

The New Magazine

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Editor.

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EVEN THE BLIND CAN SEE

ALL credit to the British miners. Their courage, discipline and vigor is a real inspiration to the working class the world over. It is also serving as a serious check upon the "open shop" and wage cutting ambitions of many an American capitalist. The American workers are, therefore, in duty bound to come to the immediate assistance of the British miners with substantial sums of money.

The real nature of the desperate struggle in which the British miners are engaged is becoming obvious even to the blind. And what is it?

It is to stop the offensive of British capital against labor. It is to save the entire British working class from being thrown into the abyss of misery and starvation to which British capital is persistently driving the working masses. It is to save the British trade union movement from demoralization.

And in this struggle the British miners are confronting the tremendous weight of a practically united capitalist class which has to its service the full might of the governmental machine. Baldwin's government is doing the bidding of the British coal magnates as truly and loyally as they could desire.

The king already signed the eight-hour bill for the miners, and the Baldwin government is now spending tens of thousands of dollars in full page advertisements in all English newspapers trying to show "how an increase in one hour would solve the coal problem and give the miners full satisfaction."

At the same time parliament decides to continue in force the "Emergency Act," which gives the government war-time powers to crush the strike by all means at its disposal.

But the British miners are not downhearted. Despite the black treachery of the class-collaboration trade union leaders who called off the general strike leaving the miners alone in the field; and despite the cowardly behavior of the sham left wingers, who sur-

British Capitalists Celebrating the Calling Off of the General Strike



rendered leadership to the right wing and permitted the latter to betray the general strike, the British miners are pushing ahead

with splendid vigor. And in this they are receiving the support of the militant workers the world over.

The British miners must win. The American workers must supply part of the financial support. Help the British miners!

Coolidge and the Declaration of Independence

HOW much finality and perfection is there in the Declaration of Independence?

"About the declaration," says Coolidge in his July Fourth oration, "there is a finality that is exceedingly restful."

RESTFUL is the word. It is, indeed, restful and comfortable for the class of capitalists that Coolidge serves to have the Declaration of Independence considered final, and to have it backed up by the armed forces of the American government. It is restful and profitable.

Coolidge says: "If all men are created equal, that is final. If they are endowed with inalienable rights, that is final. If governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed, that is final. No advance, no progress can be made beyond these propositions."

What is missing here to complete the thought is a statement to the effect that the republican party and President Coolidge are also final and then everything would be nice and dandy.

HOWEVER, what is the real truth of the matter?

The equality truths of the Declaration of Independence were

very concrete and material truths at the time when the American government was formed. These truths meant that the young American capitalist class shall become the dominant power in the government. For a class that holds the economic power in its hands, equality before the law means more than equality. It means domination. And that's what happened.

But for a class that is economically dependent, as the workers and poor farmers are, equality before the law means inequality and oppression. And that is our present system.

Tell the victims of the Gary disaster that they and the steel trust are equal before the law,

Tell the Passaic strikers that they and the textile bosses are all equal.

Tell the bankrupt and ruined farmers that they and Wall Street are all standing on a basis of equality before the law and the American government.

It is ridiculous, of course. The only equality that will affect the economically oppressed classes is the abolition of classes altogether. This means the abolition of capitalism thru the establishment of a workers' and farmers' government.

To a Certain Dick

By JIM WATERS.

I got your number;
I know you from the neck up.
I was there when you squelched on a prostitute
Because she wouldn't kick-in with booze and money:
She got six months in the work house.
I was there when you forgot the evidence
Against (Muggs) McGuire, pinched for pandering
A sixteen year old girl to a gang of Hunkies:
He went free to pander again.
I was there when you said: "This is the truth,
Nothing but the truth, so help me God."
But I got your number;
I know you from the neck up.



In the Shadow of the Chair

By SAMUEL A. HERMAN.

(Inspired by the picture drawn by Fred Ellis, the noted cartoonist, for the defense of Sacco and Vanzetti.)

Solid as a Gibraltar rock,
Square set—it's four legs
With bull-dog tenacity
Firmly gripping the ground,
Entrenched in place, immovable,
As grim as Death, as fearful
And awe-inspiring as a Tomb at night
On some far-off burial ground
When shadows prance in mad revel;
With horrible arms that clutch to kill,
Rests the lone Chair of the Executioner.

Look! See its murderous stare,
See its blood-shod eyes, its air
Of expectation, of hope, of desire
To torture and to kill!

Not far away two men are in a cell,
Whom thousands knew as Comrades,
Whose only crime was that they loved
With each beat of their hearts,
Their Class—the exploited of all lands.
For this they are caged in a cell
With one solitary, iron-barred hole
Thru which the ghastly moonlight
Spreads a weird light—and Lo!
Two shadows are cast on the Chair,
A grim forecast, a reminder
Of what the future holds in store,
A premonition of impending doom—
Unless . . . unless . . . LABOR,
The Court of Last Appeals,
Commands: LIFE AND FREEDOM!
For none there are who dare oppose
The Command of such a Court!



A PEEK EACH WEEK AT MOTION PICTURES



LA BOHEME.

LA BOHEME is as good a production in its own kind as that other Vidor production, the Big Parade. Murget's old story, the original inspiration of all the Latin quarters and Chelseas and Greenwich Villages that ever were or will be has a certain frank and gracefully artificiality that makes it admirably adapted to movie as well as to operatic technique. Genuine artistic discretion has been shown in the selection of the scenes and incidents best suited to the screen, and the numerous opportunities for falling into the usual movie abominations—the temptation to stick on a happy ending, for instance—have been avoided.

The movie version of the tale tells of the life of a carefree group of budding geniuses in a garret of Paris of the fifties, with the theme of the love of the young playwright, Rodolphe, and the little seamstress, Mimi, at the heart of the story. Gilbert, who gave excellent performances in the widely divergent roles, of the dough-boy in the Big Parade, and the prince in the Merry Widow, makes a Rudolphe whose dashing youth and brilliant smile, but, above all, whose romantic slenderness will doubtless be the envy of many a puffing operatic tenor in the same role.

Lillian Gish, as Mimi, does perhaps verge a trifle on over-sentimentality, but, on the whole, her interpretation of the part is good. In the first place she avoids the self-conscious and stupid coynesses and naughtinesses that most actresses feel in duty-bound to introduce when they are playing a Frenchwoman, quite without regard as to the type that the particular character they are portraying is meant to be. Secondly, she avoids prettifying the sickness and weariness of the girl, young as she is, already tired out by the struggle against overwork and slow starvation. The contrast is well done between the gay poverty of the young bourgeois Bohemians, to whom the hard life is more or less of a lark, and each one of whom is certain that it is only a short stage to success and fame, and the seamstress to whom poverty is the unchangeable law of life.

A clever suggestion of operatic rhythm runs thru the picture, and as every member of the cast fits his acting to this rhythm an unusually harmonious whole is achieved. This rhythm is especially apparent in the picnic scene, when the whole Bohemian gang celebrates the advent of spring, and the amazing possession of a few stray francs by spending the day in the woods. Here Lillian Gish

shows real skill and spontaneity in her portrayal of the girl emerging from her sombre quietness in her delight in her first experience, of the woods and her intoxication with freedom and sunlight and the love of Rudolphe.

Rene Adoree, the Belgian actress who gave such a good performance of the French peasant girl in the Big Parade, is equally good as the gay, generous-hearted Musette, and Karl Dane, the tall soldier of the same play, is a realistic janitor—at least, operatically realistic. —A. S.

"VARIETY."

"VARIETY" is entitled to its name. It is different from other movies shown in New York.

The story is simple: The everlasting triangle: A retired acrobat known as "Boss" is reawakened to his acrobatics by a luring young actress. He leaves his wife and baby and goes to the circus. Thru an accident of one of the well-known trapezists this new couple joins "Artinelli," the remaining trapezists, as the "Three Artinellis" at the Wintergarten Theater.

Jealous of "Artinelli's" relationship with "Boss's" new sweet companion causes "Boss" to murder "Artinelli," and then to give himself up to the police.

And the play opens with Prisoner No. 28 ("Boss") telling the story of his crime, which story he kept from the world during his ten-year stay in prison. It ends with his discharge from prison.

But the story is not the paramount part in this German production. Emil Jennings, as "Boss," is himself the play. The reproduction of his facial expression of suffering and happiness, of love and hatred, is as never yet seen on the screen. There are a few novelties in "Variety": (1) In his jealous moment "Boss" thinks that when "Artinelli" will turn a somersault in the air he will not catch him, but let him drop dead onto the theater ground. This thought has never yet been produced in an American production. This is marvellous screen-treat. (2) "Boss," resting on his trapeze, with a whirling, dizzy head, looks down upon the audience—and what he sees must be seen and marveled at. The facial expressions of the theater-goers in watching the performance is a realistic treat.

It seems that the producer was interested in technique and expression rather than plot—and he succeeded to a praiseworthy degree.

Yes, movie-theater-goer, "Variety" is entitled to its name. It is running in New York at the "Rialto."

Smasico.



William Hart



As Seen by the French.

Jackie Coogan



From a Russian Painting.

Proletarian Cartoons

The author of this review is editor of the Modern Quarterly and author of the noted book on American literature entitled *The Newer Spirit*.

By V. F. CALVERTON.

CARTOONS have become a part of contemporary civilization. They have developed into a form of comment and criticism that is essential to our culture. They represent a kind of snapshot logic that often is sharper than words and more effective than argument. A philosophy is captured in a flash of lines or scorned with a single gesture. In short, cartoons speak a language that is direct, pithy and dramatic.

While cartoons may not be able to instruct in dialectics, they are able to excite and persuade the emotions. In these days of modern psychology the importance of the emotions in forming judgments and confirming conclusions has been amply demonstrated. Cartoons have an immediate effect upon the emotional process. They can by their directness of presentation agitate, propagandize and inspire. They give emotional tonus to intellectual attitudes. They give spirit to logic, reason to tactics.

In dealing with Red Cartoons (Daily Worker Publishing Co.—\$1.00) one is immediately impressed with the importance of subject matter as well as with the skillfulness of line and ingenuity of conception. Here are proletarian cartoons, conceived in the spirit of the class struggle and devoted to the definite purpose of class propaganda. Despite the canine ululations of the bourgeois critics, the artistic clarity and forcefulness of these cartoons do not suffer as a consequence. On the other hand, the animus that motivated their creation seems to have infused them with emotion molten in intensity and magnificent in sweep. The titleless one by Fred Ellis (The DAILY WORKER of Jan. 26, 1924) which projects the figure of a worker, his body bound by the inextricable ropes of oppression, his suffering face thrown toward the impotent heavens, is an exquisite and excellent flash of work. Robert

Minor's depiction of the workers driven to the abattoirs of labor by the snakish whip of the capitalist cavalryman (The Liberator) has a rhythmic flow of line and a symmetry of organization that mark it as a strong and significant production. Another of Minor's, "The Exodus from Dixie," in which the great migrations of the Negroes from southern to northern latitudes are interpreted in their relationship to the ku klux klan and lynching programs, is scarcely less effective. There are many others that stand out as striking, sturdy achievements, particularly "Buried Alive" by Ellis, "A Sacrifice to Greed" by Juanita Preval and "The Evolution of the American Peasant" by Robert Minor. Altogether the collection is a valuable contribution to the proletarian art that is slowly growing up in this country.

Such a collection as Red Cartoons is, after all, a development in the cartoon genre that has come only after numerous evolutions in its substance. The word cartoon is derived from the Italian "cartone," which means pasteboard, and the real cartoon, according to its original character, is a large picture in fresco, oil or tapestry. It serves as the model of the finished work. The word cartoon was not employed until 1843, when a large exhibition of real cartoons was held in Westminster Hall, from which selection was to be made of designs for the decoration in the fresco of the new houses of parliament. What are now known as cartoons were originally called caricatures. Political caricature naturally did not develop until after printing was invented and rapid circulation of material could be realized. It is interesting to note the growth of the genre. The earliest caricature (or as today called cartoon) is a French engraving that dates back to 1499, in which Louis XII is depicted playing cards with the Doge of Venice and the Swiss ruler, while the other rulers of Europe are forced to look on. In the 17th century caricatures multiplied. One of the most amusing and yet at the same time bitter is that inspired by the Protestants who fled to England after the Edict of Nantes had



been revoked in 1685—this caricature consisted of 24 hideous faces grotesquely similar to the ministers and courtiers of Louis. In England the bourgeoisie was frequently caricatured by the artists of the aristocracy. One of these caricatures representing "The High Court of Justice, or Oliver's Slaughter House," is especially clever and memorable. In 1710 in the notorious proceedings against Dr. Sacheverell caricature became a salient weapon. It was at this time that the word "caricature" came into common use. (The word deriving itself from the Italian "caricare," meaning to load or charge, and hence in English translated into an exaggeration). Hogarth, Gillray, Thomas, Rowlandson, Isaac Cruikshank, Temmel, Maurier and Keene are the most famous caricaturists that flourished on English soil. Hogarth and Cruikshank were the leaders of the bourgeois satirists in their effort to use caricature for the moral ends of the bourgeoisie. In America Thomas Nast was the famous political cartoonist. Defending the republican party during the Civil War and attacking Tammany afterwards, Nast was important in making the cartoon popular in the United States. Puck, Judge

and then Life followed with cartoons as one of their central attractions. It was Life magazine that, for instance, discovered the work of Charles Dana Gibson.

In England Max Beerbohm chalked a change in the attitude of the cartoonist. Beerbohm was the Sinclair Lewis of cartoonery. Instead of playing up the bourgeoisie as had his predecessors, in particular Hogarth and Cruikshank, he satired it. But Beerbohm's caricatures had more of fun than earnestness about them, more of mischievous contempt than of deep hatred. The proletarian cartoonist is a new figure to emerge. In the attitude of the radical cartoonists of today there is a firm-set realization that the time for playful piquancies is past, and that pictorial satire and exposure must be undertaken in profound seriousness. Red Cartoons bears out this fact with unequivocal emphasis. The absurdities and injustices of a class-strangled society must not be twisted into form evocative of laughter, but revealed with candor productive of hatred.

And so Red Cartoons satirizes with a purpose that is as social as it is significant.

To the Wall of the Communards in 1926

By HARRY GANNES.

ON the last Sunday in May, in commemoration of the closing, bloody week of the Paris Commune (the armed uprising of the Paris workers in 1871 against the rule of the French capitalists) the French revolutionary workers march thru Pere Lachaise cemetery and before the Wall of the Federals proclaim their lasting and growing determination to carry to a successful end the struggle here so valiantly lost. The 1926 parade to the Wall organized by the French Communist Party was held during the days of a tense economic and political crisis, and particularly in the midst of a bitter campaign against fascism.

Two Communist Party members, Clerc and Bernardon, were on trial for the killing of three fascists in a street fight provoked by the Young Patriots—the French imitators of Mussolini's blood-be-drenched black shirts. The verdict was to be rendered the next day. Thruout its long duration the proceedings against the French comrades was the most closely followed event of the day. It was a court battle between Communism and fascism, with fascism, gun in hand, standing on the court steps, ready to retaliate in the Matteotti fashion at the least nod from Taittinger, the French Duce.

For several weeks before the day set for the parade the party issued the slogan, "To the Wall," as a demonstration against fascism and the Briand government which was systematically selling the French proletariat to the American bankers.

Sunday morning wherever you went in Paris were hundreds of workers walking along the streets with outspread "L'Humanite," the Communist Party organ, exhibiting its black headline: "Celebrate the Commune; To the Wall, Comrades!" The circulation of "L'Humanite," already 300,000, was considerably increased that day.

I lived just one block from Montmartre heights, where was stationed

the main battery of the Federals in 1871. It was the attempt by Generals Lecomte and Clement Thomas, the military tools of Thiers, that aroused the Parisian masses against the danger of the shameful capitulation to Bismarck and a renewed attempt to restore the monarchy.

It was on this very street, now so solemnly paraded by workers reading "L'Humanite," the Rochechouart and Clignancourt Delta, all the way down to Place Clichy for about two miles, that the women of the Commune held the boulevards against the Versailles soldiers, incensed to revenge by Gallifet and the little, fat Thiers.

THE parade was set for the afternoon. "L'Humanite" for that day was devoted to the Commune, its significance for the world proletariat; the present disastrous policy of the French imperialists, and the growing danger of an American Dawes plan in France. The franc was steadily falling, and Peret, Briand's comical minister of finance at the time, was repeating his phonograph record: "The fall of the franc is not justified by the actual economic condition of the country. Have confidence in the government." But the franc followed Comrade Cachin's prediction, that is, downward, and with it was going the standards of the already underfed and consumption-ridden French workers.

There were several letters in the paper from veterans of the Commune. These old class warriors had fought on the barricades, had lived thru the blood bath of the Commune, the terrible massacre afterwards, the failure of the French socialists in 1914, and the success of the Russian revolution—the establishment of a workers' government that had learned from the mistakes of the revolution of 1871.

The streetcar to Pere Lachaise now traverses practically the invasion of workers' Paris by Gallifet. All along the way here, where workers now hurry along with their red flags, the

France and U. S.



Negotiating Debt Settlement.

Communards drenched with their blood. These very streets were their battlefields. Every few blocks was the scene of a barricade, and every barricade the scene of a heroic struggle, and then a massacre. The fighting (and with it the slaughter of the Communards) intensified as the territory held by the revolutionists thinned.

We reach Belleville now. This is a workers' district. We are not far from the party trade union headquarters. More and more workers now walk toward "The Wall." In 1871 several hundred, ragged and blood-bespattered workers also hurried toward the wall. It was here in Belleville that in 1871 the bitterest fighting took place. This is the doorstep of the final catastrophe. The workers here erected a tremendous barricade. The cannons belched and shrieked endlessly. The Versailles troops were harassed and enraged. "Why doesn't this damn ordure surrender!" The Communards were outnumbered, beaten, fatigued and with not a hope of success. Their ranks dwindled, dwindled. One man remained on this barricade. He did

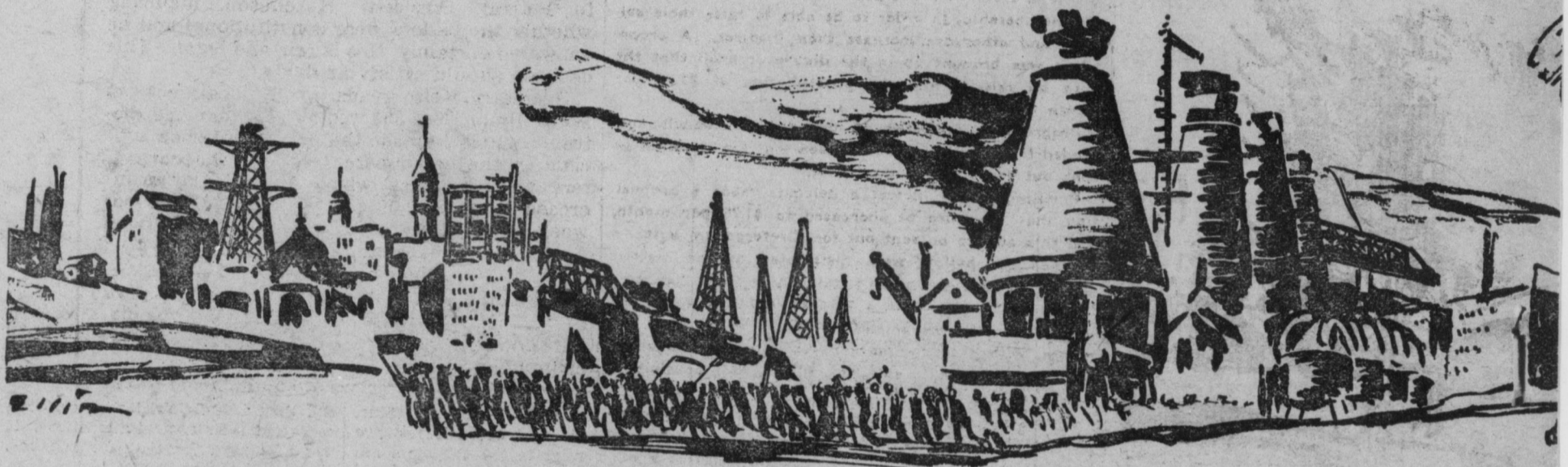
not surrender. He retreated in the midst of the smoke and grime into the shambles of the tottering buildings, a symbol of the workers' revolution, retreating but unbeaten.

We near Pere Lachaise. The streets are choked with workers and, above all, is a sea of red flags. This cemetery is the final battleground of the Commune. Here the last few Communards retreated and behind the tombstones of France's illustrious dead gave ground inch by inch until the end of the cemetery was reached. There was no time lost by the Versailles troops. The few remaining Communards were placed against the wall, that is now so profusely decked with red flags, and summarily shot. But before they died their voices were raised in a piercing cry that has not died: "Vive La Commune!" On this Sunday that cry sounded louder than ever before. Seventy-five thousand Parisian workers, under the leadership of the Communist Party, repeated the cry: "Vive La Commune!" That was not all. The Commune had erred and lost, but the Russian revolution had succeeded and to the cry of "Vive La Commune" was added "Long Live Soviet Russia," "Long Live the Communist International."

FOUR hours the party units, the trade unions and unorganized workers paraded past the Wall of the Communards. Standing in the very spot on which their comrades had exerted their last efforts on behalf of the Commune, a few grey-haired veterans greeted this new party, the new red youth that perpetuated the spirit of the Commune.

The execution of the small group of workers before the Wall was the finishing touch to the massacre of 30,000 Communards. Thiers chuckled in the thought that "socialism was dead for all time now." But this day 75,000 revolutionists demonstrated their consecration to Soviet Paris.

The Prelude to the Great Struggle of 1877



THE Civil War taught the American workers of that day a number of useful lessons—very much the same lessons that twentieth century European labor learned from the war of 1914-1918. They learned that capital declares war, and the workers do the fighting; that capital reaps immense profits from war, and the workers, intensified exploitation. But above all, they learned the effectiveness of organized, united action, and the necessity of meeting force with force. When the time became ripe for it, after the terrible misery of the panic year of '73, when capital was beginning to succeed in its efforts at crushing the class organizations of labor that had attained such strength in the years following the war, and was trying to beat labor into complete submission, this war-taught acceptance of force frequently came to expression in the labor press. The Workingmen's Advocate, for instance, a sober and very influential labor paper, writing in '73 on the use of militia in a current lock-out, and "the determination to substitute contract coolie labor at starvation rates for the locked out workers" declares:

"It will not be done without a bloody struggle. . . . And if the issue must come in that shape before the American workingman, he will not be found slow to accept it. The rattle of musketry and the belching of cannon has hardly died away from the ear. The scenes of carnage are still fresh in the vision of those who survived the battle-field; and when it comes to a choice of deaths—by slowly starving, or meeting it in the face of the cannon's mouth—the American workmen will not be slow to accept the issue. "And when, four years later, the issue did come in just that form, at the time of the great general strike of 1877, the workers accepted it without hesitation.

The years immediately following the Civil War were the years of the firm establishment in power of northern capital. The rapid railroad expansion of the previous decade during which the government handed over immense stretches of the public domain to the railroad capitalists without cost; the accompanying development of markets on a national scale; the destruction of the southern feudal economy; the great fortunes founded on war-profiteering; and, above all, the tremendous industrial development of these years, combined to give it complete supremacy both in the state apparatus and on the economic field.

The one effective challenge to the autocracy of capital was organized labor, which was rapidly organizing on a national scale in line with the national expansion of industry; and every day becoming increasingly conscious of its separateness, its class interests and its rights.

With its first realization of the existence of this obstacle to its dream of complete domination and boundless profits, capitalism set itself to break down this resistance to its royal will by any and every means at its disposal. It was perfectly and brutally frank about its intentions; the pretty phrases of class-collaboration had not yet come into vogue.

The tremendous mechanical development of these years pointed the way. The multiplication and perfecting of machines, with the accompanying possibility for the division of labor

and the substitution of unskilled for skilled workers in many branches of industry opened up the opportunity for the extensive employment of cheap, untrained labor. Hence "cheap labor" became the slogan of the capitalists, which they advertised and glorified as today they advertise the slogan, "The partnership of capital and labor"; and immigrant contractors kept securing the labor markets of Europe for new and ever cheaper sources of labor supply.

A certain defect existed however in the European supply—the ever-present danger that these emigrants, unorganized as they were and strangers in a strange land, might nevertheless become infected with the virus of workers' solidarity, and desert to the workers they were meant to replace. Enough cases of the sort were recorded to frighten them; like the incident of the 700 Swedes brought to smash the miners' union in Arnot, Pennsylvania. Most of the miners, who were on strike against a 10 per cent wage cut and the owners' demand that they sign an iron-clad agreement to abandon the union, were Scotch and English, but they managed to find a Swede to talk to his countrymen. He broke through the company guards around the barracks where the men had been housed, and in just one hour had all 700 of them marching down the road away from the mines with a Scotch miner playing the bag-pipes at the head of the procession.

THIS danger, emphasized as time went on by the fact that the International Workingmen's Association (First International) began carrying on a vigorous campaign against contract labor and attempting to warn European workers away from strike localities in the United States, caused American capital to investigate other sources of supply. They turned their attention to China, with its exhaustless supply of cheap labor, and here they discovered a near approach to capitalism's ideal of a worker who could exist practically without eating. Around 1869 we find a certain Koopmanschap, a notorious slave-dealer, hailed as a savior by the capitalist press.

"It was only a few weeks ago," exclaims the New York Times feelingly (7-21-69), "that the name of Koopmanschap was unknown to fame! Suddenly it has emerged from obscurity. . . . and occupies a lofty niche within the nation's fame. . . ." His claim to fame was "the proposed transportation, immediately, of hundreds of thousands of coolies, to supply the demand for labor everywhere, and in every industrial department." As a shining example of what will be accomplished by Koopmanschap's project, the Times cites the case of a certain woolen mill in San Francisco, where Chinese workers were installed "when the Irish hands refused to work more than eight hours. The firm immediately discharged them and employed the 'coolies' paying the latter only \$1.00 per diem while to the Irish laborers they had paid on an average of \$3.00 per diem."

And the Cincinnati Commercial exults: "Weavers of cotton and silks can be had in China for \$2.00 or \$3.00 a month. . . . Women are found in abundance to do the labor of households for their mere bread and clothing. . . . Laborers can be got in the tea district for 6 to 7 cents a day. . . ."

In addition to its cheapness and submissive-

ness, the other great advantage that American capitalists found in Chinese labor was the immense difference in language and background and customs that constituted a gulf between the workers of the two races that rendered propaganda almost impossible. Moreover, the slave conditions under which the Chinese were imported, bound them hand and foot to their employers, and left them completely at his mercy.

"These Celestials," wrote the Boston Commonwealth, in boosting the project, "belong to no striking organization, don't worry about their pay, and do not presume to dictate to their employers."

Effective use was made of the Chinese in a number of localities in both mines and factories, in breaking the hold of organized labor. In North Adams, Mass., for example, a shoe manufacturer "determined to free himself of the cramping tyranny of that worst of trade unions," the Knights of St. Crispin, the strongest of the period, discharged every worker and manned his factory with Chinese, whom he kept in barracks within the factory gates, retaining them for ten years until the union menace was at an end.

The Chinese contract labor system was not figuratively, but literally, slavery of the worst order, and slavery that was officially approved by the government of the United States. The men were either taken aboard the slave ships, where they were imprisoned below decks, and lashed with the cat-o'-nine-tails on the slightest pretext, by force, or duped by lying promises. Taking advantage of the Chinese workers' ignorance of the devious legal paths of western civilization, the slave-dealers tied him up in contracts framed to keep him enslaved for life. For transportation costing about \$40 he was charged \$300, and with wages averaging \$8 monthly, the dealer, with various deductions and manipulations, easily managed to keep him eternally indebted. Moreover, the contract stipulated that if he failed to return within a stated time—which of course he never was able to—his family might be sold into slavery under the Chinese law. An American correspondent tells of seeing any number of such families for sale in the slave markets of the large cities.

In addition to cheap labor, an extensive use was made of the blacklist; and it was said to be utterly impossible for a striker to get a job in his line anywhere in the land after the unsuccessful termination of a strike. A large number of powerful employers' organizations sprang up during this period with union-smashing as their avowed object. There are very few of the practices of the open-shop organizations of today which were not known, at least in a sketchy and primitive form to these associations.

WHEN economic measures did not seem to suffice, the capitalists supplemented them by the use of force, the armed bodies of the state being of course at their disposal just as they are today. These were supplemented by the notorious Pinkerton Agency, still active today in stool-pigeon work, which had been founded a few years before the war.

Martial law was frequently declared, when it seemed likely that a strike or union organ-

By Amy Schechter

New York Carpenters Raise Their Dues

A TRAGEDY AND FARCE IN ONE ACT.

(By a Worker Correspondent.)
INTRODUCTION.

A short time ago the job holders of the Carpenters' Union in New York decided to raise the dues, paid by the membership, in order to be able to raise their salaries and otherwise increase their incomes. A proposition was brought up in the district council that the dues be raised from the present sum of \$1.25 per month to \$2.00.

Progressive delegates of the district council succeeded in getting a motion passed that the question be sent out for a referendum vote.

Smelling certain defeat a delegate made a proposition that the dues be increased to \$1.75 per month, and this also to be sent out for a referendum vote.

When the ballots were distributed by the district council to the local unions, to be voted on, they contained two propositions: Are you in favor of increasing the dues to two dollars per month or, to \$1.75 per month, with a square marked yes under each proposition and no place to vote no. It was only possible to vote for \$2.00 or \$1.75.

This trick raised a storm of protest, the membership of about 10 locals forced their officials to return the ballots without voting and some locals voted unanimously to cross the yes from the ballot and write in no, and send their reports in as voting against both propositions.

ACT ONE.

Scene and place: New York District Council of Carpenters. Time: Wednesday, June 23, 1926.

SECRETARY KELSO of the district council reading the tally of votes as cast by the local unions, at a regular meeting. "Those locals that returned the ballots will be counted as not voting." (Voice: They are impartial.) "Those locals that did not vote in accordance with the instructions on the ballots are void. Total tally for \$2.00 a few hundred, for \$1.75, 5,257 votes. The proposition for \$1.75 is carried."

A delegate arises. "Mr. Chairman, this shows how much interest the members take in our union, when only about 5,000 vote out of over 30,000 carpenters on a proposition of raising their own dues. Those reds are crazy for yelling rank and file all the time, this ought to be a lesson to them."

Delegate Lihzis of Local No. 2,090: "Mr. Chairman, this vote is a fake. I don't believe 5,000 voted. How do you expect the members to vote on a hold up proposition. It's just like a robber puts up a gun: money or your life, here it is, \$2.00 or \$1.75."

as they please than they are to work as many hours a day as they see fit. . . Men, after having earned their pittance of wages by excessive toil, are expected to prostitute their elective franchise to gratify the will of their employers. . . we are aware of whole establishments being controlled in that manner. . . In some cases overseers sit beside the judges of election to see to it that 'their men' vote the right ticket, and the failure to do so insures the discharge of the workman on the following day."

It was the union, then, that was considered the real bulwark of the labor movement, and a large proportion of the strikes and lock-outs of these years were fought primarily for the right of organization. Repeatedly during these years, particularly among the miners, we read of men—and women—staying out for months in the face of eviction, hunger and troops rather than sign agreements abandoning the union.

The unions grew at a great rate in the period between the end of the war and the panic of '73, some 25 national unions being formed. The largest and most powerful, the Knights of St. Crispin (an organization of shoe-workers) founded in 1867 had a membership of 50,000 by 1870, and lodges all over the states from Philadelphia to San Francisco, as well as in Toronto, Quebec and other Canadian cities.

THERE were of course a variety of elements in the unions of the period; but though some members looked upon the union merely as an instrument for collective bargaining, and subscribed to the "fair day's wage for a fair day's work" philosophy, there was also a large militant element who regarded it as a stage in the class struggle, a means of bringing about that workers' solidarity that would be indispensable for the battles of the future.

This militant attitude is excellently summed up in an article appearing in the Workingmen's

Delegates at meeting: "Sit him down, he's crazy. Throw him out. He's one of them reds." After the excitement is over a delegate arises. "Mr. Chairman, my local appealed to General President Hutcheson inquiring whether the ballots were constitutional and he answered certainly, this is fair and legal. This decision should satisfy anybody."

Secretary Kelso reads communication from Local Union No. 353 requesting that the district council increase the salaries of their officials in the same percentage as the carpenters' wage increase, which would make an increase from \$100.00 per week to \$115.00 per week. Delegates and business agents from floor. "Mr. Chairman, I concur in the proposition." "Mr. Chairman, make it \$125." "Mr. Chairman, I think it ought to be more than \$125.00; let's increase the per capita to the district council." (Voice: Send it out for a referendum vote.)

Delegate Lihzis arises. Shouts from floor: "Sit him down, throw him out!" Delegate Lihzis shouts. "Mr. Chairman that's a fake vote. I am not going to vote because it's not legal. The \$12.00 wage scale is only on paper. Most of the men are working for less. Your salaries are too big anyway." Shouts drown him.

Delegate from Local Union 1164, a local that returned the ballots as a protest: "Mr. Chairman, I am not going to vote. I think the motion for \$125 is better than the one for \$115; the officers are entitled to more money, but I won't vote because it is too near the time when dues are to be raised. All the outsiders will be yelling: 'As soon as they raised their dues they raised their salaries, they couldn't even wait a few weeks.' I say we must lay the matter off for a few weeks, it will be better; I therefore won't vote."

John Halkett, president of the Building Trades Council, boss over everybody and brains of the whole concern: "This talk about a referendum vote and members kicking is all bunk. We didn't send out the question of increasing the wages of over 30,000 carpenters for a referendum vote, and we didn't ask their permission either. Surely we don't have to do it for a few officers. Everybody will be satisfied." Getting angry, "and if a few kick, show them some of Hutcheson's strength."

Secretary takes vote and announces that the motion for \$115 was carried unanimously with two delegates refusing to vote.

CURTAIN.

Advocate of March, 1873, when the panic of that year was already flinging out thousands of workers to starve in the streets, and the rumbling of '77, the year of the first great battle between capital and labor in the United States were already heard in the land:

The article is an answer to one by a certain Frank Leslie, a labor reformer, who, attacking the tyranny and rapacity of capital, had pleaded with it to "study the labor problem," "exhibit sympathy for labor," and grant it "a fair day's wage for a fair day's work."

"Ask history," says the writer, "to point out one single instance where kings, aristocracies and dominant classes have ever voluntarily surrendered their powers of oppression and plunder, and inaugurated any system that would deal justly with the poor and oppressed.

If "this moneyed giant," he asks, has done so little for labor in the last fifty years, what will it do in the next fifty years, with its tremendous power so much greater today than that ever possessed by any king or aristocratic government?

"Now what labor really wants, and what it will have before the struggle is ended, is entire freedom from the domination of capital. It will repudiate the principle of the servitude of man to money as the war did of man to man. . . it will insist on social arrangements enabling it to retain its earnings. . .

"It is determined to unite in itself both capital and labor. It will institute a broad, equitable and indestructible republic of labor. . .

"The little that labor craves today is no criterion of what it will demand tomorrow. . . Tomorrow it will walk as a giant.

"Let labor prepare for all emergencies. . . We are now entering upon a period of discussion. After that will come action. Our first need is organization, in trade unions, labor unions, and unions of any kind that will cement labor in one common brotherhood. . ."



on campaign was coming to a successful conclusion. While the war was still in progress an order was issued in St. Louis by Major General Rosecrans forbidding the workers of the city from joining unions or attending meetings or demonstrations on the grounds of military necessity." The following significant phrase in this order is worth quoting:

Putting down this attack upon private property and the military power of the nation by organizations led by bad men, the general government relies upon the support, etc. . .

the same year two companies of troops were sent into Cold Spring, N. Y., to put down a strike of ammunition workers for a raise from \$1.00 to \$1.25 a day to meet the immense increase in the cost of living, martial law was proclaimed and the leaders first imprisoned in Lafayette and later exiled.

In the years intervening between the end of the war and the general strike of '77 we frequently find headlines like the following appearing in a bourgeois Pennsylvania paper (1907-72) above a report of a strike for the hour day in the lumber mills of Williamsport:

THE LABOR STRIKE—MASS MEETING
THE PEOPLE—GREAT EXCITEMENT
TODAY—FIGHTING WITH MILL GUARDS
ARRIVAL OF TROOPS FROM ABROAD
(side of state)—LEADERS ARRESTED
IMPRISONED—PROCLAMATION BY
GOVERNOR GEARY."

In this case the troops had been sent in after the strikers had resisted police who had opened fire on them while picketing one of the saw-mills in the town. Among the workers arrested in this strike, it is worth mentioning, as a comment on the "democracy" that the bourgeoisie is fond of telling us existed in those old days, some were held on \$10,000, and on \$20,000 bail, and both their wives and attorneys were refused admittance to the

ALTHOUGH there was quite a wide recognition of the necessity of independent workers' mass action on the political field, and some of the local labor parties, notably that in Massachusetts, achieved a temporary effectiveness, the struggle was mainly on the economic field. The tendency of certain leaders to flirt with bourgeois reform parties, notably the Greenback party which swallowed up the original Labor Party organized by leaders of the National Labor Union (a loose trade union federation with a membership of about a million) at the beginning of the seventies, aided in rallying militant elements among workers to the unions as their chief weapon of defense against the capitalist offensive.

The open control of legislatures and congress by the big interests, and the constant efforts to use bribery and intimidation of labor at the polls also tended to make many workers fairly cynical as to the efficacy of the vote. The same Workman (1870) writes in this connection:

There is a pleasant fiction prevalent in this country that the workingman is free and independent as a voter, but such, we are sorry to say, is a delusion. Laboring men in our part of the country are no more free to vote

The Story of a British Domestic Worker Who Fell Into the Clutches of Bolsheviks

By FLORENCE PARKER.

"The rich man in his castle,
The poor man at his gate,
God made them, high and lowly
And ordered their estate."

THAT inspiring little verse from a very popular hymn of the Church of England was in the main what kept Alice Johnson, the heroine of this story (and a few million other people who are not heroes or heroines of this particular story) from taking her place in the emancipation of her class and kept her also in a half doped state of serfdom.

She was elderly, servile, convinced that the "upper classes" were rightly on top—and she was religious. In short, the above quoted little piece of information summed up Alice Johnson's philosophy in pre-strike days.

Not that she was quite unacquainted with the class struggle. Her mother had been left a widow with seven young children to rear somehow. All of them had gone to work very young and endured in their various trades all the exploitation of youth which is so essential a part of life under the capitalist system.

Alice had for years worked early and late, always honest and conscientious, and unfailingly respectful to the "upper" class by which she was employed—and exploited—as a domestic worker.

At 15 a kitchen maid, I met her at 51 a skilled cook general, still religious and still able to hear, and to sing, the above little hymn verse without experiencing the slightest desire to knock sense into god, hell out of the rich man or even to move from the lowly gate to the castle.

THEN Alice went to work for some Bolsheviks!

Perhaps you imagine that she saw some advertisement like the following:

"Bolshevik family, tired of murder and their digestions ruined with eating human flesh, require the services of respectful, Christian cook."

Perhaps you imagine that full of the missionary zeal of her religious sect, Alice decided that it was her god-sent duty to go out among the heathen bolsheviks and bring them to the paths of righteousness.

But no! Alice had no idea whatsoever that her new employers were Bolsheviks.

It happened this way.

Alice had married an old railway-man, who, fat, asthmatic and a bit rheumatic in the feet, was finishing, at the age of 63, his last two years as a ticket collector on the London Metropolitan Railways, after which he would go on the magnificent pension of £1 3d a week.

As may be imagined, by adding up the weekly wage of Johnson and subtracting the ameliorations of life, say, of the Russian worker in regard especially to rent, food, holidays and health, savings had not been considerable, so Alice had turned out to work again at 46 to make as sure as possible of financial security for them both, for the present and for the future.

And that is how she fell into the clutches of the Red Terror!

NO one could possibly blame Alice for failing to realize the danger into which God (for Alice knew from her childhood that it was God who had been responsible for the arrangement of her life) had led her.

Tho there were signs from the very beginning that things were a bit unusual at her new place, still there were mostly such very pleasant unusualnesses that Alice never spotted them as Bolshevism—which only goes to show what subtle, snake-like people these British Bolsheviks are!

For instance, she was definitely engaged at so many hours a day and was told not to stay after the time was up, as the Bolshevik family were too hard up to pay overtime and would not let her work beyond her time unless she received overtime pay.

Then they were not a bit religious. Sometimes they even laughed about God, and sometimes they were definitely rude about people who went to



The Russian Woman in Industry.

church. And the man Bolshevik swore horribly to the vicar when he, unsuccessfully, tried to visit them once.

Then they asked her not to call them "Sir" and "Madam;" they said it took their appetite away. You see what queer people they were!

Then they read the strangest papers, none of those which Alice's former employers had been accustomed to read. And they offered to lend them to Alice and nearly always pointed out to her the cartoons, which even respectful, un-class-conscious Alice had to admit were funny.

The woman Bolshevik did not lounge on a sofa in the drawing room reading a novel, and giving small tea parties to elegantly-dressed women friends. No, her typewriter tapped from morning to night, and her room, which could hardly be compared with the drawing rooms of Alice's former "mistresses," was full of papers and books, and pictures pinned on to the walls. And these pictures gave Alice the creeps, until they were explained to her, after which she began to think about one or two things, but still in the foggy, halting, frightened way of those who have for years been exploited by the bourgeoisie.

There were constant meetings to which came few or many men and women of all ages and types. Some of these people stayed to meals. Jolly people they were, too, the queer. They helped Alice to lay the table and to clear the things away, they talked to her when she brought in the food and once a good-looking young man said to her:

"Well, comrade, what are the domestic workers thinking about the coming strike?"

Alice thought that was a queer question. He seemed to think that she would know what the other people engaged in work like hers would be thinking. And whatever did he mean about a strike? Were the workmen going to make trouble again?

Still, the young man had such beautiful curly black hair and asked his question in such a serious, friendly way that it was no wonder Alice failed to recognize him as a Bolshevik, tho, as she confided to her stolid British husband later, he did look a bit like a foreigner and probably that was what made him seem different.

It was while Alice was dallying with the word "comrade" which the handsome young "foreigner" had used, that the General Strike broke out.

LIFE at the Bolsheviks became more frenzied than ever. Machines called duplicators arrived; typewriters chirped in nearly every part of the house. People, all of them called "comrades," arrived at all times of the day and night, argued together, held meetings and departed carrying knapsacks on their shoulders, full of funny little daily papers, called the "Workers' Bulletin." Some of the "comrades" slept at the Bolshevik house and most days work went on from 6 a. m. right round the clock till 3 or even 4 a. m. Alice was fairly engulfed in the class struggle now.

The strike went on. Daily and nightly Johnson attended his strike committee, even forgetting to take adequate time off for the meals which he had hitherto treated with such deference, saying to Alice, in those far-away pre-strike days:

"At my age, my dear, it is of the greatest importance what one eats and absolutely essential for me to have perfect quiet during those of my meals that I can get in my own house."

Now he asked for a sandwich or two and had even once or twice been

found by Alice munching an apple during an urgent meeting of the strike committee, just like an errand boy and not a bit like "the oldest ticket collector on the line."

At the home of the Bolsheviks work went on unceasingly daily and nightly, and one night at the tiresome hour of 2 a. m., when people were really tired and when Alice was sleepily boiling up some hot soup for some newly-arrived comrades, there came the news that "the young foreigner" from Liverpool had been arrested.

Alice couldn't believe it. Then the woman Bolshevik was arrested and fined £50 for merely carrying about a packet of the little daily papers which Alice had begun to read regularly and was learning to appreciate.

Alice's blood began to boil. She was too shy to ask for information and yet she really longed to know more of all that was happening around her and which had caught stolid, unimaginative old Johnson in its grip no less than the Bolshevik family.

The last day before he went to jail Alice met "the young foreigner" in the still surging, ever busy house of the Bolsheviks.

"Eh, Mr. Alec, whatever have they arrested you for? I'm sure you haven't done anything bad enough to be put in prison for. I wish I understood what it's all about. Johnson's too busy and everyone else is either writing newspapers or going to jail."

Now young Alec was a good propagandist, and altho somewhat busy, as one is apt to be the day before going to jail for three months, he looked at Alice and seeing quite clearly the sincerity of her question, dived without further hesitation into the strike, the arrests and the class struggle.

Alice was a good and rapt audience and his efforts were not wasted. To stand by the workers, to take one's place with one's own class, to know what they ought to have and to be able to rouse them from their apathy of suppressed and aimless hostility, to see ahead the path to freedom "for our class" and to know beforehand the difficultie sand dangers likely to be encountered on the way—it was for such work as this that Alec and a thousand other workers were being sentenced.

Alice began to see daylight. And her church? Alec bravely tackled that question for her, too, and gave her a new outlook on this as on practically every other question. Still, on religion he did seem terribly drastic and tho

forced in debate to agree with him, still Alice felt that she would wait till Johnson confirmed these strange views before she really faced up to them.

Alec went to jail—so did a thousand other class-conscious workers.

Johnson was disgruntled at the call to stop the strike and saw clearly thru the betrayal of the "leaders." So did thousands of other workers.

The Bolshevik family dug into a re-crutting campaign for the Communist Party, pointing out clearly and unceasingly the lessons of the general strike—and so did a few thousand other members of the C. P. G. B.

And Alice did a number of strange things.

She lost her faith in the little hymn verse, began to hate "the rich man in his castle;" to develop a "shoulder to shoulder" complex about "the poor man at his gate" and had an ever-increasing suspicion that God had entirely mismanaged the position of the "high and the lowly." She even began to doubt whether it was the function of God to arrange these matters at all. Most significant of all, she no longer got in a flutter when the Bolshevik family and their visitors called her "comrade." She joined the co-operative stores, for Johnson felt and said that no striker should shop anywhere else, for he said "you never know when we shall need the co-ops behind us."

By the time that Comrade Alec, looking pale and "more like a foreigner than ever," came straight to the house of her Bolshevik family on his release from jail, Alice knew well enough to realize what he had been put in for, and what the strike had been for, and what her duty was to these things which she had ignored so long. She had joined the women's section of her local labor party and she now read the papers the Bolshevik family lent her. So that when Alec got back from his holiday as the guest of his British majesty's government, she was sure of their new relationship.

"Hullo, comrade," he said.

"Welcome home, comrade," she replied.

"FANCY me going about calling people 'comrade,'" she said to Johnson late that night. "What are things coming to?"

"What indeed, my dear?" replied Johnson, puffing as he bent down to put on his bedroom slippers.

London, May 31, 1926.

THE TINY WORKER

A Weekly

Edited by Charmion Oliver

Vol. 1.

Saturday, July 9, 1926

No. 7

EXTRA! EXTRA!
Charmion Oliver
Edits this Issue.

This little comrade whose fairy tale is in this issue is again honorary editor. Send in a story, poem or anything snappy and zip goes your name to the very top of the TINY WORKER.

POEMS
There's a guy I hate,
It's Mickey Moss.
He squeals on workers,
To the boss.

Another One.
He hates the Reds,
Does Freddie Wood,
The head of Fred is not much good.

LATEST
President Coolidge's son flunked in school in one subject and now has to go to summer school to make up. Kind of dumb, isn't he.

The Young Planners are trying to raise \$5,000. That's a lot of money but they need it for their little paper, The Young Comrade. Help them get it!



John Red's father picked up this story by Johnny Red!

Last winter "Keep Cool With Coolidge" is what every worker did. Many of them nearly froze to death.

But in the summer the rich guys and the Eskimos are the only ones that keep cool—riding on sleds and eating eskimo pies. (Oh, boy!)

It would be nice if all workers would earn enough to send us kids to the woods where the president is and then we could really "Keep Cool With Coolidge."

The only thing cool about Coolidge is his attitude to workers and the money he put on ice.

Johnny Red's father only winked and smiled as he said: "That boy has a sharp sense of humor."



THE TALE OF A CAT
(A fairy tale)

by Charmion Oliver, San Francisco.

Mrs. Van Hogtall has taken the \$12,000 a year she has been spending on two cats and is now spending it on a school for workers' children to teach them the beauties of the first workers' republic of Soviet Russia. Also I will state she is serving free milk and cream daily.

NOTE:
If the above is not a fairy tale you might use it as a prize lie.

Now wasn't that a clever little fairy tale—or prize list if you can write one as good as this ghes we will be awfully glad to get it!

IMPORTANT
If you like THE TINY WORKER why don't you order a bunch every Saturday to give to other children—and their parents can read the rest of the paper. Ask your dad for a quarter—that will buy six copies of the whole paper.

Second Thoughts on the Fourth of July

This is the second and concluding article by Jay Lovestone on the revolutionary methods of struggle employed by the colonial fathers in overthrowing the rule of the British crown. The first article appeared in last week's issue of the magazine and dealt with the tactics of force and violence in the revolution of 1776.

By JAY LOVESTONE.

The Form of Government.

WE can understand why the American capitalist today is shuddering at the word dictatorship. When they hear the word dictatorship uttered by workers they know that it means the dictatorship of the workers to supplant the present dictatorship of exploiters. When the bourgeois apologists speak of the holiness of the present form of government they try to make us believe that the people living in America have always had the same form of government, that this present form of government is immutable, that it has eternal blessings for the masses.

Our revolutionary forefathers, when they decided to destroy the domination of the British ruling class, did not put much faith in the then existing governmental institutions under which they were living. Our forefathers decided to set up their own governmental apparatus. The first thing they did was to clean out the courts, which then, as now, were the bulwark of the reactionaries, the Tories (those who were loyal to the existing government).

In a letter which Lorn Dunmore, governor of Virginia, wrote to Lord Dartmouth, dated December 24, 1774, he gave a description of the governmental apparatus set up by the revolutionists to displace the existing government. He said:

"A committee is chosen in every county to carry the Association of the Congress into execution. They inspect the trade and correspondence of every merchant; watch the conduct of any inhabitant; may send for, catechise and stigmatize him if he does not appear to follow the instructions of their Congress. Every city, besides, is arming an independent company to protect their committee and to be employed against the government, should occasion require. Not a justice of the peace acts except as a committeeman. Abolishing the courts of justice was the first step taken."

The American revolutionists set up a very effective dictatorship to uproot all those loyal to the government of the exploiters and oppressors at that time. Anybody who did not declare himself on the side of the revolution was treated roughly. Even before the Declaration of Independence was issued, Connecticut declared that there should be no more freedom of speech

for those who were loyal to the government and against the revolution. Those loyal to the government were not allowed to get together. Such privileges were accorded to them in cases where they were attending funerals, and then they were watched carefully by the committees of safety which were set up by the revolutionists. Those loyal to the government were completely disarmed.

The first American revolution also set up a very effective "cheka" for weeding out Tory elements. Let us see how this "cheka" of 1776 worked in Massachusetts, the state which has given us that flower of all Americans—Coolidge.

"In Massachusetts it was provided that a meeting of the inhabitants of each town might be called, at which a strong patriot should be chosen as chairman. Any citizen present at the meeting might give him the name of anyone suspected of Tory sympathies and, if a majority present voted affirmatively, the person named was arrested and tried at the next session of court. If convicted, he was shipped as soon as possible, AT HIS OWN EXPENSE, to Europe or the West Indies."

Those refusing to accept allegiance to the revolutionary government and continuing their loyalty to the overthrown government were put into jail, kept there forty days and later deported, in many cases to some part of the British dominions. And if any of these loyal to the government returned the penalty awaiting them was: "Death without benefit of clergy."

"Foreigners" Help American Revolution.

A lot of talk is now going the rounds about "Bolshevik money," about money from other countries, to help finance the revolution in America. This is sheer nonsense. The only ones in America who have seen Bolshevik gold or gotten any money from the Soviet government are such capitalists of the type of Henry Ford. Revolutions are not created artificially. Revolutions must grow out of the objective conditions in the country. Still, it is very instructive to note the role foreign money played in insuring the success of the first American revolution. The French government spent at least 25,000,000 francs in financing the American revolution, to overthrow the government existing in America in 1776. It has been said by no less an authority than Admiral Mahan that the American revolution was really won on the high seas in the naval battles between the fleets of Spain and France on one side and Great Britain on the other.

Professor Edgerton has well summed up the role of foreign governments in helping bring the first American revolution to a successful conclusion when he said: "The war had lasted long enough for clear-headed Americans to

recognize the extreme difficulty of bringing it to a successful conclusion without foreign allies."

The French fleet and French soldiers had much to do with the surrender of Cornwallis (defending the existing government) to Washington, champion of the revolutionary government.

Yes, our American bourgeoisie today would not like to confess to the workers that it was largely thru the alliance of our American forefathers with "foreigners," largely thru the use of "foreign" money that the first revolution was a success and that a goodly portion of the foundation for the development of capitalism in the United States to its present heights was thus laid.

Cheating the Workers.

THE workers paid for and fought the revolutionary war.

The workers took seriously the slogan of the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. While the wealthy stayed at home, or often hired substitutes to fight for them, the workers, the mechanics, the poor farmers had to go to the front. The suffering of the soldiers at Valley Forge defies description. At the same time the rich were waxing fat on fabulous war profits. Many of the leaders of the revolutionary movement in 1776 preached radical doctrines to the workers, but these leaders failed to put these doctrines into practice except against the British ruling class. Adams summed up the situation very well when he said:

"The petty aristocracy of clergy, loyalists, and merchants scorned the poor, had no belief in their political wisdom and at the same time was thrown into period panics on account of fear of them. It was all very well when the common people were to be goaded to action and war . . . to talk about all men being created equal and of the rights of all to the pursuit of life, liberty and happiness, but once the war was won, the old doctrines of the superior rights of the well-born to govern and the superior sanctity of their property came once more to the fore. . . ."

"The people had been under the delusion that they had fought an eight years' war for the rights of man and at the time of the formation of the constitution many towns objected strenuously to this further limitation of the franchise. Dorchester claimed that men might be 'useful and respectable members of society' even if they did not possess £50."

The Washingtons and the Hamiltons tried their hardest to stop the revolutionary movement from proceeding further and from altering the relationship of classes, yet it was an alteration of the class relationships in favor

of the common people which was the outstanding feature of the revolutionary war propaganda.

Since the first American revolution the history of the United States has been a history of the struggles of the masses for an alteration in the class relationships.

The first phase of the American revolution was not really complete until the election of Jefferson. Jefferson, it must be remembered, was the spokesman of the workers and the poorer farmers. Hamilton, his chief opponent, was the leader of the Federalists, the big commercial interests which desired the establishment of a strongly centralized government, a national bank, higher tariff, an army, a navy, and even talked for some time of establishing an American titled aristocracy. For weeks the first senate was debating as to the title that should be given to the president and how the senators should be addressed.

The decisive vote for Jefferson in the college of electors was cast by one who served a four-month jail term for violating the sedition law passed by the Federalists against the working and farming masses.

With the victory of the North over the South in the Civil War the hegemony of the American bourgeoisie over all other classes was complete. Since the continuation of the Civil War the American capitalists have been consolidating their hold on the resources, industries and government of the United States. But since then there has also been developing a definite proletariat. The proletarianization of the United States has been increasing at an accelerating pace since 1893—the time marking roughly the disappearance of free land and the establishment of the basis for capitalist monopolist control of the basic resources of the country. The struggle waged in the first revolution must be continued by the American workers today. The American workers have splendid traditions to live up to. Comrade Lenin has well pointed that out some time ago. Our traditions of struggle in the first American Civil War in 1776, in the second American Civil War in 1861, in the subsequent heroic battles against the railroad capitalists, the coal kings, and the oil barons affords plenty of inspiration.

On this day marking the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence from those who exploited our forefathers in 1776 it is time for us to think very seriously of the necessary steps to be taken for signing a new Declaration of Independence—a Declaration of Independence from our exploiters today.

We can proudly tread the paths beaten by our revolutionary forefathers. They can teach us much. Let us learn from them. Let us act.

Book Review

The Humanizing of Knowledge. By James Harvey Robinson. G. H. Doran, Pub., 1926. \$1.00.

DR. ROBINSON wishes to educate the adult worker, it seems. He enumerates the difficulties: Scientists, etc., write only that they may continue to be held in respect by their conferees; it does not matter to them whether or not the "masses" understand them; in fact, if these "masses" are by some latent ingenuity able to peruse their work intelligently they are contemptuously termed "popularizer" by their high-brow colleagues. Then there are the economists, historians, psychologists, philosophers, philologists, and so on down the line, who live alone on their separate isles of economics, history, psychology, etc., in the sea of life, and who, altho the means may be gained by the mere desire to broaden and make more sensible their minds, do not try to help build the inevitable bridge from one island to the other. College presidents are all of the conservative school. In order to hold their jobs safely they cannot voice the very mildest opinions as regards any change of curriculum, as laid down by a board

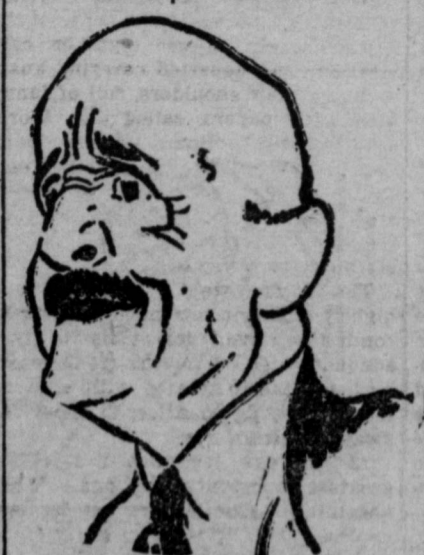
of trustees. Still, on the fingers of one hand could not be counted the number of college professors who have not already fallen into the rut of static conservatism before having received that distinguished position.

The human mind, he says, can hardly be said to have been given a show in getting an education, but he lays the fault and blame at the door of no one. He expects knowledge to be "humanized." How? Not by some fundamental change in society as it exists now, but by the changing of the attitude of college professors, of scientists, of educators in general.

Dr. Robinson is a philosophical idealist. According to him knowledge will come to man, not by the concerted action of man, but by that so obviously subjective factor, a change of attitude on the part of the learned. Indeed, it is wearisome to hear Dr. Robinson exaggerate the role of the intellectual in bringing about the real "humanizing." It is as ridiculous to petition the board of education to dye its curricula with a more liberal tinge as is the idea that workers should buy 51 per cent of the stocks of all industrial and commercial enterprises and thus become the owners of this, our country of capitalism.

True, educational reforms can be had after some little or much agitation, but these reforms come only in spasms between which long periods of precious time are spent with only agitation, and nothing more of material value to the uneducated "masses," and without the slightest change in our

Joseph Caillaux



The Man Who Wants to Save French Finances by Taxing the Poor.

present dehumanizing of knowledge. What is fundamental is a change of the economic structure of society from capitalist to proletarian. Such a gigantic transformation will do thousandfold more than to try to turn the attitude of scientist and teacher from being conservative to being open-minded.

Dr. Robinson writes his book in an easy style, that even some "laymen" might be able to understand. The book, too, is made in a way that can easily be carried by "laymen" and the print is quite readable.

David Gordon.

In the Next Issue

A story by M. J. Olgin. Illustrated by Fred Ellis.

Mexico and Its Labor Struggles, by Manuel Gomez.

The Great Labor Battles of 1877, by Amy Schechter. Original cuts and illustrations.

Cartoons by Bales, Ellis, Vose, Jerges and others.

WHAT AND HOW TO READ

Under this title we will publish periodically, at least once a month, one article or more giving our readers advice and guidance in the systematic reading of books for the purpose of self-education. We were fortunate to secure the co-operation of several competent labor educators and journalists for the conduct of this department of the magazine. The editors and contributors to this department will expect our readers to feel perfectly free to write to us on whatever difficulties they may have in the matter of selecting and reading books. Our aim is to be of the maximum possible assistance in this respect.

We are opening this department with the following article by Arthur W. Calhoun, teacher of economics and history in the Brookwood Labor College, who will assist our readers in the selection and reading of books on general economics and economic history, location of industrial resources, modern capitalist corporations, foreign trade and related subjects. The names of the other contributors to this department will be announced later.

FACTS AND FANCIES IN AMERICAN HISTORY.

By ARTHUR W. CALHOUN.

If you went to the public school perhaps you remember some of the fairy tale stuff they palmed off on you as American history. It told of Christopher Columbus, a bold hero anxious to advance knowledge and to convert the heathen to the true faith. It pictured bands of noble souls pushing their way across the Atlantic in search of freedom. It painted for our admiration a race of superhuman, idealistic patriots, who sacrificed and suffered in order to cast off the British yoke. It fed our pride in America by recounting in inflated phrase the process by which these same fathers made the constitution of the United States "the most remarkable document ever struck off at a given time by the hand of man."

Then began the panorama of national greatness, with the spotless Washington in the presidential chair. We learned how America fought for the freedom of the seas. We traced the struggle against chattel slavery and learned how the boys in blue died to set the Negro free. We saw the stars and stripes as the emblem of hope to struggling nations. We heard how the United States drove Spanish tyranny from Cuba and the Philippines, and now at last our children are regaled with fanciful tales of America's fight "to make the world safe for democracy."

What else could you expect? Whoever writes history, writes it for a purpose, and in so doing selects the facts that fit his purpose and colors them by the light of his own interests. No one can help weaving his own hopes and desires into the fabric of his story.

BUT the rosy version of United States history is the deadliest obstacle to American progress. It binds people's minds to the dead past and prevents them from taking hold of the means on which a free future depends. Looked at even in the most superficial way, it is apparent that if children get the notion that a hundred and fifty years ago politicians were noble statesmen, while now (as observation teaches) statesmen are measly politicians, a sense of political helplessness very agreeable to the ruling interests will be cultivated. Of course the reality is far worse than that. Americans are systematically deluded about all the vital elements in the nation's history and are consequently unable to take a realistic attitude toward present problems.

Let's try a different version of American history. When eastern Europe had developed economically to the point of wanting profitable trade connections abroad, a pious slave-catcher, Christopher Columbus, found the way. Immediately all the land-grabbers on the Atlantic front of Europe got busy. As fast as possible they killed off the red-men and annexed all the resources in sight or in imagination. In order to make profit out of them, they kidnapped boys and girls, men and women, in the streets of British towns, or got their hands on them in other ways, and sold them into slavery in America. The only thing that kept this slavery from being more extensive was the development of man hunting in Africa and the Negro slave

trade to America. When there got to be big enough business interests this side the Atlantic they duped the common people into fighting for independence, and then in secret convention saddled the country with a constitution cleverly constructed with a view to keeping down democracy and put across by dishonest propaganda. When rising discontent forced the granting of manhood suffrage, the ruling interests cleverly built political machines to prevent political equality from having any effect. When the workers pushed hard for free schools in order that they might know how to use their citizenship, the authorities granted the schools, and then used them as a means of kidding the workers into acceptance of things as they were. Every American boy was endowed with equal opportunity to become president!

By means of the Civil War, the rising capitalism of the East got its grip on West and South and paved the way for the triumph of big business, which then, by the war with Spain, and by participation in the World War, extended the grip of American finance to all corners of the world, so that the American workers are tools by which American capital rules and exploits the human race.

THAT is a different story. We ought to be able to fill in the details and answer objections. Fortunately, there is at hand a book that will do the business. It is "Social Forces in American History," by A. M. Simons, which

has just been re-issued by the International Publishers. Simons wrote the book while he was still a socialist, and it is in the main an entirely acceptable account of the past of the United States. Possibly a few points need to be touched up, as, for instance, his stressing of the idea that America was discovered partly on account of the closing of trade routes to the East by the Mohammedans. As a matter of fact, the routes to the East were still open, and the force leading to discovery in the West was rather the increasing development of the western European nations so that they needed new outlets. In the main, however, Simons' version of American history is correct, and besides the book is not very hard for an intelligent worker to read.

Suppose you try it, asking yourself at every step: "What has this to do with the fix the American workers are in now?"

HERE are some questions that will help you to get the most out of your reading:

1. What conditions in Europe laid the foundation for exploitation in America?
2. What methods were used in order to establish exploitation firmly in the new world?
3. What did the War for Independence mean to the American workers?
4. Show just what sort of deal the workers got when the United States constitution was put over.
5. What enabled the property in-

terests to retain their hold in the new nation?

6. How did the opening of the frontier and the expansion of business affect the chances for a big labor movement?

7. How were the workers affected by the conflict between western, southern and eastern interests, culminating in the Civil War?

8. How was the labor situation affected by the overthrow of slavery?

9. What does American history show about the nature of political parties?

10. How has the rise of big business affected the nature and prospects of the class struggle?

THAT will do for a starter. If you are keen to know more, suppose you read Jim Oneal's "The Workers in American History" (which won't hurt you, even if you don't like Jim), and Gustavus Myers' "History of the U. S. Supreme Court" and "History of Great American Fortunes." Myers is like Simons, a renegade radical. He has gone Simons one better in that respect and has atoned for his past by writing a book of bunk on "The History of American Idealism," but you would never have expected in the old days that he would come to that. His old books are as worth reading as ever.

If you strike any snags in this reading in American history, let's hear about them. Maybe if you do a first-rate job of answering the questions the answers might make an article worth publishing.

40,000 New York Cloakmakers on Strike



Two Leading Russian Mensheviks

DAN AND ABRAMOVICH
Are Sitting in a Berlin Cafe
Inventing Stories to Hurt
Soviet Russia.