

The New Magazine

Supplement of

THE DAILY WORKER

ALEX. BITTELMAN,
Editor.

Second Section: This Magazine Section Appears Every Saturday In The DAILY WORKER.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1926

British Trade Union Congress



The head is out of touch with the feet.



OUR NEW WEEKLY

THE SUNDAY WORKER will be ready to make its first appearance within two weeks from today. The first issue will be dated October 23rd.

It can already be seen that the change of the New Magazine into a separate weekly is going to satisfy a real need. Large sections of workers and progressive farmers have long felt the necessity for a weekly paper of the kind that THE SUNDAY WORKER proposes to be. This opinion is being confirmed by the contents of many letters from the readers of The Daily Worker and from prospective readers of the Sunday Worker.

The yearly subscription rates—One dollar a year—have been fixed as low as is compatible with the cost of production. This should bring THE SUNDAY WORKER within the reach of workers with the lowest earnings. As to the contents of the weekly, the following will be its policy:

Interesting, popular and entertaining.

To guide and help the workers and progressive farmers in their struggles for a better order of society.

COOK, the secretary of the British Miners' Union, calls the recent British Trade Union Congress held at Bournemouth, a great farce. And so it was in many respects.

Pugh and Thomas reigned supreme. That is why the Congress refused to discuss the lessons of the General Strike. That is also the reason why the Congress gave no cheer, no encouragement and no real help to the striking miners.

As to the miners, this is what they received from the Congress according to Cook: "merely sneers from John Bromley who appears to be prepared to do anything for the master class."

Last year's Congress in Scarborough was almost revolutionary as compared with the farce at Bournemouth. It shows that the official leadership of the British trade unions — Thomas, Pugh, Bromley, etc. — had moved so far to the right that they have become open and frank defenders of the employers and enemies of the workers.

But at the same time something else was happening in England. The working masses, the rank and file of the trade unions were moving continually to the left. How was the general strike possible? Because the fatal crisis of British capitalism is impelling and inspiring the masses to struggle. What is making the glorious miners' strike possible? The insoluble difficulties of British imperialism and the resulting desperate situation of the masses. What are the reasons for the splendid growth of the left wing, the British Minority movement? The same basic reasons.

The masses are moving to the left, to a revolutionary struggle against capitalism. The reactionary leaders are moving to the right. And the masses will win.

—Alex Bittelman.

An Elastic Policy.

COLONEL Carmel A. Thompson, who, as personal representative of President Coolidge is about to report on the results of his investigation of the Philippine Islands, has discovered how to put a little rubber in the policy of the U. S. towards Philippine independence. A news report says that he will recommend what, to us, seems an "elastic" policy—dependence on the end of a rubber band.

It is this: A definite time, say forty years, is to be fixed, at the end of which time, the Filipinos are to be given independence. Then comes the rubber band: But ten years before that date a survey is to be made to determine whether or not independence is to be granted at the end of the time fixed. And that's that!

—H. G.



PRESIDENT PUGH looking for reasons to avoid discussing the general strike.



STEEL AND STONE

By EUGENE KREININ.

Steel and stone,
Enclose within their solid grasp.
Steel again—machine in form,
Pouring forth from its entrails
The basic needs of all life.

Erect and splendid in the sun,
Towering above ill-smelling noses
Of intellectuals,
The skyscrapers tear the clouds apart,
And reveal the age of usefulness.

Skyscrapers—
Moulds of steel.

Splendid is the form
For upon its steel back
Will bend those who exploit
Today,
To fill their coffers
With the bloody sweat of toil.

Beautiful is the tower,
For upon its height
Will reign—
The rightful master,
The builder of all towers.

Steel and stone,
Stone and steel,
Placed in form
To tickle God beneath his golden chin,
Will serve in years to come,
The slave of today—
The ruler of tomorrow.

The Theater Season in Moscow

By RUTH EPPERSON KENNEL.

AT the Dramatic Theater of the Trade Unions appeared early in the season the first of two successful historical plays, by the playwright, Bill-Belotserkovsky, who is best known as a chronicler of revolutionary events. "Storm," gives an intimate and sympathetic picture of the Russian Communist Party during the bitter days of civil war. In the eighteen episodes are developed the struggles of the local Communist group in a small town at the time when Denikin was operating and typhus raged. Here we find some of the Meierhold stagecraft: a single set which is ingeniously reversed and altered to form a dozen rapidly changing scenes—two walls forming an angle with a large window thru which action can be seen outside, and the walls hinged so that they can be lifted to form a larger room. The lighting is an important feature, a scene being shifted to another section of the stage simply by transferring the light, the spotlight



Kamerny Theater Moscow.
Scene from Phedre, by Racine.

AT the Kamerny Theater, the first production of Eugene O'Neill's "The Hairy Ape" was given a few weeks ago. The play does not seem to appeal greatly to the Russians, but this is probably due to a great extent to the poor interpretation and bad production.

The first scene when the stokers are drinking and singing has that sympathetic realism, to a lesser degree, which the Russian theater creates in scenes among the workers, but the second scene on the upper deck is the usual Meierhold burlesque of bourgeois society. Like every other impersonation of American girls on the Moscow stage, this girl wears an amazing red wig, is sensuous and altogether a caricature of the frivolous society girl. The scene in the hold on the first instant holds the audience spellbound by the striking picture: the stokers stand before the glowing ovens and shovel in unison; above the sing-song of their voices, the machinery grinds and the whistle shrieks. But later one is irritated by the absence of a realistic touch—the stokers are all so clean and cool, not a trace of coal black on their chests and smooth faces. One is willing to overlook the absence of hair on the powerful, white chest and fresh face of the "Hairy Ape," but at least he might have been a little dirty. In the lull, when the apparition of the red-haired fashion plate appears on the stairs, it is difficult to understand why such a sophisticated young lady should be terrified at the Russian swear words and appearance of this young man.

The scene on Broadway with its whirling electric signs and the parade of degenerate society men and women is very picturesque, but here again the Russian conception of bourgeois society cannot be applied entirely to the United States, which is as yet saved by its youth from the degeneracy of Europe. Judging from the scene in the I. W. W. hall, the producer is wholly ignorant of this militant labor organization and presents a characterless picture. The closing act is very weak and leaves one with a feeling of uncertainty and unreality. The Russians, of course, do much better in their own new drama than in foreign plays, which seem weak and futile in comparison.

THE Kamerny is presenting a new melodrama, "Rosita," apparently a political satire on King Alfonso of Spain. Rosita is a beautiful gypsy street singer, the idol of the people, with whom the king is so infatuated that he grants a pardon to her lover who had been condemned to death. When the play reaches what we suppose is the climax—the unexpected execution of the lover—it continues in two more exciting acts. Rosita leads an uprising, gains admission to the palace and kills the king. The anti-climax occurs when the lover comes to life, just as the people storm the palace. Altho so similar in plot to the old French melodrama "Marian de Lorm" (which is much better acted at the Arbat Studio), and so long drawn out, it makes an absorbing spectacle. The stage settings are simple and beautiful, following the present custom of altering by decorations a single set; the singing and dancing are charming and the caricature of the king very clever.



PLETNEV

President of the Moscow Proletcult and Workers' Theater.

is also generously applied and the titles of the episodes are cleverly announced by throwing the words along a beam of light so that they race all about the walls and ceiling of the theater, thus distracting the attention of the audience from the darkened stage while the rapid shifting of scenes is in progress.

Here is no sentimental idealization of the characters, or melodramatic portrayal of heroic deeds, but just the simple, everyday trials of this heterogeneous little group of workers and intellectuals. A wholesome characteristic of the Russians is their ability with such insight to stand aside and make fun of themselves—in this play are humorously portrayed the human frailties found in Communists as well as other human beings: there is the commissar who thought his position gave him the right to desert his wife, the girl who thought she wanted to join the party, but who ran away when the secretary assigned her for party duty to the typhus hospital, the secretary himself, their leader, one of those simple, self-effecting men whom history records as heroes, his right-hand man, a one-legged sailor, the doctor, the school mistress, the factory girls and young men, and the girl soldier who overhears a non-party man in a high military post plotting a counter-revolution. The counter-revolution occurs; in the party headquarters the ill and exhausted secretary sticks to his post while thru the window the glow of conflagration can be seen and the sound of firing can be heard. Finally, he too joins in the street fighting, and his body is carried in and laid upon the table at which for months he had worked unceasingly day and night. As the grief-stricken sailor stands beside the body, he hears his comrade call from the window: "We are winning!" Lifting in his arms the lifeless body, he tries frantically to rouse him: "Dadushka, listen—ours have won, ours have won!" But his leader is at last beyond responding to words of hope or of despair.

A PEEK EACH WEEK AT MOTION PICTURES

"MEN OF STEEL."

AT last it is here: the classic of Class-Collaboration. One view of this "thunderous drama from the fire-bosom of the steel-mills" and you will kiss your boss good morning and bring flowers for his wife. Here is the class propaganda picture in all its glory—glorifying the boss, damning the Reds, preaching to the workers that their interests are the same as the bosses.

The story is old-fashioned melodrama overloaded with absurd plot. But it moves swiftly and on this hook, calculated to catch the interest of the gullible worker, is hung the bait of the boss. A poor foreign-born steel worker thru "human heroism, human sacrifice and superhuman strength," proves by study, devotion and damnation of the Reds that one can rise in America to the very pinnacle of success which includes marriage to the owner's daughter and the management of the works. It takes the hero all of six reels to prove to the men in the mills and to the kind-hearted steel-master that the dirty, dirty Reds and revolution are unnecessary in this land of glorious opportunity. "It is not a question of wages as the Reds would have you believe!" No sir. And no siree! It is "only a question of a share in the management!" There you are! Nothing less will our hero have and he has it, by George! He wins the daughter, the men in the mills come to his wedding and receive stock that makes them partners in the concern (not wage slaves!) and the violence-advocating Reds are forced to slink off in disgrace. I should add that no union was necessary. What good is organization of labor when God is good and sends us good bosses! Is this vicious boss propaganda? Brother—it has never been equalled in this country.

The photography is quite splendid. The majestic steel mills hold a spell over you it seems. There is fire and motion and POWER—hard, unbending power—STEEL. The men that make steel must surely feel it in their bones. What a magnificent theme this will make some day for a picture when labor will produce it! The pictures were taken in the mills of Alabama. A scene of the burial of a steel worker in the cauldron of steel into which he fell is beautifully impressive. A battle between two cranes conveying moulten metal is an unusual bit.

Milton Sills (remember his "Sea Hawk"?) gives more evidence of his ability. Doris Kenyon and Mae Allison are both beautiful and gifted. Ability, beauty, time and expenditure have been lavishly given to this vicious production. If labor-hating Judge Gary did not pay for this picture he surely ought to.

We are sure that Gary will pronounce the film (showing at the Roosevelt Theater) a masterpiece. But we are not interested. This column,



Milton Sills in "Men of Steel"

however, will reserve space for 1,000 words or less (and furnish the price of admission) to any steel workers of Gary, Pittsburgh or Birmingham who will tell us what they think of it. Speak up brother steel workers!

—W. C.

A DOZEN MORE

- THE PASSAIC STRIKE—A picture that will make you proud of your class. To be shown October at—
- VARIETY—A splendid picture (Belmont).
- MARE NOSTRUM—State war propaganda.
- THE ROAD TO MANDALAY—Save your money.
- MANTRAP—Good and bad.
- SON OF THE SHEIK—Valentino on the desert again.
- THE AMATEUR GENTLEMAN—Early England nicely photographed.
- TIN GODS—Not bad.
- UP IN MABEL'S ROOM—Funny capers in chemise.
- LA BOHEME—A better movie.
- ACROSS THE PACIFIC—Title suggests where they should take this (Orpheum)
- ALOMA OF THE SOUTH SEAS—Gilda Grey wearing only a brassier get awfully sunburned. (Tivoli).

Note: Only Chicago theaters showing a program for one week are listed. Pictures of current week changed Monday.

AT the state circus, a troupe of American Negroes are appearing in an operetta, "The Chocolate Children." A Negro in Moscow is still a



The State Circus.

curiosity to be wondered and laughed at in a friendly, child-like way, but Moscovites are just as charming to foreigners of the black as any other race, being completely free from race prejudice. More than that, the Negro has become the mode of the hour—a fashionable millinery shop window on Tverskaya is displaying its hats on a black model. Of course, the jazz band is a feature of the performances and also is beginning to appear at the moving picture theaters.

THE Proletcult players gave the first performance a few weeks ago of an amusing burlesque on the Dayton trial, which has aroused great interest in Russia. They have taken this skit, "The Monkey Court," to the villages. The judge in the case bears a comical resemblance to an ape. It is the prevailing belief in Moscow that Dayton, Tennessee represents the intellectual viewpoint of America and that the teaching of evolution is forbidden thruout the United States.

A Story of How the Rich Buy Their Senators

By T. J. O'FLAHERTY.
ARTICLE I.

"Augean, like the stables of Augeas; exceedingly filthy; corrupt. Augean stables, the stables of Augeas which contained 3,000 oxen. They had not been cleaned for thirty years, but Hercules performed the task in a single day, by turning the river Alpheus thru them."—Funk and Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary.

This is a Greek myth, but a mighty useful one just now. There is no better way to start an impressionistic story of the slush fund quiz than to get a nose-full of good stable odor. Even the most fastidious will have to admit that 3,000 oxen performing all the functions of nature for thirty years should produce almost as much pollution as the campaign committee of a capitalist party.

Perhaps it is well to refresh our readers' memory a little, else they might attribute this introduction to a predilection for nauseous things.

When the last ward heeler was paid off in the recent primary contests in Pennsylvania, it was learned that the rival contestants for the senatorial nomination on the G. O. P. ticket in Pennsylvania distributed approximately \$3,000,000 among the voters. Most of this money was used for bribery. The average price fetched by a vote in the open market in Pennsylvania was \$10.

Great indignation swelled in the patriotic breasts of the democrats and one of their wise men, Senator James A. Reed of Missouri, essayed the role of a Hercules who would clean the Augean stables where the dung of 3,000 elephants was left unchored for a few generations.

That the stalls of the democratic jackass were not equally filthy cannot be attributed to superior efficiency on the part of the democratic stable boys, but to the deplorable fact that the ass had lost his carrying powers and his fodder became scanty in consequence.

James A. Reed, senator from Missouri, declared in the upper chamber of congress that the nation would have to be shown where this boodle came from and whence it went. He introduced a resolution to probe the scandal to the bottom. It was passed, and in accord with tradition, Reed became chairman of the committee. To give the committee an air of non-partisanship it was loaded down with a few republicans, one a cross between a republican and a democrat and the rest aged-in-the-wood Jeffersonians.

The total result of the probe into the Pennsylvania scandal was that the three republican candidates for

the nomination burned up three million dollars in the primaries. The fellow who spent the most did not get the nomination either. The honor went to Senator Vare who spent only three-quarters of a million.

I will not say any more, unless in passing, about the Pennsylvania angle of the investigation. I was not present at the hearings and got my information second-hand. But fate decreed that I should have the pleasure of viewing the great and near-great at close range when Senator Reed decided that stories of corruption connected with the Illinois primaries deserved a little attention. So he moved

Champ Clark missed being president by the proverbial hair breadth. Clark was championed by the Missouri delegation. Roger Sullivan, the then utility king of Illinois and George E. Brennan's predecessor, in the democrat party saddle, suddenly threw his delegation to Wilson, sending the Princeton professor to the White House and Champ Clark to an early grave. Senator Reed had factional animosity towards Wilson, but he supported the war declaration against Germany, and made a speech for it in the senate tho much against his will, it is said.

Reed's feud with Wilson began in

the fate of nations has often been determined by the smile of a dissolute woman."

Taking into consideration, the rumors that were circulated about the president and what goes for pleasure in Paris, it is no wonder that senators from the alfalfa regions gasped.

This is the man, astute politician, demagogue, master of invective, fighter, independent democrat, with an unfavorable record on labor bills, foe of Volsteadism and admirer of H. L. Mencken, who rode into Chicago late last July to tackle the job of cleaning the Augean stables of Illinois politics. Unlike Hercules, Reed did not turn a river on the accumulated filth. That would be too radical a procedure. What he did was to take a squirt gun and sprinkle the sewage with disinfectant. For the moment Reed was a reformer.

What happened, how and who it happened to will be told in other articles.



Drawing by Bales.

himself, his silent partner Robert M. LaFollette and clerical assistance to the federal building in Chicago and this is where the story really starts.

Senator Reed was boss of the show. He did all the quizzing there was to be done. He is a democrat if Senator Borah is a republican. Reed felt that he was a better democrat than Woodrow Wilson when the late president sponsored the league of nations. Some say that Reed had other reasons for quarreling with Wilson. One rumor is that Woodrow appointed an old crony of his to a lucrative sinecure against the opposition of the Missourian. Reed had some difficulty in rewarding a faithful supporter from Kansas on another occasion because the president had favored a rival. Those incidents loom large in a senator's strategy.

earnest after the president decided to drive the United States into the league of nations or break his neck. He did—break his neck. Reed was a candidate for re-election in Missouri. Wilson issued a blast against him. The political leaders split half and half for and against Reed, but he got the votes and returned to the white house to plague Woodrow. It is said that the acid-tongued Missouri senator commands the most generous vituperative vocabulary in the United States. His caustic utterances have helped to make him notorious. He is responsible for the most searing, stinging, blinding, verbal gas attack ever delivered in the senate against any individual when he opposed Woodrow Wilson's journey to Paris after the truce.

"History shows," said Reed, "that



A FARMERS' COLUMN

Beginning with the next issue, October 16, this magazine which is soon to appear as The Sunday Worker will carry as a permanent feature

A FARMERS' COLUMN

It will contain news and comments upon the life and struggles of the American farmer.

It will strive to interest the city workers with the problems confronting the farmers at the same time striving to bring the progressive farmers in closer touch with the problems of the labor movement.

It will work towards the end of establishing a close bond of unity between the workers and farmers of America.

The Farmers' Column will be made up of contributions by competent and leading people in the progressive farmers' movements. Among them:

WILLIAM BOUCK

National Representative of Progressive Farmers of America.

JOHN B. CHAPPLE

Managing Editor of the Ashland Daily Press.

JOEL SHOMAKER

Seattle, Washington.

What Is Political Economy?

From the forthcoming book "Elements of Political Education" published by the Daily Worker Publishing Co.

Political Economy is that science which investigates and explains the laws of the economic life of capitalist society. It illumines those human relationships which arise on the basis of capitalist production and exchange.

There exists an opinion that political economy is a science investigating and explaining the laws of man's economic life in general, i.e. independently of the character of those relationships. According to this opinion, political economy must discover the motivating forces of human society for the whole of history from primitive communism to socialism, inclusive. This opinion is incorrect.

The conditions under which the production and exchange of the necessities of life are carried on are different at different periods. In the primitive epoch, when men engaged in hunting and knew nothing of exchange, there existed certain relationships between them. Later, when men began to engage in agriculture and private ownership of objects, products and men (slavery and serfdom) was established, the relationships between human beings changed; and finally

when the machine replaced hand labor and became the property not of him who runs it, but of him who owns it, when even the labor power of the worker itself became a commodity, then the relationships between human beings changed again and very fundamentally. Even at one and the same time within different countries standing at different stages of their economic development, the relationships between human beings are different.

This is why there cannot be one single science which should be able to find one general law, illuminating the relationships between human beings at different periods. Science has to study various historical epochs; it has to deal with an economy which is undergoing changes in the course of historic development.

In the patriarchal commune where there still exists (communal) ownership of land and a natural form of economy, human relations are simple and easy to understand. But with time, with the appearance of exchange and property, economic relations become complicated; natural economy passes into simple commodity, and then capitalistic commodity economy. This capitalistic commodity presents an infinitely closely inter-

wining network of operations of production and exchange, and for this reason it is particularly difficult to establish the economic laws which govern this type of economy.

If we were to take such different kinds of epochs as, let us say, the patriarchal-communal and the capitalistic, and attempt to derive the economic laws which govern social-economic relations in both of these epochs, we would get nothing except generalities. Because, when investigating such different types of epochs, we can establish between them only the most general, superficial connections which do not enable us to understand in all their fullness the laws governing one or the other of these societies. Therefore, if we wish to acquaint ourselves as deeply as possible and from every side, with the substance and the motivating forces of capitalist society, we must turn to the study of this society alone, leaving aside pre-capitalist societies. The science which studies the peculiarities belonging only to capitalist society, in contradistinction to other societies, is called political economy. The greatest and preeminent role in the discovery of the whole economic mechanics of capitalism was played by Karl Marx.

(To Be Continued)



THE SCAB

A Story By M

was killed in a mine accident, the hardships which her mother had to endure. Her mother, being a New England woman, never complained—aloud. But her tight-set lips gave one the impression that a miner's life wasn't what Bill Gavin, her husband, had told her it would be. She was 13 years old when her mother died. Exactly two years after her father's burial, she was taken in to live with a distant aunt who ran the only hotel and boarding house in the town at that time.

She had oftentimes been asked by her aunt when she would get married. But somehow she always tried to evade those questions. She wasn't a bad looking girl. She would often tell herself that. But the actions of some of the boarders—especially the transient ones—gave her a feeling more of fear than of disgust. It was not till eleven years after she had come to her aunt that she was asked to come into her aunt's private parlor. For two hours she was given a severe talking to. After she left she went up to her bedroom and cried. Two weeks after this incident she met Tom. Remembering what her aunt had said and feeling that Tom was somehow different than most of the menfolk at the boarding house, she acquiesced to Tom's marriage proposal.

It was now eight months after they had been married. Tom had had a little money saved up but it nearly all went into a honeymoon trip which they took to Chicago. Tom was very happy as a married man. He was more fond of Marge now than when he first met her. It gave him great pride to be seen walking down Main street of a Sunday with her. This alone—to be seen walking down Main street with her—the prettiest woman in Bainsville—so they all said—was enough to make him worship her. He really adored her. To see her sad or cry made him feel as if he was to blame for it. He was fearful lest he lose her. The thought of losing her made him quail. So when he saw how bitterly she wept, he set his jaws tight and giving a final jab at the tablecloth with the fork (if he could only tear Sanders' face like that!) he got up and began to pace the room nervously.

He hadn't given much thought to what Marge referred to when she said it was not for her sake. But now slowly the thought of a coming baby made him stop in his tracks. So that was what she meant. Yes!—He was sure of it. Why was it that he'd not thought of it before. That is he knew one was coming. He'd seen it on Marge. She even brought it to his attention. But—it wasn't so far off as he'd been thinking it was. He threw himself into a chair feeling utterly exhausted.

"Well, Marge! Whata you want me to do?" he said in a low husky voice. "Don't want me to scab? Do you?" He ran his hand over his face as if to wipe away something. "Come Marge. What would you have me do. I can't go back on the boys. Why, gee Marge, they'd never talk to me again." "You must go back, Tom. You must. Do you want we to dress it in rags when it's born. Tom! I wish I didn't have to do it. But I must. You know how we need money now. You're not gonna call old Findal, are you?" Her eyes were all red, and as she finished her mouth began to quiver.

Tom had always counted on calling a big Chicago doctor when she should give birth. So now when she mentioned Findal, the old doctor of Bainsville, his heart became chilled. He strode over to the couch, took his cap, and without saying a word to Marge who was sitting staring straight ahead of her, her hands in her hair, he left the room.

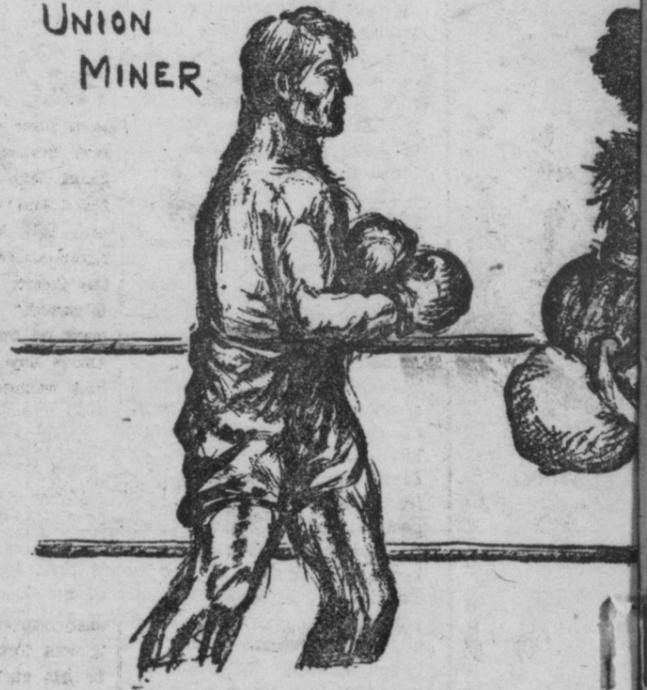
The committee that had gone to see Sanders was going around to all the miners' homes announcing that Sanders had even refused to see them and that they had officially called the strike. The miners in Bainsville were unorganized. This made itself felt when it came to such things as organizing meetings and preparing speakers. In the meantime, Bill who had worked for organized companies before, took official charge. He decided with the assistance of Whitey and Jenkins to go around to each of the miners individually that they must stick it out now once and for all. He had read copies of a labor paper, "The DAILY WORKER," which sounded "O. K." to him as he put it. He went around telling all that if assistance was needed they'd try that bunch who were editing that paper. He felt rather confident. He'd met with enthusiasm so far wherever he'd been. They had just rounded Rindleys Road and were walking towards Tom's house. "Come on, boys. No need of knocking at Tom's door," cried Bill, a broad smile over his Indian tan face. Saying which they pushed open the door and entered.

They had surely expected Tom to be in, waiting anxiously for them to come. But instead they found only Margaret, who wasn't looking a bit too happy, busying

herself at some sewing. She greeted the men with a "How de do," invited them to come in and continued her sewing. Bill was somewhat taken aback. Finally he blurted out that they'd decided to strike, couldn't help it, and where was Tom. They were going to organize a meeting. Margaret merely clenched her teeth a little tighter. Tom was out. She didn't know where. "You sure you don't know, Mrs. Burkin? You see, we need him just now. We want him to speak tonight at Bralley's Hall." Bill said that last almost with a plea. "Yea," Whitey put in, "we want him to speak." Margaret dropped her sewing and got up. She walked hastily over to the stove and back again to the table. Evidently she was quite nervous. She began to chew on the inside of her cheek. "She always did that when she was upset. 'Tom's gone back to work,' she finally said. Her eyes flashed. She began to chew on her cheek more impetuously. "Yes," she cried, "I made him go back. He had to go back and you men ain't gonna stop him." She flung herself into a chair and began to drum on the table with her fingers.

The men were amazed. Time and again Bill had tried to say something; but fit words wouldn't come to his mouth. He could merely gape and swallow. "Gone back to work? Tom! Impossible. You don't really mean, Mrs. Burkin that he's gonna scab on us? Why—" Bill couldn't continue. A marked feeling of disgust could be seen coming over Whitey's and Perkins' faces. And without waiting for an answer to Bill's

UNION MINER



last question, they all left the room, slamming the door behind them.

TOM, when he came back to the mine was looked at rather skeptically. But on assurance of his "good faith" they let him enter. His day in the mine was a living torture. Tools kept dropping from his hands. He would often bang his head on the water pipes which ran thru the mine. This angered him at times so that he was prompted to glare at the pipes, and make childish gestures at it. The day dragged on for him. It was almost with a prayer of relief that he welcomed quitting time. The cool air of the street felt so good to him. He walked slowly—leisurely down the street. He wanted to delay his homecoming. He wondered a bit that the streets should be deserted at this time of day. But soon he found out why. He was just rounding Main Street from Perry's Road and there he saw a great crowd collected. He could not quite make out what it was about from the distance. But as he neared, he could make out Bill's features standing on a barrel and talking to the mob. It first dawned upon him that this was the strikers' meeting. Some one had seen him. The word "scab" reached his ears. Soon the voice became louder. He was being jeered. "Hey, you scab b—d," someone shouted. His blood rushed to his face. He turned back off the street. He wasn't afraid physically, but he couldn't stand the jeering. "Black-leg! Fink! Scab! You lousy b— of a scab." He accelerated his pace. Now he almost ran. And it was with almost a sigh of relief that he banged open the door of his house and flopped into a chair. He could still hear the ringing in his ears. Faintly the terms scab—blackleg seethed thru his mind. Marge came in from the bedroom. She greeted him with a "good evening, Tom." and went over to be kissed. But Tom felt irritable. Nervous. He could hardly keep his body from shaking. They called him scab. Scab, scab, scab. He never knew that a word could have such a

THE thought of opening the door and confronting Margaret, or Marge, as he called her, filled him with dread. No—it wasn't exactly dread; it was rather more of a sickening feeling. The feeling one experiences, more or less, on being frightened. He knew that Marge would be surprised—startled at finding him home at this early hour of the day. It was just a bit past ten. Questions and answers fitted through his mind. What would he say to her? And without quite fully being aware of it, he found himself inside his rather large miner's kitchen; which acted as living room as well. And walking towards the couch he slumped down upon it; sitting half bent over and dangling his cap between his knees.

Marge was not in. He felt relieved. Thoughts, thoughts, thoughts kept rushing thru his mind. He almost knew what Marge would say when she heard that he'd gone out on strike. He put questions to himself somewhat as he thought she would put to him. He answered them. Argued inwardly with himself. Again and again he would insist to some phantom questioner that he or rather they—the boys—had to strike. They had to strike. Of this he was convinced. And he would let no imaginary questioner argue him out of it. He—"Hello Tom!" The voice startled him so that he dropped his cap. "Why, hello Marge. Didn't even hear you come in." He walked over to her and kissed her.

"But why are you home, Tom? You said you had at least three days work—Come Tom,—nothing wrong I hope. You haven't—been—fired? Have you?"

"No, no! It's nothing like that. Oh Gee, Marge, everything'll be O. K. Really there's nothing wrong—yet. You see the boys got kinda sore when they saw a notice this morning, posted at the mine entrance, stating that beginning with Monday they'd reduce all wages ten per cent. Gee, but Jimmy got sore, Marge." He purposely brought in the part about Jimmy, thinking that by so doing he might make her smile a bit, soften her face which had taken on a grim look while he was telling her this. "He was for going up and punching old Sanders—that's the super—right on the jaw. But Bill—you know Bill—Bill Birdsley, he says: 'Fellers we can't be a bunch of damn fools. Let's appoint a committee to go up and see Sanders and tell him we can't accept a decrease in wages just now. We ain't workin' more'n half weeks as it is, and with a 10 per cent reduction we couldn't live.' The boys went wild. They all applauded Bill. Gee, but you shoulda heard them."

"And did the committee go to see the super, Tom?"

"Yea, but we were all told to go home—and wait for a report. Bill, Whitey and old man Jenkins are on the committee."

"But, Tom! Do you think the company will listen to your committee? You know what they've done before. Told you to go back same day or lose your jobs. And if you didn't lose your jobs you went back later, for less wages, when you had no more money to live on. Tom, you can't buck 'em. They've got us down and we got to stay there—at present. Tom, you can't go on strike now. You can't. You can't. We haven't saved a nickel in the last six months; what with you working only three or four days a week—You know it's not for myself I ask it, Tom; but—" and herewith she slunk into a chair and laying her head on the table she wept.

During all this Tom was sitting at the table drumming irregularly on the tablecloth—his eyes centered on a stain which seemed to have the features of Sanders' face. And he began picking on that spot with the fork. Picking and picking on it until there was a hole almost an inch wide in the tablecloth.

TOM BURKIN had known Margaret only three weeks before he married her. In mining towns such as Bainsville courtings weren't elongated affairs. He met her at a picnic of the local Goodfellows organization. He thought she was pretty. Made a number of dates with her and married her.

Margaret—Margaret Gavin was her maiden name—didn't think she'd every marry a miner. She could remember dimly back as a little girl, before her father

filthy, the co e an t... being couch the m the rc asked "Til s the w
IT w we The s street harm freely was p could gatter could starve ward s en pker went Judas "Com

But terec To depu s extre come ing t he w lo d a fil infan he r ly hear hand it, th n o no... They ic their neve laste THE ec ol bo sh e men that the o being ar th could

Max Geltman

He meaning. He flung his cap into a corner of the room and sat down at the table. The meal was actually in silence. Margaret did not care to see how he was suffering. The meal over, Tom stretched himself full length upon the floor, staring at the ceiling. He was wondering what they were doing. Margaret busied herself about the house. It was about nine o'clock when Margaret came in. "No," he answered, "I won't go to bed. I'll be here tonight." And he turned his face to the wall. Margaret slowly went to the bedroom.



the seventh week of the strike. The scabs were escorted to and from work by armed deputies. Miners could be seen marching in twos down the streets. They had been admonished to do no strike-breaking. The Daily Worker was being distributed among the striking miners. Relief was promised. If they would only hold out. If a miner was disabled. Scabs were not so easy to be had. The mine company knew that if the mine was kept running by the few men they had, they'd bring the strikers back to work. The mine was well guarded. Twenty armed deputies stood around it to prevent any damaging was attempted. The smiling faces of the scabs that were a contrast to the sour looking scabs that were on Tom they all looked upon as if on a picket line. The pickets would shout at the scabs at times, "Go out and smile." "Be a man and help a man."



Drawing by Vose.

There was almost complete silence when Tom entered the mine.

He walked or rather slunk home between his two brothers like a prisoner. He had become haggard and very irritable. Even at Tommy junior who had been three weeks back, he looked at, as if, with a feeling of "for you I'm a renegade among men. For you," he would think, as he lifted him up from his crib and held him tightly, "have I become a skunk, a scab, a good-for-nothing." And he would squeeze the child so hard that it would cry out. He wondered if Tommy loved it. Margaret would run in when she saw little Tommy crying and grab it from Tom's arms. "Why you act as if you really meant to hurt me when you hold it and look at it," she one day reproached Tom and his jaws clicked. And his eyes took on a wayward look. Yes, Tom was nervous. He was not the old Tom, who'd take Marge out walking every Sunday, but the looks of disdain on his neighbors' faces made Tom promise that they'd be out any more during the day while the strike

men out. If only something would happen? The few men employed in the mine were seeing to it that the mine was merely kept in condition. If only these would come out. If only something happened to it. Thus were the strikers discussing among themselves. It was on a Friday. The company had announced that beginning with Monday, the mine would be working with most of the men back. And those who weren't back by Monday would lose their jobs. It was a snappy December day. The men were moving about briskly near the mine. The gruff "beat it" now and then would make the men move away a little. It was just a bit past two o'clock. The deputies were leaning against the mine entrance laughing evidently at some "good joke" the old watchman had just told them. The strikers were impatiently moving up and down the street. Suddenly a man half drenched dashed out of the mine hole and gulped, "Water main burst!" and fell down exhausted. The deputies rushed into the mine entrance and as fast returned. The strikers in the distance noticed something was wrong. They all ran over to the mine. Some of them entered. Those that entered soon returned and with half horror, half glee, announced that the mine was full of water. Men began to dash here and there. There were fourteen men who went down the mine in the morning. A hurry call for the company doctor and nurses was issued. Somehow the whole town seemed to know within an hour that an accident had occurred at the mine. Men and women and children rushed to the scene. Margaret was one of them. She forged her way to the front and wanted to know what had happened. Some one told her the mine was flooded. "Tom, Tom is down there," she gasped and elbowed her way nearer the front. Someone whispered hoarsely, "The strike is saved." "Enough damage done to make us all come back at our terms," another said. The crowd did not know how to behave. It was just what the strikers had wished for. They began to wonder how it happened. The inflowing water was stopped. There were still thirteen to be taken out. A group of strikers rushed into the mine, among them Bill. They had to get the men out. The inflow of water had caused gas to enter the mine. It was stifling. Emergency gas masks were given the men for rescue work. Two men were dragged out dead. Bill and his two men had about reached the center of the mine when one of the men tripped over somebody. They knelt down and saw it was Tom. He was lying almost prone on his back. In his right hand he clutched a heavy miner's pick. Bill was wondering at the peculiar way, Tom, an experienced miner, had met his death. He stood up and as he did so he banged his head on a water-main. Looking at it he saw how the pipe at that particular place was almost completely hammered thru. He glanced down at Tom. A thought flashed thru his mind, and kneeling down he lifted Tom's head from the ground. Thru the glass eyes of the gas masks each man looked at each other knowingly. Each man gave an individual caress to Tom's body; and lifting him gently, they carried him from the mine.

Self-Evident

By HENRY GEORGE WEISS.

Bell-bottomed, ivory-domed,
Arrow-collared, soxed and tied,
See them go, the Main Street Sheiks.
Says a one hundred per cent prospect for the Ku Klux Klan.
If you don't like it here, go back where you came from;
Says a raucous-voiced follower of Million Jennings Bryan,
You aint in Russia now!



Two Poems

By OSCAR RYAN

SHELL SHOCK.

*He stumbled through the streets
night after night. He used to stop
at every haberdashery; to stare at
the shaded lamps in furniture stores,
to smell the odors emanating
from delicatessens and ice-cream parlors.*

*He was a lone star
unable to sustain the weight
of his own shadow.*

*He lay on benches in the parks,
watching the unsteady
reflection of trees and sky in the pond,
listening to the gurgle of the fountain.
His eyes would open wide
when the trees were stirred
by a breath of cool wind.*

*He was a cat
scampering over roofs,
frightened by the scratching of his nails
on the thin gravel.*

*He was awed by the song of a bird
at night; but never sang.
He listened to bright conversation
of young people passing by;
but never spoke.
He craved the smooth clothes
of the refined; and wore rags.*

*He had been a romantic youth
who had lost his soul in war;
he had once been a man
and was now only the shadow
which he had lost.*

*He stumbled through alleys
and the wharves,
and couldn't even think to drown himself.
He slept in lanes
beneath broken wagons in the mud;
and the moon would pass over his face,
sallow, thin,
sanctifying by its wanness
the sorrow which he could no longer feel.*

*He was a piano
of which only the keys were left,
with the tone haunting
somewhere in the distance.
He stumbled night after night
through the streets.
And when he had gone
one could hear the shuffling
echoes crying after him.*

AUTUMN EVENING

*The crude streets yield their bustle,
and sickly lamps
flicker at the corners that they light.
Children clutch at the last
soft shaft of day, reluctant
to desert the gutter for the shacks
in which their parents live.*

*And down the street,
coffined by gaunt factories,
dull streams monotonously pass;
—on either side of them
a butcher shop, a grocery, candy stores,
causing the sleepy lure of sloth
and undressed windows.*

*There is not even
the sweet melancholy
of falling leaves,
for this is a factory street,
and the one skinny tree
is long barren from the smoke.*

*You can see young people
entering rooming-houses,
gripping the greasy wrapper
of a box-lunch,
and stumbling at the doorway
as they devour
the lines of a newspaper.*



A New Generation in the Making

By NAT KAPLAN.

IMAGINE corralling fifty-two American youngsters of both sexes onto a thirty-acre New England farm and telling them: "This is your domain. Set up your government and rule." Some of the old gray beards who think thru their hardened arteries would answer, "Impossible, chaos, scandalous—petting parties, etc." We hate to disappoint them, but nothing of the sort took place. From the first to the fifth week the Young Workers' League Summer Training school held on Lake Dennison Farm, near Winchendon, Mass., was a perfect picture of self-discipline enacted and enforced by the students themselves.

It is true that in the beginning we had some hazings. One of the Boston students, a member of the rules enforcement committee elected by the students, was about to retire one fair evening, and found a cool reception awaiting him. Another student from Long Island had decorated his bed with small lumps of—what the student lawyer in the student's trial on the matter called—"frozen ice." The student's court found the "culprit" guilty and promptly sentenced him to become the school ice man and to supply the refrigerator daily. Since that time no serious breach of discipline was recorded.

Purpose of the School.

THE school was one of a series of three district schools established for the Young Workers' League this year. The main purpose of the school was to give a minimum political-theoretical training to a number of chosen members of the Young Workers' League so that they could become better functionaries of the league. When the instructors arrived, they found that a large number of the students were non-Communist youths, many had no contact with working class organizations before. The Finnish comrades, who were helping to finance the school, had in this way extended its purpose.

The Student Composition.

Of the fifty-two students in the school, 30 were girls and 22 were boys. Thirty of the students of both sexes were American-born (Americanized youngsters in every sense of the word). The social composition was not of the best. There were 19 young workers, 2 young farmers and 31 were students (the majority attending high school). Yet, we cannot be too dismal in regards to this composition. Large numbers of the students in American schools have demonstrated their militancy in the struggle against compulsory military training in the Reserve Officers' Training Corps. Not only that but large numbers of the students from working class families will be forced into the industries after leaving the schools. Twenty of our school students were not members in any part of the radical movement when they arrived.

The Curriculum.

BOTH of the instructors were unanimous from the start in discarding the old socialist Sunday school type of curriculum, i. e., one which starts with the evolution of the earth, of man and society and finally comes—if ever—to a consideration of the present capitalist system and the problems facing us today. If for no

other reason, the short school term, made this impermissible. Some of the students, who when they were younger, had attended socialist Sunday schools, were questioned one day as to what they had learned there. One remembered hazily that she had learned something about an ape; another had learned that at one time there were cave men. Marxian economics, i. e., an analysis of the capitalist mode of production was logically our starting point if we aimed to be realists.

From this starting point we were able to advance to a consideration of the question of the class struggle and the role of state; classes and parties in America; imperialism; forms and strategy of the class struggle and revolution; the role of the party; the role of the Young Workers' League and the youth problems, etc. During the last two weeks we also added the study of American history to our curriculum. The day was divided so that there was plenty of time for the school work, study circle work, recreation and meetings of the students' government.

Method of Instruction.

THE instructors merely tried to guide the students in their self-education. Neither of the instructors assumed that they were to present their lectures and disregard whether the students were actually deriving something from them. The instructors invited interruptions and interrupted themselves during the course of the lectures to present concrete problems to the students. The ordinary lecture method was turned into a discussion method and thus the initiative of the students was developed. The main bulk of the discussion, however, took place within the students' study circles.

There was one basic fault in the teaching method. The school was too far removed from the actual struggles of the workers during the period of its existence. The academic training should have been combined with real work in the factories of Gardner and vicinity. A factory could have been visited and studied, then a campaign among the workers planned.

Students' Self-Government.

UNLIKE the capitalist schools, the highest authority on this farm school were the students themselves. The final say on all matters was in the hands of a students' body composed of all the students. This body elected a students' council of 13 members which functioned between meetings of the students' body.

Some permanent committees (a restrictive committee to enforce the student rules, an athletic committee, a kitchen police committee, which apportioned K. P. duty to all students evenly, etc., were elected. Besides the permanent committees temporary ones were elected whenever necessary.

Some of the students had been sent to the school under the instructions of their parents, not on their own initiative and had so expressed themselves in the beginning. It was the students' form of self government within the school which absorbed these students and made them refuse to leave at any price.

Athletics and Side Features.

THE school had a "cracker-jack" baseball team which won three games out of four, and lost only one. Besides baseball, there was swimming, canoeing, fishing, high jumping, pole vaulting, shot throwing and track athletics. The real spirit of working class sportsmanship was built up in the school—and no little part was played in this development by the girls.

The school had a wall paper as its official organ which was called The Red Revel. A husky young farmer from Vermont was the editor-in-chief who was supported by an able staff of students.

Michael Gold, would have received the thrill of his life if he had seen

these students present his mass recitation, "Strike" to a large audience of sympathizers. Debates and many other side activities arranged by the students, kept this youth community hustling all the time.

As the school was coming to a close the students all lined up in the Young Workers' League. Speeches of determination to win away the youth from the grip of the capitalist exploiters were made on all sides. Many of the students felt sad as they had to say good-bye to their comrades who were leaving for their homes in all parts. "In our future work in the movement," said one of the students in parting, "we will never forget the spirit and the lessons of the Lake Dennison School."

Salvation

By HENRY GEORGE WEISS

The volunteer clerks for the firm of Eva Booth and Jesus,
Second-hand clothes dealers and pie in the sky merchants,
Come out every night and sing, Are You Washed in the Blood
of the Lamb?
When the drab men and women they sell castoffs to all day
Have seldom the price of soap and water,
To give themselves a wash once a week!

THE TINY WORKER

A Weekly.

Edited by Dorothy Rubin, Minneapolis, Minn.

Johnny Red, Assistant.

Vol. 1.

Saturday, October 9, 1926

No. 20

FUNNYBIRDS

This one is by John Mankowski, Cleveland.

This bird has only three letters to his nick-name. He beats up strikers, has heavy shoes and chases kids off the street when they play ball. This bird has no respect for himself or he would get another job.

HEY—WHAT'S THIS?

A bird that flies only when he's chased. This bird talks and talks and never listens. So he stays dumb and hates Negroes, Catholics and Jews. At night he goes around in a bed sheet and everybody knows him by three letters. You know the bird, don't you?

AT SCHOOL
By Rose Besmer, N. Y.

When our teacher asked us for names of great men I said: "Lenin." She said: "Time will tell." Which meant that she wouldn't be because she didn't know I guess.

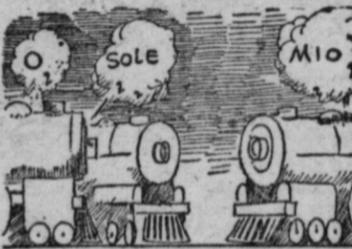


Johnny Red's mother just couldn't help smiling at him. Johnny had a happy grin from ear to ear and it was all because of this dandy letter from DOROTHY RUBIN, Minneapolis. Dear Comrade, Johnny Red: I am glad to hear you are going to have a Sunday Worker. Good luck to you Johnny and I hope it will mean more space for the TINY WORKER. HERE IS MY DOLLAR SPENDING MONEY TO HELP IT. I am also going to send you a nice story for the first issue of the TINY WORKER in the new SUNDAY WORKER.

The Daily Worker is no shirker. It is working like a bumble-bee. If the workers send in their dollars it will help it fight to make us free.

Oh let us all Tiny Workers ALSO do our share. HERE'S MY DOLLAR SPENDING MONEY

For The Daily Worker's care. Ghee, whillikens, kids, isn't that splendid? And we are going to get a story too! Johnny just feels like singing as loud as a dozen train whistles.



EXTRA!

On Oct. 23 the Sunday Worker will appear. That means our little Tiny Worker will be read by many more children. So now we have to get real good. Send in as many stories, poems, jokes and everything so that we can have a real dandy issue every week. And especially the first issue.

Oh, and here's another thing. For one dollar you can get four subs for 20 weeks—that's only one for a quarter. Go on, tell your daddy to subscribe for the men in his shop and the kids in your block so they can read the TINY WORKER too!

A POEM

By Florence Johns Philadelphia

Little girls work
And die like rats.
The profits go
For swell clothes
and hats.



ENGELS.

Karl Marx

Personal Recollections By PAUL LAFARGUE

He was a man, only taken all in all I shall never see his like.



MARX.

I was in the February of 1865 that I saw Karl Marx for the first time. The International had been founded on the 28th of September, 1864 at the meeting in St. Martin's Hall: I came from Paris in order to bring him a report of our progress; and our young connection was made in that same place. Mr. Tolain, now senator of the bourgeois republic and one of its representatives at the Berlin conference, had given me a letter of recommendation.

I was 24 years old then; my whole life long, I shall not forget the impression which that first visit made on me. Marx was suffering at the time and working on the first volume of "Capital" which did not appear until two years later; he feared that he would not be able to complete his work; and he received young people with pleasure, for, said he, "I must bring up men who will continue the Communist propaganda after me."

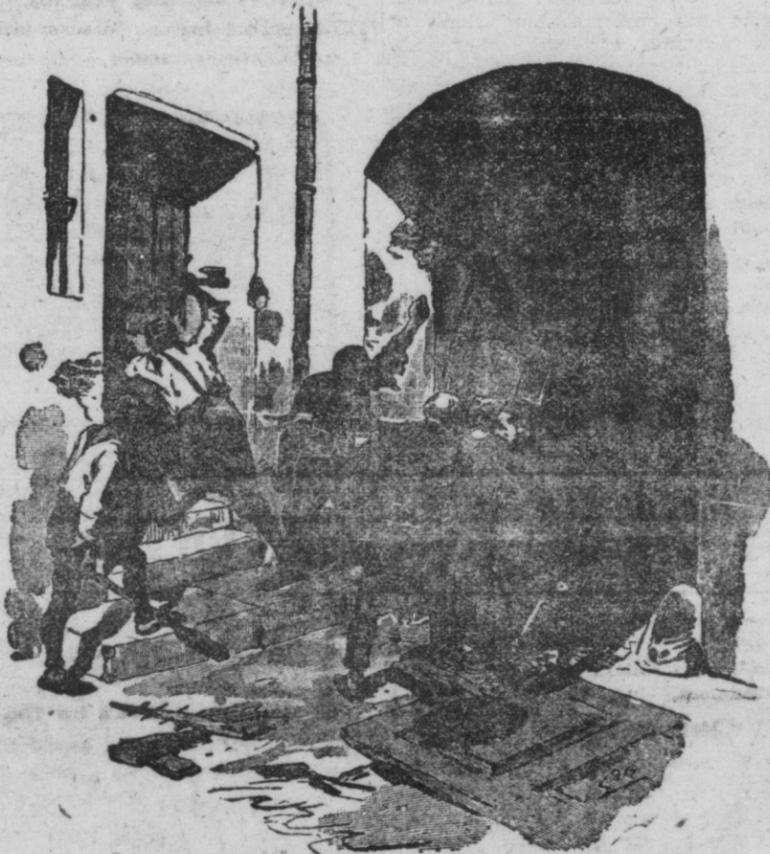
Karl Marx is one of those rare people who could, at the same time, stand in the front rank of both science and public activity; he combined them so ardently that it is impossible to understand him unless we conceive of him as a scholar as well as a socialist fighter. If he was of the opinion that every science should be cultivated for its own sake and that in no scientific investigation must one be concerned about ultimate consequences, he also believed that the scholar must never cease to participate actively in public life if he did not wish to degrade himself; and must not always remain confined to his room or laboratory like a rat to its cheese without mingling in the life and the social and political struggles of his contemporaries.

"Science must not be an egoistic pleasure: those who are so fortunate as to be able to dedicate themselves to scientific purposes should also be the first to place their knowledge in the service of mankind."—"To work for the world," was one of his favorite expressions.

He had not arrived at the Communist standpoint thru sentimental considerations, altho he felt a deep sympathy for the sufferings of the working classes, but thru the study of history and political economy; he asserted that every impartial spirit who is not influenced by private interests and who is not blinded by class prejudices would absolutely have to arrive at the same conclusions. But when, without any preconceived opinion, he studied the economic and political evolution of human society, he still, nevertheless, wrote with the decided intention of spreading the results of

his investigations, and with the firm and determined will to give a scientific basis to the socialist movement, which up to this time had lost itself in utopian clouds; he only appeared publicly to work at the triumph of the working class whose historic mission it is to build Communism as soon as it achieves the economic and political direction of society: just as the bourgeoisie, which has achieved power, has had the mission to break the feudal chains which hindered the development of industry and rural economy; to establish the free movement of products and people, the free contact between entrepreneur and worker; to centralize the means of production and exchange, to thus prepare, without becoming aware of it,

trate Marx' spiritual life from its intimate side. It was situated on the first floor and the broad window, thru which the room received its copious light, opened on the park. On both sides of the fireplace and opposite the window, against the wall, were book cases which were filled with books and overloaded up to the ceiling with newspaper parcels and manuscripts. Opposite the fireplace and to one side of the window stood two tables full of papers, books and newspapers; in the center of the room and in favorable light was the very simple and small work-table (three feet long, two feet wide) and the armchair of wood; between the armchair and the bookcase, opposite the window, stood a leather sofa on which Marx stretched



Böhmische Weber zerstören Maschinen.
Bohemian Weavers Destroying Machines

the material and intellectual elements for the Communist society of the future.

MARX did not confine his activity to the country in which he was born; "I am a citizen of the world," he said, "and wherever I am, there I am active." In fact, in every country to which events and political persecution drove him, in France, Belgium, England, he took an outstanding part in the revolutionary movements which were developing there.

But he first appeared to me not as the untiring and incomparable socialist agitator, but as the scholar in that study in Matland Park Road where the party comrades flowed together from all parts of the civilized world to consult with the master of socialist thought. This room is historic and one must know it if he wishes to pene-

out from time to time in order to rest. On the mantelpiece lay still more books, between the cigars, matches, tobacco containers, paper weights, photographs of his daughters, his wife, Wilhelm Wolf and Frederick Engels. He was a heavy smoker: "'Capital' will never net me as much as the cigars have cost me which I smoked while writing," he told me; but he was a still greater waster of matches: he forgot his pipe or his cigar so often that, in order to light them again, the match boxes were emptied in an incredible short time.

Marx did not allow anyone to put his books and papers in order, or rather in disorder; and the existing disorder was only apparent: everything was really in its desired place and, without looking, he always took the book or notebook that he needed;

even while chattering, he stopped in order to point out a quotation or a number in the book itself which he had just mentioned. He was one with his study whose books and papers belonged to him as much as his own limbs.

IN the arrangement of his books no external symmetry was followed: Quarto and octave volumes and pamphlets stood side by side; he arranged his books not according to their size, but according to their contents. His books were spiritual tools to him and not objects of luxury. "They are my slaves and shall serve me according to my will." He mistreated them without consideration for their size, their binding, the beauty of the paper or printing; bent the corners, covered the margins with pencil markings and underscored the lines. He did not put notes in them, nevertheless, he could not deny himself an exclamation mark or an interrogation point at times when an author exaggerated. The system of underlining of which he made use, permitted him to find again the passage looked for in any book with the greatest ease. He had the habit of always re-reading his notebooks and the underlined passages in his books after an interval of years in order to well retain them in his memory which was of an extraordinary keenness and exactness. Following Hegel's advice, he had trained it from youth on by memorizing verses in a language unknown to him.

Heine and Goethe, whom he often cited in conversation, he knew by heart; he always read poets whom he chose from all European literature; every year he read Aeschylus in the Greek original; him and Shakespeare he honored as the two greatest dramatic geniuses that humanity has produced. He had made Shakespeare, for whom his veneration was unlimited, the subject of searching study; he knew even his most insignificant characters. The whole family carried on a veritable cult with the great English dramatist; his three daughters knew him by heart. When, after the year 1848, he wanted to perfect himself in the English language which he could already read before, he looked for and arranged all of the expressions peculiar to Shakespeare; he did the same with a part of the polemical work of William Cobbett whom he respected highly. Dante and Burns belonged to his favorite poets; he took great joy in hearing his daughters recite or sing the satires or the love-songs of the Scotch poet.

(Second installment of this series will appear in the next issue of this magazine).

A Lesson From the Holy Scriptures

(From the Mexican satirical weekly "El Bonete")



1. Johnny, my son, get on your knees and I'll read you a verse or two of the Holy Scriptures for the good of your soul: "When they soak you on the right cheek turn to them the left one."

2. Good advice, Holy Father. Here goes on the right cheek.

3. Johnny, you have learned my lesson well. But the bible also says: "Pay back in as full a measure as you have been paid." So...

4. Here is an extra good one in return.

5. Hurray for the bible. This is the life.

6. Johnny, here is a letter. My gawd, what are you doing?

Nothing, old boy, I am putting the bible into practice. I just got religion.

SPORTS

Jack Dempsey was outpointed by Tunney and Red Grange knocked him clean off the sports page. The American college will now stage its yearly demonstration of superiority over European centers of education in fitting men for life. Red Grange after only three years of college and in three short months last fall, was able to eat regularly and leave a paltry fifty thousand or so in the bank for the day he may run out of cigarettes. The fourth year of college proved entirely unnecessary. . . . in fact, could have proved harmful. The first game his team played this season drew some eighteen thousand people to the box office and the second, in Cleveland, attracted over twenty thousand. It looks like Red will be able to pay his rent on time this winter. There's no doubt about it, comrades—a college education is a wonderful thing!



RED no doubt will raise Cain with a great source of college income. His last game at college drew 90,000 people. The professors might have been foolish enough to think this a good time to ask for a raise. But the colleges only hired a couple of extra coaches for the "higher education." It will be interesting to see the havoc that professional football will play with desertions from college ranks in the midst of the football season. A contract calling for \$4,500 has already pulled into professional ranks the star of the Missouri University. There is sure to be more of this as the season progresses. There is no question about it. American colleges are so marvelously superior to European universities in fitting men for life, that with a substantial argument written in a check book, Red Grange will be able to convince certain boys that in two years in college they have learned all it is necessary to know.

TUNNEY, the intellectual, seems also to have proved the value of education. A press agent with some imagination had him reading Karl Marx. At a Communist committee meeting the other night, at which a discussion of the Dempsey-Tunney gold rush preceded the order of business, they tell me Bill Mathison described the fight somewhat in this order: "They leaped to the center of the ring. Tunney looked Dempsey squarely in the eye and shouted, 'What's surplus value?' Stunned, Dempsey took three blows on the jaw and two sports writers dropped dead. In the next round, Tunney shouted: 'What's a commodity?' Dempsey split Tunney's lip with one and soaked him in the ear with another. Then Tunney simply dazed him with definitions, questions and quotations. In the last round Tunney stepped up quickly to Dempsey as the bell sounded and said: 'Did you know that the theory of marginal utility has been disproved?' The only surviving sports writer swore that at that moment Dempsey was a beaten man. And then he fainted."

THE Negro student at the university has little chance to duplicate the feats of Red Grange. He, unfortunately, (?) must content himself with education only. The road to income-increasing athletic glory is paved with the stumbling blocks of race-prejudice. Here are some of the "reasons" with which the coach of Illinois University consoles a local Negro sports writer who becomes inquisitive: "You see there are a number of problems confronting the coach whose team harbors a colored athlete. In many cities visited he cannot use his colored player, in others he finds trouble placing him in sleeping quarters and often at his own school the "athletic table" is intended for white students only. Now suppose the team

plays have been built around this player. You reach some school for an important game and he feels this reluctance on the part of the players of both teams to accepting him as one of them. The moral of your team is bound to be low and if beaten the coach says to himself: Never again shall I build an offense or defense around that player; it is a bit risky.

In football, as in boxing, baseball and other sports, the Negro athlete is Jim-Crowed out of both glory and profit.

THE British South African government in cahoots with the diamond magnates have made a nasty mess for the Capitalist Sports International. A discovery of diamonds in the Transvaal created a "rush" of some 15,000 people. "To insure fairness" the mining commissioners made all contestants take out a license and start from a given point at the same time. The diamond syndicates hired the greatest runners, among them some well-known Olympic stars, to stake out claims for them. Now the International Athletic Federation is asked to decide whether these runners are still amateurs or professionals. We will wager that an "impartial" committee will add to the comedy by ruling that these runners are still amateurs since they did not receive money but were given diamond studded medals.

FROM this column we will take a glance at sports every week. We are anxious to record activity of workers' sports' organizations. Let us know just what your club is doing.

The Bug

In the
NEXT!
ISSUE!

- What Congress Will Do For Us, by Bertram D. Wolfe.
- Jumping Up From the River, A Story by George Jarrboe.
- Art and Socialism, by A. V. Lunacharsky, People's Commissar of Education in the Soviet Union.
- Why the United States is in the Philippines, by Harrison George.
- Karl Marx: Second chapter of the recollections of Paul Lafargue.
- The Farmer's Column will contain an article by John B. Chapple, on the farmers' revolt against capitalist propaganda.
- The next serial article on The Theater Season in Moscow, by Ruth Kennel.
- Poems by J. Wallace and H. Beck.
- Cartoons by Bales, Ellis, O'Zim, Jerger and Vose.
- Pictures and Illustrations.
- The Tiny Worker.
- Movie, Theater and Book Reviews.
- A Sports Column.
- And Other Features.



A WEEK IN CARTOONS By M. P. Bales