

The New Magazine

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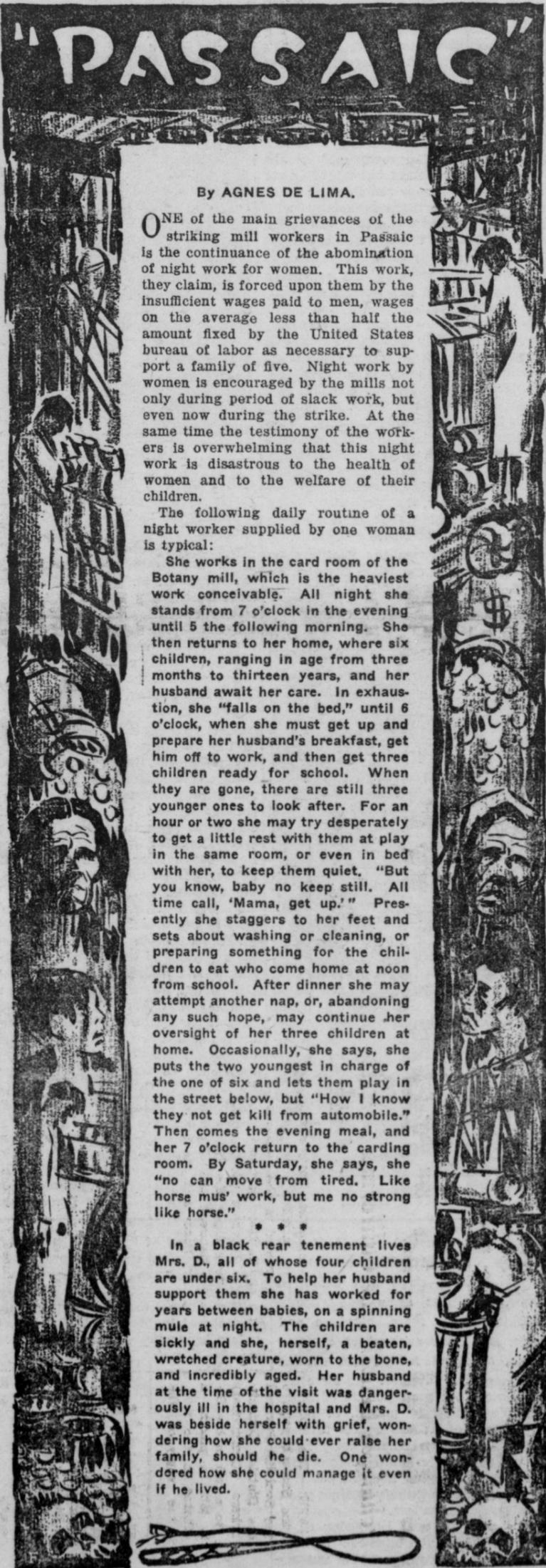
THE DAILY WORKER

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Editor.

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Night Working Mothers



By AGNES DE LIMA.

ONE of the main grievances of the striking mill workers in Passaic is the continuance of the abomination of night work for women. This work, they claim, is forced upon them by the insufficient wages paid to men, wages on the average less than half the amount fixed by the United States bureau of labor as necessary to support a family of five. Night work by women is encouraged by the mills not only during period of slack work, but even now during the strike. At the same time the testimony of the workers is overwhelming that this night work is disastrous to the health of women and to the welfare of their children.

The following daily routine of a night worker supplied by one woman is typical:

She works in the card room of the Botany mill, which is the heaviest work conceivable. All night she stands from 7 o'clock in the evening until 5 the following morning. She then returns to her home, where six children, ranging in age from three months to thirteen years, and her husband await her care. In exhaustion, she "falls on the bed," until 6 o'clock, when she must get up and prepare her husband's breakfast, get him off to work, and then get three children ready for school. When they are gone, there are still three younger ones to look after. For an hour or two she may try desperately to get a little rest with them at play in the same room, or even in bed with her, to keep them quiet. "But you know, baby no keep still. All time call, 'Mama, get up.'" Presently she staggers to her feet and sets about washing or cleaning, or preparing something for the children to eat who come home at noon from school. After dinner she may attempt another nap, or, abandoning any such hope, may continue her oversight of her three children at home. Occasionally, she says, she puts the two youngest in charge of the one of six and lets them play in the street below, but "How I know they not get kill from automobile." Then comes the evening meal, and her 7 o'clock return to the carding room. By Saturday, she says, she "no can move from tired. Like horse mus' work, but me no strong like horse."

In a black rear tenement lives Mrs. D., all of whose four children are under six. To help her husband support them she has worked for years between babies, on a spinning mule at night. The children are sickly and she, herself, a beaten, wretched creature, worn to the bone, and incredibly aged. Her husband at the time of the visit was dangerously ill in the hospital and Mrs. D. was beside herself with grief, wondering how she could ever raise her family, should he die. One wondered how she could manage it even if he lived.

Decoration by Jerger

In the Troubled Waters of Mexico

MEXICO is again confronting serious difficulties. The high priests of the catholic church, from the pope down, have engineered a regular conspiracy against the Mexican government. The political waters of Mexico have become troubled again. Undoubtedly the imperialists of all lands and countries, but particularly of the United States, will attempt to utilize the situation to hurt the Mexican people and to help themselves.

It stands to reason that the catholic priests would never have dared to challenge the Mexican government the way they did had they not been urged on to it and supported by the big imperialists. The catholic church is not in the habit, as a rule, of pursuing policies that go contrary to the wishes of the capitalists and big landowners. What we are therefore dealing with now is a new attempt to strengthen the economic and political influence of the foreign imperialists and the land-owning aristocracy of Mexico at the expense of the workers and poor peasants.

Altho the attack of the catholic priests is directed against the Calles government, it is in reality an attack against the independence of Mexico. It is therefore the duty of all friends of Mexican independence, of all those that are opposed to imperialism and oppression of small peoples, to raise their voice in thundering protest against this new attack upon the freedom and independence of Mexico.

It must be said, however, that the Calles government itself is not free

from just criticism on many important points. Specifically, the present government of Mexico is not the government of the workers and poor peasants that constitute the overwhelming majority of the Mexican population.

The Calles government, in alliance with the right wing bureaucracy of the trade unions, is oppressing the workers and stifling the labor movement. This is a serious charge to make, but it is true. On many occasions the Calles government, in which labor reactionaries are playing an important part, has seriously worsened conditions of labor in order to placate and satisfy foreign imperialists. And on just as many occasions the Calles government has sacrificed the interests of the poor peasants to gain favor in the eyes of British and American investors.

The foreign policy of the Calles government up to date was a policy of saving the appearance of Mexican independence by sacrificing the real interests of the workers and poor peasants.

THE freedom and independence of Mexico is the affair of every worker and poor farmer in the United States. All support must be rendered to the Mexican people in their struggle against reaction at home and imperialism from abroad. But at the same time the Calles government must recognize that the real guarantee for the freedom and independence of Mexico are the revolutionary struggles of its workers and poor peasants.

A Lesson in Politics

HERE is a good lesson in politics to which we must draw the attention of our readers. It is the findings of the senatorial slush fund committee which is now sitting in Chicago.

And what did it find thus far?

That Mr. Insull, head of Illinois utility corporations controlling something like \$5,000,000,000 of property, has contributed nearly \$200,000 to the primaries of both republican and democratic parties. In the words of Senator Reed, chairman of the investigating committee, "this utility giver played to land on both feet."

Exactly. And this is what we have in mind when we say that both of the old parties—republican and democratic—are owned, controlled and operated by the big capitalists of the United States.

It also so happens that Frank L. Smith, successful republican candidate in the primaries, to whose success Mr. Insull contributed the small fortune of about \$180,000, is the chairman of the Illinois commerce commission. And it also happens that this commerce commission has jurisdiction over the rates, service, extensions and capitalization of all the public utilities of the state.

Do you get the connection? Of course you do. Well, then, this is what we mean when we keep on saying that the big capitalists own, control and operate the governmental institutions of the United States.

It may or it may not be true that Coolidge is losing control of the



republican party. But the big capitalists will surely retain it. Whoever is the next republican candidate for president, whether it be Coolidge, Dawes or Lowden, the real bosses of the party will be the Insulls, the Mellons, the Morgans and their like. The same is true for the democratic party.

The question we wish to raise again is this: On what grounds did the official leadership of the Illinois labor movement endorse and work for the nomination of Frank L. Smith? By what reasoning did John H. Walker, president of the Illinois State Federation of Labor; John Fitzpatrick, president of the Chicago Federation of Labor, and half a dozen or more presidents of international trade unions come to the conclusion that an agent of Insull is fit to be supported by organized labor?

We know the answer. But we would like these worthy reactionaries in the labor movement to open their mouths and try to explain their treachery to the American workers.

Alex Bittelman.

Profiting from Organized Murder

THE STORY OF J. PIERPONT MORGAN'S FORTUNE*

By GUSTAVUS MYERS.



THE outbreak of the civil war gave the mercantile class unsurpassed opportunities for profiting from what amounted to organized murder. However severe this statement seems, it is in reality quite mild in describing the prevailing practices of capitalists.

It would be quite puerile and a poor extenuation to say that they were not fully conscious of the disastrous consequences to the nation flowing from their acts. They knew the baleful results to the soldiery of imposing fraudulent army and navy supplies upon the government. Yet, spurred by the certainty of extortionate profits, they went eagerly ahead and when their frauds were discovered, sought to block every attempt at investigation. In the one item of shoes alone, the shoe manufacturers sold to the government from 1861 to 1862 five million pairs of shoes for the army, as which trans-

action a government commission reported that at least \$3,000,000 had been defrauded; that supplies of shoes which were so bad that they could not be sold privately had been palmed off upon the government.

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But the one equipment which the army most urgently needed was rifles. We have already, in a previous chapter, related how Marcellus Hartley and other prominent capitalists swindled the government, and imperiled the Union army, by importing the refuse of European arms and unloading them upon the United States government. Also, we have adverted to the fact that it was greatly because of the great profits made in these transactions that Hartley was able to build enormous factories at Bridgeport, Conn.—factories that his descendants now own.

J. Pierpont Morgan was profiting from the same methods at the same time. He was, in 1861, a robust young man, just twenty-four years old. "He inherited from his parents," says one of his biographers, "their purity of character and exceptional abilities." Those attributed lofty virtues were not in evidence. At a critical juncture when the Union government was most in need of soldiers, Morgan chose not only to stay at home, but to profit from the sale of worthless rifles for the arming of the men who responded to the call to arms.

Abraham Lincoln was sending out his proclamations calling for volunteers. The contest was a momentous struggle not merely between sections, but between two kinds of conflicting capitalist institutions. The so-called common people—the factory and shop workers, the slum dwellers, the professionals and the farmers—heroically poured in for enlistment. Hundreds of thousands went forth to the camps and battlefields, never to return.

Altho well qualified physically and mentally for military service, Morgan avoided any kind of duty interfering with money making and comfort. He differed in no wise from almost all

the men of position and property. They restricted their exuberant patriotism to talk and the waving of bunting, but took great care to keep away from the zone of personal danger. The rich, for whose interests the northern armies were at basis fighting, not only as a class evaded enlistment, but proceeded to demoralize, spread disability and sow death among their own armies. While doing this, and at the same time swindling the government, states and cities out of vast sums in army contracts, they caused the draft act to be so amended that it gave men of property the easy opportunity of escaping conscription by permitting them to hire substitutes.

Morgan's First Stroke of Business.

J. Pierpont Morgan's first ascertainable business transaction, was in one of these army contracts; and while it was not on so large a scale as those of older capitalists, it was (judged by prevailing capitalist standards) a very able stroke for a young man of twenty-four. Its success gave promise of much greater things to come, in which respect Morgan's admirers were not disappointed.

In 1857 the army inspecting officers condemned a large number of Hall's carbines as thoro'ly unserviceable, and as of obsolete and dangerous pattern. The government thereupon auctioned off quantities of them from time to time at prices ranging from between \$1 and \$2 each. Five thousand of them, however, still remained in the army arsenal in New York City and were there when the civil war broke out.

On May 28, 1861, one Arthur M. Eastman, of Manchester, New Hampshire, made an offer to the government to buy these rifles at \$3 each. Knowing the great frauds going on in the furnishing of army supplies, the government officials might well have been suspicious of this offer, but apparently did not question its good faith. The rifles were sold to Eastman at \$3.50 each. But either Eastman lacked the money for payment, or had been thrust forward to act as a dummy for a principal in the background. One Simon Stevens then stepped on the scene, agreeing to back Eastman to the extent of \$20,000, which sum was to be applied for payment for the rifles; as collateral security Stevens took a lien upon the rifles. But from whom did Stevens get the funds. The official and legal records show that it was from J. Pierpont Morgan.

Courts Make the Government Pay.

Did Morgan and his associates get their full demands from the government? They did. Judge Peck held that when Fremont had agreed to buy the rifles he had entered into a contract which bound the government, and that a contract was a contract. The court took no cognizance of the fact that the worthless, condemned rifles had been represented as new, nor did it consider the fact that the money with which they had been bought from the government was virtually government money. It gave Stevens a judgment against the government for \$58,175.

It was this particular decision which assured the open sesame for the holders of what were then cynically called "deadhorse claims" to collect the full amount of their swindling operations. The government could now plead itself

A PEEK EACH WEEK AT MOTION PICTURES

"MANTRAP."

ONE of the few and far-between good little photoplays was shown in Chicago last week at one of the many and ever-multiplying big, bad "movie" houses. As a girl behind me in the audience remarked, in a perplexed voice: "Well, that was a peculiar picture." And so it was, "Mantrap," peculiar because it really had some good points.

The plot of "Mantrap" was taken from a serial story by Sinclair Lewis that recently ran in Collier's magazine. There was evidently little significance about the story, except its author and its undercurrent of vague discontent. If the discontent had been less "vague" I am sure that Collier's wouldn't have used it. And there was less significance about the picture because the director couldn't refrain from a little "improvement" on the author. Nonetheless, enough of Lewis' realism and humor remained to make the film diverting, especially with Ernest Terrence playing the chief part. One can't help but chuckle at him in almost any role.

How a city working girl gets tired of city men and lets herself get married to a Canadian trader and borne away to the backwoods, and how city men get equally tired of being city men and also let themselves get borne away (not at the price of marriage, tho), and then how city girl and city man meet in the backwoods and decide to beat it back to the city. This is the gist of the story, if you don't take into consideration the backwoodsman. But as he is the one who makes the plot's wheels go round, and the "hero" to boot, he eventually gets nearly everything that is coming to him, according to movie standards.

Our hero pursues the fleeing pair, not so much to recapture the girl, he says, as to warn the city man against her flirtatiousness, which the latter, unfortunately, has already discovered

for himself. Love for the girl is still in the back of both their minds, however, and they argue how best to dispose of her "for her own good." But she, having learned to make her own way in the world, asserts her right to decide things for herself and dashes back to the city alone. The city man likewise betakes himself to his own city, reconciled to its short skirts and divorce suits. And the backwoodsman tries to console himself in his loneliness with memories.

This is where Lewis had the story



DAVID GRIFFITH.

end, I am told. But a profit-making movie director cannot afford to have a picture too "peculiar," so he obligingly provides the girl with memories, too, and "fond" ones at that. And she drops down from the sky into the backwoods again. The end is saved from banality by the sudden appearance of another "city" man. Even as the backwoodsman greets his returned flapper with hearty embrace, she peeks wistfully around at the newcomer and whispers, "Hold me tight, Joey; I'm slipping."

The picture thus discloses the disconcerting truth that sterling qualities of the attractive little working girl, her pluckiness, ingenuity and camaraderie, are marred by the fact that she flirts! When accused of it, she defends herself by saying that she only flirts when it is "absolutely necessary," as, for instance, to win food from the aviator when lost in the woods. The picture refuses to accept her explanation, however, coming to the conclusion that she "flirts as naturally as she breathes." I fear that it didn't occur, even to Sinclair Lewis (at any rate no hint is given of it), that a manicurist, as such, scarcely gets wages enough to feed herself with and that "flirting" is an economically developed mechanism for "pleasing the public," from whence flows an indispensable source of income for a large class of working girls, namely, the magic "tip."

But since the laws of economics operate on a movie director as well as on a working girl, he has developed his little ways of "leading 'em on," too. And I'll say that he is a fast stepper when it comes to being fickle with the truth. G. W.



PRISCILLA DEAN.

defenseless against the horde of contractors who had bribed officials to accept decayed ships and defective armor, worthless arms and shoddy clothing, flimsy tents, blankets and shoes, and haversacks which came to pieces, adulterated food and similar equipment and supplies. As for criminal action, not a single one of these defrauders went to prison, or stood any danger of it; the courts thruout the land were perennially busy rushing off petty defrauders to imprisonment and employing the full punitive power of their machinery against poor, unimportant offenders.

This was the real beginning of J. Pierpont Morgan's business career; the facts are there immovable and unassailable in the public records. This

was the brand of "patriot" he and his fellow capitalists were; yet ever since, and especially so today, clergy and politicians and shallow, obsequious writers saturate the public with myths all designed to prove Morgan's measureless benevolence and lofty patriotism.



*Extracts from the "History of the Great American Fortunes" by Gustavus Myers, published in the magazine with the permission of author and the publishers, Kerr & Co.

Polish Revolutionists of 150 Years Ago

KOSCIUSKO AND PULASKI
By B. K. GEBERT

Among others who came from the old world to help the American colonies to fight for independence were two Polish officers, Tadeusz Kosciusko and Kazimierz Pulaski. Both were Polish aristocrats. Kosciusko was a nobleman (szlachta), owner of a big estate. He came from a White-Russian family which became Polonized. Kazimierz Pulaski was a count.

Kosciusko played a prominent role in the war for independence. He became especially useful thanks to his knowledge of military tactics. He had spent several years in the Corps of Cadets in Warsaw, and was later sent abroad by the government to complete his military education. He spent some time in Germany, Italy and France learning especially fortifications and thus became a military engineer.

After his return from abroad he could not find a proper place for himself in Poland and therefore decided to go again abroad. It was then that he learned of the American revolution and hence proceeded there. In 1776 he came to Philadelphia and joined the ranks of Washington's army.

In a short time Washington recognized Kosciusko's abilities and attached him to the divisions building fortresses. Washington later promoted him to the position of colonel and made him his adjutant.

The service of Kosciusko to the struggle for American independence was recognized by Congress in 1783 by passing a resolution of thanks, giving him the privilege of becoming an American citizen and voting him a considerable annuity, a big grant of land and the title of brigadier-general.

But Kosciusko did not stay in America. In those days Poland was fighting for its existence. Czarist Russia, Prussia and Austria were making a united attempt to break up Poland and to divide it among themselves.

Kosciusko joined the forces that were struggling to defend Poland from foreign invasion. At that time the peasants were the serfs of the landlords (szlachta). Kosciusko saw that without the aid of the peasants it would be impossible to carry on the fight. He then issued a proclamation releasing the peasants from half of the work they were obliged to do for the "szlachta," permitting the peasants to move freely from one district to another and appealing to them to join his ranks. Kosciusko took no further steps to liberate the peasants from serfdom, nevertheless, because



PRESENT DAY "SAVIORS" OF POLAND.

of the little he did for them, the peasants considered Kosciusko their liberator and joined his ranks. Many important battles against the Russian army were won by Kosciusko because of the peasants, the famous "scythe men."

Cities were also joining Kosciusko. In Warsaw a battalion of tradesmen and workers under the leadership of the shoemaker, Jan Killinski, took justice into their own hands and hung several traitors of Poland, Bishop Masalski, the aristocrats Czetwertynski, Lasopolski, Roguski and others. Kosciusko condemned this action as too severe in his opinion. He still thought

that some of the aristocrats would join his ranks.

After many battles Kosciusko lost the fight. Warsaw fell into the hands of the bloody Czarist General Suvorov who massacred the population. Kosciusko was taken prisoner and kept in the famous Peter and Paul fortress in Petersburg. He was released by the Czar Paul 1st, and came back to the United States in 1796. Soon afterwards he went back to Europe.

Napoleon was quite anxious to engage Kosciusko for his army. But Kosciusko refused because Napoleon did not agree to free Poland.

Kosciusko died on April 2, 1817,

having liberated his serfs shortly before his death. There are monuments in his memory in Washington, D. C. and in Chicago.

Kosciusko was a consistent democrat and reformer at the time of the great bourgeois revolutions. His participation in the American revolution shows him to have been one who was willing to struggle for progress and freedom in the great revolutionary movements of his time.

Kazimierz Pulaski was a count and a leading figure in the Polish aristocracy. He came to America in 1777 and joined the ranks of Washington's army. He distinguished himself in the battle of Brandywine and was made a Brigadier-General. He organized the cavalry; the first revolutionary cavalry in the world was the Pulaski legion. As the head of this legion he became well known for his operations on the southern front defending Charlestown in May, 1779.

On October 9, 1779, he was wounded in an unsuccessful attack on Savannah, Georgia, and died two days later.

Following the loss of its independence by Poland, we see many Poles taking part prominently in every struggle for freedom in Europe. An incident of later years is the case of Wroblewski and Dombrowski who participated in the Paris Commune, the armed uprising of the French proletariat against the capitalists in 1871. Dombrowski was one of the generals of the Commune.

Those were the days when Poland's hopes for independence were closely bound up with the success of the revolutionary movements in Europe. Now, however, it is quite different. The Polish ruling classes of today, who claim their origin from the revolutionists of Kosciusko's and Pulaski's time, are fighting most bitterly the revolutionary movements of the Pilsudsky, "the last of the mohicans of Polish romanticism," is jailing, persecuting and murdering Polish workers and peasants who are struggling for a free and independent Workers' Poland. The old fighters for independence, who are now dominating Poland, are themselves oppressing millions of White-Russians, Ukrainians and other nationalities.

Today the real champion of genuine freedom and independence, not only for the Poles but for all nationalities, is the workers' and peasants' revolutionary movement that is led by the Communist International.

F O B DETROIT

By Stirling Bowen

SCALING the dingy red boxcar's side with his large heavy black suitcase was laborious for Arthur Henry, who was going away forever.

He was going into the Wide World, which was the recognized general name for somewhere else.

Certain the long string of freight cars on the siding would soon be pulling out, Arthur Henry began climbing, suitcase bumping legs, rung by rung, laboriously upward.

Father was working at Dodge Brothers. Mother was sleeping after scrubbing First National Bank building floors all night. Sister Susan, Brother Merrill were bending over books in school. Nobody knew where he was. Teachers, parents, policemen were eliminated from life. He was alone, himself. If there were birds in railroad yards they would be singing. For appropriately singing birds Arthur had to think of childhood in Logan county, W. Va.: brown thrashers, cat birds, robins, flickers, warbling, crying in trees behind a striking miners' tent colony on an open hillside.

Clutching the top rung, head rising above car, face flushing with exertion, excitement, Arthur joined company with Keats on first looking into Chapman's Homer, Balboa glimpsing the Pacific over the summit of his peak in Darien. Arthur, looking out upon the surroundings from the box car's top, was finding a new perspective. From that position leaning self-sufficiently on his suitcase he would soon be seeing Detroit vanish behind him, smoky atmosphere giving way to vivid blue

sky.

Riding northward in stuffy day-coaches was no fun. It was as bad as being home, at school, excepting with strangers always around his father wasn't beating him or swearing at him. This was the way to ride—atop a boxcar named in big white letters: Delaware, Lackawanna & Western! Only a half-mile and the train would be out of the yards heading westward into the Wide World.

His car jerked, knocking his elbow from his suitcase. Arthur's heart began beating faster. Up ahead a sudden blast in the engine shot black smoke in the air.

A man was walking toward him atop the train. He was a brakeman, but Arthur wasn't afraid.

"Well, what do you think you're doing?" the brakeman said, standing over Arthur.

"—nothing" Arthur said.

"What's the suitcase for?"

"I've got some clothes and food in it."

The man laughed, saying: "You're a fine kind of a hobo, taking your trunk with you. How old are you, kid?"

"—sixteen last January."

The brakeman picked up the suitcase, testing its weight, laughing.

"Why didn't you ship this ahead?" he asked. "You'd be the hardest working man on the train lugging this around."

Arthur was blushing, embarrassed by the brakeman's hearty joking.

"When do we pull out?" Arthur

asked.

"Ho-ho-ho!" the brakeman laughed. "Ha-ha-ha! O we're starting in just a minute. You'll be on your way in a minute, Bub."

"What's the joke?" Arthur growing annoyed.

"Ho-ho-ho!—see you when we get there," brakeman walking along next car toward caboose.

Resting elbow on suitcase, Arthur sat looking ahead at the engine, pride hurt by brakeman laughing. Hissing steam was gushing from cylinders far out on both sides. The train jerked again, Arthur finding himself slowly moving. Excited, going at last, he gave surrounding train yards, factories, warehouses a sweeping glance as in farewell.

But hell! That was west, that way. The train was moving east, gathering momentum slowly, locomotive smoke-stack booming slowly beating time. Getting up, adjusting himself to the train's motion, Arthur stepped across to the next car toward the brakeman standing six car-lengths away.

"Where's this train going?" Arthur walking up to brakeman unsteadily.

"Where do you suppose? Where do you want to go kid?"

"I thought it was going west. Isn't it?"

"Hell, kid, you're F. O. B. Detroit."

"What? Who do you mean?"

"F. O. B. Detroit means freight on board, Detroit." Brakeman looking over Arthur's head at yard signals.

"Why do you say that? Where are we going?"

"This train stays here, youngster.

We're just getting into the yards now."

"It stays here?"

"—sure. We had to lie out here for a while, that's all."

"You're not going away at all?—even after a while?"

"You're on a fast freight bound east for Detroit, and you've just arrived, Bub."

"Gosh—"

"Where did you think you were going?" brakeman looking down into Arthur's face.

"Why, I'm leaving home. And—Gosh!"

"—tough luck, kid."

"Gee whiz! I saw the engine up at that end of the train and I thought sure you were going. Gee whiz—"

"No, that's only a switch engine. You'd better get your suitcase and hop off here if you live around here. You'll have trouble getting back if you don't."

Arthur, turning, walking away atop the slowly moving train said: "I live around here, but I'm not going there. Didn't you hear me say I'd left home?"

"—all right, kid—better think it over, though."

Not answering, Arthur continued forward toward his suitcase. Climbing down steel rungs, holding on finally with one hand, he held his suitcase as far down as he could, dropping it to the ground. Continuing down the car's side, he jumped, landing safely, walking slowly back to where his suitcase was lying tilted across a rail on the next track.

What Has Become of the Former Rulers of Russia?

By RICHARD LEWINSOHN (Morus)

MOST of the Russian bourgeoisie made their way abroad, bearing with them all their portable property of this kind, as soon as they realized that the Bolshevik regime was likely to last. As usually happens in such cases, the first to leave were the best off. The longer the once well-to-do waited in the hope of better times, the harder was it to get away from Russia, and to gain an entry into a foreign land. The harder, above all, was it to get away with whatever articles of value were still left! The route was uncertain. In the days of the persecution of the Huguenots, the Protestant States had an official welcome for refugee co-religionists. No such welcoming hand was held out by any "bourgeois state" to members of the ruined capitalist classes of Russia. Nevertheless, legally or illegally they made their way by hundreds of thousands into Central and Western Europe. Those among the emigres who had saved most out of the wreck, tried to get to France (always, to the Russians, the Land of Heart's Desire), or else to England. Earlier financial relationships had made of Paris a second home for wealthy Russians. But a considerable proportion of the sometime great industrialists and banking magnates settled in London. As regards numbers, Germany and especially Berlin were chiefly favored in the exodus, above all during the early days. The settlers in Germany, however, belonged mainly to the middle bourgeoisie and the petty bourgeoisie. The refugees belonging to the upper bourgeoisie went farther west.

Russian High Finance in Paris.

BEYOND question, the wealthiest and at the same time the most animated settlement of Russian emigres has been formed in Paris. Here the mighty men of Russian high finance of the days before the Bolshevik revolution have foregathered. Speaking generally, these financial tritons have been more successful than the smaller fry in preserving their possessions. The primary reason for this is that, thanks to the close relationships that existed between Russian large-scale capital on the one hand and the Franco-Belgian large-scale capital on the other, the more influential Russian financiers have always had a good many of their eggs in foreign baskets. The stocks of

foreign banks and insurance companies have been favorite investments. The emigres who had lined their nests in this fashion were not merely saved from ruin; they were supplied with a platform for renewed financial activities in the land of their adoption.

The result has been that some of the members of the Russian colony in Paris are already playing prominent parts in the banking world of that city. Kamenka, formerly chairman of the Azoff Bank and perhaps the wealthiest Russian financier under the old regime, it quite a figure today in the Parisian money market. Vladimir Kokovtsoff, at one time Russian premier, has transformed the Paris branch of the Petersburg International Trading Bank into a fairly strong independent bank, of which he is chairman. He is also chairman of the International Creditors' Protective Association, to which the creditors of Russia in the Allied countries belong. Kokovtsoff's chief competitor in Paris is Leonid Fedorovich Davidoff, who used to be president of the chamber of credit and is now chairman of the Russian Bank of Paris. This Petersburg bank for foreign trade was, in the days before the war, the first Russian bank to gain a firm footing in London as well as in Paris. The former Russian government relied upon the services of this bank when Russia was cutting loose from the Berlin banking house of Mendelssohn, and was beginning to transfer the Russian loan market to Western Europe and especially to France. Kokovtsoff and Davidoff are antagonists in politics as well as in finance. Kokovtsoff and his bank are the fulcrum of the czarist reaction in Paris whereas Davidoff's Russian Bank tends rather to be the rallying center for the bourgeois-democratic emigres.

THE industrialists did not fare so well as the financiers, for the factories were in Russia and could not be removed. Still, a fairly large proportion of the Russian industrial magnates of the old days have managed to transfer some of their wealth to foreign parts. Denisoff and Putiloff, who used to be the most commanding figures in the world of Russian heavy industry, are probably millionaires even today, for they had large holdings in foreign enterprises. They both live in Paris. Other magnates of Russian heavy industry, men whose interests

were centered in Petersburg or the Don basin, are now scattered over the world. The Russian members of the Nobel family, before the revolution the most noted oil kings in Russia, have managed to retain a good deal of their wealth. Besides, the owner-in-chief of the Russian Nobel Works was of Swedish nationality, and had extensive possessions outside Russia. Quite a number of Armenians had large interests in petroleum. Most of these live in Paris. They have sustained heavy losses, but some of them (those who were members of international trusts, or in some other way had extensive foreign connections) are still well-to-do.

Before the war, a vigorous process of concentration had occurred in the Russian fat

TRANSLATED
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PRESIDENT OF THE SOVIET UNION, KALININ



THE ruling class has many weapons which they effectively use to keep the various elements in the working class constantly leaping at one another's throats. One of the most common methods used to drive this "wedge" between racial groups, is in the practice of segregation of Negroes in the United States.

Before plunging into the heart of the subject, we pause to call attention to the fact that frequently, in the role each individual plays in any system, these individuals as such, are wholly unconscious of the significance of the part they are playing. For this reason, the rather hazy conception of just "what" and "why" about segregation is still prevalent among both whites and the blacks, and the solution of the problem (with apologies to those who dislike hearing it called a "problem") is unknown to the greatest majority of them.

We have neither time nor space to enumerate some of the stupid, unscientific, ridiculous "solutions" upon which both black and white protagonists of racial equality capitalize in

SEGREGATED!

Illustrations by

their supposed-to-be drive against the horrifying conditions which exist as a result of racial differences. Neither are we going to embrace the race problem in its entirety, for although segregation is one of the most violent and damnable of all expressions of race hatred, it is only one of the many.

To the point, in this article, we describe a few of the experiences suffered by the Negroes humiliated by racial segregation.

"Jim-Crowism" on public carriers is prevalent in many of the southern states of the United States, and is provided for by very rigid laws which impose a fine upon individuals of either race who cross the line drawn between them. The "Jim-Crow" cars are usually filthy, poorly constructed cars in which the men and women use the same toilet. None of the conveniences of the railroad are enjoyed by them although there is no difference in the cost of passage charged. In answer to the question "why do they ride, then?"—they can either ride in the "Jim-Crow" cars or—walk.

ALSO under the authority of the legal statutes beneath the Mason and Dixon line, is the separation in public restaurants, stores, etc.; in fact, the Negroes are not even permitted to enter many such places of business. When they make purchases in the stores, they are subjected to insults. An illustration has been passed from lip to lip in the form of a joke: A Negro went into a tobacco store to purchase a package of Prince Albert tobacco. The salesman said, "Hey, 'nigger,' don't ask for 'Prince Albert'—you must say Mister 'Prince Albert'—Prince Albert was a white man."

In the legalized separate schools the Negroes receive an inferior type of "Jim-Crow" education in schools poorly equipped by appropriations much smaller, in direct proportion than the appropriations for the schools of the whites. In addition to this they—the Negro

children—have much shorter school terms in order that they may be exploited in the cotton fields as long as the season permits. The abject poverty of the Negroes under the wage-slave system of the south, makes it impossible for them to improve this condition.

The disfranchisement of the southern Negroes by the enactment of a net-work of clever laws and the practice of "terrorizing" methods is the most outrageous piece of political oppression imaginable. In this the "citizenship" of the Negro is nothing more than a lot of bunkum.

WE pass on from the south—saying nothing of the many other methods of humiliation that occur in the every day walks of life, on the public thoroughfares in the homes—and as we confine this to "segregation" we do not describe the mob law, outrage of black womanhood, discrimination in trade unions, courts of justice (16 minute trials), etc.

We come to the north where the sputters of republican politics have control of the law and order. We come to the north where "civil rights bills" pronounce "illegal" open segregation and what do we find? Simply that the laws, in the majority of cases are not worth the paper upon which they are inscribed. In many parts of the north the schools are separated, the theaters discriminate, and the practice of residential segregation is at its height.

Both the segregation in the schools and in residential districts are abetted by petty-bourgeois Negroes in the persons of teachers and real estate grafters who profit from the segregation of their own people. And residential segregation automatically effects segregated schools.

In the city of Chicago, a typical "northern" city, the open segregation is more or less crushed but a more subtle and equally effective method is practiced and residential segregation is very prevalent.

NOTE: Lewinsohn, a noted bourgeois, recently published with Fischer of a book entitled, "The Restratification of Europe." The present essay is an on a portion of Chapter Ten.

Translated from the German by Eden and Cedar Paul.

Shukoff had made himself the undisputed master of the fat and soap trades. This great industrial now lives in London, and is probably still a millionaire, though not so wealthy as of old. The textile magnates were hit most severely in the storm. They were not among the richest of the rich even in the old regime, for the Petersburg textile industry was mainly in British hands. The Shinsky family played a leading part among the Russians interested in textiles. Some members of this family have remained in Russia, but others have settled in Paris. Some of the other Russian textile magnates have shaken the dust of their fatherland off their feet, and are now living in London or generally in reduced circumstances.



ON A VISIT TO A FELLOW VILLAGER

Potnikoff, the Russian counterpart of Stinnes, a man with a passion for industrial adventures and one who had his fingers in almost every pie, has lost most of his property. Strangely enough the Reeders, great capitalists whose possessions were exceptionally mobile and international, have come down in the world. So has Selenoff, the shipping magnate, who now lives in Paris.

Territorial Nobility and Princely Property.

THE Russian great landlords have, for the most part, come off worse than the industrialists. The partition of the latifundia was one of the first revolutionary acts of the Soviet government, and it may well be that the distribution of the land among the peasantry is the real explanation of the success of the Soviet revolution. In this matter, above all, "thorough" was the watchword of the Bolsheviks, and everything possible was done to insure that the expropriation of the landlords should be final and irreversible. The country seats were burned in the peasant risings. The dispossessed landowners (when they were not deported for political reasons, or simply driven away by the local peasantry) had no resource, if they wished to remain in Russia, but to set their own hands to the plough and till the land like any other peasant. But few of the Russian landed gentry proved willing to undertake such arduous labor. Tolstoy's ex-squires and ex-noblemen, willing to wrest their own livelihood from the soil, were no commoner in Russia than elsewhere. To nearly all the landed gentry, the emigre's lot seemed preferable. Count Orloff Davidoff, for instance, sometime owner of several hundred thousand acres of Russian land, now lives in Brussels.

The owners of forest land have not suffered so severely. The ruling spirits in the Soviet government were wise enough to see that partition of the forests would be a mistake. Large-scale forestry is carried on as of old, and the sometime owners now function as lessees of the state forests. Provided, always, they know something about forestry! Speculators have even less chance in this domain than elsewhere in contemporary Russia. Thus Shitovotoffsky, the most noted Russian speculator in forest lands, who had amassed wealth by the purchase of vast forests during the war, is now a poor man despite the fact that he is



Parisian Cafe, "Hass Boulatt," Meeting Place of Russian Counter-Revolutionists.

reputed to be a near relation of Trotsky.

Among the principal landowners in Russia, as in other monarchies, the members of the reigning house ranked in importance with the territorial nobility. In so far as they escaped with their lives, they live abroad. Perhaps the richest of these emigres of the blood royal is Prince Yurieffsky, the issue of Alexander II's re-marriage. His sister was married to the no less wealthy Prince Beratinsky. A wealthy man, too, was Grand Duke Nicholas Nicholaievich, who is still able to live in princely fashion on the Riviera or in Paris. Although on the retired list as grand duke and commander-in-chief, Nicholas Nicholaievich has little reason to complain of his lot, for he and his nephew Grand Duke Cyril are regarded by the monarchist emigres as the predestined successors of the czars so soon as ever a restoration can be achieved. Marie Feodorovna, dowager empress and widow of Alexander III, Danish by birth (Princess Gogmar, daughter of Christian IX), has withdrawn to her villa in Copenhagen. The rest of her private property was lost in a banking crash. Still, some of the members of the former ruling house are quite comfortably provided for. Others among the Romanoffs, however, are completely impoverished. For example, in July, 1924, in a British law court, the widow of Grand Duke Michael was granted right of succession to her late husband's estate. It transpired that the whole property in question amounted to only £65.

By C. O'BRIEN ROBINSON

India Gibson

In some instances Negroes have purchased above protest and insults—food in certain places only to have the food so heavily taxed that it is impossible for the purchaser to eat it. It is not to be forgotten that there are places where Negroes are told that they are not to be served at the tables and must eat at the counters.

Another method of eating houses is to charge extortionate prices for food served to Negroes. For example, a Negro may be charged \$1.00 to \$5.00 for a 15c sandwich.

The "scrape-and-bow" method is most amusing to those who "get wise" to it, although the smoothest and most effective of any method in practice. A Negro, for example, goes to a theater where they do not openly segregate him, but in the most courteous manner possibly effected, "bow" him from aisle to aisle—or preferably from the main floor to balcony—until he is seated in some obscure corner. Sometimes he is told that there are other seats in aisle so-and-so" and after he gets in the theater he sees that there are plenty of choice seats left.

Women may go into some of the leading department stores for the purchase of clothing and to be immediately—but "politely" ushered into little fitting rooms where they will be out of sight. It is only natural that an individual could be easily deceived by this clever method, if they protest, could be made to appear nervous and foolish. This method can be discovered when the Negro patron insists on going into the open display room to select some certain article. The saleslady will, of course, be very anxious to bring a great number of things in the little room to show the patron—in fact it is this anxiety that betrays her sinister purpose.

Another variation of the "scrape-and-bow" method is practiced in shoe stores where it is uncommon for the "courteous" floor walk-

er to usher the Negro women either into some obscure corner well out of sight, in the rear of the store, or into the men's section.

We could enumerate one after the other almost unbelievable examples. Of course, in enumerating the more subtle ones we are not forgetting the places where there is no secret made of the treatment to these "undesirable" patrons, neither is there an effort to disguise segregation.

AFTER suffering so long a time, the less militant Negroes develop a type of "inferiority complex" that induces them to choose the very worst places to go rather than be subjected to humiliations imposed by segregation.

To make this casual statement means but little unless the individual readers can imagine themselves in the place of the segregated person—stared at as though they were some strange species of a wild animal; made the center of attention by rude arguments.

And what of the militant Negroes? Theirs is always a trying role. Fighting—always fighting for rights that should be freely given them. How rebellious and enraged they become when they think of how they are exploited by the millions; drained for taxes in the name of their "citizenship"; betrayed by the politicians whom they elect (where they are enfranchised) to champion their cause; drafted to fight in segregated regiments for some gibberish about "a world safe for democracy" where they give, if necessary, even their lives. Then always to be confronted by segregation—segregation—segregation.

IT is not a subject for sentimentalizing—and the Negroes are rapidly learning that there is no solution in sentimentalization. Many whispers have been overheard from the lips of ex-service men to the effect that "they won't ever get me again—they can fool me once but not twice in the same way."

But the "worst" of it is, according to the la-



ment of the exploiters, Negroes are turning their eyes to force and they now meet issue with issue, like with like, which carries a very deep significance. According to the program of the past few decades, they have knocked and pounded and pleaded at the door of "freedom" and "liberty" to be admitted. Tearfully they have entreated and prayed. They have not been heard. Now there is a cry coming up from the most progressive of the Negroes and spreading like wild fire—"Break down the door that will not open to you!"

Segregation must go and segregation will go when this slogan becomes the by-word of the Negroes in America. Then the militant masses of black workers will unite with the militant masses of white workers and segregation from the tenement districts of the north to the hell-holes of the south will be ended.

It will not be stopped by rattle-brained "thin ice" doctrines "fillygagged" by the agents (black or white) of the bourgeoisie. Moreover the Negroes are getting disgusted with the same old words to the same old tune for the same old dance in the same old way—they are disgruntled—they are discontented—they mean business and they are mighty damn tired of being segregated.

Women of Modern Turkey



ANGORA is the capital city of the new Turkey. Its fresh and vigorous life is at the present time attracting world wide attention.

The old Stamboul, the centre of sultans, harems, islamic priests and veiled women, is completely receding into the background making room for the young spiritual and political centre of Turkey—Angora. This little Anatolian city is pulsating with intense life, it is being built and maintained by the efforts of the masses themselves who are heroically defending the independence of their country against the imperialist designs of the powerful capitalist countries of Europe.

In this reawakening of the masses of Turkey, the working class and peasant women are playing a very important role. The Turkish woman, the plaything of harems, the helpless slave of the rich and powerful for centuries, is now becoming a free and independent individual. She is working hand in hand with sweetheart, brother, husband and father for the rebuilding and strengthening of the new revolutionary Turkey.

Turkey's independence is being maintained by constant vigilance. The peasantry, the workers, and the people's army have thus managed to retain all their Anatolian provinces and are further repulsing the encroachments of the Western imperialists. Thanks to its alliance with the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics, Turkey was able to defeat all the attacks upon its independence.

Altho Turkey is in control of the old capitol of the Ottoman Empire, the centre of the new people's republic is in Angora. This city was very little known up to a short time ago. It was not always to be found on the map. But now it is different. It is fast regaining its ancient glory and importance.

Angora is an old and ancient city. It played an important role in world wide events of past centuries. Its streets call forth memories of many bitter struggles in which participated Egyptians, Assyrians, Persians, Arabs, Romans, Greeks, etc. This ancient past is peculiarly combining itself with the new and modern life of the masses in present day Angora. The impression of this enchanting combination is unforgettable.

The remnants of this ancient past of Angora interferes very little with its forward march. The foreign visitor

enjoys the wonderful relics of old days but very soon becomes absorbed in the living reality of Turkey's new life. And the most striking feature of it all is the tremendous change that occurred in the life of the Turkish women.

She seems to be enjoying the freedom of the new life even more intensely than the man. She is wide awake, alert, intelligent and active. She works, studies and struggles with zest and devotion. No wonder, therefore, she is fast making for herself a place of decisive importance in the economic, political and cultural life of Turkey.

The city women are of course taking the lead. But also peasant women are showing great activity. For all of them it is still the period of so-called honeymoon of liberation. It is for this reason that the class distinctions between the proletarian woman and the middle class woman are not very sharp at present. But they are developing just the same, with the working class woman beginning to take the lead in social and political activities.

What is happening in Turkey is true in a large measure of the women in the East generally. The more backward the woman and the more intense the oppression in the past, the more energetically the women struggle for their liberation at present. Throught the entire East the women of the oppressed classes are developing great activities. In some instances they are even setting the pace to the general liberation movements of their countries.

In the great historic struggles of the oppressed nations of the East against Western imperialism, the working class women and the peasant women are destined to play a decisive role. This the masses of eastern women seem to feel instinctively. A good many of them are realizing it consciously. And they are preparing themselves for the historic events of the future.



Beginning Soon!

"Labor and Literature"

By V. F. CALVERTON,

Author of the "Newer Spirit"

The first article will cover the first beginnings of American literature and the early history of American labor. "Uncle Tom's Cabin, the question of the Negro, etc. This will be followed by

2—THE RAILROAD IN FICTION—Frank Norris and his novels of the West.
3—THE CAPITALIST JUNGLE—Dealing with Upton Sinclair's novel, "The Jungle."

4—SATIRE AND THE BOURGEOISIE—Dealing with Upton Sinclair's "Meadow" and Sinclair Lewis' "Babbitt" and "Main Street."

5—"MARCHING MEN"—Sherwood Anderson's novel.

Little Lessons for Bright Little Boys and Girls of All Ages

This is a cop.
O, see the pretty little cop!
What is the cop doing?
The cop is running after a worker.
Is the pretty cop playing a game?
Yes, the cop is playing "Kill the Striker!"
What is the cop saying?
The pretty cop says: "Gittahel-outahere, you damn reda. Whatcha think ya strikin' for!"
Does the cop finish the game?
He does if he can. He catches the worker and he socks him on the head.
Does the cop win a prize if he wins the game?



Yes, the pretty cop does. The boss gives him a prize for "preservin'" the peace, the mayor makes him a captain and the newspapers call him a hero. And what else does the pretty cop do?

He puts workers in jail; he slugs them; he gets money from women and booze joints; he helps the dirty politicians and he does a lot of other nice little dirty things.

O, see the pretty cop.

Does the cop love the worker?

O, yes, the cop loves the worker—he loves him—like hell he does!

Don't Let the Unions Die!

(From the post Civil War labor paper, "The Welcome Workman"—1869)

We've been the slaves of capital
For many weary years
We've earned our bread in bitterness
And moistened it with tears;
But we have caught a transient glimpse
Of happier days in store;
If we can make our Unions live
The tyrant's reign is o'er.

And if our Unions die
And if our Unions die
A hundred thousand workingmen
Shall know the reason why.

They're striving now to forge new chains
To bind us to their will;
They'll have the trouble for their pains;
For we're unconquered still.
Though darkness settle round our path;
Though hope be well-nigh gone;
If we can make our Unions live,
A better day will dawn.

And if our Unions die
And if our Unions die
A hundred thousand workingmen
Shall know the reason why.

THE TINY WORKER

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Edited by Irene Newman, New York

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No. 10

POEMS 'N EVERYTHING

Little Irene Newman of New York, only ten years old, sends us all this good stuff which makes her editor of this issue.

POEM

There's a fellow I know,
By the name of Joe,
The workers think of him
As a foe (but they won't for long!)

Where, oh where, are the jolly, jolly Bolsheviks,
Where, oh where, are the jolly, jolly Bolsheviks,
Where, oh where, are the jolly, jolly Bolsheviks,
Safe now in Russia!
They went away because they hated the Capitalists.
They went away because they hated the Capitalists.
Safe now in Russia!

Do you know what the word Capitalist means?
A parasite: one who lives on the workers' tollings.

By Irene Newman, a 10 year old Bolshevik, NEW YORK CITY.



THE TALE OF A CAT

Johnny Red was "all ears." That means he was listening "to beat heck" to the story his father was telling.

"The cat," his father said, "worked like a slave around the place cleaning up the rats and mice and doing all the dirty work. In fact he slayed just like a worker . . . and he got just as little.

"But the Capitalists he worked for got a swell Persian cat. So they decided to drown this one. So they put him in a bag and drove and drove and drove, until they came to a river and THREW HIM IN!

"But cats are tough. He scratched himself loose and walked about 1,200 miles until he got back to a poor family he stayed with.

"Some cat!" Johnny exclaimed.

"Sure," his father continued, "workers are like that too. We work like slaves and then they get rid of us. But we always come back, Johnny . . . and some day we are going to come back darn mad!"

And Johnny said: "You betcha—and soon, too!"

NEWS

The Mexicans won't let the Catholic church butt in to politics and the Catholics are peeved. The Mexican president says: "We should worry." So it looks as if the church is "out of luck."

POEM

By Agnes B.
A bird I know,
This funny bird
can't fly
He still believes
He'll get pie in the sky.

OH BOY!

Next week we are going to print two swell little contributions sent in by a couple of clever little Pioneers. We aren't saying anything now only "Watch for next week's classy TINY WORKER!"

ALSO COMING

Next week "The Story Of The Bad Egg" — He didn't smell so good.

Don't miss this story of what the Capitalist Hen hatched out.

Life and Struggles in Ireland



AN IRISH REBEL.

By T. J. O'FLAHERTY.

HOW stands the Irish labor movement? What has become of that militant spirit that challenged the admiration of the workers of the world during the great lockout in Dublin in 1913, and again 1916, when James Connolly, the social revolutionist at the head of his citizen army, in alliance with the nationalistic Irish Republican Brotherhood, threw a monkey wrench into the war machinery of the British war cabinet, or later on during the years of war and terror that followed, stood for and fought for the rights of labor against the armed forces of the British crown and against the Irish employers who cared not what government helped them wrest more profits from their wage slaves.

Having followed the progress of the Irish labor movement from a distance for the past fourteen years, I was deeply interested in getting first-hand information of the present situation and also the story of the most stirring and eventful years in Irish history from the lips of those who have been at the helm of the movement since the guns of a British firing squad wrote finis to the career of James Connolly, the outstanding revolutionary thinker that the Irish labor movement produced.

The Irish Transport and General Workers' Union is the backbone and very much flesh and blood of the Irish labor movement. Much of what I learned about it was known to me already, but it can bear repetition.

There was general agreement that apathy and indifference existed at present in the trade union movement, that considerable dissension was prevalent in the ranks, that the split in the transport union weakened that organization and that the establishment of the Free State government with Irish instead of English agents of capitalism did not mend matters for the Irish proletariat.

Ireland, including the counties under both north and south governments, has a population of a little over 4,000,000 inhabitants. The north is the most highly industrialized section. Yet the northern workers are poorly organized, while the southern countries are covered with a network of trade union locals, which wield considerable influence, even tho many of them have been weakened as a result of the desperate struggle of the last two years.

The story of the transport union is interesting. It was organized under the leadership of Jim Larkin and fig-

ured in many spectacular labor struggles, culminating in the great Dublin lockout of 1913, when the Dublin employers decided to crush the union by refusing employment to any worker who did not tear up his card in the I. T. and G. W. U. The answer of the workers to this impudent demand was defiance.

The strike was not successful or, rather, the lockout was. The men went back under whatever conditions they could secure. The employers were jubilant. Jim Larkin went to the United States on a speaking tour and was not able to return for eight and a half years, very eventful years.

In the meantime the Irish rebellion had taken place, and James Connolly, secretary of the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union, as well as the leading exponent of Marxism in Ireland, if not in Great Britain, fell before a British firing squad during the regime of the liberal Asquith, whose cabinet included Mr. Arthur Henderson, socialist. Henderson did not move a finger to save a man whom he once called his comrade in the international army of labor.

William O'Brien, co-worker with Connolly in the socialist movement in Ireland in its infancy, told me the story of the union's struggles after the defeat of the Easter week rebellion. He told me of Connolly's last farewell as he set out to challenge the power of the British empire with arms.

"We are going out to get slaughtered," he said to O'Brien on the morning of the rising. He knew there was no chance for success. But retreat was impossible. The welfare of the

union was foremost in his mind. "The union will need your services," he said to O'Brien as he bid him goodbye.

O'Brien is general secretary of the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union and the dominant personality in the official trade union movement.

He spoke frankly about the strength of the union. Instead of a membership of 100,000 or more who were on the rolls a few years ago, the number is now down to 50,000. O'Brien insisted that only dues paying members are considered in this reckoning.

After the defeat inflicted on the Dublin workers in 1913 and until after Connolly's execution in 1916 the transport union was weak numerically. It hardly existed outside of Dublin. Connolly tried to set it on its feet and systematize its functioning. It is very doubtful if it had more than 5,000 members in all Ireland when the rising took place.

After the Easter week revolt a decided change took place. The workers who were hitherto hostile to the union, largely owing to the poisonous propaganda put out by the capitalists, thru their allies, the press and the pulpit, joined the organization on the crest of a wave of national emotionalism. And from then until the treaty was signed the transport union was the backbone of the national struggle against the British government, tho after Collins and Griffith signed the treaty in London Eamonn De Valera, now leader of that wing of the Irish republican movement which is willing to participate in the Free State parliament under certain conditions, entered into a compact with the pro-treaty forces, which was in effect a political pact to divide the constituencies between them. Both called on the Irish Labor Party not to contest the elections on the plea that no class interests should be stressed when the Irish nation as a whole needed unity. The Irish Labor Party declined this counsel and elected 17 out of the 18 candidates put forward.

During the struggle with the British government during the world war and afterwards the Irish labor movement co-operated with the Sinn Fein organization. In fact, the union members gave their first allegiance to the nationalist organization. The general strike against conscription as well as the refusal of the unions to transport soldiers or ammunition during the Black and Tan period could not be successfully carried out by the union unaided.

While the war was on and for some years afterwards the Irish workers were able to secure substantial wage increases thru the union. This was a strong incentive to join. But when depression set in the fair-weather members refused to pay dues. The union was not getting them anything, they claimed.

Another weakening influence was the conflict between Free Staters and republicans inside the ranks. The official position of the union was that the republican faction cared as little for the interests of the workers as did the Free Staters. This was unquestionably true as far as the leadership was concerned, tho it might be argued that a labor movement following in the footsteps of James Connolly would consider it its duty to assume the leadership in the struggle for the emancipation of Ireland from British

rule as well as the industrial freedom of the working class.

The leaders of the Sinn Fein had little sympathy with the proletarian movement. At the annual convention of the transport union held while the Russian famine was at its height a resolution was passed that the union, in co-operation with the farmers, send a shipload of food to the Russian workers and peasants as a gesture of friendship from the Irish people. The transport leaders believed they could not successfully carry out this plan without the support of the Sinn Fein movement. A committee interviewed De Valera and Arthur Griffith and asked their assistance. De Valera was opposed, tho Griffith favored the proposition. But De Valera's position carried. The republican politicians were willing to use the labor movement to



JAMES CONNOLLY

(After a photograph by Lydia Gibson)

stop Black and Tan bullets, but were not willing to give reciprocal aid.

At present the republican movement is split into two factions, one led by Eamonn De Valera, the other under the leadership of Mary MacSwiney and Rev. Michael O'Flanagan, a catholic priest who does not work at the profession.

De Valera has come around to the point of being willing to enter parliament provided he is not obliged to take the oath of allegiance to the king of England. The Irish labor movement and Communists in Ireland and elsewhere held from the beginning, particularly since the Free Staters won in the civil war, that the anti-imperialist elements should participate in the Free State parliament for agitational purposes. De Valera now finds his following slipping away from him. Hence the new departure.

The MacSwiney faction is against participating in the parliament under any condition. They make a moral issue out of it and feel that their republican virtue would be sullied by entering the Dail. Tho republican sentiment is very strong in Ireland, so strong, indeed, that nobody who does not claim to be a republican at heart could get elected in any southern constituency, outside of a few university seats. The masses are disgusted with the Gilbert and Sullivan antics of the republican factions and growing more bitter against the anti-social program of the Free State government.

Another article on Ireland will appear in next issue.



BRITISH CIVILIZATION IN IRELAND.

WHAT AND HOW TO READ

The Wealth of Nations.

By ARTHUR W. CALHOUN.

THE last time we took a general look at the economic layout of the world and its division into rival political units—empires ready to battle to the death for the privilege of plundering the people of the world. But the workers need to have more than a general knowledge of the world's resources. If they are to inherit the earth, they ought to know in detail what it has in store for them.

As good a book as any in which to find the necessary information is "Commerce and Industry," by J. Russell Smith, professor in economic geography in Columbia University. The edition before me was published in 1920, by Henry Holt & Co. I think a new edition has come out this year, and it might be better to get it for the sake of the later census figures.

Smith is a pretty good sort for a bourgeois professor. He is a Quaker and has some ideas of his own about the ways of the world and the problem of control. Especially valuable is the section on world commerce, with which the book concludes. The working-class student must beware, however, of the author's notion that the tropics will naturally remain a subordinate region where the colored races will live under the shadow of the civilization maintained by the white races of the temperate zones. There is probably no scientific foundation for the idea that the tropics must be permanently subordinate. When as much attention has been given to the problem of making life comfortable in the tropics as has been given to making northern winters livable there will be a different story to tell. It is already too late for the whites to be cocky.

About half the book is given to the resources and industries of the United States. Before starting to study this section the reader should ask himself what a basic industry is, and particularly what makes an industry strategic from the standpoint of the workers. Looked at in one way, a basic industry is one that furnishes materials or services essential to the carrying on of other important industries. It would be a good idea as you go thru the resources and industries to classify them from this standpoint, listing first the ones most essential, then the less essential, all the way down to the ones that do not matter much. If the workers are to fit themselves to take control, they need to take stock in this way in order to know how to divide their attention so that each industry may be kept in proper balance with the rest.

LOOKED at in another way, an industry is basic if a tie-up in it would bring other important industries to a standstill. The reader ought to list the industries from this standpoint also, so that he would be clear which industries are most pivotal from the standpoint of the labor struggle. Which ones would it be most important for the workers to control first? What are the prospects for building up organization in these strategic realms? What special tactics will enable the workers to get a real grip and build up their power at the key points? You cannot answer these questions unless you master the layout of resources and industries of the United States.

After you have worked these problems out to your liking, pass to the foreign lands. Better take first the ones that your study of economic geography taught you to assign to the American empire. That will be Canada, Mexico, the West Indies, Central and South America, and the Philippines particularly. Just what are they worth to the American capitalists? What difference does it make to the workers in those lands that they are under the cloud of American imperialism? Would they be better off under an unhampered local capitalism? Is it well to encourage revolutionary movements against American capitalism? You may not find much in the book by way of direct answer, but maybe a study of the resources and

industries of each colonial area will enable you to estimate its chances of making a go of economic independence if it could throw off the American political yoke.

Pass next to the most immediate rival of the American empire, namely, the British empire. That will cover the chapters on the United Kingdom, Indian and southeastern Asia, tropic Africa, South Africa, Australia and Polynesia. Other countries have a look in at some points, but this classification fits well enough. Estimate how well the list of resources and industries matches those of the American empire. What chance has Britain of holding up her end against Uncle Sam?

IN the French empire you know what to put: France and Belgium, central Europe, the North Mediterranean lands, etc. Look out, too, for the Japanese empire. Perhaps you'll have a few lands left over that you can't tuck in anywhere, but if so, they probably won't matter much. How much difference will it make if Germany "comes back" and thru British jealousy of France is given her colonies again? How much difference will it make if Japan comes to dominate the resources of China? In short, use the detailed study of resources to enlarge the notions you got from the Pleba economic geography.

And what will you want to find out about Russia? I think you are able by this time to make a list of the most important questions for yourself: How do resources under Russian control match up against those of the capitalist world? In what directions would Russia need to extend her influence in order to balance her economic system? Would it be most logical to make a deal with Germany? with China? with Japan? Does Russia need to disturb Britain in India? How much does she need trade with the United States?

When you come to the section on world commerce, look for the roots of war. Does the story as Smith tells it hold out any prospect of permanent peace. Where are the zones of conflict? What powers are most likely to break the peace?

And don't forget the tables in the appendix. They may help with a good many for the foregoing questions. If you lack information on any essential fact, see whether you can find it in any of these tables.

Finally: Are man's troubles due to the stinginess of Mother Nature? How good a world does this seem to be? Does the job of mastering it look too big for the workers? What do they need in order to fit themselves for the task? What is your bit?

NEXT ISSUE

Confessions of Karl Marx. An interesting insight into the mental make-up of the great founder of the working class revolutionary movement.

American Economic Life, by Arthur W. Calhoun. A serial lesson in self-education.

The Miners' Life, by John Fleming. This is a story of the actual life in the pits written by a British miner.

The Hearing. A story by Johannes Becher.

Morgan as Banker and Railroader, by Gustavus Myers.

Poems by John B. Chapple, Jim Waters, Henry George Weiss, E. Merrill Root and others.

Cartoons by Vose and Jergers.

Other features to be announced.

The Week in Cartoons - By M. A. Bales

