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Booze, Prohibition and the World Court



Vare, or Pepper, or Pinchot, Who Is Worse?

A lesson to be learned by every working man in the United States from the Pennsylvania Senatorial primaries.

THE institution of primary elections is supposed to be one of the main props in the so-called democratic structure of party government in the United States. It was supposed to insure the people against boss domination in political parties. What it actually did, however, was to supply the political bosses of the capitalist parties with one more instrument to befog and befuddle the people and to force upon them the will of the rich and the powerful.

In this fact there is only a minor lesson for the people of the United States. The big thing to know about political struggles in the United States, as well as anywhere else, is that political parties are class organizations. They fight for and defend the interests of the class that controls and dominates the political party.

The republican senatorial primaries in Pennsylvania are typical of many more and similar performances that are taking place throughout the United States.

Three Candidates But None of Them Good.

CONSIDERED from the point of view of the mere number of candidates, the republican primaries in Pennsylvania were not so bad. Three candidates for the senatorial nomination with supposedly three distinct platforms, struggling desperately between themselves for the favors of the voters, should offer some sort of a choice to a worker who is still supporting the republican party. But it didn't offer any choice because all three of the candidates

were capitalist candidates.

Why are they capitalist candidates? First, because of their own personal political records. Second, because of the class nature of the political party whose nomination they sought.

The second reason is the more important one which does not mean, however, that the first reason can be overlooked or minimized.

Congressman Vare, for example, the man who was successful in the contest for the republican senatorial nomination in Pennsylvania—who is Congressman Vare? A rich and wealthy man. One of a family of capitalists, exploiters and oppressors of labor. The unscrupulous boss of the republican party machine in Philadelphia. As great an enemy of organized labor and trade unions as can be found in any labor-baiting clique in the country. The corruption of the Vare machine in Philadelphia smells to heaven. His political misdoings are equalled only by Tammany Hall of New York or by the old party politicians in Chicago. Under the rule of the Vare family, shameless exploitation of the working masses, undisguised crime, graft, intimidation of the poor and weak, and general corruption of all sorts are proudly marching and dominating the city of Philadelphia.

This man Vare was one of the candidates for the senatorial nomination in the republican primaries in Pennsylvania. Can a workingman or poor farmer endorse the candidacy of Vare without thereby hurting himself vitally as a member of an ex-

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There Is No Other Choice But A Party Of Your Own

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exploited class? No, he cannot. But what about the other candidates, for example, Senator Pepper?

Senator Pepper is spoken of as a Coolidge man. He is known as a close friend and loyal supporter of the president of the United States. This should ordinarily be enough to condemn him in the eyes of every worker and poor farmer in the country. A loyal supporter of Coolidge is a loyal supporter of Big Capital.

But Senator Pepper is also an active man in the state politics of Pennsylvania. And whom does he line up with in the state? With none other than the steel trust, the most brutal capitalist corporation in the country. He is a trusted and loyal servant of the Mellon interests in Western Pennsylvania. How, then, can working men support Senator Pepper? They cannot, of course. They must fight against Senator Pepper and politicians of his class.

Then there remains Pinchot, the present governor of the state. What about him?

Governor Pinchot is a politician with a history. He was a Roosevelt man in the days of the "Progressive" revolt against the old guard of the republican party. He is supposed to have remained a progressive up to this day, whatever that may mean.

However, what is the real truth about Governor Pinchot? He is not exceptionally friendly to Big Capital, but he is very much devoted to the interests of medium and small capital, to the independent manufacturer and rich farmer. He is less brazen and not so brutal in his attitude to labor as are politicians of the type of Congressman Vare or Senator Pepper. But he is a capitalist and an opponent of labor just the same.

He pretends to stand for square dealing and clean methods in politics. In this respect he may be somewhat better than Congressman Vare or Senator Pepper. But what does this nickel's worth of virtue amount to in the light of the class nature of his politics? He may be more decent than the next man in the daily run of human affairs but as a politician he is a capitalist.

Republican Candidates Are Capitalist Candidates.

WHICH brings us back to the fundamental question in the situation, namely, the class nature of the republican party.

A political party is an organization for struggle to possess and control the machinery of the government. Political parties and their candidates fight for office, that is, for control of the government. Everybody knows that.

Now, why do political parties struggle for the control of the government? To promote and defend the interests of certain classes and groups in society. Hence, political parties are class organizations and the struggle between them is a class struggle. Most of the capitalists are fully conscious of this fact. Most of the workers are not conscious of it. That's why the capitalists of the United States are well organized politically. They have two powerful political parties—the republican and democratic parties—to hold and operate the government in their interests. While the workers are just beginning to awaken to the need of a political party of their own.

The republican party has come into being as a party of the capitalists. Now, with the United States having become the chief imperialist power in the world, the republican party is functioning mainly as the party of Big Capital. This fact finds its full and undisguised expression in the administration of President Coolidge.

What is the conclusion? The conclusion is that the republican primaries in Pennsylvania were primaries of a capitalist party and that the candidates in the primaries were capitalist candidates. Vare, Pepper, and Pinchot, whatever their differences in platform or personal records, are agents and servants of the capitalists.

Booze, Prohibition and the World Court.

YES, there are differences between these candidates. Just as there are differences between various groups within the capitalist class. The struggle between Vare, Pepper and Pinchot reflects these differences among the capitalists.

Big finance capital wants the United States to join the world court. Why? Because the interests of the international bankers, the exporters of capital into foreign countries, will be served better and more effectively than now if the United States government establishes its influence more formally and officially in at least one of the political agencies of world capitalism. The world court is one of those agencies. The League of Nations is another one.

Senator Pepper, a supporter of President Coolidge, had voted in favor of the United States joining the world court. Senator Pepper, like President Coolidge, represents the interests of Big Capital within the capitalist class.

Congressman Vare is more representative of the commercial and industrial interests of Pennsylvania. These groups are less interested in the world court than the international bankers. Vare is, therefore, less outspoken and enthusiastic about this proposition. In the local politics of Pennsylvania, Vare is intimately bound up with the bootlegging industry and is, therefore, championing the cause of the wets.

Governor Pinchot is in many respects a typical representative of the smaller manufacturer and merchant and of the rich farmer. As a representative of these groups, Pinchot at various times came into conflict with the bigger capitalist interests of his state represented by the Pepper-Mellon and Vare groups respectively. This fact reflected itself also in the more "liberal" attitude of Pinchot towards labor, particularly when the grievance happened to come from Western Pennsylvania which is dominated by the Pepper-Mellon group.

Booze and prohibition also played their part in the republican primaries in Pennsylvania. But this issue is being tremendously exaggerated to cover up the more fundamental causes of the struggle within the republican party and more particularly to divert the attention of the toiling masses from their real grievances against the capitalist class as a whole.

Leaders of Pennsylvania Federation of Labor Support Capitalist Candidates.

DESPITE all these facts the leaders of the Pennsylvania Federation of Labor decided to support the capitalist candidates. These reactionary bureaucrats lined up on this question not as representatives of labor against the representatives of capital but as supporters of various groups within the capitalist class.

Some of the labor reactionaries proposed to support Congressman Vare, others favored Pinchot. There may have been some in favor of Pepper. The labor federation decided, after much wrangle between the wire pullers for the various capitalist groups, to indorse Pinchot for senator and Beidelman for governor.

This decision is contrary to every interest of the workers of Pennsylvania. It again surrenders the workers to the tender mercies of their enemies, the capitalists.

What should be done? The proposal of the Workers (Communist) Party and of the left wing in the trade unions is the right kind of a proposal. The workers of Pennsylvania must have their own ticket in the field. They must force the formation of an independent political organization of labor to place a labor ticket in the forthcoming elections.

The outstanding lesson in the Pennsylvania primaries is independent political action by labor; a united labor ticket in the elections; the formation of a real labor party.

China is today the scene of a conflict which will change human history. Few workers of America realize how greatly their own interests are interwoven with this struggle going on in the Orient. Many do not know of the existence of a Chinese labor movement and its influence on the great struggle now going on. These things, and the significance of the "May 30th movement" will be told of in a coming issue of The DAILY WORKER Magazine.

The Riveter's Song.

By BUELL DOELLE.

Rat-a-tat-tat, I start in the day!

SCREW up your face you fat Polack
And call down for another plate.

Baby, it's hot on the tails of these spikes!
Sing your song, little one!—rap me again,
Right in the pit of my sick guts!

Rat-a-tat-tat, I'm singing away!

Wait till he gets up the air, Speed—

Catch a smoke while he blows up the fire . . .

See the swell-build on the blond girl below!

Get back up there and yell to the Wop—

Cup a hot spike for the girl, bum.

Rat-a-tat-tat, I sing it along!

I say, how's that for a fast one!

Look out while I poke in this hole.

Rat-a-tat-tat!—see how it busts through clean!

Catch a spike, Polack, let's finish this plate.

Sing to your blond from the top stage!

Rat-a-tat-tat, I've made out a song!

Three Poems

By JOHN B. CHAPPLE.

Choose.

OH I can trail a horse 'round a field

And handle a tractor too,

But I'm damned if I'll learn to produce more and more
And hand it all over to you.

For you can get out of your limousine

And learn to trail a horse too,

Or else keep on on your road to hell

And we'll hasten the trip for you.

A Job for the Workers.

Walls, walls, walls,

Walls of capitalism;

Chasms, chasms, chasms,

Chasms of capitalism;

Cities, cities, cities,

Builded, builded, builded,

Builded by—

Builded by workers—

Then why don't the walls and the chasms and cities

Belong to the workers?

My People.

MY people are men of the farms,

And men who toil on the docks

And men who handle the axe,

And men who are punchers of clocks.

My people are men who are slaves,

Slaves who yet fail to see,

But they're eager for someone to tell them,

And that is the job for me.

How Hillman Makes Peace With the Bosses

A Story on the Convention of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers.

By JACK JOHNSTON.

WITH Abe Cahan, chief editor of the Jewish daily socialist "Forward," becoming a dominant influence in the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, it is quite natural that the expulsion and suspension of the honest, militant members of the left wing becomes the official policy of the organization.

The Amalgamated convention, held in Montreal on May 10th to 15th, was a veritable house of Babel as far as ideas and concepts were concerned for the development and strengthening of the union, and in this state of confusion it was quite natural that Hillman, Cahan and Mr Arthur (Golden Rule) Nash should stand out prominently as the leading figures in the convention.

Resolutions But Not Deeds.

Militant support of the British miners, support for the textile and furrers' strikes, against fascism, for active participation for the protection of the foreign-born, condemnation and boycott of the Citizens' Military Training Camps, for unemployment insurance to be taken out of the profits of the industry and administered by the union, to support all genuine movements for the release of all industrial and political prisoners, recognition of Soviet Russia—were all passed unanimously by the convention.

These resolutions, if passed in other union conventions outside of the clothing industry, would mark a tremendous advance for the American labor movement. But in a convention dominated by Hillman and Beckerman such resolutions mean very little, almost nothing. Thus, in spite of the adoption of these resolutions, the Amalgamated Clothing Workers has ideologically taken a very decided step backwards. Issues of tremendous immediate importance were either evaded or defeated.

Class collaboration as against class struggle was adopted as the policy of the A. C. W. A pious wish was expressed for the formation of a Labor Party, but the administration fought against all efforts of the progressives to instruct the officers to actively participate in the formation of an all-inclusive Labor Party.

On the question of amalgamation of all needle trades unions into one industrial organization, which is an outstanding necessity and is recognized as such by all unions in the needle trades, with the exception of the United Garment Workers, having gone on record in convention for amalgamation, with the added weight of having the striking furrers by telegram and also the representatives of the I. L. G. W. and capmakers coming to the convention and expressing the wish that the A. C. W. would take the necessary steps to bring about this much needed change, the attitude of the administration was one of complete evasion.

Hillman Defeats Left Wing Proposal for Amalgamation.

The A. C. W. was the first union in the clothing industry to go on record for amalgamation. The successful struggles of the left wing has won the support of the other needle trades unions for amalgamation. With all unions now in favor of amalgamation, the next step to be taken was organizational. The left wing in the convention, therefore, submitted the proposition that a conference be called of the various general executive boards or their representatives to lay the basis for an amalgamation convention. This desire was also expressed by the striking furrers and the representatives of the I. L. G. W. and capmakers. Hillman, in defeating the resolution, and asking the convention to reiterate its previous stand for amalgamation, among other things, gave voice to this gem, "For us to call a convention for other organizations would be to assume responsibility and power that we neither have nor desire. The Amalgamated will call conventions for the Amalgamated, and the Amalgamated only."

This was the method used throughout the convention by the administration to defeat any proposal that they were opposed to. Evasion of action by deliberate misinterpretation and

The Three Angels of Company Unionism and Trade Union Capitalism



BECKERMAN.

NASH.

HILLMAN.

By WILLIAM GROPPER.

Sidney Hillman, the president of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, is fighting for the greater glory of company unionism and trade union capitalism. He has made himself the champion of peace with the bosses and speed-up efficiency for the workers. This is why a clothing manufacturer of Cincinnati by the name of NASH came to the recent convention of the Amalgamated in Montreal and declared in sweet, angelic tones that "SIDNEY HILLMAN WAS A SECOND CHRIST." Beckerman and Abe Cahan (the latter is not in the cartoon because he is one by himself) being members of the so-called Socialist Party of America, officiated at the sacred ceremony in Montreal with the yellow sign of the Second International.

impugning the motives of those who introduced the resolutions.

The amalgamation resolution of the left wing delegates did not ask the Amalgamated to call a convention of other unions; it asked that a conference be called of the official representatives of the other needle trades unions to talk the matter over and to lay the basis for the carrying out of their convention instructions. Hillman could take a prominent part in the attempt to form a needle trades alliance, which was aimed to defeat amalgamation; but waxes indignant when asked to take an active part in bringing about amalgamation.

ABE CAHAN AND ARTHUR NASH THE SPIRITUAL ADVISORS OF HILLMAN

In order to understand the confusion of action on the part of the A. C. W. convention, one must understand the influences that dominate and lay down the policies for the organization.

Hillman is still the dominant figure in the organization, although Abe Cahan and the "Forward" group are growing in strength and to a large degree dominate the New York markets and have compelled Hillman to publicly make peace with and come to the aid of the "Forward," to grant organizational concessions to this group, and to openly join forces with them in the struggle against the left wing.

Another paralyzing influence was that Mr. Arthur (Golden Rule) Nash, who received by far the greatest ovation of any speaker at the convention. The Nash agreement fundamentally is not different from the other agreements of the Amalgamated. The great publicity given to the Nash agreement, Nash's inherent ability to get publicity, his appearance at the convention, simply brought out into daylight and dramatized the class collaboration policy of the Hillman administration. This fact had heretofore been obscured by the past militant struggles carried out by the Amalgamated and by the barrage of radical phraseology.

Hillman is a Militant Fighter for Peace with the Employers

The great strikes of the Amalgamated, the militancy and class consciousness of the rank and file, very naturally placed the red stamp upon the organization which reflected itself somewhat also in its leaders. But the aspirations of the conscious elements among the rank and file to make the union an organ of the class struggle, and the ultimate goal of Hillman, were entirely different. Hillman is not against the strike weapon entirely. He prefers arbitration through the im-

partial chairman, will yield to wage cuts in the form of readjustments, consciously enters into the employers' scheme of increased production, but he will militantly fight those employers who do not yet see that their interests are embodied in the policy of class collaboration.

Hillman's eulogy of Nash and Abe Cahan, and his speeches in the convention, shows clearly that he has, if he ever held the opinion, abandoned the principle of the class struggle. He is definitely of the opinion that the working class can develop the greatest amount of freedom and gain the most for their class under capitalism. In speaking about the Nash agreement he said:

"It creates a relationship that we believe is in the direction of industrial democracy. For the ultimate goal must be a democracy in industry where people will be known not only as workers, but will participate as creators in industry."

And again in the same speech he says:

"There is no prosperity in China—that great idea of the open shoppers. If our open shoppers had their way they would bring American standards down to the Chinese basis. They don't seem to realize that if they bring the standards of labor to the very bottom of the ditch they will fall into that ditch themselves."

Hillman sees no fundamental contradiction between workers and employers under capitalism that cannot be settled peacefully over the conference table, providing that both forces are of the opinion that their interests are identical. The practice of Hillman's policies has already shown that his peace with the employers invariably results in worsened conditions for the workers.

This policy very naturally united the Hillman and Cahan forces in struggle against the left wing, whose program is based upon militant class struggle. The unity of these two forces, which has gradually been taking place during the past few years, does not produce a homogenous group. This is seen in the two largest markets, New York and Chicago. In the internal struggle in New York, in which the left wing received a temporary setback, Cahan and the Jewish Daily Forward, not Hillman, strengthened their forces. This will give them more representation on the general executive board, which means that somebody from the Hillman machine will be dropped.

The struggle of the left wing in the Amalgamated is a difficult one. The administration is composed of men of ability. They are clever and shrewd politicians, experienced and capable speakers, most of them have grad-

uated thru the socialist school. They put over their class collaboration policies to the tune of the "International." The illusion held by many of the rank and file that their leaders are revolutionary, has to be broken down. The Hillman of today is not as powerful as the Hillman of yesterday. The time is gone when he was able to travel the middle-of-the-road and thru sheer popularity and strength shake a warning finger at both the left and the right. His present peace with the reactionary gang of the "Forward" is a victory for Cahan and not for Hillman.

The speeding-up process, causing unemployment and distress, wage cuts thru so-called readjustments, are being keenly felt by the rank and file, who do not consciously see that this is a part of the Hillman class collaboration policy and that the alternative is one of struggle.

The task of the left wing is to clarify the issues, to talk in the language of the workers, to press the immediate demands, to force amalgamation, which at this time is an immediate organizational necessity. With all the unions in favor of amalgamation, as usual, only the officialdom stands in the way of bringing about one union in the clothing industry.

With one industrial union, the organizing of the industry 100 per cent would be easy. The smashing of the speed-up system, and the minimum standard of production, the elimination of the demoralizing class collaboration machinery, the winning of the 40-hour week, and a guarantee of 36 weeks' work per year, real unemployment insurance to be taken out of the profits of the industry, and many other needed reforms come within the realm of immediate possibility. This is the incentive which builds a left wing and these are the tasks that confront the left wing.

FACTORY NOTE

By JIM WATERS

You hunch over your machine,
Like a nun before a crucifix,
Weaving servile prayers to your master;
But in your eyes, I see
Red flags and a blood-stained barricade.

DAWN

By JIM WATERS

The first push of an early dawn
glows red,
The unprocrastinating sea
Picks up its scarlet colors
And sends them surging shoreward
Like a revolutionary army with banners.

Grandpa Inge

A brief sketch of Grandpa Inge Skjegstad's
Memoirs on his 70th birthday, April 21, 1925.

ON the west side of Norway near the coast, there are a great number of fjords, near the edge of one of these fjords the old homestead of the "Skjegstads" was situated; there I was born April 21, 1855.

On both sides of the fjords were picturesque mountains. As a boy I stood by the window, looking up over to the other side and wondered if I were up on that high mountain I could reach up to heaven where god and the angels dwell. In my family on both sides there were cases of illiteracy. But, however, there were thinkers, among them was my own father. I was in a fair way to become an illiterate myself. At that time the country schools in Norway were managed in a crude and ineffectual way; the annual sessions were only 9 weeks, yet it was taken for granted that the scholar on entering the school should have made a fair beginning in reading, (at the age of 8). My father worked diligently with me for two years in teaching me the a b c and spelling before I entered school. Had it not been for the fact that I was the first born in the family he would have given me up as hopeless, long before I started in the country school. With only the 9 weeks annual schooling, and an indifferent and dull teacher and half of the time taken up with the catechism and bible history which I, with much tribulation, spelled my way through, my progress would have been very doubtful had it not been for a certain circumstance.

It was father's custom, in the evenings and on Sundays, to read aloud the books and newspapers which were borrowed at the school library, on the other side of the fjord, and paid two skillings per book per week. During his readings, I was presumably the most interested listener, but soon I became dissatisfied with being merely a listener. I had a great desire to find out for myself what the books and papers contained, and it was with the greatest persistence with applied energy that I spelled my way through. When I undertook to read anything I never gave up until I mastered the subject. The first book which I worked my way through was Bjornson's "En glad gut," (A Happy Boy). I attended the district school from 8 until I was 15 years old, when I was confirmed, which terminated my schooling. I did not learn much there. We had an old, incompetent and indifferent teacher, who cared little whether his scholars learned anything or not, and I lost all respect for him from the first. But he was an energetic speaker when he had occasion to discourse on the judgment day, the sounding of the last trumpet and the everlasting torture in hell which would befall the wicked and faithless sinners. He frightened me so badly that during the night I wept so much that my tears made my pillow soaking wet in the morning. The only way to avoid that awful torture in hell was to believe, believe in Jesus who had given us salvation by his blood on the cross, but the more I endeavored to believe, the less I could believe.

From that time (9 to 10 years old) my faith in the Christian orthodox religion began to leave me. The last year I attended the district school there was a prize offered for the best composition on the subject of the "17th of May." This day in Norway corresponds to our 4th of July here in America. Norway declared her independence of Denmark, and inaugurated a constitutional government (1814) which was worked out and completed the 17th of May. In my composition I wrote among other things: "We should be glad for what we received the 17th of May, 1814, but not contented therewith. There can be no satisfactory freedom in the world until all the kings, kaisers and preachers were all done away with."

At this time I was 15 years old, and knew nothing about the evils of capitalism. Our preacher, being one of the judges in this prize contest, put me down as No. 1, with this comment: "Nobody should draw the prize. There is only one who has thoughts, and his thoughts are utterly demented, his vocabulary is crazy, and his language and dictation is miserable." One of the judges remarked that I ought to receive the prize. I got it.

An uncle of mine was one of the judges, and he put me down the last one on the list. I much desired to learn other things besides the monotonous repetition of the catechism, which, as before mentioned, took up much of the time in school.

I wanted to study geography, but had to furnish my own books. My yearly income was mostly what I obtained from the crop of one bushel of seed potatoes planted. On two occasions I sent my potatoes with my father to town and told him that from the proceeds of my potatoes he should buy me a geography and an atlas. On both occasions he sold my potatoes, but forgot to buy the books, and as he was usually hardup for money, he had used up my money for other things before returning home.

The third time that I tried to get me a geography and atlas for the sale of my potato crop the hired man went to town to transact my father's business during his absence, but this time I went along myself. But woe unto me! The book dealer did not have the books I was after. On returning home I asked the hired man for my potato money, but he refused to give it to me and said he would settle with my father first. When my fourth potato crop was sent to town, I went again along with it and finally I got my books! Geography and atlas. During the Christmas festivities, I obtained a world's history by going farther up the side of the mountain than where father got his wood, and I cut down two or three birch trees, tied a rope to them (the logs) and dragged them down the side of the mountain to where I could get at them with a horse and sleigh. Then I cut them up into stove-wood, took it to town and sold it. It was not much of a world's history, mostly about wars, and kings and not much about civilization. What interested me most was the history of Greece, and especially about Socrates, Solon and Lykurgus law making. There was very little, if anything, about the Grecian slavery. What interested me very much about world events at the time that I was 16 to 17 years old, was the Parisian revolts. In Norway at that time there were no newspapers that sympathized with the Communists, at least not to my knowledge, and I knew but very little regarding the uprisings, and revolts, but sufficient for me to know that it was the masses against the aristocracy, and therefore attracted my entire sympathy.

I remember well once when there was some discussion about the Communist uprisings that father said to me: "Ola, you are not so crazy as to take sides with such wicked affairs are you?" I said no more about Communism within his hearing, but my convictions were firmly held in my mind just the same. Another important movement which arose during my youth were the Russian-Nihilist movement which also stirred me to intense interest, although I understood but little of the underlying cause. I only knew that they desired to rid themselves of the czar.

My most beloved author during my youth was Bjornson. I almost idolized him! He underwent an extended process from a faithful orthodox Lutheran to a free thinker, and all his doubts and cogitations in this regard he made public in his writings, and I read after him all that I could find. At the age of 21 I heard him lecture on "His Persian Majesty, the Devil." To me the lecture was intensely interesting. The effect of his fearless outspokenness has done more to remove the fear of the devil among the younger generation especially, than anything else in Norway.

I had no more use for Bjornsen after he, like so many other highly intelligent and accomplished men, in their old age became conservative. In 1905, when the union with Sweden was dissolved, Bjornsen worked for the installation of a king and against a republic. I could not understand Ibsen in my younger days. Later I observed that in order to understand him one had to read Bjornsen first. Another author, Danish, had perhaps a greater influence on my spiritual life than Bjornsen, as he was, in many respects Bjornsen's contemporary. Gruntvig died at 90 years of age when I was 15. He wrote one place that the world's enlightenment would be moved to Russia. The light of liberty has now moved to Russia, but hardly the way that Gruntvig meant it. Since then I have always had my eyes on Russia and expecting something to happen there. What interested me most in Gruntvig was his theory in regard to training and the school. At that time he called the so-called "Latin schools" the "black schools." The school's aim should not be to clutter up the mind of the pupils with useless knowledge, such as the dead languages. It should be a school life. It should seek to make people better, to create an incentive to self-think-

ing, and to live a moral and noble life; to have courage and manhood enough to firmly adhere to what they believed to be true, even if persecution and suffering followed. He would have abolished the catechism and religious lessons from the schools. His pedagogical theories were followed up with practical results in that private high schools were built up in Denmark and partly in Norway and Sweden.

In Denmark a so-called private university was established in accord with Gruntvig's theories, and presumably is still in existence. This had a great influence on the public school system and was therefore of great merit and value. Outside of Scandinavia this particular system was doubtless not very much known. This movement, called the people's high school movement, interested me more than anything else at that time, and to become a teacher in such a school was my ambition. I decided to go to a state teacher's seminary first. At the age of 19, I went there with expense money that father borrowed. The full course lasted three years. I acquired some useful knowledge; among other things was, how to write passable Norwegian. Religious instruction I cared very little for, and took up little time for it.

I must mention an incident at the seminary. One of the teachers took up five or ten minutes on Darwin and evolution. This teacher was removed soon after. It was a tremendous impression on my mind. I had no longer use for either the Mosaic story of creation nor the plan of salvation. When I came home during the summer vacation, I could scarcely talk about anything else but Darwin and his theories. Once I saw my father turn aside with tears in his eyes after all he had done in sending me to this school, I should turn out to be a Darwinite. It was too much.

After finishing up at the seminary I was going to take a course at one of the public high schools. I was fortunate enough to enter one and to pay my expenses myself. This was a boarding school and I earned school money by teaching the manager's two small boys. He declined to send them to either the public or Latin schools. I liked him very much. At this place I enjoyed the happiest days of my life. The school's aim, said the principal, was to polish up the ideal of the young people. For this purpose, history and modern literature were utilized. Although this procedure in the schools was far superior to the old method, yet I do not now regard it as infallible. In my estimation the old-time customs were too frequently resorted to for the solution of modern problems.

After I was through with high school I endeavored to establish a private child's school by the Gruntvigian method. I presided over such a school for two years but failed to earn sufficient to live on. Then I tried for a position in the public school. I was going to practice the new way but I was rejected. I was too radical, and too well-known as such. What I was best fitted for was as teacher and the teachers at the seminary admitted it, but they objected to my radicalism, so there was no place for me in Norway. When I was 25 years old I emigrated to America.

I might have overcome the obstacles to secure a position as teacher only for another hindrance I was afflicted with asthma, which I will mention further later on. The first year I was in this country I met a Norseman who translated for me Ingersoll's eulogy at his brother's funeral. Immediately I became so interested in Ingersoll that I began to spell my way through, and by using a dictionary, find out the meaning of words, and in this way I believe I read nearly all of his works which were at that time available. In this way I learned to read English, as similarly when a boy I learned to read Norwegian by becoming really interested in Bjornsen. While I did learn to read English I never could speak it fluently. I settled in a Scandinavian settlement in Minnesota where I heard no English spoken except when I was in town and then too, but seldom. Now there is nothing which embarrasses me so much as my imperfect speech in English. It was my plan and intention to write at some length but the work and the cost of translating was too much.

I have existed as an ordinary working man, farmer, store keeper, surveyor, peddler and author. Since coming to Denver I have sold tooth picks, shoe strings, etc., but with no success, and before my daughter came, I often went hungry.

LENIN - - Short Stories of His Life

(4)

THE LONDON CONVENTION.

time for the convention drew nearer. It was carefully prepared for. But in the group there appeared tendencies to split. In correspondence of Plekhanov and Lenin at me—recently published by the Lenin Institute we read how particular Lenin was about the program. He tried to find the most exact relation and criticized the propositions of Martov, who wanted to use more general expressions. At last there was a program they agreed upon, and the unity was outwardly secured. But Lenin was compelled to consider the future of the paper. He figured the split would come between the "old time" and "youngsters." He seemed to have had a feeling of having as the seventh member of the editorial staff Trotsky, who had recently come from Siberia, and worked with him. But things did not turn out otherwise: all the co-editors turned against Lenin, even Trotsky. Plekhanov worked for a time with Lenin, but soon deserted. The convention began in Brussels, but was called by the authorities to move to London. Delegates were present, forty-eight of them in all. There were some proletarians from Berlin, and they lined up with Lenin. The question concerned the autonomous nationalities. The Jewish "Bund" wanted to be recognized as a separate organization. Lenin was determinedly against this, and the Bundists left the convention. Remember that in questions concerning the state Lenin was in favor of autonomy, even up to the point of secession, but he did not recognize national federations in the Party. There has always been national bureaus and language publications in the Russian party, and all consideration was given to the national minorities. But there had been no separate party units for them. The main issue was the first paragraph in the constitution. The difference seemed to be about one: Lenin proposed that everyone who belonged to some party unit should be considered a member of the Party, and Martov believed it should be enough if a man did his Party work for the control of an organization. Martov insisted that there could be some intellectuals, comrades, who worked for the Party but who did not do Party work in the units would be inconceivable. Lenin admitted that the work of students and professors is important, but they should not be allowed to have exemption from Party duties. The proletariat is the leading class; proletarians are needed in the Party. Martov got a slight majority on this question, but

the principle of Lenin was adopted in practice.

The relations with the liberals also caused discussion. Lenin could estimate every expression of opposition by the liberals against czarism, but he never consented to degrade the Party to being the tail of the liberals. Martov and Potresov—future Mensheviks—recommended a more conciliatory policy towards them. In the discussion of the program Plekhanov astonished the Mensheviks, stating that you should not make general suffrage a magic formula; the workers might be compelled after their victory to disfranchise the bourgeois, at least for a time. Also another brilliant prophecy was made by Plekhanov. He said that the coming revolution would probably see the Marxian "Mountain" arrayed against the opportunist "Gironde" (the revolutionary party and the treacherous party in the French revolution.) This prophecy was realized in 1917—but Plekhanov was not with the "Mountain." In the convention of 1902—and some time afterwards—Plekhanov had revolutionary flashes. When Axelrod reproached him for supporting Lenin, he said: "Of such clay Robespierres are made."

To the editorial staff of Iskra were elected Lenin and Plekhanov and Martov. The twenty-five votes given for the first two against twenty-three opposing votes created the expressions, "Bolshevik" and "Menshevik"—that is the supporters of the majority and the minority groups. After the convention Lenin wrote an enthusiastic article about the Party, now coming out of the nasty air of small circles into the light of publicity. (Although the Party remained illegal in Russia). He said: "The proletariat has its organization as the only weapon in its fight. The workers can become and unavoidably will become a victorious power only when their ideological unity on the basis of Marxism is confirmed by the material unity of organization which unites the toiling millions into an army of the working class. Against this army the decaying power of Russian autocracy will not stand, and not even the power of international capital, which is approaching its dissolution."

"One Step Forward, Two Steps Backwards."

ISKRA did not follow the Bolshevik line for a long time. Plekhanov lined up with the Mensheviks. Lenin resigned from the editorial staff and explained in a letter to the members what the differences were and how they were differences of principle, and not of a personal character. Then he wrote the pamphlet "One Step Forward, Two Steps Backward," a sentence which characterizes in an excellent way the Menshevik policy. Lenin came back to the question of the first paragraph of the constitution, and showed in a thoro

manner, how the tendencies in the convention have now appeared as pure and simple opportunism. He also analyzed every vote taken in the convention. He characterized the differences as follows:

"The old Iskra taught the truths of the revolutionary fight; the new Iskra preaches wordy wisdom, concessions and compromises. The old Iskra was the organ of orthodox Marxism. The new Iskra serves up the vomit of opportunism, especially on the question of organization. The old Iskra gained for itself the wrath of the Russian and West-European opportunists. The new Iskra has become wise, and is not ashamed of the praise of the worse opportunists. The old Iskra went towards its goal unwaveringly, its words and deeds were one. In the new Iskra the intrinsic falseness of its position creates, unwillingly and unconsciously, political hypocrisy. It makes a big noise against the status of the circles only in order to cover up the fact that the circle spirit has won over the party principle."

(The circles represented the loose connections and independent actions of small groups; the party principle meant authoritative leadership, a common theory and tactic, and a firm organizational unity.)

Lenin showed how the party crisis could be solved: (1) The paper must be put into the hands of the majority; (2) the relations between the organizations abroad and in Russia must be defined exactly; (3) the limits for the party discussion must be agreed upon.—He made concessions and tried to come to an agreement, but did not succeed. In the summer of 1904, the Bolshevik central committee, with Krassin at its head made a compromise which actually meant surrender. Lenin did not yield. Let alone, denounced as a "splitter," he pursued his way. He appealed to the revolutionary committees of the party, organized the bureau of the majority committees, and started the preparations for a new convention, while the central committee wasted its time with inner quarrels. He started the paper "Vperyod" (Forward).

THE REVOLUTION OF 1905.

This is the subject of the forthcoming short story of Lenin's life that will appear in the next issue of the New Magazine. This revolution, defeated by the troops of the czar, was the historical prelude to the triumphant victory of the Bolshevik revolution of 1917. If you want to know what these revolutions were about and of Lenin's role in them, read the next issue of this magazine.

an author I had issued a pamphlet in Minnesota entitled "Its Coming, Socialism." I sold 100 copies in the Norwegian language and 2,000 in English. I traveled around and sold some in Canada and would have liked to continue with it but lacked funds to have another supply printed. So I began peddling tooth picks and strings. While I lived in Minnesota I held several small public offices, such as postmaster, shipping supervisor, assessor, justice of the peace and school clerk. I was school clerk for 25 years. As a new settlement and I was the first one to make an effort in establishing schools. I encouraged all I could, to secure liberal-minded teachers and occasionally tried to enlist their interest in the Scandinavian high school movement. I was given credit for what I did both in and outside the school district. There are not many things that I have done for which I have received credit. I became a socialist after my coming to America, and it occurred nearly similar to my coming an evolutionist while attending the primary. A man who knew what he was talking about, talked socialism to me for about a half hour, and it immediately awakened my interest. Mental soil was prepared. I often hear about socialism in Norway but all I gathered was that the socialist's idea was to make an equal division of what all should own equally. I became a Communist as soon as the Third International was organized. The greatest disappointment in my experience was when socialists became traitors, broke their promises at the three last Socialist World Congress before the World war by not doing all in their power to hinder it. I will mention a little here about my asthma.

It came on when I was eight years old when I fell on to the rear end of a cart and ran exceedingly hard for about a mile, so that I nearly died. It has been my greatest hinderance in

doing anything in the world. I possess a strong will, and would even go through with learning to spell English only for the asthma. It has made me fumble nearly everything I have attempted to do in life, besides suffering untold agonies. For months I have been unable to lay in bed and sleep sitting in a chair.

Two of the worst attacks of asthma that I have experienced I will mention here. I took up a homestead up in Minnesota, and one time, the first summer I lived there, I sat in my shack for two days and three nights on a home-made bench and leaned over the table so sick of asthma that I could not move, hardly, not even so much as to get some water, although it was only three or four rods to it. Then a neighbor came along and got some water for me and something to seat so I was able to go home with him. Another attack I had was when I was married—a wife and child (Gudrun)—and food began to get rather scarce.

I got a job which was very welcome and consisted of surveying and dividing up some land into 40 acre sections. I finished up in two days except to place permanent corner stakes where I had put down only temporary ones, stuck in the snow. In the morning I got up suffering badly with asthma, but went out anyway, because I knew that if the job were not fully completed my pay would be withheld and my work done for nothing.

During the day I grew worse and worse but continued at my work. When it began to get dark I got through, and then had to walk a mile through some timber to the house where I stayed while on the job. I told the folks who were with me not to wait for me as I expected it would take me a long time to get home and it did. I did not get to the house before one o'clock in the morning. I sat on a chair the rest of the night. In the morning I had to get the folks

to harness and hitch up my horse, and help me into the sleigh. I was barely able to sit up in the seat and hold the lines, but arrived home. My wife had to help me into the house and take care of the horse. I was unable to leave the house for three days. Among several people I have met who are afflicted with asthma, I met an old lady up on Capital Hill here in Denver, who has been troubled this way all her life, until she was 70. At that time I met her she was 85, and she told me if I lived to be 70 I would get rid of asthma. I am now 70 and I can say that during this last year I have been getting better and better.

I want to say this, that I do not hark back to the middle or ancient ages for a solution of modern problems. Socrates, Solon, Lykurgus, Marcus Aurelius, Jesus Christ, or Luther can not help us, and I do not believe, even in the Grundvigian public high schools for that matter. Dr. Ward has helped me to dismiss this worship for the ancient time. When I look back on my 70 year old life I see mostly disappointments and suffering with an occasional gleam of light. I have seen the proletarian dictatorship of Russia. If I live to be 80 years old we will see the whole world (except the U. S.) under proletarian dictatorship, and if I live to be 90 the U. S. will also be in line with the rest of the world, and if I live to be 100 then dictatorships will no longer be necessary. However, it does not make any difference whether I am cheerful or depressed, no matter about myself, whether I have much or little or nearly nothing to eat, better or worse, prospects for more favorable conditions among the suffering and slaving masses is what determine my state of mind, and what has now transpired in Russia, (one-sixth of the world's area) does more than anything else to make me to see that life is worth living.

The Working Woman Is Awakening



Begging



Resenting



Fighting

The New Woman in China

CANTON.—"Red Canton," as it is called for having been for years the revolutionary center of China, is a subject of much interest in the world press. In the current issue of "Asia," in addition to an interesting article by Lewis S. Ganett, Anna Louise Strong (Anise), in a colorful picture of this city, tells of the women of New China and "Red Canton."

Her trip to this city was arranged in Shanghai thru the wife of Sun-Yat-Sen. Arriving there, she was met by "Mrs. Borodin, Russian-American wife of the Soviet representative," and a Miss Liao. The mother of the girl was also a woman of New China, wife of a general of the army of the South who had been murdered. On his death she knew the strength of the ancient custom she was flaunting when, instead of retiring to her upper room for years of stricken mourning, she used the days of her husband's funeral to arouse a sluggish people. She had started three educational workshops for striking women—a laundry, a sandal-making shop, a sewing shop "with these new-fangled sewing machines." By day they worked at their trade; in the evening they learned to read and write and studied the principles of Sun Yat-sen: "nationalism, democracy, socialism."

The dark little flamelike girl sat beside me in the car as we swung thru many wide streets, the work of Sun Yat-sen against much opposition, converting the ancient city into the most modern town in China outside the foreign concessions.

At the home of Mrs. Liao other women gathered. Here was a strong girl in her early twenties, with honest, penetrating eyes, who had spent seven months in Moscow, "learning about revolutions." She had a strangely contrasting double job in "women's instruction" and in "revolutionary secret service." With an intellectual woman of forty, head of the Women's Normal School, she was discussing arrangements for the women's mass meeting called for the morrow. Everyone turned to welcome a calm, sleek-haired woman in the early thirties, whose eye-glasses gave a touch of modernity to her face—Mrs. Chiang Kai-shek, wife of the general who within the past two weeks had disposed of three invading armies and was now in Swatow, consolidating his victory. There was a noticeably patriotic flutter around Mrs. Chiang, and a listening for the latest news from the front. General Chiang was a millionaire by inheritance; he had spent a million and a half of his own money to help organize the troops of Canton. Yet alone, among all the troops in China, they were not spoken of by the name of their leader; for they took pride in belonging to "the nationalist cause" and not to any man, however respected.

The author continues: :
And now discussion begins about the mass meeting of the morrow and the need of starting a large women's organization, so that the women of South China may be swiftly educated to take part politically with their husbands in building the new government. The younger women are impatient; the older women more cautious. Mrs. Liao especially, she who in her own person has defied ancient custom, admits its power. "Women cannot be awakened so quickly," she says. "Custom is three thousand years strong."

The younger woman who handles women's instruction and secret service speaks up swiftly. "The walls of Weichow were three thousand years strong," she says, "but our Whampoa cadets have taken them." She is flaming with assurance of success. I was to hear often of the taking by storm of this ancient city set on a narrow peninsula, with only a narrow neck of land twenty yards wide as approach to its unassailable walls. Boiling pitch from the ramparts, scaling-ladders against the towers—with the help of these was the city taken. And thus new prestige had come to the army.

But Mrs. Liao has turned to me and beckoned her daughter to interpret. "She wants you to know," says Miss Liao, "how our women are bound by custom. The wife stays always in her inner room. Only for very important occasions may she leave the house, and then always in a closed sedan-chair. She does not eat with men, not even her own brother, after she is seven years old. If in three years of marriage she bears no children she is chased away as a no-account wife. Do you know what our old books say of the pure, brave woman? Once a maiden was touched on the hand by a man, and she cut off her hand because it was defiled. That is Chinese purity that women must honor. Some women, if their betrothed dies, go anyway to the house of their father-in-law and live there always in submission as widows, eating only vegetables, with the image of their betrothed always beside them. That is Chinese faithfulness that women must copy. You cannot judge by the women of Canton. You must remember the peasant women. In Canton there is no question now that a girl marries whom she likes. But if you go to a village and tell a girl that she should marry whom she likes she will be very much afraid of the idea. Such women cannot be quickly organized. But, if the Chinese woman is slow, in the end she will do much; for she has very great sympathy and is most strong to endure."

And so the new women of age-old New China continue building for the future—help-mates and comrades to their men in the ranks of the revolution.

Anise concludes:
I saw them all again and again in the days that followed. Little Miss Liao, standing aloft at dawn on the Grave of the Revolutionary Dead, near the crowning statue that is so like the Statue of Liberty, and joyously pointing out the seventeen stones, from Fresno, Calgary, Chicago, New York, Lima or Sydney, to show me how the Chinese all round the world were knit in the revolution. The great mass meeting of women in the hall of the board of education, where folk dances, entirely new to China, alternated with speeches in which America and Russia were strangely intermingled as ideals. The modern little comedy, "What Is the Family?" in which a first wife raises the cry of the modern woman against her husband's desire to take other wives in ancient Chinese manner.

Women the world over are awakening—in all sections of the globe and as far away as China, breaking custom and tradition, joining the front ranks of revolutionary Labor, Builders of a new world.

May Day in Soviet Russia

A Letter from Earl Browder.

Dear Comrade:

A week ago the Moskva River, swollen with the quick thaw and melting of the snows of a long winter, flowed over its banks and into many of the streets of Moscow. But that flood, impressive as it was, had nothing of the magnificence of the flood which yesterday swept the streets of all Moscow. The latest flood was of workers, hundreds of thousands strong, with a thousand red banners floating over their heads. From all over the city and its suburbs they came, marching, each factory and shop together, young and old, men and women. All roads led to the Krasnaya Ploshad, the Red Square.

Everything, literally, is closed tight in the city for three days—except the curbside cigarette stands and a few peddlers. Because I went shopping Friday night too late and found the stores cleared out of prepared foods, Tom Mann and I had a very light breakfast. Then, with our interpreter, Gertrude Elsbach, we went to the Red Square. Promptly at 10 o'clock the ceremonies began. The square was packed with soldiers of the Red Army. I estimated about 20,000 of them. Voroshilov, head of the army, made a short speech, and then the assembled soldiers repeated after him the oath of the Red soldier.

Voroshilov, with a dozen other leaders, including Kalenin, Stalin, Tomsky, Enukidze, Molotov, was on the platform above Lenin's mausoleum. We were quite interested when we saw a large group of high-silk-hatted diplomats from the capitalist countries walk by the mausoleum, removing their hats as they passed, and also later we took an unholy glee in watching them remove those high tiles when the band played the Internationale. These little things, however, I am sure did not make them as uncomfortable as did the parade, which began at 11 o'clock with a review of the troops, company after company, for three hours, while cannons in the Kremlin boomed out a salute; infantry, cavalry, machine-gun companies, field artillery, armored cars, tanks;

while in the air a score of planes maneuvered, looping, diving and playing all the sports of the airmen. After the army came companies of factory workers, armed; then the masses of workers. The parade continued until we, standing and watching, were tired out, and when we left at 4 o'clock there was no sign of the end. Every street leading to the Red Square was packed as far as could be seen, and still they were coming. We heard later that it continued until after 6 o'clock before the last columns had marched past the reviewing stand.

At midnight began the Russian Easter, which before the Russian revolution was the great holiday. Formerly the entire population swarmed around the churches at midnight, and followed the religious processions. Last night, however, the church was not able to muster an impressive following.

Today the young folks and children are swarming into the country for a day of recreation and rest.

Everywhere here one feels a contagious joy and boundless faith in the future of Russia. Already the achievements, compared with the dark days of 1921, are so great that one gasps in amazement to see what has been built up. The deep sores and scars of war, still deep in the body of the Russian people, are making way for a new, strong, healthy life. That, above all, was what I felt while watching the great celebration yesterday.

As ever,
Earl Browder.

Moscow, May 2, 1926.



Every point will bring you closer to MOSCOW — Get the point!

THE TINY WORKER

A Weekly

Edited by Jonny Red

Vol. I

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No. 1

EXTRA! EXTRA! YOUNG COO-LIDGE LEARNS HOW

The president's son, John Coolidge, Jr., goes to summer training camp to learn how to become a soldier. That's a swell way to teach John how to be an officer so he can train workers to shoot other workers when the next war comes along.

NEWS

Thousands of little boys and girls must work like slaves in the factories, mines and on the farms all over the country. The bosses don't care if the children die so long as they make profits for them.

MORE NEWS

The Young Pioneers of America say that every little boy and girl whose parents are workers ought to read their paper, "The Young Comrade." We think that what they think is alright.

POEM

A dog stood on the burning deck,
Barking at workers near the rail.
The darned boat burned
And so did the dog's tail—
Hot dawg!

FAIRY TALE

Jimmy Ryan got a job last week running errands for a grocery store. He gets \$50 a week and

when he is tired the boss tells him to rest and gives him an ice-cream cone while he is doing it. He also gives Jimmy lots of groceries to take home to his mother.

The reason this is a fairy tale is because it isn't true. Who ever heard of such a job?

PRIZES!

Why do teachers say that every little boy has a chance to be president some day? Best very short answer to The Tiny Worker gets a swell all-day sucker sent in a classy box.

FUNNIES!

All nuts don't grow on trees. Look at the nuts that walk around and think that boys and girls ought to be working instead of going to school.

When Is A Fish?

A fish is not a fish when he's a poor fish that thinks his boss loves him.

Advertisement

For the best little news story, poem, funny or fairy tale — or anything else — sent in to The Tiny Worker — we will make the boy or girl editor of that issue. Your name will go on top of The Tiny Worker as Editor. Won't that be swell!

Send in your news to the Tiny Worker