

The New Magazine

Supplement of **THE DAILY WORKER**

ALEX. BITTELMAN,
Editor.

Second Section: This Magazine Section Appears Every Saturday in The DAILY WORKER.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1926

Give Relief to the British Miners

Demand an Embargo on American Coal to England.

THE brave and gallant struggle of the British miners is calling forth the deepest admiration of every workingman and workingwoman thruout the world. They are fighting a cause which involves the well-being of the toiling and exploited masses everywhere. The American workers must give to the British miners relief to the maximum of their ability.

WE have now in the United States a delegation sent to the American labor movement by the striking miners. It consists of Joseph Jones, general secretary of the Yorkshire Miners' Association and member of the executive board of the British Miners' Federation; James Robson, president of the Durham Miners' Association; Paul McKenna, agent of the Scottish miners; Oliver Harris, treasurer of the South Wales Miners' Federation; Ben Tillet, secretary of the Transport Workers and delegate from the general council of the British Trade Union Congress, and Miss Ellen Wilkinson, M. P., who is general chairman of the Woman's Relief committee. This delegation has come here for relief, and good substantial relief it must get.

It must also raise the issue of the labor movement placing an embargo on American coal to England. This embargo is of the most vital importance for the winning of the miners' strike.

Shipments of American coal to England are quite heavy. Large numbers of boats in American ports are now being loaded with coal for England. In the face of this situation, a serious attempt by the American labor movement to prevent the shipment of coal to England would prove of incalcul-

able value to the striking miners and towards winning the strike. Demand an embargo on coal to England.

Everybody knows that the importation of American coal to England is now one of the chief weapons in the hands of the British capitalists. Everybody knows

that since the breakdown of the general strike, which was caused by the betrayal of the right wing leaders and the surrender of the sham left wing leadership, the miners' strike has developed into a war of endurance. He who sticks to the fight longest will secure victory. American coal

shipped to England strengthens tremendously the striking miners. Demand an embargo on coal to England!

Give relief to the striking miners!



HAIL REVOLUTIONARY LEADERS OF HUNGARIAN WORKERS.

HORTHY'S bloody government of Hungary was all prepared to take the lives of some of the bravest and most loyal revolutionary leaders of the Hungarian working class. Mathias Rakosi, Zoltan Weinberger and 58 more workers were placed on trial before a court of Horthy's henchmen to "dispose" of these courageous leaders of the Hungarian workers.

Thanks to world-wide protests against this fresh conspiracy of the Horthy regime, the bloodhounds of the white terror were compelled to retreat. But not completely. The capitalists and land owners of Hungary wouldn't let go their workingclass victims altogether. So the court sentenced Rakosi and Weinberger to eight and a half and eight years in prison respectively, and thirty-seven more of the defendants were sentenced to terms of from one to five years.

Capitalism knows no mercy. Having the power in its hands it crushes relentlessly all opposition of the workers and poor peasants. But the power and consciousness of the masses is growing. The Hungarian revolutionary movement is again taking shape bringing closer the day of reckoning for the Horthy regime.

Down with the hangmen of the Hungarian working masses!

Hail the brave leaders of their revolutionary struggles!

Alex Bittelman.



MATHIAS RAKOSI



ZOLTAN WEINBERGER



History of the Catholic Church in Mexico

By MANUEL GOMEZ.

MEXICO has two great national holidays: September 16th, anniversary of the "grito de Dolores," or first declaration of independence from Spain in 1810, and May 5th, anniversary of the famous defeat of the French invading army at Puebla in 1862. The catholic hierarchy now pretending to speak "in the name of 10,000,000 Mexican catholics," was aligned with Mexico's enemies on both of these historic occasions.

Mexico has two outstanding national heroes: Miguel Hidalgo, known as "the Washington of Mexico," and Benito Juarez, often referred to, somewhat inaccurately, as "the Mexican Lincoln." The former was solemnly excommunicated from the Roman catholic church and the latter was fought by it more viciously than any other man in Mexican history.

Every step in Mexican progress, from colonial times to the present day, has been accomplished only in the face of bitter opposition by the organized forces of Mexican catholics. The record is indisputable. I propose to lay that record before the readers of *The Daily Worker* in the following brief summary of the history of the church in Mexico. For the purpose of securing greater emphasis I have disregarded the simple chronological form and have arranged the material so as to show:

1. The Social Basis of the Church in Mexico.
2. The Record of the Church as a Religious Institution.
3. The Record of the Church in Mexican Political History.
4. The Record of the Church with Regard to Foreign Intervention.

CHAPTER I.

SOCIAL BASIS OF THE CHURCH.

During the 300 years of Spanish rule in Mexico the Church of Rome was well-nigh omnipotent. A majority of the Spanish viceroys were drawn from the ecclesiastical hierarchy. The few who were not were army officers who represented the interests of the church quite as efficiently as the priests themselves.

Thruout this period the government worked solely in the interests of the big land owners, of whom the church itself was chief.

A Semi-Feudal Society.

It was virtually a feudal society, with the feudal church seated comfortably at the top of the feudal pyramid, along with the landed aristocracy on which its power was based. Far below them, and, indeed, far below the numerically insignificant "middle class," lay the peons, the toilers of the soil, immensely outnumbering all other classes, but plunged in the deepest misery and degradation.

The Spanish king had given to the various religious orders in Mexico great grants of land called "mercedes." Not content with their original land grants, the priests continually used their power to withhold extreme uncton from the dying as a means of forcing deathbed bequests. By these and other religious practices the church during the long period of Spanish domination became the supreme economic power and the chief land monopolist in the country.

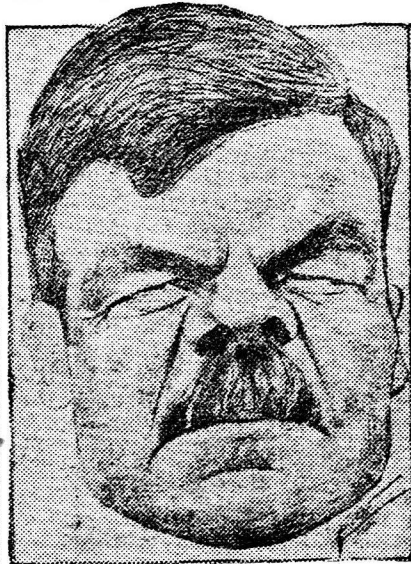
Great Wealth of the Church.

"The clergy, mainly the higher officials, had accumulated and taken out of circulation an incalculable quantity of riches. In 1809 the tithings of six bishops amounted to the sum of \$2,500,000—immense wealth in those days. There were bishops and archbishops whose salaries exceeded \$100,000 a year. Indeed, a careful survey of church property just previous to the war of independence showed its combined value to approximate \$50,000,000." (V. Riva Palacie, ed., "Mexico a traves

de los Siglos." Vol. IV., p. 317.)

From the Spanish period until the time of Juarez the church's wealth and power increased. In 1857, the year in which Mexico's first anti-clerical constitution was adopted, it was conservatively estimated that the church controlled over one-third of the material assets of the nation—lands, houses, mortgages, etc.

The 1857 constitution prohibited the church from owning property, just as the present constitution does. Nevertheless, under the long dictatorship of Porfirie Diaz (1877-1911) most of the laws curtailing the activities of the church became ineffective. It is said that property valued at many millions is held for the church, even today, by devoted catholics, who pass as the owners in the eyes of the law. Bishop Gillow of Oaxaca is understood to have left a personal fortune of \$60,000,000 at his death a year ago. Bishop Montes de Oca in the state of San Luis Petosi has an estate valued at \$40,000,000. Announcement by the



PLUTARCO ELIAS CALLES

Calles government that it is about to start a campaign to take over \$600,000,000 of church property indicates how much wealth was accumulated illegally by the catholic episcopate.

The Monster's Tentacles.

The backbone of church organization as far back as the colonial period lay in the 1,073 parishes with some 22,300 ecclesiastics; the 264 convents with more than 8,000 celibates; the 157 missions with their many exploited Indian worshipers.

From the church radiated all feudal authority in the villages and the church controlled the most diverse activities of the people. With forced labor, temples were erected in every community; with forced contributions they were enriched to ostentation. Ten per cent of the products of the land was for the church; the ground had to be blessed by a priest before sowing, processions and religious services were organized to pray for rain in times of drought. Baptism immediately after birth of a child, confirmation shortly afterward, meant its consecration to the church.

The mass in the morning, the rosary in the evening, confessions, communion, extreme uncton, the benediction of the grave within a church cemetery, kept the people well under the control of the church, even after they were dead. Even domestic animals had to be taken to church once a year to be blessed. The priest was pastor, physician, chief of police, school teacher and judge.

Where Ignorance Was Bliss—For Whom?

The church built upon the ignorance of the Indian masses. For 350 years the catholic hierarchy had complete charge of education in Mexico, and at the end of that time 90 per cent of the

A PEEK EACH WEEK AT MOTION PICTURES

"MOANA."

SOME time ago we read a series of interesting articles in "Asia" by Mr. and Mrs. Flaherty on their experiences of two full years in the taking of moving pictures of native life on an island in the Samoan group. It promised so much we have enviously begged our New York comrades, where the picture has shown for months, to review it for us. Critics have been lavish in praise of it and have counted it one of the most beautiful films ever made.

Suddenly a kind friend tells us that it is being shown in the small theaters in Chicago. A group of six comrades in all went to see it. The unanimous verdict was unstinted approval as being truly as beautiful as praised.

Here is something different—something really worth while. We (all six of us) hold the event of seeing it as a rare treat that comes but seldom, and we advise all those who together with us take "a peek each week at motion pictures" to be sure to see it.

In "Moana of the South Seas" Mr. and Mrs. Flaherty have given us a sympathetic picture of native life that is as beautiful as it is accurate. Here is primitive life truthfully recorded. Where nature is bountiful and the land and the sea furnish all the necessities of life, we are shown a whole people's mode of living.

The communal life of gathering food, making clothing and shelter, building up the character that will hold the tribe together, are all pictured sympathetically, dramatically and with rare beauty.

How cleverly a simple people adapt themselves to environment! You will marvel at everything, from the primitive way of making fire to the making of cloth, baking of food and the remarkable ability of the people in the water, rivalling the fish, which is the food they seek there. And, seeing this, you will not mind watching an attractive maiden coyly nibbling on a small live fish whose tail still wiggles.

A real unaffected native beauty is part of these people. Physically they are a treat to look at: fine bodies, intelligent, friendly faces of character. Here is man and woman, products of nature, living where nature is most generous in what it furnishes them. No factory scenes are here to spoil the charm of the picture, no evidence of a "superior" civilization where man is exploited and degraded by his fellow-humans. Peace and tranquility and communal effort, simple in what it produces, it is true, but beautiful in its simplicity and without the monstrous aspects of our own civilization.

The physical beauty of the people rivals the beauty of land and sea in the South Seas. A whole family chosen for this picture of Samoan life are remarkable. Old age is graceful, youth brimming with strength and vitality, and a boy, Pe'a, is a little lovable impish creature who climbs coconut trees hundreds of feet high, swims like a fish, knows how to make fire without matches (and without being a boy scout) and naturally and gracefully walks thru the picture and into your affections. "Moana," a graceful, beautiful specimen of man-



Central Press Photo

The screen's best known flapper, Clara Bow, in "Mantrap" she showed ability as well as beauty.

hood, dances, together with a girl, more gracefully and rythmically than any professional you have ever seen. To the tune of primitive instruments they give you a vision of perfect motion.

A ceremonious but painful scene of tattooing is dramatically given in all its aspects and with full details in which the whole village takes part. This is a ceremony which admits tribal youth into full manhood, and the whole makes as splendid a piece of artistic treatment on the part of the Flahertys as has ever been done in picturing native life.

Chicago papers have given but little attention to this beautiful film, which means, no doubt, that it is being shown independently of the "distributing trust" channels. So you have to watch the papers carefully to find it showing at some small outlying theater. If it is in your city, comrade, go to see it. These clever, intelligent people, Mr. and Mrs. Flaherty, who have given us "Moana" are the same who made that wonderful picture of Eskimo life, "Nanook of the North." If you have seen "Nanook," and have also had the pleasure of having seen "Grass," that epic of a people's struggle with nature (not done by Mr. and Mrs. Flaherty) you will surely enjoy "Moana." It is a classic. W. C.



Mexican people could neither read nor write. Instead of schools, churches were built. The money that should have been devoted to educational purposes went to enrich the clergy. What elementary schools had existed in the first years of the Spanish period were closed and education was restricted to ecclesiastical training and the teaching of the sons of the wealthy. It was in this way that the church fulfilled its function as schoolteacher. Yet when the government of President Calles, which in three years has established 2,000 schools, insists on the constitutional provision that education must be secularized, the priesthood has the audacity to inquire how the Mexican people can be educated without the participation of the church!

Enough has been cited to prove beyond all doubt that for many years

the catholic church has been a vital prop of the prevailing social order in Mexico. Not only was the church a big property owner and therefore directly interested in perpetuating the semi-feudal system, but its hierarchical form of organization, its insistence upon authority, etc., made it the natural handmaiden of the ruling classes, to whom its higher officials were bound by ties of blood and family intimacy. It is, therefore, not to be wondered at that the church in Mexico, as everywhere else, has always distrusted progress.

The church continues to represent the interests of the old landed aristocracy. Its social basis is profoundly reactionary. We shall see that its activities are no less so.

(Second chapter will appear in the next issue of the magazine.)

THE PATROLMAN

A Story

By Alex Jackson

PATROLMAN William Quirk threw the empty box of cigars out of an open window, the last of which he withdrew, tapped several times on the wrist of his left hand and placed between his lips. He then extracted a match from his coat pocket which he ignited by stroking his thumb nail over the tip. This completed, he reclined leisurely in his wooden seat, crossed his legs and puffed heavily at his cigaret, inhaling mouthfuls of smoke which he transmitted thru his nostrils.

Whitey, as patrolman Quirk was more popularly known among his fellow policemen, sat in the waiting room of the West 30th Street police station, musing intently over a cyclonic event that had just blown thru his life. After a final puff at his diminishing cigaret, which he threw away, he arose from his bench and walked towards the window. It was the first of May and a bright cool wind pregnant with the first approach of summer breezed gently through the atmosphere. He leaned against the high sill peering blankly into the street. Outside children were playing ball. At other times, Whitey would find an interest in watching the youngsters romp. Not so today. A sullen restlessness which he couldn't explain hovered consistently about his being. He returned to his bench and continued thinking, puzzled over the complex ambiguities of life.

It was a beautiful spring day and he had just murdered a man. Fresh from a cold blooded killing was he. The gun in his pocket was still powder marked from the use it just underwent. He almost could feel the warm blood of his victim oozing thru his thoughts. Barely two hours had elapsed since his steel-jacketed bullets sent "Jew" Brady traveling along the road to the dead.

Whitey was strolling leisurely along a quiet avenue on his way to the station house; his lean face furrowed by lines of uneasiness and his brass buttons shining conspicuously in their blue setting. A multitude of thoughts born out of an argument he had with his wife that morning kept running rapidly thru his head.

"Damn that woman of mine" he kept cussing. "She must think I'm playing valet to a bunch of butter and egg men, the way she keeps nagging me for money." His face clouded, for he understood vaguely that the complaint of his woman was a just one. He had his insurance to pay, and the children needed clothes. Soon he would have to get a new uniform for himself, and the wife hadn't bought anything for herself in an age. His narrow eyes gleamed angrily behind the black leather peak of his cap. He heaved a deep breath and continued walking, stepping in long even strides.

"It'll be pay day soon," he argued, "that'll straighten things out, I guess." But he knew that "pay day" wouldn't solve his difficulties. He had been accustomed to pay days for four years and could never catch up with conditions.

"The hell with it all!" he grunted under his breath. "It's my afternoon off today, and I'm goin' to the ball game. I hope Babe Ruth hits another homer. He's sure bangin' 'em out heavy this year.

THUS debating silently the incongruities of life, he turned a corner, when a man, a poor distorted creature, hatless with his hair disheveled ran out of a jewelry store followed by cries of "Police!" "Robber!" A revolver was clutched tightly in his hand which he brandished threateningly. Whitey forgetting everything, stepped behind the shadow of a corner drug store. He drew his own black automatic, and as his command of "Stop or I'll shoot" was ignored, he "let him have it" as he later termed it.

The blood-smeared face of his victim hobbled in and out of Whitey's troubled cogitations as a bobbin bobs in and out on a sewing machine. Try as he would he could not efface that

scene from his memory. Not that Whitey gave a continental for a human life. He became used to plenty of that over in France. But something in the manner "Jew" Brady died irritated him.

He couldn't forget the fumbling of his lips, that feeble attempt to smile after a bullet has pierced his throat, and the peculiar way his eyes bulged out, when another bullet entered his stomach. Then the way he finally straightened up, reeled around and toppled into the gutter. For a few seconds his body heaved, and then for the last time he straightened out. Rigid as a log he lay there, his head resting in a pool of blood. What a spectacle for Maximus!

The spectra of a man cheated out of life remained stamped indelibly in his mind, he couldn't erase it. There was something uncanny about killing a man that Whitey never took cognizance of. Besides it was spring. The season when all life begins to animate anew, and a strong incentive to live began to gnaw at his vitals.

"Jesus Christ," he soliloquized, "I'm gettin' to be like an old woman—moonin' over a lausy killin'—and a dirty slob at that. Why that bum'll make rotten meat for the worms." At this he forced a slight chuckle, arose again and walked over to a table where a fellow policeman sat and began playing a game of dominoes.

Whitey was slim and tall, almost gawky in appearance. His bony frame appeared much fuller covered in his blue uniform. He was a former prize-fighter, who a few years ago was considered a runner up for the middle-weight championship. His narrow head was adorned by a crop of blond hair. His nose, often a target at which many opponents in the ring aimed their blows, was flat and broken at the bridge. Thin lips, cauliflower ears and a jaw battered out of shape by repeated hammering, bore evidence of his former profession.

HE was toying with the white dotted oblongs when a beckoning nod from the police captain abruptly terminated the game. He rose quickly to his feet and buttoned his jacket. After receiving his orders for the day he picked up his cap on the long table, and hurried out of a side door followed by a dozen other blue-coated guardians of the law.

There was a strike of fur workers going on, and in the district thousands of strikers were gathering to picket the buildings in which they formerly worked. It was the sixteenth week of the strike, and today on the first of May they were gathering "en masse" on their great holiday bent upon celebrating it by making an impressive demonstration of solidarity upon the unyielding manufacturers. Since dawn they kept coming; hordes of them. From all directions a steady stream of workers kept flowing into the streets.

Along the narrow sidewalks, the strikers, divided into many groups, walked slowly up and down the crowded streets. In uneven procession they marched, heads up and feet moving in listless shuffling. Men: old ones, their faces hidden in beards; other faces not yet old, some grimaced by want, and dressed in misfitting clothes, rubbed elbows with iridescently clothed women, whose legs moved adroitly about in grotesquely colored stockings. They moved, all of them! Bright red flowers were prominently displayed in the lapels of their coats. The faces of the strikers were stamped by an enigmatic aversion aimed at the greedy bosses who were determined not to yield to their demands.

At each corner police with clubs clutched in their hands, invaded the picket lines; the ranks of the marchers would recede in confusion at the compact of flying clubs, only to form again and continue fighting in their campaign for more leisure.

Whitey stood in the shadow of a tall building, eying the surging crowds with a perplexed look which seemed to ask, "What the hell are they up to anyhow?" The vista of bobbing faces

swept by him like an apparition moving in a dream.

Lost in the moving crowd were two men engaged in conversation. One, a tall skinny one, clad in a light tan top coat—the other, a short undersized man, dressed in a worn suit of blue serge. A mass of black hair protruded from under a grey felt hat which had long since lost all pretensions to shape. A newspaper, unevenly folded, rested under his right arm. From beneath his horn rimmed spectacles a pair of eyes which he blinked continually, kept peering intently into the faces of the passing crowds.

He kept pointing his forefinger at the moving people and suddenly clutching his companion by the arm, spoke with an ominous drawl. His lips, pregnant with words, slowly parted. His friend, who had just lit a half-smoked cigaret, raised his eyelids and listened. "When I see the masses moving, I feel that the day of deliverance is coming. No longer will the heels of the bourgeoisie be felt upon us." Here he lifted his right arm and waved in a contemptuous gesture. "See those masses, man, they're moving! Just look at 'em. The day is coming I tell you."

HIS companion did not take the pains to answer. He merely gazed blankly into the eyes of his comrade, and nodded his head. His lips he pursed into a sardonic imitation of a smile, and continued puffing at the bit of cigaret dangling between his lips.

Here they shook hands and parted, walking away in opposite directions. Soon both were enveloped by the swarm of humanity.

The marching continued growing more intense as the hours rolled on. On Sixth avenue, traffic came to an abrupt halt following an approaching patrol wagon whose bell clanged noisily unmolested passage. Everywhere these "black marias" were carrying away groups of arrested strikers.

Excitement was running high. Here and there the word "scab" was heard, as some zealous striker identified a strikebreaker. This would act as a signal for a rush of angry strikers, all intent upon taking a look at the traitor to their cause.

Wherever the mass of strikers became too dense, police, mounted on shining brown horses, would charge their steeds point blank into the crowd. Down the street, a squat figure bouncing in his leather saddle, tugged deliberately at the reins of his mount, which thus led, lifted his forehoofs and leaped into the retreating mob, felling one of the strikers unable to escape.

Before the horse had time to trample over the fallen one, he arose and limped hurriedly away. "Get out of here!" came the gruff voice of the policeman. He rode slowly away, followed by angry voices of "Murderer!" "Robber of children!"

Undaunted, the strikers would disperse in confusion, only to form again and continue their picketing. Up and down they would tread upon the hard pavement. Crowding, pushing each other, but always moving. The shuffling of their feet echoed in the distance like the stifled beating of a drum.

On both sides of the street windows in the tall factory buildings would open, heads pop out, eye the crowds below with a blank curiosity, and pop in again.

It was near noon time, when from out of the crowds, a man, stunted in growth, stopped abruptly and raising both hands above his head cried lustily, "To the halls, comrades, march to the halls!" The cry was soon taken up by the rest of the strikers. "To the halls, march to the halls, comrades!" rang down the streets. It was the same person who a while ago held the conversation.

Instantly the surging groups of strikers fell into a long uneven line. A multitude of moving legs and swinging arms came together. Stray groups of picketers were welded into one solid column of humanity. From all corners they gathered, their faces

marked with an elastic elation which stretched out into a keen joy, for this had been a most impressive exhibition of solidarity and they were happy.

Standing nearby, Whitey observed the rapidly forming mass with the blank expression on his face changing to a giant perplexity. A dry saliva of a malicious hate was gathering in the membrane of his mouth. This was not his crowd; "mockies" he called them.

Their frenzied talk brought back to his ears the complaint of his woman. He spat angrily on the sidewalk.

"Money! that's what these guys are after, damn 'em! They ain't satisfied with what they've got. A pack of goddamned bolsheviks wantin' to run this country.

"Look at 'em" he continued grumbling. "They're goin' to demonstrate, and they're only supposed to picket. I'll fix 'em!" Strings of a deep rooted aversion had suddenly burst in his throat. An image of a spiteful lust reflected savagely in his thoughts and without further ado, he tapped his night stick several times upon the hard asphalt, to the echo of which police from all sides responded. "They're goin' to march," he muttered to his friends, his finger pointed at the approaching crowds. "Come on boys, let's break it up."

The police, eight of them in number, all of them stalwart broad-shouldered men with reddened faces and jaws grimly set stood shoulder to shoulder, their clubs in their hands primed for action. One of them cried, "Get the leaders!"

AS the strikers advanced, Whitey yelled, "God help 'em!" and with this the octet charged madly into the crowd—their clubs began beating a rhythmless tattoo over the heads of the foremost strikers. The streets grew suddenly long and empty as the winding columns of strikers unwound themselves into a panic stricken mob. Men and women broke ranks and screamed. Their multitude of shrill cries was dimmed by the shuffling of retreating feet. Terror stricken, they retreated at the onslaught, running in all directions, as so many frightened mice scattering before a hungry cat.

A score of the strikers, unable to escape, some bruised and bleeding, were corralled into a group and placed under arrest.

Cold drops of sweat were trickling from under Whitey's cap. His blond face now reddened, was animated by a curious smile. He felt strangely at peace, for a long latent restlessness was finding an outlet in a paroxysm of fury. The complaint of his woman faded from his thoughts as a dream upon arising. He withdrew a handkerchief from his pocket and wiped the perspiration from his throat.

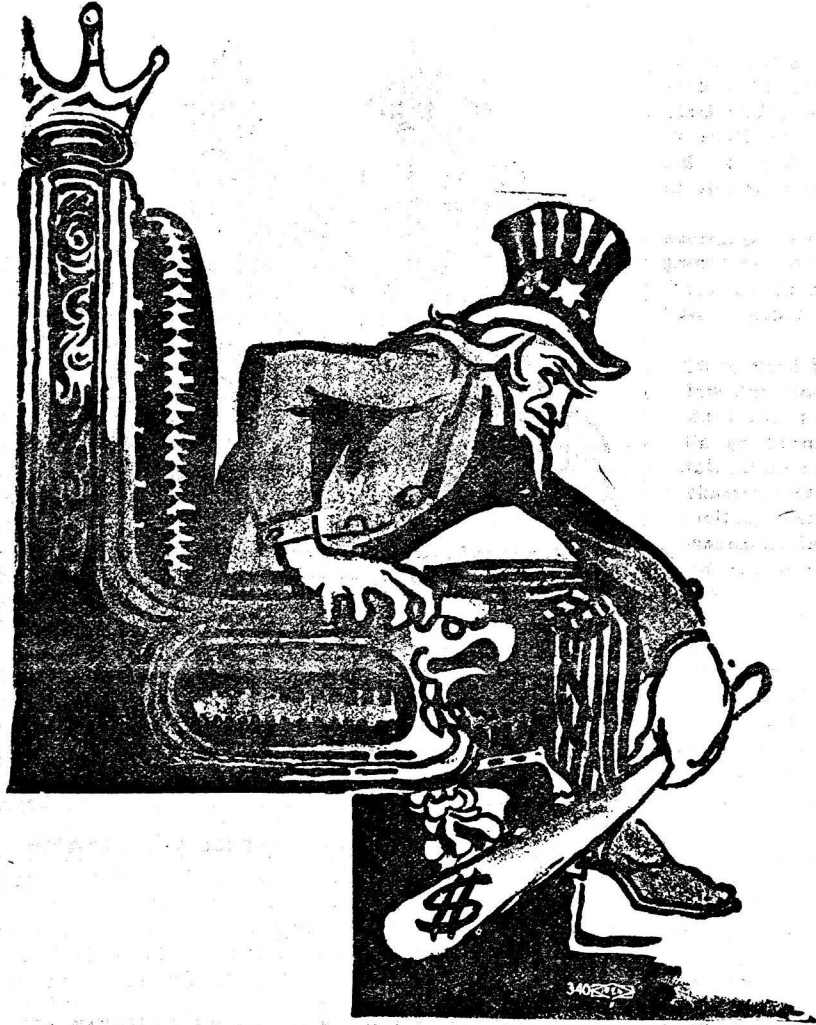
Standing in the group of arrested, was a hatless, undersized man. His abundant black hair wildly disheveled. Blood was streaming from a painful bruise on his forehead which he did not feel. One of his sleeves was almost torn out of his jacket. He stood there motionless, only a slight quivering of his legs disturbed what was almost a living corpse. A multitude of reflections kept running madly thru his head which focused his thoughts upon an obscure vision of "That Day." He raised his eyelids, his glance falling upon his hat lying in the gutter. He stepped over to pick it up, when Whitey, mistaking his efforts for an attempt to escape, reached his arm out and clubbed him over the head with the butt of a revolver clutched tightly in his grasp. The knees of the one struck sagged unevenly under the weight of his body. Ere he had time to fall, another blow and then another following in rapid succession sent him reeling around. Groggily he sank to the sidewalk.

Whitey stooped down and gripping him by the nape of his neck, pulled him to his feet. Slowly the fallen one regained consciousness, his head swimming in a sea of thoughts. Unconsciously he muttered, "My hat, my hat."

"Never mind your hat," growled back Whitey. "Get over there you big bum or I'll put a bullet thru you."

The Same Old Disarmament Conference

By MICHAEL GOLD.



(Italy, France, England, America and Japan are seated at a conference table, in fashionable clothes, with high hats, and immense pistols and ammunition belts slung outside their frock coats.)

(The conference starts yelling and quarrelling again.)

America—(pulling out his pistol and rapping on the table for order)—What is this, a prize fight, or a peace conference? Gentlemen, let's have a minute's peace, anyway. This thing can't go on forever. We've been here for six months now, and all we've agreed on is to disarm one Staten Island ferryboat. If this continues we'll be the laughing stock of the world.

France—But how can we give up anything? Nations never do that.

England—It's against our tradition.

Italy—Mussolini wouldn't allow it.

Japan—O, how I need you, Siberia!

America (rapping again)—Can't we agree on anything?

All—No, no.

Italy—Nations never agree.

England—It's against our glorious traditions.

France—Even if we agreed we wouldn't stand by our agreements. Look at Germany.

Japan—Yes, everything is Germany's fault.

England—No, Russia's.

All—Yes, Russia, Russia, let us invade Russia.

England—They killed the czar!

France—Repudiated their debts!

Italy—Kicked out the bosses!

Japan—Nationalized the women!

England—And they freed Persia, the scoundrels!

Italy—Let's invade them. We must free Russia from dictatorship!

All (in a frenzy)—War, war, war, on Russia! Down with Russia! Down with the working class! War, war, war! (they yell and dance and pound their guns on table and flourish them over their heads.)

America (rapping again)—Gentlemen, peace, peace! Listen to me. Listen to your Uncle

Sam. (They continued.) Won't you listen? By god, I'll make you listen, or plug you full of holes. (Signals to orchestra, and there is crashing of drums, etc.) Sit down and listen or I'll foreclose my mortgages on you! Remember that you all owe me billions of dollars. (They sober up immediately and sit down with serious faces.)

France—Forgive us, Uncle, we forgot we were in hock to you!

America (disgustedly)—What a lot of damn fools you Europeans are—thank god I'm Nordic and sane and sane! Now listen! This thing has got to get somewhere. I'm sorry

I called this conference, but now we're in it, we must show some results. Everybody's sick of war in our countries, and until we're ready for the next war, we've got to make our people feel good. Besides, how can you Europeans pay your interest on your mortgages to me if you have such big armies?

France—It's all Russia's fault. Down with Russia!

England—War, war!

America—Silence! If any of you interrupt me again, I'll ram a cannon down your neck. We must have peace! The point is this: we are here to patch up some kind of imitation of peace. We've got to put on some kind of show for the boobs at home. They simply must be amused until the next war. Don't you dumbbells understand that? I thought you were statesmen. You sound like a lot of ham actors to me.

England—But what can we do? Every thing has failed!

France—Yes, shall we give up our beautiful armies just for the sake of disarmament?

Italy (sentimentally)—I just love my bombs, castor oil, Fascimo and dynamite. They are the spirit of youth! Don't take away the only fun I have.

All—Russia, Russia, let's invade Russia!

America (pointing pistol at them)—Shut up, or by George Washington, I'll make Swiss cheeses out of every son-of-a-gun of yeh all. (Switzerland skips in lightly, juggling four glasses on a tray. He has his cap pistol in his hand, and shoots it off playfully. All the nations jump nervously.)

America (irritated)—My god, you shouldn't do that, you microbe! Not a time like this.

Switzerland (frightened)—But it is only a toy pistol, not a real revolver, like yours! Oh, pardon, pardon, messieurs!

England (rising severely)—Mr. Chairman, we cannot pardon such frivolity. It is positively dangerous! Mr. Chairman, I have a solution for our difficulties. I move we disarm Switzerland. His toy pistol is dangerous to the peace of the world!

France—Think of the poor tourists! I second it.

Japan—And the winter sports.

Italy—And the cheese consumers. I second it, too.

America—All those in favor, say aye.

All—Aye, aye. Peace, we want peace!

Switzerland (falling on knees)—But it's only a toy pistol, please can't I play with my little pistol?



—By Vose

All (surrounding him, and leveling their big pistols at him)—No. You must disarm.

Switzerland (handing it over—and bursting into a long childish wail)—Ah, aie—I don't wanna disarm, I wanna play with pistols like all the big boys do, aie, aie, mommer, aie!

(The nations strike noble poses, cannon are fired, drums and fifes sound, and the orchestra plays a dozen national hymns as the disarmament conference adjourns until the next one, and the 5,000 other conferences after it.)

CURTAIN.

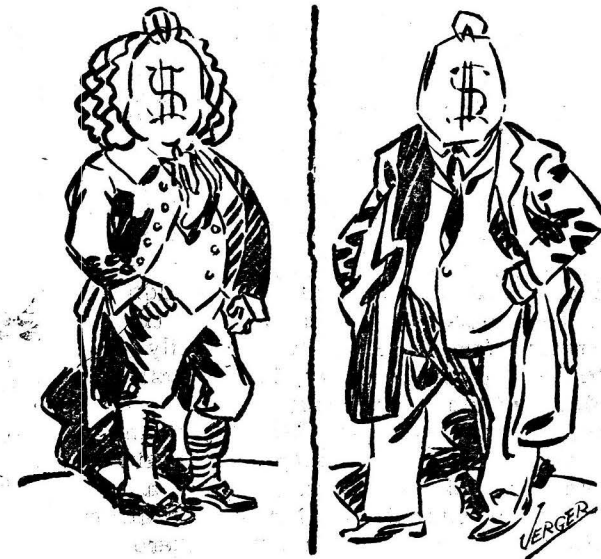
Fumigating the American Revolution

By EUGENE LYONS.

ONCE a year, on July 4th, our politicians, professional patriots, captains of industry and a lot of others are obliged to use the terrifying word "revolution" in a perfectly respectable connotation — as applied to an event back in 1776 guaranteed 100 percent pure American, white and Nordic. They touch the word gingerly. They make wry faces. And they hasten to explain that it wasn't kind of a revolution. Not, you know, the kind associated with wild-eyed Russians or bloodthirsty Mexican greasers or opera bouffe South Americans. There were no radicals in those days because the only aliens were the Indians.

Maybe you think of revolution as something lusty, passionate, headlong, with hoodlum Boston tea parties every Thursday afternoon and a lot of frenzied Patrick Henrys and Nathan Hales snapping their fingers at death. Forget it, brother. The sesquicentennial spellbinders know better. Flying heads and lampposts as gibbets, red flags and surging mobs sing the Marseillaise is all right for the foreigners. But it isn't in the Nordic tradition. Ours was not only a decent revolution, it was a legal one, with some of the best people giving their financial and moral support.

Calvin Coolidge, president in direct line of descent from Washington made a special trip to Philadelphia on Independence Day last to explain it all. He demonstrated the divine origin of the American Revolution.



The Money Bag of 1776 and 1926: "Revolution? Non-sense! Not in America!"

Maybe whoever wrote that speech got his notion of the American Revolution from its alleged Daughters, recently gathered in convention. Anyhow, as described in that document it was a nice respectable affair, some squabbles of course, but withal dignified—a perfectly legal revolution, too, with the sanction of the Almighty, who seems to have been the whole business in the final analysis.

"In their immediate occasion," Coolidge admits, the causes of the thing "were largely economic." Some difficulties about taxation and navigation laws, he intimates. There's no use going too deeply into these unpleasant and purely materialistic matters. The chief thing is to ascertain whether those fellows followed the rules of political etiquette, otherwise the embattled farmers of Lexington and Concord might set a bad example to the embattled miners of Logan County, West Virginia.

No note, in the first place, as Coolidge does, that the revolution "was not without the support of many of the most respectable people in the Colonies, who were entitled to all the consideration that is given to breeding, education and possessions". Also that "it was in no sense a rising of the oppressed and downtrodden. It brought no scum to the surface, for the reason that colonial society had developed no scum." There was the stamp of law and order upon the whole proceeding. The members of the Continental Congress obeyed instructions of their constituencies, and that, Coolidge avers,

"reveals an orderly process of government in the first place; but more than that, it demonstrates that the Declaration of Independence was the result of the seasoned and deliberate thought of the dominant portion of the people of the Colonies. Adopted after long discussion, and as the result of the duly authorized expression of the preponderance of public opinion, it did not partake of dark intrigue or hidden conspiracy. It was well advised. It had about it nothing of the lawless and disordered nature of a riotous insurrection. It was maintained on a plane which rises above the ordinary conception of rebellion. It was in no sense a radical movement but took on the dignity of a resistance to illegal usurpations. It was conservative and represented the action of the colonists to maintain their constitutional rights which from time immemorial had been guaranteed to them under the law of the land." (Emphasis mine, but inevitable.)

It was this fact of frock-coated dignity and legality, Coolidge instructs his audience, which makes the Declaration "the most important document in the world." The fact that it was "the political action of a duly authorized and constituted representative public body in its sovereign capacity, supported by the force of general opinion and"—here Coolidge forgets his legality—"and by the armies of Washington already in the field."

No roughhouse or horseplay about the American Revolution, you understand, so you needn't get wrong ideas into your head. The rowdy element so much to the fore in foreign revolutions was absent. And every bit of it made in America. Listen:

"No doubt the speculations which had been going on in England and especially on the Continent, lent their influence to the general sentiment of the time. Of course, the world is always influenced by all the experience and all the thought of the past. But when we come to a contemplation of the immediate conception of the principles of human relationship which went into the Declaration of Independence we are not required to extend our search beyond our own shores. . . . Whatever else we may say of it, the Declaration of Independence was profoundly American."

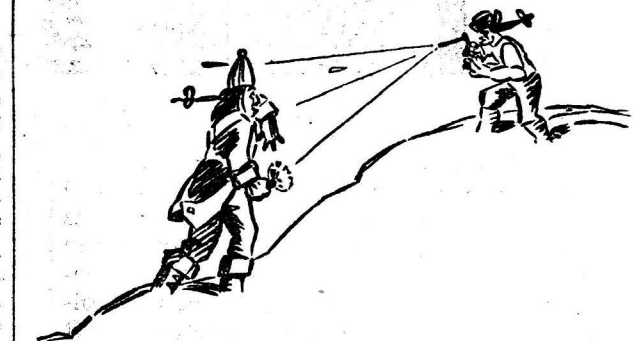
Not only American, but stemming directly from the Scriptures. "No one can examine this record and escape the conclusion that in the great outline of its principles the declaration was the result of the religious teachings of the preceding period." Coolidge refers to the writings and sermons of Jonathan Edwards, George Whitefield, John Wise, Thomas Hooker. (No, he overlooked the religious writings of Tom Paine). These clerics apparently proved to Coolidge's satisfaction that "the ultimate sanction of law rests on the righteous authority of the Almighty." Unlike modern revolutionaries, the American fathers "were intent on religious worship. . . . "While scantily provided with other literature, there was a wide acquaintance with the Scriptures. Over a period as great as that which measures the existence of our independence they were subject to this discipline not only in their religious life and educational training, but also in their political thought."

The moral s obvious. Back to the Scriptures! "The things of the spirit come first. Unless we cling to that, all our material prosperity, overwhelming as it may appear, will turn to a barren scepter in our grasp. If we are to maintain the great heritage which they have bequeathed to us, we must be like-minded as the fathers who created it. We must not sink into a pagan materialism. We must cultivate the reverence which they had for the things that are holy."

All the Independence Day orators are fidgety about this material prosperity—proud, you know, but self-conscious. Coolidge refers to it condescendingly at one point as "the less important matter of material possessions." Senator Butler, speaking the same day in New Bedford, also poo-pooes this money stuff people make so much fuss about. "Ours is not merely a story of material progress," he says, ". . . More than that, it is a story of spiritual development, of the growth of a nation devoted to human rights and aspirations." (Butler's spiritual achievements are well known. He employed private detectives to enforce human rights in his textile mills. No doubt he will protest against the arrest of Harry Dana and a few others that very day for reading the Declaration of Independence in Lawrence, where much of Butler's despised material possessions are concentrated.)

The outpouring of July 4th hokum in the rest of the land was along the same lines. I judge from press excerpts. Bishop Manning, William Green, Wayne B. Wheeler, and Nicholas Murray Butler were among those who endorsed the American Revolution. This Butler, in London, publicly apologized to Great Britain for the late War for Independence, as all polite Americans should. "The Declaration of Independence," he declared, "was not the outgiving of a group of casual disturbers of the peace." No, they were gentlemen all, and authorized spokesmen and really drew their harsh words from Anglo-Saxon sources.

The formula of these gentlemen and their kind is



The Battle of Bunker Hill.

The well-trained soldier of the King, armed with a powder-puff, is repulsed by the inexperienced New England lad whose sole weapon of defense consists of an atomizer filled with five and ten cent store perfume!



A colonial mountain boy slaps a red-coat firmly upon the wrist! Indignant members of the D. A. R. vehemently deny that any such rudeness was practiced by "our boys."

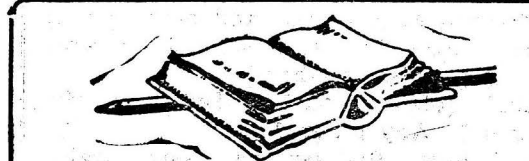
generally something like this: Ours was the first, the last and the only good and respectable revolution. It settled everything once and for all time, so that discontent is not only illegal and blasphemous but entirely unnecessary.

The economic driving motives of the American revolution are minimized. And the heroic religio-sentimental balderdash is emphasized. The picture of economic conflict leading inevitably to a climax of revolutionary direct action is blurred and obliterated. Instead we are presented with a tinted chromo that shows frock-coated gentlemen enthroning justice, liberty, equality, democracy and the rest of the loquacious sisterhood, while the clerics pray for their souls. With this chromo hung on the walls of your home you are safe against damned agitators, Bolsheviks, anarchists—in fact, everybody except the rent collector.

It seems a pity that the sesquicentennial celebration should be used to conceal the essential revolutionary character of the American revolution. The fact is that its impetus was economic—the emergence of a rising social class, adopting political and ethical slogans that suited its purposes, precisely as in the French Revolution or the Russian Revolution. In its methods the American Revolution was as frankly defiant of constituted authority or established forms as any Soviet or Jacobin club; as ready to use force, terror, summary elimination of enemies. Royalists in the American revolution fared little better than aristocrats in the Paris of 1789 or the bourgeoisie in the Petrograd of 1917. The local committees of correspondence and the inter-colonial congresses were based upon the suffrage (where any pretense of suffrage was made at all) of trusted friends to the utter disregard of the lukewarm and indifferent—in fact, a dictatorship of the faithful.

The gist of the Declaration of Independence was its affirmation of the right to change a government that has become tyrannical—or economically obsolete—by force if necessary. The American Revolution had its right and left wings and all the other concomitants of revolt. Especially it was touched by an ardor and red-hot enthusiasm entirely at variance with the picture of calm and respectable legal procedure painted by our reactionary patriots. It was a real revolution, however distasteful that fact may be to our Coolidges and Butlers.

The sesquicentennial celebration is a good time for reminding the American people of this essential truth.



One of the most unusual features that has appeared in the Magazine Supplement begins

NEXT WEEK

"LABOR AND LITERATURE"

by V. F. Calverton

author of "The Newer Spirit."

A series of five excellent articles begins next Saturday, WITH THE ADDED FEATURE OF DECORATIVE ART WORK BY THE NOTED PROLETARIAN ARTIST,

FRED ELLIS

Life and Struggles in Ireland

By T. J. O'Flaherty

THE Irish Trade Union Congress is the supreme organ of the Irish trade union movement. The great majority of the organized workers are affiliated with the congress. The dominating factor in this body is the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union.

Hitherto the executive committee of the congress functioned as the executive of the Irish Labor Party. There was no political organization until recently, when it was decided to reorganize the labor party on the basis of individual membership, with a program that makes appeal to small farmers, small business men and the city and agricultural proletariat and intellectuals.

Active work is now in progress for the organization of the labor party under the direction of Archie Heron, financial secretary of the Transport Union, who was "loaned" to the labor party by his union for the work. While an invitation is extended to the left wing elements—I presume the Communists are meant—it is a rather left-handed invitation, as the admonition goes with it that proper political decorum will be insisted on, and undoubtedly the court of etiquette will be controlled by those who seem to think that Communists can only be good when dead or else afflicted with mental and physical paralysis.

The new development in political organization of the working class is a great step forward, even tho it will inevitably be under the conservative influence of Thomas Johnston and his followers for some time to come. It is the first time in Irish history that steps have been taken to organize a mass political party representing the interests of the workers and peasants.

What about the status of the various groupings, political and industrial, in the Irish labor movement?

First comes the Transport Union, with 50,000 members and a weekly publication, the Voice of Labor. The union has a reputation for militancy and still retains that reputation. Its official organ sometimes is more like a mouthpiece for the labor party than for the union. It lacks a consistent policy, but is decidedly to the left, that is, comparatively. Compared to the official organs of American trade unions, it is revolutionary. It is more advanced than Advance, organ of the American Amalgamated Clothing Workers, and much less cynical. The Transport Union officials, regardless of their deviations, have spurned the idea of allowing the union to dabble in business. They favor co-operative effort, but they have not yet, at least, descended to the level of excusing business ventures with the argument that this is the way to put the capitalists out of business, as some labor bankers and labor coal operators have done.

The voice of Labor is friendly to Soviet Russia and hints that it favors the organization of a unified trade union international with the inclusion of the Russian trade unions. The union is affiliated with the International Transport Workers' Federation, but the Irish Trade Union Congress is neither affiliated with reformist Amsterdam nor with the revolutionary Red International of Labor Unions.

At the Derry congress of the I. T. U. C. held last year a motion was made, I believe by Archie Heron, that the congress should affiliate with Amsterdam in order to be in a position to assist the British trade unions in their efforts to bring about a meeting between the two internationals with a view towards unity.

Others took the position, O'Brien among them, that it was by no means impossible that a break between Amsterdam and the British unions would take place, the latter possibly withdrawing from the I. F. of T. U. As the Irish trade unions never had any international affiliations, not even with the British, as has been erroneously assumed, it would require an educational campaign to convince the Irish workers they should affiliate, and in the event of a rupture between the left wing elements already affiliated with Amsterdam, resulting in a withdrawal, the Irish unions could not stay and they could not withdraw without another propaganda campaign

for withdrawal. Therefore the best policy was to express approval of the movement for international unity and await developments. This position carried. I found the officials of the Transport Union deeply interested in the work of the Anglo-Russian committee and sympathetic with its aims.

There are several sections of British unions in Ireland that are not under the control of the Irish Trade Union Congress. In fact, the congress, even tho it is clothed with more power, in emergency situations, than the A. F. of L., is nevertheless very much like the "rope of sand" that Samuel Gompers compared the federation to at the Montreal convention.

Is there a left and right wing in the Transport Union?

Undoubtedly there are left and right tendencies, as in all organizations, but the left has not yet assumed organized form. William O'Brien, general secretary, gave me one explanation why such was the case.

He attributed this phenomenon to the rebellion, the Black and Tan terror, and the civil war between republicans and free staters that followed. The members of the union, or many of them, participated in all those actions. O'Brien was arrested and imprisoned after the rebellion, with practically all members of the executive. With bombs "bursting in air" burnings, executions taking place daily and nightly, there was little time to devote to inner union politics. The big job was one of defense against the external foe.

WITH the final military defeat of the republicans, the union members naturally began to look for something else to fight about. It looked as if a left wing was in the process of formation. Several active members of the union were in the Communist Party. In fact William O'Brien and Cathal O'Shannon were originally members of the Communist Party, as they were members of the Irish socialist party, which James Connolly organized. Cathal O'Shannon is editor of the Voice of Labor.

No sooner was the civil war over than another obstacle to the development of a left wing appeared. This was a bitter factional fight which ended in the organization of the Workers' Union of Ireland. That war is still on, without any indication of a truce, armistice or peace. The most progressive of the transport union members who were not affiliated with the virus of dual unionism stayed with the parent organization and raised the slogan of unity. As the secessionists laid claims to the mantle of radicalism, many of the healthy but unseasoned progressives split with the I. T. G. W. U. The result has been almost disastrous for the trade union movement as a whole and a deterrent to the development of a left wing.

Nevertheless, my opinion is that the Transport Union is the center of gravity of the Irish labor movement, and that from within its ranks will be developed the leadership that will play the big and leading part in the class struggle in Ireland in the future.

The Workers' Union of Ireland does not exist outside of the city of Dublin to any considerable extent. How many members it has on its rolls appears to be a mystery. In many respects it reminds me of the O. B. U., that was organized by Ben Legere in Lawrence, Massachusetts. Ben was a resourceful fellow and while he remained in Lawrence he was usually able to stage a demonstration of some kind. Incidentally, he was an actor by profession. Ben's members did not have to bother much about paying dues. Their moral support and ideological kinship was sufficient. But when Ben left Lawrence the O. B. U. disappeared.

The Workers' Union of Ireland expects its members to pay dues, but the executive relies more on a rather flourishing coal business than on dues payments for revenue. It must be admitted that Jim Larkin is a very resourceful leader. Indeed, it is very doubtful if anybody else could have thought of the devices he brought into play to defeat his enemies.

The coal dockers were on strike. Most of them, I believe, were on the rolls of the Workers' Union. Scotch

coal companies had a practical monopoly on the Dublin market. Larkin conceived an idea and then took action. He organized a coal company, made a contract with a British company to supply him with black diamonds and now the union is doing a flourishing business with the Scotch sucking their thumbs.

Of course everything is not easy sailing. There is sometimes trouble about cash and quarrels with committees over this thing and that thing, and there is also a feeling that business and unionism do not go hand in hand.

The Workers' Union of Ireland has no publication. Its organ, the Irish Worker, went out of business over a year ago.

The membership is probably in the vicinity of one thousand, tho this cannot be officially learned, as no figures have been made public.

There are two central bodies in Dublin, the Workers' Council and the Dublin Trade Council. The former is dominated by the Transport Union and was organized in the early days of the Russian revolution. The latter has not a large affiliation and is dominated by P. T. Daly, formerly an ally of Larkin, but now a member of the executive committee of the Workers' Party of Ireland, the only organization in Ireland of a Communist character.

The Workers' Party of Ireland.

SINCE the Communist Party of Ireland was liquidated in 1923 there has been no organization there that systematically issued Communist propaganda. The members of the dissolved party maintained themselves as a unit in a Connolly educational society. Under the guidance of Robert Stewart, now acting secretary of the Communist Party of Great Britain, plans were made to launch a Workers' Party in May, 1925. The program and platform was published and the prospects were bright, when, to the dismay of the organizers, a few days before the scheduled date of the conference that was to launch the party, a statement appeared in the public press to the effect that the Workers' Union of Ireland would have nothing to do with it. The project was then indefinitely postponed.

This year, however, a Workers' Party was organized, in which neither the Transport Union nor the Workers' Union are officially represented. The active leaders of the new party are former members of the Communist Party of Ireland. The infant party has not much prospect of immediate success, as the objective conditions are not at all favorable to the rapid growth of a Communist Party. Nevertheless, those comrades seem to be tackling a difficult job with courage and enthusiasm. Having no funds to publish a printed sheet, they are issuing a mimeographed bulletin called "The Irish Hammer and Plough" from 47 Parnell Square, Dublin. Tho not an affiliated section of the Communist International, the party follows the political and industrial line of the Comintern and urges a united front of the warring trade union factions against the employers.

Evidently the comrades have learned a good deal from their past mistakes and have discarded the leftism with which the late Communist Party was afflicted.

The rebel spirit which the British failed to quench is not dead in Ireland. But it is taking a nap. Peadar O'Donnel, militant republican leader, and one of the few in that movement who has a social program for the workers, attributes the present apathy to the strain of the long-drawn-out struggle that lasted eight years without intermission. The general opinion is that this condition will soon pass away and that a more militant spirit will soon manifest itself among the Irish workers and the republican nationalists.

Communist propaganda is sorely needed in Ireland and the attempt of the Workers' Party of Ireland to supply this want deserves every possible encouragement.



THE TINY WORKER

A Weekly

Edited by Jeanette Newman, New York
Johnny Red, Assistant.

Vol. 1.

Saturday, August 14, 1926

No. 12

A GOOD REASON
By Charmion Oliver
San Francisco

Teacher of a public school addressing a pupil who is a Young Pioneer:

Teacher: "Lillian Bunow, will you please tell the class what is the shape of the earth?"

Lillian: "The world is round."

Teacher: "Will you explain why?"

Lillian: "Well, outside of Russia there is little that is square so it must be round!"

FAIRY TALE

By Charmion Oliver

A priest in our neighborhood said to his congregation one Sunday that the only place on earth where the teachings of Christ were put into practice is Soviet Russia.

When he said this, the congregation arose and gave him three cheers.

NOTE: If you don't like this as a Fairy tale it might make a good Bug-house Fable.

EXTRA

A little comrade from Minneapolis who signs herself "Dorothy Red," sent us a really nice little story. Read it in next week's issue. It's good! Hope she sends us some more!



Book!

PASSAIC

By Jeanette Newman
New York

There is a strike in Passaic
'Tis going for months they say
When will it finish, I ask
When will it fade away?

Help win the strike we cry;
Look to the future day—
Send old clothing to poor children
Keep them in store for aye.

Children of Bolsheviks! Heed to my words;—

Ask a penny of Daddy each day;
Put it away in a safe little box
And to Passaic then far away
Send your pennies, to help these

kiddies,
To keep starvation away
And help them win—today!

This little appeal in verse for the Passaic strikers is sent in by Jeanette—aged 12, sister of the 10-year old Bolshevik. And it makes her editor of this issue. Come again Jeanette—and how about your sister?

FAIRY TALE
By Sidney Nadolsky,
Grand Rapids,
Mich.

The textile bosses had to lower the workers' wages because they could hardly support themselves.

Ghee, that's a real fairy tale isn't it?

NEW YANKEE DOODLE
By Rose Horowitz,
Rochester, N. Y.

(Sing to the tune of Yankee Doodle)

Oh, dough there is a plenty
But not for workers' pockets
Because the grafters grab it all
And turn it into profits.
Chorus

Capitalism is falling down
But Communism's lifting
The money kings with broken crowns
In the deep blue sea are drifting.

And here is another cheer that Rose sends in!

Ice-cream, candy, eskimo pie
V-I-C-T-O-R-Y
Are we in it?
Well I guess!
The pioneers!
The pioneers!
Yes! Yes! YES!

Felix Edmundovich Dzerzhinsky

By B. K. GEBERT.

...“After the fall of the proletarian dictatorship the blackest night began for the Hungarian proletariat. The white terror raged throughout the land.”

The president calls Vagi to order and instructs him to speak in his own defense.

Vagi continued fearlessly: “Seventy thousand prisoners were thrown into the dungeons and numberless martyrs were sent to eternity.”

—From the speech of Comrade Stefan Vagi, before the court of Horthy on July 19, 1926, in Budapest.

This is how the capitalist class teaches the workers a lesson in what not to do when taking power in its hands. In 1871, after the fall of the Paris Commune under the assault of Thierre and Bismarck, over 30,000 workers were butchered by the capitalists. But this fact does not alone in the history of the class struggle. The same happened when the workers' revolutions were crushed in Finland, Germany, Poland and Esthonia. Yes, in every struggle of the workers for their rights, the capitalist class uses all its power to drown the fight in workers' blood. Even in the every day struggles this method is applied, only on a “small scale”.

But even 30,000 martyrs of a Paris Commune would be a “trifle” as compared with what would have happened to the workers had the capitalist succeeded in Russia after November 7, 1917.

The Proletarian Revolution in Russia was victorious at first with few martyrs. There was no cheka in the first days of the revolution. It was created on December 7, 1917 to defend the Revolution, inasmuch as the bourgeoisie, the landlords, the former czar's officers began a campaign to smash the workers' and peasants' govern-

ment. Then the Soviet Government resorted to drastic means to defend the Revolution. Comrade Felix Edmundovich Dzerzhinsky was chosen to lead the fight as on so many other occasions, the right comrade was chosen for the right job.

Comrade Dzerzhinsky properly used the sword of the cheka. Blow after blow was delivered at the counter-revolutionary conspiracy. The name of Dzerzhinsky became most hateful

Vilna, he was already identified with the revolutionary movement. In 1895 he joined the Social-Democratic Party of Poland and Lithuania, a revolutionary Marxist party led by Rosa Luxemburg. He was known among the comrades under the name of “Jozef”.

In 1897 we find him among the workers of Kovno, an industrial city. but the workers there were not organized. Here he was arrested by the czar's police for the first time and



Felix E. Dzerzhinsky in the coffin in Moscow, Trade Union Hall, July 21.

to the bourgeoisie while it was pronounced with pride by the workers as they saw in this apparatus the protector of the revolution. Bourgeois and socialist, pacifist and christian all alike condemned the red terror. They cried for mercy for the oppressors, whereas they not only kept quiet but actually supported the butchering of 15,000,000 workers and peasants in the last war, and today these same opponents of red terror are taking part in oppressing and murdering the struggling workers, peasants and the oppressed nationalities.

Comrade Dzerzhinsky showed the whole world proletariat how to defend a workers' revolution.

COMRADE Dzerzhinsky was known among revolutionary workers of Poland and Russia for the last 32 years. In 1894, while in college in

sent for three years to the province of Viatka, and later 50 verst farther north in Siberia to Kapporodock. From there he escaped in 1899 and returned to Vilna. Soon after he went to Moscow. In Moscow he purchased a passport for 10 rubles and went to Warsaw. Here he launched a merciless campaign against the PPS. elements (Polish Socialist Party, an organization of reformists and nationalists) and was one of the most beloved leaders of the Warsaw proletariat. In 1900 he was arrested in Warsaw, where he was first detained in the fortress and later sent to Sedlece. In 1902 he was deported to Eastern Siberia, but on the way escaped and went abroad.

In Berlin, in 1902, he took part in the second congress of the Social-Democratic Party of Poland and Lithuania and afterwards settled in Cracow, Galicia.

From Cracow he came back to Russian Poland in 1905 and settled down for work as executive member of the party. During 1905 he was again kept in jail for a few months.

In 1906 Dzerzhinsky was a delegate to the Unity Congress of the Russian Social-Democratic Labor Party. He was elected to the Central Executive Committee as a representative of the Social-Democratic Party of Poland and Lithuania. At the end of 1906 he was again arrested in Warsaw and released in 1907.

In 1908 he was arrested and sent to Siberia, but he spent there only seven days. He escaped and again went abroad. He returned to Warsaw in 1912 where on September 1 he was once more arrested and condemned for three years. In 1916 the Moscow Czar's Tribunal sentenced him to six more years for activity in the Party.

The February Revolution opened for him the doors of the Central prison in Moscow. He went to Petrograd and joined the fighting ranks of the Bolsheviks. In August 1917, he was elected to the Central Committee of the Bolshevik Party and worked in Petrograd. In the October Revolution we find him serving as a member of the Military Revolutionary Council and on December 7 he was chairman of the famous cheka.

After the counter-revolutionary forces were broken up, Comrade Dzerzhinsky became Commissar of Ways and Means of Communication, where he proved to be just as good an organizer as he was a merciless fighter of the counter-revolution. Later he was elected chairman of the Supreme Council of National Economy and on this post the great collaborator of Lenin, the great revolutionist died July 20, 1926 at 8:40 P. M.

Comrade Dzerzhinsky is dead but he left behind him an accomplished job from which the workers of the world will learn how to defend their revolutions and build up a Communist society.

FUNERAL OF DZERZHINSKY ON THE RED SQUARE IN MOSCOW, JULY 22, 1926



The coffin is carried by (from left to right) Rudsutak, Rykov, Stalin, Tomsy, Molotov and Kirov. Janek, son of Dzerzhinsky, and Varsky follow the coffin.

WHAT AND HOW TO READ

The New Economics.

By ARTHUR W. CALHOUN

If you have followed up the reading suggested in our previous lessons, you are ready now to go at an actual analysis of economic life with a view to systematizing your knowledge and opinions about how the world makes its living. Up until a few years ago, there was no book written by a university economist that one could recommend to labor people, but Edie's "Principles of the New Economics," published by Thomas Y. Crowell company, is really worth while.

The first part, dealing with Economic Psychology, is especially noteworthy because it analyzes, classifies, and explains the interests at work in the world of economic affairs. If the worker will read thru this section and try to recall in his own experience instances that illustrate each trait discussed by the author, the exercise will be very valuable. It is worth while, too, to ask which of the tendencies are an asset to the labor movement and which are a hindrance.

There is only one qualification at this point: Edie's psychology is not up to date in every respect. For instance he assumes that the traits manifested in human behavior are largely instinctive or based on definite instincts, just as in the case of animals. In reality there is no conclusive evidence that man has any inherited tendencies that should be called instincts; so whenever you find the author talking about instincts, replace the word by "interests" or "tendencies" and assume that they are qualities acquired by experience rather than inherited traits. Ask yourself, too, how a person acquires the interest in workmanship, in possession of things, in self-assertion. Ask how he acquires submissiveness, the disposition to herd together, the tendency to fear and to fight, and all the other desires that the author discusses.

Moreover you may discount what Edie says about the army "nut tests." The intelligence testers have not really proved their claims of being able to measure the native intelligence of individuals, and you may assume for the present that the general quality of the people is good enough to carry on the job of civilization.

When these allowances have been made, you may safely stick by Edie on most other points. If he does not always look at things from a viewpoint sufficiently revolutionary to suit you, you can correct his bias as you like; but you don't need to be afraid of his facts. You will find, indeed, that his analysis of the economic process gives you just the sort of stuff you need for the underpinning of the labor philosophy.

Especially valuable is Edie's presentation in chapter V of the "Mechanical and Scientific Basis of Economics." Why do the workers need to concern themselves with the technical aspects of industry? Have the technicians and the engineers anything in common with Labor? What prospect do you think there is that some of them may break away from subservience to the capitalist? Do the workers need to interest themselves in winning over the engineers?

When you come to chapter VI, on Labor's Part in Production, you may feel more at home. Has Edie interpreted the situation and experience of the workers as well as a university professor could be expected to do? Do you find any points on which you want to quarrel with him? What new material does this chapter provide for propaganda? If you start with these questions and follow them clear through, the chapter will do you good.

From the next chapter, on "Capital," you will want to carry away a lot of figures about wealth and income. How

much wealth is there in the United States? What is the total annual income of the American people? How much of this income must be re-invested year by year? What proportion of the income goes to labor? What portion goes to property ownership? How is ownership of wealth divided? How unequal is income? You may compare these figures with the ones you got in "American Economic Life." How do you account for conditions? What will you do?

This approach will give you an idea of how to go at the chapters on management, on markets, on money and credit. Better get perfectly clear on just how a corporation operates and how it works into big business. Has labor anything to hope for from buying stock in corporations? What power would ownership of stock by a union give? What should labor do about the trust movement? Are middle-man and banker more of parasites than other business men? In a work-

ers' commonwealth, how would the passage of goods to the consumer differ from the arrangement under the present marketing system? Which of the functions now performed by bankers would still have to be performed in a workers' state? Would the social revolution automatically solve the economic problem lurking in business and finance, or would it merely make the workers free to tackle the solution? How worth while is it for the worker to know the things treated in these chapters?

Probably Part III, on "Economic Adaptation," will not please you very well. You may think there is not much in Edie's ideas about "the Public" and "Governmental Control"; but is average American opinion as advanced as he is? What effect would it have on the average American if he digested the chapter on "Public Control"? Can you get anything out of it to use on Henry Dubb when you meet him on Main Street?

And then does Edie deal fairly with "Economic Radicalism"? How nearly correct a view on socialism and Communism will college boys get from this chapter? Is his "Economic Democracy" in the last chapter class collaboration?

Finally, is Edie's stuff worthy to be called the "New Economics"? Would you call it capitalist propaganda? If all his ideas were put into effect, how would the economic system differ from what it is now?

Suppose now you write up the subject by answering successively these questions: What do the workers want? What stands in the way? What means are available for satisfying the wants? To what extent are the means obstructed by the present business system? What forces are at work to make the present system more efficient? What forces tend to overthrow it? How can you use the knowledge of economics to strengthen the workers' movement?

A WEEK IN CARTOONS By M. P. Bales

