

The New Magazine

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In the Public Eye

Chang Tso Lin, the reactionary war lord of Manchuria and the agent of the Japanese and occasionally of British imperialism, is being beaten decisively by the revolutionary armies. Of all the reactionary generals, Chang Tso Lin is the most oppressive and blood-thirsty. Happily he is about to reach the end of his rope.



reach the end of his rope.

He is ceasing to be a coolie. He no longer agrees to carry on his bent shoulders the oppressive weight of foreign and native exploitation. He has become a fighter, a revolutionist and he is going to achieve victory.



The Chinese coolie is becoming a thing of the past. A past which was dark and looked hopeless for the millions upon millions of Chinese peasants and workers. But now the heart of the erstwhile coolie is throbbing with optimism and confidence. Fired by the world-liberating effects of the Russian revolution, have challenged imperialist robbery and are pushing towards freedom with invincible power and vigor.

Chang Kai Shih is the chief commander of the Cantonese armies. He is the trusted military head of Kuomintang, the party of the late Sun Yat Sen, which is governing Canton and is leading the glorious liberation movement of the Chinese people.



The chief objective of the Kuomintang party is the liberation of China from the yoke of foreign oppression, the unification of China under an independent Workers' and Peasants' government, and the establishment of real peace. Chiang Kai Shih is leading the Canton armies in the struggle of the Chinese masses for independence.

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The Passing of Eugene V. Debs

THE death of Eugene V. Debs marks the passing into history of a beautiful piece of romance in the proletarian class struggle of America.

Debs belonged to a past age. He was the child and symbol of a period in the labor movement that crashed and went under with the discharge of the first cannon in the late imperialist war. To the last minute of his militant life he continued to think in terms of prewar capitalism and prewar class struggle. And he was never able, despite his great proletarian soul, to grasp the full significance of the revolutionary changes that followed the war and of the new methods of struggle that these changes imposed upon the working class.

He was a great workingman. He hated capitalism with every fiber of his great human heart. He loved the toiling masses and was proud to be one of them. He gloried in their struggles and had faith in their victory. He spoke their mind and voiced their aspirations as few ever did. In this lay his strength, and for this he was loved and respected by countless numbers of exploited and oppressed.

But he also shared many of the illusions of the masses and even some of their prejudices. His heart was good, but his mind failed to adjust itself to the new perspectives in the class struggle that were opened up by the late war and by the Russian revolution. And in this lay the chief source of his weakness since 1914—a weakness which brought about the parting of ways between him and the left wing in the American labor movement: the Left Wing crystallizing eventually in the Workers (Communist) Party struggling under the banner of the Communist International and Debs remaining in the non-working class, opportunistic socialist party.

And yet—at the thought that Debs is no longer among us many a heart will contract with pain and sorrow. We will miss him. We will want to hear his flaming word and be moved to struggle by his inspiring image. But he is gone and with him has gone out of our midst the embodiment of the very best that the American labor movement possessed in the prewar period of its existence.

Though a member and in a sense a leader of the socialist party, and hence an opponent of the Communist Party, Debs had disregarded the anti-proletarian policies of his party on several occasions and together with the Communists had done the right thing by the working class. Despite the socialist party he rendered great service to the Friends of Soviet Russia during the Russian famine. He was a warm champion of the International Labor Defense, the movement for the protection of the foreign born and similar movements notwithstanding the official opposition of the socialist party. And by doing so Debs once more displayed the noblest and most valuable traits of his proletarian character.

(Concluded in the next column)

Day by Day

Chinese Emperor in Exile Sticks to Custom

Unlike his illustrious brother, the Kaiser William of Germany, the former Chinese emperor, who is now in exile, lets the world take its own course with himself contemplating in peace the past glories of the Manchu dynasty. Yet rumor will have it that the Japanese imperialists are keeping close to the former emperor (who, by the way, has his residence in a Japanese concession) and are cherishing some wild ambitions about bringing Hsuan Tung back to the throne for the greater glory of the Japanese banks and manufacturers.

Which is all well, except that there is a successful revolutionary movement in China. And this makes all the difference in the world.

Morgan Urges Economic Freedom

The recent manifesto of a group of international bankers urging the world to abolish economic barriers and high tariff walls has created little sensation in the stale waters of our internal politics. It even moved Coolidge to speak up.

J. P. Morgan and several more American imperialist robbers are among the signers of the manifesto, which gives the document tremendous significance. It is in effect the first shot fired by the American finance capitalists in their struggle to retain world financial supremacy. To American labor this means the reduction of its standard of living to the lowest European level.

Indiana Kluxers and a Girl in Knickers

While Senator Reed is "investigating" the misdoings of the klan in Indiana, we wish he would inquire into a matter which is now shaking Indiana even more violently than the exposure of the klan. We mean the case of Virginia Allen, 9 years old, a Port Fulton school girl, who is not allowed to attend classes because she wore knickers.

The line of inquiry we would suggest to the senator is this: Why are the rulers of Indiana more shocked by a little girl in knickers than by the political corruption and oppression prevailing in their state that stinks to heaven?

Emma Is Back

Some weeks ago, N. Sparks discussed with our readers the significance of the return of Ethyl. Ethyl, as our readers will recall, is the famous motor gasoline produced by the Standard Oil. In the opinion of experts Ethyl is a vicious, dangerous chemical which will drive insane people exposed to its influence.

Emma is not a chemical. She is a former anarchist and now a renegade to the working class. She is back in America the same as Ethyl is back. And she may not be as dangerous as Ethyl, Emma Goldman is certainly as vicious. Beware!

THE PASSING OF DEBS

With the passing of Debs many an honest worker belonging to or supporting the socialist party only because of Eugene V. Debs will be confronted with a crisis. What shall he do? Where shall he go? Debs himself could not answer that question satisfactorily. But the younger generation of workers who admired and followed Debs should be able to find the answer. They will go to the movement whose heart pulsates with the same idealism that moved Debs to great doings in the best years of his life.

The Communists will cherish the memory of Debs. They will keep green and alive in the souls of the growing generation of proletarian fighters the beautiful image of a great and loyal workingman. And from the height of Eugene's achievements in the proletarian class struggle, the militant workers of America will reach out after wider perspectives, thus striving to realize the ideals of Debs under the banner of Leninism and under the guidance of the Communist International.

ALEX. BITTELMAN.

KARL MARX

Personal Recollections

By PAUL LAFARGUE.

III

For years I accompanied him on his walks to Hampstead Heath. On these walks thru the meadows I received my economic education from him. Without himself noticing it, he gradually developed before me the contents of the whole first volume of "Capital" to the extent to which he was then writing it. After returning home I always wrote down what I had heard as well as I could. At first it was very hard for me to follow Marx' profound and involved train of thought. Unfortunately, I lost these precious notes; after the Commune, the police plundered and savaged my papers in Paris and Bordeaux. I regret especially the loss of the notes I took on that evening when, with that fullness of proof and reflection which were only his, Marx had unfolded to me his ingenious theory of the development of human society. It was as if a veil were torn from before my eyes; for the first time I clearly felt the logic of world history and could trace back to its material causes the development of society and of ideas which, in appearance, were such contradictory phenomena. I was as if dazzled by it, and for years this impression remained with me. It had the same effect upon the Madrid socialists when, with my slender means, I developed this theory for them, the grandest of the Marxian theories and undoubtedly one of the grandest that the human mind has ever conceived.

Marx' brain was armed with an incredible mass of historic and scientific facts and philosophic theories.

bled a warship lying in the harbor under full steam; he was always ready to strike out in every direction of thought. Certainly "Capital" reveals to us a spirit of astonishing force and immense knowledge; but for me, as for all who knew Marx closely, neither "Capital" nor any of his writings show the whole magnitude of his genius and of his knowledge. He stood far above his works.

I have worked with Marx; I was only the writer to whom he dictated; but then I had the opportunity to observe his manner of thinking and writing. His work was alternately easy and hard for him; easy since the facts and reflections relating to the occasional theme crowded in profusion before his mind's eye at the first stroke; but his profusion made the complete presentation of his ideas difficult and lengthy.

Vico said, "the thing is only a body for god who knows everything; for man, who recognizes only externalities, it is merely a surface." Marx grasped things after the manner of Vico's god. He did not merely see the surface, he penetrated to the thing within, he investigated all elements in their actions and interactions; he isolated every one of these parts and traced the history of its development. Then he proceeded from the thing to its environment and observed the effect of the latter upon the former and vice versa; he went back to the origin of the object, to the transformations, evolutions, and revolutions which it had gone thru and finally worked his way thru to its remotest effects. He did not view a thing in itself, isolated from its environment, but a whole complicated



A barricade fight in the Revolution of 1848, in Germany.

and he was thoroly able to make use of all this knowledge and all these observations which he had gained by long intellectual labor. One could ask him about any subject at any time and he would receive the most extensive answers that could be desired and it was always accompanied by philosophical reflections of general significance. His brain resem-

world in the process of constant movement; and Marx wanted to render this world back again in its so manifold and continually fluctuating actions and reactions. The writers of the school of Flaubert and Concourt complain of how difficult it is to render back exactly what one sees, and yet that which they want to render back again is only the surface of

A PEEK EACH WEEK AT MOTION PICTURES

A DOZEN IN BRIEF.
THE PASSAIC STRIKE—Act on the suggestion above.
VARIETY—By all means see it.
ACROSS THE PACIFIC—By all means avoid it!
THE STRONG MAN—Good comedy by Harry Langdon (Senate).
MEN OF STEEL—Horseradish.
THE ROAD TO MANDALAY—More horseradish.
MARE NOSTRUM—War horseradish.
ALOMA OF THE SOUTH SEAS—Gilda Gray goulash.
THE AMATEUR GENTLEMAN—Not so bad.
TIN GODS—Rene Adoree saves it.
LA BOHEME—Worth-while.
UP IN MABEL'S ROOM—Clever Marie Prevost.
Note: Only Chicago theaters showing a program for one week are listed. Pictures of current week changed Monday.

"THE PASSAIC STRIKE."

At last here's a chance to see the "Passaic Strike" for ourselves. For all who have read of this great labor struggle here is a glorious opportunity. The film will be shown at the Ashland Blvd. Auditorium on Friday evening, October 29 at two performances at 7 and 9 p. m.

Here we can see 16,000 workers in a great strike. The mills, the parades, the fights, the police are all woven into a story to thrill every worker right down to his shoes. And here is the beauty of this film: workers act in it, they made it and now they themselves present it—to continue the good fight!

Turn out to one of the performances of this splendid treat if you have to go without supper for days. Once be-

which Vico speaks, the impression which they receive; their literary work is play compared to that of Marx'; it required an extraordinary power of thought to grasp reality and a no less unusual art to render back what he saw and claimed to have seen. He was never satisfied with his work, constantly changing it and always finding that the presentation remained behind the conception. A psychological study by Balzac, "The Hidden Masterpiece," which Zola miserably plagiarized, made a deep impression upon him because it described, in part, emotions which he himself had felt: a gifted painter is so tortured by the urge to render things exactly as they are reflected in his brain that he constantly polishes and retouches his picture until finally he had created nothing but a formless mass of paint which, in his biased eyes, is, nevertheless, the most perfect rendering of reality.

Marx united in himself the two characteristics of a gifted thinker. He was incomparable in dissecting a subject into its component parts and was a master in restoring the dissected subject in all its details and diverse forms of development and in discovering their inner relationships. His proof did not allow of abstractions, contrary to the charges of economists incapable of thinking; he did not apply the method of geometers who, after having taken their definitions from the world surrounding them, entirely disregard reality in drawing their conclusions. One does not find a single definition in "Capital," not a single formula, but a series of analyses of the finest precision, which reveal the most fleeting nuances and the most imperceptible degrees of difference. He begins with a statement of the obvious fact that the wealth of those societies in which the capitalist method of production predominates appears as a monstrous collection of commodities; the commodity, something concrete, no mathematical abstraction, is therefore the element, the unit of capitalist wealth. Marx then holds fast to the commodity, turns and twists it in every direction and inside out, enticing from it one secret after another of which the official economists had not even the least suspicion, but which are nevertheless more numerous and more profound than the mysteries of the catholic church. After he has investigated the commodity from every an-

gle, he examines it in relation to its own kind, in exchange; then he goes over to its production and to the historical prerequisites of its production. He examines the forms in which the commodity appears and shows how it passes from one form to another, how one necessarily gives rise to the other. The logical development of phenomena is portrayed with such consummate art that one could believe Marx had invented it, and yet it has its origin in reality and is a rendition of the actual dialectics of the commodity.

Remember the date and place: Friday, October 29, at the Ashland Blvd. Auditorium at 7 and 9 p. m.

fore we asked our movie readers to take every child of their own and their neighbors. Make them fighters of tomorrow by showing to them the great labor deeds of today. Go with the whole family. Help mother with the dishes so she can see it also.

Marx always worked with the extreme conscientiousness. He gave neither fact nor number which could not be supported by the best authorities. He was not satisfied with communicating second-hand material; he always went to the source itself, no matter how laborious that might be; for the sake of a minor fact, he was capable of hurrying to the British Museum in order to assure himself from the books there. Nor were his critics ever in a position to catch him in any carelessness or to show him that he was supporting his proof by facts which could not bear a strong test. His habit of going to the sources had brought him to the point of reading the least known writers who were cited by him alone. "Capital" contains such a mass of quotations from unknown writers that one might think it was done for the purpose of displaying his extensive reading. Marx thought otherwise about it: "I exercise historic justice; I give every one his due," he said. He considered it his duty to name the writer, no matter how insignificant and unknown the latter might be, who had first expressed an idea or by whom it had been given its most exact expression.

His literary conscience was equally as severe as his scientific one. He would never make use of a fact of which he was not quite certain; he never allowed himself to talk about a subject before he had thoroly studied it. He published nothing that he had not repeatedly reworked and for which he had not found a corresponding form. He could not bear the thought of appearing before the public with an incomplete work; it would have been torture for him to show his manuscripts before he had put the last touch to them. This feeling was so strong in him that one day he told me he would rather burn his manuscripts than leave them behind unfinished.



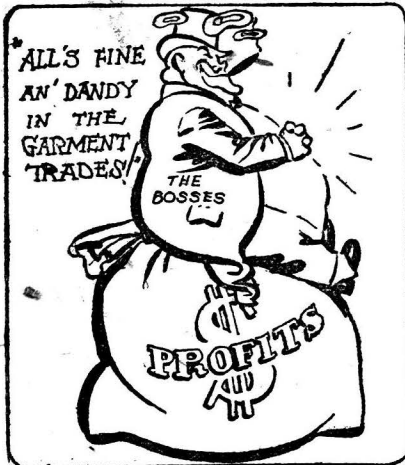
Ricardo Cortez, in the Eagle of the Sea, now being shown at the Oriental.

Garments, Unions and Strikes

(Decorations by Jerger)

By JOSEPH ZACK.

IT would take an Anatole France or Emile Zola to portray the exceedingly interesting rapid developments in the needle trades industry—the rapid turns in policy, the most insidious political and economic maneuvers of the various factors, parties and groups involved; a cauldron of nationalities, group interests, big capital, small bourgeoisie, Tammany Hall, graft and corruption; socialist party and socialistic union bureaucracy, anarchist syndicalist groups and the big new force which at present influences the politics of all groups—the organized left wing, led by the Communists—laboratory of politics, played in the midst of the politically most advanced section of the



American labor movement with the shrewdest political machines of the middle and petty bourgeoisie (Tammany Hall) and the best in the working class, the Workers' Party, with the socialist or rather the Jewish Daily Forward sandwiched in between. If any one politician looks for a kick in life the needle trades is the place for it, as Wm. Green, president of the A. F. of L., can testify from his recent experiences.

Characteristics of the Needle Industry.

IT is an industry composed mainly of small shops, except in the men's garments and millinery, where big plants made their appearance. The workers are predominantly skilled mechanics, Jewish and Italian, they are sentimental, temperamental, excitable, philosophical, fidgety and what not. There are other nationalities, Poles, Lithuanians, Finns, Germans, all the national cities of Europe. With the simplification of the processes of production, semi-skilled native elements have been entering the industry in numbers in recent years.

The wages vary from \$600 a year to \$1,100 on the average up to \$1,800. All in all there are about 600,000 workers in the needle industry, of whom about 400,000 are in the east, the rest spread all over the rest of the U. S. A.

Needle Trades Bureaucracy Does a Little Expelling.

OLD Sam Gompers originally started with some Irishmen and Germans to organize the vast army of needle workers. These people thought a union job would be as good as being a grocer or shining shoes politically to Murphy of Tammany Hall, and that's where, historically speaking, the trouble started. The socialist party in its heyday, with its big Jewish daily, the Forward, got after Gompers and his crowd and got control of the unions. Old Sammy was sore at the socialist party for years on account of this. Only in his last days did he try to forgive and forget in order not to play into the hands of the left wing. Sidney Hillman, at present president of the A. C. W., and J. Schlosberg, now secretary-treasurer, had the courage in those days to tell Sam's bosom friend, T. Rickert, president of the United Garment Workers, to go plumb to hell when the latter railroaded the convention in Tennessee and made a sell-out in the settlement of a New York clothing workers' strike. Hillman and Schlosberg formed a union outside the A. F. of L., and this so-called dual union grew in power and strength and crowded the

A. F. of L. union out of the picture. Here you meet the first case of expulsion.

Then when the socialist bureaucracy got into control they became very practical, so much so that some members thought there was no difference between old Sam's friends and them. Thereupon the anarchists, who were then in their prime, picked up the discontent and captured some offices, and there we had a little more expelling. But the real "trouble" started when the Trade Union Educational League got into the picture. First the bureaucracy tried to ignore it, then some of them tried to play politics with it, then they got the hysterics and started to expel. But this time the opposing side, organized and led by the T. U. E. L., learned something about tactics from past experiences. After a few months most of the expellers were kicked out of office by those they sought to expel in the most spectacular fight of its kind the American labor movement has yet seen.

But it was not the expulsions that really broke the neck of the old bureaucracy; the expulsions were merely the match applied to a powder magazine. The real cause was that for years the earnings of the needle workers were going down, due to the shortening of seasons. The employers got away with their tricks of moving their factories out of the organized centers into small unorganized towns. The big employers gave up their factories and transformed themselves into merchants (jobbers) that had their garments made per bundle orders from small sweatshops (contractors), thru whom they escaped responsibility for union conditions, and sold the garments thus produced in retail stores.

The old bureaucracy, partly because it was corrupt and partly because of stupidity and laziness, did not do anything to remedy this situation. As this bad situation came to a head the bureaucracy grew more despotic and indifferent to the interests of the members. The left wing had a sensible and constructive program, and knew how to utilize the bureaucracy's backwardness and mistakes, and finally won.

The above only applies to the ladies' garment and fur workers. The Amalgamated Clothing Workers' officials, once considered amongst the most progressive, but who also grew stale in their offices since their successful rebellion against old Sam Gompers, at first refused to join in the expulsion policy. They claimed to have a cleverer way of beating the left wing. The success of the left wing in the other trades and its powerful reflex upon the members of the Amalgamated got the officials scared out of their wits and they also got the hysterics, and like an ugly prostitute dropping its camouflage and embellishments, they threw off their masks of progressivism overnight, and here we had some more expelling, of which good use has been made by the lefts in the preliminary skirmishes that took place as a result of it.

First Round of Battle with the Employers.

Considerable of the old bureaucracy were crowded off the picture. The left wing was determined to make good against the employers and get improved conditions for the workers. Agreements were expiring all around and we had not even the time to get thru any of the reforms that would change the old, creaking union plow into a modern tractor. After some preliminaries, the employers hit us

at our strongest point, the furriers. The old bureaucracy played on open strike-breaking tactics, in which they were supported by Wm. Green, president of the A. F. of L.; H. C. Frayne, New York state representative of the A. F. of L., and the entire official socialist party crowd, the deceased Meyer London included. The left wing, leading the union, utilized the situation to cement the strikers into a militant army and got all sorts of support from unexpected sources as a result of it. It was a hard-fought struggle, with plenty of big, shrewd maneuvers, to which Wm. Green can testify to his sorrow. A struggle in which they were all laid over the table and got their fill at the hands of the young union leaders of the left



Someone is always taking the joy out of life.

wing. The result of the fight was that the furriers achieved the first notable victory of organized labor in recent years by getting the 40-hour five-day week and substantial wage increases, which makes them the best-paid workers in the needle trades. The victory could have been more complete and quicker if not for the strike-breaking interference of the right wing bureaucracy. Wm. Green got so sore as a result of what he got that he is now trying to kick up some more trouble for himself by uniting with the discredited old furriers' bureaucracy trying to stage a probe of the conduct of the furriers' strike, probably as a preliminary to new wholesale persecutions of the left wing.

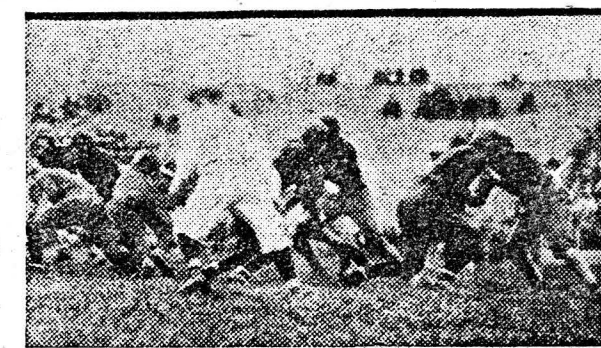
The Cloakmakers' Strike.

THE defeat the right wing got in the Furriers' Union as a result of its strike-breaking tactics was so shattering that it almost created an open rupture amongst themselves. Hence in the cloakmakers' strike they camouflaged their tactics carefully. In public they talk militantly, their press writes militantly, but their sabotage is quite apparent from their covered maneuvers with the governor of New York and from the encouragement they give to scabbing and to shifting production outside of New York, as illustrated in Philadelphia, two hours from New York, where the agreement expired during the strike and not even the demands for 40 hours, etc., was put up, the agreement having been renewed with a slight wage increase, practically on the old conditions, thus encouraging the New York employers to shift some of their production outside.

The leopard may travel a different road, but he has not changed his nature. We know what our enemies are. The employers are thoroughly scared of us and will support the old bureaucracy more than ever. The outstanding fact is that it took the left wing to lead the workers on to an offensive against the employers for the 40-hour week, higher wages, job control, etc., while the rest of the unions under reactionary leadership are meekly surrendering or accepting crumbs from the table of the industrial overlords and kings of American capitalism. Let us hope that this offensive will spread to all the exploited, organized and unorganized, for the 40-hour five-day week, higher wages, job control and a strengthening of the working class everywhere.



"LEFT" is Right.



THE colleges are collecting. Every big football game last Saturday drew at least twenty thousand bugs at so much per cramped space. Besides that, there is pro football. New Red Granges are being developed. Gifted boys who went to college and learned how to kick shins, squash noses and leave a good forward pass, can now face the world, grab "success" by the tail and make it come across. They are being grabbed up by pro football. Even nicker candy sticks and preserved meats are being named after these commercialized individual stars.

Then there are the successes of the world workers' sports movement, the Red Sports International. Since its last world congress the Norwegian section of the Red Sports International has grown much larger. In France, too, big progress to develop workers' sports can be recorded. While in the Soviet Union, the workers' sports movement is breaking the world's record for speedy growth. New workers' sports groups have affiliated with the Red Sports International in Sweden, Argentina, Holland, Japan, Great Britain and Palestine. We say, all power to the labor sportsmen of the world.

This bug has to marvel at boss wisdom. The reason for this wise crack is the news that the Western Electric Co. is building a huge gymnasium to vitalize the weary muscles of the workers who slave there—so they can slave some more.

Years ago, before the old soup bone became a glass arm, this bug used to pitch for company teams. The boss supplied uniforms and baseball outfits and even gave us an afternoon off every week for practice. It is true we were catered to a little because of the free advertising the boss got from our games, such as announcing the great game between the famous "Musical Bambell Soups" and the "Smith Brothers Brain Drops," but we didn't get paid for the extra time we put in for the boss in these teams.

Take this hint from the bug: If you have such football and basketball teams in your factory, which aim to keep the workers' mind only on sports and not on wages, conditions and hours, fight to do away with the boss control of the factory athletics and to affiliate the teams to the workers' sports movement. We must fight to develop mass sports with all workers participating instead of manufacturing pro-boss individual stars which the factory teams delight in doing.

FROM New York there floats to us the news of good team work. It was one of those little advertised football matches between two workers' teams. The Red Stars were contending against the Progressive Club in a hotly fought match on October 10 in Van Cortland Park—and the Red Stars won with a score of 5 to 0.

The game started with borrowed strength. The Progressives secured two men from the nationalist "Maccabee," while the Red Stars had to recruit five men from their second team. The Progressives, although a team of huskies, seemingly suffered from a slight lack of team work and played in crowds, while at the same time the defense line of the Red Stars was less skillful than that of the Progressives.

At the second half fists almost flew when the center forward of the Progressives charged that the Red inside right was employing rough tactics. Which again goes to show how militant the labor sports movement is.

Sharkey socked Wills for a row of ten dollar seats. That makes him a "logical" contender for the heavyweight championship. Har, har and a couple of ho-hos. Tunney just won and has arranged for a year of shadow boxing—in the movies and on the stage. So the New York boxing commission put Sharkey's challenge "on file." We hope Sharkey is not soft enuf to believe that a heavyweight boxing championship is a question of boxing supremacy. Them days is gone forever. The noble art of lifting faces has fallen on evil days. When this bug wants to see a boxing match he goes to a workers' sports gymnasium. Professional boxing reminds him too much of safety-deposit boxing in the bank.

The Bug

A Labor Faker Posing as Labor's Friend

Who Is William B. Wilson?

YOU are on a rather busy street. At least the "public" that vague entity whose name is often taken in vain by politicians, is passing by, curious perhaps at your writhings, but wholly uninterested as to whether you live or die.

You are writhing for the good reason that a burly footpad has gotten you down. He has his foot on your neck and his business partner is leisurely going thru your pockets. Strangely enuf, you resent this sort of thing and in your writhing struggles conceive the bright idea of upsetting the fellow who has his foot on your neck and kicking his partner in the face.

BUT just as you are on the point of carrying this idea into action, a kindly-faced old gentleman, who has for some time been gazing on the affair with an interest seemingly purely objective, rushes over and holds up a warning hand.

"My good man," he says, using the term delightfully fitted to benignant superiors, "let us have peace! Above all, you must do no violence. I feel a deep sympathy for you. I share your suffering—at least I did once. But highway robbery has gone on thruout the ages. God has undoubtedly desired it to continue. So why struggle? Struggles between the robber and the robbed are a waste of social energy. Besides, you should consider the robber's point of view. It would be much better for all concerned to sit down calmly together at a table and come to an agreement as to whether they should take everything or leave you a little. Then you could hurry back to work and get some more."

THE agile-fingered gent who has gone thru your pockets meanwhile, also exhibits a philosophy. Turning to his accomplice he says ecstatically: "My esteemed colleague, let me introduce you to a JUST MAN!"

WILLIAM B. WILSON is a JUST MAN. This is certified by no less an authority than Roger W. Babson.

Mr. Babson, it must be remembered, is the gentleman who conducts a statistical bureau for the service of the capitalists of this country, tells them in advance whether business will be good or bad and gives them reliable advice as to whether labor will stand for greater exploitation or not, and in general serves as brains for tired business men who have none, or who are too busy inspecting the Follies.

MR. BABSON wrote a book, a whole book, a few years ago, to tell the capitalists of this country that William B. Wilson is a JUST MAN. It is entitled—"W. B. Wilson and the Department of Labor," and it has an introduction by John Hays Hammond, whom all wise coal diggers will remember advocated an open shop fight against the union in the anthracite strike last year.

John Hays Hammond also certifies that W. B. Wilson is a JUST MAN. This open shopper coyly remarks that it was his "privilege to be able to contribute some influence in securing the creation of the Department of Labor, and with others interested in the movement I believed that William B. Wilson was pre-eminently qualified to become the first secretary."

"WILLIAM B. WILSON," says Hammond, "had been an American wage earner from boyhood; he possessed that knowledge of and sympathy with wage earners which is an indispensable qualification for the head of a department of the government whose function is to safeguard the interests of the wage earners of the country.

"He had other qualifications—a judicial character of mind, a varied experience and a lifelong and intelligent interest in public affairs, and above all an unimpeachable reputation for sterling integrity. I believe that Secretary Wilson has fully justified the confidence reposed in him by those who advocated his appointment."

WHEN leading open shoppers and experts in the service of capitalist exploitation begin to go into raptures over a politician's qualifications to safeguard the interests of wage earners, and take the trouble to create a government department for that alleged purpose and place him in it, it may well be said that the wage earners concerned had best look with careful scrutiny at the whole blooming lot.

But we are immediately concerned with William B. Wilson for the reason that he is asking the wage earners of Pennsylvania to elect him to the senate of the United States on the democratic ticket this year.

WILSON is profiting by the fact that the republicans have violated the eleventh commandment; they have been caught. The investigation of the republican primary elections in Pennsylvania has covered both Vare and Pepper with the same slime. In Pennsylvania and thruout the nation the democrats, having pleaded the statute of limitations against their indictment for wallowing in graft during the war, are

progress. The farmers cannot exist on the proceeds of the land. The masses depending on the farmers for support must find other fields to explore and other people to exploit. In the meantime, the foundation of the nation—successful agriculture—is fast slipping into the dismal sea of oblivion.

pointing at Pennsylvania republicans and crying out: "Look at the crooks!"

In such a situation a democrat who has never been caught in anything worse than murder is a good bet for to win the election. But when they put up a man whose reputation for "sterling integrity" is "unimpeachable," he is as good as elected.

THE cry for "clean government" following the slush fund exposures is taken up on every hand. The demerits, "profoundly shocked" for the 9,999th time at learning that capitalist democracy is dirty and far from democratic optimistically recover in time to join the crusade for clean capitalism, representing for the time their desire, born from petty-bourgeois defeatism, that capitalism get along without politics.

"Old-fashioned honesty" is brought forth, virtue and righteousness are extolled. In shining armor "Uprightness" goes forth against "Corruption" and over the great state of Pennsylvania even the star of Bethlehem shines down upon William B. Wilson, a "good man"—a JUST MAN.

TO paraphrase an old saying: Some men are born "just," some acquire it, and some have "justness" thrust upon them. William B. Wilson had to acquire it, apparently against all logic, against his interests as a wage worker during the early part of his life. He wasn't born that way.

Babson tells of how in 1868, when William was six years old, the mother and children were evicted from their home at Haughhead, Scotland, one bitter winter morning. The father, a coal miner was on strike and the company had evicted the mother and children from the two-room hovel onto the snow covered street.

LITTLE William had not yet learned the philosophy of class collaboration which, like a fairy wand, was to make him a part of the capitalist government and the capitalist class, fifty years later. He acted like a miner's son ought to act. He was filled with hatred for the law of capitalism in the form of the bailiff who came to put his mother out of their poor shelter. He, tho only six years old, grasped the elemental fact of struggle in his mind, and in his hand clutched a big knife which he intended for the bailiff.

Here was a picture of one little moment in the age-long tragedy of the women of the workers. O, the pity of the mothers and wives of the miners thru the age of steam! Lives of sodden toil and drudgery and inarticulate suffering.

ANY working class boy who has witnessed and felt the pain in his mother's soul when her man and her brood is struck down by the brutality of capitalist exploitation, and whose class hatred is not seared into his soul forever by the picture, either lacks something elemental or has a genius for recovery that is not to be proud of.

William B. Wilson boasts that he got over it. "It seems funny to me as I look back on it today," he told Roger Babson from his chair as secretary of the Department of Labor in the United States government. "My understanding of the matter is that the action by the coal company in this affair was entirely within its rights under the law."

"THERE was not the human liberty," Wilson says, "there were not the human opportunities existing there that we found here when we came." This in reference to the family's migration to America where, none the less, they landed in the coal camp at Arnot, Pennsylvania, to find that—

"Everything was owned by the company, from the railroad station to the last house. Everything must be bought from the company, from the baby's nursing bottle to the aged man's coffin."

WILLIAM B. WILSON recovered from the adversities of life as a breaker boy, as a miner, of the persecution, including the blacklist and injunctions he fought against as a union miner and official of the United Mine Workers of America. "He was most unjustly boycotted by the mine owners," says Babson. "Yet he was not in the least bitter toward the em-

ployer. His feeling toward such was generous." Babson tells of his one-time attitude toward the injunction the West Virginia mine owners got to stop support to strikers:

"An injunction, he said, "that restrains me from furnishing food to hungry men, women and children, when I have in my possession the means to aid them, will be violated by me until the necessity has been removed or the corporeal power of the court overwhelms me. I will treat it as I would an order of the court to stop breathing."

ALL this has been recovered from by Mr. Wilson along with his days of poverty as an immigrant worker and union man. As a congressman and member of the executive arm of the government he has quite other opinions, or at least his action and philosophy run diametrically contrary.

In order to prove to the capitalists that William B. Wilson is a valuable servant of their interests, Babson wrote his book. "My object," he says, "is to give manufacturers, merchants and other employers a correct view of the Department of Labor and its work. The policies of the Department of Labor can never be understood except by knowing the man who constructed these policies."

Babson then goes on to say: "I have never known an instance where employers have been better off by not taking the secretary's advice." And he proceeds to prove it.

PERHAPS it was the young miner's "education" in the economics of Adam Smith and the bible which swayed Mr. Wilson's latter life into class collaboration.

When, as a breaker boy he got some of these exploited youths to strike against a wage cut and went as their spokesman to the foreman, this worthy "settled the strike" by giving him a beating.

"Ever since that day," says Wilson, in trying to rationalize his regeneration from the spirit of struggle, "I have not believed in the use of force to settle labor disputes. What we need is justice, fair play, that will result in a permanent industrial peace."

IN congress, to which he was elected in 1906, he defended the mine owners from charges that they ignored the safety of the miners. "I take it," he said, "that no gentleman will assert that the coal operators or other employers deliberately create conditions in the mines by which the lives and health of their employees are endangered."

Yet in view of the continuous disasters that carry off a whole army of dead and wounded from the mines of America every year, and in view of the experience of the coal miners who know, this is exactly what the operators are doing. Wilson's "Christian tolerance" had become betrayal.

AS Secretary of Labor Wilson's affection for class peace blossomed like the green bay tree. The department was created in the last days of Taft's administration, and the following administration of Woodrow Wilson formally organized it and appointed William B. Wilson as secretary. From then on government intervention in industrial disputes on behalf of "conciliation" and "peace" has been the order of the day.

While the department was created to aid wage earners, supposedly, Babson wisely reminds his readers—"Nor is there any implication that the wage earners in whose behalf this department was created consist of such only as are associated together in labor unions."

"Secretary Wilson always leaned over backward in favor of the employers who had open shops," says Babson on page 231 of his book about William B. Wilson.

EVEN in those days (when Wilson was still a union leader) Wilson was preferred by the rich interests of the Fifteenth Congressional District to any other labor leader they knew.

Babson quotes W. S. Nearing, a prominent employer as saying: "Wilson is a friend of capital as well as of labor."

As secretary of Labor Wilson served capitalism well. He opposes socialism as "impractical." He opposes general strikes. In fact he opposes all strikes.

WILLIAM B. WILSON



Drawing by O'ZIM.

The Rolling Farmer

By JOEL SHOMAKER.

SIXTEEN million persons toured the United States, in private cars, during the summer of 1926. They used more than three million automobiles. They were classed as tourists, homeseekers or investors. The machines just went rolling along carrying passengers from somewhere to the land of nowhere. Some returned to their homes. Others found temporary employment. Many are roaming in strange lands.

Where the money came from to finance the summer vacation for approximately one-seventh of the people of this nation is an open question. Some families used the savings of years to pay expenses. Others borrowed funds from interest collecting money-changers. Many just fitted up for the occasion, with the least cash possible, and lived off the country. They saw the farms of the west and were disappointed.

Another caravan of mixed vehicles lined the highways of the northwest. It was the procession of homeless farmers on the way to reputed cities of refuge. The farms ceased to pay interest on investments, taxation for cost of government and the demands of local merchants and transportation agencies. The families were loaded into ancient wagons, dilapidated trucks or carts and taken on a pilgrimage for life necessities.

The highway travelers found that the stories about the western farmers rolling in wealth were mythical. They had their eyes opened to the false propaganda carried on by capitalistic politicians. They saw the marks of poverty. They counted the abandoned farms. They read the faces of dying women and observed the tottering steps of starving children. They asked questions and learned why those conditions prevailed.

Farmers and their families were running away from their homes. They gathered together a few personal belongings and set out for the cities where they expected to find work. They had to get employment in order to keep away the reaper of death. If the fathers and mothers could not make enough money to meet the daily obligations the children would have to be called and put in the harness of slavery.

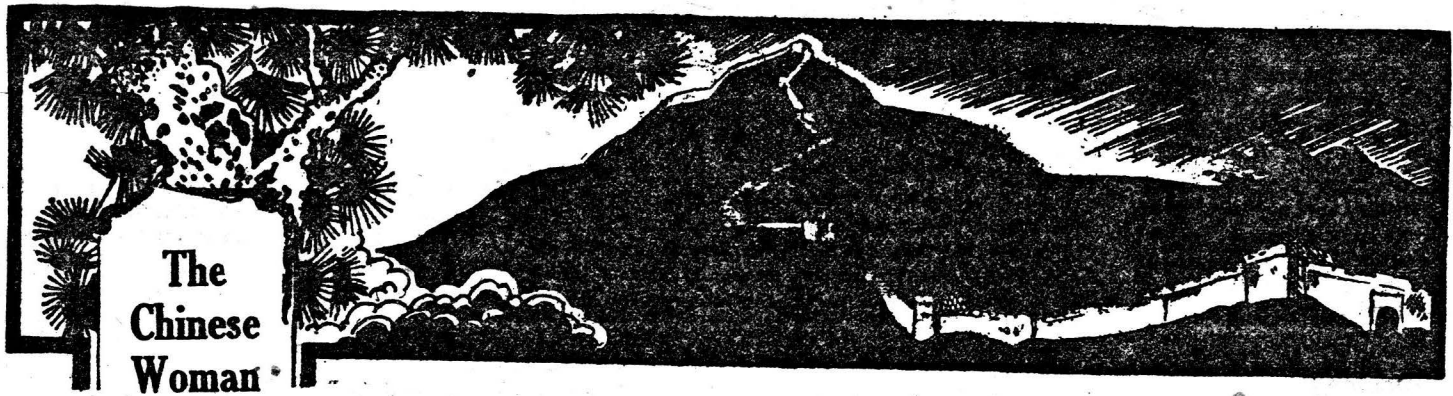
Nature has not deserted the farmers. The soil remains fertile. The sun continues to shine. The rains come with the seasons. This old earth is not a failure. The grass grows green. The fruits mature and are plentiful. The fields yield good crops of corn, wheat and potatoes. The orchards show fine fruits. The gardens produce splendid crops of vegetables. The lawns and walks are still ornamented with flowers. What is the matter?

Man is the power that drives farmers from their homes. He is not one of the farmers. He is one of the many engaged in the work of farming the farmers. He lives and thrives on the profits made by handling the products of the farm. He may be a local merchant, general buyer, money lender, transportation agent or professional man. He may be a town builder or city booster. He prospers because the farmers produce things on which he collects the profits.

The western farmers are face to face with real conditions. They are not dealing in theories. They have long ago cast aside the old proverbs about farming. They know that the long worn tales about the law of supply and demand are mere fables. They are not repeating the warning story about the rolling stone that catches no moss, to their children. They know that the farms do not pay for the reason that the bosses take too much toll.

Farmers are rolling away from the clutches of enemies. They cannot stand against the increasing tide of sight drafts on their incomes. They are tired of working twelve to fifteen hours a day, seven days in the week, for those who toil not neither do they spin but depend on the farmers for the necessities and luxuries of life. The present movement of farmers from the land to the cities is merely a beginning.

What of the future of agriculture in the United States? It is full of shadows. There are dark spots on the sun of prosperity and visible wrinkles on the face of the moon of



The Chinese Woman

By HALINA SIERIEBRIAKOVA.

THE lotus is the symbol of beauty, the ideal of feminine grace in China. The Chinese idea concerning the charm of woman differs greatly from our own. The Chinese woman, like the stem of the lotus, must be slender and undulating.

To achieve this, from earliest childhood they put a special corset on the little girls which, thru its rigid embrace, hinders the normal development of their chests and hips. This cruel custom impedes the circulation of the blood and hinders breathing; it makes the Chinese woman a poor, small thing, delicate and fragile.

The Chinese woman can scarcely move, and from this it is that her abysmal bondage arises. Scarcely born than they already squeeze her feet in hands.

A decree of the revolution of 1911 prohibits the deforming of the feet of little girls. Nevertheless, up to the present, most Chinese mothers continue to cripple their children. A woman having the feet of a young girl of two or three years is sought after much more, especially in the country, than a young girl whose feet are normally developed. The latter simply risks remaining without a husband.

The peasant women of Chinese villages, while performing a labor wholly beyond their strength, walk only with difficulty on their fragments of feet. Sometimes not able to stand up even on her poor, deformed feet, the Chinese peasant woman gets down "on all fours" in order to cultivate her soil.

The Chinese woman remains in absolute bondage from the moment of her birth to the time of her death.

In her childhood she is governed by her father; later by her husband, chosen by the father or brother; in her old age she submits to the power of her oldest son. The Chinese woman can never marry of her own choice. Only during these last years have love marriages made their first appearance among the students and the bourgeoisie. To most women this sentiment is prohibited. They deliver the

little girl to the husband, who often has been chosen for her when she was quite small. If during these years she does not give birth to a son the husband may send her back to her father's house or simply drive her out into the street.

The Chinese woman who works must give her "master," that is, her father or husband, all the money that she earns. In the cities there are associations of Chinese women workers who have sworn never to marry, in order to avoid the conjugal servitude.

They sell the little girls "wholesale" to the factories, to the public houses and for a "time" to the rich foreigners. For twelve or fifteen dollars a month a foreigner can obtain, for some time, a Chinese woman, who owes him absolute obedience and who will serve him, among other things, as domestic and washerwoman.

If the "commodity" doesn't please him, the foreigner can, if he wishes, get rid of the "rented" woman by paying the indemnity provided by the contract.

Without having exact statistics, we may assert that suicides are very frequent among the Chinese women.

The poor people sell their daughters to special schools of "concubines" (women for a time) where only pretty women are bought. In these "school-retail-houses" they teach the little girls dancing, music, sewing and deportment. When these little boarders have become big girls they are sold very dearly to lovers. In China they often give "jugs of wine" in the shape of a woman. During one year alone sixty women had been offered in this manner to President Tsao-Koun.

China has a custom unknown to other peoples: As a sign of friendship the Chinese exchange their concubines. Sometimes the concubine, having given birth to a son, remains at the home of the husband who has bought her: lodging and daily subsistence thus being assured her up to her death. More often the concubine, having become old, is driven out, finding a last shelter in a public house. If, in a chic Chinese cabaret, you ask for

the bill of fare, they offer you an elegant catalog in Chinese and English which points out to you under pompous names, not wines or dishes, but women.

Affecting dramas, which one makes a careful effort to hide, take place in the public houses at the grated windows like those of a prison.

The buying and selling of women, like all the other events in the life of the Chinese, are surrounded with complicated ceremonies. The procurers, ordinarily old women, specialists in this sort of business, play an important role in these preparations and negotiate with the buyer. An enormous quantity of women are exported to the public houses of America. Whole boats leave loaded with women torn by misery from a poor family incapable of feeding them.

Two women deserve a certain amount of attention in the history of contemporary China.

One of them, the Empress Tsi, has made herself famous by an unbridled squandering of the people's money, by her cruelty and her debauchery. A few kilometers from Pekin is the winter palace built for the Empress Tsi with the money intended for the Chinese fleet. An enormous boat of marble fronting the palace at the verge of the lake, as if to bring back to the passers-by the memory of this money to symbolize the ships which had never been built. At the beginning of the twentieth century this wonderful sovereign undertook fabulous tasks, yielding nothing to the construction of the Egyptian pyramids. Thousands of workers raised mountains and constructed marvelous palaces with lighted galleries. It is under the Empress Tsi that the execution of a revolutionary woman took place for the first time: a simple schoolmistress bearing the name of Tsin-Din (Treasure of Autumn). Daughter of a high functionary, she had received a careful education, first in China, then in

Japan. Quite young, Tsin-Dsi entered the revolutionary movement to which she henceforth sacrificed her whole life. It was said of Tsin-Dsi that she was the equal of men, which in China is the supreme praise given to a woman. She made an effort to awaken her co-citizens, to stimulate them in their struggle by her discourses and her poetry.

Thousands of Chinese walk on solid feet, thanks to the influence of Tsin-Dsi, who fought constantly, long even before the revolution, against the cruel local customs physically deforming the woman.

Thousands of women students, women doctors, schoolmistresses, rallied to the slogan of the emancipation of woman launched for the first time in China by Tsin-Dsi. She was condemned to death and executed in 1907 after a fruitless effort at revolt.

Sun-Yat-Sen always supported Tsin-Dsi energetically and introduced into the program of the Kuomintang the demand for the complete emancipation of woman.

Today the Kuomintang party numbers relatively many women in its ranks. At Canton there are 500 women workers who are members of the party, which is not an insignificant number if one considers the local conditions.

In spite of a hard labor which is beyond the energies of the Chinese woman and which, it seems, ought to have condemned her to complete inertia, it is just from among the Chinese workers that the most energetic militants are recruited.

Actually, two Communist women weavers, Lui-Tchang-lang and Men-Tchi-Tchung, enjoy a particular popularity and are reputed to be the best women orators in China.

The widow of Sun Yat-Sen, who is a member of the central committee of the Kuomintang, similarly takes an active part in the feminist movement.

THE TINY WORKER

A Weekly. Edited by Billy Tapolesanje and Miller Suman, Herminie, Pa. Johnny Red, Assistant.

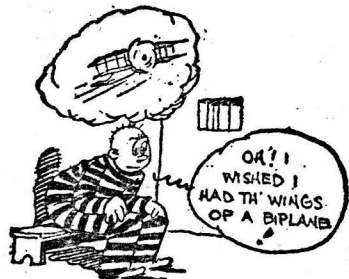
Vol. 1. Saturday, October 23, 1926 No. 22

THE SCAB
By George Nevers,
Seattle, Wash.

This is the tale
Of a lonely scab
He got in jail
Because of his
gab.

2
He told his boss
The Reds were
bad
He told a guy
He stole what he
had.

3
So they put the
scab
In jail by heck,
The men all hope
They stretch his
neck.



Queen Marie has come to the U. S. AN the foolish nuts think she is fine. And in Roumania workers are put in jail because they fight for their rights. I'll bet all of them wish they had an airplane so they also could come to America to tell everybody what kind of a queen this lady is. She certainly is good—but only to herself and the bosses. Not to workers.

Billy and Miller Won't Smile.

By Billy Tapolesanje, Herminie, Pa.

By Miller Suman, Herminie, Pa.

One day on Tuesday we were saluting the flag in school. I did not salute and the teacher came to me and asked why. I said I did not want to salute the bosses' flag. If you want me to salute the flag so much put the workers' Red flag up and I salute it, I told her. Then she made me stay after school.

Our teacher tried to make both Billie and me salute the flag. She came to me and asked why I did not salute and I just said I didn't want to. The next day I brought a small Red flag and put it on my desk and saluted at it. My teacher asked what I had there and I showed her. But she did not take it from me.

A PLEA

Give me milk ~ I thirst.
Give me thought ~ and care.
Give me all a ~ baby needs:
Food and clothes ~ to wear.

You who buy your ~ daily gum:
For better or ~ far worse;
Sacrifice that ~ copper cent.
Give me milk ~ I thirst!

I DEMAND TO LIVE!!
An English Striker's Baby.



Capitalist Propaganda in the Air

By M. CHILOFSKY.

IN six years time the radio industry has developed from an infant into a mighty giant. Radio is now a practical necessity to the economic and commercial life of the country. Communication by telegraph is giving way to that by radio. Engineers have shown it practical to dispatch and regulate the movement of trains thru radio, on the coast radio weather reports, radio danger signals and beacon lights for ships and airships are in use, and the stride of broadcasting is immense.

Radio, according to the latest reports, is now a five-billion-dollar industry. The radio industry is not different than any other industry in the United States as far as its economic development is concerned. In the beginning there is a spurt of competition, and then comes the inevitable characteristic of modern capitalism—monopoly. Altho the industry is still in its incipient stage, the courts of the country are already flooded with all sorts of complaints and suits for violations of the anti-trust law and infringements of patent rights.

The bulk of the radio industry is in the hands of the Morgan-controlled corporation, the General Electric Co., and its subsidiaries, the Radio Corporation of America and the National Broadcasting Co., which, in its turn, controls a chain of stations across the continent. The industrialist and banker, Owen D. Young, of Dawes Plan fame, is the chairman of both these organizations.

We will not concern ourselves so much with the radio industry as a whole, but will take one of its important phases, that is broadcasting. America, the leading imperialist country, is far ahead of any other country in the development of radio. Out of the estimated eight hundred stations in the world the United States has five hundred and eighty-six.

Most of the broadcasting stations are controlled and operated by the large capitalist newspapers and radio corporations and a few by religious societies. Some of the most powerful stations are the ones controlled by the newspapers, which use them as a sort of supplement to sell advertising.

With the aid of their press they build an "air" circulation and with the aid of the radio they build their newspaper circulation.

Well-known stations command a high price for their broadcast advertising. The big New York and Chicago stations charge as high as \$700 an hour. It is estimated that there are twenty million radio listeners in the country, a potential market and audience.

Due to "philanthropic" capitalism, which gives up a share of its surplus value to what is called "good will" advertising, we are able to get all the free music, entertainment and propaganda we can stomach.

Tune in any station on a hot summer evening and the air is fairly alive with strains of an "Eskimo love song." We almost wish we were in Alaska, but we are told by the announcer to drink a certain brand of ginger ale and we will feel as tho we were up on the North Pole. Sometimes we are carried away by the melodious music of Crieg's "Oriental," or the "Arabian Dance." "The Magic Carpet" takes us to the orient until our reveries are abruptly and prosaically disturbed with the announcement that the program is being given by the manufacturers of such and such carpets and rugs. Of course, the farmer is not neglected in this enormous propaganda scheme. He gets his barn dance music, his facts and figures on stock raising thru the courtesy and magnanimity of Sears, Roebuck and Co. To simply complain about the music would get us nowhere, nor is this our aim, especially since at times we actually get bits of good music.

What concerns the working class more than anything else is the effects of the systematic propaganda that comes over the ether.

With a radio in your house you cannot be cut off from any event in the world, country, state or city, unless it be news of a labor struggle. Capitalism will dish our your news, will tell the housewife how to make a cake or how to raise her children so that they will be "real Americans," why her son should join the "Citizens' Military Training Camps, etc. For the son himself all the various kinds of sporting news; and Little Johnny gets his boy scout stories and fairy tales.

Tune in on Sunday morning and you will find the air polluted with all sorts and manners of sermons and you will even hear Secretary of Labor Jimmy Davis leading a Sunday school at Mooseheart on the community of interests between capital and labor.

We all know how poisonous is the propaganda spread over the printed pages of the capitalist press, but more pernicious and poisonous than the cold type is the familiar and persuasive voice of the capitalist propagandist on the air.

Every newspaper radio station has a women's club and a children's club. Of course, the grand ladies of gilded society hold sway and the working woman simply listens in. There is one station in Chicago which has a children's radio club with a membership of one hundred and sixty-five thousand, and they are not merely listeners, but are actually an organization with a membership roll. Each child receives a membership certificate and badge. The newspaper which controls the station out of its own kindheartedness makes arrangements with movie houses in various neighborhoods to leave those children who show membership in that particular club in at a reduced rate. This is only one of such capitalist clubs which poison the minds of the children of the working class.

The working class is not permitted to use the same stations for its purposes. Most stations demand copies of your speech before they allow you to speak, and therefore it is as impossible to put over any working-class propaganda as for a camel to crawl thru the eye of a needle. Enemies of the workers always find their paths open to them. The same holy men and mystic fakers who half a century ago said it was heresy to believe that a train could run at the terrific speed of fifteen miles an hour because the lord did not want it so, did not hesitate to let their hypocritical voices travel at a hundred and eighty-six thousand miles a second over the radio, during the Eucharistic Congress, most of the day. Nearly every station of importance was given over to catholic propaganda.

The learned men of the bourgeoisie are already writing books on the "economics of the radio." Some profes-

sors even suggest that the radio will solve the ills of the world. In America the radio will keep the workers contented to a better advantage than the Victrola or the automobile and make him forget the struggles and bitterness of his everyday life.

All the honeyed words of class collaboration do not prevent the capitalist class and its government from trying its utmost to keep the voice of labor from the air. In this case we may consider how little all the connections and pull of the officials of the Chicago Federation of Labor with the capitalist politicians availed them when the question of permitting its radio station was raised. It was only after a ruling by the attorney general that Hoover and the department of commerce did not have any rights to control the air that the license was issued to the Federation.

We understand that labor under capitalism cannot hope to compete with its masters in technical perfection or in capacity to put over a tremendous amount of propaganda. But in the present stage it can take advantage of whatever opportunity is offered it. The Communists are always accused of being harsh with their criticism, so we will try to be mild with our criticism of the only labor broadcasting station in the country, the WCFL, the station of the Chicago Federation.

This station advertises its opening hour to be for speeches, announcements, etc. It is to be hoped that in the future they will actually use it. So far they use it very sparingly. The type of music on its program does not in the least distinguish it from any capitalist station on the air. The world today is fraught with labor happenings and struggles which could be brought to the attention of hundreds of thousands of workers to whom true interpretation of news is denied in the capitalist sheets. For instance, not a word did we hear of the imprisonment of the I. L. G. W. pickets, the Passaic textile strike, nor the events in China which are charged with greatest import to the workers. In closing, we hope that WCFL will go to the same trouble in placing the microphone in convenient location for broadcasting of labor issues and events by representatives of labor as it did for the anti-labor Mayor Dever of Chicago.

Revolution and Poetry in China

By A. H.

SHOOT to kill. Seventy bodies riddled by English bullets on the pavements of Shanghai. Several days later two million hands ceased work. Countless multitudes marching behind banners. Workers, peasants, students, professors, all China arrayed against imperialism. Gunboats steam in the Pacific, English, American and Japanese troops disembark, machine guns lay low dozens of yellow corpses on their native soil. Gold, lead and powder triumph over the breasts of the people.

This occurred in 1925. But China, the immense China of 340,000,000 souls, has been in revolt for a quarter of a century. The liberal bourgeois revolution has been achieved. The worker-peasant revolution is beginning to be born. The feudal barons of the old bureaucratic aristocracy have not yet lost all their power. They torture and massacre with the money and arms of the imperialists. In the shadow of this declining feudalism the new-born capitalism is bringing about the resurrection of serfdom, is imposing labor upon children. But the hungry worker carries his portion to the trade union, together with his hopes and his will. Class solidarity becomes an actuality in the battle. The peasants organize their volunteer battalions of pickets. The arrogance of the foreign bayonets rests only on the security of the big naval guns directed against the mouths of rivers. Two huge armies oppose one another on the continent, an immense struggle, a terrible epopee! The telegraph and newspapers only transmit the echoes to us: factory disorders, street hubbub, impact of armies. Distance

prevents us from seeing or hearing anything else. But were we able to come nearer to that people so far removed and so little known by our unaffected but implicated accident—were we able to grasp its life and to penetrate its creative thought, we would then perceive the touching messages capable of extending and rendering more precise the picture we have formed of them.

Here are some of the messages in which the heart of a whole people beats. In an essay in the Chinese Recorder of Shanghai, an Englishwoman, Miss Sophie Lanneau, reveals to us the present state of Chinese poetry. She informs us that a great literary renaissance is crowning the national and social revolution: a profound renaissance, a complete upsetting of the source of inspiration and the complete renovation of the means of expression valid up till now. Having given up the classic style refined by centuries of bureaucratic and feudal culture, the poets now very often sing in "Bau hwa," the language formed and spoken by the people. And their songs are not an upsurge of chauvinistic nationalism, but the expression of a revolution at once national and social. One perceives in them the echo of popular revolts. It is the harmonious and passionate transposition of all that rumbles in the masses, their resigned and suffering waiting, their revolutionary unfurling.

The spirit that moved Thomas Hood in his "Song of the Shirt" in the early days of the industrialization of England can be found again everywhere in the literature of China of today, passing thru the same transformations. Listen to this implacable "Song

of the Cloth Seller":

Big sister weaves the cloth—big brother sells the cloth—sells the cloth and buys rice—to fill their stomachs.

Big sister weaves the cloth—big brother sells the cloth—baby has panties torn—no cloth to repair them.

Big sister weaves the cloth—big brother sells the cloth—who will buy the cloth?—the rich man of the village below.

The home-made cloth is coarse—the foreign cloth is fine—the foreign cloth is cheap—it is that the rich man prefers.

The home-made cloth, no one wants it—let us perish of hunger, brother and sister!

Hu-Sub, the dominating figure in the new literature and the leader in the battle against the bonzes (priests) of the petrified orthodoxy, speaks of the misery of the enslaved children:

"Rickshaw, Rickshaw." A rickshaw comes with great speed.

The passenger looks at the runner. All at once his heart becomes sad and sombre.

The passenger asks the runner: "How old are you? Since when have you been pushing your rickshaw?"

The runner replies: "I am thirteen years old. I have been pushing my rickshaw for three years. Do not doubt my words."

The passenger says: "You are too young. I shan't take your rickshaw. It would pain my heart."

The runner says to the passenger: "I have not had any work since day-break and I am cold and I am hungry. Your good heart won't fill my empty stomach."

"The police do not forbid me to conduct my rickshaw, young as I am. Who are you to trouble me so?"

The passenger shakes his head, takes his place in the rickshaw and says: "Take me to the department of the interior, in the west."

And here is the "Song of Labor":

"You sow the fields—I weave the cloth—he makes tiles to cover the houses—Hang Ho! Hang Ho! Hang Ho! Hang Ho! Work eight hours—rest eight hours—study, learn eight hours—each and every one demand to live and work hard.

"Learn to read—study books—the workers are not stupid from birth.—Read and learn—learn and read—study eight hours—rest eight hours—work eight hours. All wish to learn and work hard."

A great poem entitled: "Chi Kyung (Speed Up Production) has "seized with horror" the translator who gives us the last stanza of the poem:

Faster! Work!
From dawn to night,
Fourteen hours, fifteen hours,
Faster! Faster!
Faster—to old age—misery—death!
Faster! Faster!
Break the chains around the neck
of the worker!
Destroy the prison built by capitalism!
What is the true civilization?
Take hold of it and crush it; leave
nothing of it!
There are no riches.
Where is poverty?
Where is the common weal?
Use your strength with all your
courage.
Flowers of the reddest heart!
Faster! Faster!

THE CONFESSIONS OF A COUNTER-REVOLUTION-IST OF 1776.

By JAY LOVESTONE.

Reminiscences of an American Loyalist 1738-89. Edited by Jonathan Boucher. Published by Houghton Mifflin Company.

(Concluded from previous issue.)

How the Pro-Government Men Were Treated in 1776.

THIS preacher proudly confesses of having "the honor of being set down as a government man." Boucher may have had this honor. But he certainly had no pleasure at the hands of the first American revolutionists, as is evident from the following:

"I was soon restrained from preaching, and the press was no longer open to me. The first open and avowed violence I met with was on account of my expressly declining, when applied to by some noisily patriotic heretofore of no great note, to preach a sermon recommending the suffering people of Boston to the charity of my parish. Their port was shut up by act of parliament: and it was alleged that they suffered thus in the common cause. Contributions were collected for them all over the continent; the true motive was by these means to raise a sum sufficient to purchase arms and ammunition. I also refused to set my hand to various associations and resolves, all, in my estimation, very unnecessary, unwise and unjust. In consequence, of which I soon became a marked man; and tho' I endeavored to conduct myself with all possible temper and even caution, I daily met with insults, indignities and injuries. At length the informations respecting my supposed inimicality to America were regularly sworn to, and laid before the provincial committee sitting in Annapolis . . . A body of militia was ordered to take me immediately into custody, and accordingly not less than two hundred came to the Governor's where I was on a visit, to seize and carry me before the committee."

What a living picture of the first American Revolution! How our pure and unhyphenated democrats must chafe to think that it was thru such means that their "glorious American democracy" scored its decisive victory over British "monarchism" and tyranny! To what depths of eloquence will our Constitutional, peaceful socialists who speak so volubly of the gradualness, of the peaceable, civilized methods so inherent in and inseparable from the Anglo-Saxons engaged in settling political disputes—changing class relationships. And above all, how our bourgeois law and order angels can rant against the czarist priests, exploiters, and pogrom agents being denied the use of the press and pulpit for the express purpose of restoring czarism and hooliganism.

Fortunately, the second American Revolution, learning from the first in no small measure, will act as determinedly in sweeping away the bourgeois opposition to social progress, to a fundamental betterment of the conditions of our working and farming masses.

But let Boucher put some finishing touches on this vital historical point. When he preached peaceableness his audience would rise and leave. He also lets us in on a further picturesque and instructive secret about life in a revolution:

"And for more than six months I preached, when I did, with a pair of loaded pistols lying on the cushion; having given notice that if any man, or body of men, could be possibly so lost to all sense of decency and propriety as to attempt really to do what had long been threatened, that is to drag me out of my pulpit, I should think myself justified before God and man in repeating violence by violence."

So—to this Reverend, Christ was extraordinarily generous and brought not only peace but also a couple of loaded revolvers. This apostle of peacefulness and non-resistance to the oppressive measures of the British

ruling class was trying to sell the lord to his customers with a sermon in one hand and a loaded gun in the other. Novel methods, indeed. But these were revolutionary days in America.

Some Questions of a Counter-Revolutionist.

When Boucher saw that his sermons could no longer go with the Americans he decided to flee rather than be deported. Entertaining the opinion of most of the Tories, he thought the struggle would be of short duration, and prepared to return soon. He left for England fully convinced that the government would make short shrift of the revolutionists. But before sailing Boucher addressed a series of questions to the people of Maryland. Some of these we reproduce as extremely thought-provoking regarding the attitude of the reactionaries of 1776 and their counterpart, the reactionaries of 1926.

"What good reason can be given for any committees, not known to the laws of the land or the constitution, taking upon them to debate and determine on matters of the highest moment, and which affect the very vitals of our constitution?"

Certainly, the reactionaries, then, as now, hated and feared the new organs of state power being set up by the new ruling class. Everything that the subject class does to secure freedom and supremacy is always illegal and against the prevailing constitution.

"Did one man in a thousand of the people of this province give a vote for any of the members of the said general committee?"

How strikingly parallel to the complaints and attacks of the czarists and capitalists the world over against the Soviets! Boucher and his colleagues defending the tyranny of his ruling class and absolute monarchy in America call democracy to their rescue! This is also typical of the anti-Bolsheviks of today—whether they be the champions of capitalism in the bourgeois parties or the defenders of the bourgeoisie in the social-democratic leadership. Speaking actually for perpetuating bourgeois oppression and exploitation, all of the "freedom-lovers" (for the ruling class, of course) talk like the Bouchers of 1776 of "justice or common sense, or even of the common ideas of liberty."

But here is another set:

"What is tyranny but the assumption and exercise of power without authority?"

"What liberty can the people of this province be said to enjoy, when their arms necessary for their personal defense have been arbitrarily taken away from them; when they no longer have a free press; when the ministers of the word of god are dictated to and controlled in their holy function and when even the freedom of private debate is overawed by committee censures and the denunciation of tar and feathers."

The ruling class at any particular historical moment always looks upon itself as the source of all authority. When Boucher speaks of disarmed people, he is expressing his grief at the disarming of the counter-revolutionists—those loyal to the government. And what a vivid picture we

have here of the class dictatorship set up in America by our forefathers in order to secure the victory for bourgeois democracy. Only to the superficial observer is this contradiction puzzling and painful. To the Marxian this "contradiction" is a reality which reveals the crux of the whole strategy and tactics of class warfare.

A parting shot was fired by Boucher in his last letter to Washington, dated August 6, 1775, in which he closes: "You are no longer worthy of my friendship; a man of honor can no longer without dishonor be connected with you. With your cause I renounce you."

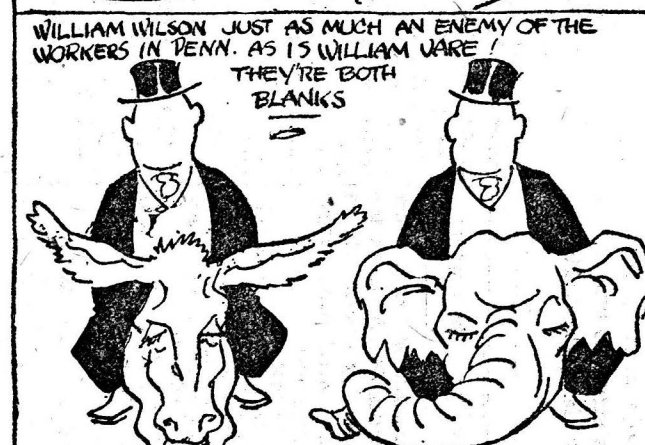
This was no longer the day of verbal arguments. The day of arms had arrived. The First American Revolution was on. Reverend Boucher embarked. Afterwards, in common with other Loyalists in general, he obtained a regular pension from the British government.

A Book For Students.

We have given only a few typical selections from these confessions of a counter-revolutionist of 1776 to let in some welcome light on the First American Revolution. It will take much light to penetrate and break the mist in which our official historians have wrapped our First Revolution and hidden its real class character and basis from the masses.

No student of American history—viewed as a dynamic story of class struggles—can afford to miss this book. A critical and thorough examination of its contents will well repay those who are prepared to draw valuable lessons for the problems of today from our struggles of yesterday.

A WEEK IN CARTOONS By M. P. Bales



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