

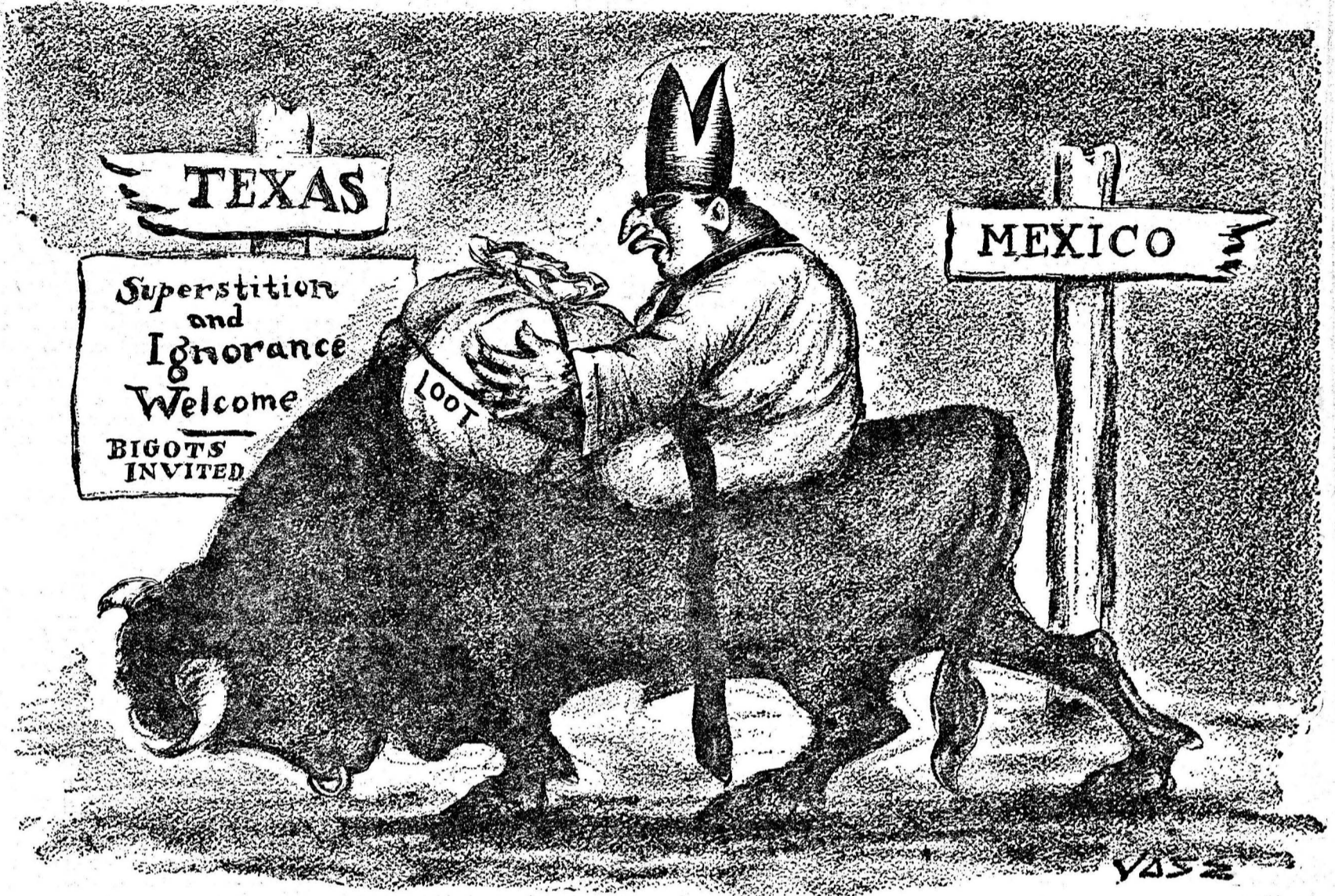
The New Magazine

Supplement of **THE DAILY WORKER**

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Editor.

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Earthly Riches or Religious Freedom?

THE catholic dignitaries of Mexico and elsewhere are trying to create the impression that what they are fighting for is freedom of religious belief. They complain bitterly of persecution and appeal for sympathy against the Calles government.

What is the truth of the matter?

The Mexican government is not attacking the freedom of religious belief. The Mexican constitution, which the government is attempting to enforce despite the opposition of

the catholic priests, provides for as large a measure of religious freedom as any constitution of any capitalist country does.

So it is not at all a question of religious freedom. Everyone in Mexico is at liberty to worship any god and to follow any church he wants. What is at stake in the present conflict is not the issue of religious freedom but the possession of earthly riches.

The catholic church of Mexico, the same as in many other lands, has ap-

propriated to itself—by trickery, force and violence—large tracts of land. It is the possessor of tremendous material wealth which is controlled by the high priests of the church for their own enrichment and power. Like everywhere else, the real beneficiaries of this wealth are the rich priests, but not their poor followers.

But the peasantry of Mexico is suffering from land hunger. It is inhumanely exploited and starved, among others, by the same catholic priests. Consequently, the masses have revolt-

ed several times in the course of the last half century, forcing eventually upon the government a constitution which when enforced would really be helpful to the peasant masses of Mexico.

The catholic priests are now fighting, as they did many times before, for the possession of their tremendous earthly riches, for the unlimited right to exploit the peasants, and for complete freedom to conspire with foreign imperialists against the independence of Mexico.

Why Did They Support an Agent of Insull?

WE have addressed this query in our issue of last week to Walker, Fitzpatrick and half a dozen more labor officials in Illinois. We wanted to know from their own mouths why they have endorsed and supported in the Illinois primaries Frank L. Smith, an agent and servant of the traction magnates.

But thus far no answer is forthcoming.

Why do they keep quiet?

In all decency Walker and Fitzpatrick ought to make a statement to the labor movement. For after all they have endorsed and worked for Smith not as individuals but as leaders of the Chicago and Illinois trade union movement. What they did was done in the name of the workers organized in this movement. Are Walker and Fitzpatrick responsible to these workers, or are they not?

This is a serious proposition. The question it raises is an old one. It is this: are the organized workers going to permit their officials to help



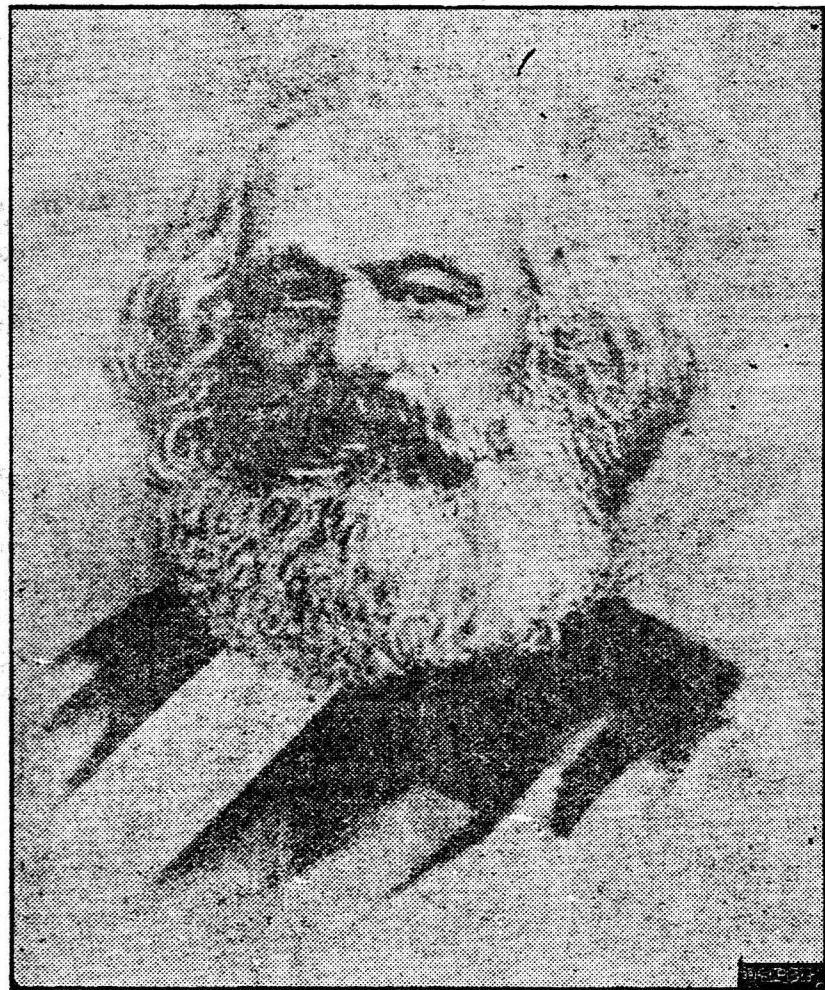
Smith supported by Walker and Fitzpatrick.

bring into public office open enemies of the labor movement? Are the organized workers going to tolerate a situation where the organized power of the movement is being exploited in the interests of capitalists such as Insull and the six-hundred-million dollar worth utility corporation that he represents?

Our own opinion in the matter is well known. The Workers (Communist) Party is unalterably opposed to the anti-labor policy of supporting candidates for office on the tickets of capitalist parties. We stand for independent working class political action. We advocate and fight for a Labor Party to be organized by the trade unions and all other labor organizations.

We consider it treason—nothing short of treason—to the working class and to the labor movement to support capitalist parties and capitalist candidates. We therefore reiterate our query: Why did you support an agent of Insull?

—Alex Bittelman.



The Confessions of Karl Marx.

(Note: The following is taken from an article by N. Rjasanoff, "Marx' Bekenntnisse" published in The Neue Zeit, Mar. 14, 1913. Rjasanoff received the "Confessions" from Laura Lafargue, daughter of Marx, in 1910. He was working on Marx' correspondence in the Lafargue home. Speaking to Laura about her father, the former mentioned that she remembered a game consisting of questions which she and her older sister had put to Marx. The answers to the questions, both of which are printed below, offer a sort of self-characterization which Rjasanoff took to have a deeper significance. These "Confessions" were made about 1860.—A. L.)

CONFESSIONS

Your favorite virtue—Simplicity.
 Your favorite virtue in man—Strength.
 Your favorite virtue in woman—Weakness.
 Your chief characteristic—Singleness of purpose.
 Your idea of happiness—To fight.
 Your idea of misery—Submission.
 The vice you excuse most—Gullibility.
 The vice you detest most—Servility.
 Your aversion—Martin Tupper.
 Favorite occupation—Bookworming.
 Poet—Shakespeare, Aeschylus, Goethe.
 Prosewriter—Diderot.
 Hero—Spartacus, Kepler.
 Heroine—Gretchen.
 Flower—Daphne.
 Color—Red.
 Name—Laura, Jenny.
 Dish—Fish.
 Favorite maxim—Nihil humani a me alienum puto.
 Favorite motto—De omnibus dubitandum.

Karl Marx.

Explanations: Martin Tupper, lived from 1810-1889; he was the most popular and most successful poet of England in the fifties. His books sold by the hundreds of thousands of copies. Now totally forgotten, he is not even mentioned in most literary histories.

Gretchen: The tragic heroine of the first part of Goethe's Faust.

Daphne: Lauren, Laurus. Laura, Marx's second daughter, later became the wife of Paul Lafargue, famous French socialist. Jenny is the name of Marx' wife and oldest daughter.

Nihil humani a me alienum puto: Nothing human remains alien to me.

De omnibus dubitandum: Everything is to be doubted.

WHILE.

By HENRY GEORGE WEISS.

While they have laughing and song, brothers,
 And the wine running red,
 All over the earth are babies and mothers
 Dying for bread.

While they have beauty and love, brothers,
 And riot in ease,
 In the cold and the rain and the dark, brothers,
 We starve and we freeze.

While they have plenty and more, brothers,
 Of the things we have made,
 On the streets of the world we are building, brothers,
 The barricade.

Let them eat and be merry today, brothers,
 Unheeding our fate,
 For the hour is nigh when we come, brothers,
 To glut our hate!

A PEEK EACH WEEK AT MOTION PICTURES

"BATTLING BUTLER."

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR., furnishes a current example of a poor little rich boy who can make his mark in the world despite the terrible handicap of family wealth—at least he filled the bill up to the time family support was withdrawn and he went busted. But even this slight slip-up fails to dim the capitalist newspaper sympathy which the brave fellow receives. And in the movies, "Battling Butler," showing this week at the Oriental, features another remarkable rich guy who shows (to the movie director's satisfaction, anyway) that he is made of the "real stuff," despite his old man and all his ducats.

Such a theme is somewhat less indigestible in the movies than in the newspapers, however, especially with Buster Keaton as the dough(ty) youth. The dear boy goes out to "rough it" with an equipage almost as magnificent as that of Abdel Krim going into "exile." But for Abdel, 'tis said, arrangements had been made for some thirty potential wives; while John Butler, Jr., was almost by his lonesome, save for his faithful valet. This valet, however, was a veritable Aladdin. Whether young John wanted his fishing costume, or chicken a la wing, or merely a little more sunshine—all he had to do was to say "arrange it," and the valet did the rest, even to the point of arranging a bride.

But keeping the bride illusioned as to the expected masculine qualifications of weak-kneed but rich John tested the valet's faculties to such an extent that he was forced to resort to trickery. Here the plot begins to thicken and finally it gets so thick that even a movie fan can't swallow it.

But, as movies go, "Battling Butler" is a knock-out. Laughter aids digestion, you know; that's why it's best to go only to comedies, even if their climaxes are half-baked.

As for Paul Ash.

The less said, seen or heard of Paul Ash and his merry-mad gang the better. This week he advertised a program of Russian jazz, "Paulsky Ashovitz in Moscow." Those unacquainted with this peddler of old ragtimes had the notion that, at any rate, burlesqued Russian music might be heard. "Somebody's Losin' Susan," this was Paul Ash's own contribution to the "Russian" performance, unless it was he who provided the satin "peasant" blouses and the Santa Claus boots.

It should be mentioned, tho, that Monte Blue's brother Ben was almost humorous. If only he had been in better company! But where is he to find it, with Paul Ash and Al Short and Art Kahn monopolizing the sale of public amusements?

G. W.

In the Next Issue

Fumigating the American Revolution, by Eugene Lyons. A splendid article on Coolidge's July fourth oration showing up the emptiness, bombast and hypocrisy of present-day capitalism.

The Same Old Disarmament Conference, by Michael Gold. A satirical little play on the so-called peace efforts of the great powers. With illustrations by Jerger and Vose.

Felix Dzerzhinsky, a story of his life and role in the workers' revolution, by B. K. Gebert. With photographs of the funeral on the Red Square in Moscow.

Life and Struggles in Ireland, by T. J. O'Flaherty.

The next serial lesson on reading in economics for self-education by Arthur W. Calhoun.

The Patrolman, a story of an American policeman and how he reacts to the struggle between capital and labor, by Alex Jackinson. With illustrations.

Poems, cartoons, movie reviews, book reviews.

"THE SON OF THE SHEIK."

"The world's greatest lover" it at it again. In an Arabian make-up of the comic-opera stage, Rudolph Valentino "loves 'er, treats 'er rough, and finally marries 'er" and the women who crowd the theater sigh throughout, audibly give approval in each kissing scene and no doubt go home thrilled to their very marrow. (What a poor, insignificant, colorless creature the husband must seem in comparison!)

Without question "The Son of the Sheik" will bring Rudolph back into the high favor of the days of "The Sheik." And the picture is worth seeing—really. It moves rapidly, does not hold a dull moment, is capably acted, is given good settings and whether you are a colorless male who hates matinee idols or an adoring one of the tender sex, you are both sure to get plenty of entertainment, despite the obvious hokum the picture is filled with.

Valentino plays both the sheik and the son, and the boy "knows his stuff." Over-acting there is aplenty, but if you are not too critical you will enjoy it. It is all so cleverly put over to attract romantic woman into whose drab life in the kitchen, factory or office so little romance can creep in.



The son of the sheik sees a dancer in the desert, with whom he falls in love. She is traveling with a troupe that not only goes in for entertainment but also turns to any method available of getting money. Young "sheikie" is held for ransom, escapes and then kidnaps the girl for revenge, thinking she only enticed him to help the troupe get the ransom. He treats her rough (men, go to the show to convince yourself how the women love it!), but learns his error and then braves a raging sandstorm to get her back.

There are plenty of pretty desert scenes, fast action, good horses, a lively fighting scene and a really splendid dancing scene done in perfect abandon by Vilma Banky, an imported Viennese beauty who plays the part of Yasmin, the dancer. Karl Dane, who gave that remarkable characterization of "Slim" in the "Big Parade," gives as good a performance as his role calls for. George Fawcett, Agnes Ayres and Montague Love are in the cast, including Bull Montana—the homeliest mug in the movies.

The picture will do no "elevating" of the standard of hokum-filled American movies. The capable cast and lavish expenditure could have been devoted to producing something really worth while. But it wasn't. The public wants and gets "The Son of the Sheik." It is a poor picture, over-acted, filled with bunk, bearing no touch with real life, based on a clever appreciation of the fact that the unnatural life we live in makes us hanker for something different, and pandering to the cheapest "sex stuff." We say it is all this—and we enjoyed it, and male or female, we will wager our prized volume of Balzac's Droll Stories against a tract of the Moody Bible Institute that you will enjoy it, too. If you want to see it in Chicago, you will find it at the Roosevelt Theater.

W. C.

Morgan as a Banking and Railroad Grandee*

By GUSTAVUS MYERS.

On January 2, 1889, a circular marked "Private and Confidential," was issued by the three banking houses of Drexel, Morgan and Company, Brown Brothers and Company, and Kidder, Peabody and Company. The most painstaking care was exercised that this document should not find its way into the press, or otherwise become public. Indeed, extraordinary measures were taken to surround its contents with every precaution of secrecy.

Why this fear? Because the circular was an invitation, tacitly understood as a command, to the great railroad magnates to assemble at Morgan's house, No. 219 Madison avenue, and there form, in the phrase of the day, an iron-clad combination. The plan was to make a strict compact which would efface competition among certain railroads, and unite those interests in an agreement by which the people of the United States could be bled even more effectively than before. For the sake of appearance, in case the nature of the undertaking should leak into public print, the promoters garnished over their real purposes with a string of diverting phrases. Their sole aim, so they pleasantly indited it, was an association "to maintain public, reasonable, uniform and stable rates," and they added that another object would be the gathering of statistics regarding railways.

Such subterfuges deceived nobody but the credulous or uninformed.

A Historic Meeting in Morgan's House.

That circular is a historic document, well worth more than passing notice; and he who is familiar with the forces then at work will rightly consider it of far greater importance than presidents' messages, ordinances of congress or courts' decrees.

At a time when the whole gravamen of law and juridical precedent was being used to insist upon industrial forces remaining stationary and stagnant, this circular came as a proclamation of defiance. Common and statute law sternly declared that the thing called competition in trade must be kept alive, and that if it could not sustain itself by its own merits, the law should demand its maintenance. The causes producing and justifying competition were passing away, but none of the law-making bodies recognized the newer conditions, nor made any provisions for them. But the magnates realized that the old indiscriminate system of competition was

rapidly becoming archaic, and that the time was ripe for a more systematic organization of industry. And so, while congress and the legislatures were busily enacting law after law, supposedly edicts of "the sovereign people of the United States," a few magnates issued a brief circular which intrinsically was of far, far more binding weight than entire volumes of statutes impotent, in the long run, in the face of onrushing economic forces.

But the ideas of the people at large and the self-interest of the middle class were against any overthrow of the competitive system. Tone their statement of purposes down, as the magnates did, and however harmless they might represent their aims, the

high and mighty courts could blink austerely and pompously hand down their decisions. But in that room in Morgan's house sat many of the actual rulers of the United States; the men who had the power in the final say of ordering what should be done.



plan of this group of bankers and railroad grandees was certain to arouse the sharpest suspicions. A restless, sullen state of mind pervaded the mass of people. Distrustful of any assertions made by the magnates, they were ever ready to see sinister projects beneath bland announcements. Furthermore, the magnates' definition of "reasonable" was diametrically different from that of the people at large. Matters and charges that the magnates honeyed over as "reasonable adjustments," impressed the popular understanding as extremely unreasonable; as gross extortions of which the law should take condign notice.

Morgan Directs Matters.

These facts will give a fairly clear idea of the composition and pretensions of that middle class which the news of the meeting in Morgan's house was bound to excite into convulsions. A momentous gathering it certainly was that assembled in Morgan's man-

high and mighty courts could blink austerely and pompously hand down their decisions. But in that room in Morgan's house sat many of the actual rulers of the United States; the men who had the power in the final say of ordering what should be done.

Morgan was chairman of the meeting, and with wonted brusque directness went straight to the point. Thanks to a stenographic report of the proceedings which fortunately we have been able to get hold of, the work of that meeting is clear. The name of the organization was to be the "interstate commerce railway commission"; its essential purpose the cessation of competition among its members. But how was any magnate to be prevented from competing with another, or stopped from encroaching upon another's domain? What penalties should there be, and how could they be enforced? Certainly no law could be invoked to compel the carrying out of such an agreement, for the

law explicitly prohibited combinations, and any legislation would not only be outlawed, but would reveal the extent of the whole criminal compact.

He Delivers a Mandate.

There was, however, a far greater power than that of law, namely, the power of massed money. If any magnate present were inclined to balk at the prepared program he was brought to an instant realization of the punishment when Morgan announced:

I am authorized to say, I think, on behalf of the (banking) houses represented here that if an organization can be formed practically upon the basis submitted by the committee, and with an executive committee able to enforce its provisions, upon which the bankers shall be represented, they are prepared to say that they will not negotiate, and will do everything in their power to prevent the negotiation of, any securities for the construction of parallel lines, or the extension of lines not approved by that executive committee. I wish that distinctly understood.

The threat, or promise, as it could be differently interpreted, was assuredly understood. Vast as was the wealth of the magnates present or represented, neither any one or a combination of them, dared (had they been so disposed) to defy such an ultimatum. To do so meant inviting the vindictive, crushing wrath of a clique of national and international bankers whose money and power could be used with the most destructive results. Nor was there any possible way of appealing to a higher power.

*Extracts from the "History of the Great American Fortunes," by Gustavus Myers, published in this magazine with the permission of author and the publishers, Kerr & Co.

Historic Dates



1644. The first iron works was set up in the United States at Lynn, Massachusetts, yielding about seven tons per week and run by one Joseph Jenks, who made the first casting models on American soil.

1619. The first Negro slaves were brought to the English colonies in the new world to Jamestown in a Dutch ship.

1790. The first factory to be established in America was built by Samuel Slater at Pawtucket, R. I., and opened on the 30th of December. This cotton mill employed almost exclusively child labor, and used seventy-two spindles.

1794. Eli Whitney invented the cotton gin, from which dates the tremendous development of cotton raising in the south and then of cotton manufactures, and the creation of a powerful economic basis for making chattel slavery profitable.

1721. First treaty relations between the Cherokees and the white colonists which finally resulted in the elimination of the native American Indians from any strength or significance in American life.

1741. The first recorded strike known in the United States of the Bakers' Association against certain obnoxious city regulations.

1803. On April 3 there was incorporated in the city of New York one of the first known labor unions, the New York Society of Journeymen Shipwrights. The ship caulkers, organized in the "Caulkers' Club," from which probably came the word "caucus," was organized so early as the first quarter of the eighteenth century.

1825. The first appearance of a representative workingman's paper was made in New York City, the "Workingman's Advocate."

1830. The "Workingman's Convention," the first attempt to establish a party of workers, was held in Syracuse, New York, and three thousand votes were cast in the elections for its gubernatorial nominee, Ezekiel Williams.

BOOK REVIEW

LILITH, by George Sterling, Macmillan Co. Pub. \$1.50.

THE writing of "Lilith" means another notch in the unusually long-barrelled rifle of dramatic poems dealing with the effect of the "craving" upon the life of man. What follows as a result of the sexual lure, as Theodore Dreiser in the introduction of this book calls this urge, is so universally known that it seems one would create something new and unique were the same put into poetry what Freud and Franz-Ebing have worked out in the field of psychology concerning the origin of the sexual craving.

Despite this variation on a theme as gray as the ages, yet undoubtedly destined to be a subject for discussion for generations to come, if in a modified form, the entire work is so gracefully wrought out that its style becomes almost an excuse for its existence and is surely a good reason for reading it.

"Lilith" nevertheless is a book treating not only with the relationship of man with sex. It raises questions, too, concerning the ethics of a martyr. Tancred, the hero of the play, is that. He slayed his father; allowed himself to be duped by Lilith, thereby letting his friend Gavin, who he knew could not swim, drown; and forsaken his charming and devoted rustic wife—all for the satisfaction of the gain of Lilith's body, which "absolute of

beauty, love and desire" was never attained by him, and which can never be arrived at by any man. The three met death because he esteemed more highly the fulfillment of his passions than did he esteem the lives of his father, friend and wife.

Tancred grew wise as years added themselves to his life. As Sterling portrays him at this stage of his life he might easily be identified with the pioneers of utopian socialism or even with the raw beginners of scientific socialism. He predicts the downfall of monarchy and a consequent better and more justly proceeding world. A man as he, defying church and state, was not to be suffered alive; it would be possible that he would impart to others his ideas, and that might prove annoying to his holiness the churchman, and his majesty the king. And so Tancred must be given a taste of pre-rack rituals, then the rack and lastly—burial. After this, God would be in heaven, the king would sit intact upon his throne and all the rottenness of Denmark would be alleviated.

Before Tancred's day of doom he was for the fourth time visited by Lilith. She asked him to give up his ideas. Wealth would then be his, for then he would be rewarded by those on high for making himself harmless to them. But Tancred, as afterward Joe Hill, Frank Little, Tom Mooney and this very day Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti, would not sell

himself, would not give up his ideas. At last the absolute beauty, love and desire was frustrated; at last sexual desire gave way beneath the impact of what has been and will continue to pave the way for a different, a Communist, system of society—the fighting for ideals unmindful of the great opposing forces, both physical and ethical.

The adverse criticism of Tancred's action as voiced by Lilith was answered well by him. Hers was a dream-thought; his was a reality. With Tancred gone, the thoughts of Tancred would not cease to be thought, and thought again. No. New and better Tancreds would ever be brought to live, to play its game bravely, then to depart—with ever new Tancreds in their stead.

The book is a light by which poets of the conventional style, but with new, free thoughts, should be led. It is a conventionally written poem that lacks as much sentimentality as the poems of the conventional bourgeois contain of that self-same sentimentality, showing the poet's inability to grasp the truth and meaning of life. One can while away a pleasant hour and three quarters merely reading the book and one may add to that, if time does not press him, several hours of thought deciding the purport of the poem.

David Gordon.

THE HEARING - - By Johannes R. Becher

Translated from the German by A. Landy.

PETER, too, was among the seriously wounded.

He had a shot in the kidney and that, a key-hole. The flesh on the side of his right hip was laid bare. His condition was hopeless. There was no doubt at all about that. He had been turned over to the hospital as a prisoner.

Peter lay in a solitary barred cell. The physician examined briefly. His name was written in chalk on a wooden slate. Three police-commissioners appeared for a preliminary examination as it was called.

The dying man did not speak. Three photographic views were taken. For that purpose, they put on the wounded man's jacket again, set his hat on, then took him out of the bed and placed him against the wall.

"Now then, stand there! Come, don't act dumber than you are. Don't keep on caving in like an empty hose!"

Fingerprints, measurements. At the same time, the doctor injected a heart stimulant to brace up the dying man.

But they still had to extort a declaration; cost what it may, they had to extort a confession; it had to be as plain as day, intelligible to everyone. Only he, Peter, could throw light on the matter: the student; was he not the leader of a military division, perhaps even of the infamous Communist Gakab. Gas-war defense-division? They had been informed about it. Peter would know best.

"Doctor, please have champagne brought up! . . . Do you wish to smoke? A cigaret, if you like, Mr. Friedjung. . . Or what can I do for you? . . . Perhaps you have relatives, good friends, a fiancee, with whom you would still like to speak. . . You are not married of course. . . And your father, a telegraphic message perhaps. . . We are, of course, at your disposal, ready for any service. That is really the reason for our coming. . . But please accommodate yourself for a very short declaration. You will not regret your complaisance.

"I suppose you know—. . . And where does he stay. . . Please, please, we will leave you in peace immediately. You are released from prison! You are free forthwith!"

Peter remained silent. Only once he turned around abruptly: "But let me alone. . . Don't torture me. You know, there's no sense to it. . . That you'd really have to say yourself. Why this torture? . . . You really ought to be ashamed." Again he was set up in bed.

"You see, Mr. Friedjung, 'Doctor,' you must suffer all these inconveniences. You make it hard for yourself quite unnecessarily by your stubborn, to us entirely incomprehensible, silence; even your condition. . . Will you . . . In such a critical situation it would certainly even take place in agreement with the party."

Peter remained silent. "Well then, apparently we must play another tune here. Then we'll make short shrift of it. Will you or will you not, you damned Communist swine? Out with it: Where are your arms stored? Hey! Or we'll break your bones while you're still alive! . . . You have perhaps heard, in your beautiful, holy, red Russia they are using prisoners on whom to test a new gas. . . For such a dungy scoundrel, such a wretched mongrel as you, merely to croak is not enough. . . The Communists, those cannibals ought to be given over for vivisection. . ."

And they gave him such a blow that the dying man sank back against the wall. "Wait, you'll tumble out of your bed in a minute, my little friend; then you'll eat our dirt good and well on the floor. . ."

"Let him lick your—, that Communist sow, that's what his comrades, the French did with our prisoners. . . Well! such a stubborn beast. . ."

One of the commissioners rang. The doctor appeared.

"Doctor, the fellow is silent. Do you happen to have something like an electric brush? Or something that pains severely, an ether injection beneath the skin, perhaps? Or can he still be put into a three-quarter narcosis, in an ethyl chloride sleep, so that perhaps something can be got out of that way?"

"But gentlemen, I must advise against it. These means promise no more success here. Just feel his pulse; with people half ill, yes, but

in such cases: shortly before the close of the gate, five minutes before the exit. . . To be safe, I am forensic physician, and above all, assistant to the judge, but inspector, we surely don't want to maltreat another corpse. . ."

The heart beat of the dying man galloped. Stopped. Broke through again, stopping, hesitating. . . drop by drop. . . Then it hammered very, very slowly. . .

"You see! . . ."

The doctor lifted the cover.

"It is coming quite thick through the bandage. . ."

"Such a Communist dung-swine!"

"But, Mr. Friedjung," one of the commissioners now attempted again, "I adjure you, on the verge of your last moment in the presence of God! I, too, am inwardly deeply religious, and I speak to you as man to man. . . You can't possibly let us go without having attained our end! Put yourself in our place for a moment, please, even if it is difficult for you! What will our chief say if we come back with empty hands? On account of you, Mr. Friedjung, we lose our position! And we are all married men, think of it, with wife and child and home! Are after all only proletarians, too!"

"So have mercy on us!" added a second. "Take heart. A declaration more or less is really of no consequence. Speak, we are men after all! German, honest, open men, who have nothing to fear nor hide, and were the world full of devils, our stronghold is our god. So. . . at bottom in the end, we all really want the same. . ."

Peter remained silent. The commissioners withdrew, banging the door.

A comrade extended his hand to him. Peter's hand had become colorless, all his blood had withdrawn to his heart. Peter looked down at his hand: there it lay before him on the plaid bed cover, large, rested, inconceivably strange.

"Be well!" answered Peter, and already from out of a very deep background, as if laid with a velvet night: "Take it easy! You'll do it all right! Teeth pressed tight. Working on like that. Isn't that right! . . . For, this is today immutably certain: even though the individual may fall, the whole, the proletarian class wins! . . ."

Peter said that already without words. The comrade no longer heard it.

But this comrade from whom Peter took leave was not a single individual. No single person. He was anonymous, nameless; this comrade was: the party, this comrade was: the proletariat, this comrade was: the mass of all the exploited and wretched. This comrade was: the victorious revolution.

This comrade was also called: the future of the world.

Peter's lips still moved. Now he sank into himself. His eyes glowed with a white radiance.

Human masses cried to one another. Human masses constantly pushed fighting towards one another.

The sounds moved away from him now, like a surge of leaves sweeping thickly over the ground.

Once more a tree-top of sound arched over him. Shots, screams, splinters of bone. . . the tree-top swung crashing over him. . . And it became autumn. . . The tree-top shed its leaves.

It became dream-like quiet about him. . . In spite of the fact that Peter lay alone in the barred cell, he was never in his life as little lonely as now.



RED PEPPER.

Headline: "U. S. DECLARES OLD RUSS BONDS WORTHLESS." Lenin told them that in 1917.

One paper reports Mrs. Coolidge has taken two canaries with her on vacation. She has to get some music. The other bird with her is supposed to be good to keep cool with but they say he doesn't sing much.

Headline: "MUSSOLINI OUSTS SPAGHETTI." Aha, he ate in the same restaurant we did!

If he eats in another one we know, the headline will be: "Spaghetti Gets Revenge—Ravioli Knocks Out Mussolini."

The press announces that the portraits of two men who said the Russian Soviet government could not succeed, Lloyd George and Winston Churchill, "no longer adorn the walls of the National Liberal Club in London. They have been put in the cellar." And 150 million Russian workers rocked with laughter.

Walt Carmon.

TO A HOUSE-PAINTER.

By JIM WATERS.

With pot and brush he climbed hand over hand
The bellied ladder to the highest peak,
And fifty feet above the frozen earth
His scrapper rang against the scaly boards;
And to the rhythmic swing of agile brush
A coat of yellow hid an age of grime.
Then came a moment of deathly suspense:
A misjudged reach . . . a mass of broken flesh.

'Twas not in death his agony should end,
His soul to find seclusion in the Void;
But like a stark wreck of Sargasso sea,
Tossed back into the trade lanes of the world,
Crowd-tossed he roams from shop to shop to find
There is no work for broken hulks of men.

THE ATHEIST.

By JOHN B. CHAPPLE.

He was an atheist,
Saw life as a happenstance,
An outgrowth of matter,
And all life related;
The cattle on his farm
As his brothers.
The storm came;
The rest
Shivered in prayer in the cellar.
He fought his way to the barn,
Striving to get his sheep to shelter
For hailstones like eggs were battering down.
Then came the tail of the tornado,
With its roar that filled everything,
Whipping its way along.
It caught him and tossed him against a tool
shed
With a force like a thunderbolt.
The rest
Who had shivered in prayer in the cellar
Were unhurt;
He was killed.
They had the guts to say
He died because he was an atheist
And that he should have prayed with them,
And that it was God's will.

The Miner's Life

By JOHN FLEMING

We reprint this story from Lansbury's Labor Weekly, published in London, England. The story is a plain account of a miner's life sent to the paper by a working-miner from the pit.

MINING, is one of the most dangerous and difficult occupations in the world. Whilst I do not propose to detail the abnormal conditions under which the miner has oft-times to work, I am anxious that your readers should get to know of some of the many dangers that presently exist in the mining industry.

Drawing.

"Hand drawing" is one of the most degrading classes of work in a coal mine, particularly where the workings are going to the dip or to the rise, and also where the roads are "long, low, and narrow." In a section where I was just before the lock-out, two

and sometimes three men were required to push the loaded tub from the coal face. I have witnessed three men drawing a loaded tub in the following manner—two pushing behind, and one in front pulling with a piece of thick hemp rope or chain. Where the road is low the drawer has to place himself in a most uncomfortable position by keeping his body as far away from the roof as possible. This means that he is in an almost horizontal position, and has to be very careful that he does not relax himself in any way. If he did the tub may run back on top of him and so cause severe injury. This is how many young men are placed on the injured list. If he attempts to raise his body, the roof may claim a piece of skin from his back. This I have experienced many times.

In another section, where I was quite recently, one of the roads was only two feet nine inches high. The height of the tub was thirty-two inches, leaving a space of one inch between the top of the tub and roof. I have seen parts of roads in other sections where the empty tub rubbed along the roof. In addition to this the drawer has often to splash his way thru pools of water, and thereby has to work all day with his feet wet. He has many other difficulties to contend with.

"Repairing."

This class of work requires great care and skill on the part of the workman, broken timber having to be taken out and replaced by fresh timber. If water is pouring out of the roof, as is often the case, the difficulties and danger become greater. In a colliery where I was employed some time ago a stone, fifteen feet long, ten feet broad, and several inches thick, fell from the roof of the main haulage road, killed one workman and injured another two.

I was called upon, along with other workmen, to render assistance to the injured and to extricate from the fallen debris the body of our dead comrade, whom we ultimately found with his head crushed down between his legs! The stone had to be broken over the body of the dead man and partly over the body of one of his injured comrades, in order to have the injured man released.

This was a terrible experience to the injured man and to his comrades performing the rescue work. Such is the fate of many repairers.

The wage for repair work is generally 9s. per shift.

Coal-Face Conditions.

The coal-face conditions vary in many respects in every colliery. The coal may lie to the dip or to the rise. In either case the face-worker has many difficulties to surmount in order to get this valuable raw material. In dip workings the coal-miner when hewing the coal has to place his body in a most unnatural position, having to lie full-stretched or half-crouched on his right or left



side, his head inclining downwards. He has to swing his pick for almost seven hours. Much physical exhaustion is the result at the end of his day's work.

In rise working he has sometimes to erect temporary scaffolds to enable him to perform his work. A positive danger in this work confronts the hewer. Should a piece of coal break away suddenly while he is working, there is little or no chance of escape from death or serious injury. Examples of this class of work are to be seen in Douglas Castle Colliery, Lanarkshire, which was on strike before the lock-out, and had been so for eleven months in resistance to ton-rate reductions, etc.

The height of coal in many collieries is from sixteen inches upwards. I ask your readers to imagine a human being having to work underneath a height of sixteen, eighteen, or twenty inches, with water on the pavement, or dripping or pouring on you from the roof! Such is the case in several collieries.

Oppression.

The tentacles of capitalism are far-reaching in the mining world. If a miner has suffered at any time from that "blinding disease" known as miner's nystagmus, he finds it very difficult to get employment, particularly in a safety-lamp colliery. He is given a form to sign "Declaring whether or not he has at any time suffered from nystagmus." If yes, there is little chance of him being employed again as a miner even though he may have partially or wholly recovered from the disease. I have seen the form being signed, and am satisfied that the future of such individuals is most appalling.

I know of a hewer, who, after having worked five shifts for the pay ending March 30, took home to his wife and children the sum of £1 17s. 7d., and was told by his employer that if he was not pleased he could leave the job! On the same rates another miner earned £1 5s. 8d. for four shifts.

The foregoing are only a few of the great many obstacles which miners have to face in order to secure a few crumbs from the rich man's table with which to feed their hungry children.

FELIX DZERZHINSKY

A story of his life and role in the proletarian revolution. How he became the head of the famous Cheka which played such a tremendous role in protecting the power of the workers against the bloody conspiracies of the capitalist world.

IN THE ISSUE OF THIS MAGAZINE

Saturday, August 13.

With photographs of the funeral of Dzerzhinsky on the Red Square in Moscow.

Woman's Home is Her Castle

By STERLING BOWER.

NEAR smoky large copper and brass mills in Hamtramck a row of small company houses on Kosciuszko street looked all alike, top to bottom, front to back.

Behind the row lay a large dumping ground where cinders were smouldering. In front lay the pavement, where once in a while a romping child was killed or hurt by a speeding delivery truck.

Peter Swisky was coming home roaring drunk at ten o'clock at night. He lived with Mrs. Swisky in the eleventh house from Joseph Campau avenue, known as Joe Campau avenue. In his hip pocket a quart of moonshine was gurgling at every step. At Joe Campau he began counting: one, two, three, four—. At the sixth house he tripped on a crack in the sidewalk, losing count. Arriving before the eleventh house, he was counting ten. So Swisky swerved in at the twelfth house, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Petosky.

"Hello, hello my friends," Swisky said to the Petoskys, walking in without knocking, thinking he was home. "You're always welcome to Pete Swisky's house, always welcome, yes sir. Have a drink."

Petosky and his wife began laughing.

"Where have you been, Pete, to get all steamed up like this?"—Petosky winking at his wife.

"O I met an old friend. His father knew my father in Posen. Where's my wife?"—Swisky sitting down, putting whisky bottle on parlor table. "Get the glasses, Charlie."

"I suppose she's in bed," Mrs. Petosky said.

"I suppose so," Swisky said. "I suppose so."

The Citizen's Furnishing Company had sold the Petoskys, the Swiskys furniture sets just alike for \$20 down, \$10 a month. Virgin Mary's picture in color, bleeding heart showing, was hanging in each house. Mrs. Petosky, moving to the neighborhood first, had later helped Mrs. Swisky in selecting furniture, settling. Swisky was feeling magnanimously, magnificently at home. Helping Petosky carry glasses, he fell, staggering against a chair, breaking rung with foot.

"What do we care about a chair?—out of the way, you!"—Swisky kicking chair into corner.

Mr. and Mrs. Petosky were looking at each other skeptically, Mrs. Petosky venturing: "They cost three dollars apiece."

"What do we care for three dollars? Ha! Have a drink!"

Swisky, Petosky were sitting down drinking, Petosky making reassuring grimaces at his wife.

"My wife up," Swisky said to Mrs. Swisky. "You and she can sing to my friend Charlie and me. Ha! Sing about the soldier that fell in love with the girl. Get her up, get her up."

"It's too late. Let her sleep," Mrs. Petosky said mildly.

"We don't have to get up till five-thirty, Anna. It's only ten now," Petosky told her, washing down big drink, shuddering, smacking lips. "Ah!—fine whisky, Swisky! Where did you get it?"

"Down to Mike's. He trusted me for it."

Mrs. Petosky said: "Well, you two can make fools of yourselves if you want to. I'm going to bed."

"Ha-ha-ha!"—Swisky laughing. "That's right! Let the women go to bed. That's where they look best. Hey, Charlie? A woman looks best in bed. Sure! You're right. You go to bed. You wait for Charlie. Don't got to sleep. No! Charlie, he'll be along pretty soon, all happy like me. Whee! Have a drink!"

Mrs. Petosky, standing in the door, was looking back angrily at her husband, motioning to him to leave Swisky, jerking head sidewise toward bedroom, whispering: "It's late. You won't be able to get up in the morning"—scowling impatiently.

Petosky motioned her away. "Good night, fools," Mrs. Petosky snapped, walking across hall to bedroom.

"Come again, come again," Swisky sitting with his back toward her called jovially. "Come see us again. Well, Charlie, here's a go"—Swisky holding

glass up, gulping whisky.

"Here's bumps"—Petosky gulping his drink, shaking head, making faces, trembling violently.

Mrs. Petosky said from the darkness: "Ugh, You old fool you! You don't even know where you are. If you were my man I'd—" The bedroom door slammed.

"Well, she's gone anyhow," Swisky said.

"Don't pay any attention to her. You're my friend," Petosky said, getting drunk.

Swisky was laughing. Before long he was singing, slurring words, getting off key. Petosky began singing, too. Mrs. Petosky pounded once on the floor.

"That's the wife," Swisky said. Petosky shouted: "Go sleep, go sleep!"

Swisky said: "That's the way, that's the way. You're my friend. We both tell her"—Swisky shouting: "Go sleep, go sleep"—slurring also.

Amber whisky depths were growing shallow in bottle, down, down, down. Petosky's eyelids were growing heavy. He began nodding, waking, head jerking.

Getting more water from kitchen Petosky went headlong over a chair, water spilling, pitcher breaking. Swisky helping him up lost balance, falling across him. Both got up seriously, staggering back to table, lunging into chairs again, Petosky saying huskily: "—don't need water. —need whisky."

"—Sure. Have a drink!"

After one more drink Petosky's head went sagging forward to the table. Swisky, straining bleary eyes, was leaning forward looking at him tenderly: "Come on, Charlie; come on, Charlie. Wake up, have a drink. —just once more. Don't go sleep. You're my best friend, Charlie. Don't go sleep. If you have just one more you feel better. If you're going sleep you better go sleep, Charlie"—Swisky's hand groping across table for Petosky's shoulder. "Don't you know that? Bed is place sleep, Charlie. Come on, Charlie. Wake up, Charlie. You better drink or go home, Charlie"—Swisky patting Petosky with huge paw.

Walking around table, clutching edge, Swisky pulled Petosky with both hands gently: "Come on, Charlie. Wake up, Charlie, old friend."

Swisky lifting Petosky to his feet, both men stood swaying, Petosky opening eyes.

"That's boy, Charlie! You're all right. I knew you wouldn't leave your old friend. Want to go home, Charlie? Come on, I'll take you—"

Petosky went limp. Swisky, catching him, holding him up. Opening eyes again, Petosky said: "I better go bed."

"Never mind hat, Charlie. Come on, hold on me. You don't need hat, just go home, Charlie."

"—right, Pete."

Together they went slowly, precariously, through door, down three front steps to sidewalk, Swisky clutching frail railing, lunging arm in arm with Petosky off bottom step, pulling up abruptly.

"I'm all right, Pete—"

"—right, Charlie. —night."

"You go back, Pete. I'm all right. You go bed your wife, Pete. You go, you go— You go bed your wife. You go—"

"—right, Charlie. —night."

"—night."

"—night."

Kosciuszko street was tipping badly. Petosky leaning forward, trying to be perpendicular, pitched forward on his face in a cataclysm of relativity. Getting up he found little houses all alike whirling around him dizzily. Desperately crossing intervening, revolving, tilting time-space, Petosky clutched a speeding porch railing, hanging on with all his might. Finding porch steps, Petosky went reeling into the Swisky establishment.

Swisky, knees tottering, feet spreading spasmodically, pulling himself by the railing up three elusive steps, went careening back into Petosky's house. Kosciuszko street became quiet, suddenly normal again under moon stars. Over on Joe Campau avenue the milkman's wagon, prophetic of dawn, was clattering over brick pave-

ment. Suddenly the eleventh house door sprang open:

"Get out of here! You big brute. You wait till I tell Pete! I'll tell your wife, too. Get out, get out!"

It was Mrs. Swisky ejecting Petosky. Standing in nightgown in doorway, watching him lurching down steps, Mrs. Swisky heard the adjoining door opening noisily. A voice next door exclaimed: "You terrible man! You awful drunk man! You get out of here! You wait!"

Mrs. Petosky was ejecting Swisky.

The two men, meeting on the sidewalk between the two houses halted, swaying unsteadily together.

"—wrong place. Got wrong—" "M-m-m—. Guess did—" both swaying, turning in little circles, bumping each other.

Mrs. Petosky, Mrs. Swisky starting simultaneously went marching from porches in ample flowing nightgowns grabbing husbands' arms, jerking them.

"Come into the house! What do you mean by this!"

"Charlie Petosky! Yet get in here as fast as you can!"

With milkman's wagon clattering around corner into Kosciuszko street, Mrs. Swisky, Mrs. Petosky guided their men home.

GENIUS IN AMERICA.

By E. MERRILL ROOT

Woodchucks sleep all winter—
Sleep and never budge,
Confidently waiting
Nature's nudge.

Wheat in Pharaoh's pyramid,
Confined with a dummy,
Waits a thousand years to sprout—
Unlike the mummy.

I'm the woodchuck in the earth
Of failure and rejection;
Mummy-confined wheat that waits
Resurrection.

Let the snow be pine-tree high
Mummy never budge
I can chuckle as I wait
Nature's nudge.

THE TINY WORKER

A Weekly

Edited by David Binevich, Philadelphia
Johnny Red, Assistant.

Vol. 1.

Saturday, August 7, 1926

No. 11

Extra! Charmion Oliver is Back!

Last week we wanted to know why we didn't hear from Charmion and right away she sends us all kinds of good things. Here are some of them — more next week!

FUNNY

A Capitalist sat on a Soviet track. He heard the workers' bell. Too bad— How sad— Toot, toot . . . Farewell!

REAL TRUE STORY

To a school chum of mine I was training for a "Young Pioneer," I gave a copy of Robert Blatchford's book called "God And My Neighbor." She read it and JOINED THE SALVATION ARMY! Now what's wrong?

Charmion Oliver, San Francisco. Listen Charmion, try the next one with "Fairy Tales For Workers Children" first. You might get better results.

POEM By SIDNEY NADOLSKY— Grand Rapids.

The bosses live in luxury, The workers live in dirt. But the bosses better look out The workers are



PHOOIE—A BAD EGG!

It doesn't smell so good. The egg is the system we live under. In the heat of business this egg hatches out little chicks called "business men." (The "wobblies" call them "Cockroach business men"). The business men want to make money. So they pay low wages and make workers slave long hours. They join the Chamber of Commerce that hates the unions and they support the church and Y. M. C. A. to dope the workers and children. Capitalism is sure a bad egg now. And oh, what it hatches out . . . phooie!

SPECIAL NEXT WEEK

Rose Horowitz of Rochester, Charmion Oliver, Sidney Nadolsky and Jeannette Newman—a sister of our 10-year old Boishevik we had last week—will ALL BE IN THE NEXT ISSUE! Ghee, this is going to be good!



getting alert! Welcome David To The Tiny Worker David Binevich wrote us such a nice letter we print it in full and bid him welcome by making him editor. He says:

"I am a boy who came from Russia two years ago. While at work by some miracle your paper 'THE DAILY WORKER' of July 17 occurred at my side where I was opening a case of goods on the street pavement. The title of the paper interested me and not missing any article I read them all. Coming up to the TINY WORKER I noticed the edition in which was the poem of Rose Horowitz. Although I am not a 'Pioneer' yet I decided to write down a little poem and send it. Here it is:

THE WORKERS They toil from the morn,

They work with all their might, Like sheep greet the shepherd's horn, So do they the call of night Dear is to them the rest, Dear is the simple, tiny home. They yearn for freedom best Which gives hope and courage to some, David Binevich, Phila., Pa.

That's fine Davé. Send us some more!

LENIN — Short Stories of His Life



(9)

"Declaration of the Rights of the Toiling and Exploited People."

THIS declaration was adopted by the Soviet Congress of All Russia in January, 1918. In the annals of mankind it will have a honored place among the greatest documents of history. It leads you to think of the American Declaration of Independence of 1776, and the Declaration of the Rights of Man and Citizen, of the French Revolution of 1789. These documents of the bourgeois revolutions, which signified great steps forward, signified also the declaration of the right of "free" exploitation of men. The Bill of Rights of the Russian revolution signifies the proclamation of the liberation of the working people, the beginning of free mankind.

In the declaration, Russia is declared a soviet republic and a voluntary union of national republics. The abolition of the exploitation of man, the end of class differences, the extermination of the exploiters and the building up of socialism are proclaimed as the purpose of the soviet government. Land is declared the common property of the people, and given to the tillers of the soil without compensation. The forests, water-power, the big estates, and the minerals under the earth are to be used as national property. The supreme council of national economy and workers' control is established. The arming of the working people and the disarming of the exploiters, the creation of the red army. Mankind must be liberated from imperialism. For this reason the secret treaties of czarism are to be published. Fraternization among the soldiers and a peace without conquest and indemnity. Freedom to the oppressed nations and colonies. The declaration hails the recognition of the independence of Finland, the self-determination of the Armenians, and the withdrawal of the Russian troops from Persia. It explains that there will be no place for the bourgeoisie in a government which is established by the workers', soldiers' and peasants' soviets.

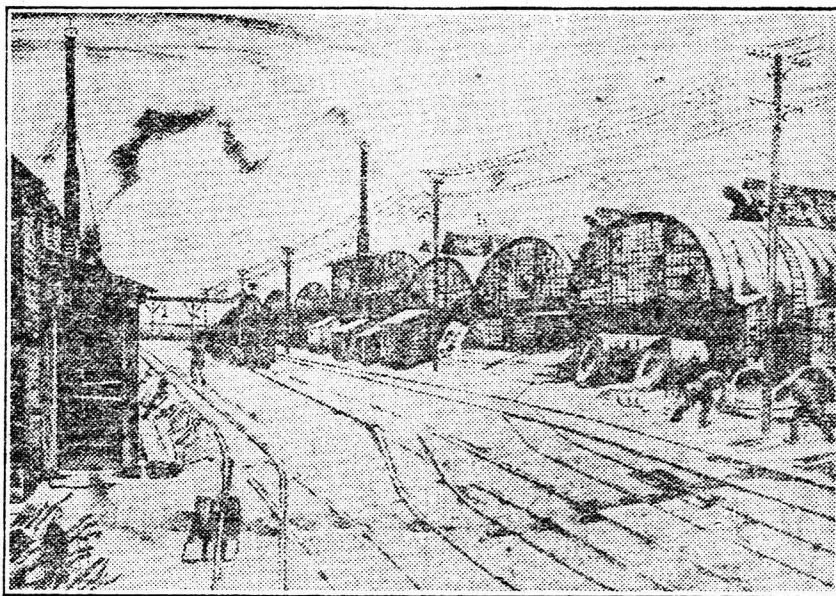
A similar document—with the addition of the obligation to work, etc.—was presented to the constituent assembly, and when it refused to accept it and recognize the soviet power, it was dissolved. This act was at that time denounced by the "democrats" of the whole world as a crime against democracy and the end of the Russian Revolution, but events have proved that it was a necessary step in the revolution and the beginning of a broader democracy than the world had ever seen. The constituent assembly had become—and has since been—the slogan of the counter-revolution and at the time of its gathering it no longer reflected the real popular sentiment, as Lenin has proved in his article about the dissolution.

Adventurous Revolutionism—or the Art of Retreat.

LENIN has always been against adventures, and criticized severely the adventurous policy of the socialist-revolutionaries. On the question of the Brest treaty, he was compelled to fight against the tendency towards revolutionary adventurism in his party. When the peace negotiations had gone on for some weeks and Comrade Trotsky had, over the heads of the kaiser's generals, told the peoples of the world about the aims of the Bolsheviks, came the day when the treaty had to be signed. Then Comrade Trotsky made his famous proclamation that the Bolsheviks regard the war as ended, and withdraw their army, but refuse to sign this infamous document. In a book about Lenin, published in 1924, Comrade Trotsky explains that this act was necessary in order to show the workers of the entente that the Bolsheviks were not servants of the kaiser, as was claimed. And it was also necessary to find out

if the German soldiers were willing to attack an army which had so obviously shown its willingness to make peace. Lenin recognized these motives as worth consideration, but he said that they could not afford the experiment, because "this beast marches too fast" (they will soon be in Petrograd). The events showed that Lenin had been correct in opposing this gallant but adventurous demonstration.

On this question Lenin had to put up the hardest fight of his life. He had against him the majority of the central committee (with Comrades Bukharin, Radek and others). The documents from the meetings of the central committee are published in Lenin's collected works, and show how serious the situation was. The argument of Lenin was that a revolutionary war is impossible without an adequate army. And the peasants have voted against the war, he said. And when the comrades asked: How? He answered: "With their legs—they are running away from the front." And if the revolutionary war is impossible, then the proclamation of it means only desperation. The comrades speak



The factory Red Putilov in Leningrad.

about "dying under the ruins of Petrograd and Moscow," that is; by means of a heroic fight in these cities arousing the workers of the world to revolution.

Lenin shows that this is adventurism. There is no necessity to despair. To sign an enforced peace is not against principles. The workers will understand it because they do it whenever they sign the documents presented to them after lost strikes. This peace is wretched, infamous. But it must be accepted. It is the only means to gain a breathing spell. During that time an army must be organized. Then a revolutionary war will be possible. Lenin admits that they may lose Petrograd and Moscow, but even then they have no right to despair. The world revolution is developing, and we must preserve a base for it, he said.

The situation in the central committee became so critical that Lenin announced his resignation. It was not his custom to give ultimata to comrades—he could submit to the decision of the majority—but now he was convinced that the stand of the comrades meant the collapse of the revolution. He felt that he, as a responsible functionary, must answer to the working class for his acts and he had no right to mislead the masses. He said: "If you don't sign the treaty, you will sign the death warrant of the soviet power within three weeks. The conditions of the treaty do not interfere with the soviet power. I have no shadow of doubt of that. I do not present an ultimatum with the intention of withdrawing it. I do not approve of revolutionary phrases. The German revolution is not yet ripe. It will take months. We must accept these conditions of peace."

On February 23 the central committee accepted the view of Lenin, by seven votes against four, with four abstentions. The party convention, March 6-8, carried it. Also the Soviet Labor discipline had deteriorated dur-

ing the Kerensky regime. This continued during the first few months of Soviet power. The specialists sabotaged. Many revolutionists became disheartened.

Achievements and Difficulties.

THE status of the Soviet Republic was critical. The imperialist armies were incomparably stronger than the red army. They were engaged in a fight between themselves, but nevertheless threatening the Soviet power. England and America landed troops in northern Russia; Germany occupied the border states and the Ukraine; Japan and America sent troops to Siberia; the Czecho-Slovaks (war prisoners organized as entente troops) took possession of the Ural. Counter-revolutionary uprisings occurred in the country. And, worst of all, hunger threatened. Production began to slow down. Sources of raw material (Donetz, Baku, Ural) were in the hands of the enemy. Certain parts of machines had been imported, and could not be made in Russia. The blockade had cut off the connections with other countries. The best workers were in the army and in the soviet offices.

The Attempt to Murder Lenin.

WHEN it became clear to the counter-revolutionists that the soviet power would not fall "of itself," as they had expected, they tried to overthrow it. Terrorist assaults against soviet functionaries occurred. Supplies were destroyed, bridges blown up, railroads demolished. The agents of the imperialists in Russia furnished the counter-revolutionists with funds and means. In order to influence the decision of President Wilson, the Yaroslav rebellion was instigated in the summer of 1918. During the fifth soviet congress, the first days of July, the left social-revolutionaries started a rebellion in Moscow. They murdered the German ambassador in order to get the Germans to start war, and they telegraphed all over Russia that the government was overthrown. The rebellion was suppressed, but the counter-revolutionary acts continued. Volodarsky had been murdered in Petrograd. Uritsky was shot by a student and a "socialist" woman, Dora Kaplan, shot Lenin in Moscow at the end of August.

Lenin had made a speech in a factory; like other comrades, he used regularly to speak in the factories. When he came out, talking with the workers, there stood a woman watching him. As he was ready to step into his auto, two women asked about the food expeditions to the country. Lenin admitted that there might be faults in their conduct, but steps had been taken to correct them. These questions had been arranged in order to delay Lenin, and a shot was fired. The woman fled, but was captured by the workers, who were ready to lynch her. This was prevented. The members of the factory committee took Lenin to the Kremlin. He refused their help and walked himself to his rooms. Comrade Bontsch-Brujevitsh gave the first medical aid. Lenin's sister, Maria Iljinitshna, one of the editors of Pravda, took care of him. His wife, Krupskaya, was out, on party duty, altho sick. When she went home and saw the alarmed faces she said: "Only tell me if he is alive!" Then she went in to him and stayed with him all the time. Doctors came and examined him. He was unconscious. There were two very critical days. Then the doctors announced that he would recover. And soon he could speak to comrades, read the papers, and conduct the work of the commissariat. This bullet hastened his death.

The counter-revolutionists were maliciously glad. But their joy was short-lived. Lenin lived, but the red terror was now directed against the counter-revolutionists. The workers demanded severe punishments. Committees were elected. People, convicted of counter-revolutionary activity, and hostages, were shot all over the country. The strong fist of the proletariat gave the counter-revolutionists such a blow that they did not quickly forget it. Altho they did not stop their activities, they were compelled to use restraint.

In the conspiracies which were discovered, even many "socialists" were found to be participants. When they were thrown into jail, the reformists all over the world raised the cry that their "comrades" were persecuted in Russia. But the workers of all countries have learned to know what kind of "socialists" these people have been. And the workers understand also what a menace it would have been to the revolutionary movement of the world if the attempt of a "socialist" to kill the leader of the revolution had been successful.

Beginning Soon:

"Labor and Literature"

By V. F. Calverton,

The first article will cover the first beginnings of American literature and the early history of American labor. "Uncle Tom's Cabin," the question of the Negro, etc. This will be followed by
 2—THE RAILROAD IN FICTION—Frank Norris and his novels of the West.
 3—THE CAPITALIST JUNGLE—Dealing with Upton Sinclair's novel, "The Jungle."
 4—SATIRE AND THE BOURGEOISIE—Dealing with Upton Sinclair's "100%" and Sinclair Lewis' "Babbitt" and "Main Street."
 5—"MARCHING MEN"—Sherwood Anderson's novel.

WHAT AND HOW TO READ

AMERICAN ECONOMIC LIFE.

ARTHUR W. CALHOUN.

IN previous numbers we have reviewed the historic and economic setting of present-day life in the United States. It is time now for a factual analysis of the American economic system in its structure and operations.

Such a survey is made a lot easier by a recent book called "American Economic Life," written by three Columbian teachers, Tugwell, Munro, and Stryker, for use in the freshman course in "Contemporary Civilization." You will not like the rather preachy, sentimental tone of the book and you will think that the authors come to rather tame conclusions about how to proceed and what to do; but there is no reason why you should not use the book to great advantage on account of the vast mass of statistical and other information which it presents. It will be easier to read this book than some others on economics, for it is full of pictures, charts, and diagrams, which present things to the eye in an impressive way. (There are a few misprints in the first edition. One is very bad: Discard the figures on the diagram on page 12, and refer to page 118 for correct data.

You will not find in the book any separate treatment of Labor, for the book was prepared as only part of the course and Labor as such is treated elsewhere in the Columbia scheme. Perhaps that is just as well, for there is a chance that you might not have liked what the three professors would have said about Labor; not that they are unfriendly or unsympathetic, but that they are professors! But suppose you look at the frontispiece of the book, a copy of a painting of a worker that is exhibited in a certain steel mill "as an expression of the mutual faith and trust between employer and employee." Why would professors start a book on economics with the picture of a worker? Does this worker really look like a submissive wage-slave? Maybe the painter counted on the employers' stupidity and sabotaged the job. At any rate I think the portrait of the laborer with folded arms and firm face would make a fine strike poster. What title would you give it instead of the motto, "Men Are Square," with which the boss has labelled it?

You will be able to get lots of ammunition for the class struggle if you read thoughtfully Book I on "Poverty, Comfort, and Riches; Present Levels of Living." It's a good idea to have a few facts and figures instead of a lot of general impressions about the distribution of wealth. Suppose you read these chapters with a view to picking out and retaining a few of the figures that are most impressive and easiest to remember. We need to be able to back up our case by precise information.

When you strike the first part of Book II—"Raising the Levels of Living Through Efficient Production," you may be inclined to throw the book away as propaganda for class collaboration; but don't be in too much of a hurry. Even if it should turn out to be propaganda of that sort, it won't hurt you, and you may be able to get some insight into the thing you want to fight. But don't be too sure that this part of the book is capitalist propaganda. As a matter of fact even in the United States, the richest country in the world, the annual product of industry if passed around equally would not give the population a decent living; so we have to face the problem of increasing production. Whether it can be solved to our satisfaction under the capitalist system is another question, about which you are entitled to your own notions. Suppose you ask yourself as you read: "Which of these production problems would the workers have to tackle if they

were running the system?" "What reason is there to suppose they would make a better job of it than the capitalists do?" Look for facts and pin yourself down closely.

You may be more attracted by Part II of Book II—"Raising the Levels of Living Through the Just Apportionment of Income." If you can find out just how income comes to be divided the way it is, and just how the masses fare in the apportionment, you will have more idea of how to tackle the problem of a new deal, about which the authors have something to say. How much difference would justice in apportionment of the present product of American industry make? It almost seems as if injustice does us more harm by making everybody so sore that efficient production is impossible than by actually stripping us of what we might think is coming to us out of the present product. What do you think after reading this section—Is the big job of the working class to accomplish a fairer distribution of wealth or to make an economic

system that will produce enough stuff to satisfy everybody's needs?

We'll skip over Part III, which talks about spending, and pass to Part IV, which talks about schemes for reorganization of society. It may interest you to know how the movements that interest you look to Columbia professors, and more particularly how they are being presented to Columbia freshmen. Is the treatment honest in every particular? Is it done in just the way you would want to hand it out to a bunch of college boys? How would you modify the chapters if you had a chance to do the authors' job over?

Now if it were merely a question of presenting things squarely and giving students a chance to come to the right position by an intellectual process, or if it were merely a question of winning people to a more social attitude by a judicious appeal to common human sympathies, very likely this book on American Economic Life might have a great and progressive influence. I wonder how many people will

be won by such a tactful, moderate, fine appeal. Is it any use to teach such things to college boys? Will it make them more open-minded toward Labor? How will it affect their attitude toward the social revolution? Would you recommend this book to your neighbor who is not a Communist? To your neighbor that is a Communist? Could a workers' study class use the material of this book to advantage? Don't give final answers to these questions till after you have Read Part V, in which the authors' head up their work and call for the "experimental attitude." Is that attitude consistent with your Communism?

Let me drop a hint. Tugwell was brought up at the University of Pennsylvania in the days when Scott Nearing was there. That may explain some things. Stryker is genuinely interested in workers' education. Is it worth while for them to stick to academic jobs, or would they be more useful if they followed Nearing's lead?

The Week in Cartoons - By M. P. Bales

