

The New Magazine

Supplement of

THE DAILY WORKER

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Editor.

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A WEEK IN CARTOONS

By M. P. Bales



In the Wake of the News

By T. J. O'Flaherty

ONE result, tho the least important perhaps, of the recent British empire conference is the rebaptism of the British parliament. That institution will be known in the future as "The Parliament of The United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland." The king's title will be changed to give the impression that he is just as much the king of South Africa and Canada as of the "tight little isle." This outward change is only the expression of the decline of imperial power. London is no longer in a position to make the dominions come to heel. Downing Street at least knows how to surrender gracefully to her wayward children.

THERE is a difference of opinion among British imperialists as to the real significance of the agreements arrived at by the dominion representatives at the empire conference. Speaking before the Foreign Policy Association in the Hotel Astor, New York, John S. Ewart, K. C., L. L. D., former vice-president of the Canadian Bar Association, stated the title Commonwealth of Nations was a misnomer since the British parliament was and is still supreme, while admitting that concessions were made to the Dominions. The empire is composed of two parts, he insisted, "the superior or dominant part and the subordinate parts." It is worthy of note that among the supporters of British imperialism at this conference we find the name of E. F. Wise, representing the British Labor Party. Yes, Mr. Wise is anti-Communist!

THERE is or was an old Arabian tradition which was as good as an accident insurance policy to a person who had a taste for salt and possessed a tongue agile enough to reach the delicacy before his enemy, the host, connected his scimitar with his neck. Once an Arab's enemy had eaten his salt, it was considered unethical to separate him from his

life, perhaps on the theory that so much good salt would have gone to waste. However that may be, we notice in the newspapers that sundry insurgents, good fellows rebelled against G. O. P. discipline during the recent period of sharp agrarian discontent—those days when optimistic radicals could picture the embattled farmer bringing out his trusty rifle with a view to trying his aim on a fat banker—are now eating Cal's salt in the white house.

PERHAPS the boys could not find it in their hearts to turn down an invitation, like in the old days, when liquor was accessible, there were persons who would never enter a liquor emporium on their own, but would be strongly inclined to accept an invitation from a big hearted friend, much tho they disliked to be seen in such places. The lads from the wide open spaces having partaken of the Little Father's generosity, in the matter of viands, also found themselves restored to grace in the matter of patronage, which is the life of a senator's trade. The cartoon by Hay Bales representing our insurgents guzzling presidential slops may be a bit tough on the little animals but the life of radical journalists and artists is heart-breaking to the extent that they are obliged to apply the rod of castigation to the political hides of honest fellows who go wrong. Perhaps the picture may be conducive to convincing the workers and farmers of the necessity of or-

ganizing a labor party, rather than depend on the promissory notes of bourgeois political adventurers.

FROM Green of the A. F. of L. down to the humblest hired thug in the employ of the labor fakery, the forces of reaction in the trade unions are lining up for battle against the left wing. This is not the first time the radicals have been "annihilated" on paper. Somehow or other they survive—at least the left wing movement survives. Imperialist powers have "crushed" revolutionary nationalist movements time and time again, but like the radical opposition in the trade unions, those movements come back stronger than ever. Take the case of China as an example.

IT is not surprising that the reactionary labor leaders should attempt to exclude the radicals from the unions. The right wing conception of trade unionism is an auxiliary machine of capitalism, whose function is to help the employing classes increase the exploitation of the workingclass as a whole in return for favors to the skilled workers who are used to serve the same purpose in the capitalist scheme of robbery as the purchased sections of the leadership in subject countries served in the policy of the imperialist powers, in such countries as India, China, Egypt and to some extent in the Philippines.

THE American capitalists can yet afford to make a burnt offering to certain sections of the membership of the American Federation of Labor, enough to make them contented with things as they are; enough to enable the fakery to claim that as salesmen of labor power (of course they don't use this phraseology. Did not the Clayton Act declare that labor is not a commodity?) the right wing leaders can extract a better price from the bosses than the

Christmas Greetings.

Owing to the failure of Santa Claus to show up with a consignment of paper, we are only able to give you four pages today, but you may get the balance in next Monday's issue and, of course, by next Saturday we make bold to predict that The New Magazine will appear in all the glory of its eight pages.

(Continued on page 4)

Company Dope for Their Slaves

By Rebecca Grecht

MUCH concern has long been manifested by the apologists of capitalism in America over the fact that modern machine production destroyed the personal bonds which existed between employer and employe under the old craft system of industry. Now, with the systematic development of the policy of class collaboration, exemplified in the B. & O. plan and company unionism, has come increasing interest in the general problems of industrial relations, in the so-called human factor in industry, as an aspect of "class peace" that must receive special attention.

Thus the defenders of capitalist society think they can help put an end to the class struggle between capital and labor, and establish belief in the harmony of interests of exploiters and exploited by reviving and encouraging the "human factor." They want to psychologize the worker into forgetting that under capitalism he is merely a "hand," that his labor power is simply a commodity, like any other article, to be bought and sold on the labor market. Attempts are therefore made to stimulate "good fellowship" between worker and employer, to arouse a feeling of equal partnership, and to create the illusion of actual ownership in factory or plant.

VARIOUS means have been adopted to accomplish this end, such as numerous welfare schemes, sale of stock, etc. One particular method which has come to the fore within the last decade or two, is the publication of employe magazines. This interesting form of capitalist propaganda, essentially a part of the machinery of class collaboration, affords an excellent illustration of the studied care with which American capitalism is developing a system of management and control aiming not merely at increased efficiency and lower costs, but at the complete submission of the worker.

A recent study entitled, "Employe Magazines in the United States" made by the National Industrial Conference Board, describes the employe magazine as "a device bearing a 'Made in the U. S. A. label' for improving relations between workers and employers and among workers themselves", and states that it came into widespread use in the past decade as a practical method by which closer contact among those engaged in industry may be achieved, and as an attempt to develop "human relations" in production.

THE earliest example of an employe magazine was that issued by the National Cash Register Co. in 1890, called "Factory News," a 12-page journal issued monthly. Not much was done along this line, however, until the World War, when these publications received considerable impetus. To mobilize labor behind the imperialist war and to stimulate increased production and support of war activities, it was found necessary to wage an organized campaign of patriotic propaganda. The use of employe magazines in developing "loyalty" and "co-operation" among the workers, and thus aiding the speed-up system, was quickly recognized. Hence their number grew rapidly. A survey of 334 employe magazines made in 1921, showed that 91 per cent of these were issued between 1917-1920. During the past three years, 423 magazines have been started, of which 228 are still published in the "employes' interests", an additional third having been turned into purely sales organs.

These magazines, ranging in size from four to thirty-two or more pages, are published in all branches of production—iron and steel, machinery, food products, textiles, automobiles, lumber products, collars, paper, rubber, etc. The importance attached to this method of disseminating bosses' propaganda is therefore quite evident.

WITH the aim of obtaining increased production of a better quality at a lower cost, employers have adopted the tactics of obtaining the workers' consent to this form of intensified exploitation by diverting their attention thru various paternalistic schemes and poisoning their minds with illusions of



Boss to Slave as he pins on Loyalty Medal: "Your name will be in the next issue of the Monthly Fertilizer!"

power and importance. The employe magazines are planned to serve these ends. Many of them are issued in plants having company unions, and these devote considerable space to the "benefits and advantages" of the works' council, accounts of meetings of employe associations, etc. To keep the worker from feeling he is only a cog in the machine, driven for profit making, the magazine describes the process of manufacturing so that he may see the "romance" of the entire achievement, and take pride in his workmanship. To develop his loyalty to the firm, he is told how it grew, what dangers and risks were encountered, and how the devotion and sacrifice of the workers brought it to its present state.

In fact, all the arts of the psychologist and journalist are skillfully brought into play. The magazines try to develop a "family" spirit among the employes by dealing with items of personal interest to them, such as housekeeping, marriages, social events, sports. They advertise the various factory clubs and mutual benefit schemes, trying to stimulate a feeling of unity and co-operation among the workers. They seek to strengthen the personal loyalty of the worker to his employer by giving biographies of officers of the concern, describing how the president or secretary rose to responsibility from the position of officeboy—the typical fairy tale of America's golden opportunities known to every school boy.

A GLANCE thru a few employe magazines is very illuminating on these points. Take the "Bethlehem Review," called a bulletin of news for the employes of the subsidiary companies of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation. The issue of November 25, 1925, tells about the 80 million dollar rebuilding program of the company, boosts the employes' saving and stock ownership plan, gives results of the employe representative elections, the "Bethlehem Plan". Of course, according to the magazine, the rebuilding program was due to the spirit of loyalty and co-operation of the workers and will give them better working conditions; while the 20,000 employe stockholders will feel a due sense of proprietorship and realize how much they owe the corporation for all the benefits accruing from their part ownership—marvellous generosity on the part of the open shop, anti-labor steel trust.

Another magazine, "The Firestone Non-Skid", is "published every other Wednesday as a medium of fellowship and co-operation among the employes of the Firestone Tire and Rubber Company everywhere". Here the unorganized, exploited rubber workers are told to speed up, to give quality in maximum production. In return, the company opens chemistry classes, tells them how to care for their gardens, and organizes sports on the company athletic fields. The employes who have given 20 years of their labor to the company are rewarded by getting their pictures in the magazines. Numerous personal items are printed, about engagements and marriages, births or deaths. Thus the "human factor" is cultivated, in the interest of greater production and class peace.

THE "Gary Workers' Circle", published by the Illinois Steel Co., devotes considerable space to this "human factor". In the issue of May, 1926, a special boys' and girls' number, the "three fundamentals in every child's life—home, school, church", are well advertised. Articles on fire prevention and eating, page after page of sports and boy scout publicity, pictures of classes in mathematics and sketching, news of employes' social activities—these form the principal contents. Thru all the pages, however, runs the refrain—work harder, produce more. Discontent, the steel slave is assured, is a "corroding thing which stifles all better things in his soul," and is "full of envy, malice, and unholy

and unjust desires." Work is the best cure for discontentment—so the "Gary Workers' Circle" preaches the gospel of capitalism.

A good illustration of how employe magazines fight attempts to organize the workers is given by the "E-J Workers' Magazine", which was published for some time by the Endicott-Johnson Shoe Company, Endicott, N. Y. In this plant, the largest of its kind in the world, a policy of paternalism, well systematized, has long been in effect, expressing itself in the establishment of company stores, widows, and old age pensions, a medical department, etc. The Endicott-Johnson's "square deal policy", however, apparently did not substitute for the low wages paid (the average wage in 1925 was \$26.48, according to the company, in computing which, the wages of the skilled workers were included). Rumblings of dissatisfaction and some talk of organization were heard. The company met this with attacks in the magazine on labor unions, answering complaints with pages of praise for its beneficent paternalism, calculated to appease the workers and neutralize their discontent.

SUCH is the character of these magazines—useful capitalist propaganda instruments. As one advertising manager writes, commenting on the value of employe magazines, "Rather than make him feel that he is being driven, we have led him to take such an interest in his work that he does more of it better than he would if he did not have this subconscious feeling that his work is counting for more than mere wage-paid motions."

The employe magazine is, then, designed to psychologize workers into docile acceptance of capitalism's terms, and make them willing or passive tools in the hands of the employing class. It must be exposed as a medium for propagating the policies of class collaboration and diverting labor from the class struggle.

In those plants where factory groups of the Workers (Communist) Party are organized, factory newspapers should be issued, having as one of their aims to counter the propaganda of the employers. This will be treated more fully in another article. Experience has shown that such shop papers, dealing with the immediate problems of the workers from their viewpoint, relating their particular struggles to those of their class as a whole, drawing the necessary political conclusions, find a ready ear among the working masses, and can therefore be used effectively to expose the aim and character of the employe magazine.

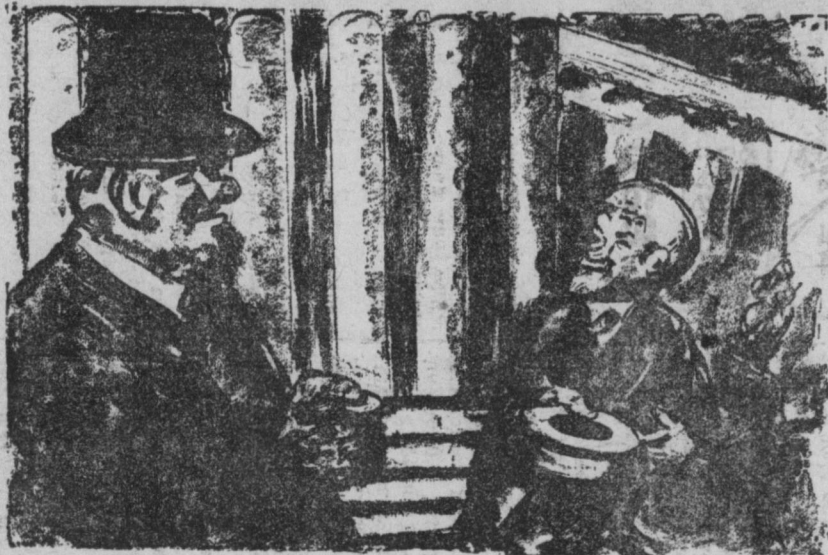
THESE journals, however, are bound up with the policy of class collaboration. It is significant that the spread of employe magazines has closely followed the development of company unions. Both are branches of the same tree, finding fertile soil in unorganized industry. The company union binds the worker organizationally to the employer, carrying out his production program as concerns wages, hours, output, etc. The employe magazines artfully propagandize the workers to accept this program, or similar programs in plants having no company unions. The main attack, therefore must be directed against the entire practice of class collaboration.



Priming Him Up.



Where a Company Paper is Useful.



Poincare Passing the Hat.

A PEEK EACH WEEK AT MOTION PICTURES

"THE BLONDE SAINT"

Lewis Stone, who makes his living by depicting infernal triangles on the screen is playing the role of literary roue in this picture, opposite Doris Kenyon who does not want to be opposite Lewis but has to, since she also must make a living whether she likes it or not.

Stone—this is not his screen name—is a noted and notorious author. He is a genius, therefore his escapades are glossed over. His books are bought if not read. In the opening reels of the picture he is shown rising from a troubled couch with indications of a wild night on his countenance. A highball warms him up a little and he proceeds to press his suit to or against "The Blonde Saint," who is blonde at least.

The usual troubles arise, else there would be no story. A respectable millionaire by the name of Bamfort lays siege to the blonde one's susceptibilities and succeeds after a fashion. He is taking her to London to get married in style, when curses! who should be on the same boat but this caveman Stone who lured the blonde one to a lonely part of the deck, seizes her boldly and bodily and with one wild leap carries her with him into the angry sea, only to be saved by an Italian fisherman, who in his turn added to the theatricals of the situation by giving the impression that he would cut two throats for the bracelets on the lady's wrist and for what he could shake out of Lewis' pockets.

However, a dangerous looking knife in Lewis' hand turned the Sicilian fisherman into a constitutionalist and the dire deed was left undone. (I forgot to tell the customers that the scene opened in Rome). Arriving on the island where the fishermen lived there was more trouble since the girl resented the bold way in which the genius plundered her fiancé. Suspicious that the literary lion had designs on her person, the blonde beauty armed herself with a bread knife, pushed a dressing table against her bedroom door and awaited developments, which arrived in the person of Stone, whose intentions were O. K. Then the blonde girl was almost as mad because they were. "The eternal woman," you will say.

To make it short, a plague broke loose, and Stone and the local priest were the heroes. They cured everybody, and everybody seemed to be afflicted with the plague only the two, the blonde saint and the village drunkard who was so chronically loaded with wine that the plague could not tolerate his breath.

At first the blonde lady would not attend the sick but finally she did and drat it if she did not fall in love with Lewis after he had sent an urgent message to her fiancé to call for her. Heap much hokum, tho of a sort that is tolerable. I counted five giggles and one grin in the picture. Which is not so bad as things go today.

Most of the customers in the Oriental came to see Paul Ash shake his hips and bob his shoulders. They also chimed in with the organist and enjoyed themselves in a discord of sounds. Community singing it was. No wonder the churches have a sore spot in their hearts for the movies.

To sum up, Lewis Stone was at his best in "The Blonde Saint" since he was not having indigestion from eating hard-boiled eggs and getting misunderstood by his faithful and meek spouse. He was not this time, because he hadn't any.

—T. J.



Dolores Del Rio, Mexican actress, in a leading role in "What Price Glory?"

"WHAT PRICE GLORY?"

At the Sam Harris Theater, New York.

With deep misgivings I went to see the screen version. I remembered "The Big Parade" and expected another dud. I saw the best American film ever shown. As a spectacle the war stuff—gun fire at night, heavy shelling and attacks are less elaborate than "Ben Hur" but far more real. Ben Hur was clever make believe—this isn't, this is genuine. The comic interludes are excellent, not childish and labored as in the "Big Parade." The captions ask clearly and often—"What the hell's the use? Why must honest men be shredded up every generation?" A fat old officer behind me with all the earmarks of a hard-boiled service of supply bozo snarled uneasily every time these captions flashed—he complained that was sentimentalism!

An excellent movie, one in all ways worthy of Lawrence Stallings, author of the only drama and of "Plumes," one of the worth while volumes of fiction in English on the war. More power to his elbow.

"FAUST"

Capitol Theater, New York.

Emil Jannings of "Variety" and "Last Laugh" stars in this show and is well worth seeing. Jannings as the devil bets with God that he will win the soul of Faust. Faust's youth is restored and on a magic rug they fly the world over. The scenery is splendid. Faust falls for the pure maiden Marguerite and the tragic climax of disaster and a torture death follows. God/welshes on the bet.

There's too much Jesus hokum—processions, crucifixes and such frills—for comfort but Jannings' acting is up to his high standard and redeems many things.

—J. B.

THE THEATER

"THE GREAT TEMPTATION"

Theater going Chicago is now being tempted with "The Great Temptation" which does not live up to its name. It is another of those lavish things labeled "a review in 35 scenes." All of them are there—with money and talent generously spread on to please the eye. "The Great Temptation" contributes but little else.

On only two occasions did the audience give unstinted applause. Once to a risqué joke of Jack Benny who contributes a bit of humor; and to Miller and Lyles, two good Negro comedians. They put over a really funny skit in which they prove by all mathematical laws that 13 is one-seventh of 28. But perhaps you have seen them do this—they've been doing it for a number of years.

The humorous skits are quite ordinary. The dancing also does not rise above the average. The specialty chorus, now the vogue in musical shows, is present in "The Sixteen Foster Girls"—alright in their way but not the equal of either the Gertrude Hoffman Girls or the Albertina Rasch Ballet.

The large chorus of "Big Temptations" and "Little Temptations" will tempt no loud applause from anyone. They did not even from the tired business men for whom this high-priced so-called review was made.

With seats running up to \$4.40 at the Apollo Theater it is almost a duty to give you the above words of warning.

"MISS CALICO"

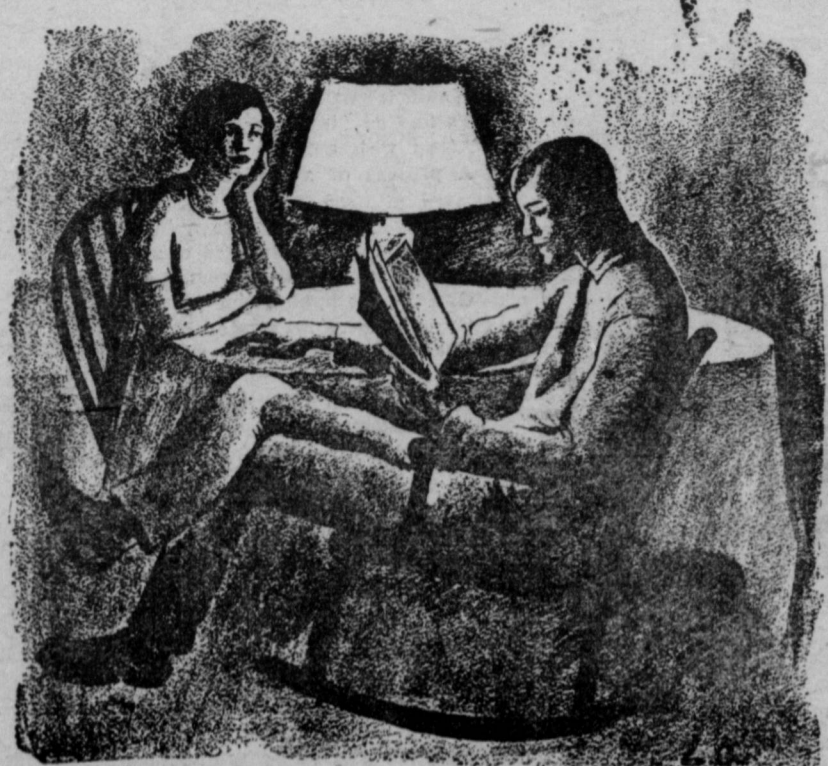
The Princess Theater is now showing an All-Negro show superior to any musical show given this season in Chicago. Ethel Waters, an artist of first class rank is the feature of "Miss Calico"—a show of many features. To our theater going comrades we suggest this lively entertainment—if you care for this sort of thing.

Ethel Waters is an entertainer of real talent and a charming personality. Around her are grouped a company contributing much splendid dancing and some good song. The company is a small one and the scenery very modest. The performance is something else again.

There is a remarkable dancer named Lew Kean. A scare-crow dance number which he leads in opening the second act is as gracefully a beautiful thing as we have ever seen. Jimmie and Eddie White do some lively stepping including a surprising Russian dance number. Alex Lovejoy is a black-face comedian at moments reminding you of the late Bert Williams, prince of all comedians. The Taskanna Four is a pleasing quartette far above the average. And there is a little lady named Margaret Beckett who looks destined for future stage glory.

There is an orchestra that feels and enjoys music. There are skits in "Miss Calico" that are good burlesque unusually well acted. There is a continuous gift of truly remarkable dancing. There is a joyous spirit of good fun thruout the performance. And first and last and above all—there is Ethel Waters, songster, comedienne, first-rate artist than whom we have seen none better on the musical stage. As sure as fate she will win you with charm and talent.

"Miss Calico" is just an evening of light and spirited entertainment. Excellent in its kind.



—Drawing by Lydia Gibson

With The Authors

THE MATERIALISM OF LITERARY CULTURE.

IT is no news to the readers of *The Daily Worker* that life is to be understood from bottom to top as an expression of effort at adjustment to the material environment. Otherwise readers may be so familiar with all the ins and outs of this idea that they can not get any more thrills out of the application of it; but the general run of those that see this review would very likely find new light and new interest in V. F. Calverton's latest essay in literary criticism. His earlier work, "The Newer Spirit," is familiar to many of us, and his newest venture fully bears out the hopes we felt when we saw how boldly and keenly the new path set out through the jungle of literary interpretation.

The only unfavorable criticism the present reviewer has seen of Calverton's work amounts to no more than saying that he has not exhausted the subject—a shortcoming natural enough in view of the fact that no one else has done anything worth while toward a realistic sociological interpretation of English literature, at least since Vida Scudder's "Social Ideals in English Letters," which was a notable groundbreaker a couple of decades ago.

In the latest product of Calverton's encyclopedic learning, "Sex Expression in Literature" (Boni & Liveright, 1926), the reader may learn to grasp the correlation that exists between the forms of literary expression and the underlying economic and social structure. On the one hand it appears that a ripened parasitic class, whether aristocratic or bourgeois gives vent to loose if not lascivious expression in the realms of letters, while a climbing business class disciplines itself to the point of restrained and puritanic expression. This contrast is exhibited to the full in a series of intensely interesting chapters in

which are depicted the ups and downs of noble and bourgeois from Elizabethan England to the present. The fact that sex expression is the touch-stone is but an incident to the theme. No one need to run to the book for new sex stuff. In fact if the author had selected a milder title and if he had selected a sponsor with another flair than that of Harry Barnes (who writes the introduction) only an abnormally keyed reader would have been much impressed by the use of sex material in the book. In fact, the author is interested in demonstrating the materialist conception of culture rather than a sexual conception of anything.

Very likely some highly sophisticated readers will say that Calverton has told them nothing new,—that they could have gone and written the book themselves. What of it? If the theory held by Calverton is sound, then the book is the expression of an epoch and not of an individual. Indeed we might say that in the person of Calverton, the rising proletariat passes judgment on what the previously dominant classes have chosen to call universal art and to judge by standards evolved from the brains of dilettante critics. It is not too much to say that a new era of literary criticism is now open and that it will show us how to understand literature as an expression of social forces rather than as a flight of vapory, footless genius.

—A. W. Calhoun.

BOOKS RECEIVED—

Men in War, By Andreas Latzko, Boni and Liveright.
Dubliners, By James Joyce, Boni and Liveright.
The Time of Man, By Elizabeth Madox Roberts, The Viking Press.

The Story of Two Villages

IN 1906 the well-known leader of the bourgeois Constitutional-Democratic Party, and member of the government duma, Doctor I. Shingarev, made a thorough investigation of two villages in the Voronezh Gubernia (Mokhovatki and Novo-Zhivotinnoe). The material which he obtained from this investigation he published under the title of "The Dying Village."

In his work Shingarev said that as a result of not having any land, of indescribable poverty and permanent starvation, the village population is slowly but surely dying out.

SINCE then the villages have gone thru the misfortunes of the imperialist war, more than once they found themselves on the front during the Denikin escapade, they suffered from the famine of 1921, cholera, Spanish influenza and typhus.

Therefore, when the Moscow Scientific-Research Institute of the Timiriachev Agricultural Academy decided to investigate several districts for the purpose of detailed information on the influence of the Revolution on the village, it chose in the first place, the above-mentioned villages (Novo-Zhivotinnoe and Mokhovatki) as a most favorable objective in view of the historic document already in hand, which had already determined their previous economic condition.

During a period of two and a half months the expedition of the Institute thoroughly investigated the economic condition of these villages and brought back very rich statistical material, each figure of which is the best evidence of what the October Revolution has given the village.

Since 1917 the land portion, for example, in Mokhovatki and Zhivotinnoe has increased 12 times on account of the landowners' land. At the same time when, during Shingarev's investigation there was 0.1 dessiatin of land suitable for tillage for each person of the population, and no meadow land at all, at the present time there is 1.12 dessiatin of land suitable for tillage and 0.12 dessiatin of meadow land for each person.

In the time of Shingarev the peasants paid the landowners five roubles as rent for each dessiatin of land, and apart from that, they also paid government, Zemsky and Communal taxes amounting to about 25 roubles for each homestead. However, the income from a dessiatin of land did not exceed 10-14 roubles. Thus, after deducting the cost of seeds and the payment of taxes and rent, his hard labor allowed the peasant to live in semi-starvation even in the years of good harvests.

In 1925 all the taxes of the peasants on the average amounted to about 12 roubles for a homestead, and the poorer homesteads (about 20 per cent) are entirely freed from paying taxes. Then again the improvements in tilling the soil raised the harvest in the peasant farms to 60 poods on the dessiatin, instead of the former 24. Correspondingly, the wholesale income from a dessiatin increased from 6 to 8 times.

A. I. Shingarev found that the birth-rate in the villages investigated, even in prosperous years, was very little above the mortality, and whenever there was the slightest drop in the harvest it also dropped. The recent investigation gave a complete picture of the situation. It was found that during the past 25 years there were five occasions when the position of births and deaths gave the following picture: in 1906 there were 34 deaths and 27 births, in 1913, 39 deaths and 36 births, in 1916, 27 deaths and 21 births, in 1917, 21 deaths and 16 births.

Beginning with 1922 the birthrate rapidly begins to prevail over the death rate and in 1925 in Zhivotinnoe there were 56 births and 19 deaths. In the history of the village for 36 years there was never a year when the birthrate was so high!

Finally, during the nine months of 1926 there were only 3 deaths, but 25 births.

Thus, the investigation gives us the full right to state that the title given by Shingarev, "The Dying Villages" is at the present time not applicable to us.



A member of the Soviet militia responding to a call for assistance. Their duties correspond to those of policemen in America, except that they protect the workers, not the capitalists.

In the Wake of the News.

(Continued from page 1)

left wing leaders. The British capitalists were able to do this same thing until a few years ago, but no longer, with the result that the British prototypes of the Greens, Wolls, Sigmans and Lewises are losing their hold on the masses who are compelled to go to the left for guidance, while the right wing leaders snuggle closer and closer to the capitalists. THIS is the day of the labor faker in the United States. And as there may be those in the radical movement whose supply of revolutionary optimism needs replenishment, a few squirts of that political elixir will not be wasted on those whose faith has attenuated. Years of plenty are usually followed by years of famine and vice versa. Progress is a fickle maid who takes one step backward for every two steps forward on the way to the marriage bureau. But it is as inevitable that socialism will supplant capitalism as that capitalism supplanted feudalism as an economic system. The right wing labor leaders, with their banking enterprises, and insurance companies, scab coal companies and investment companies may dazzle the eyes of a section of the working class with their "conquests" for the time being, but still despite all those spurious achievements, the workers must toil so that the capitalists can make profits and the only beneficiaries from the capitalistic schemes of the labor skates are the skates and the employers, outside of the crumbs thrown to the aristocracy of labor for the moment.

IN the debate between Scott Nearing and Professor Le Resignol of Nebraska, which took place last Sunday in Chicago, the professor was quite hopeful that the working class were on the way to becoming capitalists thru the policy of purchasing stock in corporations, and by organizing labor banks. Scott Nearing punctured his opponent's optimism when he showed by statistics that the total capitalization of all the labor banks was only 1 1/2 per cent of the capitalization of all the other banks in the United States and that the National City Bank of New York alone, was more powerful financially than all the labor banks combined. As for the argument that the workers can own the corporations provided they purchase all the stock, our reply is that landlordism can be abolished provided every tenant owns his own home.

Consecration.

O wreath red roses on my brow
And arm me with the sword of hate,
And give to me the deathless vow,
And point my charger at the gate
Where bastioned folly frouly stands
With sneering lips and bloody hands.

Empowered ease, what tho I fall?
I swear that I shall rise again!
And thru my death, a battle call
Shall bring to horse a thousand men,
With roses red upon their brow,
To charge thee as I charge thee now.

Then fill for me the rebel's cup,
And let me drain the blood-red wine;
On revolution let me sup,
And round my limbs the Red Flag twine;
I swear, for life or death, to be
The knight of Martial Liberty!
—Henry George Weiss.

Proletarian Odes.

By C. A. MOSELEY

III.

A Jazz Santa Claus.

Would it not be just truly shocking
To find on Christmas in your stocking,
Along with garters, ties and collars,
A present of a billion dollars?

Now don't, in language quite profane,
Suggest that I have used cocaine.
Or that my forearm bears the scars
Of frequent hypodermic jars,
Or even dare insinuate
That it has been my awful fate,
My fine mentality to lose
By loking up Volsteadian booze.
Just understand before you scream
That this is no hot opium dream.

A billion dollars is the gift
With which old Santa Claus will lift
The weight of woe from off the backs
Of those who have, with legal tacks,
Nalled down the nation's raw-skinned hide
And clinched the tacks on the inside.

In dividends and other ways
A billion dollars Wall Street pays
In thirty days of this December
To folks who really can't remember
When, with the privilege to shirk,
They did their last real bit of work.