then we kill one of Dakon's horses, hiding for the future what meat we did not immediately eat. In the afternoon Collins went out for a walk, but failed to return. This was the last straw to Hanover. He was for flight there and then, and I had great difficulty in persuading him to wait for daylight. As for myself, I was convinced that the end of the general strike was near, and I was resolved to return to San Francisco. So, in the morning we parted company, Hanover heading south, fifty pounds of horse meat strapped to his saddle, while I, similarly loaded, headed north. Little Hanover pulled thru all right, and to the end of his life he will persist, I know, in boring everybody with the narrative of his subsequent adventures.

I GOT as far as Belmont, on the main road back, when I was robbed of my horse-meat by three militiamen. I managed to get as far as Baden, when my horse was taken away from me by a dozen men. Two of them were San Francisco policemen, and the remainder were regular soldiers. This was ominous. The situation was certainly extreme when the regulars were beginning to desert.

As luck would have it, I sprained my ankle, and succeeded in getting no further than South San Francisco. I lay there that night in an outhouse, shivering with the cold and at the same time burning with fever. Two days I lay there, too sick to move, and on the third, reeling and giddy, supporting myself on an extemporized crutch I tottered on toward San Francisco.

As I entered the city I remembered the workman's house at which I had traded the silver pitcher, and in that direction my hunger drove me. Twilight was falling when I came to the place. I passed around by the alleyway and crawled up the back steps, on which I collapsed. I managed to reach out with the crutch and knocked at the door. Then I must have fainted, for I came to in the kitchen, my face wet with water and whiskey being poured down my throat. I choked and spluttered and tried to talk; I began by saying something about not having any more silver pitchers, but that I would make it up to them afterward if they would only give me something to eat. But the housewife interrupted me.

"Why, you poor man!" she said. "Haven't you heard? The strike was called off this afternoon."

She hustled around, opening a tin of breakfast bacon and preparing to fry it.

"Let me have some now, please," I begged; and I ate the raw bacon on a slice of bread, while her husband explained that the demands of the I. L. W. had been granted. The wires had been opened up in the early afternoon, and everywhere the employers' associations had given in. There hadn't been any employers left in San Francisco, but General Folsom had spoken for them. The trains and steamers would start running in the morning, and so would everything else just as soon as system could be established.

And that was the end of the general strike. I never want to see another one. It was worse than a war. A general strike is a cruel and immoral thing, and the brain of man should be capable of running industry in a more rational way. Harrison is still my chauffeur. It was part of the conditions of the I. L. W. that all of its old members should be reinstated in their old positions. Brown never came back, but the rest of the servants are with me. I hadn't the heart to discharge them—poor creatures, they were pretty hard pressed when they deserted me with the food and silver. And now I can't discharge them. They have all been unionized by the I. L. W. The tyranny of organized labor is getting beyond human endurance. Something must be done.



ay, gentlemen."  
fellows make me tired. You're all open-shop men. You've eroded my eardrums with your endless gab for the openshop and the right of man to work. You harangued along those lines for years. Labor is doing nothing wrong in going out on this general strike. It is violating no law of God or man. Don't talk, Hanover. You've been ringing the changes too long on the God-given right to work . . . or not to work. You can't escape the corollary. It's a dirty little scrap, that's all the whole thing is. You've got labor down and gouged it, and now labor's got you and is gouging you, that's all, and you're squealing.  
Every man in the group broke out in indignant denial that labor had ever been gouged.  
"It's all the unmitigated immoral gouges, your definition of the closed-shop principle was the limit. Now how it was done. You bought out Farburg,



# "Sure, Sure"

Story and Drawing by ROSE PASTOR STOKES

"SURE, SURE!" Mrs. Furriner nodded. She always nodded.

"Sure, sure!" she repeated. Over and over again, her head moving up and down, steadily, regularly, so like the little clay woman plucking her goose in that butcher's window on Sixth Avenue.

"Sure, sure!" After all, Mrs. Ummerican was native. Such a neighbor Mrs. Furriner couldn't disagree with.

"America is the greatest country in the world!"

"Sure, sure!"

"The richest!"

"Sure, sure!"

"Where c'n ye get a working class? Be it well off? Only in America!"

"Sure, sure!"

She smiled with all her large teeth, with the full stretch of her wide foreign mouth. So agreeable!

"Why, there isn't anybody out o' work—cept lazy folks."

"Sure, sure!" her little eyes danced. She had the happy trick of making them dance at will.

"Furriners come over here an' live better'n they ever lived before in them furr'n countries. Even a basement's better'n they ever had over there."

She looked significantly into the eyes of the yes-woman.

For a moment the little woman's eyes stopped dancing as if they were

got a job at a hundred a week, they wouldn't."

"Sure, sure!"

"So simply, so naturally the word echoed and re-echoed. So much as a matter of course Mrs. Ummerican accepted it. After all, what sensible person, foreign or American, would disagree with her.

Mrs. Ummerican shifted her heavily-laden market bag to her left arm and put a foot on the first step up the stoop. After all, this was an almost daily occurrence. There'll be plenty of opportunities to talk to this new wop in the basement.

"An' nobody should get it into his head that this country ain't god's own country. It's a democratic country, where everybody has a equal chance, an' if they don't like it let 'em get the hell out o' here!"

Mrs. Ummerican smiled down at Mrs. Furriner.

Mrs. Furriner was sure that there was a world of meaning in her words, in her smile.

Mrs. Furriner smiled up to Mrs. Ummerican:

"Sure, sure!"

She descended the three steps to her basement.

INSIDE the dark room a little hand reached out for her skirts . . . felt at the empty market bag. A wall went up—of disappointment—hunger.



poised for a new movement. For now again they twinkled merrily.

"Sure, sure!" What if she did refer to her, she can't afford to quarrel with an American, living in nice large rooms on the first floor!

"With electricity an' all . . . They never seen such things in the old country!"

Mrs. Furriner's lips formed the habitual word. It was her habit sometimes not to utter it—just go thru the motion. But her head went just as mechanically up and down. Her eyes danced just as merrily, her mouth spread in the same broad smile.

"An' look at the wages the workers're gettin'! Why every worker c'n own an automobile in America."

"Sure!"

"If he didn't spend it on clo's an' a good time!"

"Sure, sure!" Her eyes even teared a little—with laughter, for she had to wipe them with the corner of her foreign shawl. It was cotton, but gay, colorful. A keen October wind did not cut into its gayety, at any rate.

"An' I say again, anybody c'n get a job. Anybody. Them leafers sittin' around on the park benches is just lazy folk. They wouldn't work if they

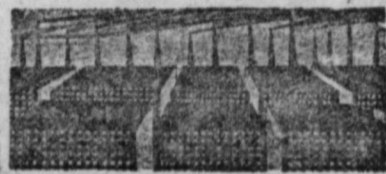
There was no light in the room to see how the light went out of the dancing eyes and the gay broad smile . . . to see what a flood of bitterness drowned it.

She thrust the hand aside and hurled the child from her.

"What you want? My Blood? Here, drink! My flesh? Here, eat! Nobody was home. . . . I couldn't borrow. . . . In the market they don't give for nothing!"

The child wailed in a darker corner of the dark room. Mrs. F. sat down near the window . . . to think . . . and think.

"SURE!" said Mrs. Ummerican to her little girl of twelve, home from school, "we'll make a good American out o' that wop in the basement yet!"



**COLD LIGHT:** Have you ever seen a cold light that was made by man? No. Nor has anybody else. Everything that man uses to give light is intensely hot. At present we can only produce light as a by-product of heat.

We burn a wax candle producing heat, and incidentally a little light. In every case over 90 per cent of the energy used goes into useless heat, and only the remnant—the few odd per cent—go into light. If a means were discovered of producing light without wasting most of the available energy in heat—in other words, a cold light—the saving in fuel and power would be enormous.

Cold light does exist in Nature—the phosphorescence of rotten wood, etc., and of the sea, the glow-worm and firefly, the luminous deep-sea fish. In the case of the wood, the light is due to the chemical decomposition caused by bacteria. In the sea the phosphorescence is due to millions of tiny organisms in the water which give out light when disturbed. The animal light (firefly, fish, etc.) is produced by the interaction of two substances of unknown composition within the body. It would be worth millions to humanity to learn the glow-worm's trick.

**HAIL:** Hail occurs together with thunderstorms. Different opinions exist as to its cause. In a general way it might be said that falling rain passes thru a cold layer of air and gets frozen and continues to fall in the form of lumps of ice which we call hailstones. Hailstones vary from the size of small peas to sizes bigger than big oranges. "A typical hailstone has a snowy center, surrounded by from one to a dozen coats of alternately clear and snowy ice, arranged like the skins of an onion." Damage due to hail is estimated at over \$200,000,000 a year thruout the world, \$7,000,000 of cotton crops and \$14,000,000 of corn crops annually in the United States.

**FIGHTING INSECT PESTS:** Every

country has its own insect pests that devastate its crops, and generally some more or less successful method of coping with them has been developed. But pests imported accidentally from abroad are often veritable scourges. This is largely due to the fact that they have been imported without their natural enemies. Nature has given tremendous fertility to the lower orders of life, counting on the fact that only a small percentage of the eggs will ever hatch and reach maturity; the rest serve as the natural food of the hundreds of other forms of life that prey upon them. But if an insect pest ever happens to be imported without its natural enemies a sad day has dawned for the farmer, for its terrific multiplication receives no check and it spreads like wildfire.

A case in point is the Japanese beetle, which has been devastating crops in and around New Jersey. Efforts to exterminate it failed. The government then set about discovering and importing its enemies, with the result that the pest is now being brought under control. One of the enemies—a small fly—operates by laying its eggs upon the back of the beetle, so as to assure them of food. The eggs hatch into grubs, which proceed to make a meal off the beetle, steadily eating their way inside. "The beetle gets sick (no wonder) and dies in a few days," but the grubs have a grand time and emerge as flies in the spring ready to lay more eggs. The other enemies of the beetle are parasites which operate in a somewhat similar fashion.

—N. S.



## THE TINY WORKER

A Weekly. Edited by Morris Grudin, Los Angeles, Cal. Johnny Red, Assistant.

Vol. 1. Saturday, October 30, 1926 No. 23



**HOLY CATS!**

A Surprise!

Everybody in the office could hardly believe it! We asked for something good for the TINY WORKER when it appears in the classy new SUNDAY WORKER and we got the dandiest things. Holy Cow and a couple of blessed calves!—just wait and see! Poems and stories and jokes and everything! Better subscribe for the SUNDAY WORKER!

**HEY-HEY!**

How did you like the poem in this issue? It makes Morris editor.

**"THE GREAT WORLD"**

(With apologies to Lilliput Lectures) Great, wide, terrible, miserable world, With the terrible sweatshops round you curled,

With greedy parasites on your breast, World, you are robbed of your best. The foul-smelling air is over me While the wonderful wind is shaking the tree, It walks o'er the water, and whirrs this mill And plays with rich children on top of that hill.

II

Friendly Earth, tell me, is it so, Are there wheat fields that nod?

Are there rivers that flow?

No! for me, cities, mills, wage slavery's the style,

No beauty, no freedom, not cliffs, not isles,

We make you so great, yet our power is small,

We tremble to organize, World, at all.

Yet, when I thought of tomorrow, today

A whisper inside me seemed to say We are stronger than they, let's organize and plot!

We produce everything, but what have we got?

EXTRA! EXTRA!

The Young pioneers of Grand Rapids, Mich. sent so much stuff for a special issue the package nearly broke the mailman's back. And it's fine stuff! They beat New York and everybody. The next issue of the TINY WORKER will have something special on Russia. But on November 13 the first special issue for Grand Rapids will be printed. Watch for it! Now Johnnie Red can go to sleep with a happy grin on his face and dream about what city will be next.





# Labor Fakers and Capitalist Politicians

SECOND ARTICLE ON SENATORIAL SLUSH FUNDS

By T. J. O'FLAHERTY

REPORTERS are waiting in Judge Wilkerson's courtroom on the sixth floor of the Federal building for the appearance of Senator James A. Reed to open the investigation into the alleged corruption in the last primaries. Soon even the libel suit-fearing capitalist press will drop the "alleged."

In the meantime the subpoenaed politicians and utility magnates are arriving. They take their seats. Talk animatedly to friend and give a general appearance of sang-froid. They pose as if they had nothing to worry about. Neither have they, outside of a little bit of disagreeable publicity. But perhaps it is better to be mentioned in scorn than not to be noticed at all!

Utility magnates, capitalist politicians, the bribers and the bribed, feel more or less at home in this court. They may be grilled by jealous rivals, but they are all in the same boat. And what historic memories this courtroom awakens!

While waiting for the Missouri dreadnought to appear two conscious labor reporters (conscious is right.—T. J. O'F.) recalled the infamous anti-labor injunction issued in this very room by Federal Judge Wilkerson in 1922 at the behest of Attorney General Harry Daugherty. The injunction gave legal sanction to the employment of thousands of United States marshals and deputy marshals as strike breakers and the reactionary labor leaders threw up their hands and surrendered. The result was demoralization of the strike and the reduction of the shop craft unions to so many shadows.

"But," said one reporter to the other, "the railroad unions will come back, Daugherty will not. I notice that he is still fighting an indictment for alleged complicity in a conspiracy to defraud the government thru his connection with alien properties taken over by the alien property custodian during the war."

"Yes," replied the other. "Daugherty is on the pan, but the old game goes on just the same. Daugherty's successors are just as bad. Look at those two lads over there."

The first reporter looked, and saw John H. Walker, of cherubic countenance and rotund figure, seated beside Victor Olander. Walker is president of the Illinois State Federation of Labor, with a salary of \$104.17 a week. Olander is secretary of the federation

at the same salary. The following is a gist of the conversation that developed:

The two labor leaders are here, ostensibly for the purpose of clearing their names of the charge of having placed the official seal of approval of organized labor in this state on the candidacy of Frank L. Smith, beneficiary of approximately \$150,000 of Samuel Insull's money, in return for material considerations. Walker and Olander are highly indignant that the public should be given the impression that they could be guilty of political turpitude. Sure, their reasons for supporting Smith are altruistic. What of it if Samuel Insull saw fit to finance Smith's campaign? What of it if Insull and other utility magnates dumped \$250,000 into Smith's campaign chest? Can't people do what they please with their own money? Bah!

We will leave the labor leaders, utility magnates and other celebrities alone for a moment and take a bird's-eye view of the political situation in the sovereign state of Illinois. Reed has not arrived yet and there is nothing else to do.

Illinois is normally a "republican state," that is, it usually sends republican senators to Washington and elects a republican governor. But Cook county, the most precious jewel in the state crown, is parcelled out between the democrats and republicans. We will get that later.

The present governor, Len Small, is at sword's point with the national G. O. P. machine in Illinois. Small is supported in Cook county by a section of the old Lunden-Thompson-Harding group and in the state at large by his own machine, which, like all similar machines, is built on the foundation laid by state patronage. He has the support of the official trade union leaders. Thru Frank Farrington, president of the Illinois miners, Small's influence is strong in the coal mining areas. The labor leaders are permitted to dispense some of the Small patronage among their friends and useful (to the leaders) members of the union. In this way a powerful machine is built up which can laugh the "power of the ballot" to scorn.

Chicago labor leaders who indulge in the pleasant diversion of adding to their bankrolls by following certain lines, such as bootlegging, high-jacking, fury-framing, etc., find a tractable governor in Springfield a necessity.



—Drawing by Bales

Sometimes a gangster with political pull and influence goes to Joliet. But he seldom stays there very long. He is useful, back home, between elections, but a luxury on election day. Strike pickets have a much harder task getting "sprung" than gangsters.

Big business has tried its darndest to jimmy Small out of his present office, but they have failed ignominiously so far. It is true that they proved to the satisfaction of several courts that the governor, while state treasurer, loaned state money to the packers at a high rate of interest and turned into the treasury only the miserable 2 per cent so generously paid by the bankers on state funds. The difference between 2 per cent and what Small got from the bankers made a lot of difference to Small. It is reported to be in the vicinity of a cool million. What a number of politicians can be purchased for one million dollars! Ask Small. He knows.

Naturally the big boys in the business world do not like this kind of conduct. Why should they care for a man who is willing to expropriate anybody who happens to have the coin? Small is the kind of a Robin Hood who robs the rich, but does not give it to the poor. He keeps it for himself, minus the sum necessary to buy enough republican and democratic solons to keep him out of jail. The courts demanded that Small cough up. But Small just sneezed at them and collected a million dollars from the state apparatus to protect himself from the fury of his enemies. There he stands.

Small is able to pose before the masses as a "man of the people" who is being punished because of his devotion to the people's interests, and he points to the fact that the Chicago Tribune and the Daily News, two

mouthpieces of big business, are his sworn foes. This gag works.

Frank L. Smith, the Insull pet, is chairman of the Illinois commerce commission. He was appointed by Small. The labor leaders have an excuse for endorsing him in the claim that he saved the public \$360,000,000 in utility rates while he has occupied his present position. But why those utility magnates should give Smith \$250,000 for his campaign is rather difficult of explanation.

The organizations of Senator McKinley and Deneen supported McKinley in the primaries. McKinley desired to succeed himself. He only succeeded in spending \$500,000. It was his own money, tho. McKinley is also a utility king. He purchased politicians right and left, some of those who were already bought by Smith. The McKinley-Deneen groups co-operated in the elections. McKinley had the support of the official G. O. P. machine. Roy West, secretary of the national republican committee, was McKinley's campaign manager. Samuel Insull, who poured a fortune into Smith's campaign kitty, decided to be nice to McKinley. He gave his campaign manager \$10,000, a small sum, but then McKinley, being a multi-millionaire, did not need the money. The gift was merely to show Sam's impartiality.

The other senatorial candidate, George E. Brennan, is leader of the "Illinois democracy." Brennan succeeded Roger Sullivan, the utility boss and political boss, to the democratic leadership in this state. Brennan is wet. Smith is dry—for the record. McKinley is as dry as a blacksmith's apron. Samuel Insull was nice to them all. He gave Brennan \$15,000. Brennan has almost wished he hadn't accepted it by now.

## GREEN PRETENDS TO BE OFFENDED

(Continued from page 1)

struct the delegates from this department to the A. F. of L. convention to introduce a resolution calling attention to the necessity of inaugurating a campaign of organization in the automobile industry of the country."

Below this paragraph on the cover and in black type a half-inch high the editor of the *Detroit* asked the following question:

"WILL IT BE ANOTHER HERRIN?"

To Green and the other delegates this conduct on the part of the bosses was very boorish and inhospitable.

Perhaps the cut that hurt the most was the withdrawal of the invitation to Green to speak in the Y. M. C. A. When this ungentlemanly slur to the president of the federation became known at the convention the tongues buzzed. John P. Frey, editor of the *Molders' Journal* and president of the Ohio State Federation of Labor, indignantly asked Green to tell the whole story of this almost unprecedented insult. Green rose from his chair on the platform to do so solemnly.

"... However, I did not feel hurt about the matter personally," Green said, after telling how the invitation was withdrawn. "But I felt that our great movement here in this city had been somewhat humiliated."

It was a parlor question. President William Green, leader of "the hosts of labor," had shined his shoes and combed his hair but the butler had slammed the door in his face.

Maj. George L. Berry, legionnaire, head of the International Printing Pressmen's and Assistants' Union of North America, stormed. But he did not rise as a champion of the working class against the open shop employers of Detroit. He stormed as Maj. Berry, soldier and patriot. The open shop propaganda had cast reflection on the patriotism of the delegates to the A. F. of L. convention.

"There is a line in this statement which Delegate Frey has read that causes me to offer resentment, in that the patriotism of the men whose names appear in this list has been questioned," Maj. Berry shouted. He referred to an open letter in the *Detroit* of Sept. 27, addressed by the board of directors of the Board of Commerce to Detroit church men, urging them to close their pulpits to a list of delegates to the A. F. of L. convention who had been announced as available for pulpit engagements in Detroit on Labor Sunday. Maj. Berry's name on the list, incidentally, in the language of the poet, led all the rest.

"If the ministers of Detroit open

their pulpits to men who are admittedly attacking our government and our American Plan of employment, it is certain that they will submit to our request to furnish speakers on the following Sunday—Detroit speakers who will be happy to show that our city has out-stripped all of her rivals simply because she has been unfettered by labor organizations," the open letter from the open shop said in part. "We ask you, as the supporters of these churches, to weigh the matter carefully and fairly and advise your minister as to whether or not you wish to have your church deviate from the program for which it is maintained," the letter said in conclusion.

"I haven't heard of any of these gentlemen acknowledging that they were attacking the Republic of the United States," Maj. Berry continued, referring to himself and his fellow delegates. "Quite to the contrary, they have demonstrated many times their love and affection for the government of the United States. And when this crowd of slackers and profiteers responsible for this agitation attempts to question their patriotism I shall, for one, resent it... My information is that one of those responsible for this outrageous un-American action was the chief outstanding slacker of the republic, Edsel Ford,

who, by chance, too, I gather, is one of the chief contributors to this proposed building that the Y. M. C. A. is erecting to the tune of a million and a half dollars.

"... No, Mr. Manufacturers," he continued, "we saved America, we love America, we fought for America that it might be made secure. We have not attacked America but we have attacked and will continue to attack without reservation that hypocritical plan of yours called the American Plan.

"... As an ex-service man, having served in two wars of this republic, I want to voice my resentment in support of the dignified attitude taken by the president of the American Federation of Labor upon this occasion (the delegates rose and applauded Maj. Berry.)

A few days later a resolution introduced by O'Connell in behalf of the Metal Trades Department, calling for the organization of the automobile industry, was emasculated by the committee on organization, tossed out to the convention in a form devoid of substance and yanked back like an April Fool's Day pocket book into the safe, keeping of the executive committee.

(To be concluded next issue.)



## SPORTS



THE busy-business man does not fatten his pocketbook alone. Good grub and plenty of it, swells his waist-line too! And fat shortens his life! So the busy businessman who sweats his labor goes to the gymnasium to labor to sweat on his doctor's advice. Thruout the country gymnasiums are doing good business in these new kind of "sweatshops" for bosses.

Meanwhile, the busy business man's busy, bustling, buxom bride is also getting—ahem!—plump. So there are not only sweet shops, to fatten Lady Boss but also "sweatshops" to slim her down. The Illinois Woman's Athletic Club reports "Reduction is the motif of the urge which prompted the women, among whom were many social leaders, to avail themselves of the club's new gymnasium."

The boss and his wife are both for reduction. They love it! They sweat the workers and reduce wages. Reduced wages fatten profits. Fat profits fatten bosses. So they also have to sweat to reduce. And then some bugs think the Bolsheviks are crazy when they call this a cockeyed world!

WILL some of our baseball bugs around Oakland, Cal., take a peep at the ball team of the Carmen's Union 192? This labor organization has joined the Spalding Winter League made up of Bay District amateur teams and we get the news that they are going good. We are for labor sports. There is always room for their doings in this column. But brother Carmen—what's the idea? Why Spalding Winter League? Why not a Labor Winter League? Let's get workers' sports!

MAYBE the Bay District reminds us of Jack London. Do any of you remember his book "The Game"? Years and years ago when this Bug occasionally swung a towel in the corner of some poor amateur pug who fought for medals that turned green in the spring and got walloped so hard he turned green all over, this Bug read "The Game." The book gave this Bug an awful wallop. If we recall it, it took the lid off pro prize-fighting and gave the world a whiff of its unsavory aroma. If any of you fight-bugs remember it, why not send us a hundred words or so for the benefit of the other bugs who would like to read Jack London's story on the gentle art of growing cauliflower ears and trimming suckers.

THE Workers' Herald of South Africa advises one of its Negro readers that professional boxing was never allowed in the Transvaal amongst native people. The opportunities in sport were reserved for the supposedly superior race. In Russia where they have a workers' government, all races have the same privileges. Maybe instead of starting to fight to be allowed to fight, it would be a good idea for Negro workers to fight for a workers' government so they got the same privilege to fight as others. Not a bad idea is it?

CHICAGO staged the greatest religious pageant. It will now stage the greatest educational-patriotic piffle. For the Army-Navy football game on Nov. 27, 500,000 applications for tickets have been received. The price of seeing the educated toes of the Army and Navy kick the inflated pig-skin to the tune of Yankee Doodle would bankrupt a Bolshevik. The price of pressing the seat of your pants on the cold cement benches will range from ten to fifteen berries. (Cushions extra!) The gate will bring a total of some \$630,000.

The stadium seats 100,000 people. Sixty thousand of these will go the "service schools." Only 40,000 go to the "public." It seems the boys in

service schools need the patriotic pageant most. You see, this isn't only football. The flag will be raised, the Army and Navy and everybody present will salute the generals, Senators and Kluxers. And on the pretext of sport the boys will be pickled in patriotism. Chicago staged the Eucharistic Congress. Chicago will now stage the Army-Navy game. So you see comrade Bugs, if by chance any of you come thru Chicago and you smell what you think is the stockyards, you might be wrong. It may be something else.

## The Bug

ROMANY MARIE

Who in the hell is Marie?  
A vassal queen with a tinsel crown  
Her husband is a worthless clown  
Her wretched subjects are trodden down  
Their blood and sweat stain her silken gown.

What in the hell wants Marie?  
She wants the gold of the Dollar Land  
That would strangle with its bloody hand  
All rebels who dare for freedom stand.

Why do they all hail Marie?  
It's because the jazz-mad plutocrats  
And the kings of pork and crude oil vats  
And all moron-minded democrats  
Love to lick the boots of aristocrats.  
—ADOLF WOLF.

In the  
**NEXT  
ISSUE!**

SPECIAL FEATURES ON THE NINTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION. Among these:

The Ninth Year. A poem by Michael Gold.

The Russian Woman by L. S. Sosnowsky.

Russian and American Trade Unions by Wm. Z. Foster.

Alexander Blok, the poet of destruction and creation, by Schachno Epstein

Building Socialism As a Stage to Communism by T. Leon

Two Letters—A Story—by M. J. Olgin

A Comparison by V. F. Calverton

The Russian Youth by John Williamson

Communist International and the Russian Revolution by Max Bedacht.

Richly illustrated with drawings by the best American working class artists and original Russian cuts and photographs.

THE MAROONED FARMER by Joel Shomaker

THE CONCLUDING ARTICLE OF THE STORY ON THE A. F. OF L. CONVENTION

And ALL THE OTHER REGULAR FEATURES

THIS ISSUE OF THE MAGAZINE WILL CONTAIN 12 PAGES

## A WEEK IN CARTOONS By M. P. Bales

