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The Lash and the Dagger



Stanley Baldwin, British premier, uses the lash on the British miners. Benito Mussolini, Italian premier, uses the dagger on the Italian workers. One is a democracy; the other is a dictatorship. That's the only difference.

IN THE WAKE OF THE NEWS

By T. J. O'FLAHERTY

THE queen of Roumania arrives today in Chicago and our "best people" are ready to do "the right thing" by this female parasite who lives at the expense of the most exploited people in Europe. The shallowness of our democracy was never better exemplified than thru the funkism displayed in extending a welcome to this bawdy queen. Marie is infamous, even among the aristocratic circles of Europe, because of her debauchery. Yet our ruling classes that make a profession of puritanism refuse entrance to useful foreigners while they crawl on their bellies to Queen Marie. The beneficiaries of the sweat of the packing industry slaves can afford to spend thousands of dollars on gowns considered suitable to exhibit to the queen, but if their slaves asked for a trifling raise those bloodsuckers would spill more blood in resisting the modest demand than would fill the empty champagne bottles that strew the path of the royal train from Seattle to Chicago.

IN all probability, Frank L. Smith, senator-elect from Illinois, the beneficiary of the Insull millions, will not sit in the senate. Neither will Mr. William Vare of Pennsylvania. The both are members of the republican party, otherwise known as the G. O. P. (grand old party) the fight to unseat them will be initiated by such prominent republicans as Senator Borah of Idaho and Norris of Nebraska. Which proves that inside of the G. O. P. there is a cleavage born out of the diverging interests of the elements that originally provided the party with an economic base.

THERE is plenty of hypocrisy involved in this matter. Borah says that the senate has a right to purge itself of undesirable elements. And Borah, in taking this position, is rendering a service to the capitalist system. The capitalist class as a whole is not in favor of selecting political servants that will spend most of their time picking the pockets of their masters, which picking they regard as a bonus for allowing their masters to pick the pockets of the workers. The capitalists have no ethical objection against the picking of pockets, provided it is not their own. So Frank L. Smith, who was elected thru the generosity of the open-shop multi-millionaire utility magnate, Samuel Insull, will probably get the gate because he got caught. The working class of Illinois should not forget that Smith, despite his support by the open-shop Insull, was endorsed by the labor officialdom of the Illinois Federation of Labor.

BETWEEN William S. Vare, who was elected senator from Pennsylvania, and William B. Wilson, his democratic opponent, there is no choice for the workers. Both are servants of capitalism, and the democrat, Wilson, is a particularly scabby specimen. Wilson owns scab coal mines, yet certain labor publications supported him, not caring a particle whether he was an employer of scab labor or not, because he was a democrat. William B. Wilson was secretary of labor in Woodrow Wilson's cabinet. A former coal miner, he degenerated into a red baiter and strike breaker. It does not make the slightest difference to the workers of Illinois and Pennsylvania whether Messrs. Vare and Smith are elected or not. Until they organize a labor party in alliance with the farmers they will be at the mercy of political grafters and crooks of both parties.

THE Briton, Gibbons, who wrote "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," might be urged to perform a similar service for the human race with regard to the British empire, were he alive today. The British empire conference which is holding forth in London is an infallible indication that the pirate empire is on the wane. During the late war a French banker remarked that Britain would pull thru

that debacle, but would never win another war. It seems that the banker knew what he was talking about. The appointment of a Canadian ambassador to Washington shows that the northern dominion has practically broken with the "mother country." South Africa is out for practical independence and the Irish Free State has had an envoy in Washington for the past few years. With a disastrous strike at home, the dominions kicking up their heels, the Chinese boycotting British trade and the United States grabbing all that is left, it does not look so bright for the old empire. All those who have tears to shed can do so, but this writer remains dry.

BENITO MUSSOLINI has often been pictured as a valiant man. He is the kind of a lunatic that might be insensible to danger under certain subjective conditions. But note how he crawled to France. The latest incident in the life of this bloody mountebank did not add any laurels to his crown. Apparently he engaged a person with the honored name of Garibaldi to act as an agent provocateur in France and entice anti-fascists into activities only for the purpose of getting them into the hands of the fascist

been re-established, but only for attempts on the lives of Mussolini and members of the royal family. Heavy prison penalties for the mildest criticism of the fascist regime are provided by laws recently passed under the lash of the black shirt dictatorship. There are reports that even inside the fascist party there is a nucleus of revolutionaries waiting for an opportunity to dynamite the hated regime. Uneasy rests the crown that sits on the head of a dictatorship that rests on a minority of the dictated. And yet it is not strange that the American capitalist class should smile on the fascist dictatorship in Italy while they frown on the rule of the workers and peasants in Russia.

WHEN Mussolini discovers opposition in the ranks of the fascist party in Italy he hires an efficient dagger and disposes of his trouble. How different in the Soviet Union? Recently there was quite a sharp discussion in the ranks of the Russian Communist Party, now called the All-Union Communist Party. What happened? A conference of delegates of the party from all sections of the Soviet Union was held in Kremlin—in the palace of the late czar—and those

Unite!

Ye workers in fields and in orchards,
Ye toilers in factory and mill,
Ye makers of wealth, piling fortunes
With your brain, and your brawn, and your skill,
Do you love so the shackles that bind ye,
That ye kiss the fetters that bind?
Do you hate so the sunlight of freedom
That ye'd rather wear blinkers, walk blind?

Now by the mills that grind slowly
The grinding has ground up the meal,
The sacks are filled to o'erflowing—
And yet you still sweat at the wheel.
For what? . . . that your masters may rule you;
For what? . . . that they tread you in scorn;
For what? . . . that your children may hunger
And curse the dark day they were born.

For God's sake awake and arouse ye!
A Moses is walking the land
With the scythe of the field and the hammer
Of labor aloft in his hand:
The day and the hour approaches
For the slaves to arise in their might;—
Farmers and Workers join forces,
Form your own party—and fight!

—Henry George Weiss.

police. Mussolini's tools also got busy in Spain and insinuated themselves into the Spanish revolutionary movement with a view to embroiling Spain with France, so that Italy could use Spain's antipathy to France to advantage in her aim to win colonies from France or from France's protegee, Turkey. However, the French police got the goods on Mussolini and now the erstwhile brave dictator is crawling to the French foreign office.

EVERY vestige of freedom of expression is abolished in Italy. The fact that the fascist dictatorship is obliged to intensify the reign of terror, after four years of bayonet rule proves that the masses are still in revolt against fascism and that the Mussolini regime has failed to satisfy the needs of the masses. The Daily Herald of London reports that hundreds of Italian workers were killed in a bloody orgy of terror following the latest attempt on Mussolini's life. The investigations of the French police have shown that most of the attempts on Mussolini's life have been instigated by Mussolini himself to provide him with an excuse to slaughter more progressives.

ALL opposition papers are now suppressed in Italy. All opposition parties are suppressed. Foreign correspondents are threatened with arrest if they send out any information that is unfavorable to the fascist regime. The death penalty for homicide has

who held views in opposition to the central committee of the party presented them. The opposition position did not prevail, but it is quite probable that any worth-while suggestions they had to make were accepted. While this hot discussion was going on there was no necessity for one extra policeman thruout the tremendous territory that is covered by the Soviet Union. And the reason is that the dictatorship of the workers and peasants in Russia is based on 95 per cent of the population and is therefore the nearest thing to complete democracy that the world has ever seen. In Italy the black shirt dictatorship is based on the needs of the big capitalists and is at loggerheads with the great majority of the population.

WE see a picture of President Hindenburg of Germany reviewing monarchist army leaders in Bremen. Hindenburg, the monarchist, occupies the anomalous position of being president of a republic. The German socialists, whose leaders murdered the revolutionists, Rosa Luxemburg and Karl Liebknecht, in 1920, look with a benevolent eye on the preparations being made by the extreme reactionaries to restore the kaiser to the throne. In the meantime "Me Und Gott" is in Holland living like a Chicago bootlegger, while millions of German workers are unemployed. And only recently the Prussian parliament, with the aid of the socialists, gave Wilhelm enough money to keep half a dozen

kings in champagne for a lifetime. Socialism still means that the earth and the products thereof must belong to the workers. But socialists all over the world are supporters of capitalism.

PRINCESS ASTRID of Sweden married Prince Leopold of Belgium and the marriage ceremony was performed in Sweden by the socialist mayor of Stockholm. Socialists do not even seem to be good republicans. The princess is a protestant of some brand and the prince is a catholic, so before the royal pair can share the royal couch the pope must sprinkle holy water on them, and incidentally get a rakeoff. Representatives of all the solvent European monarchies were present at the wedding ceremony, including Mrs. William Phillips, wife of the American ambassador, who, we are told, "wore only pearls." Now that their princelings are married off the workers of Sweden and Belgium should sleep easy.

WITH the Cantonese troops sweeping up from the south and the armies of Gen. Feng moving in from the west it looks as if there would be nothing left of the old imperialist armies of China in a few weeks except whatever Chang Tso-lin can snatch from the blaze. The Komintang, founded by Sun Yat Sen, the great Chinese liberator, which was reported smashed several times during the past few years by the capitalist press, now stands in a fair way of getting complete control of China. When that day comes the imperialists of the world will not rejoice. America and Japan have already given indications that they will not stand in the way of Chinese unity. They better not. England is in the soup and cannot undo the blunders committed by her bloodthirsty rulers. It was good fun shooting the Chinese while they were armed only with bamboo sticks. But a Chinaman with a gun is about as deadly as anything we can think of.

THE government that has made itself the laughing stock of the world thru its disgraceful kowtowing to the Queen of Roumania refused Mme. Kollontai, Soviet ambassadress to Mexico, permission to visit this country on her way to her post. This is not surprising. Our ruling classes are so conscious of their thievery that they fear the presence of the representative of a country where the workers have thrown off the yoke of slavery might inspire their own slaves to go and do likewise. Nevertheless, the United States will be obliged to recognize the Soviet Union and our bourgeoisie must stand the humiliation of seeing the red flag over the Soviet embassy in Washington one of these days.

THIRTY-NINE years ago last Thursday four labor leaders were hanged in Chicago because of their activity in pushing the eight-hour day movement. An excellent story about this tragedy appears on another page. The two men who were murdered in 1887 had nothing in common with the labor fakers of today, who spend more time helping the employers rob the workers than they spend organizing the working class. There is nothing in common between the Haymarket martyrs and men like William Green, John L. Lewis and their kind.

APICTURE of two old people lays in front of me. Harry J. Kane, 61, and his wife, 60, were thrown out on the cold streets because they could not pay rent. No doubt they produced plenty of surplus value in their lifetime, but evidently they did not know enough to get others to work for them. Our masters tell us that we should never look at the clock or bother about the pay envelope; that those things take care of themselves. But we know from experience that the more the workers produce the quicker they work themselves out of a job, unless they live in a workers' republic where the increased production redounds to the benefit of the producers.

Personal Recollections of Karl Marx

By PAUL LAFARGUE.

VI.

Marx (who had begun by being one of the radical leaders of the bourgeoisie, saw himself deserted as soon as his opposition had become too decided; and he was treated as an enemy when he became a socialist. Hunted and driven out of Germany after being insulted and calumniated, they organized a deadly conspiracy of silence against his person and his works. They completely ignored "The Eighteenth Brumaire" which proves that of all the historians and statesmen of the year 1848, Marx was the only one who understood and clearly revealed the true character of the causes and results of the coup d'etat of December 2, 1851. Not a single bourgeois journal mentioned the work in spite of its actuality. "The Poverty of Philosophy," an answer to the "Philosophy of Poverty," as well as "A Critique of Political Economy," were equally ignored. But the "International" grew and filled the world with the report of its deeds. Altho Marx held himself in the background and let others act, they soon discovered who the director was; in Germany, the Social Democratic Party had been founded and raised to a power which Bismarck wooed before he attacked. The Lassalleans, Schweitzer, published a series of articles which Marx found very noteworthy and which acquainted the working class public with "Capital." On the motion of J. Ph. Becker, the congress of the International decided to draw the attention of international socialists to this work as to the Bible of the Working Class.

After the uprising of March 18, 1871, in which they saw the hand of the International, and after the defeat of the Commune, the defense of which the general council of the International took up against the unleashed bourgeois press of all countries, the name of Marx became world-famous. Marx was then recognized as the undisputed theoretician of scientific socialism and as the organizer of the first International Labor Movement. "Capital" became the text book of the socialists of all countries; all the socialist and labor papers popularized its learned theories; and in America, during a large strike which took place in

New York, they published passages out of it in the form of pamphlets in order to inspire the workers to hold out and to prove to them the justification of their demands. "Capital" was translated into the principal languages of Europe, into Russian, French, English; excerpts from it appeared in German, Italian, French, Spanish and Dutch. And as often as opponents in Europe or America attempted to refute his theories, the economists immediately found a socialist answer which silenced them. In truth, "Capital" has today become what the congress of the International has called it, the Bible of the Working Class.

Marx's active part in the international socialist movement was carried on at the expense of his scientific labors. The death of his wife and oldest daughter, Mme. Longuet, was supposed to have been absolutely fatal for him.

Marx was closely bound to his wife by a feeling of deep attachment. Her beauty had been his joy and his pride; her tender-heartedness and devotion of character had helped him to bear more easily the misery unavoidably bound up with his agitated life as a revolutionary socialist. The suffering which brought Mrs. Marx to her grave undoubtedly also shortened her husband's life. During her long and painful illness, Marx, spiritually fatigued as a result of the excitement and bodily exhaustion as a result of sleeplessness, lack of movement and fresh air, contracted pneumonia which threatened to carry him off.

On December 2, 1881, Mrs. Marx died as she lived, a Communist and materialist. Death had no terror for her. When she felt that the last moment had come, she called out: "Karl, my strength is broken." These were her last clearly audible words. On December 5th, she was buried in the Highgate cemetery in the section of the "damned" (unconsecrated ground). In accordance with the habits of her whole life and those of Marx, they had carefully avoided making the burial a public one; only a few intimate friends accompanied the dead person to her last resting place. Before they dispersed, Marx's old friend, Frederick Engels, spoke

the following words at the edge of the grave:

"My friends! The noble-minded woman whom we are burying was born at Salzwedel in 1814. Her father, the Baron of Westphalen, was soon thereafter stationed at Trier as government counsellor and made close friends with the Marx family. The children grew up together. The two highly talented natures found one another. When Marx entered the university, the community of their future fates was already decided.

"In 1843, after the suppression of the first Rheinische Zeitung which was edited by Marx for a time, the wedding took place. From then on, Jenny Marx not only shared the fate, the labors and the struggles of her husband, but she also took part in them with the greatest understanding, the most glowing passion.

"The young couple went to Paris in voluntary exile which all too soon became a real one. The Prussian government persecuted Marx even there. I must add with regret that a man like Alexander Humboldt was active in effecting a deportation order. The family was driven to Brussels. The February revolution came. During unrest which broke out in Brussels, too, not only Marx was arrested; the Belgian government did not fail to also throw his wife into prison without any cause.

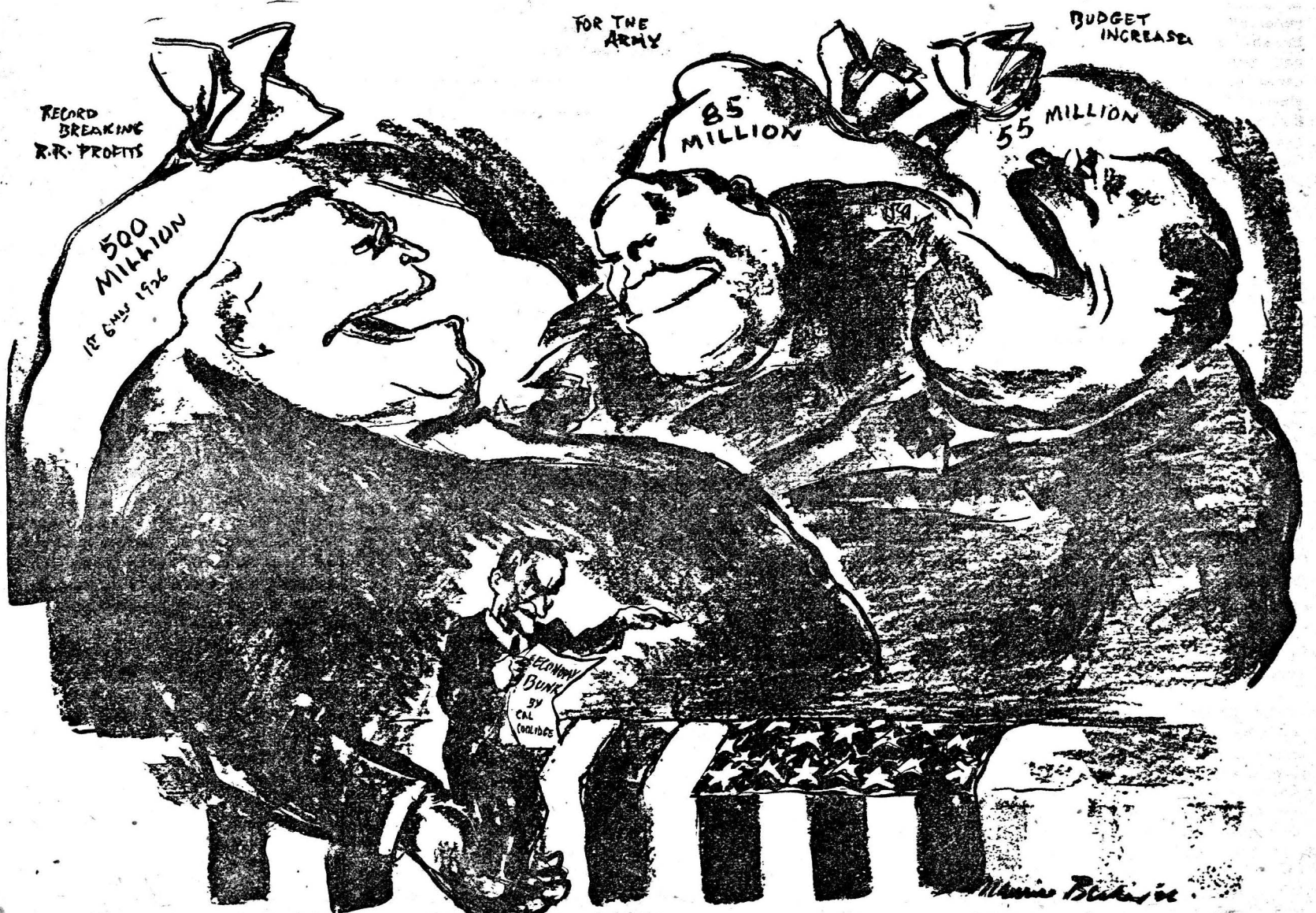
"The revolutionary revival of 1848 had already collapsed by the next year. New exile, first in Paris, then, as a result of renewed interference of the French government, in London. And this time, in fact, it was for Jenny Marx's exile with all its terrors. Nevertheless, she had overcome the material pressure under which she saw her two boys and one little girl sink into the grave. But the fact that governmental and bourgeois opposition, vulgar liberal and democrat, combined in one large conspiracy against her husband, the fact that they overwhelmed him with the most miserable and vile calumnies, that the entire press closed itself to him, cutting off all defense on his part, so that momentarily he stood defenseless before opponents which he and she scorned—that struck her profoundly. And that lasted very long.

"But not forever. The European proletariat came into a position where it could once more move independently to some extent. The International was founded. The class struggle of the proletariat pressed from country to country. And among the foremost fought her husband, himself the foremost. Then began a period of severe suffering for her. She lived to see the calumnies, which rained down upon Marx as thick as hail, dispersed like chaff before the wind. His teachings, which all reactionary parties, feudal as well as democratic, tried to suppress, were now preached from every roof-top, in every civilized country and in every educated language. She lived to see the proletarian movement, with which her whole being was fused, shake the foundation of the old world from Russia to America and, despite all resistance, press forward ever more certain of victory. And the striking proof of an indestructible life force which our German workers gave in the last Reichstag elections, was also one of her last joys.

"That which has been contributed by such a woman with such keen and critical understanding, with such devotion to the comrades of battle in the movement during almost forty years—that has never forced its way into publicity, that is not written in the annals of the contemporary press; that, one must experience himself. But this I know: Just as the wives of the Communist fugitives will often remember her, we others will often enough miss her bold and wise advice—bold without ostentation, wise without the honor of ever forgiving anything.

"I do not need to speak of her personal characteristics. Her friends knew her and will not forget her. If ever there was a woman who found her greatest happiness in making others happy, it was this woman."

After the death of his wife, Marx's life was nothing more than a series of stoically borne moral and physical sufferings which were only intensified when a year later Mme. Longuet, his oldest daughter, also suddenly died. He was broken and he never recovered again. He expired, sitting before his study table, on March 14, 1883, in his sixty-seventh year.



While Coolidge Tells the World About Economy.

The Four That Were Hanged - - - By Amy Shechter

Thirty-nine years ago, Nov. 11th, 1887, the murder of the Chicago Anarchists by the capitalist state deprived the American working-class movement of revolutionary leadership that might have immeasurably strengthened the cause of the American proletariat in the last decades. Spies and Parsons, the two leading figures among the men condemned, were of Debs' generation. They would probably have lived to render as great services to the working class as Debs has done.

They both had real qualities of leadership, and as editors of revolutionary papers—Spies of the German Arbeiter-Zeitung, Parsons of the English Alarm—as eloquent speakers and energetic organizers, they wielded a powerful revolutionary influence on the American labor movement. Of the others, Engel, a man forced into the revolutionary movement by the bitter logic of a life of hardship, the oldest, a man of fifty, had done a great deal of effective organization work among the German workers of Chicago; he was a speaker of rugged force. Fischer, a 24-year-old compositor, and the son of socialist parents, was also a thorough-going revolutionist and a man in whom his fellow-workers had confidence. The fifth, Louis Lingg, a strange, brilliant figure, was only 22 years old, and some nine months out of Germany, but he had a name in anarchist circles in his native land and was already doing effective work in Chicago. It is difficult to tell what his line of development in relation to the labor movement might have been: he was the stuff of which the Russian terrorists were made. His extraordinary mental capacity and cold courage would probably have made him a force to be reckoned with.

Capitalism carried out its purpose efficiently. With the hanging of these men and the breaking up of the Chicago Anarchist group, it left the revolutionary movement in the United States practically leaderless for the time being, and desperately crippled. Capitalism had planned to strike a double blow at the revolutionary movement, first by depriving it of leadership, and secondly by "making an example" of the



A. R. Parsons August Vincenz Theodor Spies

men brought to trial that should strike such terror into the hearts of labor that not only the revolutionary movement but militancy of any sort, and especially the eight-hour movement, then gaining tremendous impetus, would be utterly destroyed. It was as deliberate a move on the part of the capitalist dictatorship to stem the onward surge of the proletariat by violence, as definite a manifestation of the white terror, as any of the deeds perpetrated in Czarist Russia, as the killing of Liebknecht and Luxemburg in Germany, or the long roll of murders of Communists in "our Marie's" Roumania, and the whole Balkan shambles of today. In fact a certain Russian prince, Shastakov, minister of the czarist navy, arriving in the United States at the time of the trial feeling the homelike atmosphere of our democracy, politely inquired of the reporters, "Have you hanged your Nihilists yet?"

Anarchism on Trial.

There was never any question but that it was anarchism (used indiscriminately at that time by capital for all radical doctrines, as Bolshevism is today) that was on trial. It was openly stated and reiterated by press, prosecuting attorneys, and the judge upon the bench, Elbert H. Gary, who, with his victims four decades in their graves, still lives today to invoke violence against his slaves in the steel mills at the first sign of discontent.

"The state intends," wrote the Chicago Tribune during the trial "to try the men for anarchism, not murder. A jury avowedly opposed to such doctrines has been secured." "Anarchy is on trial" declared Ingham, special counsel for the state. "Hang these eight men and save our institutions" shouted States Attorney Grinnell during the trial. "These are the leaders; make examples of them" demanded the prosecution addressing the jury. "These eight defendants," said the state attorney to the jury "were picked out and indicted by the grand jury. They are no more guilty than the thousands who follow them. They were picked out because they were leaders." Again the prosecution: "Convict them and our society is safe." Every one of the 1139 men summoned as jurors by the state's attorney was asked: "Are you a member of a trade and labor union? Are you a member of the Knights of Labor? Have you any sympathy with communists, anarchists and socialists?" Only those answering 100 per cent in the negative were passed.

The Upheaval of the '80s.

In a previous article a sketch was given of the great upheaval of the eighties, the rapid increase of class-conscious feeling among the workers, and the violent methods with which capitalism sought to check it

Briefly the main causes of unrest were: the extensive displacement of man-power by machinery in this decade, by which hundreds of thousands of workers were thrown from the class of skilled into that of unskilled labor; the final expropriation of the last public lands by capital so that the working class, finally "shut up in the wage system," began to awaken from the dream of "capitalist democracy" which the possibility of escape (however vague) to "free land" had fended to keep alive, the immense immigration of the decade with its attendant increase in unemployment; and to cap it, the acute suffering of the workers during the great crisis of 1884-1886.

With all the cards stacked against labor, capital expected to have a submissive lot of wage slaves that would suffer themselves to be used as purely passive and uncomplaining adjuncts to that marvelous new machinery that seemed to promise such unlimited profits. Instead it found itself confronted with a militant spirit that not only fought bitterly against the constant wage cuts that capital tried to put over, but actually dared to demand a share in the benefits of the infinitely more productive new machinery constantly being installed, in the form of an eight-hour day in place of one of anywhere from ten to twenty hours.

The struggle of the classes was openly recognized by both sides. Not only the press, but also the official spokesmen of government and army talked class war—"with cannon and powder, not votes"—and recommended violence in answer to the demands of the working class. This was not merely abstract talk—in strike after strike: on Gould's railroad lines, in the coalfields of Ohio and Pennsylvania, in the lumber mills of the Saginaw valley, in the stockyards of Chicago workers were shot down by mine guards, Pinkertons and militia. In answer the workers organized to meet force with force and armed detachments were formed in connection with unions and other workers' organizations.

Two leading forces in the workers' movement capitalism especially feared and was determined to destroy. Firstly, the Knights of Labor, into which the workers were flocking by the hundreds of thousands and which was essentially an organization of the unskilled worker who previously had been absolutely at the mercy of their employers, and tended to the solidarity of all labor, sweeping aside barriers of race, and color and craft. Secondly, the International Working Peoples' Association centering in Chicago, which represented revolutionary organization among the workers and was increasingly successful in spreading its revolutionary propaganda. The destruction of the Knights of Labor was to be accomplished by widespread blacklisting of K. of L. members, by shutting down factories in which the organization was influential and then offering to take back singly those who would renounce their membership, by violently breaking up K. of L. strikes, and in not a small measure, by winning over certain of its leaders to become capital's own lieutenants. The rounding-up and hanging of the anarchist leaders was the method capital employed to exterminate the other force that it considered a menace to its supremacy.

The International Working People's Association.

The International Working People's Association of which the Chicago anarchists were leading members had been organized three years earlier at a Pittsburgh convention attended by social revolutionaries as they called themselves, and anarchist groups from a number of cities. It was not very clear in its principles, combining a good deal of anarchism with some socialism and syndicalism. But it was definitely militant in outlook in contradistinction to the declining S. L. P. and rallied to itself the most earnest and revolutionary elements in the labor movement. These elements had become disgusted with the S. L. P. which at this period definitely repudiated the idea of class war and put its faith in education and above all the ballot box. The waning confidence of militant workers in the S. L. P. had received a bad blow when the national executive committee ordered all its members to withdraw from the Lehr-und Wher Vereine (Education and Defense societies) and the ground that affiliation to these societies gave the public the impression "that the socialists were determined to accomplish by force what they could not obtain by the ballot."

The Chicago groups of the International which Spies and Parsons founded leaned strongly toward Marxian socialism. Speaking of the program adopted by the organization at Pittsburgh Spies, perhaps the clearest of the leaders theoretically, declared: "The Pittsburgh program is of secondary importance. Our platform is the Communist Manifesto." And in his writings we find socialism mostly used to denote the seizure of the means of production by the proletariat, and the social system built upon their social possession; and anarchism, the ethical system obtaining under socialism, allowing free development to the individual.

The influence of the International grew at a tremendous rate. It provided just that energetic revolutionary leadership that men felt increasing need of in this time of economic upheaval. Capital inveighed against

it from press and pulpit and made plans for its destruction. On the eve of May Day Jay Gould, railway magnate and leader in every anti-labor move, made a statement that sounds as though it dated from the time of the wholesale raids on Communists in 1920: "The fact is too patent to permit of disguise that the workmen of the land today are under the leadership, for the most part of loud-speaking demagogues of the worst type who left their native countries for their native country's good. Men who in Germany or Russia would be locked with their incendiarism within prison walls are heroes here. They are leaders and the blatant outcry of their shameful ideas wins applause. Men

movement in Chicago, and gave it revolutionary leadership. For over 20 years the question of the eight-hour day had been "legally" agitated. Then, in 1884, a number of unions determined that May 1, 1886, should be set for its inauguration. At the beginning, so long as the idea seemed a plaything to be dangled just out of labor's reach and keep-it contented, it received the enthusiastic support of the bosses. As the day set approached, however, and it became evident that labor was in dead earnest, no longer humbly beseeching for the passage of laws that would never be put into effect, but ready to take what it wanted by its own organized strength, then capital completely changed its

movement in the back (for which he was duly lauded by the capitalist press), the rank and file of the K. of L. unions gave it wide support. Night after night Spies, Parsons, Engels and the other leading Internationalists addressed eight-hour meetings and helped in the organization of new unions. On the Sunday preceding the first, they held a great mass meeting of over 25,000 on the lake front, and a visiting German pronounced it more imposing than anything of the sort he had seen in Paris or Berlin or London.

By this time employers were panic-stricken. The market was shaken, stocks declining. Calculations were published to show that the reduction of hours would mean the loss of hundreds of millions of dollars of profits. Desperate measures were being planned to smash the movement.

"A short and easy way to settle it," wrote the New York Herald, "is urged in some quarters, which is to indict for conspiracy every man who strikes and summarily lock him up. This method would undoubtedly strike a wholesome terror into the hearts of the working class. Another way suggested is to pick out the leaders and make such an example of them as would scare others into submission."

Extensive military preparations were made as May 1 approached. Hundreds of Pinkerton stool-pigeons and slugs were hired by the concerns where a large number of men were expected to go out.

"The die is cast" wrote Spies, in an editorial in the Arbeiter Zeitung. "The first of May, whose historical significance will be understood and appreciated only in later years is here." Then, after reviewing the growth of the movement from passive pleading to action, he continued:

"That the workmen would proceed in all earnestness to introduce the eight-hour system was never anticipated by the confidence men; that the workmen would develop such a tremendous power, this they never dreamed of. In short, today, when an attempt is made to realize a reform so long striven for; when the exploiters are reminded of their promises and pledges of the past, one has this and one has that to give as an excuse. The workers should be contented and confide in their well-meaning exploiters, and sometime between now and Doomsday, everything would be satisfactorily arranged.

"Workmen, we warn you! You have been deluded time and time again. You must not be led astray this time."

"Judging from present appearances events may not take a very smooth course. Many of the exploiters, aye, most of them, are resolved to starve those to 'reason' who refuse to submit to their arbitrary dictates, i. e. to force them back into the yoke of hunger. The question arises—will the workmen allow themselves to be slowly starved into submission, or will they inoculate some modern ideas into their murders' heads."

May Day and Police Violence.

With May Day came the greatest display of labor solidarity America has ever witnessed. By May 3rd the strike had become general. Some 200,000 were out throughout the country (at a conservative capitalist estimate). In Chicago alone, 80,000. Spies, addressing a meeting of some 10,000 striking lumber-shovers at 22nd St. and Blue Island Ave. that afternoon suddenly heard a number of patrol wagons coming down the street and then volleys from the direction of the McCormick Harvester Works some quarter of a mile to the south. Hastening over to the works Spies found the police firing volley after volley into a fleeing crowd of men, women and children.

The McCormick Harvester Works had long been a storm center in Chicago. In the spring of 1885 several men had been killed there by Pinkertons while striking against wage cuts. In Feb. 1886, another strike broke out when the men's demands for the dismissal of a scab moulder was contemptuously refused. The plant reopened with scabs and 300 armed Pinkertons were hired to protect them. The situation was extremely tense and on the day of the reopening of the plant the Tribune had appeared with a headline, "Will blood be shed?"

On his return to the Arbeiter Zeitung office, filled with the horror of what he had seen, Spies drew up a circular with a short description of the slaughter of the workers, and advising workers in the future to appear armed and ready for self-defense.

The McCormick shooting had been no isolated instance. The Chicago police were notorious for their brutality in dealing with workers and the time had come when a worker's only protection in that city was his own gun. In his "Reasons for Pardoning Schwab, Fielden, and Neebe," Gov. Altgeld of Illinois, who in 1893 unconditionally freed these three anarchists who had been sentenced to imprisonment instead of hanging, and had declared the whole trial to have been a preposterous miscarriage of justice, scathingly denounces the reign of terror carried on by the Chicago police against the workers at this period. "For a number of years prior to the Haymarket affair" he writes "there have been labor troubles, and in several cases

a number of laboring people guilty of no offense have been shot down in cold blood . . . and none of the murderers were brought to justice. Peaceable meetings were broken up and raided." Citing a number of cases of police violence in strikes in 1885 he says that the police under the leadership of Capt. John Bondfield "indulged in brutality never equalled before;" and that in the spring of the following year, 1886, "the police brutalities of the previous year were even exceeded."

The Haymarket Meeting.

The day following the McCormick shooting, May 4th, a number of unions called a protest meeting to be held that evening at Haymarket Square "for branding the murder of our fellow workers." It was a stormy evening and the meeting was not very well attended. The mayor of Chicago, Carter H. Harrison, attended the meeting and left at ten o'clock concluding that it was a peaceable assembly. He told Capt. Bondfield that he could issue orders to his reserves to go home. A downpour was threatening and only a couple of hundred remained at the meeting. Suddenly some 200 policemen marched down on the crowd which Fielden, the English anarchist was addressing and began viciously clubbing them right and left, and firing. Suddenly a bomb burst among the crowd, wild excitement ensued and a number of workers were killed (the actual number was never established), scores wounded, and seven policemen killed and sixty wounded.

And now the capitalist organs were easily able to work up a mad wave of hysteria against every militant in the country. The eight hour movement was smashed. Hundreds of arrests were made and finally eight selected to stand trial in Chicago: Spies, Parsons, Fielden, Fischer, Schwab, Spies' assistant on the Ar-



George Engel



Adolph Fischer

beiter-Zeitung, Neebe, and Lingg. Parsons was not to be found at the time but came and gave himself up to the police preferring to stand trial with his comrades.

The Anarchist Trial

The trial was the wildest of wild travesties of justice. To start with, instead of the jury being drawn in the usual manner, by lot, Judge Gary appointed a special bailiff to go out and get together a jury of his own choosing. When this bailiff's method of procedure was questioned he replied: (Altgeld vouches for this) "I am managing this case and know what I am about. These fellows are going to be hanged as certain as death."

The prosecutors constantly harped upon the fact that most of the men were "foreigners." Spies wrote, no criticism could be made of "such wise and intelligent men as Mr. Grinnell and his jury for hanging miscreants who have shown so little discrimination in the selection of their birthplace. Society must protect itself against offenses of this kind."

Altgeld showed in his review of the case that first of all the jury had been packed, then wholesale bribery and intimidation of witnesses resorted to, that the "defendants were not proven guilty of the crime charged in the indictment," (none of the defendants could be at all connected with the bomb throwing), and that "the trial judge was either so prejudiced against the defendant or else so determined to win the applause of a certain class in the community that he could not or did not grant a fair trial."

The actual bomb-thrower was never found. Every indication pointed to the fact that it was provocateur's frame-up and later a number of facts came to light that tended to show that the secret service had pre-knowledge of the whole affair. A number of such bomb scares, but with less tragic consequences had come to light in various cities at the period. Czarist methods had been taken over wholesale by the republic.

The conduct of the accused in court made a deep impression among the workers both of America and Europe. They used the court-room as a rostrum from which to proclaim the principles of revolution. Parsons went into a lengthy analysis of conditions in the United States under the capitalist system and the need for revolutionary change. Engel described the long and bitter road of proletarian life that had made him a revolutionist. Lingg's brief speech was a cry of defiance to his capitalist hangmen, typical of his bitter and passionate youth:

"I repeat" he ended, "that I am the enemy of the order of today, and I repeat that with all my powers, so long as breath remains in me, I shall combat it. I declare again, openly and frankly, that I am in favor of using force . . . I despise you. I despise your order, your force-propagated authority. Hang me for it!"



who were born of patriotic parents—reared where fear of God was inculcated—such men have been befogged by the shouts and imprecations and fendish teachings of these imported Communists who preach in the name of suffering humanity doctrines that no man could declare who was Lot mad with the fumes of the meanest dregs of nihilism."

"Mr. Gould," the awed reporter writes with fervor but he quickly added with a brighter look: "The day for this sort of thing is nearly at an end. There is a great awakening at hand. The spirit that filled the streets of Paris with blood and that developed murder and outrage to a Russian science has been flaunting itself freely along our lines in Missouri, in Kansas and Illinois, but America is not France, and the Commune has failed. America is not Russia, and nihilism has not deposed those in authority "nor been able to ruin the property of those who presume to disobey."

The Eight-hour Movement and Anarchist Leadership. The venom against the Internationalists doubled when they gave their support to the eight-hour move-

ment. As trade after trade prepared to strike and the movement assumed nation-wide proportions, the press broke into hysterical denunciation of the movement



Louis Lingg

as an anarchist plot.

In Chicago, the center of the movement, the eight-hour plan took tremendous hold on the workers' imaginations. Unions tripled their membership. New unions were organized. Altho Powderly, chief of the Knights of Labor, sent out a secret circular knitting the

TWO LETTERS - - - A Story

By MOISSAYE J. OLGIN.

(Letter No. 1 was published in the November 6 issue of this magazine.)

LETTER No. 2.

Dear Maria:

To avoid scenes and voluminous talk, I have decided to let you know of my decision thru a letter. I have decided to part with you forever. I do not intend to return from this trip to what we fraudulently termed our home.

Frankly speaking, I do not see the need for explanations. We are free people, a man and a woman, equal in rights and responsibilities. It would have sufficed if I declared: "Life with you is no more acceptable to me." Perhaps it would have been more dignified. You know I never believed in "explanations." One of the sources of irritation in our mutual life was your uncanny desire to weave a fabric of words around every occurrence. No fact existed for you unless you enveloped it with wrapping upon wrapping of set phrases. You will not be at ease until you have put into well-rounded words the "meaning" of our parting. So be it.

I spoke about fraudulently calling our cohabitation a home. I mean what I say. We have never had a home. In your conception, a home was something sweet, soft, pink, lacy and thoughtless. You wished every breath of real life, every experience which always carries with it strong currents and pungent smells, to be kept outside of that vacuum which you choose to call home. To me it was a waste of time, to say the least. But it was more than that. It was degrading.

What amazed me in your mental pattern more than anything else was the ready classifications that always were at your disposal. Here was public life, here was privacy; here the world, here, we; here, experience, here, faith, religion, worship. You were mistaken in me when you straightforwardly assumed that I was against religion. You will be shocked if I say that I respect real religion. A mighty force that grips you against your own volition, a fathomless yearning for things beyond your reach, a total submerging of one's personality with a gigantic objective power, why, this is beautiful, but this was not your religion. Yours was something perfumed, something evanescent, a thought thinned down almost to nothing, a yearning as gentle as the reflection of sunset late in the evening, the shadow of a shadow, the reminiscence of a sound that is no more. Your religion, dear Maria, was the pastime of decadent generations playing with futilities where real experiences are too strong to stomach. This I cannot respect. Decadence is tantamount to rotting, to decomposition. You do not expect me to respect the negation of life.

You called it beauty. You consider this the greatest value in life. I may as well confess that it was this ready-made, pretty something, that fragrance of refined spirituality, that captivated me when I first met you. At that time it seemed to me you embodied all that my soul was craving for from early boyhood.

You know my biography. The son of a day laborer, raised in squalor. First, an apprentice in a blacksmith's shop, then a youthful factory worker with a devilish hunger for the higher things in life. A self-taught intellectual parvenu, who, thru long and weary evenings of poring over books, thru cruel assiduity in trying to take as large a bite of knowledge as his intellectual digestion permitted, was trying to patch up the appalling holes in his edifice of knowledge, only to discover that those confounded holes were growing in size and number. A starving man full of corroding envy of those who had the leisure and the facilities to acquire knowledge. How I idealized the college students, shining demigods moving in an atmosphere of power, of spirituality, they were to my fervid imagination. How I longed to cast off the crudities, the awkwardness, the humiliating consciousness of inferiority that I had brought with me from my environ-

ment! I early became involved in the class struggle, and I was not the last among the comrades of my age, but into my revolutionary ardor I personally brought in this added envy for the cultural possibilities open before the bourgeoisie—an envy akin to pain. My class consciousness surely was not limited to the problems of bread and butter, as you chose to characterize it again and again.

The revolution was for me a step towards the realization of this spiritual yearning of the working class, of which I considered myself only a more advanced member. When we confiscated bourgeois houses, nobody knew with what awe I entered places which I almost intuitively considered temples of beauty. I will never forget two hours spent in the library of Ryabkov's mansion, of which I was assigned to take inventory. What a wealth of taste, what a blending of colors! What a mollifying combination of lights, what an atmosphere of pure, delightful thought, and what books! What a number of well-bound, beautifully printed volumes! Never did my heart throb in the presence of a woman as violently as it did that evening when I opened one bookcase after another.

When I met you I thought the most exquisite flower of culture had come into my path. I never believed in saints—not since I was five—but you, Maria, actually seemed to exude a certain radiance. With you and thru you I thought to reach those heights of "real" culture, the vision of which tormented my soul for years.

You may not have noted what an infernal amount to labor it cost me to adapt myself, at least outwardly, to your ways, to your standards of behavior. I am a working man with strong arms and a powerful body. I am used to wield a hammer, a shovel, a ladle of molten metal, a machine gun. You demanded gentlemanly manners. I molded myself according to your requirements. My comrades often mocked at my "excess of refinement," calling me derogatory names in perfectly friendly good humor. I took the pain of breaking myself. I thought it worth while. Only on common ground could I meet with you to share that which you were to offer me, I thought.

It took me some time to discover that you had nothing to offer. True, you were a fair representative of the culture of your class, but I had not known that that culture was shallow. It was a thin, glittering skin covering, a very selfish, self-centered substance. All your beauty, all your refinement, was, as the English say, skin deep. You had manners, you had ready-made patterns of conduct, you had ready-made patterns of opinion, but it was all on the surface. You never knew what it was to be storm-shaken to the very last vestige of your being.

Since I have allowed myself to indulge in this futile frankness I may just as well tell you that your complacency was repelling to me. You were opposed to the revolution. Why didn't you fight? I was an enemy of your class, a destroyer of the existence of those dear to you; how could you

seek peace in my arms? Why did you not kill me in my sleep? You consider yourself a romantic lady, you love to carry this sign of high emotionalism. Let me tell you that for months after we became lovers I still anticipated an act of violence on your part. I hardly went to sleep without a lingering idea that you might kill me, after all. You had not the strength to do it. You never thought of that. You found shelter and devotion in the enemy's camp, and you gradually learned to talk his jargon. Is that romantic?

Here I touch upon something fundamental, perhaps the most fundamental, of all things. You are concerned with yourself alone. You think of the world only as a source wherefrom to draw conveniences and pleasure. It is always you and the world. You are a veritable enemy of mankind; never for a moment do you forget your own self. I know this is not a personal peculiarity of yours. It is a characteristic of your class. But what value is there in culture, beauty, refinement, spirituality, when it is all for oneself, all, so to speak, for individual consumption? Theoretically, I had none of the individualistic propensities of the bourgeoisie. A live experience it became to me only thru association with you.

Ah! you blamed me for coldness! You never knew that flame of exultation when a man loses the consciousness of his self, when a man is capable of throwing away his self as one throws away a discarded rag, because he does not think of himself, because the bigger universal thing had captivated him with such power that it became his own life, his very substance. No, with all your refinement you never lived the life of the universe. You recited your spiritualist poets, who, you said, were groping by sheer intuition for the things experience can never achieve. What did they know, what did you know, about merging with things supreme. I am fully cognizant of the fact that you will not be able to understand what I have just written down.

And then something else. Your avarice. You did not realize that you became somewhat like an ant dragging things into its nest. It was hideous, Maria, hideous! You seemed to think that the revolution was made for the express purpose of furnishing a beautiful apartment for you, of securing you box seats at the opera. You even took it for granted that, being the wife of a state official, you had to wear jewels. I could not dissuade you. It was too humiliating to argue such things. You thought it your privilege to shine in a lodge with a diamond ring flashing all sorts of colors in front of my comrades. You never thought of that, eh? To you it was beauty; to me . . . The least said, the better.

Dear Maria, I do not want to be untrue to myself and to you. I cared for you a great deal. I wish I had not become so much attached to you. You are lovely underneath and beyond your shell of bourgeois culture. I often thought you would be able to cast off the old Adam and Eve. I saw, I thought I saw, seeds of a future loveliness that would overshadow the past. My hopes have not materialized. I waited long and labored patiently. I hate to give up a task. As things stand, I must admit my defeat. Better let us part, peacefully if we can.

You will think of another woman. I assure you there is none. This much you have done to me, that the women of my own class all seem crude and primitive to me. The theoreticians of our movement would say that association with the bourgeoisie has placed me in between the two classes—a white raven, as it were. I wish I had a sense of humor strong enough to laugh at my own plight. But let's not talk of this.

Good-bye, Maria, and be happy, if you can. If I am not mistaken, you will find some peace of mind in association with people of your own class. Be well. Yours, Alexander.



Cotzofanesti

The shades of night were falling fast
When through the Balkan darkness passed
The Reaper grim. . . . A soldier died
Without his nurse, his queen, and cried—
"Cotzofanesti!"

While peasants starved and workers went
To prison for their discontent,
The tyrant queen of all this hell
Was nursing soldiers who were well
At Cotzofanesti.

This nurse, this queen, the gay Marie,
Had other business, as you'll see,
With officers of greater vigor
Than the poor boob who pulled a trigger
At Cotzofanesti.

Like Messalina on a tear
With nymphs and satyrs gathered there,
The royal dame who ruled the nation
Left little to imagination
At Cotzofanesti.

So when you're asked why Queen Marie
Has mobilized a huge army
Of soldiers strong and broad and tall,
You have, therefore, but to recall—
Cotzofanesti!

A PEEK EACH WEEK AT MOTION PICTURES

THE BLACK PIRATE.

Yo-ho-ho, what a bunch of athletic pirates sit on a dead man's chest in this picture! Never did a more villainous crew board the peaceful merchantman than that headed by Douglas Fairbanks, the Black Pirate. Never was the crew such carbon copies of their leader as this one. They raid ships, swear blue streaks, fight, gamble and carouse in fashion fitting the most blood-thirsty novel of the buccaneers. Douglas Fairbanks does all the flashy unbelievable things that little boys dream of—and that buccaneers no doubt wished that they could have done. And his crew of Black Pirates does them like their leader. It is a pirate picture all right, but in Fairbanks' style.

Here's the romantic Spanish Maine of the boys' adventure stories—treasure chests in secret hiding, raiding ships, climbing the rigging, duels, villains, heroes, lovely heroine—yo-ho-ho, what a bunch of hokum!

The spirit of the picture (showing at the Roosevelt) is a gay one. No pretense of honesty, of course. It claims none. It asks you to believe the things you believed when you were a kid. And Douglas Fairbanks adds a touch or two to romance with sparkling athletic feats that will thrill a small boy down to his shoe tops. He makes a handsome, swash-buckling hero. He moves the picture along in jolly, if unreal, fashion. The story itself is really punk. Too cheap, in fact, for a Fairbanks picture. We expect more from this fellow.

So there you are! The whole thing is done in natural colors and heightens the effect of romantic adventure. There are scenes of pirates swarming on a ship from deck to rigging that are quite splendid. There are many features that put "The Black Pirate" somewhat above the average. The story itself, however, gets the picture nowhere. Maybe you'll like it. You may, if you don't go expecting very much.

THE SLUMS OF BERLIN.

After seeing such splendid films as "Passion," "Cabinet of Doctor Caligari" and "Variety" you may have come to the conclusion the Germans can turn out no bad pictures. If you are under this impression by all means avoid seeing "The Slums of Berlin" (Die Verrufenen). This picture (showing at the Randolph) has all the worst features of the worst American films plus a few American bad films never thought of. The photography is bad.



Douglas Fairbanks in "The Black Pirate"

The story is rotten. The acting is worse (yes, brother, European acting, too!). The preachy moralistic tone of the whole thing will make you sick to your stomach.

A few scenes of the slum proletariat (actual scenes, so they say) are not bad. The make-up and acting of an old washwoman was splendidly done. To offset these two things were all the bad features we mentioned, and the business of telling us that because god so ordained it such conditions exist. The conclusions of the film are to the effect that love, brotherliness(?), kindness and charity would do away with this blight on humanity. Such is the fertilizer they dish out in this film. As a disgusted fellow-viewer pointedly characterized it: "Horses!"

A DOZEN IN BRIEF

"Eagle of the Sea"—J. G. says: "Not bad!"

Don Juan—John Barrymore gives a synthetic version of the well-known ardent pappa. (McVickers with the Vitaphone).

The Strong Man—Fairly funny, thanks to Harry Langdon. (Northshore).

The Better 'Ole—According to S. P. Syd Chaplin keeps up the family reputation in a funny one.

Variety—Sure-go!

London—Smaziko wasn't particularly impressed with this one.

Subway Sadie—Thin stuff—but clever.

Men of Steel—Made to make you love your boss.

Mare Nostrum—Remember we warned you: You'll waste your money!

Tin Gods—Yes and no and maybe.

Across the Pacific—Over there they'd never stand for this stuff.

The Passaic Strike—It will stiffen your spine and quicken your blood. Don't miss it!

Hurrah! "The Country Is Prosperous"

By PAULINE SCHULMAN.

JULIUS ROSENWALD, head of a big mail order house, says the "country is splendidly prosperous." Do I agree with him? Of course I do.

Why, for twelve long years I have been working in the factories of the cities of New York sewing dresses for those ladies who spend their winters in Miami, Florida, and their summers surely not in New York City, as is my fate. And yet whenever spring comes and birds begin their old and new songs familiar to me from the old country days my heart begins to weep within me. Many a time did I attempt to leave the city and the factory and get away, away somewhere in the forests and fields. But dresses were to be made and I never had enough money saved up to leave. But how different it is today! Not only is the country, according to Julius Rosenwald, "prosperous," but I, too, am similarly prosperous. No longer am I in the city for the summer sweating away in the factory, as was the case for twelve long years, for now am I tucked away in the country, disporting myself among the beautiful fruit orchards. I think Marlboro is a "dandy" place.

I was in need of a little change, for my savings of even twelve years of constant work were not sufficient to maintain me for the summer at Marlboro, tho my expenses were less than \$3 a week, as rent troubles are obviated by my pitched tent. Yet when even small change is needed one nevertheless must go and get it, for in the land of equal opportunities those willing to work can always earn a livelihood. Hence I turned to cherry picking and earned as high as 80 cents a day. My boss considered me the "champion" in this profession, as this is a piecework profession. But no matter how intense the rush the 90 cents a day could not be, and has not as yet been, broken.

You are probably anxious to learn wherein lies this here prosperity. But wait a minute, to be sure the cherries are gone. But a new crop has arisen—weeds. My boss gave me the opportunity to advance. I am pulling weeds now and am paid by the hour at a rate of 30 cents. Well, here is where prosperity, together with \$2.40 a day comes in. Isn't this sufficient to indicate that not only is the "country splendidly prosperous," but that I also am somehow sharing this prosperity?

Pulling weeds is very good exercise, particularly for the spinal column. One must remain all the time in a

stooping posture, one arm, or the elbow rather, supported by the knee, and with the other hand one must do the weeding and hand over the lanky uprooted parasites to the supported hand, until a sizable bunch is accumulated, whence it goes to the heap. The throwing of this bunch of weeds to the rising heap is an excellent substitute for ball playing.

Had I known about this splendid exercise when I worked as governess I surely would have advised the lady of the house to indulge in it, for she always endeavored to work up an appetite, but without success.

Those who can benefit by my latest discovery are 200-pound women who patronize the "swell" boarding houses, especially those who are busily engaged in playing cards and sitting in the rockers worrying about both the quality of the next meal and the manner they will consume same. They console themselves by cursing those "damn cloakmakers out on strike," who "never have enough. No matter how much money you give them, they always want more and more."

Of course these "damn" workers spoil the vacation of such ladies as well as their appetites. But I am willing to help them, let them but come to Marlboro and pull weeds, and they surely will benefit by it a great deal. As for the strikers, if they would but read the New York Tribune their consequent enlightenment about the prevalent prosperity in this country would convince them that they are not starving.

It seems that Mr. Rosenwald, the birds and myself are the only ones who know of this remarkable "prosperity." But why did not the masses try to discover whether this is true? When I was told that girls cannot do any work on a farm I convinced myself that this was a fallacy. "Why shouldn't a girl be able to work on a farm," I asked, "when she can sit in the factory and work as men do; when on strike be clubbed by the police as men are, and be beaten by the hired gangsters as men are? Then, if that is the case," said I, "she will be able to do farm work as well."

The birds surely know of the existing "prosperity." They do not have to wait for Mr. Rosenwald to tell it to them via the New York Tribune, for they know how to help themselves. As only the masses do not know how and what to do, they have to leave their state from Mr. Rosenwald, who came to inform President Coolidge about the wave of "splendid prosperity" sweeping the country.

THE THEATER

LE MAIRE'S AFFAIRS

I DID not make this show my affair because it had its premiere in Chicago. But the blamed thing ran on for four months and I got curious. I wanted to see what makes these things go.

There are reasons. Sophie Tucker is the main one. This young lady who was a star when State street was a prairie, is still good enough to make youngsters envious. Here's a rough sort of humor—a low-down, off-color fun-making. It is redolent of the old burlesque shows and (maybe mine is a perverted preference!) it is worth having. And brother, this lady can put over a jazz song as nobody else can.

Ted Lewis, the ancient jazz king is also in it. So's his old orchestra. The orchestra is better. But the crowd seemed to like his ancient hokum and maybe my reactions are due to having seen this fellow so often since childhood. He doesn't seem to have changed since then either. Lester Allen, the third star on the bill is even less my idea of a clever comic.

But the music is lively. The dancing is above the average. The Albertina Rasch girls are an able troupe and add much to the evening's per-

formance. The whole production is a lavish one on which much money has been expended. The scenery and costumes are not only pretentious but at times really splendid. The humor is quite often beyond Sunday school bounds. There's a burlesque skit on "The Dove" that will get your face slapped if repeated in mixed company. But they pay to hear this stuff when it's in the theater. The humor as a whole is ancient hokum.

There are a good many good things in "Le Maire's Affairs." There are also a good many worse. It is tuneful, lavishly presented, includes shapely ladies and—Sophie Tucker. Altho it is now in its fifth month at the Woods Theatre it is likely to be there a few more months before New York will see it. Chicago likes it. Maybe you will also . . . but we warn you not to break a leg rushing to get there. It is just another, tho slightly better, musical show.



WILL APPEAR IN DECEMBER.

THE TINY WORKER

A Weekly.

Honorary Editors, The Young Pioneers of Grand Rapids
Johnny Red, Assistant.

Vol. 1.

Saturday, November 13, 1926

No. 25

EXTRA!

Special!

EXTRA!

GOOD ADVICE
from
Abraham Sampol-
insky.

My teacher always tells us that George Washington never told a lie or did any falsehood, but even our history books say that George was a great strategist, which means that he was able to put over a bluff. The teachers are also told to fill the children's heads with bunk. Join the Pioneers and learn the truth!

HEY TINY REDS

Yoo-hoo!

We got so many fine things from Grand Rapids that we have had to leave out. But all these things will appear in the next issue. Look for them and for other nice things from Pioneers and other little Reds all over the country.



Steve raved all over the place. "Get to work—quit drawing!" he shouted. "Pipe down—pipe down" Johnny Red advised. "This issue is all written for me by the little Reds of Grand Rapids. Read it boy—read it. It's the berries! I don't have to write a single line!"

EVERY LETTER IN THE CLASS
STRUGGLE
By NYDIA BARKEN

P is for Pioneers, a bunch of young Reds,
I is for I. L. D. to protect workers' heads.
O is for organize, the right thing to do,
N is for "nuts" who should think so too.
E is for "editor," we'd all like to "be,"
E also for elections, for which no good we can see.
R is for rights, that all workers need,
S is for strikes that all capitalists head.

HERE IS
THE STORY

By Anna Kulesha,
Sec'y Grand Rapids
Pioneers.

Our Pioneers were organized last January. Now we have 45 members and we're not dead either. Watch us go! We're going to put ourselves on the map yet.

How I Became A
Pioneer.

By Peter Kelley

One of the Pioneers took me to one of the meetings. I thought it was good. Next time they had a social meeting and we had a good time. I should like to be an organizer or some other kind of officer. The Pioneers teach things as they really are.

Keep it up Petey, you will surely be a fine organizer some day!

SPORTS



AN APOLOGY is due our revolutionary forefathers, but "we hold this truth to be self-evident": Our colleges with their grand array of professors in science, history, sociology, economics, china painting and kindred subjects, do succeed in turning out fine football players. After which philosophic spasm we come to Capt. Marty Karow of Ohio State. This perfect product of modern education has a total of sixty points scored this season. He has done some handsome line bucking and general ground gaining, and if he isn't on the All-American this year the football critics should go back to fish peddling.



TODAY Ohio State hooks up with Michigan. The game presents an Ohio that has not been beaten this year. Michigan has only one defeat, at the hands of the navy, which they did not suffer for patriotic reasons. But they have Benny Friedman, a football player for whom a college education has done wonders. He's a passer, kicker and ball carrier of some repute. Benny will match wits with Marty Karow, the Ohio whiz. It's a shame that such a fine paper as *The DAILY WORKER* can't send this bug to Columbus to report the game. It's true the state penitentiary is there, but we'd put on whiskers and take a chance. We've got the whiskers, all we need is the price.

Where are all the Workers' Sports Clubs, and what are they doing? We have space reserved in this column for their activities. Shoot 'em in!



TY COBB is thru. We rave and rant and hold but little regard for professional baseball, but—Ty Cobb is thru! Years ago we sat in the "Cat Stands" that stood high above the fence at the Detroit ball park (seats were cheaper than in the park) and strained our lungs with cheers for this man. Never lived so spectacular a performer. We howled for his batting, his fielding and his circus base-running. And in the backyard of our home we practiced the "hook slide" he made famous until the side of our seat was so sore we couldn't sit at school. For years afterwards we watched this shrewd, quick-thinking athletic marvel, and he never failed us. If you show surprise at the rant of this bug on the passing of the greatest ball player who ever wore spiked shoes, remember this bug is especially a baseball bug. And nothing in all fields of sport is so pretty to watch as to see a fast man go from first to third on an infield out. We've seen Ty Cobb do this often. Sure, brother, bugs are bugs—whether Red or not. Particularly baseball bugs.



ASPORTS writer's opinions are just like those of a politician in one respect: they are sure to provoke a fight. If by chance you'd like to exchange wordy blows on opinions casually aired in this column, or you just want to speak a word or two on matters of sport—brother, you're welcome! Whether brick or posey, just send it to the Magazine Section of *The DAILY WORKER* in care of

The Bug

Genesis of the Farmer—His Ideals

By WILLIAM BOUCK.

We have been asked to write a short article on the farmer as he is in America, and we have also been asked to write on the "united front" of the farmer and industrial worker. It seems to me that in order to get to the latter situation, and bring an intelligent picture of the farmer's attempts to better himself economically and politically, we must first show the readers the farmer as he is.

The story of the American farmer is the old story—in new setting of shrewd, clever and dishonest schemers and innocent, childlike faith and trust of the unsophisticated countryman. America was discovered in a critical time, for Europe was becoming crowded and America's vast plains relieved that congestion and took these poverty-stricken, ignorant peasants and placed them upon land—land all their own, their very own—and thru this self-same propaganda they developed.

A Capitalist Psychology.

The exploiting classes for 100 years have seen to it that the farmer was well trained in his belief that he was a property owner—a business man—one of the real "rulers of America, until the farmer's capitalist ideas have become deep-rooted. His belief is a part of him. He is the champion patriot of the century. Any criticism of the fathers who caused the revolution—and incidentally developed our exploitation system—is more or less resented.

Then the farmer is a very religious

man. Unlike the business man, who universally makes his religion a part of his business, or rather, determines his religious affiliations as his business may need, the farmer's religion is a part of him. It's an ideal. He is close to nature, and that brings him into close contact with the infinite, with nature, with the miracle of growth and development. He is not a great mixer. His faith is childlike, and he resents any criticism or reflection upon his ideals of religion, or so-called patriotism. And the business elements are not slow to recognize this characteristic, and they defer and play up to this one great ideal of the mature man—the farmer.

They speak to him in terms of endearment. They call him the "backbone" of the country, the great moral, law-abiding middle class, the richest farmer in the world, and getting richer, etc.

Now, there is one other factor that should not be overlooked in the American farmer movement. When he settled these broad plains there were no towns, and towns grew up after he came. So his son started a little store, his nephew started a little mill, his grandson started a bank. And so it was that the second and third generation of farmers in America are all tied up with the business men in the

towns, and hence what Cousin Charlie, the banker, said about some farmer movement had great weight with him.

Now, one other matter that looms large on the farmer movement in the United States is that farmers here are descendants of every group and race in Europe, each having its own ideals and each for centuries having been prejudiced thru racial and nationalistic feelings to hate the other fellow from the other country—across a somewhat mythical border. Now you have a little picture of the American farmer.

First, very religious; second, very patriotic when it comes to upholding our institutions, and he is carefully taught that our present ones are about perfect. Banking, real estate sharks, watering stock of railroads, tax robbery and many other grafts he looks at as regular American institutions, and resents, to begin with, any reflection upon any of these institutions which he believes to be a regular integral part of the greatest and best country in the world.

Now, it takes many graft scandals, the loss of countless farms by mortgage and many attempts to organize before this trusting religious farmer can and will see enough to cause him to get together and become a unit in any movement for his betterment.



A WEEK IN CARTOONS By M. P. Bales

