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A WEEK IN CARTOONS By M. P. Bales



In the Wake of the News

By T. J. O'Flaherty

THAT the central American states are beginning to look up to Mexico as their leader against United States imperialism was emphasized this week when the recognition of the revolutionary government of Nicaragua by Mexico was followed by indications that the governments of Panama, Guatemala and Salvador would recognize the government formed in Nicaragua by President Juan B. Sacasa rather than the puppet government of Adolpho Diaz which is bolstered up by Wall Street bayonets. This combination of states—and it may be augmented by new additions—presents a serious threat to the march of American imperialism in South America.

THE capitalist papers are in full cry against Mexico. As usual they are adopting a high moral tone. It is not surprising that the Chicago Tribune published in a city where organized gangsterism is a science and where gangster-murderers are immune from punishment, should be among the first to raise the moral flag of belligerency. In a lengthy editorial entitled, "Mexico, the Failure in Civilization," the Tribune barely stops at demanding war with our southern neighbor. The organ of the Harvester Trust, with nauseating hypocrisy, points to the freedom with which Mexican wage slaves are permitted to come to the United States as evidence of this country's generosity. The employees of the packing companies and the steel mills understand this generosity. They know that it can be attributed to the fact that the Mexicans are willing to work for a lower standard of living than American workers who are turned away from the factory gates

while the beneficiaries of American generosity are given jobs at starvation wages.

THE solution of the problem of course, is unionization of all workers in the United States. Let the labor officials who are busy fighting the radicals get on the job. The Tribune hits the bottom in hypocrisy when it declares pompously that: "It is not in the book that so low an order of society (the Mexican government—Ed.) should remain on the North American continent. This is doing well for a paper that stands for the kind of a government under which negroes are lynched with impunity, which ranks the profession of stoolpigeon with that of a goose-step professor, and under which a strike breaker is recognized, to use the language of the late Professor Eliot of Harvard University, as "the highest type of American citizen."

WHEN the devil was sick he wished to be a saint but when Georges Chicherin wants to recuperate he amuses himself by being a statesman and diplomat. Chicherin left Moscow recently with the intention of visiting Germany and France, where he could rest from the arduous duties of his task in the foreign office. The Soviet diplomat is now whiling away the hours in the Russian embassy on the Unter den Linden, but he is not idle, if writing official statements for the benefit of the press can be considered work. Of course, there are people who consider writing merely an excuse for dodging work. Once upon a time the writer being questioned by a policeman as to his occupation, informed

the officer that he was editor of a weekly paper. The policeman scornfully remarked: "Trying to get away without working, eh."

CHICHERIN is at the head of one of the most important departments of the Soviet government, foreign relations. The government keeps him on the job because he thinks, and knows his business. England would like to see Chicherin lighting his cigarette in a dynamite factory. Great Britain has vainly tried to draw a ring of hostile nations around the Soviet Union. She has failed but is persistent. Chicherin is visiting the foreign ministers of various European countries and will impress on them the wisdom of keeping out of the British spider's web. Soviet Union can defend herself from attack but war would be a terrible economic drain on the resources of the young Workers' Republic. Besides, The Soviet Union can defend herself from attack but of society where war will be impossible.

ON next Tuesday the members of the United Mine Workers of America will decide whether their union is going to be saved under John Brophy or completely wrecked under the leadership of John L. Lewis. Unless the progressives, under Brophy, see that the votes are properly counted their chances of electing their candidates are slim. Indeed there is a strong possibility that even if the Lewis counters are obliged to divulge the true count, Lewis will find some excuse for declaring the election illegal. This A. F. of L. bureaucracy is so strongly

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International Weekly Review

By Max Shachtman

COOLIDGE AND PHILIPPINE INDEPENDENCE

THE recent declaration of Governor-General Leonard Wood again denying the rumor that he intended to resign as American administrator of the Philippine Islands, followed by a newspaper interview with President Coolidge in which he expressed complete confidence in Wood despite the sharp opposition to him by the Filipinos, have been capped by the opposition to independence for the islands contained in the Coolidge message to the short session of congress. The opinions expressed on the Philippines, while no legislative action based upon them is certain in this session, clearly indicate the trend of American policy and cannot fail to have an effect upon the Filipino independence movement.

It is obviously the Coolidge policy to bind the islands more firmly to the Wall Street hitching post, to force open the still-remaining doors that keep American interests, chiefly rubber, from intensified exploitation of the resources and people of the Philippines. The half-promise of the Jones law for eventual independence, together with the solemn promises of presidents and governor-generals in the past, are more definitely than ever before slated for the discard. The tendency of American imperialism is steadily developing in exactly the opposite direction.

THE Coolidge attitude towards the Philippines, whether acted upon by the short session or by the congress which assembles to install the newly-elected members in March, will add to the factors which are developing the movement for independence towards a more militant position. This movement is now led almost exclusively by petty-bourgeois elements who have the support of practically all of the Filipinos. It has a number of serious weaknesses, chief among which is its native independence upon the sweet and meaningless phrases and illusive "promises" of the American bourgeoisie and its superabundance of faith in the effectiveness of measures of a strictly legal nature within the limits of American domination. The tenure of political life for such a policy is largely the Jones law, which, seemingly, pledges the U. S. to eventual independence. The virtual dumping of the Jones law, the likelihood of the adoption of the Bacon bill, must result in a radical change in the character of the independence movement. The masses of the Filipino people will undoubtedly bring pressure to bear for the adoption of a program of struggle against American imperialism.

Other factors making for this are:

THE development of a labor movement in the Philippines which supports independence unreservedly. The greater and more conscious participation of proletarian elements in the independence movement will tend to cleanse it of its futile mild-manneredness and drive it towards the left. The movement of a Labor Party in the Filipino trades unions will hasten this process. The classic example of such a development can be found in the Chinese revolutionary movement.

The successful march of the Chinese revolutionary forces against the foreign imperialists. This historic event cannot fail to point a lesson to the Filipinos. In this connection there is the remarkable interview given to American newspapers by General Chiang Kai-Shek in which he expressed, as the opinion of the Chinese revolutionary movement, sympathy and solidarity for the independence movement in the Philippines. After all, Washington is more than 11,000 miles from Manila, while Canton is less than 700 miles off . . .

FINALLY, the American-inspired organization of an anti-independence party by Aguinaldo (if it has not actually been subsidized by American imperialists then they are getting a good thing for nothing!) will force the independence movement into a more definite position.

The flames of the revolutionary anti-imperialist movement are spreading rapidly throughout the Orient. The short space of water intervening between the mainland and the Philippines will not serve to quench these flames.

SIGNS OF A CRISIS IN FRANCE

THE desperate measures taken by Poincare to stabilize the franc have not been without their critical results. Unemployment, which was practically unknown, at worst negligible, for many months, is increasing sharply. In a bare few weeks thousands of workers have been laid off; many establishments can furnish only part-time employment. Factories, particularly automobile plants and allied industries, are either shutting down or severely curtailing their production programs. The slump continues and a heavier one is predicted.

To head off the crisis, a number of firms are paying a sort of unemployment relief to the workers. Legislation which has been pending for two years in

the chamber of deputies, to make such funds and payments obligatory for all establishments, has practically no likelihood of being considered for some time.

Another method of holding off the wolf is utilized by some employers who are firing their foreign-born employes (there are hundreds of thousands of Italian, Polish and other workers in France) so as to prevent the French workers from immediately feeling the effects of the depression and acting accordingly.

The foreign trade of France, especially with Germany and the United States, is not in a bright condition. Figures for the first ten months of 1926 show that France imported from Germany 3,894,000 francs worth of goods as compared to 1,838,000 francs in 1925; exports to Germany on the other hand increased from 1925 to 1926 only by 196,000 francs.



Similarly with the United States. The unfavorable balance of trade amounts to 3,283,000 francs, as against an unfavorable balance, in 1925, of only 2,398,000 francs.

THE foreign affairs of France have not fared much better. Pressure continues to be exerted by the United States for the ratification of the Mellon-Berenger debt accord, failing which no loans will be made to bolster up the sagging frame. British and American capitalism have effectively scotched the Briand-Stresemann plan to float the Dawes railway bonds so as to raise a loan for the rehabilitation of the franc. Pressure is also being brought to shatter the German-French accord whose prospects looked so rosy after the Thoisy negotiations. The Germans, furthermore, are disappointed by the failure to evacuate the Rhine valley, as was projected at Thoisy. The menace of a conflict with Italy continues to hang over France, and feeling has run high especially after the exposures in connection with Ricciotti Garibaldi.

Unrest continues in the French colonies. With the Chinese revolution as a source of inspiration, and their own sufferings as a goal, the Annamite revolutionary movement in French Indo-China is pressing forward for liberation. In Syria, France has made such a thorough mess of its rule by mandate that it is seriously considering the suggestion to yield the mandate to another power. But here there are complications. Syria is coveted by Italy for its imperialist ambitions in the Near East, and by Germany as the first step in the creation of a new colonial base. Unfortunately for all of these, Syria is not like Abyssinia which was so calmly divided by the two robbers, Britain and Italy. It has a strong revolutionary independence movement, whose scars are not very honorably borne by France.

Altogether France is not in any too enviable a position. If Poincare would take the trouble to look across the English Channel he would see an image of the disintegration that already marks the future of French imperialism.

FASCISM ON A VOLCANO

THE new series of repressive laws instituted by Mussolini is a manifestation of the growing insecurity of fascist rule in Italy. If one can speak of an impending crisis in France, this is many times more true of Italy.

Mussolini has been unable, even with the help of his financial "wizard," Count Volpi, to secure a favorable balance of trade for Italy. In 1925 there was a passive balance of trade to the extent of 7,887,000,000 lire; and for the first six months of 1926 there was already an excess of imports over exports of more than 6,000,000,000 lire. As an indication that this situation was being "remedied," Volpi announced, at the end of last July, a surplus of receipts amounting to 1,500,000,000 lire. But not only was this surplus secured by the raising of tariff

duties putting them on a gold basis while the lire was steadily falling, but it involved Italy in a new contradiction.

Italy, altho predominantly an agricultural country, is unusually densely populated, and depends not only for its coal and other minerals, but for some of the most elementary food products, upon importation. To solve its budget crisis it increases its tariff duties. But the increase in tariff duties affects the price of its food imports, of such living necessities as cereals, meats, etc. The resultant suffering for the workers can easily be imagined.

The cost of living not only rises, but the wages of the Italian workers, which have for some time been practically the lowest in Europe, continue to sink. Exploitation is intensified. Mussolini's recent law, instituting the nine-hour working day, did not contain a proviso for payment for the extra hour of labor. Only the frightful and repressive consequences prevent the occurrence of hundreds of strikes; even then, some have taken place. The lire continues to hover around a very low point.

THERE is a limit to the state of quiescence that can be maintained even at the point of a fascist bayonet. With the bitter years of Mussolini's rule in mind, the masses of the workers are reaching the point of desperation and revolt. The shakiness of Mussolini's position is indicated everywhere. Attempts to assassinate chiefs of government are often a barometer of unrest; four attempts have been made on Mussolini's life in the period of a year.

In the ranks of his own party there is a powerful movement of division and discord. Repeated fractional struggles among the fascists are not the smallest of Mussolini's worries. The dissidents have reached such a point of power and effect that Mussolini was forced to withdraw his previous autocratic decrees and permit a certain amount of democracy and electoral rights within the fascist party. The fiction of Mussolini's universal popularity has been additionally demolished by the persistent reports of demonstrations—isolated and spontaneous, but demonstrations nevertheless—of members of the fascist party bearing placards upon which Mussolini is denounced. These are not to put it very conservatively, signs of stability.

Like France, Italy is not faring so well in the field of foreign affairs. Her alliance with England is neither firm nor eternal. Britannia has never been distinguished for her loyalty to the allies of the moment before if the allies of the moment later offered better opportunities. There is no doubt but that in the negotiations which are being conducted between Briand and Chamberlain, France will propose as a condition for forsaking her rapprochement towards Germany—upon which England looks with alarm—the withdrawal of British support from Italy's imperialist ambitions—which is not looked upon with any too much happiness by France. The uncovering of the Garibaldi-Rapolla scandal, and the intrigues of Mussolini's agents to discredit France in Spain in connection with the Catalonian independence movement, have not served to increase fascist stock with the French.

THE blow to Mussolini as a consequence of the overthrow of Pangalos in Greece is too well known to need repetition. The fascist ruler's other adventures in the Balkans have not strengthened his hand, either. It took only the report of the treaty arranged between Italy and Albania to call forth strong denunciation of Mussolini's skirmishes in the Adriatic from a number of the Jugo-Slavian leaders. Raditch and Ninitch both have intimated their determination to resist Mussolini's encroachments upon Jugo-Slavia's interests by the establishment of an Italian protectorate over Albania.

The Turks, too, do not appear so easy a prize as the lord of the Chighi palace originally presumed. Kemal Pasha has shown an unusual belligerency in defying Italy's attempts at aggression in Asia Minor. When the threat of invasion was imminent, the Angora leader did not hesitate for a moment to mobilize a number of army corps to meet the fascist troops; but if Kemal did not hesitate, Mussolini did.

It is, of course, impossible to predict the length of Mussolini's rule. But his days are numbered. There is, as we have said above, a limit to suffering, and a limit to the period in which Mussolini can continue to exist without being able to solve the raging contradictions that are undermining fascism. One needs add only that the "official" bourgeois opposition of the Aventine bloc has virtually collapsed. After the fascists, the Communists are the strongest party in Italy and their hold upon the masses is strong despite all the terrific handicaps with which they are confronted. The Gordian knot of Italy's crisis can be cut only with the sword of revolution in the hands of the Italian proletariat.

He Had Joined the Navy

By C. A. Moseley

IT was on one of my scouting expeditions, when I go out to examine what is variously called the hobo, the unemployed, the down-and-outer, or more pleasingly, the poor whom we have always with us. On these trips I almost invariably find someone interesting. This night I had a special hunch that I was going to run across something worth while.

I knew it for sure as soon as I set eyes on him. He was a youth sitting on a wooden bench which ran along the wall of a cheap poolroom in the West Madison Street district. He sat by himself and looked alien to his surroundings. I knew at a glance that he was not habitually accustomed to such a district. I knew that he was not one of the petty larceny thieves who infest these pool halls. And, altho I am no particular judge of racial characteristics, I knew immediately too that he was of North Italian stock.

Now I have no racial prejudices or national favorites on which to bet my money. But I will say this. Taking youth as a whole, by and large, I believe there is no better class of young chaps than the boys of North Italian descent. If I were an exploiter of labor, I would pick them as my victims every time. Besides being intelligent, well-mannered, courteous, and gentle of speech, they would give any establishment much the appearance of a male beauty show.

So I went and sat down by this youth, to get his story. I soon had it. Speaking both languages equally well, he had as a mere boy, in fact under the legal age, enlisted in the Italian navy, altho he had been born in this country. After serving there, he had enlisted in the United States navy. Three weeks before I met him, he had been discharged in Boston, and given a ticket to Chicago as the place where he had enlisted.

Arriving here, he had no place to which to go. His parents were dead and his nearest relative in the city was an uncle with whom he was not on the best of terms. For three weeks he had been hunting for work, knowing no trade at which he could offer himself. His money had run out. For three nights he had slept out of doors, altho it was in April, and still cold. The night before he had slept in a contractor's empty tool box on the street.

Knowing that he was of course hungry, I took him to a restaurant. To my many readers on the Gold Coast, I will explain that, when you take a chap of that character into an eating place, you have difficulty in getting rid of your money. They will sit down to the lunch counter and remark casually that they believe they will have a sandwich and a cup of coffee. You have to urge them to order something that looks like a meal. Even then they will pass over the steaks and chops on the card and light on hamburger or liver and bacon, as being cheap. And they never have room for any dessert. They fear to impose on your generosity. I did get something like a meal down DeRose, for that was his name, but he refused dessert.

After we were safely in the restaurant and he could not thereby be suspected of hinting for a meal, he mentioned that he had not eaten for twenty-four hours. Said he positively could not go out on the street and ask men for money. He said that about a half hour before I appeared on the horizon, he had decided that he must do so. He had gone out, met a man who looked kind, stopped him, and then at the last moment his courage had failed him and he had asked for a match. Taking his match, with no cigarettes to be lighted with it, he had gone back

and again sat down on the pool hall bench, where I had found him. Later in the evening he admitted that he had not eaten as much at my expense as he really wished—because he did not care to spend my money. For that he got a mild bawling out.

I bought him a bed. As I was about to leave him, he said with some hesitation: "You have been so good to me that I wonder if I might ask you for one thing more. If you could, would you leave me fifteen cents for coffee and doughnuts in the morning?" That was the cheapest breakfast that he could buy.

I said, "See here, kiddo, I hadn't forgotten about the breakfast. I expected you would wake up with an appetite as I hope to, but I was leaving that till the last thing before I said good night. But you don't get off with any fifteen cents." And I slipped some money into his hand.

As I finally left, he looked after me with a longing that would actually almost have touched the heart of a railroad detective. I suppose I had looked to that boy somewhat like an angel—an angel in disguise, of course—very much disguised—in fact, hardly recognizable in the role. But nevertheless more angel than devil. Tho, confidentially, my physician, who has, I suppose, as few successful, if fatal, operations to his discredit as any man in the profession, tells me that so far he cannot find a wing sprouting on either shoulder of mine. But let us hope!

After I got home and to bed, that kid lingered in my mind, or perhaps in what, in moments of spiritual exaltation, I am pleased to call my conscience. He had said that in the navy he had been used to at least foods, shelter, and clothing. He could not endure much longer the present hardship to which he was not used. He had had his fill of the navy, but if worse came to worse, he would have to re-enlist.

Now if he or any other boy really picks the navy as a career, I'll not quarrel with him; I'll simply refer him to the psychopathic ward. But here was a chap who had had, as he said, plenty of it. Yet he might in desperation go back to it. He got on

my mind.

The very next night I went again to the district, determined to find that chap and, by some hook or crook, tide him over till he could find a job in civilian life and get on his feet. I combed the district several times. Again and again I went to the pool hall where I had first found him, thinking that some instinct might lead him back there for a reappearance of his angel. But owing probably to a faulty religious education, his faith in angels must have been weak. Faith had not led him to expect a second reincarnation. Or, more flattering thought to me, possibly he felt that owing to my goodness I had been snatched up by a fiery cloud and translated to heaven—or snatched up by the police and deported as an undesirable citizen. Take your choice of the theories; the price is the same.

I have never seen the boy since, tho on the following night I again combed the district. My guess is that, after one night in a real bed, the luxury of the thing had sent him to the recruiting office to join the navy again. Probably now he is somewhere on the seas, polishing brass or an officer's shoes.

Must you have a moral to this tale? Here it is. As soon as a young fellow in a recruiting office signs on the dotted line, his economic problem is solved. From that moment, food, clothing, shelter, medical and dental service fall on him like manna from heaven. But let him try to go out to do productive work, in contrast to the unproductive service of the army or navy, and the situation is different. He will not be hired unless the boss can see a way to make money out of him. And if the boss can't see it that way—he may sleep in empty tool boxes and go hungry.

Ruskin somewhere says that we feed, train, and dress men for the labor that kills, when we ought to feed, dress, and train them for the labor of life. That's a mouthful.

So that is the moral. The sequel will never be written unless I again sometime run across that pleasing young Italian-American—and I might not even recognize him if I did. And the angel has become such a devil, that by no chance would he know me again.



The Wages of Patriotism.

A Guitar in the Rain

By Walt Carmon

ON a rainy day in the fall Don Pancho came to sponge. The dampness creeps into every cell and corpuscle. It reaches the marrow in your bones. The air hangs low. The breath of the stockyards crawls into every pore. Like the slimy tentacles of a monster.

ON a rainy day in the fall Don Pancho came to Chicago from Mexico. With Don Pancho came his brother. Their wives. Ten children.

The Madison street car stood near the Northwestern station. The conductor fumed. "Step lively, there!" The rain tears your nerves into shreds. "Come on, shake a leg!"

Don Pancho rushed to the car. The conductor cursed. Don Pancho carried a guitar in his hand. A guitar with ribbons. Red, white and green. Mexican colors.

"Andale Mujer." Maria followed. And then the rest like beads on a string. Jose, Conchita, Jesus, Pablo, Esperanza, more—eight more miserable little humans. Excited. Bustling. Bundles. Color.

Don Pancho struggled, pushed, encouraged. "Hurry, careful! Conchita, don't lose that bundle. Jose, stand aside."

The conductor slammed the doors and cursed the rain. He cursed the day. The company. The job. The goddamned foreigners.

But Don Pancho spoke no English. Valgame Dios. "The fare senior? How much must one pay? And for the little ones?"

The conductor cursed again.

One two, three, six small children. "Pay only for eight, fifty-six centavos, senior," I volunteered.

"Ah, Senior, muchisimas gracias. We are strangers here."

Don Pancho bowed. Maria bowed. Jose nudged Conchita. "The Senior will help us."

The Senior paid the fare. He directed them to their seats.

"One can sit anywhere in the car? All is one class?"

The Senior secured transfers. He arranged everything. Si, he will direct them where to change cars.

"Muchisimas gracias, Senior. You are very kind to us pobrecitos!"

The conductor cursed the arrangements. He cursed the Senior. He cursed in colors as vivid as those in the entourage of Don Pancho.

"SI, SENOR. We are from Sonora. Dispensome, sunmomentito . . . my guitar. One must be careful. It is so little, but then life gives so little to the worker. Is it not the truth, Senior?"

Don Pancho saw the guitar secure with a loving tenderness.

"Si, Senior, we come to work in the stockyards. My brother and I. One brother—is now working there.

"You will get rich?"

"Ojala. But, no . . . my brother is not rich. The children will go to school, Senior. I will work. Maria can still work a little. Jose is growing up. Maybe . . . If Dios is good . . .

HALSTED STREET.

"Maria. The children, Andale. Conchita be careful. Thank you, Senior. Thank you. Mil gracias. May Jesus, Mary and Joseph . . ."

"Say, what the hell do you call this, anyway?"

The conductor slams the door in disgust.

"This is the car? Muchas gracias, Senior. Adios."

I WATCH Don Pancho board the car. My throts go

to my Mexican comrade who lives in the yards.

For four years now he and his little family have lived

in the yards. For four years now he and his little

family have lived in one room. His little girl died

last winter. There is seldom any heat. They sleep

on the cold cement floor. Work is scarce. Wages

are small. My comrade has been coughing a little.

"It will pass," he assures me.

"Mil gracias, Senior. Adios." The car moves. To

the stockyards. Maria waves a grateful

"Adios." The children smile. Don Pancho waves

"Adios," again. He grips the guitar in his hand.

The ribbons have become wet. They droop a little.

The car is swallowed up by the rain and fog . . .

the yards . . .

"I WILL work. Maria can still work a little. Jose

is growing up . . ."

Work. The yards.

"My guitar. . . life gives the worker so little,

Senior, does it not?"

The rain brings a weird, depressive feeling in its

dampness. I walk thru the rain and curse the vi-

brant, vivid curses of the conductor.

The "State of Emergency" in Italy



Drawing by Vese

By G. AQUILA.

THE events of recent days in Italy indicate that the Mussolini government and the fascist regime have now come to a seriously critical moment.

The present situation is the result of two factors—partly parallel and partly intersecting: on the one hand, the strengthening of the anti-fascist feeling among the workers, the greater part of the petty bourgeoisie of town and country, the army officers' corps, etc.; on the other hand, the strengthening of the opposition tendencies in the fascist camp itself against the big bourgeois policy of Mussolini and of the fascist government. In order to keep down the threatening anti-fascist forces, Mussolini finds himself compelled to make very extensive concessions to the opposition forces of the petty bourgeoisie within his own camp.

The most important measures for "the safeguarding of the regime" are as follows:

1. Dissolution of all non-fascist parties, unions and associations.
2. Suppression of the entire non-fascist press.
3. Introduction of compulsory internment of "all those who have committed acts calculated to overthrow the social, economic or national constitution of the state, to endanger the security and to frustrate and hinder the activity of the state administration, as also those who declare their intention to do anything of the kind. (!)"
4. Formation of a fascist political police service at every headquarter-station of the fascist militia.
5. Declaration of invalidity in regard to all passports for abroad; severe punishments for anybody attempting to quit the country without a passport and for those who give assistance in such an attempt: obligation to resort to use of arms to prevent anybody from crossing the frontier without a permit.

In addition to these "measures," the so-called "Law for the Protection of the State" was decided upon by the ministerial council on November 5th; in short, the law introduces capital punishment. The most important provisions of this law are:

1. Capital punishment for those who make an attempt upon the life, person or personal liberty of the king or his regents, of the queen, the heir apparent or the prime minister.
2. Capital punishment for those who commit an act calculated to subject the state to dependence upon foreign countries (!!) or to threaten the independence of the state; for those who betray the political or military secrets concerning the security of the state and who possess themselves of such secrets.
3. Capital punishment for those who commit acts calculated to incite the citizens to armed insurrection against the constitution of the state; for those who take part in an insurrection; and for those who incite to civil war.
4. Conspiracy for purposes of any of the above-mentioned "crimes" will be punished with 15 to 30 years' imprisonment; defense of them in the press, with five to 15 years' imprisonment.
5. The resuscitation of parties, unions and associations, which have been dissolved, even though

carried out under a fresh name (!), will be punished with imprisonments up to 10 years. The members of such organizations will be punished with imprisonment up to 5 years.

6. An Italian citizen, who within the territory of the state, spreads false, exaggerated and tendentious reports concerning the interior position of the country or develops any action injurious to the national interests will be punished with five to 15 years' imprisonment.

7. An Italian or a foreigner who commits the above-mentioned "crimes" abroad, will be condemned by the Italian courts "in contumaciam" (in his absence).

8. All the above-mentioned "crimes" will be tried by special courts under the presidency of a general of the army, navy air-service or militia, and which will be composed by five officers of the fascist militia. In the trials the penal code book valid in times of war will be followed.

Does Mussolini desire to prevent by means of these "measures" and "laws" possible future "attempts at assassination"? After the "attempted assassination" at Bologna, which never happened, and after the recent disclosures of the French police following the arrest of Ricciotti Garibaldi, Mussolini and the fascist press will for some time not dare to talk of attempted assassinations. Garibaldi, who has been arrested in France, a nephew of the national hero of the Italian bourgeois revolution of the fifties and sixties of the last century, admits in view of the flawless evidence of the French police, having received from the fascist government 500,000 lire for the organization of "assassinations" of Mussolini. He was in constant communication with the chief of the police in Rome, who was the intermediary between him and the fascist government. Garibaldi also organized the "assassination" in September; the French police found in the possession of Garibaldi the papers of the youthful Luccetti, who last September threw a bomb at Mussolini's automobile in Rome; and Garibaldi admitted that he it was who, under orders from the fascist government, sent Luccetti to Rome to undertake this "unsuccessful attempt at assassination" upon Mussolini. By the way, it might be said: the disclosures of the French police, or the circumstances that Garibaldi's machinations have only now been disclosed, indicates, on the part of the French government, a political maneuver as neat as it is despicable. For months the French police and the French government were aware of the role that Garibaldi was playing but did not disclose and prevent the "attempted assassinations" and the subsequent acts of violence on the part of the fascist bandits. The French government kept back the disclosures until a moment favorable to them in relation to foreign politics, as now presented by the Catalonia conspiracy, about which they had also been informed for months. Whereby—and this should be stated clearly—it was not the intention of the French government to provoke a war by accentuating the tension between France and Italy, but merely to serve the purpose, on the one hand, of putting a wedge in between



Drawing by Jerger

Mussolini and the Spanish government; on the other hand, to exercise pressure upon Mussolini and compel him to come to heel.

The chief import of the proceedings, however, lies at the moment in domestic affairs, and the problem of further developments is comprised by two questions: how will big capital act in regard to the redistribution—perhaps only momentary—of power in the fascist camp, and to the concessions made under pressure of circumstance to the petty-bourgeois fascists? and how will the anti-fascist forces in the country, in the first place the workers and the masses of poor peasants, react to the "intensified dictatorship," i. e. to the limitless accentuation of suppression and oppression.

In order to pacify the big bourgeoisie and to convince them that the concessions made to the petty bourgeoisie are merely sham concessions, Mussolini now offers the big bourgeoisie an unprecedented robbery of all the other classes in the country, including the petty bourgeoisie and also the lower and middle classes of the bourgeoisie, as well as of the well-to-do peasants and big farmers. A 20-millard loan is being floated, partly for the purpose of redeeming the short-term national debt bonds, which are now due and have no cover, or to exchange them for "fascio-loan stock," but chiefly to create out of the influx of cash a fund out of which credits can be granted to industry. All institutes are compelled by law to sink their available money wholly or partly in the "fascio-loan." The institutes in question are obliged, after fulfilling their legal obligations, to use at least half of their cash in hand or means accruing to them up to December 31st, 1927, in purchasing "fascio-loan" certificates or place the money in special accounts with the Bank of Italy. Extensive "national propaganda," based upon the most ruthless means of extortion, is to be employed to "encourage" private people also to invest in the "fascio-loan."

By this means the bourgeoisie is gripped at its weakest point; this overt robbery of the whole nation is to serve as an expedient from the economic crisis, one of the chief factors of which is an acute capital crisis.

What will the present and future victims of the robbery, namely, the masses of the petty bourgeoisie and the seriously affected lower and middle classes of the bourgeoisie, have to say to this "boldest financial maneuver of the world?"

The other question is: how will the workers and the masses of poor peasants take the latest intensification of the suppression and oppression they have to suffer?

The prohibition of the parties hit the Communist Party harder than any other party in Italy, for the other parties already scarcely had any organization worthy of mention. On the other hand, during the long years of rabid persecution, the Italian Communist Party has learned to build its organization so firmly that it defies every effort of Mussolini to suppress it.

The strengthening of the party as an organization

(Continued on page 6)

About Women

By Margaret Undjus

THE special effort of the New York Trade Union Committee Against Injunctions to get the housewives and women relatives of the trade unionists to participate in the demonstration against injunctions was successful. The 50,000 workers who gathered at Union Square on October 16th in demonstration against the injunction gotten out by the bosses, was thickly sprinkled with women.

Altho the proletarian housewife is removed from the industrial struggle, yet she is concerned with her husband's pay check. She must be drawn closer to the trade union movement thru the organization of women's trade union auxiliaries. It is the task of the trade union movement to make of the proletarian housewife a closer ally of organized labor by making her understand why wages are low, why workers' hours are attacked, the need for trade unions and the work of the trade unions, why employers lock out the workers and why workers are compelled to strike. These women's auxiliaries can very splendidly assist striking workers on the problem of relief, picketing and in combatting scabbing.

In Mansfield the wives of the striking coal miners have set up street committees which control the work of picketing in the neighborhood. Every man, woman and child is a picket. Chosen pickets remain on duty day and night. Should a scab venture out on the street, signal is given and he is immediately "welcomed" by all his neighbors. This is an effective method of organization by the women to help the miners win their demands, by getting the scab on his own door-step. The women have taught the children to sing, "Don't Go Down the Mine Daddy."

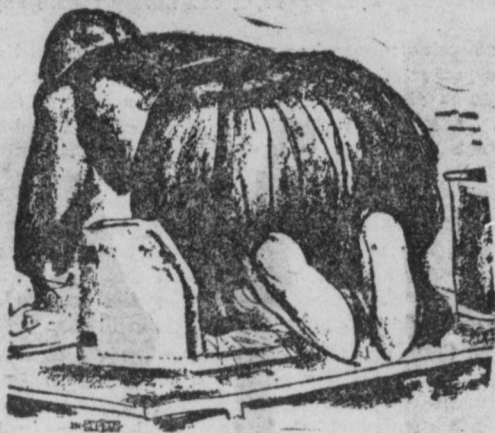
In a resolution sent to the wives of the striking British coal miners, the Red Women's and Girls' League of Germany gave their support especially in the fight to hinder the transportation of strike-breaking coal from Germany to England.

"Let not yourselves be captured by the bourgeoisie, who even now are attempting to incite the miners' wives to attend demonstrations against the strike. . . Demonstrate rather for the demands of your men which are also your demands," stated the resolution in part.

Among the Communists who were thrown into prison for long terms by the Hungarian government whose object is to strangle the labor movement in Hungary is a woman—Kathrina Haman—who received a sentence of two years and 4 months at hard labor. Kathrina Haman is a worker in the chemical industry. Threats of prison sentence did not frighten this courageous woman to relinquish her stand as a fighter in the ranks of the labor movement. Before the bourgeois judges, she said of the women in the factories of Hungary:

"Thousands of working women perish in these factories. These factories convert young women in the bloom of youth into wrecks. The working women in these factories have miscarriages and bring children into the world who are doomed to death at their very birth. As a result of such experiences, I have in the course of many years arrived at Communist convictions for which I now stand before the court.

"I stand here before the court with the knowledge



A WORKING WOMAN

that I, with many thousands of my sisters, have traversed that path from the proletarian woman who spends her life in the kitchen and in the household, up to the proletarian woman who takes her place in the ranks of the class struggle. Have your lordships ever thought for a moment that the wives of the tens of thousands of unemployed, the many thousands of proletarian mothers must say something to their children when they cry for bread? Can you imagine what a mother must feel in such circumstances? I can tell you, these women have arrived at the point when they are ready to attack with their bare hands and nails.

"I await your judgment in the firm belief that we have not fought in vain. The entire proletariat, the working women and the young workers will car-



PARASITES

ry on the struggle in common with the Communist Party."

Beautifully gowned ladies from about 40 countries convened in Paris to tell each other that working women might have equal rights with men in industry.

According to Miss Martha Foley (from U. S. A. who was present at the conference), these ladies convened, committed, receptioned and adjourned, without a single working woman being there to lift up her voice. Lady after lady got up to say her little piece. But none said that they knew what they were talking about because they had worked.

The women from Soviet Russia were not invited to this conference.

The International Conference on Organizing Women, held in Moscow resolved to carry thru three major immediate tasks: (1) To induce women workers to take an active part in politics; (2) To win for Communism the women in the factories and trade unions; (3) To organize meetings of women's delegates.

Hertha Strum is the secretary of the Women's Department of the Communist International.

Out of 250,000 miners in Bengal, about 50,000 are women. Altho these women are miserably paid, yet they decided to give one day's pay for the purpose of organizing a strike in support of the British miners.

According to the report of the Eye-Conservation Council of America the highest percentage with defective vision is among the finishers in the garment industry. Only about 26 per cent working less than five years in this trade had normal vision. Most of the finishers in the garment industry are women. These are the workers who at present are out fighting for a shorter work week, and against whom the New York City government has issued an injunction prohibiting them from peaceful picketing.

Because her husband, a laborer, is underpaid and there is a family of eight mouths to feed, Mrs. Josephine Drumbowski of Brooklyn, N. Y., was forced to steal \$225 worth of clothing and jewelry which she later sold for \$7.00.

There are large numbers of children of the Passaic textile strikers, of the striking cloakmakers in New York, of the Williamantic textile workers, who if not for the relief that the labor movement is giving would be in the same situation as the children of this mother who steals to get bread for them.

At the Sesquicentennial Exposition in Philadelphia there is on exhibition a picture with the title, "The Child Shall Be First." The picture typifies America as a mother under whose care and protection children play calmly and joyfully.

The bill for a 48-hour work week for women is again before the legislature in Albany. How about the Women's Trade Union League working for an amendment to this bill for a 40-hour week for women? Surely it has been demonstrated especially by the furriers in New York City that a 40-hour week can be gotten by the workers who persistently seek it.



Power and Superpower

By N. Sparks

Article I.

THIS period, we are told, is the "Machine Age". Some machines are driven by hand, but when we speak of the "Machine Age" with capital letters we think of huge organisms of steel with parts forced back and forth by the irresistible expansion of steam, or held in endless gyration by the force of an electric current.

Power of one kind or another is what keeps our machines moving. Hand power, horse power, wind power, steam power, oil power, water power, electricity—where do they come from? What can we use them for? How do we use them? Will they last forever? Are they being wasted? What is "superpower"?

Hand power or "muscle power" is used instinctively. The food we eat is fuel for our body; it is "burned up" inside just as coal is burned under a boiler. As long as we last—and get food—our muscle power lasts. It may seriously decrease in quantity as we get worn out. The earliest factories at the dawn of the Industrial Revolution operated entirely on hand power.

If we feed a horse and hitch him to a wagon we are using the horse's muscle power, or "horse power". For centuries this was the last word in transportation. The only improvement upon a horse was two horses, and the only improvement upon two horses was four horses.

With the use of steam power, the Machine Age began. But steam is made by boiling water, and to boil the water you must heat it with something. Again we see that the energy, the power, must come from a fuel. What can we use as a fuel? What can we heat the water with? Anything—anything that will burn and produce heat. Wood, peat, soft coal, hard coal, brown coal, powdered coal, coke, natural gas, manufactured gas, fuel oil. Hundreds of miles of Russian railways are traversed by wood-burning locomotives. Several Russian steam-electric stations are run on peat. Brown coal is widely used in Germany. The use of powdered coal and of gas under boilers is becoming common in America. The oil burning steamships and locomotives burn oil under boilers in order to generate steam. Any and every fuel may be used to produce steam, but steam itself is not a primary source of power. Its energy is derived from the fuel.

The use of gasoline in automobile, airplane and motorboat, or of a heavier oil in the Diesel (internal combustion) engine (motorship and submarine) are cases where the energy of the fuel is transmitted directly to the engine without the use of an external intermediary such as steam. "Gasoline power" or "oil power" must be classed with steam power as derived from fuel.

How long will our steam power and oil power last? As long as our fuel lasts. In America, the end of oil and natural gas is probably a matter of decades. Coal is good for a few centuries yet, but its extraction from the mines will become increasingly difficult. Already fuel conservation is becoming a vital problem.

Now for sources of power other than fuel—ready-made power. Two fluids exist upon the earth in enormous abundance—water and air. These fluids are in constant motion and this motion means power—in unlimited quantities. The motion of the air we know as "wind," that of the water as "tides" and "currents". Windmills have been used since ancient times, and for centuries wind power was relied upon exclusively for the whole world's marine commerce; it is barely a half a century since the steamship began to encroach seriously upon the realm of the sailing vessel. But wind power altho it is practically something for nothing is uncertain and uncontrollable. A ship stays idle for days in a calm and then gets wrecked in a terrific blow. The Miami hurricane represented millions of horsepower turned loose in one terrific outburst, destroying everything in its path, and then dissipating itself uselessly. The Rotor Ship of Anton Flettner will probably increase in value as a well-devised use of wind as an auxiliary power, but until a method is discovered

The 'State of Emergency' in Italy

(Continued from page 4)

was merely a result of its political invigoration. The influence of the party throught the working class and also among the broad strata of the urban and country petty bourgeoisie, who are deeply disappointed in fascism and embittered by their penury, has made such progress within the last year that it definitely surpasses the influence of all the other "opposition" and "anti-fascist" parties whose treacherous "half-heartedness" was the best of support to fascism.

This development will make further important progress during the future stages of the "fascist revolution." The unlimited suppression and oppression of the workers and the peasants, on the one hand, the "boldest" robbery "known to international finance" of all classes of the Italian nation for the benefit of the big bourgeoisie, on the other hand, which robbery will also inevitably have its effect upon the opposition petty-bourgeois wing of fascism, create in Italy a revolutionary situation which, under the leadership of the Communist Party of Italy must lead to the overthrow of the fascist regime and of the rule of the Italian bourgeoisie!

ered for storing wind power, it can hardly regain any importance.

No effective means has yet been devised of utilizing the power of tides or ocean currents. But when it comes to river currents, the situation is very different. A lumber raft drifting down stream is being driven by the power of the river current. Since centuries mills have been operated by waterwheels driven by river currents. And the old wooden wheel, turning lazily as the stream filled up its successive buckets is the prototype of the mammoth turbine wheels of our modern hydro-electric stations, driven around at an incredible speed by the hundreds of tons of water dashing against their blades.

Rivers, then, are what we mean when we talk of "water power". Water power is available in immense quantities; it lasts forever, as the water itself is not consumed, as is fuel; and it does not increase in difficulty of exploitation as do coal and oil, the extraction of which becomes increasingly difficult as the mines and wells approach exhaustion.

We have spoken of hand power, steam power, wind power and water power. Where does electricity come in? Electricity must be classed with steam and hand power in the respect that it is not a primary source of power. The only industrially important means of generating electricity is the "dynamo" or "generator". A large number of copper wires are wound tightly over a cylinder. When this unit (the familiar "armature" or "rotor") is rotated between magnets, a current of electricity is generated in it. Where does this electricity—this electrical power—come from? From the power that turned the armature. If the generator is small, it can be turned by hand; in this case hand power is being transformed into electrical power. If the generator is larger the rotor may be turned by a steam engine; here steam power is being converted into electrical power. Any kind of power—steam power, wind power, water power—that can turn the rotor of a generator, can by this means be converted into electrical power. The most common generating unit is the "turbogenerator". A turbine wheel and the rotor of a generator are mounted on the same shaft. When the turbine is rotated by steam or water power, the rotor also turns and generates current. A single unit as large as 225,000 kilowatts (300,000 horsepower) has recently been built.

By far the greater part of the electricity used in the United States is generated in steam-electric stations, i. e., stations where the generators are driven by steam engines or steam turbines. Why is not steam power sufficient in itself? What advantages has electricity that warrant the construction of tre-

mendous stations and generators, merely in order to transform one kind of power into another?

In the first place: light. The heating effect of electricity can be applied in such a way as to make a metallic filament glow white hot. And this is exactly what we do every time we "switch on the light". Electric light is cheap and efficient. But could not the combustion of the original fuel be used to give light without going thru the double transformation into steam power and electricity? Of course it could; but who wants to go back to fire-light, torches, candle light, the kerosene lamp and the gas burner? And so a large percentage of the total electric power generated in the U. S. is used for lighting.

Second: heat. Altho electricity occupies a decidedly subordinate place in heating operations, there are a large number of industrial processes and operations where electric heating is advantageous. The exceedingly high temperatures required in some chemical processes can be obtained only in the electric furnace.

Third: electricity is transmissible. Steam power cannot be transmitted any distance. The steam will condense and we will have at the end of the line instead of a burst of high pressure steam, just a powerless trickle of luke-warm water. Therefore wherever a steam engine is to be used, boiler and fires must be provided right on the spot, and not only that, but fuel for the fire and clean feed-water for the boiler too. Electricity, however, can be transmitted hundreds of miles with comparatively small loss. No matter how remote from the power station, wherever two wires can be carried, electricity can be constantly on tap.

Add to this the fact that in general convenience, general applicability and economy, steam cannot compare with electricity, and we will be able to understand why millions of horsepower of steam are generated for the sole purpose of being immediately converted into electricity.

Now that we see what a tremendously advantageous form of power electricity is, we can appreciate the significance of the fact that water power—this inexhaustible source of energy—can be transformed directly into electricity.

An electric station that is operated by water power is called a hydro-electric station. Why some rivers are available for hydro-electric development while others are not, why some developments require the construction of expensive dams, and why hydro-electric projects often involve the flooding of large areas of land, we shall see in the next article.

In the Wake of the News

(Continued from Page 1.)

lined up with the capitalist class, and the capitalists have so much to gain by keeping them in power that it is highly doubtful if they have any intention of yielding to the majority opinion of their membership even when it is overwhelming. "Vote as you damn please, I'll be elected anyhow," was Frank Farrington's defy to the membership.

THE Hearst press has again performed one of those many public services for which it is noted. It discovered the habitat of the wandering radio operator, Kenneth G. Ormiston, whose tracks were so faint that he defied detection by the bloodhounds of the law. But he could not get away with it on Hearst. The Hearst press has a nice collection of underwear, said to be the property of Aimee McPherson, whose affairs need not be recalled to your attention. Whenever opportunity arises the Hearst editors hang out the flimsies on their pages. Circulation goes up and so do advertising rates. Hearst gives another contribution to a church and is praised by the preachers while Ormiston will be held up as a horrible example to the public by mentally bankrupt clergymen who pray fervently that they may never get caught.

CHINA quit the league of nations and a representative of the Kuomintang is given a sumptuous room to do his observing from, by the league secretariat. The league power, most affected by anything China may do, is England. And England is worrying over China. It was Chao Hsin-Chu, representative of the non-existent Peking government that officially announced his intention not to take any part in the activities of the league, but he was speaking the words of Shia Ting, the representative of the Cantonese. Indeed a reasonable suspicion might be entertained that Chao Hsin-Chu is not as unwilling to do what he is told as people thot. Not so long ago, he read an anti-British leaflet distributed by Kuomintang students, before the league assembly to the consternation of the august delegates who could not understand such plain language.

THE league of nations now looks more of a mockery than ever. Organized by England as a weapon in her imperialist schemes, but ostensibly to preserve peace it is now clear, to even those gullible people that expect imperialist powers to follow a policy of peace for the sake of peace that the league is an instrument to be used principally for the subjection of the so-called backward peoples. The big robbers desire to maintain peace with each other

as long as possible but recently league members have been making treaties with other powers without consulting the league. War scares are flying these days in greater numbers than before the last holocaust. It would be a brave statesman who would ask for cannon fodder for the next war on the ground that it is a war to end war.

THE deep hatred that the British ruling classes entertain for A. J. Cook, fighting secretary of the British miners, was demonstrated in the house of commons last Wednesday when Stanley Baldwin, premier, and the picture man of the cabinet, the man who is represented as mild and fair, indulged in a bitter personal attack on Cook. He charged Cook with having let down the miners, the trade unions and the labor party after having raised "hell" for months. Nobody knows better than Baldwin that this is a damnable lie.

BALDWIN hates Cook because the latter openly declared from the start that Baldwin was a tool of the coal owners, and pointed out that Baldwin himself was a millionaire steel and coal magnate. The owners, very cleverly put up Baldwin as a decoy duck to induce the miners to listen to reason. Only the Communist Party, thru its organs, the Weekly Worker and the Communist Review and the Left Wing paper, The Sunday Worker, together with the left wing leaders of the miners' union, headed by A. J. Cook, tagged Baldwin as a faker and fraud, who was placing the armed forces of the government at the disposal of the workers while he was indulging in tommyrot about the neutrality of the government.

THE prime minister rightly charged the Labor Party leaders with lack of courage during the strike, but his conception of a display of courage would be for them to come out openly against the miners instead of sabotaging it secretly. Indeed it is generally believed among the left wing of the British working class that Messrs. Thomas and Bevin as well as other right wing leaders were under the instructions of Scotland Yard during the general strike. However, this cannot be proved until the British working class publish the secret files of that institution. As for the miners being let down by Cook. They were let down by the general council of the Trade Union Congress that called off the strike when victory was in sight. And afterwards when the miners decided to fight the battle alone they were let down by the whole trade union leadership of England and the rest of the world, outside of the Soviet Union.

A PEEK EACH WEEK AT MOTION PICTURES



LILLIAN GISH.

"THE SCARLET LETTER."

A slice of almost forgotten early history of the American colonial days furnishes the text of Nathaniel Hawthorne's "The Scarlet Letter," brot to the screen in a brilliant and yet simple manner by the famous Swedish director, Victor Seastrom. It is a banner picture for Sweden, the leading man, Lars Hanson, also calling from that country. Lillian Gish from our own United States is the star.

This is a picture that is different from the ordinary run, yet is not what could be classed as a "super feature," even though it is playing at a twice-a-day schedule.

It shows vividly the intolerance and bigotry of the colonial period. The religious fanaticism of the puritans is brot out to face the light of day in a realistic manner.

The opening of the picture shows Hester Prynne, played by Lillian Gish, being put in a stock for running and skipping on Sunday.

As the picture continues we see the persecution that our forefathers meted out to those that did not live up to their ideas of religion and morality.

Lars Hanson is the best bet of the picture. The scenes in which he portrays his love for Hester, are really fine.

If for no other reason than its exposure of religious fanaticism, it is a picture that should not be missed. It has, however, other points in its favor, namely, good direction and a minimum of hokum.

SYLVAN A. POLLACK.

Movie Notes

In Chicago.

The first showing of the Russian movie masterpiece "Breaking Chains" in Chicago broke all records for attendance. Three thousand people saw the marvelous film while that many more were turned away unable to gain admission. Another showing has been arranged for December 18 at the Ashland Auditorium with two performances on the same night at 7:30 and 9:30 p. m. to accommodate those previously disappointed.

On National Tour.

After the second Chicago performance, "Breaking Chains" will begin a country-wide tour. Definite dates are being arranged and in addition to those soon to be announced, the picture will be shown in New Haven, Conn., Jan. 1; Milwaukee, Wis., Jan. 9; Seattle, Wash., Jan. 29.

"POTEMKIN."

In New York.

The Armored Cruiser Potemkin, great Russian movie which has received such universal praise both in American and Europe, began its first

"THE QUARTERBACK."

This is the story: A bright, broad-shouldered young man arrives at Colton College which has not defeated its rival in football in 27 (count 'em) years. The boys give the newcomer a rough greeting. He comes up smiling, outwits the boys in the rival college, wins the favored lady of the captain of the rival football team, disproves the charges of professionalism, and—here's the croshal moment—wins the annual football game for "dear old Colton" in the last 20 seconds of play. O my, yes!—real heroes do all these things at (movie) college. And that's the story.

Fortunately, that's not all there is to the picture. It has a lively, youthful spirit, which is, despite a heavy coating of molasses, somewhat collegiate. It has also a little humor and some football scenes that look authentic. There is a novel and amusing stunt of football practice with milk bottles while our hero works his way thru college.

Richard Dix plays the young superman. He looks old enuf to lead us to believe he must have been a dumb-bell at high school to enter college so late. But he does a good job and catches the spirit of the young collegian. Ethel Ralston is the girl that teaches Latin to our hero. She's so easy to look at that this reviewer knows where she can get another pupil at once.

"The Quarterback" is one of a few football pictures shown this fall to lure the unwary penny of the curiosity-pricked movie fan in the midst of the football season. By this time it is being shown in the neighborhood theaters at cut-rates. At cut-rates you might try it.



Richard Dix in
"The Quarterback"
A Paramount Picture

A DOZEN IN BRIEF

The Winning of Barbara Worth—A hot desert and a warm blonde. (Orpheum)
The Temptress—Greta Garbo sure is!
Breaking Chains—By far the best in this list. Don't miss it when it comes to your town.
Syncopated Sue—She's lively.
The Black Pirate—Fairbanks' physical-culture fandangles.
Don Juan—Barrimore poses his profile. (With the Vitaphone at the McVickers).
London—Not so good.
The Better 'Ole—The better howl. Funny stuff (With the second Vitaphone performance at the Woods).
Variety—See this one.
The Strong Man—A Langdon laughing matter.
Subway Sadie—Not bad—nor important.
Passaic Strike—Labor in action. Will do your heart good.

showing in this country last Sunday at the Biltmore Theater in New York. No Russian picture has created so great a discussion as this one of the 1905 revolution. Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford viewed the picture in Germany while on their way to Russia and called it "the greatest motion picture ever made."

Emil Jannings, German star of "Variety," in an interview printed in a current issue of an American movie magazine says: "No, I do not care for the Volga Boatman. How can I when I have already seen "Potemkin"?"

Joe Plotkin.

Book Reviews

TROPIC DEATH, by Eric Waldron. Boni & Liveright, Publishers, New York.



The great movement of the Negro worker from the South into Northern industry and from farm to city in all sections, in the war years of 1916 and 1917 and continuing to date, brot with it great strides in all directions. A new consciousness was born. The Garvey movement crystallized this into organization of power. The American Negro Labor Congress followed. The Negro worker began to form unions and knock more insistently on the doors of organized labor. With strides in all directions came also authentic development in culture. Gilpin in "Emperor Jones" followed by Paul Robeson and others revealed the Negro reaching into the dramatic field, which with the rare exception of the inimitable Bert Williams, was reserved for whites.

In 1916, the poetry of Claud McKay (in the group of the Masses and Liberator) revealed new powers. Since then many other Negro writers and poets have given notice on the progress of the Negro in poetry and literature. In the past year this progress is witnessed in such work as Walter F. White's "Flight", Langston Hughes "The Weary Blues" (a poet whose early work appeared in the Workers Monthly), "The New Negro" edited by Locke, the work of Countee Cullen and other contributions of merit.

"Tropic Death" by Eric Waldron is the first book of another young Negro writer and part of the authentic bid of the Negro for place in contemporary American literature. The first work, however, of this talented writer is not a great one. The collection of short stories has merit in its color and movement—a bright-hued painting of the tropics of which he writes.

The story does not concern itself like most works of the spirited, newly conscious Negro writers, with the American Negro and his life. The author, a West Indian (now on the staff of Opportunity) sets his ten stories in the tropical atmosphere of Guiana, Central America and the West Indies. In an almost detached way he paints the life of the Negro in all settings. It is a realistic picture, done with the knowing, skillful hand of one who has observed life there closely. Like the colors of the tropics also, these stories are riotously colorful—almost gaudy.

One thing stands out however. Producing harmony, the style of the writer is nevertheless jangly and skeleton

like. Outline and color is there but the word painting lacks body to give more weight. Lacking smoothness, these stories however are not lacking in value. Lacking fire, they contribute in color. A more aggressive interest and consciousness and more ease in style on the part of the author will make it worth waiting for his future work.

The worker who finds interest in the new consciousness of the Negro in America because of its great importance to American labor, will do well to keep step with its strides in all directions, including literature. It will help us to understand it better and give us the pleasure of truly authentic literary ability. "Tropic Death" by Eric Waldron is one of the new fall books worth reading.

W. C.



"Come to the Lord," one of the unusual drawings of Alexander King, from the art folder "Alexander King—An Interpretation, a Credo, and Ten Drawings" issued by Boni & Liveright in whose New York offices this artist's work has been on exhibition.

It Does Not Always Pay to Advertise

At the last moment, Manuel Gomez, author of the article advertised in Friday's issue of THE DAILY WORKER, "Canton Tells The World," was obliged to withdraw it for additional treatment in view of eleventh hour developments in the Orient. The finished manuscript did not arrive at the plant in time for the mechanical staff to do the right thing by it. Therefore we must regretfully beg our readers' patience to wait another week for the second part of the article that appeared last week.—Editor.

THE TINY WORKER

A Weekly.

Editor, Louise Reizen, Chicago, Ill.

Johnny Red, Assistant Editor.

Vol. 1.

Saturday, December 11, 1926

No. 29

OH BOY!
SOME GIRLS!

So many of our little comrades sent in such nice things for this issue that we can't use because this is only a "Tiny Worker." But we will surely use them! Lot of other issues coming, kids!

But I tell ya fellows, the girls were good this week.

But just you wait. You can't keep a good little Red down and you can't keep him O U T! Come on Johnny Reds. ARE YOU READY? Make 'em snappy and shoot 'em in!

THE PROOF

By Edna Wallace, Washington, D. C.

The boys don't own All brains, that's true We girls are REDS That proves it too!



THE GIRLS GET BACK!

Last week the boys sent in EVERYTHING. We told our little Rosie Reds about it and they sent in so many good things they pushed the boys right out of the TINY WORKER!

QUEEN MARIE

By LOUISE REIZEN, Chicago, Vanguard Pioneer Group.

1 Most people make an awful fuss over that old queen who visited us, I don't think that she's so loud Just because she gathered the crowd.

2 As the queen rode down the street Hundreds of guards stood at her feet; I know I'd go on the rainiest day To see her get "crowned" another way.

THAT'S ME!

By Yetta Barshefsky, Chicago Vanguard Group.

I am a very little girl With ragged clothing and torn shoe But I'm a little Pioneer. Now—why aren't you?

That's a good question to ask of any little boy or girl.

Yetta! Keep on asking that of every one you meet. And welcome to the Tiny Worker—come again!

THERE IS NO SANTA CLAUS!

But we got a picture of a bird who thinks he is and we're going to show him up in the next issue. Watch me trim his whiskers! Better get next Saturday's TINY WORKER.



NOBODY denied it. Every newspaper in Chicago openly attacked the decision of the referee that gave the middle-weight boxing championship to Mickey Walker over Tiger Flowers. The papers howled for days. The thousands of bugs who attended were stunned by the decision of the referee and handed him a rather raucous if ill-mannered razzberry. Honest fight bugs, who still must believe in Santa Claus if they expected any honesty in a notoriously dishonest professional sport, would not accept the money they won after witnessing the bout. Everyone agreed that Flowers, the preaching pugilist was victor.

Everybody agreed but the members of the boxing commission and the manager of the Tiger. It's true that he protested the day after the fight. But strangely NOT at the time of the decision. The commission after a special meeting decided the fight should stand as decided. After the commission spoke, Flowers' manager who threatened to "reveal scandal" became mum. The newspapers also stopped howling. Mum's the word, it seems. But "mum" tho famed also as a deoderant, could not kill the stench of the most recent scandal of a professional sport that is notoriously rotten.



LET us remind you of another instance or two of the splendid "sportsmanship" of professional boxing which have become common newspaper gossip. Not long ago Eddie O'Shea fought Phil Rosenberg, bantamweight champ in Chicago. Previous to the battle a "committee" of unknown but very decided gentlemen called on O'Shea and displayed guns and black-jacks. They casually spoke a word or two to O'Shea on the efficiency of these playthings. Whether O'Shea took heed or not is not known. But what is known is the result of the fight. O'Shea was knocked out. As a sports writer tells us "it was a very peculiar knockout." It was that, brother. It sure was. Peculiar—to professional boxing.

The manager of the victorious Rosenberg is also the manager of the middleweight Kid Kaplan. Last year both fighters and the manager were asked by the Chicago Commission to leave the city since the stockyards were here and the city could not stand the presence of both at the same time. These birds it seems carry a select crew of New York gunmen. When the boys are not breaking strikes in New York and vicinity, they form the honorary guard of the two boxers. It is likely the city health commissioner of Chicago had something to do with the invitation given to the boxers to leave. Imagine the situation in the city where the citizens would be in danger of suffocation, or, due to the presence of straight shooting gunmen, of being bored to death.



WHEN once you start on professional sport it is easy to find facts of the fake of it all. The whole business is business—and a pleasure to discuss workers' sports for a change. Which also reminds us that you Bugs who live in Passaic or in the vicinity can help good clean workers' sports and enjoy yourselves at the same time.

Every Sunday night the Young Workers' Sports Club arranges an entertainment and social at the Hungarian Workers' Home at 28 Dayton Ave., Passaic, N. J. Step over to step the Black Bottom. If you don't do this nearest approach to Delirium Tremens why you can dance. And for this week—that's that.

Kazan-Sarapul

By Larissa Reissner

II.

They did not expect us: trenches, barbed wire, advance guard, all was unprotected on the riverside, and as visible as on a teaboard. Slowly gliding along the bank, the torpedo boats take convenient positions—the gunner directs the cannon. The shells are brought up out of the ammunition room. The command sounds:

"Fire!"

The cannon mouths are hurling flashes of fire, with a light, metallic ring the cartridge shells fall, and after ten to fifteen seconds an ash-colored and black-steaming fountain rises amidst the fleeing ranks of the adversary, the gunner alters the direction.

"Visor 2, Fire!"

The torpedo boat "Retivy" also begins firing; "Proshny" sets the church aflame with his stern-chaser.

We shall probably reach Galyany (65 kilometers above Sarapul) by daylight.

Another stretch of ten kilometers and we are at our destination. The red flags are lowered—it was decided to surprise the enemy and to let the squadron pass for that of the White guards, that of Admiral Stark, which is impatiently expected by the Whites. The ships dart out from behind an island in full steam, pass the wharf of Galyany, and put themselves in position—a difficult maneuver at this shallow and narrow point.

"Shoot only when ordered"—one boat signals to the other. The situation is this: about 70 meters from shore, next to the church, a heavy, six-inch cannon is plainly visible. Back of it on the hillock, many curious peasants, and among them—a little band of armed soldiers. On the church spire—another cannon—perhaps a machine gun. At the shore on the left—a tow-boat with a White guardist. Field kitchens are smoking, white tents are gleaming among the bushes, soldiers are stretched out at the shore and observing with curiosity the maneuvers of the torpedo boats. Midway in the river, however, guarded by a sentry, a floating grave motionless and quiet.

"Pritky" communicates orders with a lowered voice to the other ships. "Retivy" approaches the tow-boat, and without betraying itself, gains assurance that the precious live cargo is on board. "Pritky" directs its cannon on the six-inch cannon of the opponent in order to destroy it at the first move of the enemy; nor does it overlook the infantry.

But how can the heavy tow-boat be liberated from its anchors, how can it be released from the narrow trap of sand shoals and islands? Fortunately a hostile tracker is puffing at the wharf. Our officer—in a gold-braided cap, of course—gives to the captain of the tracker the positive order:

"In the name of the commander of the fleet, Admiral Stark, I command you to take the boat with the prisoners in tow and to follow us!"

Trained by the Whites to slavish obedience, the captain of the tracker immediately executes the order, approaches the boat and takes it in tow. Infinitely slow, the minutes drag on, until the awkward steamer attaches the steel hawser and makes all preparations for the trip. Our crew stands motionless, their faces are deadly pale, they believe, and yet do not dare hope, that this dream should be realized, that the hopelessly doomed boat should gain liberty. Whispering, they ask each other:

"Well, is he ever going to move? He is still standing."

However, impressed by the sharp command of our officer, the tracker plays his role brilliantly. On the tow-boat, great commotion prevails. The assisting commander and the officer himself lay down their arms to help raise the anchor. And little by little the ponderous monster begins to give up its motionless attitude, raises a prong, the tightly stretched cords hang slack for a moment, to straighten out again immediately at a new turn. The commander of the "Pritky" speaks calmly with the bewildered guard of the prisoners.

"I command you in the name of the admiral to keep perfect peace and to follow us—we shall accompany you."

"We have little wood," they try to protest from the tracker.

"No matter, there is plenty of wood along the way," answers the commander of the flotilla—and the torpedo boats proceed slowly, so as not to arouse the suspicion of the people on shore, in the direction of Sarapul.

And already those inside the tow-boat begin to be alarmed.

"Where are they dragging us, where, why?"

One of the prisoners, a sailor, pushes to the stern of the tow-boat where thru a thick board a hole is plucked out with a pocket knife—the only little opening thru which something can be seen of sky and water. Long and attentively he observes the mys-

loops are opened above their heads and they are called out—with strangely ringing, excited voices and by a name forbidden and outlawed:

"Come out, comrades!"

And yet they came, crawling, in tears, one after another they arose from the dead. What spectacle unfolded itself on that deck. Several Chinese, who had no one in this cold land, dropped at the feet of a sailor and expressed in strange, bleating accents their boundless devotion to the people who in the name of the brotherhood of the oppressed knew how to die.

In the morning the city and the troops received the prisoners. The tow-boat was brot to the shore, and the 430 wavering, pale, ragged human beings proceeded to the land along an avenue of honor formed by the sailors. The long series of bast-figures, with grotesque head-wear and



MAXIM GORKY.

terious ships and their silent crews. Distorted faces press about him, reading every trace of hope or danger from his countenance. It is as if a single, lifeless, motionless face stared at him.

"They are all alike, long, gray."

"Are they White guardists, ha? Look more carefully!"

"But no . . ."

"What, no? Why the devil don't you speak?"

The observer is pulled away from his post.

"It seems to me that they are some of ours, from the Baltic fleet."

But these wretches, who had spent three weeks in this plague hole, who had slept and eaten in their own excrement, bare, covered only with sack cloth—they do not dare hope.

Even at Sarapul, when the people, greeting them at the quay, shouted and wept, when they arrested the White guardist sentry, and, as they did not dare climb down in that pest-hole, called the prisoners out—these answered only with oaths and groans. None of the 430 human beings believed in a deliverance. Only yesterday the sentry had taken the last shirt for a bread crust; only yesterday morning, seven bayonets dragged out the torn bodies of the three brothers Krasnopyerov and twenty-seven other men. For twenty-four hours no bread had been thrown down the loops (a quarter pound a day per man was all they had received for three weeks).

It was clear: it did not even pay to feed these condemned any longer. Some night, or some gray, bloodless morning the end would come for all of them—an unknown, but inexpressibly bitter end. And suddenly they are taken, God knows where, the

with fantastic caps of braided straw, the appearance of a procession from another world. And in the multitude, shaken by this spectacle, again awakens the superb humor of the people.

"Who dressed you up like that, comrades?"

"Don't you see, it is the uniform of the assemblies—each has a last shirt and a rope around his neck."

"Don't step on my shoes, don't you see—the toes are sticking out," and he raises up his foot, swaddled in dirty rags.

On the way to the shore, with voices sounding hollow after the long tortures in that place of horror, they start the Marsellaise. And the song does not end even at the city square. Here the representative of the prisoners greets the seamen of the Volga flotilla, their commander, and the Soviet powers. Rasskolnikov is carried on shoulders into the dining hall, where hot food and tea has been prepared. Indescribable faces, words, tears, it is as if a whole family who has just found its lost father, son, or brother, were sitting beside the newly recovered and watching him eat.

In the crowd of soldiers and sailors are noticeable now and then the gold-braided caps of the few officers who have been thru the entire three-month campaign from Kazan to Sarapul. I think that for a long time they were not welcomed with such reverence and brotherly love as they were on this day. And if there exists between the intelligentsia and the masses a unity in spirit, in sacrifices and in heroic deeds, it arose at that moment, when the mothers of the workers, their wives and children, blessed the officers for delivering their fathers, brothers and children from the tortures of death.