

The New Magazine

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Editor.

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Strikes

GREAT strikes, involving tens of thousands of workers, are shaking the economic system of the United States. This would prove once more that "prosperity" under the present order is decidedly a one-sided affair. The capitalists prosper, to be sure, but the working masses get more exploitation.

Six months of bitter struggle is the up-to-date experience of the textile workers in Passaic, New Jersey. Thousands of men, women and children—woefully underpaid, overworked, persecuted and mistreated in every way—went on strike six months ago to resist a wage cut from a wage which was already much below the subsistence level. They fought bravely. They underwent tremendous sacrifices. But they cannot lose. They must not lose. They will continue to fight until they win.

FORTY THOUSAND New York cloakmakers are putting up a brilliant fight against being forced back into the "sweat shop." They have been on strike only two weeks but the power of their discipline and organization already received a splendid demonstration. One of the chief demands in their struggle—8-hour day and a 5-day week—is of tremendous importance to the American labor movement.

AT last the slaves of the New York traction magnates, the Interboro Rapid Transit, have lost patience and went out on strike. Not even the company union, which was installed by the Interboro for the express purpose of keeping the workers from forming a real union, could prevent the men from revolting against their brutal exploiters. It is a bitter and difficult

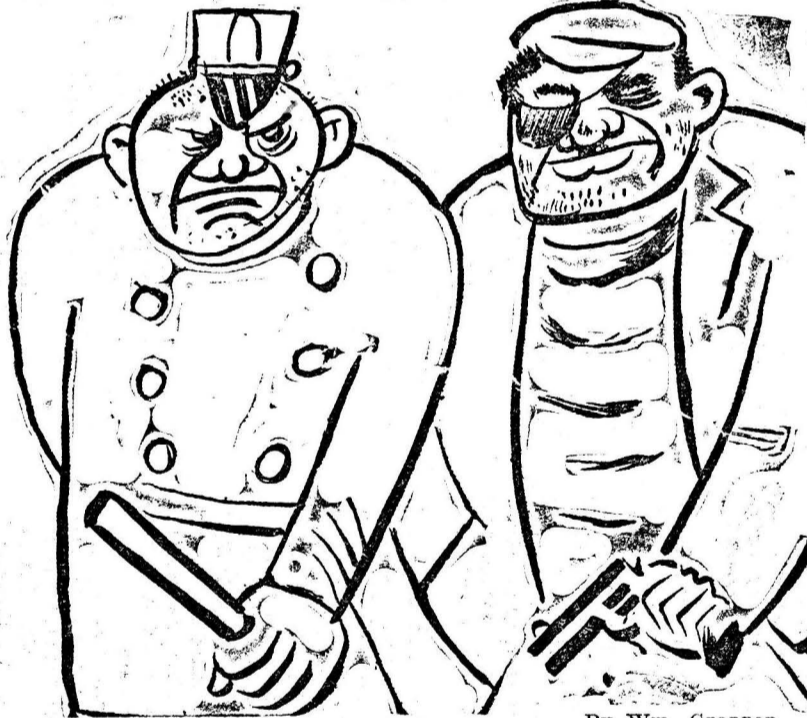
struggle that these strikers are engaged in, and because of that it must be fought to a finish and won.

THE coal mines of West Virginia are again on the strike map. The miners of Scott's Run are putting up a game fight. They are struggling for the right to be organized. The success of their fight would achieve the unionization of 40,000 miners in the Fairmont district of Northern West Virginia. This would mean a tremendous step forward in solving the critical situation of the United Mine Workers Union which is the backbone of the American labor movement.

CAPITAL is fairly well united against the workers in all these struggles. The unity of the workers is still far from what it ought to be.

Capital is making full use of the police, the courts the military and the whole oppressive machinery of the local and federal government. But the workers are still playing the politics of their enemies.

A strong union is an absolute necessity and so is an independent political party of the workers. The workers must win their strikes and enriched by the experiences of their struggles they must proceed to build their own political party.



By Wm. Gropper.

The Government Stands by the Bosses.

What Is Wrong With France?



BRIAND.

THERE is something fundamentally wrong with the present situation in France. And it is not the financial crisis alone. The latter is only a reflection of a deeper and much more basic crisis. It is the crisis of the French capitalist system which is fast approaching a revolutionary situation.

France of today is not the France of pre-war days. It is now more of an

industrial country than it ever was. It has more and larger factories. A greater unskilled and poorly paid working class employed in heavy industry. Highly concentrated trusts and corporations controlled by large bankers. Agriculture and small business have been relegated to the background since the war. Tremendously heightened industrial technique has taken away from the skilled worker the economic privilege of his skill.

What does it all mean? It means this: Before the war France was the ideal home of small business, urban and rural. Now France has become the ideal home of big business. Before the war politics in France was dominated to a large degree by the so-called democracy, the medium and small bourgeoisie of the cities and villages. Now big agrarian, commercial, industrial and finance capital is the dictator in French politics notwithstanding the fact that the medium and small bourgeoisie still retain a majority in the parliamentary institutions of the country.

The intense political struggle in France, which is accompanied by change of governments nearly every day, reflects this fact: That big capi-

tal is making the last determined efforts to break up the political influence of the medium and petty bourgeoisie (represented by the Bloc de Gauches, led by Herriot) and to establish its dictatorial powers in the government as it is already established in industry, commerce and finance.

INFLATION also has played its role in the present crisis. Due to inflation, the petty bourgeoisie and the peasants have lost about five-sixth of their capital. The sum would amount to about 100,000,000,000 francs, which is one-third of the national wealth of France. Ten million people have suffered as a result of inflation, of whom nearly five million have been completely ruined.

In this France has repeated the experience of Germany. The capital lost by the peasants and small business people was taken hold of by the bankers to buy up real property and to strengthen their control upon the economic life of France.

THE present financial crisis is a serious one and may lead to the development of a revolutionary situation. The government must balance its



MARCEL CACHIN,
Communist Leader.

budget. But who is to pay to make it possible? Big capital, whom the Briand-Caillaux ministry was trying to accommodate to a certain degree, wants to impose heavier taxes upon the small business men, the peasants and the workers. But the latter, quite naturally, would not agree to that.

The state treasury is facing bankruptcy because it cannot meet its obligations on the short-term internal loans which amount in the aggregate to about sixty billion francs. To repudiate these loans would mean revolution.

(Continued on page 2)

THE MOTHER CURSE

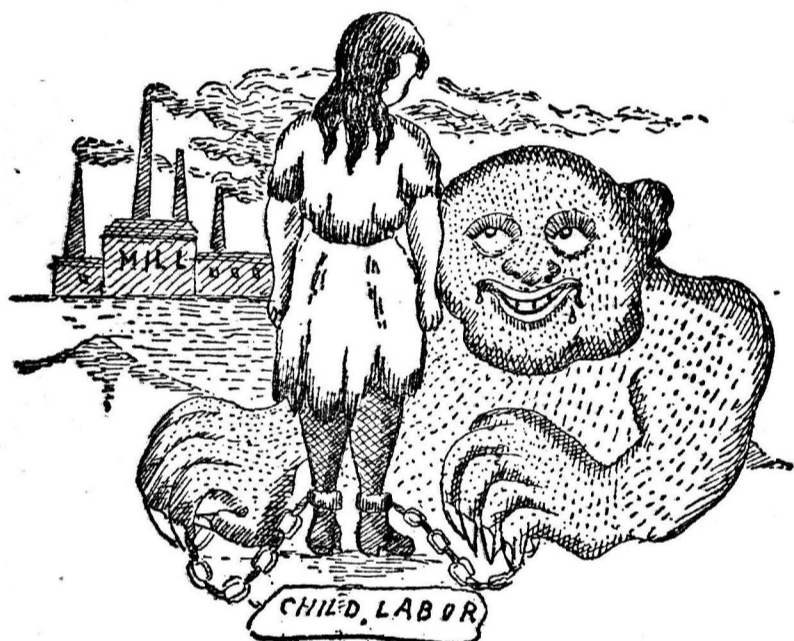
By MICHAEL GOLD.

The mother lifts her fists. She curses.
My children, my man, my work,
I hate them now, I curse them,
They have drained my life like leeches,
Left me empty and old!

Thunders! Lightnings! Planets crash! Oceans deluge the sky with blood! Cities moan! Die like poisoned rats! Centuries sink! History dies with a scream! Life blotted out! The pillars of the world melt like ice! There is Nothingness when a Mother curses her man, her children, her mother-work!

Listen, O mother, O mother in poverty.
Mother with the big fists.
Do not curse your own.
Children are good.
A mate is good.
Your work is good.
Curse the rich, it is they who are not good.
It is they who drain you, it is they you must curse, O Mother.

The mother curse on the rich!
On their parliaments and churches!
On their generals and gilded ladies!
On their Garys and Mussolinis!
On their charity, greed and idleness!
The mother curse, the mother curse!
It is they who have drained you, Mother



By Ph. Chatzky.

THE BATTLE BEGINS

"It is the greatest national crisis that has arisen since the fall of the Stuarts."—English daily paper.

THE field is set, the battle cries are clearer
Than those that stirred the world in ancient days
Shall men be scant of bread and give their labor
To rich men for the dividends it pays?
Shall children want, shall women bear the burden
Of each day's anxious and more hopeless care,
While half-starved toilers in the grimy darkness
Sweat on in ever impotent despair?

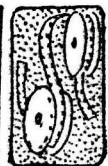
The industry that cannot make worth living
The lives devoted to its ceaseless grind
Brings no true profit to the heedless nation
That looks upon such things with eyes grown blind.
Not to make richer some who live in plenty
Should be the aim of greater enterprise,
But to give comfort to the striving many,
And sweeten life for all beneath the skies.

Coal! They have built a name and fame upon it;
Serfs of the blackness caused their wheels to turn.
The miner lifted Britain on his shoulders;
'Twas furnace flames that made her glory burn.
Now if another hand raise cheaper fuel
Shall this be said—they let their stalwarts die
Because they would not pay the price demanded
The miseries of hunger to defy?

Gladly the masters of the wealth they made them
Would bring again the serfdom borne so long,
But Labor eager, valorous, determined,
Will not endure again the monstrous wrong.
The field is set, the battle cries are clearer
Than those that freedom thundered long ago.
Stand to the mighty test! There comes a triumph
To a great nation; and the world shall know!

—The Australian Worker.

A PEEK EACH WEEK AT MOTION PICTURES



"THE ROAD TO MANDALAY."

HERE is another picture that will help to dim the popularity of a good actor. Lon Chaney does all he can in it and does it well, and little more can be said for the picture.

To begin with, the title has nothing to do with any of Kipling's stories or poems. The story has been taken out of cold storage without putting any new wrinkles on it; the scenario writer has made it a blood-and-thunder melodrama and the director, Tod Browning, in years to come will never own up to his work.

Which, taken all in all, about sums up the movie. The story concerns itself with a "Singapore Joe," a pirate on the coast of India, who is also a keeper of a Bombay house of ill-repute. His daughter in Mandalay is taken care of by a brother, who is a priest. "Singapore Joe," played by Lon Chaney, is the unknown father who supports his girl—who falls in love with a drunken sot, who is called the "Admiral," who is also the trusted lieutenant of "Singapore Joe."

The father, unknown to his daughter, kidnaps the "Admiral" so he cannot marry his daughter. He is nevertheless from a "good family" and had reformed on seeing the pure daughter of Joe.

A Chinese assistant of Singapore Joe attempts to attack the girl, who has come to the Bombay dive to save her kidnapped lover. She stabs her father in the ensuing fight, when he comes to save her, not knowing who he is beyond his evil reputation, and she does not find out. And there you are. If you can make out the plot as it is summed up here you will get as much value out of it as there is in the picture. Lon Chaney did very well. Owen Moore gives a splendid performance of the dissolute bounder. Lois Moran might be a good actress, but her part only asks that she look pretty—which she does. H. B. Walthall acts the part of the priest much better than priests usually act. We hope that Lon Chaney gets a better picture to perform in next time. After this one he sure deserves it. W. C.

MOVIES IN RUSSIA.

ONLY day before yesterday Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford were greeted by thousands of Russian workers in Moscow. From half the front

tier the press reports "their journey assumed a triumphal aspect."

The popularity of these American stars in Russia can well be judged by the fact that the "Thief of Bagdad," Fairbanks' last picture, has been running for over a year in Moscow. So popular has the picture become that, according to a report by Ernestine Evans in an article in the August issue of "Asia," there was a case in court of a Nepman's wife being sued by her cook for the slanderous charge of being called "a Thief of Bagdad."

The author of the article refers to the popularity of American pictures as the outstanding news of the movies in Russia. However, Russian movies are also making tremendous strides. Russian movie magazines are increasing in number and circulation.

"The Station Master," a story of Pushkin, is one of the new films featuring Moskvin, leading player of the Moscow Art Theater. "Arlita," another new film, is an imaginative one whose story is laid in revolutionary Russia of 1917-18 and partly on the planet Mars. "The Bears' Wedding," a play by Lunacharsky, commissar of education, has been issued, and all the old folk tales of Russia are being filmed, to the delight of the children and the peasants, on whom they have had such a hold.

Leon Trotsky has devoted his pen to this problem and sees in the movies a magnificent weapon against both vodka and superstition.

"In order to liberate the common masses from the ritual and ecclesiasticism acquired by habit," he writes in answer to the editors of the atheist magazine, "Godless," "anti-religious propaganda is not enough. Meaningless ritual, which lies in the consciousness like an inert burden, cannot be destroyed by criticism alone; it can be supplanted by new forms of life, new amusements, new and more cultured theaters. Here, again, my thoughts go naturally to the most powerful, because it is the most democratic instrument in the theater—the cinema. The cinema amuses, educates, strikes the imagination by images, and liberates you from the need of crossing the church door. The cinema is a competitor not only of the public house, but of the church. Here is an instrument which we must secure at all costs."

WHAT'S WRONG WITH FRANCE?

(Continued from page 1)

Meanwhile the franc is going to hell. Worth ordinarily about 20 cents, its present value is a little over 2 cents. This catastrophic decline of the franc is not caused by any adverse balance of trade (which is still favorable), but by the continuous issuance of paper money by the government to meet its obligations. The fall of the franc must be stopped. But how?

To stabilize the franc France needs foreign credits. But these it cannot get before it agrees to fund its old debts. Which creates a new difficulty. For France to accept the terms of the United States and the British governments would mean the payment by France of an annual tribute of about two billion gold francs. Where are these tremendous sums going to come from?

BIG capital has a solution. It was incorporated in the so-called plan of the experts, which was championed by the Briand-Caillaux ministry. It was on this plan that the ministry met its recent defeat.

In short, the plan meant the following: It would create a sort of a Dawes plan for France, delivering the French masses helplessly into the hands of a combination of American, British and French bankers. It would result in new inflation still further ruining the peasantry and the small bourgeoisie. It would result in heavy taxes on the masses, smaller wages, longer hours, increased cost of living, etc., etc., in the best style of the Dawes plan in Germany.

This is the plan of big capital. The majority of parliament, made up of the left block of the petty bourgeoisie

led by Herriot, the socialists and the Communists, has rejected this plan. Briand's ministry fell and Herriot came again into office. But what has Herriot got to offer?

He and members of his party (the left block) have been in power before trying to tackle the financial crisis. But always, like the typical petty bourgeois that he is, he surrendered to the pressure of big capital and thus failed to carry out a consistent program of his own.

This time his ministry lived only two days. He was defeated by the lack of program and determination to fight. The coming back of Poincare indicates a victory of big capital and is a step in the direction of regrouping of political parties.

THE big capitalists are beginning to clamor for some kind of an open or veiled dictatorship. They seem to think the time opportune for a drastic move in that direction. But whether it materializes or not, the political situation in France will henceforth become ever more intensified. The realignment of parties will proceed faster. The workers, poor peasants and petty bourgeoisie will progressively line up on one side against the growing solidification of big capital. The issue is gradually crystallizing in this form: The dictatorship of the bourgeoisie led by big capital or a workers' and farmers' government led by the working class.

The Communist party of France is energetically taking the lead for the establishment of a workers' and farmers' government.

Alex Bittelman.

The Chief of Police

By THURBER LEWIS.

THE American system of municipal government has given rise to the existence of a very strange creature. He is called chief of police. He has no "mandate from the people." He is appointed. But his powers are large. They are the powers of police—which, when boiled down, means the power of military.

When this appears the 33rd national convention of the International Association of Chiefs of Police will be adjourning after a four-day session in Chicago. Police chiefs and superintendents from all over the land assembled at the Congress Hotel ostensibly to confide secrets of the underworld, exhibit the latest weapons of offense and defense, talk of extradition methods, fingerprinting, traffic safety and the innumerable other sordid things that make up the business of a policeman.

Over a quiet bottle, some of the more red-nosed and honest will confide other things: "How's the graft in your burg?" perhaps. For it is no secret that chiefs of police are so very close to the underworld that is their perennial quarry that it is hard not to get contaminated, so to speak. It seems to have become an integral part of the occupation of police chiefing to issue denials of graft to the annoying yellow press as fast as the handouts come in from the protected. You don't have to live in Chicago to know that with very few exceptions, if there are any at all, municipal government in the United States reeks with graft, bribery and protection. Well, chiefs of police are the so-called directors of the military arm of municipal government. You can fancy what a crew collected at the Congress Hotel.

But chiefs of police have another, far more significant, far more social, mission. They are the busiest and most effective strike-breaking agents in the country.

YOU don't have to go into the theory of the state as a class institution to realize what part the police play in the game. All you have to do is to watch the development of any strike in any city that has police. As soon as the workers are out the chief gets a phone call from the boss of whatever place they walked out of. Before you can say Jack Robinson a formidable detail of bluecoats is on the job.

What are they there for? Why, protecting property, that's all. Guess again. They are there to intimidate, club and jail the striking workers.

They are performing, under orders from their chief, the social mission of police under capitalism, protecting the interests of the capitalists, the owners—and subduing by force the faintest signs of rebellion among the workers, those who own nothing, the wage-slaves.



The Toilers

By E. GUY.

O, hear their song! The workers!
The workers are coming;
All will rise—
The men of the soil, the men that toil;
An endless line—
A surging mass, the working class;
In every land—
The millions strong will join their song;
From every clime—
Yellow, black, and white will stand and fight,
You will hear them march—
It won't be long, they will sing their song,
The forward march—
There will be no retreat, no—never a defeat,
The workers are coming—
O, hear their song.

China Begins to Struggle

By Sherman H. M. Chang



FENG YU-HSIANG,
Commander of First People's Army.

IN 1900 czarist Russia began to encroach upon Manchuria more aggressively than before. The Anglo-Japanese alliance of 1902 was formed in order to cause Russia to modify her position. Finally in 1904 the Russo-Japanese war broke out, owing to the conflict of imperialist interests in Manchuria. It was ended in the treaty of Portsmouth, 1905, by which Russia abandoned to Japan Port Arthur, with other rights, and gave up her attempts upon South Manchuria and Korea. Thus Russia only retained her right in North Manchuria, and Japan has become the successor of the exploiter in North and South Manchuria. The latter has also been ranked since then as one of the great powers in the world. In 1910 she annexed Korea, a former dependency of China.

In 1912 the Russian government made a treaty with the local government of Mongolia, promising to assist the latter in becoming independent of China. In 1914 the British government urged China not to station any troops in Tibet, and not to interfere with its governmental affairs. In the same year Japan secured by force possession of Kiaochow, with the promise to turn it to China after the end of the European war. It was not until the last few years that Japan fulfilled her promise. In 1915 she demanded new privileges in Eastern Inner Mongolia, in Fukien province and in the Yangtze valley. She also demanded that in the future China give no concessions on her coasts to any foreign power without the consent of Japan, and that China take for herself Japanese advisers and Japanese policemen. Since there was no justification for the making of these demands whatever, they simply antagonized the Chinese and provoked anti-Japanese movements. Thus in 1920 the students' demonstration took place throughout the country. This was the second great movement, which was better organized than the first one in 1900, and was free from violent attacks upon foreigners.

In May, 1925, the employers of a Japanese cotton mill in Shanghai caused the shooting of Chinese laborers. One was shot dead and many others were wounded. On May 30, the workers, the students and business men made a demonstration in order to make that event known to the world. When the parade was marching on into the settlement, the British police fired at the demonstration with guns and revolvers, regardless of the unarmed mass. This was the Shanghai massacre, May 30, 1925. Demonstrations and parades against imperialism, following the massacre, took place everywhere throughout China. This was the third great mass movement against imperialism in Chinese history.

Summary of the Losses of China Under Imperialism Since 1842.

WHAT China has lost or suffered from imperialism may be summarized as follows:

- Four dependencies lost: Indo-China, Burmah, Korea, a part of Siam.
- Five outright cessions: Hongkong, Kowloon-wan, Macao, Formosa, and a territory north of the Amur and east of the Ussuri rivers.
- Five leaseholds: Port Arthur, Talien, Weihaiwei, Kwanchowwan, the Peninsula of Kowloon.
- Thirteen international settlements and eighteen special areas controlled by a single foreign power.
- Jurisdiction over foreigners is lost under the name of extraterritoriality.
- Tariff control is lost under the name of treaty tariff, or conventional tariff.
- The right to fortify certain strategic points is lost.

rialism is strangling Chinese economic life.

There is still something more. According to the rate of 5 per cent ad valorem we find out that duties on imported and exported goods in 1918 were still based on the value of the identical goods estimated in 1868. In a period of fifty years the prices remained the same.

In China there is a transit tax, called likin. This tax is levied on goods transported from city to city. According to the tariff treaty, a surtax of 2½ per cent is levied at the custom house in lieu of likin and all other internal taxes. Thus all the imported goods have special exemptions, as compared with all native goods. This is another instance of destroying Chinese business.

b. Economic consequences of the most-favored-nation clause. The most-favored-nation clause ordinarily means a reciprocal favor or benefit given to one another by two parties to a treaty; but this phrase applied to China has a different meaning. It is a one-sided favor given by China to the second party. It implies a reciprocity, not between China and the second party, but between the second and all third parties. That is, a third

h. Other economic rights ceded, such as the right to build railways, to open mines and so on.

Hence China's territorial integrity is impaired, her administrative integrity is broken, her economic freedom of action is restricted, and her national resources are exploited. All these are contributions of imperialism.

Economic Consequences of Imperialism on China.

IN China from 1842 to 1860 was the starting period of imperialism; from 1860 to 1900 was its period of entrenchment, and from 1900 to the present time it is defending its acquisitions. The so-called open-door policy is none other than a policy of defending the interests of imperialistic powers in China. The above facts of what imperialism has done to China already indicate the results. But some specific consequences need to be mentioned.

a. Economic consequences of treaty tariff. Since the tariff rate was fixed at 5 per cent ad valorem, all goods are taxed alike without regard as to imports and exports, or nature of goods. For instance, opium should be heavily taxed, or be entirely forbidden to be imported. The taxes on exported silk and tea should be reduced; those on food supply during a period of famine should be highly increased. All this cannot be done under the treaty tariff system. Consequently we have no means to develop industry and to protect it. Nor can we balance our food supply.

Furthermore, since the customs administration has been under the control of foreigners and since the salt gabelle has been under the custody of foreign powers, all customs duties and salt gabelle which have been collected have always been deposited in a British bank, Hongkong and Shanghai Bank, only 2 per cent interest being paid to the Chinese government. Thus the circulating capital or fund in the Chinese money market is greatly decreased. Business men suffer from this money scarcity. The interest rate of Chinese bank loans is from 10 to 15 per cent, while the British bank can lend Chinese government deposits to foreign merchants at 3 or 4 per cent interest. It goes without saying that the cost of the Chinese business men is far greater than that of foreign business men in China. Under such a condition, how can the former compete with the latter? To say nothing of justice and injustice, the objective facts show how impe-

party can follow the second party to demand an identical favor from China. For example, the Chino-American treaty of 1880 provided that the American steamers and steamboats shall be taxed the same as those of the Chinese and other foreigners. In 1890 the Chinese government tried to reduce the taxes on Chinese steamers, but the British, basing their reason on the Chino-American treaty, protested against this reduction. Again, China once made a treaty with Japan permitting the Japanese to pursue the business of manufacturing in China. Owing to the most-favored-nation principle, China could not refuse to allow other foreigners to do the same.

c. Economic consequences of extra-territoriality. International settlements and foreign jurisdiction are based upon extra-territoriality. Hence foreigners can build factories on Chinese soil. In addition to their great amount of capital and great industrial skill, they enjoy the privilege based on treaties, which the Chinese themselves do not have.

The spheres of influence are supported by the institution of extra-territoriality. Owing to the spheres of influence the powers have supported or prolonged the civil war in China since 1912, for each power assists the military leader in its sphere of influences in fighting against the other, by furnishing him munitions and guns and loaning him funds in order to get resources for security.

WHAT has been said above is not complete, for it requires far more space to make an exhaustive study on this subject. Now we may draw the following conclusions:

Since 1842 the powers have imposed by force upon China unequal treaties by which they have got political and economic control. Thru this control they have checked Chinese industrial development and made China a mere market for their goods as well as a mere supplier of resources, or materials. In other words, China has been forced to be an international market and an international colony. Consequently the Chinese business men have become bankrupt; the handicraftsmen and unskilled laborers have become unemployed. All these have contributed to the increase of poverty and starvation of the masses and to the prolongation of civil war.

Since the Chinese are human creatures, they must make some response to such heavy oppression. Our first response was the Boxer movement, our second response was the students' movement of 1900; our third response was the mass movement of 1925.

The Red Savior

By Hermina Zur Muhlen

Translator A. Landy



(A church. Candles are burning on the altar. Over the altar a large black wooden cross. On the steps before the altar, a ragged man with tortured face, barefoot. He supports himself against the altar with one hand.)

THE PRIEST (in his vestments, enters the open door of the church followed by two small altar boys in their surplices. He proceeds towards the altar, stops abruptly, stares at the tattered person): A man before the altar. Unholy hands touch the holy shrine. Blasphemy! Be gone! Be gone!

THE RAGGED ONE: I am in my house.

THE PRIEST: Do not blaspheme. What do you want here?

THE LARGER ALTAR BOY: (tugs the priest's robe, timidly): Your Reverence, the cross.

THE PRIEST (glances hastily towards the cross, cries out): Empty! Where is the Savior?

THE SMALLER ALTAR BOY: Why, he is standing at the altar.

THE RAGGED ONE: Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.

THE PRIEST (stares at the ragged one, gradually seems to recognize him. Outraged): What? What does this mean? Why, the Savior must hang on the cross.

THE RAGGED ONE: And if he were to descend to life? You yourself teach that your God is not dead. Now you see: he lives.

THE PRIEST (confused): The Savior belongs on the cross . . . If the congregation comes to mass . . . Finds the cross empty . . . The Savior here, alive, like a human being . . . (screaming) Back to the cross, we need a dead God.

THE RAGGED ONE: Yes, one who neither sees nor hears, a lifeless piece of wood.

THE PRIEST (in despair): Such disorderly conduct! You descend from the cross as a human being descends from his bed. You bring confusion into people's hearts . . . This is not becoming in the Savior . . .

THE RAGGED ONE: Do you not celebrate my resurrection today?

Surely you know that I am alive.

THE PRIEST: We teach that to the ignorant, the common people.

THE RAGGED ONE: Why?

THE PRIEST: They bow to our will the better when they believe in you.

THE RAGGED ONE (astonished): I do not understand that.

THE PRIEST: They fear to anger you when they rise up against us.

THE RAGGED ONE: Not that did I teach.

THE PRIEST: Your teaching is a distorting mirror; everyone sees his own face distorted in it.

THE RAGGED ONE: My life taught differently.

THE PRIEST: Your life? Do we know whether you ever lived?

THE RAGGED ONE: So you teach something in which you do not believe?

THE PRIEST: Who believes in fairy tales today?

THE RAGGED ONE: What do you call a fairy tale?

THE PRIEST: The Resurrection.

THE RAGGED ONE: Blind eyes! A hun-

dred times have I arisen before you, and you have not seen it?

THE PRIEST (severely didactic): You do not know the legend that is woven around your name: you arose only once; in Jerusalem.

THE RAGGED ONE: No. A hundred times, in everyone whose love was stronger than death. In every fettered rebel languishing in prison, I lived. In everyone that you hanged on the gallows, I was crucified.

THE PRIEST (outraged): Blasphemer!

THE RAGGED ONE: Can God blaspheme God?

THE PRIEST: Your divinity is questionable; you yourself called yourself the son of man.

THE RAGGED ONE: There is only one God: the human being who loves.

THE PRIEST: You talk of love. Did you rebels love the victims they killed?

THE RAGGED ONE: In pure hands, murder is a good deed.

THE PRIEST (outraged): Criminal! Murderer! Communist!

THE RAGGED ONE: Do you want to call the police?

THE PRIEST (raging): What am I talking to you for? You do not even exist. You never lived.

THE RAGGED ONE: Not for you and your like.

THE PRIEST: A dead person may not arise again. That is not provided for in the law. It is for the dead to be dead. Back to the cross!

THE RAGGED ONE: It seems to me, the Church teaches that every sin committed crucifies the Savior anew?

THE SMALLER ALTAR BOY (eagerly): Yes, that's the way I learned it in my bible class.

THE RAGGED ONE (suddenly terrible): You crucify me daily, hourly. Wherever anyone suffers through your guilt, wherever a child cries from hunger, wherever a sick person dies in misery, wherever one wearies in the labor of the day, there am I crucified.

THE PRIEST: But you are dead, a lifeless piece of wood, you can see nothing.

THE RAGGED ONE: Your guilt is so immense that dead matter acquires eyes to see it and lips to cry out against it.

THE SMALLER ALTAR BOY (begins to cry): I am afraid.

THE RAGGED ONE (tenderly): Be not afraid. (He kneels before the child). Look, now I am smaller than you, and that is as it should be, for you are the future, little man, little God.

THE PRIEST (screaming): Blasphemy!

THE RAGGED ONE (gets up): You blaspheme God. Every deed, every one of your gestures is blasphemy. The paunch that waddles past the starving, the silk gown that rustles past the half-naked: blasphemy. The factory that reaches to the sky and engulfs the life of the worker: blasphemy. The stinking cellar hole in which the poor live: blasphemy. The brothel in which love is purchasable: blasphemy. The battlefield upon which human beings die in order to fill your pockets: blasphemy. You, yourself, your being, your existence: blasphemy!

THE PRIEST (jeering): You will not do away with us.

THE RAGGED ONE: Do you think so? Do you not know that I actually descend from every cross to which you nail me? That I arise from every grave in which you lay me?



By Fred Ellis.

THE PRIEST (confused): You talk like a lunatic. Who are you?

THE RAGGED ONE: I am the Resurrection and the life in man.

THE PRIEST (as if stunned): What is the Resurrection and the Life?

THE RAGGED ONE (powerful): Revolution!

THE PRIEST (cries out): Revolution . . . Help . . . Police (to the altar boys): Run! Fetch the police! I always had the suspicion anyway that in case he really lived, Jesus must have been a lunatic; a normal person does not allow himself to be crucified.

THE RAGGED ONE: No, he looks around for a minister's seat.

THE PRIEST (in despair): Nothing is holy to this person. Now he is even blaspheming against the government! That is more dangerous than to blaspheme against God, for God commands no servants with machine guns and blackjacks. Run children, do, fetch the police. (The two altar boys hurry out. The church bells begin to ring).

THE PRIEST: The congregation will be here directly. The empty cross over the altar . . . This disorderly conduct . . . If the bishop learns of this . . . Just in my congregation a thing like that has to happen . . . (pleading): Go back to the cross again and I will serve you my whole life long!

THE RAGGED ONE: How often have you already told that to the people?

THE PRIEST (helpless): The people, the people! What is the people to me?

THE RAGGED ONE: I am the people whom you crucify. I am the dead people who are arisen. Woe unto you! (Two policemen dash into the church).

THE PRIEST (panting): Here . . . this man . . . Blasphemy . . . Inciting to class hatred . . . A Communist . . .

ONE OF THE POLICEMEN: That's enough.

THE SECOND POLICEMAN: Wait (to the Ragged One): Have you papers? Who are you?

THE RAGGED ONE (drawing himself erect): The Red Savior who has come to judge.

THE FIRST POLICEMAN: There you are, a red. (Both policemen fall upon him and drag him out of the church).

THE PRIEST (confused): A nightmare . . . a frightful incubus . . . Did not someone come and say, the legend of Christ is true, God lives? (The organ begins, singing resounds from the choir: Christ is arisen! Halleluja! Halleluja!)

The Team Driver

By I. Ozersky

ALL his life he was a team driver. Firstly, because he wasn't handy enough to learn anything else. Secondly, because he liked to get his tips on deliveries and now and then he would also profit on goods left over on his delivery wagon. He knew a trick that brought the profits.

One day there was a change of managers. And because the new manager believed in latest improvements, he introduced a new system, one of his plans being to install motor trucks instead of teams. By this he found that more than half of his team drivers had to be discharged.

Among the discharged was the hero of our tale. Though he had a chance to learn to drive trucks, as was offered him by the new manager because of his record of being a "snick" against his friend drivers, he declined to do so. He felt he wasn't able to learn truck driving nor was he literate enough to sign his name to receipts on goods delivered or received, as was the rule introduced by the new manager.

Though out of a job and elderly in years, he did not seem to worry. Since his younger years he was trying to save up for a rainy day and with a view of going some day into business for himself. Nobody would ever believe he had actually saved any money from his small wage and with a family to support.

But he did. By telling the manager tales of the would-be or real thievery of other drivers he kept suspicion from himself and profited by it. He would tell the foreman that Jones has done this and Charles has done that and another fellow has done something else, all the while looking out for himself and incidentally putting away bit after bit for the rainy day.

Having found himself out of work, he decided to go through with his old plans, and bought himself a little grocery store in a poor section of the city. He figured it was easier to cheat the poor and handier to deal with them.

His judgment was good. And since he knew all the little tricks of petty business, he was getting along nicely. In a short while his business horizon became widened. He saw chances opening before him and, being wide awake, he grabbed them.

A couple of years later we find our hero the possessor of a real estate office with clerks and accountants taking care of the work and the former team driver getting the profits.

Little by little he became very prosperous. He bought himself a good pleasure car and

hired a chauffeur to drive it for him. Later he found out that good polished manners were a necessity for entering and getting on in so-called society. He therefore hired all sorts of people to teach him and his family good manners.

He was getting along fine. He way buying up shops and factories, introducing the most modern methods of speed-up and squeeze out. In a word, he was on the right way, and whatever he did not know himself his hirelings would do it for him.

One day at the height of his prosperity, and knowing the value of the power of his great wealth, he began to mingle with politicians, seeking newer fields for honors and riches.

At that time most everything was at his disposal. Newspaper reporters would give him all the publicity he wanted; the writers breaking their pen-points in their efforts to praise him. Artists were making his portraits. The priests in the churches, built on his money, would praise his work in their sermons urging his workers to obey the Lord and the Boss. Government officials would be quite willing to help him out in his difficulties with the men in his factories. The officers would help him to break strikes, throw the strike leaders into jail, and generally cover up his bad, unlawful deeds. All this was the foundation of his power and success.

One day a committee of politicians of his state came to offer him the candidacy for the governorship which was his secret desire and which he readily accepted.

There was no end to his joy. He hastily left his office to tell his wife and family the details of the great honor that was conferred upon him. Upon reaching home he jumped out of his Rolls Royce, ran up the stairs of his palatial house, grabbed and kissed the butler who wondered what it was all about, and caught his wife by her hands and started to turn her around telling her of his luck and dancing and singing all the time.

But seeing that his wife does not share his jolly, he stopped dancing and asked her what was the matter. She answered by asking worriedly whether he knows how to write. He laughed merrily into her face and inquired whether that was all she was worried about. When he saw her shake her head approvingly, he called her an old fool and told her also that had he known how to write he would have kept his job as a truck driver instead of going into business and becoming a great power in finance and politics.

The Story of J. Pierpont Morgan's Fortune

By Gustavus Meyers

With the kind permission of the author and the publishers we are herewith beginning the publication in the magazine of a series of extracts from "The History of the Great American Fortunes," by Gustavus Myers. This work of three volumes was published by Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago. The selection of the extracts will be such as to familiarize our readers with the origin of the fortunes of those magnates of capital who are today playing a determining role in the imperialistic life of the United States.

J. PIERPONT MORGAN is not one of those magnates coming wholly under the classification of being a "self-made man."

His father, Junius S. Morgan, was a millionaire. Ascending by successive steps from the positions of farmer boy, dry goods clerk, bank clerk and commercial man, Junius S. Morgan became a partner of George Peabody in the banking business. When the civil war came on, George Peabody and Company were appointed the financial representatives in England of the United States government. Synchronously with this appointment their wealth suddenly began to pile up; where hitherto they had amassed riches by stages not remarkably rapid, they now added many millions within a very few years.

How did they contrive to do it? Biographical narratives aver that it was done by legitimate banking methods, although what those methods were is not explained. But if we are to believe the comments and criticisms appear-

ing in the American newspapers of the time, their methods were not only very far from being legitimate, but were within the pale of the most active treason. The constitution of the United States defines treason as consisting in citizens levying war upon the nation, or in giving aid and comfort to the enemy. According to writers of the day, the methods of George Peabody and Company were of such a character as to be not only treasonable, but double treason, in that, while in the very act of giving insidious aid to the enemy, George Peabody and Company were the financial plenipotentiaries of the United States government, and were being well paid to advance its interests.

An article for example, published in the Springfield Republican in October, 1866, asserted: "For all who know anything of the subject know very well that he (Peabody) and his partners in London gave us no faith and no help in our struggle for national existence. They participated to the full in the common English distrust of our cause and our success, and talked and acted for the South rather than for the nation."

Evidently, it was the sight of the large benefactions which Peabody was then giving that prompted the remarks upon the origin of his fortune.

Millions from Alleged Treason. The writer of this article went on to say that George Peabody and Company swelled the feeling of doubt abroad, and speculated upon it. "No individuals," he continued, "contributed so much to flooding our money markets with the evidences of our debt in Europe, and

breaking down their prices and weakening financial confidence in our nationality than George Peabody and Company, and none made more money by the operation. All the money, and more, we presume, that Mr. Peabody is giving away so lavishly among our institutions of learning was gained by the speculations of his house in our misfortunes." A writer in the New York Evening Post, issue of October 26, 1866, also made the same statements, accusing Peabody and Junius S. Morgan of using their positions as United States financial representatives to undermine the very cause that they were paid to represent, and profiting heavily from their treachery.

These are a few of the newspaper comments then current. Whether they were all true, or partially true, or not true at all, we do not know; no confirmation of them can be found in official records. The statements are given here for what they may be worth. But it should be remembered that not the one-thousandth part of what was going on in the world of capitalism ever found its way into official documents. Reasoning from conditions prevailing at the time, it is more than likely that the accusations were by no means ill-founded.



Why?

By HENRY GEORGE WEISS.

A man can eat no more than his stomach will hold, Nor wear at any time more than his flesh will stand. Also it is impossible for him to ride in two automobiles at once, Or to sleep in more than one bed, in one room, in one house, Or to be in two places at the same time.

Yet big, fat men corner a million meals, Possess unto themselves a dozen autos, A dozen suits, A dozen homes, With dozens of rooms, And dozens of beds.

A hundred men are trying to sleep on park benches tonight. A thousand men are wriggling bare toes thru decrepit shoes on bare pavement.

Men are jostling each other in bread lines for a crust of bread and a bowl of dishwater.

Women and children are begging on the streets for a bite to eat. Out in Kansas, California, Washington, the sheriffs are raiding the hobo jungles and giving homeless men hell for being homeless.

It is, of course, due to the superior force of capitalists and the lack of Bolsheviks!

Soviet Labor Leader Gives Facts on Russian Trade Unions

A Letter to The DAILY WORKER.

By G. MELNITCHANSKY.

IN a provincial American "labor paper," Vermillion County Star, of Danville, Illinois, there appeared an article devoted to the Bulletin issued by the foreign relations committee of the Central Council of Trade Unions of the U. S. S. R. and to the information about the Russian trade unions contained therein.

The article was distributed from Chicago by the International Labor News Service, semi-official news agency of the American Federation of Labor, and sent to all newspapers controlled by the federation. Its heading reads: "Red Trade Unions Seek to Fool Labor Press."

To begin with, the article says: "Melnitchansky evidently believes that American trade unionists will be impressed when he says, as he does in this first issue of his press service, that the Russian trade unions now have a 'grand total membership of 7,846,789' The unions of a character affiliated with the A. F. of L. have a total membership of approximately 4,000,000 When it is considered that Russia has a population of 165,000,000 people, and that the Communists have absolutely dominated the situation there for seven years, the showing as to present trade union membership is not impressive."

This quotation shows the unreliability of the International Labor News Service and also indicates how these gentlemen deceive the American workers.

The International Labor News Service ought to know that the population of the U. S. S. R. is 142,614,700 (census of 1920), that a great majority of the population are peasants, of whom there are 118,674,800, and that the trade union membership of 7,846,789 represents 87 per cent of all the people who work by hire in the U. S. S. R. In that same issue of the bulletin we gave figures showing the increase in membership year by year, but the news agency did not notice the figures and the paper does not quote them. We shall adduce them here, in order to refresh somebody's memory. The Russian trade unions had

On April 1, 1924 5,822,682 members
 October 1, 1924 6,430,470
 April 1, 1925 6,950,484
 October 1, 1925 7,846,789

Now we can give the latest figures: On January 1, 1926, the membership of the trade unions of the U. S. S. R. had reached 8,303,000.

WE did not intend to "impress" with this data or with any other information which we publish in the Bulletin. We always remember that our trade union movement has been developing only during these last nine years. We simply would like the workers in other countries to know about the life and work of our trade unions.

But as the International Labor News Service is really trying to fool its readers by the statement that a trade union membership of 7,846,789 with a population of "165,000,000" after "seven years" work of the Communists is not impressive, I will allow myself to draw a comparison with the figures of the American trade union movement.

The article merely says: The American Federation of Labor has a total membership of approximately 4,000,000.

According to the Labor Year Book for 1925, issued by the American Socialists (reformists), it appears that of the total population of 105,710,620 in the United States (census of 1920) there were 32,710,495 people (workers and employes) gainfully employed.

The figure is really impressive. But we all know that the United States is the most highly developed industrial country, and we do not intend to question it. But what is the situation as regards the trade unions, how many workers are organized after the many years of existence of

trade unions? The official data of the above Year Book show that in 1924 the American Federation of Labor had a membership of 2,865,979 (according to other data, that many were represented at the congress of the American Federation of Labor in 1925).

But, then, the American trade unions have existed, not since 1917, and have been under the influence of the Gomperses, the Greens, the Morrisons and their like, not for seven years, but a little longer—about 45 years. The American Federation of Labor was organized in 1881 and before that the trade union movement existed—the "Knights of Labor." It should be noted that at the high water mark of the American Federation of Labor in 1920 it had a membership of 4,078,740 and never more than that. This out of a total of 32,710,495 hired workers and employes, a great majority of whom are subjected to shocking exploitation. That is really striking and makes an extremely strong impression.

Another thing which evokes the author's witty comment is our Bulletin's item about the financial condition of the trade unions of the U. S. S. R.

We quote again: "The latest statistical data shows that the financial condition of the trade unions of U. S. S. R. has become much stronger, says Melnitchansky. He then proceeds to deal in a mass of figures, winding up with the statement that the 'total' savings are 28,000,000 roubles. The normal value of the rouble is 50 cents, but if one wished to be facetious he might say that the Russian unions now have about \$4.85 in real money."

In the item referred to we give the figures and point out that the financial condition of the trade unions has become stronger since the introduction of stable currency and that during two years all the funds of all trade unions reached 28,000,000 roubles. In American currency this constitutes a solid sum of \$14,000,000. For some reason the witty author of the article wanted to turn it into \$4.85. One might think he was not in his right mind at the moment or that his conceit is such that he considers all his readers downright fools. How much stronger the financial condition of the trade unions has really become, may be judged from the financial support rendered by our trade unions to the striking British miners. We would like to know how much more the support of the American Federation of Labor and the American trade unions, which are financially stronger than we are, was actually felt by the British miners.

Further the author attempts to interpret in American terms the news item that the Lena-Goldfields concession bound itself "to construct a sufficient number of houses or lease them" The author exclaims: "Company houses! Something which the American miners bitterly fought against for years and which are still in vogue in some of non-union fields in this country and used as a means to keep the miners in bondage."

The author's indignation is roused even more by the following:

"When building new mills," says Melnitchansky, "the company is bound to build workers' settlements, with clubs, hospitals, and bathhouses."

And he comments: "Can any one imagine an American trade union putting such a clause as that in a wage agreement? That is feudalism pure and simple, with the health and lives, reactions, and goings and comings of the employes wholly in the hands of the overlords of the concession company, with the full force and authority of the government back of the owners.

"This evidently is a striking example of the practical working out of the boasted 'new economic policy' of the Russian Soviet government. No wonder that certain American capitalists are howling for recognition of Russia!"

This is, indeed, a horrifying situation. The author only forgot to tell

his readers that we have benefited by American experience and have secured ourselves against the real bondage in which American workers find themselves. Our security consists in that the workers of the U. S. S. R. some time ago took the power away from the capitalists; that the courts and the police are at our service, and not at the capitalists; that houses, schools, bathhouses, clubs for the workers are built under our control; that the very distribution of the housing space and the conditions of its occupancy are determined by Soviet agencies and factory committees. Lastly, according to our rules, firmly established, the houses erected according to stipulation in the collective agreement, are

not managed by the concessioner, but by the workers themselves, through their organizations.

THE author perhaps does not know that we get even from state undertakings an annual contribution amounting to 10% of the net profits, 75 per cent of which contribution is used to build houses for workers.

If the author of that article should read one of our collective agreements he would find much that is not stipulated in American collective agreements, for which reason, as we know positively, the American trade unions which are affiliated to the Federation of Labor enjoy much greater favor of the American capitalists than the Russian Bolshevik unions.



BRITISH LABOR: The General Strike Will Come Again!

THE TINY WORKER

A Weekly

Edited by D. Shevienko, Chicago

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ROSE HOROWITZ, ROCHESTER, WITH US AGAIN

She writes:

In school when they were celebrating the 150th anniversary of the declaration of Independence and had us salute the flag, the RED in the flag made me think of this salute and pledge to OUR FLAG—the RED FLAG:

I pledge allegiance to the Soviets, And to the REVOLUTION for which they stand. One INTERNATIONAL of BROTHERHOOD, With PEACE and JUSTICE for all!

I also made up this cheer:

Sweet Potato, Sweet Potato! Fifty cents a peck, The ones who fight the Communists Will get it in the neck.



NEXT WEEK (Special)
 Irene Neuman, a 10 year old Bolshevik of New York sent us a nice little thing you will like. Watch for it next Saturday.



Oh, Boy, I'll have a penny's worth of that—those swell all day suckers" Johnny Red told Mr. Candystore.

"Those are a nickel, Johnny," Mr. Candystore said. "Candy is very expensive now."

So Johnny came home and it was such a swell sucker he was disappointed as heck and told his mother about it.

"Ghee, us poor kids always get stung. That rich Reggie Van Dam kid had three of those suckers today."

So Johnny's mother told his dad who was shaving. "Heck, that blankety-blank razor won't cut!" he shouted. "Johnny wants his sucker, but why didn't he get those razor blades sharpened yesterday?"

"Oh, he was selling The Young Comrade with Skinny Martin at the playgrounds yesterday."

"Oh, thit's different," and his father smiled. "These razors aren't so bad—I guess it's my temper. Here's four cents for Johnny's sucker—but tell him to get those razor blades sharpened!"

Johnny scooted right over to Mr. Candystore's place. "Gimme that big sucker" he said, "that red one! That's my prize for selling The Young Comrade."



DANIEL CHEV- ELENKO CHICA- GO JOINS US.

Isn't this the dandiest little verse from Daniel? It's so good we made Danny editor of this issue.

FUNNYBONES

Another Cockeyed liar is Egbert McLow, Who says that all his workers Get a lot of dough.

He claims he works all morning And also all the day, But all he gets a week is a thousand bucks.

"The thing that makes him cock-eyed is the way he looks at things, He thinks all the world has horns. Only he has wings.

Daniel Cheve- lenko, Chicago, Ill.



NOTICE
 When will Charmion Oliver of San Francisco write us again? And how about the rest of you little Johnny and Rosie Reds? Come on—shoot 'em in!

New Days in Old England

The Role of the Communists in the General Strike

By T. J. O'FLAHERTY

WHERE were the Communists during the general strike? What were they doing?

"That reminds me of a story" as an old S. L. P. speaker was in the habit of saying when his audience showed signs of restlessness after the first three hours. Really it is more like an excerpt from a St. Patrick's day patriotic speech than an anecdote. But I think it is good.

During the battle of Fredericksburg,—this was in Civil War days—an Irish soldier was anxious to die with the Irish Brigade, if death was to be his lot on that day. He shouted: "Where is the Irish Brigade?" And he was answered above the din of battle, I am afraid by a fellow countryman: "Where is the Irish Brigade? Where the battle rages loudest; where the leaden hail pours thickest; where steel meets steel with the sharpest clang—there the sons of Erin fight and bleed."

And while the use of superlatives and military terms in this article may be only justified were I to resort to verse—as the British general strike did not develop leaden showers or the din of clashing steel—yet in this great struggle the Communists were in the front of the fight leading it in some places and taking orders as the case may be, in full, performing their duty as a part of the army of labor.

A few words on the boasted freedom allowed by the British government to its subjects. Even American radicals suffered from the delusion that the British ruling classes were "different" from their crude imitators in the United States and in other countries, in allowing the workers to blow off steam in Hyde Park and say things about the realm that would land an American agitator behind the bars. Those glassy-eyed radicals ignored the fact, that where real danger faced the empire, where action was liable to follow talk, where conversation between radicals did not run into futile discussions on the evolution of the human being into such a perfect creature that he would grow a wart on the back of his neck to render unnecessary the presence of a collar button, and incidentally put the collar button trust out of business, in those imperial real estate subdivisions, the hand that was gloved in Hyde Park wore knuckle dusters. There was no danger of immediate trouble for the British ruling classes from their factory slaves, who filled their skins with food and drink, such as it was, partly at the expense of the still more exploited slaves in the colonies.

BUT those happy days of British imperialism are gone forever. The British worker has changed. The colonial slaves are champing on the imperial bit and they have seen too many bloody bayonets in the world war to be frightened even by an Amritsar massacre.

A threatened revolt in the heart of the empire is the inevitable consequence of the loss of British trade to

its dearly beloved rival, the United States (such love is indeed rare between pals) and to the reduced spoils from the colonies, protectorates, dependencies, and mandatories.

The British worker can no longer fill his belly with stale beer and chips and the imperialists can no longer take snuff from the Hindoo-Egyptian Peter to soothe the temper of the skilled British craftsman Paul, and leave the fat man snuff to live in his customary style. Action is liable to follow words now in Merrie England and the velvet glove is now deposited in the British historical museums while the mailed fist is brot into play. It is the operation of the law of self-preservation and as sure as a cat will jump at a mouse the capitalist class, suave or surly, plebian or aristocratic, will all do the same thing in much the same way to their natural enemies when necessity arises. Freedom of speech, of the press and of assemblage is as dead today in England as it is in Passaic, New Jersey or in Boston, Massachusetts, the home of the dried and sacred codfish and the birthplace of Paul Revere.

THE government has been sniping at the British Communist Party for several years. Tho the party is small in numbers, it has considerable influence among the workers. The greater part of its membership are in the trade unions and many of them occupy leading positions in the unions. Tho there is a constant theoretical war on between the Communists and all other workingclass political parties, nevertheless, many local labor parties, and I. L. P. branches invite Communists to speak at their meetings and look upon the party as their political guide.

The Minority Movement, which is led by such well known trade unionists as Harry Pollitt, Nat Watkins, Tom Mann, George Hardy and supported by A. J. Cook, Gossip and other prominent left wing officials, was given its program by the Communist militants in the trade unions. Its most active spirits are Communists and hundreds of thousands of workers follow its lead. Many of the slogans that it issued were reluctantly adopted by the trade union leaders who were in charge during the general strike. This was the driving force inside the trade unions which the government feared might eventually put an end to the twaddle of the right wing and "left" wing leaders, that the strike was an economic struggle and not a political fight, while millions of workers took their orders from the T. U. C. in Eccleston Square and told the tory government at Downing street, in effect, to go to hell.

Therefore it was not surprising that the government decided to outlaw all organizations in which the Communists had a footing. Detectives from Scotland Yard and amateurs from the university kept close watch on the headquarters of organizations that were labeled "Communist." Four of those dicks ambled up and down the sidewalk in front of the Minority Movement headquarters on Great Ormond Street and eventually padlocked the place. The officials of the movement escaped arrest, at the moment, and were obliged to keep on the move.

A SCOTLAND YARD detail was on constant watch near 16 King street, the headquarters of the Communist Party. The fascists were in the habit of visiting the place at dead of night and smearing the shutter that protected the window of the Communist bookstore, with paint. The police never interfered with those vandal acts. The most active leaders of the party were under constant surveillance and some of those dicks who stood on the corner near the C. P. headquarters watching everybody who entered and left are sorry-looking specimens. A prominent Communist leader who was accosted by the Scotland Yard man, a "specialist" in "red" propaganda, affected indignation over the type of human animal assigned to watch himself and his comrades. The dick laughed and admitted that he

had just cause for complaint.

When the strike broke the government publicity organs had soft words for the right wing labor leaders but the Communists were given to understand that their movements would be watched. They were blamed for bringing the strike "disaster" on the dear "public." The right wing leaders thru their organ the Daily Herald covertly charged the Communists with being disrupters and enemies on the inside—the same kind of twaddle that William Green, head of the A. F. of L. or his friend, founder and exploiter of that flourishing business known as the Loyal Order of the Moose, James J. Davis, who works the department of labor as a sideline, throw up here in America.

HERE is a little tid bit that I have not seen published: On the morning of the strike the Daily Herald carried a sub-editorial entitled, "Trust Your Leaders." A perfectly proper title under certain circumstances! But the title was used as a cloak for a libel on the active militants in the unions who knew that Thomas was the logical successor to Judas Iscariot and was as certain to betray the workers whenever he saw a golden opportunity as a poisoned rat is sure to take to drinking water.

"Do you know the reason for this?" I was asked by a known left wing journalist. He proceeded to inform me.

A series of articles appeared in the Sunday Worker by William Paul, editor of that paper, explaining the aims of the left wing in the trade unions. Paul threw his harpoon into J. H. Thomas and the right wing leaders. This angered the Daily Herald and it attacked the Sunday Worker viciously. Tho the Herald is supported by the trade union movement as a whole, and tho its best friends are in the left wing, it seems to feel that its mission is to sneeze every time J. H. Thomas, Snowden or MacDonald take their snuff.

A. J. Cook, who is a genuine left winger, a man whose head has not been turned by his election to the secretaryship of the miners' federation, one of the most powerful labor unions in the world, resented this attack on the Sunday Worker and phoned his complaint to the Daily Herald. He informed the editor that he intended to reply to the attack in the columns of the Herald.

"But I may not publish it" replied the voice over the phone.

"But perhaps you may be compelled to publish it," replied Cook.

For a little while a series of gurgling sounds came over the wire. Cook suspected for a moment that the unseen conversationalist was swallowing a pill. Then there was a resumption of speech.

"Why, do you know that you are speaking to Mr. Hamilton Fyfe?"

"Oh, yes," answered Cook, "and perhaps Mr. Hamilton Fyfe might be interested to know that he is speaking to the secretary of an organization that is subsidizing the paper he edits."

COOK also informed the managers of the Herald that unless their right wing friends watched their step the Sunday Worker might have a "Watch Your Leaders!" editorial such as might be remembered by the heroes of Black Friday, 1921. Whether Cook was able to get his reply into the Daily Herald I do not know but the front page of the Sunday Worker carried a spirited article from his pen. And the editorial "Trust Your Leaders!" was the Herald answer to Cook's telephone conversation.

And yet when the government held up the paper supply of the Victoria Publishing Company which published the Herald until stopped by the printers' walkout and afterwards the British Worker which was issued by the T. U. C. during the strike, the Sunday Worker placed its entire supply of print paper at the disposition of the British Worker. The charge of disruption hurled at the Communists and the genuine left wing elements by the conservative leaders fell to the ground during the general strike and



HARRY POLLITT,

hundreds of thousands of trade unionists who prior to the great struggle believed the fairy tales told by the labor imperialists about the radicals, saw for themselves that the disrupters were not red but yellow, and that the maligned reds constituted the steel backbone of the struggle.

When the general strike was called, every active Communist whose presence was not urgently required at or near headquarters was assigned to a district to engage actively in helping the local trade union leaders to conduct the fight with the utmost efficiency. Wherever councils of action were organized, wherever the movement to build workers' defense corps was pushed vigorously it was almost a certainty that the Communists were on the job. It was not surprising therefore that the government ordered its agents to round up the Communists and if the general strike had not come to an end on May 12, it is more than likely that every active member of the party in Britain would be locked up, provided there were enough jails. As it was, even after the general strike was called off hundreds of Communists were arrested on flimsy charges and many of them given jail sentences. Any local trade union leader who did not devote his energies to singing hymns or praying for success was also subject to persecution and arrest.

THE "dress rehearsal" ended as it started—suddenly. It is folly to consider it a victory, in view of what it could have been. Looking at the incident in a historically objective sense it must be admitted that it was an event that marks a tall milestone in the march of world labor towards complete emancipation from wage slavery.

The British Empire is on the toboggan. Her political bagmen still put up a bold front and say, "We will pull thru." But despair is beginning to seize them. The economic situation at home is only one of the empire's worries. A General Bying muffs the imperial ball in Canada and rumbles of rebellion are heard with the dollar magician Uncle Sam watching the drama: Egypt is hanging to the empire by a wig, and the silence that is hanging temporarily over the teeming millions of India is not the silence of peace; John Bull's wares are as popular in China as the rattle of a snake; Japan is now engaged in an open diplomatic war with the British drummers for Chinese trade.

And the growing power of Red Russia, with its far flung frontiers in dangerous proximity to India is causing the proud ruling class of England uneasy dreams. Why, on the eve of the general strike, when news of the Russo-German treaty was made public, a near-panic prevailed in Downing Street and British papers devoted more space to that event than to the birth of an heir to the Duke and Duchess of York.

Still the king and queen entertained royally and abundantly; the guards at Buckingham Palace and the horses at the Horse Guards performed their tricks as usual; American tourists watched them and said: "Aren't they too cute for anything." Other Americans were received in audience by the king and queen, very likely in consideration of a donation to the tory treasury—all those things were taking place while the empire hung on the brink of a debacle.



The Policeman—Savior of British Capital.

WHAT AND HOW TO READ

...we will publish periodically, at least once a month, one article... our readers' advice and... the systematic reading of... for the purpose of self-education... to secure the co-operation of several competent labor educators and journalists for the conduct of... the magazine. The editors and contributors to this department will expect our readers to feel perfectly free to write to us on whatever difficulties they may have in the matter of... and reading books. Our aim is to be of the maximum possible assistance in this respect.

The following is the second article by Arthur W. Calhoun, teacher of economics and history in the Brookwood Labor College, who will assist our readers in the selection and reading of books on general economics and economic history, location of industrial resources, modern capitalist corporations, foreign trade and related subjects. The names of the other contributors to this department will be announced later.

The Sweep of Empire

By ARTHUR W. CALHOUN.

IN our first lesson we found out something of how the American empire came to be. "What?" says Henry Dubb, "American empire! Don't you know that the United States is a republic?" To be sure we do; but what has that to do with the question? A republic can be the ruler of an empire just as easily as a monarchy can. In fact, of the four great empires in the world today two are ruled by republics and two by monarchies. The French republic has a vast area of subject territory that it rules despotically; so has the American republic. The French and American empires are just as fine examples of imperialism as are the British and Japanese empires.

But why empire? What of the "rights of small nations?" What of "making the world safe for democracy?" Well, because we human beings have material bodies with material needs, every human problem goes back in last analysis to the fact that we live in a world of limited size and limited resources. There doesn't seem to be enough stuff to go round, and instead of doing teamwork on the job of mastering the resources of the world for human good every nation, that can, spends as much as possible of its energy trying to get something away from somebody else or to keep some other power from getting something away from it.

There was no American empire to speak of till the end of the nineteenth century. Up till then economic enterprise found plenty to do to gut the resources of our continental area; but as soon as everything in sight had been grabbed, then it was proper to force a war on Spain in order to steal whatever she had left that was worth while. Of course, McKinley had to do a lot of praying before he decided that it was right to steal the Philippines, but the answer came right for the business interests that wanted a fling in the tropics. From then American expansion has gone on till now the United States bosses practically all of North and South America, much of the Pacific ocean, and, since the world war, a good part of Europe.

BUT the Uncle Sam is the biggest toad in the puddle, his claims to rule the world are not undisputed. There is the British empire, scattered over all the seas. John Bull says the sun never sets on his flag. As one of his subjects said, it wouldn't be safe to leave it in the dark! It may be true that wherever the British flag flies two blades of grass grew where one grew before, but the Indians and Egyptians, and Irish, and the rest don't want to eat grass. So the British empire has troubles of its own, aside from the fact that it has to watch for fear Uncle Sam will take over the outlying areas. You remember the United States fleet recently visited Australia. What for? As a gentle hint to the Australians that it might be better to put their trust in the Stars and Stripes than in the Union Jack. As for Canada, everyone knows that it is a part of the American economic system already.

So we're going to read a book by a Britisher—The Plebs "Outline of Economic Geography," which was written by J. F. Horrabin, and published for use of the National Council of Labor Colleges, the revolutionary

workers' education group in Britain. Horrabin thinks that the principal job for the British working class is to smash the British empire. What do you suppose he would say to the American workers?

Let's say that that is a secret, and that you'll have to read the book in order to find out. You'll be interested to know, also, how Japan fits in, with her control over a large part of the Asiatic seas and mainland; also bankrupt France, with her crazy ambition to be a world power, even tho she hasn't the means to foot the bills. Still she's bossing the continent of Europe too much to suit John Bull. Maybe the United States will give France enough rope to hang herself with while she is trying to get ahead of the British in Africa and Asia.

THEN there's Russia. We'll not call the Soviet Federation an empire, for while human nature is the same in Russia as elsewhere (save insofar as it has been modified already by the education following the revolution) it is to the advantage of Russia to extend equality to her subordinate areas and to promote an independent spirit among all the subject peoples. But Russia is the biggest thing on the map, and there's an interesting tale to tell of her drive to the west and

south and east. If the United States represents the peak of the dead past, Russia represents the head and front of the living future.

But it didn't all just happen so. You'll want to know how the world came to be divided into the five great domains, and you'll want to know about the breakers ahead. Horrabin will tell you.

As you read, suppose you look for answers to these questions, and if you strike any snags, let's hear about your troubles.

1. Why do the workers need to study geography?
2. How does it come that our problem is a world-wide problem?
3. What has enabled the United States to assume leadership of the capitalist world?
4. With which empire is rivalry at present greatest? Why? What outcome is to be expected?
5. How much probability is there that France will be able to outdo Great-Britain?
6. How much is there to the Japanese scare? If it comes to a war between Japan and the United States, which will most likely be the aggressor?
7. To what extent can Russia attend to her own affairs without being

involved in imperial rivalries?

8. What will become of imperialism? How?

If the plebs text-book has told you a clear story, you'll see how it supplements what we learned about American history last time. Next time we'll take a look at the location and extent of world resources, item by item, as an introduction to economics.

IN THE NEXT ISSUE:

A STORY OF SEGREGATION OF NEGROES. A flaming protest and call to action by C. O'Brien Robinson.

Illustrations by Lydia Gibson.

WHAT HAS BECOME OF THE FORMER RULING CLASS OF RUSSIA? A splendid article by the German scientist Richard Lewinsohn. Translated from the German by Eden and Cedar Paul.

LIFE AND STRUGGLES IN IRELAND. A lively narrative by T. J. O'Flaherty.

Illustrations by Bob Minor, Fred Ellis and others.

THE WEEK IN CARTOONS

By M. P. Bales

