

# The New Magazine

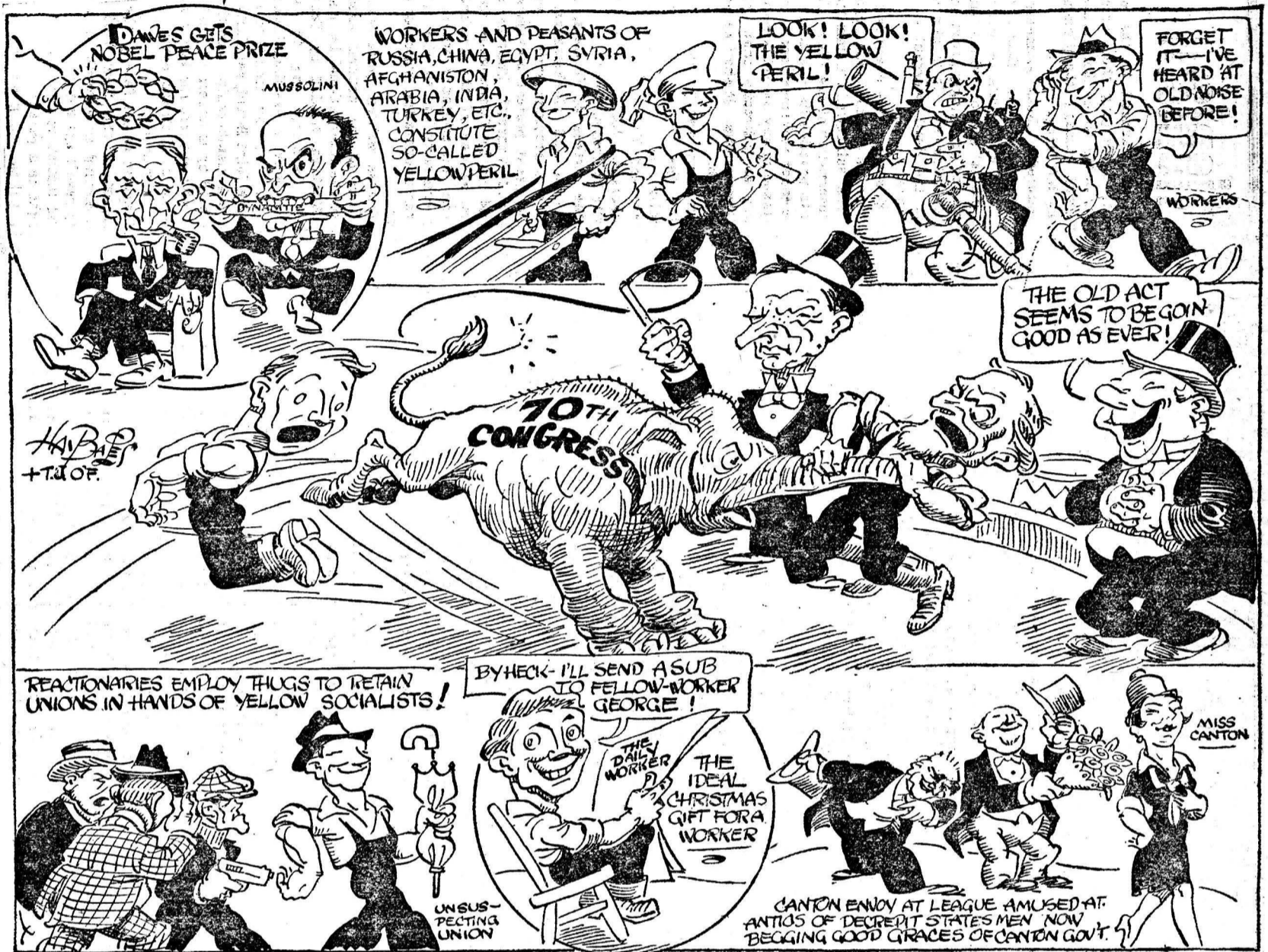
Supplement of **THE DAILY WORKER**

ALEX. BITTELMAN,  
Editor.

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## A WEEK IN CARTOONS By M. P. Bales



## In the Wake of the News

By T. J. O'Flaherty

ALBERT B. FALL and Edward L. Doheny—you have heard of the boys—were right. They are patriots of purest ray serene instead of the grafters and burglars they were reputed to be. Sure, Doheny had no thought of profit when he leased the Elk Hill naval oil reserves through the good offices of Al. Fall, his old prospecting friend. What of it if Doheny gave his friend Al \$100,000 in unmarked bills in a black satchel just about the same time the deal went thru? It was Doheny's money. The fact is that big-hearted Ed was doing a big stroke of patriotism, even tho \$100,000,000 in profits might accrue to him and his heirs out of the deal. Did we not say recently that it was as hard for a rich man to go involuntarily to jail as it was for the biblical camel to go thru a needle's eye? A jury of his peers found Messrs. Fall and Doheny "not guilty." The old black satchel has still a kick left.

UNLESS all signs fail there will be an exodus of republican senators from Washington when Frank L. Smith approaches to demand the seat vacated by the death of Senator McKinley. Smith has Len Small's appointment tucked away in his pocket. The G. O. P. has nothing against Smith personally, but he was caught in an embarrassing position politically, when the slush fund probe caught him after having spent Sam Insull's money buying up the electorate. The G. O. P. strategists tried to shoo Smith away, but Smith is no martyr. Like Samson, he is ready to pull down the G. O. P. edifice rather than go to the block alone.

SMITH was elected by the untterrified voters of Illinois, chiefly those moral persons who follow the anti-saloon league and the methodist church, which are almost synonymous terms. He was elect-

ed with the aid of public utility money. McKinley, his opponent in the G. O. P. primaries, spent half a million of his own money for the same purpose and died in the attempt. Governor Small who is chased around the prairie by state bill collectors, trying to separate Len from that elusive million dollars he got away with when he was state treasurer, is lord of his own balliwick and reckes little of what the master strategists in Washington may decide on. Len gets his graft in Illinois, so he will stand by the grafters. There should be hot times in Washington when Smith gets there. The Teapot Dome crooks may put on their gas masks, as an attestation to their purity. And Smith may tear the roof off. Honest people should keep their ears open.

WILLIAM GREEN, the methodist president of the American Federation of Labor, sent an ultimatum to Luis Morones, president of the Mexican Federation of Labor, warning Mexican labor that unless the quarrel between the Mexican government and the catholic church is settled (he did not say in whose favor, but the suggestion is that the government surrender) the hitherto existing friendly relations between the two federations would be jeopardized. It is significant that this letter reached the public thru publication in Columbia, official organ of the Knights of Columbus.

COINCIDENT with the publication of this letter the catholic bishops in the United States published an attack on the Mexican government, and the American oil interests announced they would resist the Mexican petroleum decrees. Last week Kellogg instructed all his agents in Mexico and on the border to send in every scrap of news in their possession on the history of the dispute between Mexico and

the United States since its inception. The history will be given to the public in the near future. So the stage is set and all the agencies of American imperialism from the purchased officials of the A. F. of L. to the clerical agents of Rome are lined up on the side of all Street. The reliance placed by the Mexican government on the A. F. of L. and on the yellow socialists now proves to be a broken reed.

WHEN the Knights of Columbus on instructions from the pope, opened war on Mexico and demanded that the United States break off relations with that country, we pointed out that in all probability Coolidge would not obey immediately lest the protestant elements come to the conclusion that the administration was acting as a servant of Rome. This was prior to the congressional election campaign and Coolidge wanted the K. K. K. and anti-catholic vote in general, since the bulk of the catholic vote in the United States goes to the democrats. But no sooner was the election safely over, than, just as we predicted, the administration adopted a more truculent attitude towards Mexico, culminating in the crisis which now seems to be near hand. For the benefit of those who may think that the A. F. of L.'s ultimatum may have been forced by the catholic members of the executive council, it is noticeable that the foreign policy of the A. F. of L. in recent years follows the diplomatic gyrations of the government as a tail follows its dog.

JOHN M. GLENN, secretary of the Illinois Manufacturers' Association, pleads for vigilantes and lynch laws to put down banditry. This is the gentleman who raised \$50,000 to hang the Herrin miners

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## The Chinese Revolution Advances.

THE Chinese people's revolutionary movement continues to sweep thru the land with an almost incredible virility. The prospects of only weeks before become the realities of today. The fall of the city of Hangchow makes it clear that in the words of the editor of the Peking Leader, Grover Clark, the Cantonese are "rapidly pushing to what will be an easy victory at Shanghai."

The capture of Shanghai, which is now but a matter of days, a few weeks at the most, means the actual control of the entire Yangtze valley by the national revolutionary movement, and the beginning of the drive toward Tientsin and Peking, that is, toward the establishment of the All-China revolutionary republic. This development is conditioned on a series of events which are quite likely of materialization in the very near future.

The Cantonese are moving northward from the capitol at Hankow to meet the Kuominchun troops, some 30,000 strong and well-equipped, under Feng Yu-Hsiang, in Honan province; the Shantung troops from the east are proceeding towards Honan with the hope of common action with the thousands of Manchurian troops mobilized by the Peking Alliance of war lords (Ankuochun). In Honan, probably at Changchow, decisive issue may be taken in the near future between the revolutionaries and the pro-imperialist armies with every indication of victory for the former. This victory appears all the more likely when it is considered that the armies of Chang Kai-Shek and Feng Yu-Hsiang are not only fresh and with good morale from their virtually uninterrupted victories, but also that the population welcomes them wherever they put in appearance. The Shantungese and Manchurians are composed, respectively, of defeated and disgruntled troops, and of some of the most backward elements in China. Moreover, while General Chang Tsung-Chang moves his Shantungese very cautiously along the Lunghai railroad, Feng is advancing boldly towards the terminus of the same line, Shenchow, which is practically on the eastern border line of the Honan province. In addition, the Manchurian troops mobilized from Peking along the Peking-Hankow railroad line, are fac-



Chamberlain and Briand.

ing the indisposition of Wu Pei-fu to permit their entry into Honan, despite the virtual threats to the latter of Chang Tso-lin. While confusion reigns in the enemy camp, and new disaffections of their troops are daily announced, the revolutionaries from the south and the west are driving swiftly towards a juncture.

Should the Manchurians and Shantungese fail to stop the armies of Feng, or those of Chang Kai-Shek, it is not impossible that the juncture of the latter two armies will be made at Nanking, instead of Hankow which is the present objective. With the northern armies deprived of Honan—from which, by the way, come many of the best fighters in both of the revolutionary armies; Shanghai taken by Chang (and this is an immediate objective); and the unity of all the rebel armed forces at Nanking, or even Hankow, the basis for the drive northward to Shantung will have been very strongly laid. The prospects for a campaign to Peking are quite good. The Shansi province, which borders on the Chih-li province in which Peking and Tientsin are found, is defended by Yen Hsi-shan, who has stuck to his last and refused to send his troops, sorely needed at home, to the aid of Wu Pei-fu or Chang Tso-lin.

While the southerners move onward to victories, and the prospects for greater successes become more obvious, the imperialists are in the very deuce of a pickle. Unable, because of their own bitter quarrels and national interests, to find a common basis for action, and realizing, perhaps, the inadvisability of armed intervention in the face of the virtually unanimous opposition with which the 440,000,000 Chinese people would meet them, the situation may develop into one in which the various powers may vie with each other in their efforts to grant recognition to the Canton, or rather, Hankow, government in the realization of what they consider its relative permanence and in the hope of getting in on the ground floor. This is more than an abstract thought, and the visit of Miles Lampson, the



The Crusader for Christianity.

British emissary, to the leaders of the southern government is a confirmation of this likely development.

This does not exclude the fact that the imperialist enemies of a people's China will continue to keep a weather eye open for every possibility offered to them to keep on subsidizing counter-revolutionary movements. The steady leftward trend of the revolutionary movement assures us of this, and the history of the counter-revolutionary and interventionist movements against the Soviet Union is a precedent which will hold good for China.

## Mexico Stands Firm.

CHARGES and counter-charges between the Mexican government on the one hand and the United States government and the Standard Oil company on the other continue to form the bulk of the news on the Mexican situation. The reported agreement of the Standard Oil company, and one of its principal subsidiaries, the Transcontinental Oil company, to accept the Mexican petroleum law provided Calles would grant a six months' extension of time for filing proofs of titles, has been denied by American officials of these two chief American oil enterprises in Mexico. Mexican officials, on the other hand, point out that the legal representative in Mexico of the Transcontinental and of Huasteca Petroleum, Manuel Calero, had issued a statement in San Antonio last week saying that the oil laws would be accepted. In addition, they point out that the Transcontinental, as far back as July 30, had applied for

concessions to confirm its pre-1917 title, thereby bowing to the petroleum law.

The Association of American Producers of Petroleum in Mexico, in a telegram to Morones, of the Mexican department of industry, which includes the department of petroleum, have indicated what the strategy of the American oil interests will be in fighting the Mexican government. Their statement amounts to a specious plea for more time "to consider the final form and the definitive terms of any proposed confirmatory concessions which the government expects them to accept as constituting a valid recognition and affirmation of their existing definite and legal lease-hold rights."

It is hoped in this manner to stall off action until the end of the period for application for confirmatory concessions on pre-constitutional titles will expire, December 31, 1926. It is a challenge to the government of Mexico to act decisively when that date is passed and enforce the penalty of forfeiture provided by the new law. Should the penalty be enforced, the first of the new year will be a test of the character of the Calles government and an impasse in the development of the U. S.—Mexican conflict.

Both sides appear to be inflexible, Mexico defending its sovereignty with practically the whole people behind the government, and the United States government acting as the agent of Standard Oil. One of the following results is to be expected:

1. The American oil companies may yield at the last moment, or even after December 31, 1926, secure a period of grace, and bow to the Mexican laws.
2. The Calles government may yield, and through compromise allow the American oil interests certain concessions.
3. The U. S. government will break off diplomatic relations with Mexico, leaving the field open to filibustering expeditions, openly sub-



The Church in Mexico.

sidized counter-revolutionary attempts, or lead towards direct American military intervention.

Of the three possibilities, the second is the most remote. The third is the most likely.

In the meantime, Great Britain seems to be making hay in Mexico while the Americans fall into worse odor every day. With a trick as old as im-

(Continued on page 6)

BEFORE

and

NOW



The sign reads: "No Dogs or Chinese Admitted." It is one of the the foreign concessions. The rest is plain



# Chinese Lessons for U. S. and the Philippines

By MANUEL GOMEZ.

FOR us in America there is one paragraph in the remarkable statement given out by General Chang Kai Shek thru the Associated Press immediately after the capture of Nanchang by the Cantonese forces, which has a particular claim on our attention.

"Our attitude toward America," said the Chinese revolutionary commander-in-chief, "is friendly, but we consider America an imperialist because she has not give the Philippines freedom. Any country holding territory outside its natural boundaries has an imperialist nature and must relinquish claims to such territory."

THIS simple statement by a leading Chinese revolutionary nationalist, experienced in the ways of imperialism, strips the mask of democracy from the face of Wall Street's government and exposes it as an instrument of finance-capital, using its police power not only against workers in this country but also against weaker peoples abroad. The fact that the United States is formally a republic does not prevent it from being ruled by a handful of financiers, whose lust for empire is no less imperative than if they were living in what is frankly styled the British empire. General Chang mentions only the Philippines, but the American empire includes also the colonies of Hawaii, Guam and Porto Rico, the protectorates of Cuba, Panama, Haiti and Santo Domingo, and a sphere of influence extending thru most of Central America and far down into South America.

NEVERTHELESS, as is set forth in the resolution on imperialism adopted at the last plenary session of the central executive committee of the Workers (Communist) Party of America, "the steady expansion of American capitalism upon an imperialist basis is accompanied by the enormous extension of the vulnerable surface which it presents to attack.

Nations exploited or threatened with exploitation by American imperialism, are drawn into the politico-economic conflicts of the American sphere. They strike back at the foreign power which seeks to dominate them, and every blow is a blow against the enemies of the American working class. The American class struggle thus becomes much more complex; it is not simply a conflict of opposing social classes but of classes, races, national minorities and subject peoples whose interests are summed up in the general class struggle. American workers must find a way to unite the labor movement in this country with the movements of all opposed groups thruout the American empire.

This requires first of all support for the cause of national independence and self-determination in all Wall Street's foreign possessions.

WHAT a powerful factor the movements of the oppressed peoples can become is dramatically pictured in the case of China. And now General Chang Kai Shek, whose business it is to fight imperialists, who cannot afford to mistake an imperialist when he sees one, points out the truth concerning American democracy, American labor cannot help but recognize the voice of a friend and an ally.

General Chang's Associated Press statement contains a lesson for the subject peoples of the American empire no less than for the American labor movement. In this connection it is worth repeating the paragraph quoted from him in my article of last week:

"This revolution purposes the downfall of imperialism, not as it is confined to China alone, but our opposition to it must spread to other countries under the imperialist yoke."

IN speaking of American imperialism General Chang makes special mention of the Philippine Islands. General Chang is a practical man. The Philippines lie only 620 miles from Canton—certainly not too far away to make every advance of the anti-imperialist forces in China of profound importance to the people of the U. S. island colony.

The Filipino people want their independence. Every session of the Philippine legislature adopts a resolution calling for the immediate, complete and absolute independence from American rule.

How is this independence to be achieved? It is in the consideration of this vital point that the Filipinos will have to learn from the Chinese revolutionary.

While recognizing the maturity, experience and wide scope of the Philippine independence movement at the present time, one cannot fail to note its very serious deficiencies. It is essentially a petty-bourgeois movement growing naturally out of a petty-bourgeois environment. It moves exclusively within the realm of legality; it is immersed in the conception of legality, and therefore really accepts the legal framework of imperialism.

FILIPINO leaders predicate their activities upon the assumption that the United States will grant Philippine independence at some time or other. Consequently, the independence movement, for all its noisiness and all its potential power in the national consciousness of the Filipino people, has a certain unreality about it. Sometimes it speaks the language of opportunism, sometimes of futile pacifism. It is like a parliamentary machine built for permanent operation under existing conditions. Most of its time is taken up with justifying itself to Amer-

ican imperialism.

The entire movement leans upon the reed of the Jones law of 1916, promising eventual independence to the Philippine Islands. Yet the reed is already broken. President Coolidge, in his last message to congress, that no important section of the American ruling class contemplates the total abandonment of the archipelago. On the contrary, he demands more power for the governor-general at the expense of the Philippine legislature.

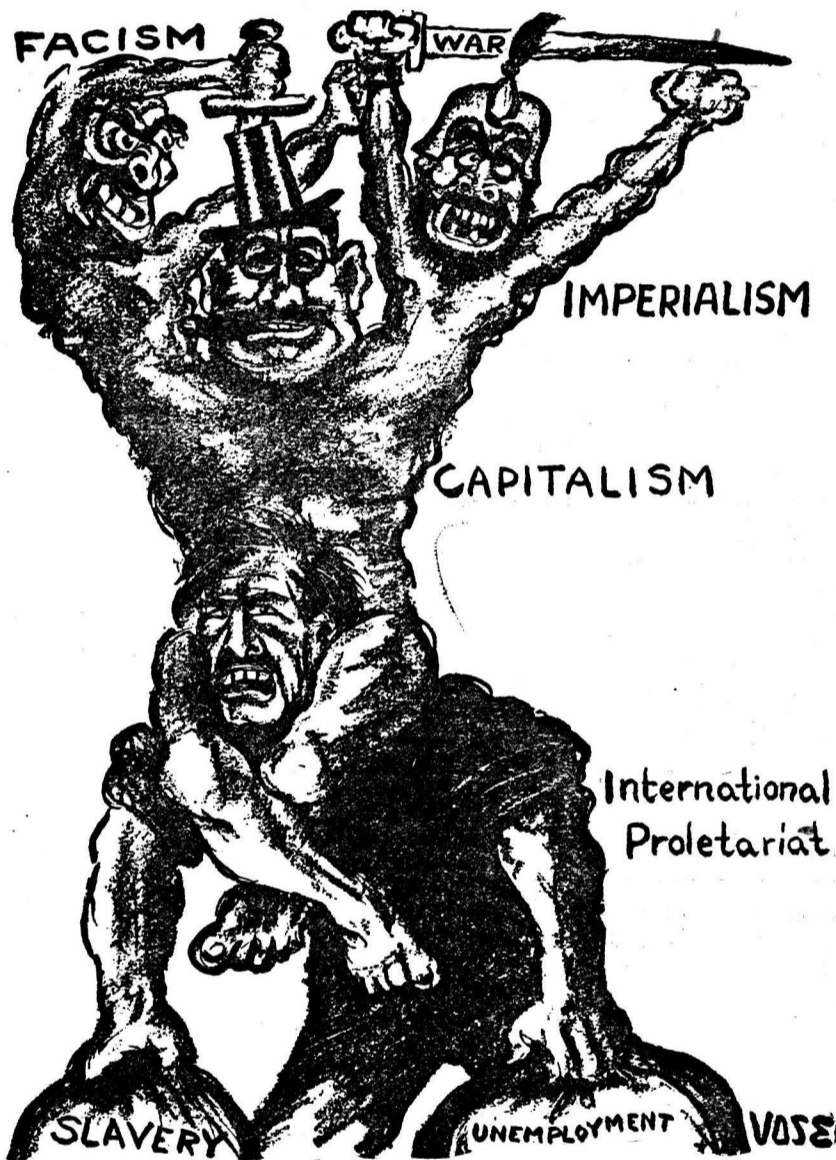
SIGNS are not wanting that the Filipino people are beginning to see that the United States will never willingly grant them independence. To anyone who has followed the development of the American empire in the present period it must be apparent that Wall Street and Washington are not giving away anything at this time. Territorial possessions are being added to, not diminished. American imperialism is on the upward, not the downward grade.

Inspiration for the Filipino cause must be sought in the revolutionary struggle, rather than in the phrases of politicians at Washington. General Chang Kai Shek's statement is the most important thing that has happened on the positive side of Filipino liberation in many years. Because of the epoch-making events in China of which General Chang is a protagonist, because of the nearness of the Philippines to the mainland, because of the present crisis

in the Filipino movement, it is to be expected that the statement will have considerable influence in the islands. The Chinese revolution itself has had a great influence upon the masses of the people there. THE Cantonese generalissimo's direct reference to the Philippine Islands will make them feel less lonely. It will tend to give them a new orientation, in which China and other oppressed nations figure as basic points of support. His general remarks regarding the nature of the Chinese struggle against imperialism, should impress at least the most advanced elements with the necessity of militant struggle. His conception of world upheaval should make some of them visualize the Filipino struggle in the perspective of international politics.

Out of such a conception would come a policy quite distinct from that now being followed by the Filipino movement. It would require greater daring and more courageous thinking, it might involve greater difficulties, it might still be surrounded by uncertainty. But it would at least have the advantage of standing upon its own feet. It would not start out by placing itself in the impossible position of depending upon the bounty of imperialism.

(In Comrade Gomez's next article, to be entitled "The Road to Filipino Independence," he will take up the question of a program for the independence movement).



## Proletarian Odes.

By C. A. MOSELEY.

II.

This Gets Our Goat!

You flop house dwellers ought know,  
That some poor critters have a show  
Of lying down to snooze in ease,  
Without cold drafts, bed bugs, or fleas,  
Who do not, in a summer's dark,  
Stretch out their frames in old Grant Park,  
But, when the good god Morpheus calls,  
Repose themselves between four walls,  
With ceiling lights above the head,  
And snowy linen on the bed,  
And bath tub near, in which a bloke  
Can take a good old week-end soak.

This interesting fact I reap  
From out an undigested heap  
Of items, pictures, and news-stories,  
About the scintillating glories  
And the undying, glorious fame  
Attached to Army-Navy game,  
Wherein invading foes do yield  
Before a ball kicked around the field.

This is the news—just get it right—  
The Navy's goat slept well the night  
Of which the game was aftermath,  
In a hotel—with private bath.

## The Curious Christians

By COVAMI.

For "Jesus sake" they shoot you dead,  
They fill you full of steel and lead;  
They wreck your body, crush your soul,  
Then pray to God to "make you whole."

They stand for war—with fervent breath,  
They bless the instruments of death;  
They flap the flag, they shout for blood,  
Then weep beside the crimson flood.

They strike the light from woman's eyes,  
Then "charitably" hush her cries;  
They slay her husband, take her child,  
Then tract her on "love undefiled."

They say, "'Tis not by bread alone  
That mankind cometh to its own";  
Then strive to bind the spirit's wings,  
The upward sweep of changing things.

They preach "good will" and "peace" and "love,"  
The "golden rule," all else above;  
They teach the brotherhood of man as true,  
Then turn their wardogs loose on you.

Ah, verily, they say and say,  
And preach and preach, and pray and pray;  
Yet still the harvest comes as sown,  
Still by its fruit the tree is known.

—Covington Hall, Mena, Ark.



# When Hell Broke Loose

By T. J. O'Flaherty

It was a hot night in hell. The devil was throwing a little party and all the best sports were there, from Nero to Saint Patrick.

"Curse prohibition," the devil muttered, "but thanks to a good police captain I can slake my thirst after a fashion."

The revellers did not have a care in the world.

"I wonder how the devil they are getting along in heaven" remarked Pope Pius II to Queen Elizabeth who was reclining on a pile of cinders in a corner near the fire.

"Heaven! Hell!" retorted the queen angrily, "bring me on another centurion. Your modern effeminacy gives me a pain. Me for the old days when a man had to be a man or he lost his head."

"He lost it anyhow," sneered Sir Walter Raleigh emerging from the pantry with a highball on his palm. Sir Walter made a circle around his neck with the idle hand. There was a red scar.

"Had I loved my queen with half the vigor I had put into my potatoes I might have died of old age" he sneered.

Elizabeth was in a philosophical mood.

"Queens are in hard luck nowadays" she replied. "In my day a queen could do as she pleased, but now a queen might get fined for cutting off a head, provided she does not do it with a gun."

"You are thinking about Chicago," laughed the Devil, who was busy attending to the guests.

At the mention of Chicago all ears got on the job.

Napoleon took his hand out of his underwear and Hannibal from underneath Cleopatra's armpits. Czar Nicholas the Last, of Russia, for a moment stopped kicking an image that looked like Rasputin. The Devil informed your reporter that this was Nicholas' favorite pastime. "In fact," said the Devil, "unless we let him have this recreation, he would move into another hotel."

"What's the latest?" asked Machiavelli, who just walked into the drawing room arm in arm with Woodrow Wilson who still wore a crutch. Wilson appeared to be quite a favorite in hell tho the women did not admire his furniture.

"They tell me that the war is over," replied the Duke of Wellington. "In fact I am inclined to believe the rumor since we had very few arrivals here recently. I think it's about time to start another war."

"That's the trouble with you militarists," retorted Nobel of Sweden, the famous high explosive expert. "You are always looking for trouble."

"Listen to this hypocrite," laughed Captain Kidd. "Here is as brazen a pirate as ever scuttled a ship or went thru a crew's jeans."

Just then there was a terrible noise at the door as if a thousand fists were beating on a drum.

"What the devil is that?" said Satan angrily. "Looks like we are going to have some lodgers. Go," he ordered, nodding to Warren G. Harding, "go and see who the hell is there and if he is not a Mason don't let him in."

Harding took out his gun and looked to see if it was loaded. He moved to the door and opened it cautiously, like a man expecting the arrival of a grafter but fearing a bill collector. Harding was a "shoot first and inquire afterwards" man. "Holy Chief" he twittered as Senator McKinley from Illinois staggered into the room.

The party was disrupted right away. The guests were anxious to know what was going on. Was the world the same as it used to be or was it changing? Would there be another war? Who would be the next president of the United States? Here was the man who could tell.

The newcomer was taken in hand carefully.

"Give him the warmest spot on our best gridiron," ordered Satan. Woodrow Wilson jumped to carry out the instructions. Such was his alacrity that he forgot his crutch.

"I like to do a member of the G. O. P. a favor," he muttered with an unholy glint in his eye. "I can never forget how nice they were to me about the league of nations."

The guests did not bombard the senator with questions until he was nicely toasted and acclimated. Then a volley of questions were hurled at him. The senator refused to talk about anything except the weather on the ground that he would have to consult an attorney since anything he might say would probably be used against him politically or in court. But he was willing to speak generally on the development of social consciousness from the days of Nero until now.

"Speech. Speech," hollered the guests. Queen Elizabeth by this time had her sixteenth highball and she eyed the senator amorously. McKinley feared that all his contributions to the Methodist church had gone for naught as his eyes fondled the queen's appetizing figure. He tried to look unaffected. Then he coughed, wiggled his hips three or four times, threw back his head, shut his eyes and began:

"Ladies and gentlemen"—

"Oh cut out the polite stuff!" snarled the Devil, who was in the chair, "that kind of thing might be all right on earth but it has no place in hell."

"Pardon me ge—I should say republicans and others," the senator hazarded, and noticing an air of listlessness he went on, "I did not come here ready to speak in detail on the situation as it exists

in the world today. But I feel that you la—no, people, are fairly well acquainted with the position. The world has been going to hell so rapidly lately that I should think no words of mine are needed to give you a picture of what is transpiring there."

The Devil was getting as sore as a boil.

"Where the hell do you think you are?" he asked, anger written on his face. This is not a political gathering. Come to the point. Don't try to confuse your audience with words. That's an old political trick and might go down with the rank and file but it won't work here."

At this Machiavelli burst out laughing and nudged Woodrow Wilson in the midriff.

"Trying to pull off our stuff," he murmured. "I don't know of anybody who could get away with it better than yourself, tho even the most bungling



Pope Pius II Horrified at Queen Elizabeth's Conduct.

amateurs are the better off for reading my 'Prince.'

"Shut up you pair of crooks," snarled the Devil at the two notorious politicians, "or I'll send out distributing literature, and if there is anything your theory sharks are particularly opposed to it is sticking leaflets in mail boxes."

The senator resumed:

"You all heard about the war." The audience nodded. "Well, the war is over, except in China, Nicaragua, Syria, Albania, India, Egypt, Italy, Spain, Cicero—"

Loud bursts of laughter interrupted the speaker. The Devil seized his toasting iron and rapped on Harding's head for order. Tho the iron smashed into smithereens the crowd lapsed into silence.

"The war being over," continued the speaker, "the nations of the world that wanted peace got together in the league of nations except the United States and Russia. As my friend, Nicholas, knows the rabble have seized power in that unfortunate country."

At this moment a cloud of smoke was seen rising from the little image of Rasputin, that Nicholas was playing with. It came from the big tears that Nicholas was dropping on the image. The Devil looked angry for a moment but softened when he saw the pitiful sight.



The Devil Shaking Fist at Woodrow Wilson.

"God damnit," he muttered, and waved his hand towards the speaker by way of telling him to go on.

"As I was saying," continued the senator, "the United States kept put of the league of nations because we thought our country could exercise a more decisive influence for peace outside the league than inside."

Woodrow Wilson seized his crutch and attempted to bring it down on the speaker's head, but the Devil threw an empty bottle at him and Wilson cooled off.

"McKinley continued: "And our position was justified by events. No sooner did the league of nations convene than it became quite evident that another war was in the offing. So, it was decided that the best way to avoid a big war was to have several small ones running concurrently. Sir Austen Chamberlain declared that England was prepared to loan a few of her little wars to indigent nations like Italy, Poland and Checko-Slovakia, the rental to be deposited in a sinking fund which would be available when the nations got ready to make war on Soviet Russia."

"Unfortunately," continued the senator with feeling, which was shared by the audience, "the pacific intentions of the powers were frustrated by the Machiavellian diplomacy of Soviet Russia, which refused to co-operate for world peace but continued to make treaties of non-aggression right and left and even went to the extreme of helping discontented peoples win the right of self-determination."

"Damned Bolsheviki," growled Wilson, "stealing my stuff," and the czar being the only Russian emigre sober enough to sit on the floor, Wilson threw his arms around his neck and cried.

The Devil frowned and warned Wilson that a few more exhibitions of such unseemly sentimentalism and he would find himself writing editorials for the official organ of the institution. At this threat Wilson shuddered and kept quiet.

"Owing to the machinations of the Bolsheviki," continued the speaker, "the powers had more trouble with the pacific wars than they expected. Our efforts to carve Turkey were rather fatal but not to Turkey. Russia made a treaty with Turkey and the Turks got so enthusiastic that they chased their enemies into the sea with the exception of those they retained in lieu of fertilizer."

"Thus our efforts to promote peace in Asia Minor were reduced to absurdity and so is the situation today. Note, brothers and sisters that altho my country was not involved in the league of nations we rendered valuable service in the cause of international peace."

"For a short time after the war it looked as if the rabble, sometimes called the proletariat—a Bolshevik discovery, fellow citizens—might take over our property. The Bolsheviki kept on telling them that everything they saw was theirs, including our wives and children."

At this time tears welled into the speakers' eyes but the Devil was obviously sore and Queen Elizabeth pivoted herself on her left hip and angrily asked the senator if he was reflecting on her moral character.

"The best thing you can do, senator," remarked the chairman, "is to stick to your subject and leave the private affairs of our guests alone. The main reason why I am against the Bolsheviki is that they are so conventional that trade between that country and Hell is now at a standstill."

"What the blazes would we be doing here," asked Woodrow Wilson, "if we attended to our wives and children exclusively—our wives in particular."

"Of course I heard about Mrs. Peck," stabbed the senator in good G. O. P. fashion, "but—"

"If the speaker does not refrain from insulting the members I shall be obliged to suggest that he leave the floor," shouted the Devil brandishing his tail which he was then using as a gavel.

"In that case I will request the official stenographer to delete from the records what I have said in reference to our families," said the senator.

"You had better leave the moral stuff alone," chided the Devil, "this is neither a bawdy house nor a bankers' conference. There is more honesty here than you will find in most places. Go ahead and make it snappy."

"Having succeeded in postponing the next war by allowing the league affiliates to indulge in minor wars against more or less defenceless peoples, the powers made the mistake of deciding to carve Germany and divide the meat between them. The kaiser had fled and German militarism was defeated so our country did not see any reason why Germany should be victimized particularly since we wanted a goodly share of her trade."

"The workers under Bolshevik influence revolted and almost succeeded in taking over the government. Mr. Satan, if a social democrat comes to your gate, don't turn him away empty handed. A little kindness goes a long way with a social-democrat and but for them, you would not be here today. You would have to go to work."

The last words caused a shudder to run thru the audience. Even the Devil shivered slightly.

"Things were going from bad to worse in Germany and it looked like the world revolution was on but at a decisive moment we sent our Mr. Dawes to Germany and he saved the country for us."

(Continued on page 5)



# Pricked Into Action

By C. A. Moseley

RED MURPHY came home from his nine hours of work at the plant. He entered the kitchen where his young wife, a bride of five months, was engaged in cooking the evening meal. Hilda, the wife, of Scandinavian descent, was small and pretty. She was wearing a neat little apron which had been a wedding gift, and had started out on the theory that she must never look slouchy when Red arrived from work.

Red was Irish and a young husky. He looked unconsciously picturesque in a pair of tightly fitting trousers which displayed a shapely and sturdy leg. Short, they showed an expanse of ankle above the low shoes. At the waist—a small waist such as an athlete values—they were tightly belted in. And above the belt was a prodigious chest, covered with a blue flannel shirt, while on top of that was a heavy sweater coat, unbuttoned. The whole outfit of clothing made Red look about as broad as a barn.

Red stooped over and gave his lunch kit a slide across the linoleum into the corner near the gas stove. He then took off a cap that had been at a rakish angle on his head of rebellious, red, curly hair, and gave it a toss toward a hook on the wall, where it caught and hung itself.

This accomplished, Red threw both arms about Hilda and gave her a rough but affectionate hug. Then he grew suddenly sober.

"Say," he ventured, "I've got something awful important to tell you. We went on a strike today. I don't go to work in the morning."

For a moment, Hilda looked surprised. Then, as she calmly turned the pork chops in the skillet with a fork, she said: "Well, while it may be a bit hard on us, I'm glad you have struck. It's about time you fellows did something."

Red beamed through a crop of freckles. "Say," he exclaimed, "you're a brick—positively. Some women wouldn't take it that way. Why Bill Stark was afraid to go home to his wife, for fear she'd bawl him out and send him back to work again. You're the right sort, you are. Almost glad I married you, eh?"

Hilda gave the chops another turn. "My father was a union man. I know something about it. But before you wash up for dinner, I've got something to tell you, too."

"Shoot away," said Red.

Hilda came over, pulled Red's head down to a level with her own, and whispered very mysteriously into his ear.

Red drew back, grabbed her by both shoulders, and looked down into her anxious face. "Say," he exclaimed, "you ain't kidding me? Honest, is that the straight goods? Well, I'll say that is just fine. Gee, but I'm proud and happy. But worried, too, when I come to think about you."

"You are really glad?" she asked.

"Sure, I'm glad," he exclaimed.

With difficulty, Hilda got Red to wash up and sit down. For a time the strike was forgotten and he rambled on about the exciting news that Hilda had imparted. But toward the end of the meal, he grew serious again.

"Say," he remarked, "they're going to have a meeting of the strikers tonight at Mason's Hall. Going to start some kind of a union. Of course, later we'll have a regular organizer come, but we gotta start something quick to show the boss we mean business. They said we ought to bring our women to get them interested. I thought I would ask you to go, but of course now I suppose you can't."

"Why can't I?" asked Hilda.

"Well, now, of course, you gotta take care of

yourself."

Hilda laughed. "You are just a big kid, Red," she protested. "A lot you know about some things. It's months off yet, and I can do a lot of hard work before I have to take it easy. Of course I'm going with you."

"I'm going just as I am," said Red. "Don't want to dress up and look like a dude. But you put on your prettiest dress, so I can show you off to the bunch."

They went. The strikers were gathered, but there was little enthusiasm. Al Green had been selected as chairman, because he was an earnest, conscientious fellow, and known to be rather well read. But as a chairman, he was a dismal failure. No personality, and a weak, hesitating voice. He started the meeting off with a long speech, dealing in generalities about the labor movement, which he had hastily gathered for the occasion from papers and magazines. The bunch fidgeted in its seats. What they wanted to learn was how they were going to get an eight-hour day and a better wage.

"This thing is a frost," Red whispered to Hilda. "Al is all right in his place—but this ain't his place. This thing is going to peter out if someone don't talk who can."

"Why don't you get up and talk, Red?" she asked placidly.

"Me!" exclaimed Red, under his breath. "Me! You don't expect me to get up and make a speech, do you?"

Hilda's fingers had been fumbling in the folds of her dress. Then her hand slipped down between her and Red. And then Red suddenly got up.

He didn't know he was up until he found he was standing on his number nine shoes in front of his chair. And it happened that just as he did get up, Al Green had at last found a suitable terminal facilities and had stopped. And a voice that sounded miles away came to Red. It said: "The chair recognizes Brother Murphy."

Red didn't get it at first. Then he saw all eyes turned in his direction. It dawned on him that the chair was Al Green and that Brother Murphy was himself, and that he was expected to say something.

Well, Red had taken considerable punishment in the amateur boxing ring. He thought he could stand a bit more. So he squared his shoulders.

"Boys," he said, "we came here to form a union, and we don't want to leave here till we've done it."

Then he took a hitch in his belt while he collected his thoughts, and he wondered why in hell his own voice sounded so funny to him.

"We are working nine hours a day, when in most lines they work eight. But the only reason it's nine and not ten is just because other unions have been fighting for us. Now we want to get into the fight alongside other workers and fight our own battles. We want an eight-hour day, better wages, and decent conditions."

## Monotony

By PAUL COMARTI

*They do not stop, these belts of steel;  
I feel them in my feet and in my hands.  
Through all the day they make my head to reel.  
At night in sleep I ride their greasy bands.*

*A stream of cars moves with this band.  
And now the chain becomes an endless snake.  
There is no rest in this live metal strand,  
And yet the sameness of my work it does not break.*

"This isn't just our own little fight. It's part of a big battle. We are on strike. Now we must organize, throw out picket lines, and perhaps establish some relief stations, if things get too tough. There's a lot to be done."

A ripple of applause interrupted him. His chest went out two more inches. He had won the first round, that was sure.

"And we want to interest the women, too. Ought to have been more of them here tonight. Some of you men, I guess, were afraid tonight to go home and tell you women that you had struck. You were afraid of the rolling-pin."

Some of the men wiggled uneasily and a few women scowled, but there are a still heartier round of hand-clapping.

"Perhaps some of you men don't know how important women are in a strike. Now I suppose you were surprised when I got up to talk. But not a damned bit more surprised than I was. I'll tell you the truth about it. The only reason I got up at all was because my wife stuck a pin into my—into me."

The crowd roared with merriment—but Red knew he had them going. Someone, he himself, was putting a little more pep into things.

"If any of you women here know your husband is lukewarm on this proposition, my advice to you is to go home and jab a hat-pin into 'em."

"Now, we got to fight for hours, wages, conditions. We got to fight for our homes, our wives, and our kids. Of course, I ain't got no kid yet—but here's where I get back at the best little woman in the world for that pin stick. Just before we came here she told me that she was expecting—"

Again the crowd roared, while Hilda turned a scarlet red and gave a tug at the tail of Red's sweater coat. But it had been easier to prick Red up than it was to pull him down.

Red waited till the laughter had stopped. "I was saying, when you rudely interrupted me, that my wife said she was expecting the gas bill on the tenth of the month."

Then way back in the hall, Tony Martini jumped up. Tony had fought many a battle with Red, with the gloves, in Kid Riley's gymnasium, and then had walked home with him in the most friendly fashion afterwards.

"I nominate Red Murphy as president of this here union," shouted Tony.

"Nominations are not yet in order," timidly ventured the chair. But Robert's Rules of Order went out of the window.

After Red had snapped out the light that night in the little apartment and had thrown himself on to the bed with a force that had sent Hilda four inches into the air, they both lay awhile in silence. Then Hilda snuggled up to him.

"Red," she whispered, "I'm awful proud to think you are president of the union. And you ain't sore at me for sticking that pin into you, are you?"

"Hell, no!" he assured her. "Best thing ever happened to me—next to what you told me before dinner. Only next time, use a steel needle. Not so much chance of blood poison."

There was silence for a while. Hilda snuggled a bit closer. "Say, Red," she whispered, "you have just got to win that strike now."

"Sure thing," Red answered drowsily. "So the boy will be proud of his dad."

Silence for a few moments. "But, Red, it might not be a boy," she protested, as if announcing the discovery of an interesting biological fact.

But the only response was asnore from the president of the new union.

# When Hell Broke Loose

(Continued from page 4)

Now Germany is the most prosperous country in Europe and belongs to everybody but the Germans.

"Here I wish to give due credit to that great man of peace, the inventor of dynamite Mr. Nobel, whom I am glad to see occupy such a high position among the most outstanding figures in Hell."

Mr. Nobel blushed to the roots of his hair and the Devil bowed the appreciation of the audience to the great man.

"I should say," the senator continued, with legs outstretched and chest expanding under the mellow influence of the satisfaction of having made a decided hit with the Devil and the wealthy dynamite man, "I should say, that, second only to the efforts of the United States as a peace factor, is the influence of the Nobel peace prize."

"There is nothing more conducive to honest effort in any direction, than a little money judiciously spent," said the senator. "During the last senatorial campaign in Illinois, I lost out by half a million dollars. In fact had I spent another half million it is quite possible that Frank L. Smith would be speaking before you here tonight."

"But pardon the digression, Mr. Nobel—and if I am mistaken I crave correction—Mr. Nobel left his wealth, which was made out of explosives to blast the way to world peace. At first it was feared that the foundation would have a detrimental effect on

the dynamite business, and the munitions manufacturers hired publicity men to prove that Nobel was a free lover, a socialist and an anarchist."

The audience was in an uproar of laughter and the Devil had a hell of a time trying to restore order.

"This may seem funny," the speaker continued, "but it is true. For the first few years the fears of the munition makers appeared to be well founded. The yearly swag was actually given to outstanding personalities who were opposed to war. But as time went on, the committee in charge of the fund began to develop a broader outlook. They came to the conclusion that the best way to avoid war is to be always ready to fight. And of course this attitude presupposed preparedness and preparedness cannot be dissociated from munitions."

"So the fund is now being used for the legitimate purpose of encouraging those who have been most successful, either in victory or defeat. No longer do long-haired, effeminate pacifists and hop-headed intellectuals receive favors from the Nobel foundation. The committee selects each year men who can show the greatest number of scalps, not the greatest number of theses on international peace. And brothers—this is the news you have been waiting for during my rambling speech—this year the decision of the committee is on such a plane of judicial rectitude that not even the Communists can say that the judges were animated by an ulterior

motive."

The Devil and the whole audience became intensely animated as the speaker approached his climax. Who were the lucky ones? Woodrow Wilson was already spending the money. Napoleon wanted a new hat. He thought it was as good as on his head. Queen Elizabeth wanted another regiment of soldiers. A couple of thousand dollars would go a long way.

"Four men were picked out from among the world's leading figures, for the years 1925 and 1926," said the speaker. "For the year 1926 Siresmann of Germany and Briand of France were considered to have the highest death batting average. And for 1925 Austen Chamberlain and—Charles Dawes of the United States."

How it happened nobody will ever know. But when the senator's mangled body was placed in the morgue one of his ears was missing. A search of the audience did not produce the missing organ but Woodrow Wilson was seen rubbing his stomach as if troubled with something disagreeable. Nobody would admit who struck the first blow and the Devil conducted the inquest it was obvious that his heart was not in the thing.

"I believe either Ananias or Munchausen struck the first blow," the Devil said, "but a liar like he has no business in hell even if he is a United States senator."



# Preachers Preach While Statesmen Steal

By ARTHUR W. CALHOUN.

**YOUR** city librarian will gladly order copies of this book on "Imperialism and World Politics" by Professor Moon of Columbia University, just published by the Macmillan Co. If Scott Nearing or Bob Dunn had written it, you'd have to dig down into your overalls and cough up three or four dollars yourself—unless, that is, Scott had met the publishing costs himself or Bob had got the Vanguard Press to publish it for him. It would have been no use to ask your public librarian to lay in a supply of Nearing or Dunn. Or maybe it would, too. Librarians don't know much as a rule. That's a good thing. We could play on their ignorance a lot more than we do, and we could get them to stock up pretty heavy on explosives. Let's try it with this book.

As you dig into the first chapter, try to form a definition of imperialism. Of course you can't make a first-rate one till after you have read the book; but you can start. Then ask yourself likewise what difference imperialism makes to the world—that is, to you and me and the other fellow. Chapter II will give you a chance to ask yourself how things got that way, and why the big guys change their minds on such subjects from time to time.

Turn then to Chapter III and find out what economic reasons led to modern imperialism. Ask yourself what nationalism means with its clothes off. See whether you can tell any difference between the goodness or badness of the great powers. When you get into Chapter IV you can make a list of the various interests that create and bolster up imperialism. Which are mainly responsible? Which are just understrappers and bootlickers? How much of the whole game would you call graft? Which is worse, the graft on the side or the game itself?

Chapters V to X inclusive give a basis for analyz-

ing the whole African layout. How much does the rivalry between the imperialist powers amount to? What obstacles can you see to indefinite extension of imperialist activities in Africa? Is there anything in the whole situation that might give a basis for revolutionary propaganda in Africa itself?

Chapters XI to XIV inclusive cover the area that most concerns the Soviet Federation—the whole sweep of land from the Balkans thru Turkey, Persia, Central Asia, to India, China and the Pacific. What imperial power is the chief rival of Communism over most of this area? On which frontiers do the two threaten to clash? What can be done with the nationalistic feelings of the countries in subjection to imperialism? What prospect is there of a militant proletariat in any of these lands? What can the workers in the imperialist nations do to help the workers in the subject states? You may not find answers in the book, but you will find clues out of which to make your own answers.

Then there is the field of outright American imperialism—the Pacific region and America to the South. What made the United States imperialist? How do its tactics differ from those of the older imperialist powers? How much difference does imperialism make to American workers? What can we do about the whole business? It might do A. F. L. leaders good to study Chapters XV and XVI, or even XVII, where the story passes to Europe with its welter of conflict, involving the old powers, Soviet Russia, and the United States. What ought American labor to do about the European muddle? Ought the A. F. L. to join the Amsterdam International? Ought we to whoop it up for the League of Nations, described in Chapter XVIII? What will be the outcome of its activities? What will become of its mandates? What can we do about it?

When you come to the XIXth chapter, ask yourself whether Moon's summing up agrees with what you have learned in Communist literature. Does

he have the right slant on economics and ideals? Why would a university professor write such a book? Why would a capitalist publishing house circulate it? Would it be worth while to bring the book to the attention of the workers you know? Ought the author to get out an abridged edition? Has the book enough dramatic interest to relieve the monotony of historic and geographic detail? Could some Communist writer dress the material up in a fetching way?

What name would you apply to the author: scientist, liberal, radical, Bolshevik? What will President Butler of Columbia University call him? How soon will he lose his job? How much difference will it make whether the book remains a heavy tome for high-brows in the universities or whether we get everybody to talking about it, so that it gets into the headlines as a damaging document? Let's go!

## International Weekly Review

(Continued from page 2)

perialist policy, it appears that the British oil companies have signified their intention of adhering to the new laws, in a brave effort to stand out as the friendly concessionaries in Mexico in contrast to the murderous Shylocks north of the Rio Grande. In Mexico, at least, Britain seems to be paying American imperialism in its own coin by stealing a march on the foe that has so successfully torn up the British stakes in other parts of the world.

## The Nicaraguan Conflict.

**T**HE struggle between the liberal government at Puerto Cabezas led by Dr. Sacasa and the reactionary regime of Adolfo Diaz at Managua, assumes a more than usual importance in view of the present developments in Mexico. For practically the first time in the history of Latin-American relations with American imperialism has a conflict between two opposing groups in a Latin-American country been characterized not merely by the control and subsidy of one group by the American imperialists, but by the open sympathy and aid to the opposing group of such a power as Mexico.

The change in relationships consequent upon the rise and strengthening of nationalist, independent governments—instead of, as previously, puppet governments with easily bribed rulers—has brought about a condition in which the aspiring nationalist movements, especially in Central America and the Caribbean, look for inspiration, guidance and help to Mexico. This tendency has been substantially strengthened by the stiff resistance of the Calles' government to the imperialist demands of Washington, which the latter was formerly accustomed to having translated forthwith into deeds.

American imperialism, all of its bluster and strength to the contrary notwithstanding, cannot halt this development of a new era in its Latin-American relations. The new epoch of resistance to American encroachments and hegemony is a serious menace to Wall Street and it realizes this truth by the manner in which it foams at its Washington mouth. The realization of this development is even more keen in Mexico, which does not bother to hide its open sympathy for rebels like Sacasa.

If Calles will follow an unswerving road of opposition to the brutal domination of American imperialism he will have behind him not only the people of Mexico, but also the sorely-pressed peoples of the other Latin-American countries which bleed under the heel of Wall Street. A staunchly-maintained conscious Mexico can become, as it is becoming more and more, a rallying center for these peoples who will look to it for leadership and will enhance its prestige and strength.

This road has been partially followed already. Unlike other nations, the Calles government has raised its legations to a number of the Latin-American countries to the status of embassies. The semi-official organ of the Mexican government is read with attention and confidence by the other Latins who have a common problem in their relations with Wall Street. As the struggle of the Mexicans is followed with interest by the people of Haiti, Cuba, San Domingo, Nicaragua and other colonies and semi-colonies of America so are the conditions of these latter followed with interest by Mexicans.

Sacasa, who already controls the entire Atlantic coast of Nicaragua, and one-third of the country, will find his allies in the masses of Nicaragua, in the Mexican people, in the people of the other Latin-American lands, and in the revolutionary workers of the United States. To think of victory in terms of appeals to the generosity and honor of Wall Street and its Washington government is to think in terms of futility proved a thousand times. Those who thus fight Wall Street must select their road. American imperialism chose its road a long time ago.

## A Side Light on Soviet Education

**A**MERICANS have heard a great deal about Soviet politics and something about Soviet economics. They have had almost no information about Soviet education.

Nothing that is going on in the Soviet Union at the present time is more important for the remainder of the world than the work in education. Elsewhere, there are a few centers of experimental education. Soviet education is practically all experimental. The most extensive and radical educational experiments in the world are now being made in the Soviet Union.

Soviet education has one dominant aim: to enlarge the life experience of the people. Since the vast majority of the people in any society are workers, it is upon the education of the workers that the Soviet authorities are concentrating their effort. Three other propositions are subordinate to this main proposition: First, education must be primarily for children. The child is the object of educational endeavor, not the school system. Second, education must prepare the child for life in his present environment. At the same time, it must train the child in such a way that he will be able to improve that environment. Third: Education must open before children the whole field of human culture. Soviet education is therefore concentrated on the children of workers and farmers, who are being taught to shape their own destiny.

Take one illustration of the way in which this work is being done. Children in the Soviet schools, from the earliest grades are expected to take over a certain amount of responsibility for the direction of their own affairs. As they advance in the school, their responsibility is correspondingly broadened. By the time they reach the colleges, they are self-governing in all important matters that relate to student life and are participants in the control of the educational work of the institution.

Student organization in the earlier grades of the Soviet schools is by classes. In some of the schools each separate class has a simple form of class organization—a president, or secretary, or class committee. This class organization is charged with the direction of student activities within the class.

The elementary school, as a whole, has some form of student organization. Frequently, each class elects one or two members of the student school executive committee. If there are twelve classes, this would mean twelve or twenty-four delegates. In some of the schools, the younger children have one delegate per class, and the older children, two delegates per class. The whole body of delegates is charged with the responsibility for student activity.

Questions that come before the student committees for decision concern discipline, sport, student reading rooms, student societies and social activities, a student co-operative, and similar activities in which the students normally engage. The student school executive is usually divided into sub-committees, each one of which takes charge of one of these fields.

The chairman of the student executive committee becomes, automatically a member of the governing body of the school. This governing body includes the principal, the vice principal or secretary, a couple of teachers, and at least one representative of

the students. All decisions affecting the school are made by these governing committees, on which students always have at least one spokesman. In the higher schools the students have more than one representative in the directing body.

With the high school, Soviet students pick a field of study—mining, railroading, commerce, education, medicine. From that point forward, the students are organized, not by classes, but by occupational groups.

A student may intend to take up medicine. As soon as he begins to specialize in this field, he has an opportunity to join the student Health Workers' Union. If he wishes to take a part in student affairs he has no choice, because all student activities are organized on a basis of union organization.

The student executive is no longer selected by classes but by unions. Each union is represented



on the executive in proportion to the number of its members. All student activities therefore rest back on labor organization rather than on class organization.

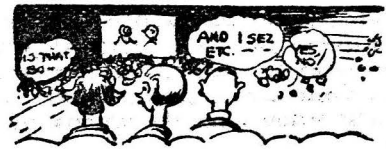
Thru this plan, students learn labor solidarity in school, and by practical experience. When they go into the shops they are already trained labor men and women.

These student organizations are built up among the students, but the school authorities give them every encouragement and opportunity to handle their own affairs. What is their purpose? To teach the boys and girls self-direction. These student organizations are just as much a part of the school work as classes in chemistry or in economics. The students are learning the arts of social life by practicing social activities.

From the point of view of an American school, with its great emphasis on individual work, the Soviet system must seem absurd. But the children in the United States as well as the children in the Soviet Union must live together and work together when they get out of school. It is for this reason that the Soviet educational authorities are laying so much stress on student self-direction. They want to raise a generation of boys and girls who are capable of organizing social life, and who are equally capable of living in a co-operative community. Their way of going about this is to let the boys and girls learn organized activity by organizing.



## A PEEK EACH WEEK AT MOTION PICTURES



### PARADISE.

An ordinary title for an ordinary movie. The story is another one of that dishwater composite so freely dispensed to and readily consumed by the gullible American public. The usual son of the aristocracy, passing thru the usual "un-aristocratic" escapades—disinherited by his noble father—married to the usual little chorus girl—and later coming into his own in manhood, fortune and the good graces of his noble family, climaxed by an adventurous fight on a South Sea Island, the only bit of swift action in the entire play.

The girl, played by Betty Bronson, is executed well enough for technique and grace, aided greatly by that type of dress becoming to her petite slenderness. But for our part, we were much more captivated by her charms and finesse in the characterization of the fascinating, daring "Pan." Indeed a privilege to be her director and command her to roles of eternal youth for yet a few brief years.

Milton Sills, as the hero, is still enough of the easy lover to quicken the heart-beat of the flapper. Sure he was good. Yet his talent in this story seems grossly squandered. The fight between Sills and Noah Beery, an interesting if grotesque piece of bestial brutality, is realistic and convincing, altho unnecessarily prolonged thru many an agonizing reel. Noah Beery holds his own with sweeping, brutal force—good acting.

A movie you can well afford to miss.

—R. A.



MARY PICKFORD

America's Movie Queen, now showing in her latest picture, "Sparrows," at the Roosevelt.

## Movie Notes

### Last Chance for Chicago.

Tonight "Breaking Chains" makes its last Chicago appearance at the Ashland Auditorium in two performances at 7:30 and 9:30 p. m. We make the additional note concerning this Russian movie masterpiece to urge every Chicago worker to see. Seldom does one get such a rare opportunity.

This is something new and to labor an unexpected pleasure. The whole picture was acted by workers who never before had faced the camera. Yet it is such a splendid performance it ranks with the very best on the screen. Technically, the picture is a finished product. The photography is excellent; the story inspiring; the action fast and vivid. To every worker, and especially to revolutionary labor, we say, Go! Don't miss this opportunity to see a picture that will send you home proud of your class.

## THE TINY WORKER

A Weekly.

Editor, Rose Horowitz, Rochester, N. Y.

Johnny Red, Assistant Editor.

Vol. 1.

Saturday, December 18, 1926

No. 30



Here's The Old Fakel

Just look how the old boy is laughing at the poor kids who still believe in him.

Rich kids get many fine toys. Poor kids get cheap ones or none at all.

Why does Santa Claus favor the rich kids? Because if you look, under his whiskers you'll find it's the rich kid's father! There is no Santa Claus!

## Mr. Wotsisname

By ROSE HOROWITZ,  
Rochester, N. Y.

(Sung to the tune of Yankee Doodle-doodle-doo).

They say he is a gentleman  
They call him Wotsisname  
He does what e'er they ask him to  
To win a lot of fame.  
He sits and smokes and reads and rests  
All thru the live-long day  
While others slave in factories  
To earn their bread and stay.

### CHORUS

Oh, Mister Wotsisname  
You can't get away with that.  
Oh, Mister Wotsisname  
You're getting pretty fat  
But you'll empty out your pockets  
In a bright and sunny day  
And be glad that you can save your nut  
For robbing . . . . .

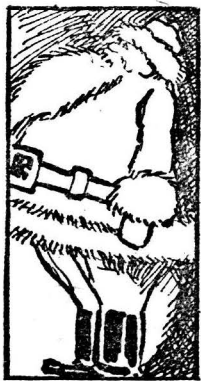
### HEY, KIDS!

Didja ever hear the story about the time Santa Claus lost his pants on a cold night? Oh, Boy—read NEXT WEEK'S TINY WORKER.

### Santa Claus Is A Fat-Head!

Santa Claus goes around with a big pack of toys. The poor kids' father and mother work hard. The money they make goes to the boss. So they can't buy many toys.

But the boss can play Santa Claus to his children. He buys them all the toys they want. And when he dresses up just look at the belly on him!



## THE THEATER

### 'SHOP'

IT is peculiar that of all the theaters in New York—Broadway, also includes the little theaters away from Broadway proper, such as the Provincetown, the Neighborhood, etc.; not one, with the possible exception of the Neighborhood Playhouse when it does the Little Clay Cart, is showing anything worthy of any considerable mention.

It is still more peculiar when we find that the Jewish stage in New York is holding forth well. Experimenting, trying, striving for new forms and new plays; or at least new conceptions of old plays (Goldfadden's "The Tenth Commandment" at Schwartz's Yiddish Art Theater). Of course the Jewish stage I'm speaking of is the stage or rather the combined stage of the Y. A. T. and the Irving Place Jewish Art Theater. Of the latter the rest of our review—for it is a review—shall deal with.

The young but already hectic career of the I. P. J. A. T. should be gone into a little before the review proper. Starting with Evreinoff's "The Ship of Saints," a very poignant but too symbolic social drama, Ben-Ami director-actor of the group decided, as his second production, to do "Out of the Beyond," a play in which the social motif is drowned in melodrama. This play was a flop. It was acted superbly. Being a repertoire theater it was not hard for Ben-Ami to fill in plays during the lapse of time necessitated by the sudden failure of "Out of the Beyond." But a new production was being rehearsed. And was Ben-Ami discouraged by the fact that his two previous productions had not been financial successes? Not at all. His next play was also a social play, "Shop," by Leivick, who is known to readers of this magazine as one of the recent acquisitions of the Freiheit.

Let us get thru with the preliminaries. The acting on the whole was excellent. Ben-Ami as the one time socialist who now as tho by fate has become a boss—a boss over some of his old comrades, reaches great heights. I have never seen him better. Of the direction one can only go into superlatives. The settings were a true surprise. A welcome surprise. And this reviewer takes his hat off to Cleon Throckmorton for his striking and well balanced settings. The incidental music at times was forced. And now to the play itself.

Comrade Leivick's new play, Shop, marks a decided improvement, in working class ideology, from his other factory play, Rags. The difference is almost geometric. Shop is to Rags what Leivick writing for the Freiheit is to Leivick writing for the Forward. In Rags Comrade Lievick fell into a muddled individualistic sentimentality. In Shop he has almost completely evaded that.

The play deals with life in a dress shop. It opens with the employes coming in to work. The color of the shop is beautifully presented in that first act. In the second act the em-

ployes are on the roof, during their lunch hour, talking, flirting and dancing to some distant wailing of a jazz band. Someone rushes in, newspaper in hand, and announces that a strike has been called for tomorrow. The news is greeted with great enthusiasm. The third act shows the scabs working. Raiah who has been seduced by the designer sneaks in to tell him to quit work and strike. The pickets break in and she is caught there while the scabs escape. She is accused of being a scab. In the fourth act the strike has been settled. Everyone is merry. Gertie, the singer, is getting married to the young idealist, Leibl (who resents being called Louie). The shop is fixed up holiday style. One of the operators makes a toast to boss Gould, the hard partner of Wolf, the one-time Socialist, and hopes for a new and better strike next year. Midst all this revelry, someone rushes in and shouts that Raiah has killed herself by jumping from the roof. At the final curtain, Wolf enters alone, starts the machines humming, listens a while and leaves.

This is the play. Not very revolutionary; but a working class play. A good working class play. Of course Comrade Leivick falls into some of the usual errors of the proletarian writer. He is afraid that the story will not have sufficient interest to hold an audience if he just gave a story of Shop—the Shop. So he brings in Wolf, who has at one time been in love with Minna, the voice of the shop. The conflict of Wolf in his relations to Minna deserve a play in itself. And then of course the inevitable. Why did Leivick have to do it? The play would have been so much more concrete, so much more solid had he left out the usual seduction. The villain seduces the heroine; the scab seduces the striker. Why the suicide? Why the seduction? Why this Victorian morality which must shine like a halo around the workers' heads? Aren't workers, strikers, Communists capable of seduction? This it the one truly bad spot in the whole play. It was unnecessary. It is quite sufficient for the workers to see the evil in the designer, Barkan, when he scabs. Why go to the now outdated trick of painting another coat of black on the villain by forcing a seduction upon him?

The play, with the exception of the above mentioned faults, and they are well subordinated, is a fine one. It is a true glimpse at the many needle trade workers of New York and Chicago, in their shops. The play can be interpreted. But why attempt to do so? Comrade Leivick well avoided symbolism; so why put a symbol into it?

Comrade Leivick was a bit reserved this time. It was his first honest attempt at a true proletarian play. His next play will be a great play. A great working class play.

—Max Geltman.

## More Movie Notes

Lubliner and Trinz, Chicago's largest theatrical circuit, has undertaken a unique project in motion picture history in Chicago. The first motion picture ever produced in the city, acted by Chicagoans, dealing with the life of the city will be filmed starting early in January. To make this event interesting to the public and gratify the intimate wish of thousands who cannot visit Hollywood to see the making of a great picture, it will be filmed in full view of audiences upon the stages of L. & T. theaters by a Hollywood producing unit of the first calibre.

A contract has been signed whereby Director David Smith, responsible for pictures of Harold Lloyd and Harry Langdon, will come with a company of casting directors, cameramen, facial make-up experts, wardrobe mistresses, technicians and studio equip-

ment to make the photoplay later to be shown in Lubliner and Trinz theaters.

All scenes will be taken upon the stages of five Lubliner & Trinz theaters, a scene each week at each theater beginning the week of January 3.

The cast of the picture will be composed entirely of Chicagoans, selected from patrons of L. & T. theaters. Selection will be made in an impartial manner with regard only to the needs of the large and varied types of actors and actresses called for by the scenario. Application can and should be made at once through the managers of any L. & T. theater. Entries for the cast must all be in by December 24 at 6 p. m.

### BOOKS RECEIVED

Sex Expression in Literature. By V. F. Calverton. Boni and Liveright.  
The New Leadership in Industry. By Sam A. Lewishon. E. P. Dutton and Company.  
To be reviewed later.



# In the Wake of the News

(Continued from page 1)

a few years back. Glenn is the leader of the campaign to put a Cossack bill thru the assembly on the excuse that the looting of banks could be prevented by state police. The facts show that most of the bank looting is done by the officials. The amounts stolen by robbers being only a drop in the bucket. What the real motive of Glenn's propaganda is, was shown by his statement that a man who is now in Cook County jail awaiting his turn on the gallows, attempted to terrorize his (Glenn's) organization in an effort to force payment of a workman's compensation claim. We have no sympathy whatever for gangsterism and we care little where, when or how gangsters are shuffled off this earth, but we know from experience that gangsterism has no better friends than Glenn and his tribe. What he is after is the fighting trade unionist.

THE cry of "yellow peril" is again being raised, this time seriously, as the long-slumbering and long-suffering peoples of the Orient are awakening. The spectre of a pan-Asiatic league under the leadership of Soviet Russia to defend the masses against western imperialism is rising up like the ghost of retribution before the terrified eyes of the capitalists. The almost complete victory of the Chinese revolutionists and the prospect of the Union of Soviet Republics reaching from the Baltic to the Yellow Sea is no idle dream.

THE struggle between the bankers' wing of the needle trades unions and the left wing who would maintain the unions as organs of the class struggle grows in intensity. Beaten in the elections, in the I. L. G. W. U., and in the Furriers' Union, the business unionists of several unions in the United Hebrew Trades joined hands with their prototypes in the other needle trades unions to oust the militants. They hired gangsters in Chicago and New York to break up union meetings and when their hired thugs

## ONE QUEEN AND TWO JACKS



Ford Marie Gary

failed they called in the police who were ready to break heads for a price. The battle is still on. In Chicago, John Fitzpatrick and Edward Nockels were among the ring leaders of the gangsters. According to information secured by the Daily Worker from a reliable source, Edward Nockels is the police agent of the gangsters. It is a long cry since the day Fitzpatrick ousted Skinny Madden and his gangsters from the Chicago Federation of Labor!

DIFFERENCES of opinion as to the humaneness of poison gas as a lethal weapon may exist in certain quarters, but not in the American Legion. That organization of patriots founded with the aid of the dollars of the Du Pont Powder company protests vigorously against the adoption of a protocol that would abolish the use of poison gas in warfare. The Chicago Tribune claims that this gas is almost as harmless as tobacco smoke, but the legionnaire's spokesman admits that it burns out the lungs and eyes. If so, the more eyes and lungs that are burned out the better for the big chemical magnates. The legion is the tool of the manufacturers who are looking forward to the next opportunity of coining blood money out of the agony of the human race.

AUSTRIA has been reduced to impotence as a world power but still has a few counts left. One of these counts admits that he never did a day's work in his life and Millicent Rogers, daughter of a Standard Oil baron, cheerfully agreed that Salm von Hoogstraten was not built for work. Neither was Millicent. The count married Millicent who was impressed with his well-pressed trousers and his prowess at tennis. Millicent's father discovered that the count wasn't of much account and succeeded in convincing his daughter that a financially carefree life without Salm would compensate for whatever kick she might get out of begging for her bread. She quit and now the count is suing for custody of a child, the skeptical people claim he would swap his paternal love at any time for a reasonable number of American dollars.



Fitzpatrick supported Frank L. Smith, Samuel Insull's candidate for senator.

## Notre Dame Cathedral: Montreal

Midnight Mass on Christmas Eve!  
And excited waves of the faithful  
Are converging in swirls  
That pour a full flow  
In thru the heavy portals.

And then it is the silence  
Of the Inquisition that falls  
On all of us.

On this night  
Was Jesu born,  
Come to us this holy morn.  
Lead, kindly light!

Gold and silver and incense,  
High mass, incantations,  
Candles, crucifixes, bears . . .

And at one portal  
An animal  
Of contorted face, fangless,  
Scarred, on a crutch  
Crouches before a little altar  
In the hope of getting enough  
Christmas cheer for a bed.

And on this night  
Was Jesu born,  
Come to us this holy morn.  
Lead, kindly light!

And at another portal  
Clings a prostitute,  
With the mark of her trade  
Unprotesting on her face.  
She has come here  
To get her commission,  
And business  
Ought to be good  
On Christmas Eve.

O, on this night  
Was Jesu born,  
Come to us this holy morn.  
Lead, kindly light!

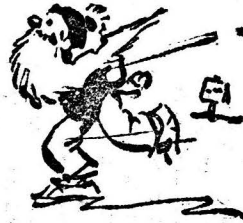
And in the pews  
Are the wealthy  
Chosen ones of Christ.

Crowding the portals  
Are the sons and daughters  
Of French Canada—  
Mariette, and Louise,  
And Ramon and Jean, working  
At the Standard Overall  
For six dollars a week.

For on this night  
Was Jesu born,  
Come to us this holy morn.  
Lead, kindly light!

—Oscar Ryan.

# SPORTS



A worried father writes to the Bug to find if a boy of eight should be allowed to skate. Sure thing! It's good for all boys from eight to eighty . . . and both sexes. Here's a sport for everybody. It will make you forget the week's grind at the shop and make you fit to turn out production in the weeks to come. Try it. It's one of the few sports for workers in which the expense is not altogether beyond reach.

Skating is easy to learn. In fact, on the very first attempt you will be able to make a beautiful soviet star on the ice (you'll notice it after you pick yourself up the first time). And you will be surprised to learn how soft your—ice—is. We suggest for your health's sake get a skate on this way. The average workers gets kicked so often in life that there is little danger a fall or two will hurt. It won't hurt your tonsils a bit. And the keen bracing air will do those tired muscles a world of good. And as for boys of eight? . . . Oh, Boy!

THE Prince of Wales, famous for his high diving from horses, was defeated in the first round of the Squash Racket championship in London. Squash racket is a new racket for the Bug. Never saw it played. But the game sounds interesting. The English ruling class has excelled over the workers in Squash for a long time. It would be nice for English labor to try this Squash business on the ruling class.



Tonight Chicago will be treated to a tournament of Barnyard Golf. The Horse-Shoe Pitching championship will be staged with the present horse-hoof heaving chap, Frank Jackson, defending his title against one Putt Mossman. On the program a 19-year-old, Miss Schuatz, ladies' champ of Illinois, will show her proficiency in pitching horse-galoshes in an exhibition match.

The interest provoked is unusual. This barnyard sport which we played as a kid and which we still like, seems to have become quite popular. A horse-shoe pitching ground (or do they call it a stall?) in Lincoln Park is usually well crowded and the Club using it has a membership of a thousand. A local firm claims to have sold 52,000 sets of horse-shoes in the past year.

But the admission price to the championship matches is one to two dollars! That's what we call hitting you in the head with a horse-shoe for luck.

JUSTS look what we learn from a press dispatch: "Because George Washington was a stellar performer at track and field sports it is proposed to bring the 1932 Olympic games to the United States as part of the celebration of the bicentennial of his birth in that year.

Washington held a record in the broad jump, it was related by a direct descendant of his brother, W. Lanier Washington, that remained unequalled for a century. He also was a leader in running and jumping sports."

Which proves again how the interest in sports is clearly used to serve as patriotic piffle. . . Washington held the broad jump record for a hundred years! They tell us also that "Washington never told a lie." Maybe he didn't. But he sure is responsible for a helluva lotta liars.



SPECIALLY among Negroes the gentle art of raising cauliflower ears seems to have fallen on evil days. The race that produced the greatest boxers at almost all weights has no longer any outstanding figures with the sole exception of Tiger Flowers, who was robbed of his championship a couple of weeks ago in a fight that was obviously "in the bag" to fill the coffers of sure-thing gamblers.

Chick Suggs also looked promising until a few weeks ago. An Irishman Flanagan in Boston handed him a promissory note and Suggs don't look so promising now. A Lithuanian with the borrowed name of Jack Sharkey, knocked Wills into history. And that's that—there is no more.

Not that the present white champs look so good either. Tunney? Walker? The Others? Professional boxing seems to have fallen on evil days. And we don't mean maybe!

The Bug