

The New Magazine

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Preachers Go On Strike

By William Pickens.

IN Mexico the preachers have gone on strike, not for higher wages but because they do not like the new restrictions put upon preachers and churches by Mexican law.

When preachers strike, what does it mean? No more salvation? At least no more baptizings, no more wine-and-bread feasts, fewer prayers, no more sermons, no church marriages—and no more "collections." Perhaps the road to heaven will be closed and the way to hell packed.

Let's see: did the Christ ever stop preaching when he found the laws unfavorable to him? "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's." "Turn the other cheek." What is the logic of a preachers' strike? If Mexican laws are wrong, does not Mexico need more preaching and more prayers? Evidently these preachers of Mexico have more faith in strikes than they have in prayers. Isn't it funny for them to say in Mexico: "Because we believe you are wrong, we will not give you any more religion until you get right." As if a doctor should say: "Because your are sick, you shall have no more medicine until you get well."

"Humility?" No sir: defiance is what preachers use in Mexico.

If these Catholic preachers will get all other denominations to go on strike at the same time, and close tight the highway to heaven, they may have some chance of winning. A little while ago the subway employes in New York struck, but they forgot

to get the elevated railway employes and the taxi drivers to go out at the same time. These Catholics may have some chance to win out, if they can get the Methodists and Baptists to shut down their heaven-bound trains, the Presbyterians and Episcopalians to stop operating their taxi lines, and the Holy Rollers to park their fivvers at the same time. But so long as these competing roads keep open, what earthly or heavenly good will it do simply to shut down the Catholic lines to glory? If they get us stirred up, we may organize a religious revolution, institute some interdenominational soviets, set up a communism of the church and operate our own lines to heaven,—and to all other terminal points.

RUMORS FROM ROUMANIA.

(Special Cable from the Associated Prevaricators) BUCHAREST, Aug. 20.—It is reliably reported from unconfirmed sources that mutiny and revolution have broken out against the red triumvirate in Moscow. Mutinous red cavalry ride thru the streets of Kiev with eighteen heads of Rykoff on their lances. At a later meeting at the Kremlin, Rykoff demanded that Trotsky commit hari-kari, but Zinoviev shot Stalin for having given Kamenev poisoned prunes. In his dying moments Stalin ordered Zinoviev deported both to the Caucasus and the Urals at the same time, and was then imprisoned in both Petrograd and Moscow before the loyal troops from Vladivostock arrived to exile the triumvirate to Irkutsk. H. G.



Carmi Thompson's Mission



THE question of giving the Philippine Islands complete, absolute and unconditional independence is again becoming a burning and urgent question for the American working class. This issue is now forced to the forefront not alone by the Filipinos, who are categorical in their demand for independence, but particularly by the American rubber manufacturers and Coolidge's government.

Why did Carmi Thompson go to the Philippines? What is the nature of his mission?

A month ago there were still doubts about it in the minds of some. Now there can be none. Carmi Thompson went to the Philippines for the rubber magnates of the United States. He is there to make the Philippine Islands safe for large scale plantation of rubber. He is there to bring about complete, absolute and unconditional subjugation of the Philippine Islands to the American imperialists.

It is part of the big bloody game played by American capital to secure monopolistic control over sources of raw material. It is part and parcel of the powerful urge of American imperialism to subjugate the world to its control and domination.

What does Thompson's mission hold forth for the Philippine masses? Brutal exploitation on rubber plantations. Starvation wages. Long hours of labor. Speed-up and squeeze-out systems that are life killing. The establishment of a veritable prison for millions of Filipino men, women and children.

All this for the greater glory and super-profits of Firestone and his like.

And what does this perspective carry to the American working class? A larger army and a larger navy. More appropriations for life military. And eventually a permanent American army of occupation in the Philippine Islands to "protect" the invest-

ments of American capital and to crush mercilessly every manifestation of dissatisfaction or protest on the part of the Filipino masses.

The Filipino masses demand that they be given immediate, complete, absolute and unconditional independence. In doing so they are demanding what is their inalienable right to determine as a nation, and of their free will, what government they will owe allegiance to. They have decided time and again that they want to be let alone by the United States and do their own governing. But the American capitalists will not let go unless forced by a determined struggle of the Filipino masses backed by the workers and poor farmers of the United States.

In the face of the present attempt, thru the mission of Carmi Thompson, to enslave still further the Philippine Islands, it devolves upon American labor, in its own interests as well as in the interests of the exploited masses thruout the world, to say clearly and unmistakably that we demand that the Filipinos be given immediate, complete, absolute and unconditional independence.

Alex Bittelman.

In the Next Issue

The Railroad in Fiction, by V. F. Calverton. This will be the second article of the series on Labor and Literature. The first article appears in this issue.

America's Peasant Pioneer, by Harry Gannes.

Russia in 1926, by Jessica Smith. With original pictures and illustrations.

And many other features.



History of the Catholic Church in Mexico

By Manuel Gomez.

CHAPTER II.

The Church as a Religious Institution.

ONLY one other thing is quite as absurd as the holy protestant bigotry of the ku klux klan, and that is the appeal of the Roman catholic church for "religious toleration." Rib-tickling as such an appeal must be even to Americans, the full humor of it can be appreciated only in a "catholic country" where the church has had its hour of domination.

The catholic church emigrated to Mexico in the first quarter of the sixteenth century and on November 4, 1571, the tribunal of the holy inquisition was established in the City of Mexico. Under the joint reign of Spanish viceroy and catholic archbishop "religious toleration" was a high crime, punishable by the most severe penalties. In the year 1649 history records that 106 people were burnt to death in one day by the inquisition for holding religious views somewhat at variance with those of the catholic episcopate.

Throught the whole period of Spanish-ecclesiastic rule the laws of the land forbade the exercise of any religion other than the Roman catholic.

Mexico secured her independence from Spain in 1841. The priests were in the saddle again, however, and the first constitution adopted declared:

The religion of the Mexican state shall be the Roman catholic apostolic to the exclusion of any other. "Submission to Authority," the Clerical Slogan.

As a matter of fact the church could not be considered in any other way than that of an institution for the maintenance of authority. This authority might be called "religious" providing we understand that the church conceived of religion as linked up inexplicably with a definite social order—one in which the supreme virtue to be inculcated was obedience to constituted authority.

The church and the semi-feudal state, the reactionary state, the state of the landed aristocracy, were bound together in a single religio-political hierarchy. Not only did the clergy enjoy the vast economic and "spiritual" powers indicated in my first chapter, but also certain privileges which protected them from the reach of such civil law as there was at that time. These privileges, which were termed "fueros eclesiasticos," exempted the priesthood from retribution at the hands of the civil courts for any crimes committed by them. When special taxes were decreed the church was, of course, exempted from them, in spite of its great possessions. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the catholic historian, Zamacois, was enabled to write that "more crimes against the civil authorities were headed off thru the medium of the confession box than thru any other agency."

As the years went by catholicism in Mexico did not become any more tolerant. Under pressure from liberal forces the church sometimes adopted new machinery, but its method remained the same—brutal suppression of any liberating tendency. In 1853 the head of the clerical party addressed a communication to President Santa Ana, in which we find, among

other things, the following:

Advice to the President.

We do not care, as some papers have said in order to discredit us, to establish the inquisition nor religious persecution, but it is understood that the duty of the public authority is to prevent the circulation of impious books. . . .

Under the leadership of the clerical party Santa Ana's administration promulgated the so-called "Lares Law," by which every publisher of newspapers, books or pamphlets were compelled to place with the government a bond of not less than \$3,000 to be confiscated at discretion for offenses against the ecclesiastical or civil authorities. The law proceeded to define such offenses as: Attacks upon the dogmas of the church, or expressions of doubt in regard to her creed; and criticism, however slight, directed against the government or of its officers. It likewise established a secret tribunal to deal with violations of its provisions. The operation of this measure immediately suppressed the liberal newspapers El Monitor, El Instructor Del Pueblo, El Telegrafo and Biblioteca Popular Mexicano.

It will be obvious by now that this "purely religious institution," the catholic church, at least interpreted religion in an extremely loose sense. The present Mexican government, which has prohibited attacks on the government by clerical publications, understands that interpretation very well, and is acting upon it. There can be no other interpretation.

Ceremonies, Mysteries and Legends.

If, however, with "christian" for bearance, we manage to isolate those activities of the church directly connected with the so-called spiritual world, we are confronted with such a degrading confabulation of mumbo-jumbo that we cannot fail to look for ulterior motives even here. Every church in Mexico had its miracle and every cathedral at least a hundred of them. Legends were—and still are—assiduously circulated, of people who had been raised from the dead thru the intercession of the catholic church. Lepers were cured and the blind were made to see. And all this as a reward to "the faithful" for their patient allegiance to the Roman catholic church. The overawing ceremonies of the church, embellished with Aztec pagan mysteries in the most cunning theatrical fashion, are still in vogue at the present time; but in the nineteenth century they constituted a veritable orgy of human debasement.

All of these spiritual exercises served a single purpose: to fix the authority of the catholic hierarchy before the powers of this and all other worlds, and consecrate the very principal of authority in all forms of life.

Consequently, the "purely religious" attributes of the church were the most dangerously reactionary of all its attributes.

But we have already sufficiently indicated that the influence of the church was by no means confined to these fields. As late as 1863 the pious Pope Pious IX addressed a mandatory letter to Maximilian, then about to begin his brief masquerade as emperor of Mexico.

A Letter from His Holiness.

"Your majesty is fully aware that

A PEEK EACH WEEK AT MOTION PICTURES

"THE LOVER'S DREAM."

"THE Lover's Dream" is a Chinese produced film made and acted by Chinese in Shanghai. The technic is bad. The acting is different from our western standards. Yet it is an extremely interesting picture.

I saw it in Chicago Chinatown. I don't think it will ever be handled by any of the regular bookers. The only way you can see it is to watch the movie house in your city nearest to Chinatown, if you have one.

I take it that the producers, the Great Wall Film Co. of Shanghai, made the film for profit. But there is also propaganda involved, and my impression is that the company must have been formed by a group of nationalists in which students predominated.

The plot of the story so far as the love part of it is concerned is adapted to the oriental modes. The lovers in this case happen to be husband and wife. Such a scenario would make a Hollywood producer throw several cat fits—but, as I say, this film was produced in Shanghai.

It is also notable that there is absolutely no kissing. After a three-year absence in an American military school the hero comes home and shakes hands with his mother and his wife. It's rather hard to get around at first, but you simply must get to understand that people don't kiss each other in China.

The hero enters the army of his province. He is colonel of a regiment.

He introduces new methods. The army, or his section of it, is turned at once into a school and workshop. He is making progress when war is declared with another province.

At a military council meeting prior to the declaration of war our hero tells the provincial war lord what he thinks of the impending campaign: that it is needless and criminal. This gets his stripes taken away, but returned again thru the intercession of a powerful friend. He goes to the front. His farewell to his family is touching—in spite of the lack of kissing.

In camp he still broods over his family and the war. Two soldiers stand in the shadows. One says to the other: "Do you know what we are fighting for?" The other says: "No, do you?" The reply comes: "I know only we were told that if we did not go to war we would starve." The colonel, our hero, overhears this and pities the poor soldiers.

In the very first engagement he is wounded. In his dream he sees his wife and mother and child. Then he dies. The news is broken at home and the family stricken with grief. In the evening the wife sees visions of the deceased husband. And that's the end.

Despite its deficiencies, the projector flicker of ten years ago, the badly translated titles (they were in both Chinese and English), in spite of these, the uniqueness of an all-Chinese film, the anti-militarist propaganda and the peak it allows of real Chinese life are worth while. T. L.

WEEKLY PICTURE SUMMARY

"Moana"—Beautiful—See it!

"Battling Butler"—Buster Keaton in "a half-baked knockout" says G.W.

"The Son of the Shiek"—(With Rudolph Valentino and Vilma Banky) Hot pappas on the burning sands.

"Padlocked"—According to G. W., it is "one of the epidemic of moralistic pictures," with Lois Moran.

"La Boheme"—"With John Gilbert, Lillian Gish and Renee Adoree, La Boheme is as good a production in its own kind as the "Big Parade," says A. S. That's saying a great deal.

"The Road to Mandalay"—My gawd what they put Lon Chaney in!

"Mantrap"—"Was peculiar because it really had some good points," G. W. points out. Ernest Torrence in a Sinclair Lewis story.

"Variety"—"Different and good with Emil Jennings a good actor," according to "Smexico."

in order effectually to remedy the wrongs committed against the church by the recent revolution (Juarez's liberal reform movement) and to restore as soon as possible her happiness and prosperity, it is absolutely necessary that the catholic religion, to the exclusion of any other cult, continue to be the glory and support of the Mexican nation; that the bishops have complete liberty in the exercise of their pastoral ministry; that the religious orders be reorganized and re-established according to the instructions and powers that we have given; that the estates of the church and her privileges be maintained and protected; that none have authorization for teaching or publication of false or subversive documents; that education, public or private, be supervised and led by the ecclesiastical authorities, and, finally, that the chains be broken that until now have held the church under the sovereignty and despotism of civil government."

Thus it will be seen that it has been the consistent policy of the church to use state and other instruments for political purposes and for its own reactionary privileges. This policy continued when it was not contravened by liberal opposition right down to the Mexican Revolution of 1910-20. Juarez succeeded in breaking the official union between church and state once for all, but I pointed out in the first chapter of my narrative that many clerical privileges were regained under the long dictatorship of Porfirio Diaz. Openly and with the sanction and might of the governmental machine behind it where possible, by stealth where necessary, the church maintains its stand for special privilege and reaction. It has never ceased to struggle for the right to hold vast properties, and even at the present moment is engaged in open rebellion

against the Calles government largely to this end.

Such is the record of the catholic church in Mexico as a religious institution, with its ubiquitous religious ties feeling into every nook and cranny of the socio-political organism.

Toleration, for What?

Be not deceived by double-chinned catholic millionaires who have organized the "League for Defense of Religious Toleration" to carry on a struggle against President Calles. Nor be misled into the naive false liberalism expressed by such a commentator on Mexico as Carlton Beals, who writes:

The church in Mexico, if it is to be of national service to a stricken people, must, like St. Francis, divest itself of its wealth, its material power, and its luxury, and regain its spirit of self-sacrifice, self-immolation, and the desire to serve.

Vain hope! How can the church regain characteristics it never had. With the record of the church before us such sentimental phrases are the merest drivel, and, moreover, they serve as indirect support to the clericals in helping to perpetuate a false tradition.

In Mexico, as everywhere else, the catholic church fights for dominance. It is as tolerant as it has to be. At the present time it is calling for toleration. Toleration of what? For the right to establish parochial schools—which means for the right to fill children's heads with reactionary clerical bigotry. For the right to carry on political agitation in counter-revolutionary ecclesiastical organs. For special catholic privileges and attributes.

(Next week's installment of the "History of the Catholic Church in Mexico" will expose the record of the church in opposing every successive move toward Mexican political progress from the Spanish colonial period to the present day.)

Coffee Plantations in Brazil

By B. D. (Rio de Janeiro).

Translated by Harrison George.

A SHORT time ago the presidential election took place in Brazil. As was expected, the candidate designated by the government, Luis Washington, has been elected. He is a typical representative of the plantation owners, the great land holders, and was the old president of the province of Sao Paulo. His friend and predecessor, Bernadez, will certainly be content with the result of the election, because he knows that the anti-labor policy which he has followed with so much ardor thruout his own regime will assuredly be continued by his successor.

In accord with the constitutional rules of the country, the president should have been elected by universal suffrage, but, in reality, there has been nothing like this at any time, because each president in the exercise of his office is able to select at his pleasure the future candidate for the presidency, and to have him elected by a system that assures in advance a complete victory for the government authorities.

This, and the utterly miserable economic situation of the working class, show clearly how the authorities abuse the patience of the workers, exploited beyond all measure. There is no exaggeration in the statement that the conditions of existence borne by the Brazilian proletariat are comparable to those of any colonial people.

A brief examination of the conditions of those native and immigrant workers who toil on the coffee plantations is enough to convince anyone of that fact.

From dawn till dark these poor slaves, with bending backs, must work the soil; then, their hard day's work done, must return to their mud hovels thatched with straw, to cook and eat the handful of rice and black peas they get from the proprietor thru the intermediate commissaries that also exploit them.

Frequently at the end of the month the proprietor, in place of paying the workers money, thanks to this system, claims all their pay for debts. And if,

by chance, one of these exploited serfs, tired of existence, utters a rebellious protest from the depths of his desperation, there intervenes the "capanga," a kind of black police in the pay of the proprietors, to bring the recalcitrant to "reason" or to send him to a better world.

The situation of the workers in industry is not much more enviable. Not taking into account those who work in small towns, where conditions are still worse, and taking as a basis only those of the great cities, Sao Paulo and Rio de Janeiro, we see clearly that the level of existence determined by the wages, without speaking of other circumstances that represent a regime of actual slavery, is well below the cost of living.

For example, a weaver or a mechanic is not able to get more than ten milreis (about \$1.60 U. S. money) per day. At the same time the hours of labor are 10 and sometimes 12; and coffee, the principal product of the country, costs no less than five milreis (or 80 cents per kilo—a kilo is two and one-fifth pounds), and other food products are at an equally high price, as also are rents. An objective examination also shows that this condition is constantly growing worse.

Various struggles have taken place in the past, many times accompanied by heroically fought strikes by isolated groups lead by Spanish or Portuguese anarchist elements, but these have naturally failed as a result of the methods employed by the anarchists.

There has never been a serious movement created with the view of organizing real unions, carried out upon a solid basis that would permit the working class really to defend itself against the attacks of the capitalists. And the government has shown that it knows how to defend itself with savage brutality against desultory anarchist tactics, with prison and deportation, and by reducing to ashes such workers' locals as exist.

Altho it can be seen from the above that, until now, the bourgeoisie has easily been able to crush movements of a sporadic character, it will not be thus in the future, when the young but

daring Communist Party of Brazil will be in condition, despite all its obstacles, to create solid positions for itself among the masses. Already the toiling masses of Brazil are beginning to give evidence of much sympathy toward the Communist Party.

A 'Rah-Rah' Boy Raises a Kick.

By SI. W. GERSON.

TO A HISTORY PROFESSOR.

Thou art plucked—a withering fruit
Off Reaction's crooked tree;
And thou wouldst thine bitterness
Unhoneyed pass on to me.

The eastern glow thou never saw;
Thine mind—twisted like a man upon
the rack—
Hath never felt rebellion's fire
And yet—thou dares to hold thy children back.

TO A BUILDING UNDER CONSTRUCTION.

Thy steel frame and they gray wall
Bloom imbibe; a class enthral.
O, stone against a flimsy sky,
Thou art built by men on high—
Men who labor night and day,
Labor for their sweat-soaked pay.
Thy canst not rise nor can I pen
Without fierce labor . . . Souls of men
Crushed out—given work's indecent
dole—
From thine vitals cry, "Stop this
bestial toil!"

THOU PEDANTS.

Playing tag 'round the culture bush
thou art,
Doddering at an automatic pace.
When heeds thou my warnings:
That thou lives by Labor's grace.
That thy beacon is a false light
At the head of Capital's machine,
That thy teachings are not right
For the very truth they do obscene.

When joins thou us—
Casting off sophomoric mask—
Doers of the corporeal,
Thou of the mental task?



There is a good cheer in a cup of coffee.—Coffee advertisement.

Coolidge's Rubberneck---Col. Carmi Thompson

By HARRY GANNES.

COL. CARMI THOMPSON is now in the very midst of his Philippine tour. Coolidge summers in New England and his personal representative rubbernecks in the Philippines, dodging in and out of the fronded palms looking for a couple of Filipinos on whom he can hang his anti-independence report. But wherever Thompson goes he is met with the insistent demand: "We want our independence!"

How tremendous are the anti-American control demonstrations cannot be gauged by the newspaper reports that emanate from the gang of journalists that make up the Thompson-Coolidge Filipino investigating committee. Most of the news writers accompanying Thompson are either at the present time in the employ of the Manila chamber of commerce or have at one time been in the pay of this fervid American imperialistic body in the Philippines.

Rubber Plantations.

Thompson has one outstanding mission in the Philippines, to pave the way for rubber growing at all costs, except one—*independence*. Ostensibly his jaunt to the islands is to measure the economic resources and make a report. But in no colony in the world is the economic well-being of a nation so closely tied up with its political future as in the Philippines. The rubber question in the Philippines at every turn becomes an out-and-out major political issue. Whether rubber is grown by the Filipinos themselves with American backing, or whether the Philippine land laws are modified to suit Firestone & Co. involve political moves of the profoundest kind.

Thompson's duty is to bring back a report to Coolidge outlining the most profitable way of exploiting the Phil-

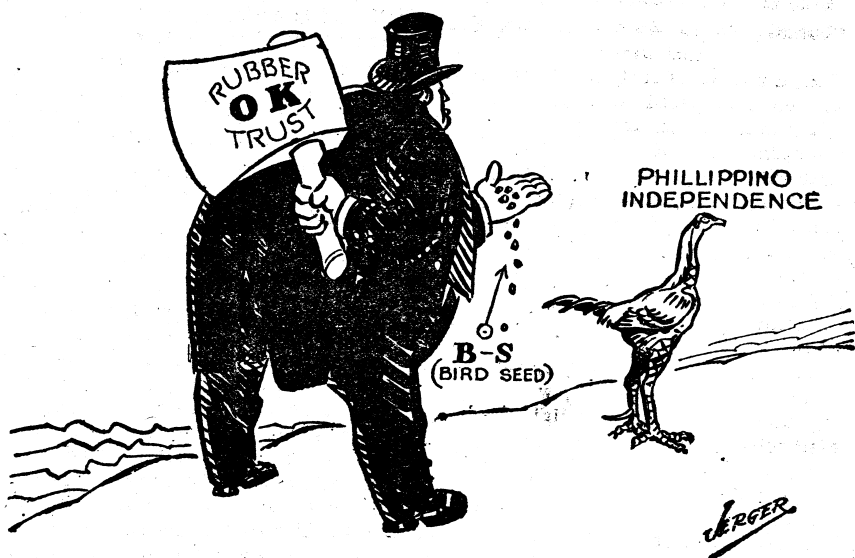
ippines, and in this plan there can be no room whatever for relinquishing this rich booty in the Pacific.

Undoubtedly the first target will be the Jones law. The Jones law, providing that the Philippines might at some time gain independence, was passed by American imperialism in its infancy, when it could not yet see the overpowering importance of an Asiatic foothold; nor was the wealth of the Philippines fully evaluated; neither had British capitalism exerted pressure on the American rubber industry thru its monopoly of rubber growing.

The picture is changed today. Even Coolidge is caught in the sticky, raw product. It seems that there are no lengths to which the Coolidge henchmen are not willing to go to force rubber down the throat of the entire Filipino nation. Representative Bacon introduces a bill favoring the splitting up of the Philippines into two parts—the largest section, best available for rubber cultivation, as well as the richest in natural resources (tho the most scantily settled by one-tenth of the population, mainly Mohammedans), to remain under United States domination, and the other section to be left to starve with its plantations and source of food supply cut off.

Thus the Filipinos are being attacked on all sides by the Coolidge administration. They harbor a viper in their very homes in the guise of a presidential representative. True, they dine with him, they transport him everywhere, they try to demonstrate that they are a civilized nation used to diplomatic stuff.

They cannot understand how the American people can tolerate the continued domination of the islands when the Filipinos think the promise of independence was made so plainly. But they will be disillusioned. Even if



Colonel Thompson: "Nice birdie!"

the present Governor-General Wood is sacrificed to the growing campaign for freedom in the Philippines, the object of American capitalism can be diverted only by energetic measures on the part of the entire Filipino nation.

Now, more than ever, when the struggle for the control of the Filipino natural resources is so open and crude, must the fight for independence assume the nature of a struggle against the octopus of American capitalism.

The Philippines are a colony of the United States. There is no question about this. Coolidge has approved of every act of Governor Wood, including the jailing of a Manila councilman for a campaign speech mildly criticizing the leathernecked general. Coolidge forbids the Filipinos the right even

to express their desire for independence thru a referendum. He distinctly insults the Filipinos when he sends a bookkeeper to the islands to check up on their present and potential wealth. How can this be of any concern to the United States, is the view of the Filipinos, if, in accordance with Wilson's promise, solemnly enacted into law, they are to receive their independence?

The Filipinos want independence. The Filipino politicians cannot help but formulate their tactics on the overwhelming wish of the masses, but they put too much trust in the words of the Wilson administration, which has been buried along with its master, rather than realize the significance of the present acts of the Coolidge-Morgan government.

The Trumpet

BY HERMYNIA ZUR MUEHLEN.
(Translated by A. Landy)

How fine the sun shines; it even animates the sad hospital-garden. Come, comrade, let's sit down on the bench over there.

I am not to call you "comrade"; you are no "damned Red"; are a "respectable citizen?"

It seems to me, your back is bent like mine, your hands are hard and worn like mine, out of your face speak hunger and misery, as out of mine. Haven't you slaved away an entire life, labored, so that others could revel, suffered want, so that others could caress? You nodded. Then aren't we comrades, mates? Hasn't the same mother, Distress, given birth to us? The same prison of misery confined us? Are we not dying of our common poverty, alone, deserted, here in the hospital? And I am not to call you "comrade"?

Well, well, let's not talk about it; I don't want to provoke you. How gloriously the sun shines! I feel so light and joyous today. I believe it's because I have dreamed of my little trumpet.

You think I oughtn't to speak so much, it harms my throat? The few months that I still have to live, it will last all right. Move up a little closer, so that I can talk very softly. I must talk once more before I am silent forever.

You ask what it has to do with my little trumpet? That is a long story, is really the story of my life.

As a little lad, I had, for a long time, wished for a small trumpet. My God, how I wished for it! To blow out into the world once, just out of pure joy, with a voice which all, all must hear.

At Christmas, mother presented me with a small, tin trumpet. How laboriously she must have scraped together her pennies, the poor soul. A charwoman cannot afford to grant her child a joy, without paying for it with her own suffering. I was blissful; how the trumpet glittered. I took it out of my mouth so I could view it better, and quickly put it between my lips, because I longed to hear its sound. I felt as if the entire world belonged to me.

The next holiday, my mother went to clean a gentleman's rooms. I went along, for it was bitter cold in our home and there, at the gentleman's, it was always warm and comfortable.

I waited in the ante-room, mother enjoined me not to blow on the trumpet, the gentleman couldn't bear any noise. I sat demurely in a corner, fondled the glittering trumpet, was glad about the warmth and was very happy. Then, however, the wish came to me to put the trumpet in my mouth. I don't want to blow it, you know, merely want to feel the trumpet between my lips, to experience the queer-delightful taste of tin.

I scarcely dared to breathe. Suddenly, however, I don't know how it happened, a shrill sound pierced the air.

An angry voice shouted from the adjacent room: "Quiet! What's that abominable noise?"

I was so frightened, that I began to tremble. Gradually, however, defiance took possession of me. "Abominable noise!" My beautiful, beautiful trumpet. I put it to my lips, drew a deep breath and blew with all my strength into the opening.

The door of the room was torn open; red with anger, the gentleman dashed out, tore the trumpet out of my hand and broke it.

My breathing stopped, the whole world seemed to fall in ruins. The gentleman disappeared. Crying, I put the trumpet to my mouth, tried to blow: not a single wee sound.

The gentleman, clad in a magnificent fur, stepped into the ante-room again, walked past me and out thru the door.

I got up softly, spied into the room from which the gentleman had come. I saw many splendid things thru tears, pictures and pillows and sparkling objects. My blood grew hot: "The man has everything, everything; but I had only a small trumpet and he has broken it."

I did not get another. The broken trumpet lay home on the window sill, and at times I stroked the glittering metal, which no longer carried any sound within.

We starved on and froze for years. I went to the factory—you know yourself what that means—grey, weary mornings, which merge into grey, weary evenings, one's ears full of noise, one's eyes full of ugliness, the body eaten up with exhaustion.

Then suddenly my view opened out into a bright world, a world in which some will not be the pack, animals of others, in which there will be freedom, bread, and joy, sufficient for all. I became a socialist.

Whenever I looked upon the comrades in the factory, their dull hopelessness, their tired resignation, then everything flared up within me. They do not even know that they are human beings, with a right to life and happiness, like the others to whom the world belongs. They are blind, unable to realize that power could be theirs, that they are many, an enormous mass against a small number. One needs only explain it to them, find the right words, cry out the truth into the world until it penetrates to the deafest ears and wakens to life hearts entombed in misery.

But how is one to find the right word? My thoughts welled up within me, bubbled, strove upward; but when I wanted to express them, dead, empty words came, toneless, soundless, as out of my little trumpet when the gentleman had broken it.

I had learned nothing, I knew nothing.

Nor could I learn anything. My poverty condemned me to eternal ignorance.

And is it not strange, comrade? On my way to the factory, I went past schools, the university; there, in those buildings, knowledge for which I longed, lay stored up and I could not attain it. Others could enter, could receive the gift of knowledge. I, however, had to hasten by, to the machine.

My body was weak, but my spirit was fresh and active, quick of comprehension.

Those who had taken everything from me, one thing, however, they had not been able to take: to take from me the power of my brain. But it lay fallow; the only thing I possessed lay fallow, because the others, who had everything, rendered my single-possession worthless.

I did not want to let myself be conquered; I learned and read, sat nights over the flickering candle, devoured the new, the longed-for knowledge.

And now when I spoke to the comrades, a word did, at times, penetrate to them, pricked them awake with a fine needle point, roared in their ears; suddenly animated eyes answered me.

At a meeting, my tongue loosed itself completely. I cried our distress, our misery, the suffered injustice, out into the world; showed the comrades the life of the others, that life of joy and beauty which is built upon our dead lives. I felt as if my voice rang shrieking thru the entire world, called to battle like the crash of trumpets, to the one, just, sacred battle.

Great, blissful joy completely filled me; mine is the instrument with which I herald freedom; my poverty and my misery, my love and my hate have built it; those who have robbed us of everything could not rob me of this.

Many, many years ago a small boy had a small, shabby trumpet. A wretched little happiness which the rich gentleman broke for him.

The enslaved worker, the pack-animal of the rich, had his love and his knowledge—certainly I acquired it just as painfully as once my mother her pennies for the little trumpet—he had a voice with which he could herald truth and justice—and the gentleman who possesses everything, broke it for him.

I had spoken all too loudly, the sound of my words had penetrated too far, had called an echo into life. This could not be allowed. I was thrown into prison. When I came out again, sickness sat in my throat and ate at my voice. The words lay ready in my mouth but could only soar out hoarse, rattling, and incomprehensible.

That which burned and blazed within me had become mute, like the tin trumpet into which the little boy had blown in vain; and for the man, the entire world fell in ruins as it had once fallen in ruins for the child.

You don't understand me anymore, I should not speak on? I still want to tell you my dream, comrade, then I'll be silent.

Last night my little trumpet extended a hand to me and a voice spoke: "Blow into it!" I, however, sadly refused it and replied: "It is broken." Then the voice answered: "Endless misery and unutterable tortures have restored to the mute instrument its sound; the injustice which weighs upon the world is so great that muteness itself has found a voice and cries out to the skies. Take the trumpet and blow!" Doubting, I obeyed, placed the trumpet to my mouth and blew into it.

A sound resounded, so overwhelming, so powerful that I was almost frightened. All the wretchedness of the enslaved, all the lamentations of the tortured, all the despair of the world shrieked out, screamed, roared, penetrated stone walls and prison barriers, whipped dead hearts and benumbed souls into life. I thought of the trumpet blasts of the Last Judgment and I knew that now the World Judgment is approaching; but not a hidden God from blissful heights is calling the world before his judgment chair; the judges are we, the oppressed, the disinherited, the robbed, we, the people of the whole world.

Let us go into the house, comrade. The sun is not shining any more. I am cold and I have grown tired.

Let us go into the house, comrade. The sun is not shining any more. I am cold and I have grown tired.

Let us go into the house, comrade. The sun is not shining any more. I am cold and I have grown tired.

Let us go into the house, comrade. The sun is not shining any more. I am cold and I have grown tired.



By M. A. SKROMNY.

"We are not the fighters,
"We are just their shadow" . . .
—Vera Figner.

It happened over two decades ago. Defeated by the Japanese in the war in the Far East, bleeding and tortured by the tools of the autocratic czaristic government, Russia was beginning to boil with revolt. The revolutionary movement was growing and spreading. It had a strong foothold in the south, especially in Odessa, the biggest sea port of the Black Sea, where there were many big factories. There were strong revolutionary organizations in many factories and also nuclei among the Black Sea sailors.

The Black Sea fleet had its base at Sebastopol. In every one of the battleships there were groups of revolutionists and in the woods near the city, meetings of revolutionary sailors were held from time to time.

On June 12, 1905, the Armored Cruiser Potemkin Tawrichesky left its base at Sebastopol for practice near the island Tendra. There were 20 officers, 12 conductors, 760 sailors and 20 marine workers from the French marine works on the cruiser. They had aboard 30,000 pounds of coal and 10,000 shells. As aid to the cruiser there was sent along the mine sweeper No. 267. Among the sailors there was an organized revolutionary group of about 100. They were ready for revolt and the Sebastopol revolutionary city committee passed a motion requesting them to wait until the end of the practice period. They agreed.

On June 13 in the morning the cruiser and the mine sweeper arrived at their destination. About noon time the mine sweeper was sent to Odessa for provision. The sailor Shenderov, a social-democrat, with the excuse of going to the post-office to get the mail, went to the city to get connections with the revolutionary organizations.

On the same day a general political strike began in Odessa. The workers' delegations, who were sent to the city officials to present the demands of the workers were arrested. Protest meetings arranged by the workers were fired upon by the police and soldiers. On the next day, June 14, the workers attempted to storm the police stations in order to liberate their arrested comrades. There was more shooting and more killed.

In the meantime the mine sweeper bought provisions including stale meat. The doctor of the mine sweeper put his O. K. on the meat. When the meat was put aboard the cruiser on June 14 it was rotten and full of worms.

The storm began to gather. The next day, on June 15, the sailors refused to eat their dinner. They ate only the bread and drank the tea, refusing to touch the "borscht." It was rotten. When the commander of the cruiser, Golikov, heard about it, he ordered the drummers to beat "general assembly." All the sailors except those who were tending the machinery were lined up on the deck. The armed guard was called out. The commander had the ship's doctor, Smirnov, taste the "borscht." He declared it fit for food. Golikov began to swear threatening to shoot all who are dissatisfied.

"Those that are satisfied, step forward!" demanded the commander. A few wavered and stepped forward. Then more followed, and more. When only about 25 were left Golikov crossed their path exclaiming:

"That will be enuf, we will now teach you all a lesson." He then ordered the guard to take all the mu-

The Armored Cruiser Potemkin Tawrichesky

tieneers aside and cover the space between them and the rest with a sail. They all understood: it meant execution. The order was given to the guards: "Get ready!"

The sailors watched in agony. Finally one of them, Vakulinchuk, cried out: "Brothers what are you doing? Don't shoot!" The guards refused to raise their rifles.

In mad rage the chief officer Giliarovsky pulled out his gun and shot Vakulinchuk dead. Two other sailors, Matiusenko and Poprucha, jumped out from the ranks and shot the officer! The rest of the sailors after that broke the ranks and attacked the officers. Some were thrown overboard and the others arrested. The crew of the mine sweeper joined the sailors.

A meeting of all the sailors was called to discuss the situation. The situation in Odessa was also reported. After a short discussion it was unanimously decided to go to Odessa and help the revolt of the workers. A revolutionary committee of 26 was elected and Ensign Alexejev was elected commander of the cruiser. About 8 o'clock in the evening the cruiser arrived at Odessa and cast the anchor. The revolutionary committee held another meeting and decided to send two sailors ashore in the morning to inform the revolutionary organizations of the revolt. It was also decided to get good drinking-water, coal and provision. Action was taken to have the Sebastopol party organization inform the rest of the fleet of the revolt of the Potemkin and to issue proclamations to the army, Cossacks and the population. Here is one of the proclamations:



"FROM THE CREW OF THE CRUISER
POTEMKIN TAWRICHESKY.

"We ask all the Cossacks and soldiers to put down their arms and join us in the battle for freedom. The last hour of our sufferings is here. Down with autocracy! We achieved already liberty and are acting without the authority of the officers whom we destroyed. If force will be used against us, we request the population to leave the city. If we meet with resistance the city will be destroyed."

The proclamations were reprinted by the underground party print shop in Odessa and spread all over the city. All night the cruiser was playing its searchlights on the city and the port.

In the meantime the sailors of the cruiser Ekaterina at Sebastopol heard of the Potemkin revolt and refused to sing the prayer, "Save Us God," and "Victory to Our Emperor," which was compulsory in the army and the navy. They were taken off the battleship.

In the morning of June 15 the body of the killed sailor, Vakulinchuk, was taken ashore and put under a tent in the port. A guard of honor was placed. The following note was pinned to the breast of the dead sailor:

DZERZHINSKY

By EUGENE KREININ.

You are gone . . .
But life will follow the road of life,
For it is eternal.

I cry not, that you are dead,
For death is a part of life.
And both—the coming and the going
Germinate the living force.

Yet I grieve . . .
And am happy in my grief

That there are such like you,
Who trod the path of thorns
In their search for truth,
And then they go . . .
Leaving the seeds of their efforts
For the future to reap.

I cry not that you are gone,
For I rejoice that you once came
To follow in the footsteps of struggle.
And struggle is life,
And life is beautiful . . .

"CITIZENS OF ODESSA"

"This is the body of sailor Gregory Vakulinchuk, who was killed by the chief officer of the armored cruiser, Potemkin Tawrichesky, because he refused to eat the rotten food and (a few words illegible). Comrades, workers! Honor to his memory. Let us avenge our comrade. Death to the blood-thirsty vampires. Death to the oppressors. Long live liberty. One for all and all for one."

"The Crew of Potemkin Tawrichesky."

A big crowd of workers and students at once collected near the body. A meeting started which lasted all day. A joint meeting of the Potemkin revolutionary committee and the city revolutionary committees was held. The city committee wanted to capture the city at once, but the Potemkin committee proposed to wait until the arrival of the rest of the fleet. It was decided to wait. At night shooting began all over the city. The police and Cossacks were shooting at workers. A bomb was thrown among the Cossacks and many were killed. A cordon of police and soldiers was thrown around the port and firing began.

In the morning a committee from the cruiser was sent to the city administration demanding, under threat of bombarding the city, permission to bury Vakulinchuk with proper honors. Permission was at once granted. In the meantime the revolutionary committee received information that the military council of the governor was meeting in the city theater. Two shells were fired but did not hit the theater. The funeral was held, but as the sailors of the honor guard did not return to the cruiser in the time agreed, two more shells were fired. Later it was disclosed that the sailors were fired upon by the police and two were killed.

The next morning Potemkin received information that the battleships 12 Apostles, Sinop, and Georgy Pobiedonosec were coming. The revolutionary cruiser at once got up steam and left the port to meet them in the open sea. As soon as the battleships sighted Potemkin, they turned back. Potemkin also returned to port. About noontime five cruisers were sighted and Potemkin again stripped for action and went out to meet them. When the crews of the battleships sighted Potemkin, they met her with "hurrah." The commander was frightened and returned to Sebastopol. One cruiser, Georgy Pobiedonosec did not follow the rest and came up to Potemkin, returning to the port. A committee was elected to take care of the new battleship in revolt, but the committee lacked revolutionary strategy and permitted some of the "loyal" officials to remain aboard. They succeeded in taking the ship back to Sebastopol. When the crew finally realized what happened it was too late. Sixty-three of them were arrested.

In the meantime the government collected a big army in Odessa and Potemkin was cut off from the shore and was in need of water, coal and provisions. The crew was getting nervous. Some began to demand that the cruiser leave the Russian waters. It was finally decided to go to Konstanza, Roumania for provisions.

The Roumanian authorities refused any supplies to Potemkin and the cruiser returned to the Russian port Theodosia. Under threats of bombarding the city provisions were received from the city administration. They were unable to get any coal because there were no coal loaders in the port. Near the shore were standing three barges loaded with coal. The revolutionary committee decided to take the barges along to sea. A boatload of twenty-five sailors under the command of Matiusenko and Feldman (a student who joined the crew as a worker from the French Marine Works) were dispatched to take the barges. As soon as the sailors reached the barges a company of infantry hidden on shore opened up fire. One sailor was killed, some wounded and a few captured. The rest returned to the cruiser.

Some of the committee insisted on bombarding the city, but a majority was opposed to it. This incident brought a crisis to the cruiser. It was finally decided to go back to Roumania and turn the cruiser over to the Roumanian government. Comrade Christian Rakovsky, the present ambassador of the Soviet government in France, was at that time living in Roumania and he assisted the sailors in settling the matter with the Roumanian government.

That was the end of the "Floating Republic" and the "Unconquered revolutionary territory of 1905."

Matiusenko later returned illegally to Russia, was captured and executed in 1907.

TWENTY years have passed.

Under the revolutionary blows of the vanguard of the Russian proletariat, after the most desperate battles known to mankind, czarism, the stronghold of autocracy and capitalism, lies shattered in dust. The last remnants of it are licking the boots of foreign masters, selling their swords and souls to the international bandits and marauders. The vast territory of the former empire is ruled over by the revolutionary party of the former oppressed classes—the workers and the peasants—by the All-Union Communist Party. From a land of oppression where all nationalities were living in terror under the iron heel of the Cossacks and subjected to the exceptional laws, the country is now a free union of many nationalities and all equal before the law. The former prisoners of the czar are now the rulers of the country.

It is natural that the memory of those who were the vanguard of the revolution and fought the first battles



Doug and Mary in Berlin, Germany, after seeing the famous Soviet film, "The Armored Cruiser Potemkin."

of revolt in 1905 shall be honored. On the twentieth anniversary of the Potemkin uprising a moving picture depicting the story was made. The hero of the story is the armored cruiser, Potemkin, itself. At present the ship is the property of the Soviet Republic. There are no individual heroes or heroines. No princes or beautiful girls play any part in the picture. The battleship, the masses, the sailors and the machinery of the battleship are the heroes. And yet the picture makes a tremendous impression even upon movie critics and actors.

In Great Britain where the picture was prohibited, it made a great impression even upon the capitalist newspaper men, when they witnessed a private showing of it. The Manchester Guardian proclaimed it to be one of the greatest films ever made, and the Sunday Observer stated that it was the greatest. The Berlin Tageblatt stated that "Serge Eisenstein (under whose direction the picture was made), with the aid of the victorious revolution has beaten all the hired American film technicians even in the small details." The picture was shown in many cities of Germany until it was prohibited lately.

When Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford arrived in Berlin, a private showing of the picture was arranged for them. They were so enthused and so surprised by the picture that they were unable to find enough words to express themselves. Fairbanks finally stated: "It is the greatest picture I have ever seen, and believe me, I have seen enough pictures in my life."

"Who is the director? Why don't we know him in Hollywood?" inquired Mary Pickford. Both Fairbanks and Pickford later visited Soviet Russia.

Finally the film arrived "in the land of the free." A private showing was arranged in New York for newspaper men, movie censors, critics and actors. It made a great impression on all of them. They all admitted that it was a great picture, but . . . the majority voted against showing it. All the newspapers with the exception of the Sun, didn't even mention the film. The Sun stated that it is characteristic that the best movie of the year should come from the Soviet Union, and that the picture is so realistic and pathetic one forgets it is just a film, and actually lives thru the moments of the revolution.

Nevertheless a majority of the protectors of our morals decided that we should not see it. And no wonder. They are afraid even of the shadow of Potemkin.

While the story actually happened over twenty years ago, the conditions in the armies and navies of the capitalist countries are not much better than they were in Russia under the czar. The conditions of the workers and farmers in many cases are worse. What would happen if the soldiers, sailors, workers and farmers after seeing this picture would do a little thinking? Who can tell what may happen?

The rulers of Europe and the United States are beginning to shiver and are turning white in their faces when the shadow of Potemkin is training its guns in the film upon London, Berlin, Paris and New York.

Who can guarantee that no real guns will follow in the wake of this shadow afterwards?

Therefore they must do to the shadow of Potemkin what the czar attempted to do to the real one: Down with Potemkin! And . . .

God save the king! . . . Beg pardon—the country!



Morgan the "Peerless Captain of Industry"

By Gustavus Myers*

With the advent of the year 1898 an epochal movement for the consolidation and centralized ownership of transportation systems, industries, public utility plants and mines set in. The trust era was now in irresistible swing. After a warfare of nearly thirty years in the courts and in the active political and industrial arena, the middle class found itself completely frustrated.

The Plutocracy in Full Power.

McKinley's election as president of the United States, with a congress the majority of which was of his views, was a distinct notification that the plutocracy was in full power—a power won in a pitched combat, and therefore interpreted as a popular approval of the rule by great magnates and trusts.

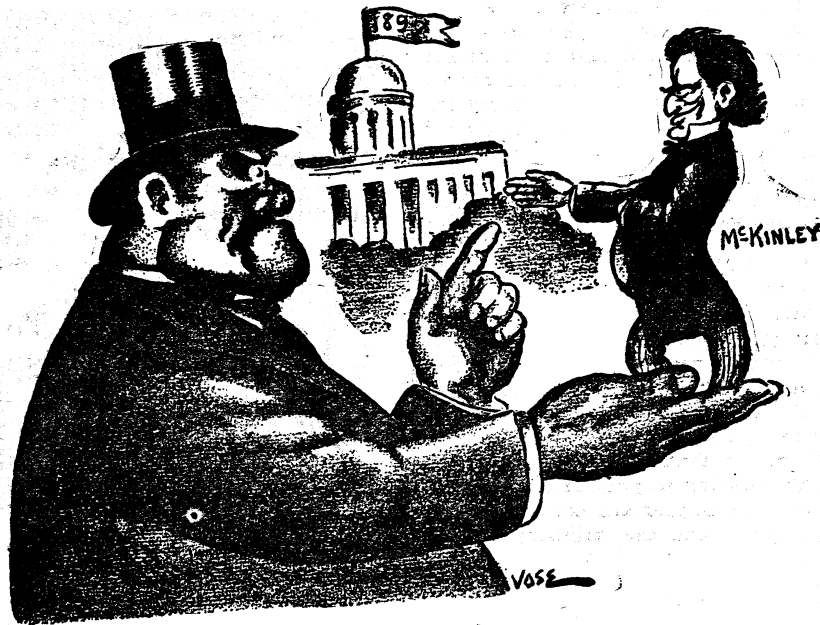
Henceforth, it was well understood, the trusts need fear no governmental antagonism, even of a sham order; for while mock legal actions at no time impaired the basic sway of the trusts, yet they caused constant annoyances and expense.

When McKinley took office magnates of every description knew that the trust movement had full license, confirmed by private bargain, to go on unhindered and unmolested, except, perhaps, with an occasional inroad for spectacular popular effect. Consequently the business of organizing trusts flourished in the open; one trust after another was formed embracing about every known product. The work was carried on with phenomenal celerity and success. The middle class looked on impotently while factories, railroads, gas and electric plants, street railway lines, telephone systems and mines were converted from a state of individual or mere corporate ownership into the trust form, owned by great single corporations with stupendous amounts of capital, and with dictatorship over vast masses of workingmen.

In this revolutionary work, that of organizing trusts, J. P. Morgan was one of the foremost generalissimos. Indispensable as it is in this work to describe the methods by which he requisitioned his wealth, it is no less necessary to point out the services that he and his kind were doing for progress. In the exclusive consideration of progressive movements, it is immaterial what the motive was; the thing done is all that counts historically. None can deny that these revolutionary capitalists were actuated wholly by ambitiously personal ends: greed, pelf and the lust of power. But after all they were revolutionists without knowing it, and precisely the sort of capitalist revolutionists needed at that particular time.

Strong, ruthless men, bold in cunning and cunning in their boldness, were required for the work of crushing out the old cut-throat, haphazard, individualistic competitive system.

*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.



That sluggish, money-grabbing, petty-minded body, the middle class, preoccupied with the comfort of its belly and its narrow conventions, had set its self interest against the demands of progress. It declined to budge; it hedged itself behind walls of special laws; it sought to make matters travel backward. Under these conditions Morgan and his colleagues were the men for the task; forceful, dominating, arbitrary men, not scrupling at any means to attain their ends, contemptuous enough of law when it stood in their way, and powerful enough to defy it. Very expert destructionists were they. But they were also constructionists. They tore down to build up. A decayed, archaic industrial system they replaced with one of a far more systematic order, the forerunner of finer systems to come. Progress often works through queer instruments.

In the years closely following 1898 Morgan was especially prominent in many of these trust creations. An ubiquitous magnate he was, pushing his industrial conquests and overlordship in many variegated directions. Each accumulating success added millions of dollars to his fortune. With a choice list to select from, what brilliant display of his financial acumen shall we take up first? Consecutively, the most pertinent is that noted Pennsylvania Coal company transaction of his.

The Unfailing Recipe for Making Money.

The plan which he had begun some years before of gathering in coal mining properties and coal carrying railroads, and of merging them into a combination, he persistently continued. The most important of all of the remaining independent companies in the Pennsylvania anthracite region was the Pennsylvania Coal Co. It controlled some of the most valuable mines in the center of the richest deposits. While paying wretched wages to its workers, it had for years

been reaping sixteen per cent dividends on a capital of \$5,000,000. Stowed away in its treasury it had, in the form of a surplus, a fund of \$10,000,000.

Here was a noble opportunity. Could any alert financier withstand the temptation? As soon as Morgan acquainted himself with the attractive facts, a plan of campaign speedily developed. He sent agents to scour the northeastern region of Pennsylvania, with orders to pay any price demanded for shares of the Pennsylvania Coal company. Unobtrusively these discreet emissaries went about their mission. For months they traversed Pennsylvania, finally getting enough stock to insure Morgan's control, for which stock an average of \$532 a share was paid.

What did Morgan next do? He sold the property to the Erie Railroad company for \$32,000,000. This payment was in the form of four per cent collateral trust bonds secured by mortgages on the Pennsylvania Coal com-

pany's property and by the New York, Susquehanna and Western railroad, a line acquired a short time previously by the Erie. Nor was this all; an issue of \$5,000,000 of preferred stock was thrown in. But who controlled the Erie railroad? The eminent J. Pierpont Morgan. As an individual he bought the coal property, and then, as dictator of the Erie Railroad, decided what he should be paid for it.

"Criticism," observed the industrial commission, with the dainty restraint characteristic of all such euphemistic official reports, "has been directed against this operation on the ground that the price paid by the Erie Railroad to J. P. Morgan and company was excessive. Testimony before the industrial commission indicates this was in fact the highest price paid for such properties in the history of the business. What this commission feebly and so gently dismissed as "criticism" was, in reality, a general growl of indignation at Morgan's ease and audacity in calmly transferring to himself millions of dollars in so-called "profits." It was of this kind of transaction and similar varieties that the industrial commission elsewhere relieved itself of this declaration: "The possibilities of fraudulent profit are something enormous under such conditions." For once, in making this clear statement, the industrial commission almost overcame its habitual timidity of phraseology, and called things by their true names. Yet what availed it to say that fraud was fraud when the beneficiaries were not even questioned by law? The amount pocketed by Morgan in this performance cannot be learned. "To what extent the banker's profit rose," the industrial commission satisfied itself with reporting, "was not developed in the testimony before the commission." We many well judge that the profit could be estimated in millions.

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Johnny Red, Assistant.

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A LITTLE SONG
By Rose Horowitz
Rochester, N. Y.

(Sing to the tune
"Oh, It Ain't Gonna
Rain No More")

H a r r y Sinclair
bribed officials
So he could get the
oil
Now he's getting
profits
On workers who
must toil

CHORUS
Oh, they ain't gonna
rob us any
more
They ain't gonna
rob any more.
So how can they
live in luxury
If they ain't gonna
rob any more.

HEY, DOROTHY!

Your nice little
story in this issue
makes you honorary
editor. But
just what is your
name? We know
you are a little
Red—glad to hear
it. But won't you
send us your name
and address? And
of course some
more contributions.

NEXT WEEK!
A Fairy Tale by
R o s e Horowitz
Watch for it! It's
a dandy!

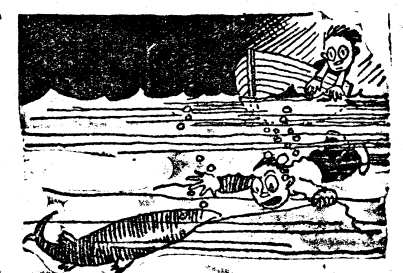


THE POOR FISH

By Doroty Red, Minneapolis, Minn.

Fred and John went fishing. Fred's father was rich and John's father was a poor worker. Fred had a nice fishing pole and a pail with bait in it while John had only a stick and a piece of string. It was a hot day and Fred laid down under a tree while John was fishing. Soon it was time to go home. As they were walking home, Fred started to quarrel and said he wanted all the fish but John said he could not have any because he did not help catch them.

And he was lucky John did not push him overboard and he did not get bumped in the nose by a rough fish.



HERE'S THE NICEST LITTLE LETTER

Dear Comrades:
I herewith enclose a poem for the TINY WORKER (My first one). In this poem which is a parody on the American hymn called "America" I have tried to illustrate the real America.

I am 12 years old and am a member of the Upper Bronx Pioneers. Oma Passikoff.

And Oma sends us this poem which is very clever. See if you don't think so. Here it is:

AMERICA
Capitalist country,
'tis of thee,
Bitter land of misery,
For thee we slave.
Land where the workers toil,
Land where they till the soil
From every coty street,
Bosses the work-ers beat.

Another Newcomer

Matthew Sprajcor, of Verona, Pa., age 13, sends us this verse:

Two boys I know,
Are Joe Smith and Joe Loper
Who read a great number of newspapers,
But among all the rest
Stands one they like best
Which is The Daily Worker.

BITS AND BITES

OH, UN-BE-LIEV-ABLE!

"... it was the greatest, the most remarkable state convention of the socialist party held in Wisconsin since 1918. The two-day session was remarkable for ... the absence of blatant demagogy and personal wire-pulling."—The American Appeal, official organ Socialist Party.

!!!!!!

"Rev. Hale C. Davis, Oklahoma City minister, and Col. George Lewis told the local American Legion Tuesday night that 'Reds' in the pay of Soviet Russia were disseminating propaganda in the University of Oklahoma and the A. & M. College against compulsory military training. ... Among those now on record against compulsory military training is Calvin Coolidge."—The Oklahoma Leader.

IN HEAVEN WITH THE O. B. U.

"Life is flowing very peacefully here; the days are full of pleasant happenings, and the nights of refreshing sleep. ... There are exactly forty in camp now, all enjoying life to the full. We contrive a little economic and philosophic conversation every day and are attempting a short drama this evening on the lawn. So all our time is not taken up by just play."—"From O. B. U. Camp at Gimli," in the One Big Union Bulletin (Canada).

WHAT INTELLIGENT BOSS WOULDN'T?

"The wage philosophy of the A. F. of L. as embodied in the Atlantic City declaration was expounded and defended by a prominent American employer in an address to the annual convention of the Canadian Gas Association here."—Detroit Labor News.

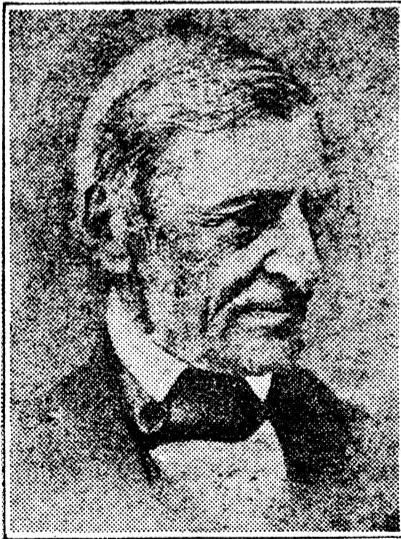
Labor and Literature

By V. F. Calverton

THE worker does not appear in American literature in other than a lowly and obscure figure, until after the Civil War. Before that time it was the hatred of the Negro slavery and the lure of bourgeois utopias that consumed the energies of the liberal artist and reformer.

The Abolitionists were as sentimental as the utopians. The Abolitionists, for instance, found the enslavement of the Negro so hideous that the bondage of the white worker almost entirely escaped their attention. Few more sentimental and in-artistic novels have been penned in America, for example, than "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The social influence of the book, however, was very deep and widespread.

As a result of the revolutions in Europe during the first half of the nineteenth century, and the bourgeois theories of Fourier, who outlined a utopian society that even the bourgeoisie could adopt and applaud, the American liberals tried to revolt against the prevailing order by founding Fourier colonies and retreats. These literary and philosophic liberals, then viewed as revolutionists, were usually known under the name of Transcendentalists. In the words of Emerson, who was their leader, individualism was their goal. Transcendentalism was a form of mystical individualism. Its practical aspects, curiously enough, turned toward the task of realizing utopias. Two experiments of theirs, then known as radical, are remembered for their fascination and futility. One of these experiments was known as the community of Fruitlands, which was founded by Ann Bronson Alcott, who was the father of the famous and popular Louisa May Alcott, and two English friends. The Fruitlands was an odd experiment at co-operative endeavor. It was a miniature Utopia which had all of the rigidities of a regular state. The diet was purely vegetarian. Even milk and eggs were excluded, and water was the only drink permitted. Only vegetables that project their forms into the air were eaten; potatoes and beets that parachute their forms to the earth were taboo. The winter, chilling enthusiasm and destroying production, brought an end to the venture. The Brook Farm experiment was the other. Both experiments are famous as attempts of liberal esthetes and discontents to escape the bourgeois world of competition. George Ripley, a Unitarian minister, was the leader in the Brook Farm project, but it was Nathaniel Hawthorne and Margaret Fuller, vis-



R. Waldo Emerson

itors rather than participators, who gave it the romance of rich personality and the enchantment of the beautiful ideal. In "The Blithedale Romance" (1852), one of the interesting novels that Hawthorne penned, the career of the Brook Farm colony is pictured. Altho in places the picture may be tinged with exaggeration, it is revealing of the mood of mind of these bourgeois reformers and idealists.

Thus it was in the avenues of Negro slavery and bourgeois utopias that the spirit of artistic protest expressed

itself in the days before the Civil War. Cooper had written of rainbow-plumed Indians that danced like phantoms thru the pages of wild romance, Brown had told of the horrors of ventriloquist and hypnotist, Kennedy had haloed the colonial days of Maryland and the Carolinas, Simms had romanticized the sunny clime and merry tradition of Dixie, and Poe had cultivated the morbid, but in the work of all these there was no more social protest than in the skits of Van Vechten and the homilies of Frank Crane.

It should not be thought that these literary radicals of that day were weak, resistless types. They were part of the individualism of their time and yet in revolt against its grosser aspects. Their heroism, which was real heroism then, is today but an amusing gesture. Thoreau's going to jail rather than pay his taxes, Emerson's refusing to pray and administer the Lord's Supper and consequent resignation from the ministry of his church, Alcott's closing his school rather than exclude a Negro student, Parker's risking his life in the anti-slavery panic—all these were expressions of sincerity that can be appreciated only by understanding their historical background.

Yet these men had no consciousness of the position of the white worker, in the growing capitalist society of that period. While the workers were publishing several dozen labor papers expressing protest and demanding change, these bourgeois idealists were content with colonies for dream-children and distressed philosophers. After the Civil War, however, things changed. With the organization of the Knights of Labor in 1869 scattered class protests began to cohere into a united class attitude. In 1877 the socialist labor party had come into existence, and in 1892 it made its first nation-wide campaign. The American worker, driven more and more to the defensive in this period of the expansion of large industry, was organizing himself in ways of definite protection. By 1886, for instance, the Knights of Labor had a membership of over 700,000. With the great strikes in addition it was a time of intense excitement and struggle.

OUT of this class struggle came the first book of the workers, Bellamy's "Looking Backward." In this novel, as well as in "Equality," another novel by the same author, we find an open rupture with the old order and a striking if somewhat fanciful picture of the new. While the christian socialist school in England was sentimentalizing the proletariat, Bellamy was trying to realize its ambitions in a social order that he conceived and dedicated to the future. We must remember that in English novels such as "Mary Barton," by Mrs. Gaskell, and "Alton Locke," by Kingsley, the proletarian had become an accepted and sympathetically portrayed figure in English literature. Sentimental tho their approach may have been, the coming of these novels marked a different trend than the aristocratic and bourgeois that had preceded. In "Mary Barton," for example, were passages such as this:

"Don't think to come over me with th' old tale, that the rich know nothing of the trials of the poor; I say, if they don't know, they ought to know. We're their slaves as long as we can work; we pile up their fortunes with the sweat of our brows, and yet we are to live as separate as Dives and Lazarus with a great gulf betwixt us; but I know who was best off then."

Bellamy extended their protest into a program.

In the framework of "Looking Backward" was imaged the delicate and complex framework of the new society. The projection of this new society was placed at the remote date of 2,000, but the hurly-burly of change that was in the air made the readers of the novel conceive it as an approaching and close reality. Not many years before, it must be remembered, Marx was contributing to Greeley's New York Tribune, and, not many years after, De Leon, with many other socialists, was preparing the way for



what seemed to them the rapid collapse of capitalism and the beginning of the class revolution. Just two years before Bellamy's famous novel came out a union labor party was organized in Wisconsin and a similar party was begun in New York with Henry George as its candidate for mayor. The atmosphere was vibrant with discontent and protest. In response to the excitement caused by "Looking Forward," Bellamy societies were formed in cities and towns over the country and discussion groups everywhere grappled with the problem of social reconstruction. Later the book became a kind of basis of faith for the nationalist party.

In Bellamy's society there were

"no longer any who were or could be richer or poorer than others, but all were economic equals. He learned that no one any longer worked for another, either by compulsion or for hire, but that all alike were in the service of the nation

working for the common fund, which all equally shared, and even necessary personal attendance, as of the physician, was rendered as to the state, like that of a military surgeon. All these wonders, it was explained, had very simply come about as the result of replacing private capitalism by public capitalism, and organizing the machinery of production and distribution, like the political government, as business of general concern to be carried on for the public benefit instead of private gain."

Bellamy, however, with all of his vision, was a sentimentalist. In his attitude is something of the spirituality of a Jesus instead of the courage of a Liebknecht. Yet it is to him that we must turn for the first literature in America that was devoted to the proletariat. While pamphleteers and labor leaders had long stood for the social revolution, the artist had been silent. Bellamy was the first to break this silence.

The Golden Highway

By GEORGE JARRBOE.

Whose wills may journey out and on.
Cowardly Manhattan shuddering under stone,
The blithesome wanderer shall know no more,
But envy him the sunlit, ever-youthful shore.

"How may I start? Where lies the morning road?
I falter, I break with hunger and the unequal load.
Efficiently falls the lash; in dirty street
My co-slaves spurn me with their bleeding feet!"

Lift up your voice and sing the way of Freedom.
Swiftly the servilest slave will strain his chains and
heed him!
Sing the art of the rifle, the trick of the bayonet.
Sweet is the dawn road when the steel is red and wet!

Who dreads a bit of a halt to storm a barricade?
Who shrinks from stop at the scaffold, the end by a
secret blade?
Your goal the towers of Freedom, in the child-land afar,
And if you fall to shine on Humanity's night a star.

What better road for heroes than the strife,
For the great weal of human life?
For the sunlit commune over yonder
And tearless cities filled with happy wonder?

Farewell, Manhattan! The last slave-song is sung.
We go to join the armies of the ever-young.
Always the lily and rose on either hand,
The dawn, the silver bells of fairyland.

A MARXIAN ANECDOTE.

London, June 10, '67.

To Dr. L. Kugelmann,

Dear Friend:

The tardiness of this letter leaves me open to the more or less "well-grounded" suspicion of being a "bad fellow." As a basis for mitigation, I merely need to state that it is only a few days that I am "living" in London. In the interval I was at Engels in Manchester. But you and your dear wife know me well enough now to find letter-sinners normal with me. In spite of that, I was with you every day. I count my stay in Hanover among the most beautiful and happiest oases in the desert of life.

In Hamburg I had no other adventure, except, in spite of all precautionary measures, to get acquainted with Mr. William Marr. Judging from his personal manner, he is, as christian translator of Lassalle, of course worth much less. Mr. Niemann also played during the few days that I still remained there. But I was much too spoiled by the society in Hanover to want to be present at a theater performance in Fess good company. So Mr. Niemann slipped me by.

The passage from Hamburg to London, discounting somewhat raw weather the first day, was on the whole favorable. A few hours before London a German young lady, who had already struck me with her military bearing, declared that she wanted to leave that same evening from London for Weston-on-the-Sea and did not know how to begin to do it with her voluminous baggage. The case was so much the worse since helping hands are missing in England on the Sabbath. I had the young lady show me the railroad station to which she was to go in London. Friends had written same on a card. It was the North-western station, past which I had to ride, too. As a good knight, I therefore offered to let the young lady off at the place. Accepted. On closer reflection, however, it occurred to me that Weston-on-the-Sea is southwest, the station to be passed by me, on the contrary, and the one written down for the young lady northwest. I consulted the sea captain. Right. It proved that she was to be deposited in a part of London lying in an entirely opposite direction from mine. Still I had been engaged and had to make *bonne mine a mauvais jeu*. We arrived at 2 in the afternoon. I brought the *donna errante* to her station, where I learn that her train doesn't leave until 8 p. m. So I was in for it and had six hours to kill with *mademoiselle* by promenading in Hyde Park, stopping in ice shops, etc. It turned out that her name was Elisabeth von Puttkammer, niece of Bismarck, with whom she had just spent a few weeks in Berlin. She had the entire army list with her, since this family provides our "brave army" abundantly with gentlemen of honor and taille. She was a cheerful, educated girl, but aristocratic and black-white up to the tip of her nose. She was not a little astonished when she learned that she had fallen into "red" hands. I consoled her, however, to the effect that our rendezvous would pass without loss of blood, and saw her depart safe and sound for her destination. Imagine what food this would be for blind or other vulgar democrats, my conspiracy with Bismarck!

Adio,
Your Karl Marx.

(Note—April-May, 1867, Marx traveled to Hamburg for the purpose of handing over the manuscript of "Capital" to his publisher, Meissner, and to visit Dr. Kugelmann in Hanover.—A. L.)

Coming Soon!

The Life of Karl Marx

Written by Paul Lafargue.
An interesting and attractive story.

Movies and Singing

The motion pictures have stolen another march on the church. First, you remember, they took away the church's audience (oh, that was a long time ago); then they went in for sermons (almost every scenario has a nice, maudlin commercialized moral somewhere about it), and next they acquired the pipe organ. Now, lo and behold, they have developed a whole chorus of little cherubims and seraphims—yeah, the picture house has got a choir—and I don't mean maybe.

The new "movie" community choir is one of the best business propositions built upon the efficiency science of group psychology. Singing always did play a large part in keeping people tied up to religion; or, rather, it binds people more closely to each other and in so doing delivers a whole tied-together group over to whatever cause happens to furnish the song. At present the movie cause is no cause at all except box office receipts.

And does the audience sing? At the Oriental the other night they made the chandeliers shake and the windows rattle: the organist had to tuck his head and stop playing; he

was overwhelmed by a storm of voices. It makes a fellow feel good, you know, to let out his pent-up emotions that way along with everybody else. It's the "one big family" feeling that makes you imagine you are "part of the show." And when one's diaphragm is exercised it affects the rest of the body like a tonic. The box office advantage of this is that, no matter how bad the movie is, singing puts the spectator into such a good mood that he enjoys it anyway, and comes again.

The words flashed on the screen for the audience to sing are silly enough to make even a moron blush. One doesn't begin to glimpse the inanity of our "popular" songs until he sees them in enlarged letters with all their goos and gurgles. There's "Has She Got Eyes?" and "Where Did You Get Those Eyes?" and "Pretty Baby" and "Stars Are the Windows of Heaven," to say nothing about "Horses, Horses, Horses, Horses . . ." The tunes of the pied piper never called forth as many rats as this melody does horses, only the horses are just the same, just horses, horses, horses.

G. W.

To a Certain Rich Young Man

By HENRY GEORGE WEISS

That you should, robed in purple, look with scorn
Upon the men that labor, pass them by,
Deeming yourself a creature better born
And heir to all the sunshine in the sky,
Is absolutely funny; your old man
Wore overalls and sweated for his bread;
Grew rich thru HANDS in ways not nice to scan,
Which you would fain forget, now he is dead.
Which you would fain forget, now he is dead.
But we have not forgotten how he rose
And lifted you unto your eminence,
Feeding upon our miseries and woes,
And growing wealthier at our expense:
O lord it while you may, you snobbish pup;
The HANDS can tear you down that raised you up!

A WEEK IN CARTOONS By M. P. Bales

