

The New Magazine

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Editor.

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A WEEK IN CARTOONS By M. P. Bales



In the Wake of the News

By T. J. O'Flaherty

THE hungry unemployed who enjoyed a thanksgiving dinner at the hands of some "charitable" organization should have the sumptuous meal digested by now. Where are they going to get the next meal? Oh, yes, the Salvation Army will feed them on Christmas Eve and then all is slack until next Thanksgiving. It was John Boyle O'Reilly, editor of a paper that is now the official organ of Cardinal O'Connell of Boston, who tore the figleaf of charity when he said: "Organized charity, scrimped and iced, in the pay of a cautious statistical Christ," or something to that effect. Charity is a capitalist buffer like religion. It does not remedy. It merely creates the illusion that capitalism takes care of its victims.

THE campaign to elect the Brophy ticket in the United Mine Workers' Union seems to be making the greatest progress in the anthracite coal region, stronghold of the Lewis machine. It is no exaggeration to say that on the election of the Brophy slate depends the existence of the miners' union. If John L. Lewis is elected, or I should say if he succeeds in counting out Brophy, the union is doomed. Lewis stands for collaboration with the coal operators. This is a fatal policy—to the coal diggers. On the other hand Brophy's policy is to organize the coal miners one hundred per cent, nationalize the coal industry and link up the coal mining army with all the rest of labor's forces, with the object of fighting the entire capitalist class of the United States, on the industrial field, thru militant industrial unionism and on the political field

thru the organization of a Labor Party. Brophy has the right idea and we hope that the miners will see to it that his slate is not counted out.

IT is rather instructive, also amusing to watch the diplomatic contest now being waged between the governments of the United States and Mexico. It appears that the American note writers have more rifles in the corner, but the Mexicans have more brains under their fedoras. It was rather cute of Calles to remind Wall Street that no less a person than Woodrow Wilson was responsible for Article 27 of the Mexican constitution, the very article that our good man Kellogg and Charlie Hughes before him, berated the Mexicans for having formulated, the argument being that only in the minds of depraved revolutionary Latins could such subversive ideas be conceived. Our readers are urged to watch the comedy.

THE ruling classes of Massachusetts have worked their bones thru the skins of their elbows trying to bring about the assassination of Sacco and Vanzetti in the electric chair on a framed-up charge of having murdered a shoe factory paymaster. Both men are as innocent of the crime as Socrates. They were framed because they were labor organizers of the kind that care less for per capita tax than for labor solidarity and results, in terms of better living for the workers. It is a significant commentary on the growth of class consciousness among the workers, despite labor banking and company unionism, that American labor and world labor succeeded in preventing the bloodthirsty capitalist

cannibals of Massachusetts from taking the lives of Sacco and Vanzetti. Now, American labor is asked to make a supreme effort to save those men and we believe the job will be done. With the I. L. D. on the job and Elizabeth Gurley Flynn in active charge of the campaign to organize a national conference to save Sacco and Vanzetti there is reason to believe that the effort will be successful.

AT least one-half of the foreign news page of the Chicago Daily News of last Monday was devoted to Chinese news. The Cantonese armies were going ahead as if they were hiking to a picnic. Chang Tso-Lin of Manchuria, who would make an admirable acquisition to the Al Capone bootlegging gang of Cicero, declared that the reason why the Cantonese were winning was not due to superior valor on the part of the Cantonese troops, but to the fact that the opposition would not fight. If the Cantonese feel the same way about it as we do, the answer to Chang will be "Ishkabibble." What of it? The fact is that the Cantonese represent the only organized force for hundreds of years in China with a program for the benefit of the Chinese masses, an organization to put life into the program and enough dynamite to take life out of those who opposed it. This is both a lively and a deadly combination. It all depends on the angle from which you view the situation.

WHEN Martin Luther nailed his thesis on the door of a little church and impolitely told the pope to go and take a bath, Martin little knew that he

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The Bolshevnik Get Worse and Worse

SI. W. GERSON.

THAT the star of Communism shines brightly in Russia despite all the journalistic hysterics, pukings and verbal flip-flops of our kept newswriters is a fact not unfamiliar to the discerning radical; but that the dread bogey man with unkempt whiskers and bomb-stuffed pocket can be found in every single "story" on the political page of the Sunday edition of one of the greatest American dailies, to wit: The "New York World," may not have come to the attention of all the comrades in the movement.

In scanning the page entitled "Political and Economic Trends in the Capitals of Other Lands," of the editorial section of the "World" for Sunday, November 21, 1926, one's eyes are irresistibly focused to the scarehead: "Says Bolshevism In China Is an Impossibility." We peruse the article diligently, in an effort to discover who is the author of our woes, and lo and behold, we find that he is a certain Paul Myron Lineberger, now a Shanghai lawyer and a former judge in the Philippine Islands. (It was then that our olfactory nerves were assailed by a strong aroma of a rodent). His Ex-Honor goes on to analyze the Chinese situation:

"The Chinese"—so he says—"cannot become Communist, for to them their family is their all and their primal idea of statehood." (Those dirty Bolshevniks, nationalizing the women, breaking up the family—somebody pass me a crying towel; this is too terrible). Then again—"There are no Chinese who are rich in the Communistic sense (what sense is that? Or maybe it's nonsense), and the trouble with China has been that it has never known landlordism." Nor tenement houses or cold radiators in January, nor some of the other blessings of modern civilization.

"Then again, the Chinese know that Communism has failed in Russia and practically ceased to exist there. The Chinese will never be Communistic until the rest of the world has proved it a glorious success, which, of course, it will never be." (Huzzahs

and cries of 'Bravo! Bravo!' from the fat boys; the Hy-whites applaud at this until their palms blister; some of the aristocratic damosels faint and have to be carried out.)

China, we learn, is not afraid of Communism but of Communists, "for the Communists always can find in a great land of poverty, such as China, a chance to do some wicked work"—like teaching the coolies to work the factories and till the fields for the profit of the workers and peasants instead of for dividends for some carousing lords and ladies in Merrie England. You are perfectly safe, our informant goes on to say, anywhere in China, if you but smile. We're not sure about that. Laughing until their back molars fall out won't help the foreign capitalists and concessionaries when they are confronted by a nation of starving coolies demanding the products of their toil. The voice with the smile may win, but all it will be able to win in the near future is the right to work and help the community.

Moving over to the next column, we are regaled by tales of horror and riots in the Dutch East Indies—all of course started by the nefarious "reds." "Two new-fangled watchwords have been current since Bolshevist agents sowed the seeds of revolution among these islands' dense population. 'Java for the Javanese!' and 'Asia for the Asiatics!' . . . vilest of profanity in capitalist ears. The plot which culminated in the assassination of two governors of two of the Dutch provinces in the vicinity "almost synchronized" with the riots in Java—hence, of course, "Bolshevik agitators, through Chinese agitators." Shortly after a railroad strike, we are assured, "Communist agitators threw bombs and resorted to other acts of violence, constraining the Dutch authorities to take severe measures." So far, we note with pleasure, the Communists have not been charged with raping the Queen Wilhelmina or denying the theory of transubstantiation. There is hope yet, comrades . . .

But what is that that greets our already tear-rimmed eye! "Never Doubted Bolshevnik Results." It seems that it is a paragraph from a review of a book of memoirs of some British officer.

Waters (the author) seemingly never had any doubts as to the result of Bolshevism. "The advent of Bolshevism," he says, "was from the beginning a certainty to anybody really acquainted with the Russian people, but soldiers and diplomatists alike continued to believe that it was only a passing phase."

In the next and last story the words "Soviet Government" are only mentioned once and then not in a derogatory sense, for the Bolshevnik government had handed out a concession in Siberia, and hence this story could find nothing really wrong.

Thus it goes. The great masters have called out all the typewriter-banging kiwoodles from the journalistic kennels and have commanded them to yowl long and plaintively. But the "kept" mutts might have been baying at the moon for all the harm the efficient, hard-fighting Soviet government suffered. So it comes about that here and there we notice a calling off of the dogs; and now that there is a prospect of some cash business of no mean volume from Moscow, a few of the press-poodles are turning fawning tongues on Bolshevnik boots, and some of them may even be heard to emit soft, restrained whines of delight. Capitalist newspapers were ever thus, leaping up quite readily at the slightest whistle of the master class, ready to sink their fangs into anyone who threatened the dynasties of their wage-payers, or equally ready to fall all over themselves in haste when plutocratic enterprise or personage had to be eulogized. If the "kept" press makes any friendly advances to the only workers' and peasants' republic on the globe, it is not because they have seen the need for a new social order—it is simply because the masters' whistles have come out clear and strong, ordering the yelping hounds to subside. Cash is still cash, even though it's "red Russian gold."

In the Wake of the News

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was doing something which would make his name "sound and resound down the winding corridors of time." Surely Luther was no better morally than the pope. In the conventional sense he was worse. If in doubt, read Bebel's, "Woman and Socialism." Luther, like Jesus, is honored but not recognized by his own followers nowadays. So his views on sex are much more frank than those of the particular pope who used to make the girls pick the chestnuts from between the lighted candles.

HOWEVER, this is only a pardonable digression. It is a long way from Luther's little church in Germany to the Philippines. But if protestants had not taken the bible by the ears and claimed the right to go nutty over it, and if the rising capitalist class had not learned that intelligent workers produce more than dumb ones, perhaps the speeches of Chang-Kai-Shek of Canton, delivered in Hankow on the subject of the enslavement of the Philippines by the United States imperialists, might not reach us for one year and might never have reached the Filipinos. "Every system carries within itself the germs of its decay," concluded the sociological seer. And when the capitalists endow technical colleges so that engineers may be turned out that will help them to make more profits, they are also nourishing thinkers who will, like the adder in the path of the biblical steed, bite the horses' heels so that the rider falls backwards. This is not a defense of evolution. You cannot stop it anyhow. It is not a substitute for revolution because that is equally inevitable.

ON last Saturday 110,000 people witnessed the army-navy football game. Probably one out of ten of those who witnessed the performance enjoyed it. They attended the game because the capitalist papers worked up the emotions of the people to the point where they felt that enduring the cold, watching twenty-two men kicking a piece of leather was the better part of patriotism. Now the recruiting sergeants are cashing in on the performance and we are informed that the game was a decided success from the point of view of the recruiting figures.

AT this writing it is not settled whether Ferdinand of Roumania is dead or alive. One news item informs us that the king's mental faculties are considerably impaired. Which means taking nothing from nothing. The imbroglio between the various court factions in Bucharest explains Queen Marie's

hurried departure from our big butter and egg men who were having a lot of fun fooling with an honest-to-god queen. Much more thrilling than exhibiting their shining domes to kicking chorus girls, who after all, have nothing to distinguish them from the rest of the female populace except a more varied selection of perfume, and scantier haberdashery.

UNLESS King Ferdinand watches his step, by the time he actually dies nobody will believe him, and he may have some difficulty in getting buried. Of course, it is possible that he may be assisted in passing out of the picture. There is reason to believe that Marie's infatuation for Ferd has lost its point long ago, so it is up to the king to decide one way or the other. Still, if Marie loses Ferd and the throne, there is still Harry Thaw. Harry is reported to be a very kind-hearted person and at least as intelligent as Marie. And there are enough thrones knocking around here to provide the queen with places to rest, provided she decides to marry Harry and favor us with her presence again.

MUSSOLINI'S noble mug is not impressive enough to maintain peace in the ranks of fascism. So violent were the disagreements recently that the duce was compelled to permit the opposition to criticize those they were opposed to. Since this liberty was taken before it was granted, Mussolini's generosity may be discounted. It is significant that Robert Farinacci, former general secretary of the party, is considered the leader of the opposition. The concession is a victory for Farinacci and a defeat for the faction represented by Mussolini. The resignation of the fascist governor of Rome after a brawl in which several chairs were broken in the capitol indicates that the corrupt fascist regime, based on the oppression of the masses and maintained by bayonets, is tottering. A nice little war would settle Mussolini's hash and he may be compelled to try such a stunt.

AS these lines are written Austen Chamberlain, of England, Aristide Briand of France and Benito Mussolini of Italy are conferring with a view to finding some way out of the threatening situation that may result in a war between France and Italy and another world war, which would mean the destruction of the capitalist system. Even if those brigands succeed in postponing the inevitable, war is sure to come. Every nation in the world is spending more money today on preparation for war than they spent before 1914. They are not spending this money without knowing that some day the poison

gas, battleships, rifles and bombs bought with this money will be frittered away in naval engagements or on the battlefield.

ONE of the most ridiculous, yet amusing hoaxes perpetrated on the reading public in recent years by the capitalist press was a Warsaw story of Pilsudski's scheme to make the Soviet government back water on its non-recognition of Polish right to Vilna, which rightfully belongs to Lithuania. The story was that Pilsudski wanted to show the Soviet ambassador how he felt about the matter, so the marshal advised his minister for foreign affairs to throw a little party for the benefit of the Soviet ambassador. "Give him a good time and don't spare the zlotys" Pilsudski is alleged to have said. This was done and while all concerned were guzzling, the door suddenly opened and Pilsudski appeared quite sober but angry. He made some nasty cracks about Vilna and disappeared. In a few days the necessary apology came from Moscow. Outside of the fact that it takes a moron to believe it, the story is alright.

Down the Dark Road

Down the dark road
His feet he set
While shadows crept
To keep him step,
Down the dark road,
Down the dark road.

Down the dark road
To take, as tryst,
In guiltiness
A traitor's kiss,
Down the dark road,
Down the dark road.

Down the dark road
The thunder comes
Of freedom's guns,
His comrades once,
Down the dark road,
Down the dark road.

Down the dark road
He seeks reform,
But, twist and squirm,
There's no return,
Down the dark road,
Down the dark road.

—J. S. Wallace.

CANTON TELLS THE WORLD

By MANUEL GOMEZ.

WORDS no less than men are creatures of history. That explains why one man's utterance will now and then seem to have come out of the throats of millions. Scarcely is such a word or phrase uttered, when it fills the world with its importance.

How else shall we account for the unmistakable magic of two short paragraphs in the interview which the youthful Cantonese commander, General Chang Kai Shek, gave out on November 22nd thru the Associated Press? Those two paragraphs have already been repeated from one end of the world to the other. Everywhere great masses of people have been thrilled by them.

The interview as a whole was of great significance, for it was a blunt exposition of the concrete measures which the allied national revolutionary forces of south and northwest China propose to take, for the unification of China and the rooting out of imperialist strongholds. But the paragraphs referred to above do not confine themselves to the Chinese situation.

Listen! It is the Chinese revolution speaking:

"This revolution purposes the downfall of imperialism, not as it is confined to China alone, but our opposition to it must spread to other countries under imperialist yoke."

It is not strange that the whole world should feel the impact of those words. A waiting and responsive audience has been created for them by the same historic forces that gave them utterance.

The Chinese revolution proclaims itself a part of the universal revolution.

No one is surprised—for history has been moving forward rapidly, particularly in China. Yet we must realize that we are in the presence of something new.

Dr. Sun Yat Sen set the feet of the Chinese revolution upon this path before he died. He saw beyond the borders of his native land, and recognized the importance, for China, of the revolutionary working-class movement as embodied in the Communist International and the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics. More and more it became plain to him that the Communists were enemies of imperialism, against which he too was obliged to struggle. His last will and testament, which is read to this day at every Kuomintang meeting, counsels the party to remain faithful to the alliance with Soviet Russia.

Nevertheless, Dr. Sun tended to see the alliance as an isolated thing—something between China and Soviet Russia, or between China and the Communist International. He glimpsed but did not suffi-



ciently grasp the fact that other colonial and semi-colonial peoples were also engaged in struggle against world imperialism. Sympathizing wholeheartedly with these peoples in their struggles, he still failed to give a clear lead which would convert them into conscious allies.

Chang Kai Shek's public statement makes Canton, together with Moscow, a leading center in the worldwide movement for the emancipation of all the oppressed.

The transformation of the Kuomintang from a narrowly nationalist party to what it now represents is a great story in itself, one which is too little known, but which cannot be gone into here. The party has taken a greater and greater interest in the struggles of other victims of imperialist oppression. More than a year ago it issued the call for the formation of an International Association of Oppressed Peoples, and at the present time it is

one of the prime movers in the World Congress Against Imperialism which is to take place at Brussels, Belgium, beginning January 2, 1927. Chang Kai Shek's statement is a re-affirmation of the same general policy. It becomes a public policy of the Canton government, boldly stated before the world by an outstanding government representative.

There is nothing new in the idea that colonies and semi-colonies cannot be kept forever under the heel of imperialism. But General Chang's statement is predicated upon the assumption of world upheaval. One must understand it in the light of a whole series of contemporary happenings—in Morocco, in Egypt, in Syria, in Arabia, in Turkey, and in India. It is put forward not theoretically but militantly, as an expression of the will to struggle. A leading member of a national-revolutionary government is speaking, a generalissimo with an army at his back!

Definite strategic possibilities therefore present themselves, appealing to millions who have been held in subjection and pointing the way to emancipation for many small peoples who have sometimes looked upon their cause as hopeless.

Lenin's mighty slogan: "Workers and subject peoples unite!" comes again forcibly to mind when reading the words of General Chang.

China is a country of 440,000,000 people, making up one-fourth of the human race. A strong and unified China, freed of the shackles of imperialism—that is something that every imperialist power dreads and every enemy of imperialism must hope for.

If the policy expressed by Chang is maintained, General Chang's interview will have the effect of enormously increasing the influence of the Chinese revolution upon all colonial and semi-colonial peoples. The great movement which has sprung up in the Near East, particularly as exemplified by the Arab peoples, will draw closer. But the most decisive effect will be upon those subject nations that are contiguous to or nearby the territory of China—such nations as Korea, French Indo-China, Burma, India, the Dutch East Indies and the Philippines.

In all these countries support for the Chinese revolution will develop by leaps and bounds. And in all of them nationalist leaders will spring up who will begin seriously to study alliances which may help them win their way to freedom.

(The second and concluding part of this article will deal with China and the Philippine Islands, treating the movement for Filipino independence in the light of Chang Kai Shek's interview. It will appear in next week's magazine section of The DAILY WORKER.)

Tony the Dinker

By LOUIS BLUME.

(A dinker is a worker in a shoe factory who chops out straps, etc., with a die on a wooden block).

The dinkers in a shoe factory have a rotten job. I'll show you how to dink.

The business is to cut up leather with a die. Spread the skin on a wooden block and hit the die with a 12-pound hammer. When you dink out 72 pieces—count them while you are cutting—that's five cents.

After a few weeks your muscles get tuned to the job. It's mechanical. You never hit your fingers by mistake. You feel how much to move the die for the next cut.

Tony says he is a dinker. I think he is a fiend. Anyone who tries to make \$30 piece-work is a fiend. Watch Tony. Keep an eye on him. (For \$30 a week he becomes a fiend.)

This is why Tony has been so successful. Let him give you a few pointers.

(By Tony's Press Agent)

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In every morning ahead of time.

Stay a little later. Not too late. Finish up the job in the morning by yourself, secretly scare the rats, before the boss comes in.

This way always busy, never wait for a job. Chip a piece off this end of lunch time.

Eat lunch, remember always keep count. Keep count while you chew. Some day you may forget to keep count lunch time, then something bad will happen. You will forget to start working.

Never let it happen.

Remember this, and remember what to forget.

Chip a piece off that end of lunch time. The foreman comes in. He wastes your time. Never mind; soon move on.

At this point Tony broke. He lost control. He



became human. This from Tony:

"The foreman is a nasty little man. I could kill him. Listen to what he says, always:

'Squeech, squeech, squeeze 'em in;
Poosh, poosh, push 'em in!
(Ah, son of a b—!)

'Squeech, squeech, squeeze them in;
Poosh, poosh, push 'em in!
(How much? Five cents a case).

'Get 'em in, get 'em all in; another one here, another one there.

Squeeze 'em in!'

Tony said this again, because he knew he had made up a great poem. Then he called over Bennie.

"Hey Bennie come here. Get hold of this end of the block! Help me turn it over. Here feel how rough it is. What for you say? Ah, Bennie, my life is in this block. Just once . . . Pass your hand over it. Beal! Know what! I love it, like myself."

BEADS

Small beads of sweat
Glisten on the bronze
Rolls of muscle
That lunge with the swing
Of the blacksmith's blows.

And the blue sparks
Dance . . .

On Sundays, he
Counts his beads,
Fumbling them
Between stumpy fingers,
Looking quite stolid
In his tame strength.

Were he to cease
Fooling with beads
On holy days,
His bulging muscles
And the beady sweat
Could assume a more
Victorious-glisten.

—Oscar Ryan.

The Accounting.

From our hearts they have taken the blood,
From our brows they have rung the sweat,
But between the blood and the tears
We sing of a tyranny's death.

From our life they have taken the joy,
In prison they've thrown us to cower,
But between our birth and our death
Will come the accounting hour.

The prison, the torture, the lash,
Are as fuel on a blazing fire,
As heeding not the blood and the tears,
We mount to our heart's desire.

By ALBERT J. CHAMBERS.

"Woman's Day"

By Rose Katz

With the entrance of women into industry the necessity for organizing themselves for the purpose of protecting their interests became imperative. One of the first demands was for universal suffrage for women. This demand was strongly supported by the Socialist parties of Europe.

Differences very early arose within the suffrage movement. These differences were but a reflection of the class struggle that permeated all society. The bourgeois women wanted the vote merely for the privilege of helping to maintain the existing order. The working-class women wanted the vote not only to protect their interests, but, as a weapon to be used for the purpose of mobilizing the working class for the overthrow of the capitalist system of society.

The second international conference of Socialist women was held at Copenhagen in 1910. The American delegation reported on the strong campaign that was being carried on in the United States to win the right to vote. The conference then accepted a proposal by Clara Zetkin to establish an International Women's Day. On this day an endeavor could be made to mobilize the working women all over the world in support of this struggle. March the 8th was to be now known as "Women's Day."

In 1911, Germany, the stronghold of the Second International, was the only country where this day was celebrated on a large scale. In Austria, the police dispersed the demonstrations of the women. The government well knew that whoever won the women would also win the masses.

The demonstrations of the women did not take place on March the 8th in America. However the Socialist women participated in the suffrage parades that were held. These parades were not molested by the police but during the first few years were subjected to some ridicule from the populace.

The next year "Women's Day" was celebrated in all the larger countries of Europe. In Germany the celebration was on a larger scale than the previous year. The seven days before this day was known as "Red Week" during which they carried on intense propaganda. There was a special paper for this occasion called "The Women's Right to Vote."

The Austrian women also had a paper for their celebration called "Women's Day." This year March the 8th became truly an international holiday.

"Women's Day" was celebrated in Russia for the first time in 1913. Special articles were written in the workers' papers by comrades from many countries. A demonstration was held in a public square in Leningrad. Later many comrades were arrested by the czarist police.

The following year the Russian comrades had a special edition of the workers' papers printed for the occasion. Preliminary meetings were held on the very day the police prohibited all demonstrations. Women organizers were arrested and imprisoned. One of their slogans was "Down with the Czar."

In 1915-16 the European war was raging. The attempt to use this day as a demonstration against the slaughter was prevented by the Social Democratic traitors.

However there was a celebration in Norway in 1915. Representatives from Sweden and Russia participated. This time their slogan was not "Votes for Women" but the revolutionary slogan of "War against War."

By February, 1917 the sufferings of the Russian people had reached the end of their endurance. Poverty, hunger and disease were stalking through the land. The capitalist war was still demanding its sacrifice of human flesh. On February the 23rd the women of Leningrad held a demonstration demanding bread for their children and the return of their men from the trenches. This day marked the beginning of the February-March Revolution.

March the 8th, 1918 was celebrated in Soviet Russia. For the first time "Women's Day" was celebrated in a workers' republic. "Strengthen the Red Front." "Drive out the Imperialists." These were the slogans of the embittered working women now fighting shoulder to shoulder with their men in defense of the Revolution.

The peasant women participated in the celebration of "Women's Day" for the first time in 1920. The slogans this year reflected the problems the women were now facing. "Women Workers of the World United Under the Banners of the Third International" read one sign. "Down with the Bourgeoisie and Capital" read another. Last but not least was a sign reading "Down with Illiteracy." One hundred new schools were opened on this day. Besides this March the 8th saw the opening of one hundred maternity homes and many nurseries and kindergartens.

Very serious problems faced the women workers at Russia in the year 1922. Their slogans for "Wo-

men's Day" were, "Fight the Famine," "Into the Unions" and "Join the Party." On this day the women organized huge campaigns for the purpose of raising funds for the relief of the women and children suffering from famine. They also organized groups for the purpose of teaching the peasants better systems of agriculture. By this time it can be seen that "Women's Day" had taken on a new aspect in Soviet Russia. It was no longer merely a day of protest against injustice. It was now also a day for the taking of an inventory of their achievements and their problems and had become a day above all others of constructive efforts in the building of a better system of society.

March the 8th, 1923 saw "Women's Day" celebrated all over Russia. Hundreds of thousands participated. The slogans for the day were, "More Efficiency in Field and Factory," "Eliminate the Unemployment" and "Down with Prostitution." Seventy extra newspapers were printed for the day; 277 mass meetings took place in Leningrad during the day, 15,000 people participating. In Moscow and vicinity 1,641 meetings with 165,000 people participating took place; 200,000 people took part in 35 other towns in Russia.

In 24 states excluding Moscow and Leningrad the following institutions were opened: 66 nurseries, 36 play-grounds, 18 children's homes, 20 dispensaries, 11 homes for mothers and children, 2 sanitariums, 4 children's hospitals and one home for homeless girls. Many other institutions were enlarged. In Moscow 15 dining rooms with capacity for 10,000 people, 27 co-operatives employing more than 1,300 women and 11 homes each equipped with playgrounds and able to care for 800 people were opened. In Leningrad reading rooms were opened for 400 unemployed women; 4,000 women graduated from schools where they received training for official positions. The unions opened technical schools for teaching trades to unemployed women.

The slogan for 1924 was, "Remember the Words of Lenin." "The Work of the Soviets Will Not Be Complete Until the Millions of Women in Field and Industry Participate." At their meetings they demonstrated the changes that had been made in the seven years of the Bolshevik regime. International solidarity was shown by their organizing of "Leagues of Help" all over Soviet Russia for the working women of Germany. Hundreds of thousands of women were involved in this campaign; 4,115 women joined the party. Many new institutions were inaugurated. Free seeds were given to the wives of Red Army men.

"Women's Day" was celebrated with great difficulty in other countries. Fascism reigned in Italy,

Bulgaria, Hungary, Spain and other countries. Nearly all Communist Parties went underground. Tens of thousands of revolutionists were imprisoned. The brave comrades of Berlin had a big meeting. In France demonstrations occurred in many cities. In Paris the widows of soldiers who had lost their lives in the great imperialist slaughter also demonstrated on this day. Resolutions were passed against the high cost of living, for war against capital, for equal pay, for unity with the workers of Russia and for help to the workers of Germany. Meetings and demonstrations occurred in Holland and Norway.

By March the 8th, 1925 Russia could boast of having 1,725,725 women in the trade unions. The slogan for this year was, "Closer to the Party and the Soviets." The speakers endeavored to give their hearers a better understanding of the role of the working women in all countries and also of their part in carrying out the tasks of the Comintern.

At least 60 per cent of the people participated in the celebration. A campaign was started for the purpose of aiding all the homeless children. In Moscow the Comintern, Kristentern, Kim and Mopra participated under the auspices of the Women's International Secretariat.

The slogan of the women of Germany for 1925 was, "Down with the Gotha Program." This program of the Second International was against Soviet Russia. There were successful celebrations in many German towns. In Gary a banner was presented to the working women of Germany from the working women of Russia. In Golly, Germany, the women wore red handkerchiefs for a week after the demonstration. The police of Baden arrested a few comrades for distributing literature.

Thousands of non-Communist women participated in the demonstrations in Checko-Slovakia. They protested against the high cost of living and the discharge of large numbers of workers from the factories. The slogan of the Communist women was, "Help the Mothers and Children." Papers in four different languages were printed, besides thousands of leaflets and placards; 223 meetings took place, an increase of 55 over the previous year. At 164 meetings 36,000 people participated, 25,350 of whom were women.

This day was not only celebrated in Paris, but in 12 other sections of France. As a demonstration against the disfranchisement of women the Communist Party supported women candidates for municipal offices. Seven thousand of Lucy Kaler's pamphlet dealing with women's problems were distributed. Thousands of papers were given away, a special edition for the day was issued by the "Humanite," the official organ of the Communist Party of France.

The terror of fascism could not prevent the celebration of this day in Italy. Meetings were held in front of factory gates. Red banners were raised for a few seconds to the great joy of the workers. Four papers of women and special editions of the Communist papers were printed and distributed. The I. L. D. of Italy also printed a special issue of their paper telling of the splendid work the women were doing on behalf of political prisoners.

The "White Terror" was unable to prevent the celebration of "Women's Day" in Poland. Meetings were prohibited in Warsaw. In Biaistock, unions that attempted to celebrate this day were disbanded. Even at factory meetings no celebrations were allowed. Nevertheless six meetings were held near Warsaw. Special papers and pamphlets were distributed. The slogans were against the "White Terror," against militarism, and for international solidarity of the proletariat.

One hundred and thirty thousand people were thrown out of work in Sweden on the 8th of March, 1925. This aroused the fighting spirit of the women. Their slogans were "Down with the Fascisti" and "Open the Factories." It is worthy of note that the Fascisti had an organization of women strike-breakers.

This year a conference was held in England which discussed the plan outlined by the Comintern for work among women. At that time there were 500 women in the Communist Party of England. We can be certain of hearing from them very soon.

The women of the American Party were hampered by the necessity for the party to remain underground. By 1924, Women's councils were organized in New York and other cities. In Detroit the party women organized the "Federation of Working Class Women" which was a federation of twelve organizations. Since then, "Women's Day" has been celebrated each year in Detroit by mass meetings and bazaars where thousands of dollars were raised for the I. L. D. Other cities of the country have done similar work. Gradually the working women of America are taking a more important part in the struggle of the working class.



Proletarian Odes.

By C. A. MOSELEY.

I.

THE CHRISTIAN WAY.

In distant, heathen, old Japan,
There lived a military fan,
Who got a Shintoistic shake
In pagan guts from some earthquake.
He ran amuck and, with his fist,
He choked to death a Socialist,
A woman, and a little kid—
That's what that damned old pagan did.

Three years have now gone slipping by,
And they've released that heathen guy.
So he is free upon the streets—
To duplicate his choking feats.

He gave our scribe his pagan word
That never in his life he'd heard
How in this land of brave and free,
Where folks live blessed with Christ's decree,
We throw electric-charged confetti
To bump off Sacco and Vanzetti.

Now, let us close with one big jawful—
O, ain't the unchurched heathen awful!

War and the Proletariat

By Rudolf Haus

WAR, in any case, signifies an extraordinarily powerful convulsion of all the forces of capitalism. Many a bourgeois government, having arrived at the end of its tether, has tried to check the threatening proletarian revolution by engineering a foreign adventure. Thus the outbreak of war brings an increase of strength to the capitalist government. But—the strengthening is only a transitory one. If the war lasts for some time or if it ends without a decided victory, the fighting spirit of the proletariat grows to the point of rebellion. War signifies such a mighty threat to the proletariat that after a short time it must openly declare itself against war; it must declare war against war and against its own capitalist government.

Let us glance at the last great wars of capitalism. What role did the proletariat play in them?

The War of 1870-71 and The Proletariat.

Prussian-German capitalism grew very fast. The breaking up of Germany into numerous little states hindered this development. The bourgeoisie of 1848 had ignominiously betrayed its task—the creation of a unified empire. Therefore Bismarck carried the revolution thru from above in a series of wars (1864-71). But instead of ending the war of 1870-71 with the unification of Germany, German capitalism reached out after conquests.

Thereby the war became a reactionary one. The answer to the procedure of the German junkers was the proclamation of the Commune. The French bourgeoisie had fled from Paris and abandoned France. It trembled before the revolutionary proletariat and called the Prussians to its aid. They wanted to overthrow the Parisian proletariat with Prussian bayonets. Thereby the defense of Paris—the war against Prussia—became the affair of the proletariat. With the defense of Paris, the proletarian revolution was defended.

The heroic Parisian proletariat could not hold out against the Prussian army. The betrayal of the French bourgeoisie as well as the weak attitude of the petty-bourgeois leaders of the proletariat brought the Parisian proletariat to its downfall.

We assert; the Franco-Prussian war ended with the uprising of the Parisian proletariat. After a few months of heroic struggle, it was suppressed by the Prussian armies.

The Russo-Japanese War of 1905 and the Proletariat

The collision of the czar's empire with the aspiring great power of the far east, Japan, soon ended with the military defeat of czarism. The war broke out at a time when great strikes were convulsing Russia. The outbreak of the war of 1905 interrupted the proletarian struggles for a short time. When the first tidings of the defeat in the far east

became known, the mood against the war grew and swelled, until finally, the spark was thrown into the powder keg: Czarism, trembling with anxiety, had the workers demonstrating before the Winter Palace shot down. That let loose the uprising. Workers' and soldiers' soviets arose.

The Russian capitalists had to make peace with the Japanese in all haste in order to be able to protect itself against the enemy within.

Here too we see: The Russo-Japanese war was ended by the proletarian revolution.

The World War and the Proletariat.

The World War was the attempt of aspiring German imperialism to strike down her hated competitor, Great Britain.

Let us speak first of the Russian proletariat. The July of the year 1914 saw barricades in the streets of Leningrad. The war broke out. The enormous chauvinistic propaganda apparently swept the class conflict from the order of the day. In reality, it was only driven from the surface. Years full of sacrifice and blood passed. In 1917, the Russian front broke. Czarism was incapable of carrying on the war. The bourgeoisie seized the state power itself in order to carry on the war. The Russian bourgeoisie wanted to carry the war to a victorious end side by side with the capitalists of France and England. The Bolsheviks, in a clear, concise slogan, expressed the wishes of the proletariat and the peasants: Peace and bread! The slogans inflamed. The people arose.

The victorious proletarian revolution in October, 1917 brought the dictatorship of the proletariat and—peace. For the first time in the history of the world, the proletariat seized the state power with full consciousness. What a difference between the Communards of 1871 and the Bolsheviks of 1917! There, hesitation and lack of clearness—here, will to power and highest clarity!

But the year 1917 must not be named without mentioning the events in Germany, France, Italy and Sweden. In the year 1917 there occurred in Germany the first proletarian struggles. In many industrial cities, the economic distress had reached a point where it was no longer bearable. The proletariat went out on the streets and demonstrated against the war. But the movement was not organized—the capitalist state was victorious. The second attack in the year 1917 came from the navy. Here highly qualified workers—and class conscious proletarians were united. But this movement too was struck down: Reichpietsch and Koebes paid with their lives for their faithfulness to the proletarian revolution. Simultaneously a revolutionary wave passed thru

France. Numerous regiments mutined at the front. Officers were killed. Enthused, the soldiers sang the "International."

As on the German front later, so too in France in the summer of 1917, the troops going to the struggle were greeted with the cry: Strikebreakers! Down with the War! But—also in France the state power was victorious. Hundreds of upright proletarians were deported to the colonies, many shot according to martial law.

It can be said without any exaggeration: The proletarian Revolution ended the World War. In Russia the Revolution was victorious. German and French capitalism escaped the same fate with great difficulty.

Why did the proletarian uprising win in Russia and why was the German and French proletariat defeated?

To begin with, this question is to be answered by the fact that German and French capitalism had at its disposal a much more solid state apparatus than the young Russian one. That is one side of the matter. However, we want especially to draw attention to the other side: to the proletariat. It won in Russia because a determined group of class fighters, because the illegal bolshevik organization, conscious of its goal, carried on a war against war. In Germany and France there was wanting this determined vanguard of the Revolution. Or, in Germany, thanks to the betrayal of the Social Democracy, it was too weak to organize the war against war.

The proletariat must not let itself be confused by the pacifist, social-democratic slogan "Never Again War" nor by the anarcho-syndicalist "War against ALL War." It is a ridiculous superficiality to believe that war can be fought by pseudo-revolutionary declamations. But just as dangerous is the allegedly revolutionary slogan "War against ALL War." As Communists, we are against war, but we know that the imperialist war can be done away with solely by the civil war. Under Communism there will be no more wars. But till then there is still a long and difficult road. The usufructuaries of present-day society who also draw gain from every great slaughter, will not renounce their prerogatives—of plundering the people—good-naturedly. They must be forced down in the struggle, weapon in hand.

Let us summarize: Today, no war can be conducted without the proletariat answering the imperialist war with the civil war. The more determined the vanguard of the Revolution carries on the war, the more certain it is of the proletariat.

The Wages of Poverty

By C. A. Moseley

THEY were about the two finest young fellows I had ever met in Chicago, either in or out of jail, in or out of college, in or out of church—assuming, for the sake of the argument, that I ever meet any in church. They were both just out of Bridewell, and I entertained them in my modest apartment. Jailbirds as guests! None of the near silverware was missing after their visit.

I met the first chap in a small park. He was sitting on a bench and looked at me as if he felt that I was a sympathetic chap. He thought correctly; I am, hopelessly so. About the first thing he told me was that he was just out of the Bridewell.

His story was simple, but interesting. He was a California boy, and out there had met a young fellow from Decatur, Illinois. The Decatur boy urged Charlie to come home with him, where they would both, he thought, be able to get jobs, so the two beat their way to Illinois by catching auto rides. At Decatur, the friend took Charlie to his own home. After two weeks of fruitless search for work, Charlie, noticing that his friend's people were poor, felt that he could no longer impose upon their hospitality, so he came to Chicago.

It was in February. He reached Chicago with little or no money, and was walking the streets. Becoming cold, he stepped into a pool hall to warm himself, and while there the police raided the place. Finding the youth engaged in the suspicious task of doing nothing, he was picked up and taken to the detective bureau. In his pocket he happened to have a letter which he had written to a sailor-friend in Frisco but had forgotten to post. That aroused suspicion; he was perhaps a deserting sailor, and the police can obtain a fifty dollar reward for turning in a deserter. So he was held four nights in a cell at the bureau, a place infested with vermin. Then a police judge gave him sixty days in the Bridewell.

Arriving there, his first act was to burn his un-

derwear, fearing he had inadvertently stolen some lice, owned and bred by the City of Chicago at the detective bureau. The Bridewell was crowded and unsanitary. At night, rats as large as cats prowled through the corridors. The walls were bloodstained from mashed bedbugs. The food was coarse and insufficient. For breakfast, oatmeal (called "concrete" in the prison vernacular) and black coffee, both without cream or sugar. Fridays were fast (!) days; for dinner, a plate with some syrup on the bottom of five slices of bread superimposed thereon. For thirty days of Charlie's stay, he had as a cell-mate a stupid man of about 45, a sexual degenerate, to whom Charlie "looked good."

At last his sixty days were ended. He was given back his suit, cleaned and pressed—the only decent service they had rendered him. He explained why he had no underwear and was given a clean suit, probably belonging to some other prisoner. His overcoat had not been fumigated, and, as it was old and the weather was now mild, he calmly dropped off a bridge into the Chicago River, for the same reason he had burned his underwear.

I took the chap to my apartment. After a nap, he had dinner; the best meal, he said, that he had had in months. Before going to bed, he mentioned that he wished to go to the Bridewell in the morning to meet a fellow whom he had first known there and who was to be discharged next day. The two had decided to be pals and to go to Detroit to look for work.

As Charlie laid down his napkin next morning, he remarked that it had been a "wonderful" breakfast. He then asked if I would like to go to the Bridewell with him. I went. The place outwardly was quite attractive. Green grass, an artificial lake, from which ran a brook, with even a small attempt at a waterfall. Charlie pointed out one wing of the building, where, he said, 600 were confined.

After a wait, the prisoners discharged that day fled out. In the line was a fellow of 24, about the

cleanest, most wholesome looking chap I had seen in many a day. He greeted Charlie and was introduced to me. His name, we will say, was Eddie. He was an automobile racing driver. Ever since his eighteenth year he had driven motorcycles on the perpendicular walls of motordromes or racing-cars on speedways. A clean liver, in the pink of condition.

He told me how he had happened to be in the Bridewell. His story too was simple—too simple from the point of justice. One evening he was in a railway station, waiting for a cousin to arrive by train. While there he met a "fluzzey." As she was leaving on a train, he had no object in talking to her except to kill time. But a policeman, who evidently recognized the girl for what she was, interfered. Eddie resented it and "talked back"—result, sixty days.

The two boys debated whether to start for Detroit that afternoon or wait until morning. I mentioned that they could both stay at my place over night if they wished. That settled it. I took them to the apartment where we had lunch together, another "wonderful" meal in Charlie's opinion. They slept there. Four or five times, Eddie exclaimed: "Gee, I didn't expect to tumble into anything like this when I left the Bridewell."

Next morning, after breakfast, they bade me goodbye, over and over again, thanking me for my kindness. These boys were both gentlemen, in the best meaning of the word. Mayor Dever might have felt no condescension in entertaining both in his own home. But, being strangers, the City of Chicago had "taken them in." At the expense of the municipality, the city had entertained them in one of its largest institutions, and, that they might not feel pauperized thereby, they had been permitted to work there.

These boys were not grafters, bootleggers, gunmen, or crooks. Their inexcusable crime was that they were poor.

THE USE VALUE OF GOD

RELIGION was first used by capitalism in England. The greatest results were achieved, tho, when it married American business. Altho freedom of religious belief was written into the constitution, Christianity is the accepted opium. Once established in power, the new ruling class embraced religion fervently, not for itself, but for the good of the masses.

There is no state church in the United States. All religions (because they all uphold capitalism) are sanctioned by the state. And thereby the rulers of society are able to co-ordinate their religious propaganda in favor of the exploitive system to an extent that would have been impossible were a particular brand favored.

This peculiar situation exists: the catholic assures the protestant he is consigned to hell because he is outside of the mother church; the Jew promises both they will sojourn in Gehenna, while he is reserved for Abraham's bosom, because he has the original dope. Yet all join in one cherubic chorus in proclaiming that god protects the present order; that private property is a divine institution; that exploitation of the workers is necessary for the remission of sins; and that imperialism and war are gifts of god.

Self-taxation of the bourgeoisie in the United States for religion exceeds the compulsory taxation of many European capitalists. Consequently we find a monstrous religious structure working under many forms, influencing little children before they go to school, reaching the masses thru the various denominations, and penetrating the very heart of the proletariat in the shops and industry thru the Y. M. C. A. and the Salvation Army.

The church very early laid down its policy toward labor and has followed it ever since with such modifications as new ruling classes demanded. Jesus has been called a rebel and a "labor leader." Let us remember that he said, when tested "Give unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and unto god the things that are god's." In short, obey and submit to the boss whether he be earthly or divine. The K. K. K. simplifies this expression by declaring itself, "One Hundred Percent American and One Hundred Percent Christian."

The English and American capitalists particularly have made a fine art of befuddling the workers with religion.

Dr. Ure, an English economist, speaking to factory owners in the early nineteenth century said: "It is . . . excessively to the interest of every mill owner to organize his moral machinery on equally sound principles with his mechanical . . ."

There is, in fact, no case to which the gospel truth 'godliness is great gain,' is more applicable than in the administration of an extensive factory." The American capitalists have followed this advice to an astounding degree.

Roger W. Babson, statistical expert and financial adviser of probably more capitalists than anyone else, has written several books urging the use of religion more intensively in American industry. Here are a few gems from his book, "Religion and Business":

"The value of our investments depends not on the strength of our banks, but rather upon the strength of our churches. . . . For our own sakes, for our children's sakes, for the nation's sake, let us business men get behind the churches and their preachers . . . By all that we hold dear, let us from this very day, give more time, more money and thot to the churches of our city, for upon these the value of all we own ultimately depends."

Just one more quotation from a section of the church itself before we proceed to scan the extent of the American bourgeoisie's self-taxation for religious purposes.

The National Committee of the Northern Baptist Laymen, New York, tells what it does for the workers in a letter sent to American business men asking for funds:

"Your business would be in a fine way, wouldn't it, if it were not for

the stabilizing influence of the church and its preachers, who put ambition and determination and love of honest service in the hearts of your working men?"

What is the size of this opium vending machine? How much money does it get from American capitalists to carry on its "stabilizing work?"

The latest available figures on the church in the United States (1923) show that there are 237,945 churches with 219,876 sky pilots spouting religious poison to 48,224,014 members, with a yearly graft of \$547,560,562.

According to Roger W. Babson, the value of church prosperity in the United States is well over three billion dollars.

H. K. Carroll, L. L. D., of the "Christian Herald," says that the Sunday School membership is 19,951,675. How thoro is the grasp of religion on the children is perceived when it is remembered that the total public school registry comprises 23,000,000 of whom 18,000,000 actually attend school.



The wealthy drape themselves in a religious cloak. Babson says that those who paid 80 per cent of the income taxes are prominent church members. J. D. Rockefeller, Payne Whitney, Mrs. Andrew Carnegie, and a long list of other capitalists contribute liberally to religious institutions. There is a double reason for this. They have a desire, first, to subdue the workers, and second, (held by those who have any faint hope of a future life) to reserve for themselves as favored a place in the land of shades as they held on the earth of slaves.

Here is a list for 1924 of donations to religion by capitalists:

Donations of over \$25,000 to Religious Institutions in 1924.

Name of doner	Purpose	Amt.
Mrs. M. G. E. Aldrich, P. E. Cathedral,		\$70,000.
Mrs. Mary C. Burnett, Christian U. Fort Worth,		\$4,000,000.
Mrs. Andrew Carnegie, Union Theo. Seminary,		\$100,000.
Mrs. A. G. Cutter, Methodists,		\$25,000.
Rev. D. S. Dodge, Syrian Protestants,		\$25,000.
Geo. A. Draper, Unitarian church,		\$25,000.
P. A. Ewart, Y. M. C. A.,		\$1,000,000
Anna L. Houston, various religious institutions,		\$320,000.
Ralph Leininger, Y. M. C. A.,		\$50,000.
Martin Maloney, Catholic U.,		\$100,000.
T. J. Mumford, Y. M. C. A.,		\$25,000.
Frank Munsey, P. E. Cathedral,		\$100,000.
T. H. Murphy, Catholic church,		\$125,000.
J. D. Rockefeller, Jr., various religious institutions,		\$3,511,334.
Laura S. Rockefeller, Y. W. C. A.,		\$1,000,000.
Mort Schiff, various religious institutions,		\$350,000.
J. Schonthal, Hebrew Seminary,		\$50,000.
Ben Selling, Hebrew Cong.,		\$50,000.
Mrs. Elliot F. Shepard, various re-		

ligious institutions, \$180,000.

Wm. Sloan, various religious institutions, \$120,000.

Mary-G. Thompson, P. E. Cathedral, \$200,000.

Payne Whitney, Y. W. C. A., \$100,000.

The total sum being \$11,526,334.

This is by no means a complete statement of how much is donated in one year by American capitalists to religious opium injectors. A low total estimate for individual contributions from a small group of capitalists would be \$25,000,000, outside of the regular contributions, amounting to about \$500,000,000 a year.

Besides the regular church bodies there are special subsidiary organizations which concern themselves with keeping the workers in check. Foremost among these are the Y. M. C. A., the Knights of Columbus, the Ku Klux Klan, the Salvation Army, the Y. M. H. A., and the Catholic Welfare Conference.

The Y. M. C. A. is the most important of these subsidiary institutions. It claims one million members. Early in its career this body recognized the necessity of organizing on the job and with the aid of the boss has been able to construct headquarters in or near every important industry.

The U. S. Steel Corporation not long ago donated \$300,000 for a "Y" at its Gary plant; Julius Rosenwald, tho a Jew, donated more than \$500,000 to the Christian Y. M. C. A. to keep the young wage slaves of Sears & Roebuck contented. Most of the \$50,000,000 which the Y. M. C. A. gets yearly comes out of the pockets of capitalists.

In many plants, Y preachers use up the lunch hour preaching to the workers and instilling love for the boss. Special books of instruction have been issued on how to conduct this work. Instances of the "Y's" protecting and furnishing scabs are plentiful. And that the Y. M. C. A. is a counter-revolutionary force was proved by its activities in Siberia where it directly aided Kolchak in his attack on Soviet Russia.

The Y. W. C. A., tho ostensibly liberal, in reality conducts the same type of work that the Y is noted for and receives support from precisely the same sources.

For over nine years the Knights of Columbus has been carrying on a fight against what it calls "extreme radicalism." It is the duty of the K. of C. to keep the workers contented, sooth them and groom them for the bosses' war whenever the call is issued. The labor program of the K. of C. is laid down by the mother church. A little more of this later.

The Salvation Army concerns itself mainly with the slum proletariat. It does not fail to take advantage of every opportunity to exhort the workers to be meek and accept the yoke of the bosses. The Salvation Army has 16,298 offices with over 5,000 pie-in-the-sky preachers on the street.

With the penetration of capital into colonial and undeveloped territories we see a growth in missionary work. In 1923 Mrs. Netty F. McCormick, of International Harvester fame, donated \$250,000 for Y. M. C. A. work abroad. J. D. Rockefeller gives liberally for saving the souls and enslaving the bodies of the Chinese. Standard Oil sources in 1923 donated over \$1,000,000 for this work; the U. S. Steel \$300,000.

The latest is the attempt of the Hebrews to raise \$50,000 for a Jewish theological and talmudical school in Eastern Europe "to fight the advance of bolshevistic culture."

The supporters of the drive, Rabbis E. Epstein, S. Schach, Ephraim A. Cardon and E. Mishkin, insist the money is needed "to combat Leninism which threatens particularly the welfare of the youth of Eastern Europe both Jewish and non-Jewish."

The Catholic church, with its less firmly rooted rivals, has been obliged to turn its attention a little away from theology, in the direction of sociology. Conditions of the working class have forced the church, which exploits millions of workers the world over, to introduce a reformistic labor

program. This kind, gentle mother of many oppressed children knows she cannot subdue those children without giving them some sort of soothing syrup.

The rulers of this powerful institution, remembering that the heyday of the church was in the Middle Ages, constantly plead for a return to the guild system of that time. Their labor program today is that laid down by Leo XIII, which boosts this method of class collaboration. But nothing dangerous. Oh, no!

"Our first and most fundamental principle," says the holy father, question that, within certain limits, it would be right to call in the help and authority of the law."

Nor is this the only way in which "when we undertake to alleviate the condition of the masses must be the inviolability of private property."

Strikes, of course, tamper with this sacred institution, private property.

"If by a strike, or other combination of workmen, there should be imminent danger of disturbance to the public peace . . . there can be no the modern St. Peter would protect the capitalist from the workers. "Religion teaches the working man . . . never to injure capital, nor to outrage the person of an employer; never to employ violence in representing his own cause, nor to engage in riot and disorder; and to have nothing to do with men of evil principles who work upon the people with artful promises . . ."

These men of "evil principles" are those who tell the workers to help themselves, and not to wait for the generous capitalist and their ally god to help them.

Now, where, in all this, is the soothing syrup Mother Church promises her children? So far it looks like a pretty bitter dose—a stiff physic.

But listen:

There are several ways (to say nothing of going to church regularly) by which a worker can be made healthy, wealthy and wise. The church urges co-operation with the bosses. She endorses company unions, and all organizations which have a tendency to smother the class struggle. She preaches economy, thrift, and tells the workers "to be content with frugal living." She supports mild reforms, as "living wage" cries. But on one point she is emphatic.

"Whatever may be the industrial and social remedies which will approve themselves to the American people, there is one that, we feel confident, they will never adopt. That is the method of . . . ? ? ?"

For it there is neither justification nor excuse . . . Thru the ordinary and orderly processes all social wrongs can be righted."

The most modern dress of the church militant is the sheet and pillow case of the Ku Klux Klan. These are the "Four Hundred" of religion; native, white, protestant and gentle, and as is proper to the elite—especially hostile to labor.

The Ku Klux Klan sprang up in the South after the Civil War, to terrify the Negroes into submission, and warn them against taking advantage of their newly gained freedom. It has recently been revived as a fascist organization.

A small group of men make a comfortable profit from the sale of uniforms and other organizational claptrap. The senate investigation of the Klan (May 16, 1924) disclosed their payroll to be four million a year.

This organization of native American Christians has distinguished itself by lynching, tar-and-feathering, and many pleasant little variations of the innocent game of murder.

By terrorizing progressive unionists, by lynching striking workers, by constant howls for "co-operation between employer and employee" and a thousand other of the favorite slogans of reaction, the K. K. K. has declared itself again and again the enemy of the proletariat. It attacks not only Soviet Russia, Communism and all forms of radicalism or liberalism, but every activity of organized labor.

More than once the K. K. K. has

(continued on page 6)



**A PEEK EACH WEEK
AT MOTION PICTURES**



Ronald Colman who conquers the desert and does "The Winning of Barbara Worth" at the Orpheum.

THE WINNING OF BARBARA WORTH.

THE famous (?) story of Harold Bell Wright's finally got into the movies. Altho only "another western," in justice this must be said "with reservations." It has a few favorable ones to its credit.

The picture is really above the level of the story from many angles. The photography is unusually fine. The treatment of the desert in all its moods is splendidly put over. If any of you have cussed the heat and sand of an Imperial Valley ranch on a job (and we wish this on no one) you will appreciate the "desert stuff" in its unusually accurate and realistic treatment. The author got his inspiration for the story from the marvelous feat of irrigating this desert into beautiful farm land and it was worthy of a bigger mind. One vivid scene of the first opening of a dam on the Colorado river to water the desert was actually thrilling. There was the quality of the beginning of the famous march over the prairies in "The Covered Wagon." The feat itself was so big one can't escape the drama. Scenes of a raging flood were well done.

The story is of course a piece of clap-trap. You have probably wasted your time on it. In reclaiming the desert, two of "god's noblemen" seek favor of a fair damsel and she ends up loving one "like a brother" and the other like something very much more serious. Harold Bell Wright being a minister and popular novelist both,

saw to it that "all's well with the world" and the end of the picture.

Ronald Colman plays the part of an Eastern engineer who proves he has "guts." Another suitor who, tho he loses out, seems to have been born with plenty. Vilma Banky, blonde and handsome, is easy on the eyes and easy on the acting. For lack of better entertainment, you may find the good features of this film a fair return for the price of admission at the Orpheum.

—W. C.

"SYNCOATING SUE"

THIS is a story of the laboratory of jazz, or as it is known far and wide "Tin Pan Alley." Here life is one discordant note after another. Aspiring and prespiring young musicians pour out their soul on sheets of paper ruled off mathematically precise into staves. But the real job is to get your "stuff" accepted. The spiritual despair of an unemployed musician is portrayed by some very excellent acting of Tom Moore, who plays the part of Eddie Murphy.

Corrine Griffith who is the "Sue" in the picture is one of those salesladies of latest popular music sheets who sings the "hits" to the accompaniment of her own banging on the piano. Her banging starts up a series of complications which make up the body of the story. She looks her best and is worth looking at.

Altogether we may say that altho there is nothing very deep to this picture it is very entertaining and you will surely enjoy it. If you have any spare time see it—by all means!

—J. G.

A DOZEN IN BRIEF

- The Temptress — Beautiful Greta Garbo does the tempting. (Roosevelt).
- Breaking Chains—A picture from Russia that will thrill you. After an enthusiastic showing last night in Chicago it is now starting on a country-wide tour.
- The Black Pirate — Entertaining Douglas Fairbanks does his stuff. Eagle of the Sea—Ordinary hokum.
- Don Juan—Barrimore poses passionately. With the Vitaphone (McVickers).
- The Strong Man—You'll get a laugh out of it.
- The Better 'Ole—Syd Chaplin is General Laughter in a comedy of the war. With the second Vitaphone performance featuring Jolson, Jansel, Janis, Howard Bros. and other stage celebrities (Woods).
- Variety—See this one from Germany. London—Why did they bother bringing this all the way from England?
- Subway Sadie—Thin stuff but amusing.
- Men of Steel—If Gary didn't subsidize this, he should have.
- Passaic Striks—A rare picture. See it!

THE TINY WORKER

A Weekly.

Editor, Sidney Nadolsky, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Johnny Red, Assistant Editor.

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THE POOR SAP
A Good Story
By Max Gladstone
Brooklyn, N. Y.

There was once a poor sap. He was a weak, lean man. His boss has made him so with long hours and hard work. Everyone of the organized workers asked him to join them but he was a poor sap and wouldn't.

One day when he was at his work he fell on the floor from tiredness. After that when the organized workers asked him to join he did.

So you see he wasn't a poor sap any longer. And he didn't fall for the boss any longer.

OH, BOY—

That was a good little story Max sent in wasn't it?

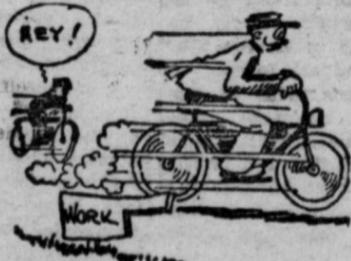
The Strike

By SIDNEY NADOLSKY, Grand Rapids, Mich.

It was a nice day in October
The workers went on strike,
While the boss sat in his office
And thought with all his might.

The boss sent out policemen,
To club the workers' heads
But the workers held a solid line
Tho the police swore at the "Reds."

The strike lasted three weeks
At last the boss gave in
And the workers went back to work
A group of union men.



It's the first one for
The TINY WORKER.
ER. Keep it up
Max!

DIDJA NOTICE?

Both the story and the poem in this issue of our TINY WORKER are written by boys. What happened to our clever little Rosie Reds? Where is Rosie (Red) Rubin from Minneapolis and Rose Herowitz and Charmion Oliver? Come on, don't let the boys beat you! They haven't ALL of the brains in the world!

HEY KIDS—

The dandy poem by Sydney makes him editor of this issue. Fine stuff Sid! Aren't those Pioneers from Grand Rapids the besties?

Farmers and Farm Problems

Article 3.
By WILLIAM BOUCK.

NOW let us briefly sketch a program for the future of farm organizations and their policy in this country. I mean for virile, radical movements that will have a punch and real policy for fundamental relief, for permanent betterment of the countrymen.

First, it must be educational, and that must be the first great object, to show farmers and country people generally that they have been misinformed all their lives as to the charter of so-called American freedom, that it is freedom for the few to exploit the many. History must be cited and read, conditions must be compared, propaganda must be analyzed until they see clearly that the conditions here were the direct outgrowth of charter or constitutional provisions, planned with careful consideration, so that there might be no escape from universal exploitation of the masses, that words were juggled to confuse the unsophisticated farmer, until he looked upon wolves and mistook them for kindly friends and yielded himself humbly to the robber lords of industry, speculation and graft. He can and will be brought to see this clearly.

Second. Then he must and can be shown what exploitation means for the producer, the ultimate butt or backstop of all profits, taxes, rents and interest.

He can and must be shown thru his own organization that these profits taken from him create a surplus, which goes into the hands of a few; that each year this surplus multiplies and its further augmented by interest compounded upon the surplus of the year before.

His organization must show him that this surplus, ever growing and compounding itself, is pyramided upon his shoulders ever more and more, until at last it will break and ruin any class or nation submitting to such infernal conditions.

He must be made a student in a great school of economic learning, and this must be thru and in his own organization, one officered and directed by his own class.

Now as to this organization. It must be first of all planned so as to insure its permanent control from the people up, not by the officers down, as present and past organizations of American farmers and workers have been, and planned also to have a terrific punch and power when it becomes necessary to use it.

Then, in order to be this, it must be a disciplined movement, one that shall have implicit confidence and willingness to serve by its membership. This last must be the pivot of all its movements and plans.

Now, it is clear to me that staying in old capitalist economic movements after a certain period has been reached, after a certain amount of education has been disseminated, is not only folly, but absolutely suicidal to progressive or radical movements.

Many a great effort and hope has been scattered and lost and all its plans brought to naught by adherence to this idea of "stay with the old organization—bore from within."

Now, that's a good idea for the trade unions which are working class organizations. But the same does not apply to capitalist political parties. But when you bore to a certain point what happens? To the writer's mind the height of folly is to stay in old capitalist movements. It not only does not build or organize anything worth while, but it is used as a text by the exploiters to prevent any fundamental growth.

I believe, and believe with all my mind and feeling, that the only way to educate and build a radical movement is to get out—proclaim what you are and in a straight-from-the-shoulder way build it up.

Is the farmer in America open to a real "honest-to-God" fundamental movement? Can he grasp fundamental economic truths? Yes, just as easy, and more so, than most workers.

But let me say he must be approached right. The trouble with a lot of us is we have some preconceived notions, mostly bunk, of how these things must come about, and we fail, and so blame the ignorant farmer for our own fool notions and say it can't be done.

Here are some matters that the American farmer can and will be brought to see largely in the next few years:

a. The fallacy of "deeded" land tenure, and how he can be protected in living and producing upon his farm.

b. The fallacy and utter wrong in a "profit" money system, used as private property, and used as great interests wish to throttle industry and farming.

c. The ruination of farmers, caused by private monopolies, and the extinction of them in the general welfare of the people.

d. The private monopoly in land as exemplified in great values of land in great cities made by great numbers of people as a whole—and the immense wealth gathered by a few who are so fortunate as to have secured title in one way and another of these lands—and, acting as landlords, put a direct tax upon every unborn babe for rentals to the landlords.

Shown these great principles—and they are all more or less fundamental—it will not be far to go to the final step.

And the writer is convinced thru his association with the farmers of America that the education and training of large groups of farmers in these truths could be attained by supporting such an organization as will, put these forces into effect.

We are now building such a movement in the "Progressive Farmers" movement, and we ask the support of all far-seeing and intelligent people interested in the emancipation of the workers of the world.

THE THEATER

THE GREENWICH VILLAGE FOLLIES
The yearly production of the Greenwich Village Follies is made with a promise of more originality, beauty, humor and music than most musical shows lay claim to. But the promise is not kept. Surely not this year. Last year's production was even worse. This year a bit or two

of good comedy is included. Tom Howard supplies some of it. The bulk of his effort, however, was born long before he was. At the very beginning of the performance he puts over a clever burlesque of a modern police station called "Efficiency" (in collecting graft). In Chicago this burlesque on police honesty as pictured strikes particularly close to home.

Evelyn Hoey is pleasing in jazz numbers. Bailey and Barnum do interesting things with voice and guitar. A travesty on lost virginity and the stories of its losing called "Faded Flowers" is a clever bit of fun at the expense of old-fashioned virtue. As usual this year's production includes many well-shaped ladies who are easy to look at. As usual also, they are occasionally tho briefly displayed "in the-altogether."

The specialty chorus which is supplanting the ordinary chorus in most musical shows is also present in this one. Shapely legs are making place for fast and clever stepping ones. "The Sixteen American Rockets" are not all Annette Kellermans in form but they give a lively and clever performance of chorus dancing. With the exception of a number called "Whistle Away Your Blues" the music won't send you home humming.

All in all, this year's Chicago showing of the "Greenwich Village Follies" is just what is called the "tired business man's show"—and on the level of his intelligence.



GRETA GARBO

who stars with Antonio Moreno and Lionel Barrymore in "The Temptress" showing at the Roosevelt.

SPORTS



A famous indoor sport. A little old-fashioned but still quite popular.

ANOTHER great player has passed in baseball history. "Spoke" Speaker has resigned. Not only had he proved a manager of ability but in his many years as a big-leaguer he had few equals in socking the old apple, throwing 'em home, stealing bases and fielding. You Bugs who have sunburned noses from sitting out in the bleachers, will recall how that bird could field. His close playing back of second base and his ability to go "back for 'em," was famous. And how he could sock 'em! Ty Cobb and Speaker no more! Walter Johnson is playing his last year—if he plays it! This Bug was only knee-high to a grass-hopper when they began their big-league careers. And now they are gone. Hm... maybe we're getting old?



NOTE this successful Chicago Workers Sports Club. The Workers Sports Alliance's two soccer teams, members of the International Soccer League, are reported to be bowling over their opponents quite regularly these days. Last year the first team tied for the honors of the second division of the league. More power to their feet. Their headwork is alright. You can see that by the fact they have formed a Workers Sports Club.

The Federated Press brings to our attention an exhibition given by the Chicago Labor Sports Union at the Imperial Hall this week. Fifty men and women participated in drills, pyramids and jumping. Formal presentation of medals was also made to the winners of the Inter-Racial Tennis Tournament held last August under the auspices of the Labor Sports Union at the Prairie Tennis Club courts. These were awards in the first tournament of its kind ever held in this country. Participants came from many states. Another tournament is being arranged for the coming year.

Tennis is a duce of a nice game, so to speak. Even Bolsheviks "love" it. And mind you it is played on a court, with judges! And they can easily fall into the net! Excuse the racket. This Bug sometimes gets that way. But getting back to normalcy, we are reminded that the Prairie Tennis Club is holding an installation of officers and dance at the Elks Home at... These friends of Workers' Sports should be visited. After all dancing is—well—yes, it's a sport! Or is it?



EASE your eyes on the insignificant sum of \$30,000,000 which was paid by the Bugs thru-out the country to witness the football games. These are the fruits of only one "amateur" college sport.

This is why ever larger stadiums are being built; why ever bigger salaries are paid to coaches; why ever more attention is being paid to develop a good team than to develop good grey-matter. As Will Rogers, our national comedian wise-cracked the other day: "Your for narrower minds and broader stadiums."

The Bug

KAZAN-SARAPUL

By LARISSA REISSNER.

THE chronometer on deck of the torpedo boat is astonishingly similar to the clock in the Peter-Paul fortress.

But instead of the Neva, instead of the glistening granite and the golden spires, her precise accents play about the unfamiliar banks and the clear, capricious waters of the Kama, and in the distance, the forlorn islands of the small villages.

It is dark on the bridge deck. The moon barely illuminates the long, slender, eagerly advancing bodies of the war vessels. The sparks flutter lightly from the smoke stacks, the milk-white vapor hangs its curly mane down on the water, and the ships, with their proudly erected posts, appear in this primitive space not as the latest achievement in technique but as war-like, inconceivable sea horses.

A queer light. Isolated faces are pale, and as in day time, plainly visible. The motions are noiseless, and yet exact. A sailor draws the heavy jacket off the cannon, with a jerk, as one pulls a veil from an enchanted, frightful head. His movements are, from years of training, epical and unconstrained as in ballet.

Dancing hands of the signalist, with their little red flags dance laconically and with conviction the ritual dance of orders and replies.

And over the restrained commotion of the ships preparing for battle, over the reflection of the glowing furnace hiding its smoke and heat in the depths of the ship-hull, over the bridge-deck and the masts, between softly vibrating yards—rises the green morning star.

The advanced post which we usually occupy lies far back, beyond the bend of the river. The ship is close to the bank; its commander, Ovtchinnikov, the ever-calm, determined, precise, and silent man, is one from the glorious ranks of Asin's 28th Division which has traversed all Russia, from the cold Kama to Baku, the city covered with ashes by the yellow winds.

Somewhere to the right a treacherous flame flickered and disappeared—perhaps it is the Whites, but it may also be a division of Koshevnikov, who is stirring about in the deep hinterlands of the Whites and sometimes emerges suddenly from the brush-wood hiding the banks of the Kama.

Under the first rays of the morning sun this bank is unusually beautiful. At Sarapul the Kama is broad and deep, flowing between yellow clay slopes, branching off between islands, and bearing on her smooth, oily surfaces reflections of the cedars. Kama is free, Kama is quiet. The noise of the torpedo boats does not disturb the magic peace of the river.

On the sand shoals hundreds of swans are spreading their white wings, shining in the October sun. A flock of little pellets—ducks—glide smoothly across the water, and above the white church in the distance an eagle is sailing about in a circle. And altho the opposite meadow bank is occupied by the enemy—not a single shot is audible in the low brushwood. Obviously they did not expect us in this region, and are not ready to encounter us.

A pale, smoke-covered mechanic emerges as far as the waist out of the machine shop and inhales with relish the sharp morning air which overnight has become autumnal and northerly.

The boatman on the bridge deck, dishevelled and robust, with his gray hair and sheepskin not unlike a sylvan demon—is prophesying early frost.

"It smells like snow, one scents the snow in the air," and again he silently seeks the narrow path of the ships between the treacherous curling of the shoals, the rocks, and the fog. This night we have covered 100 kilometers—now the fine lacework of a railway bridge and the white cupolas of Sarapul loom in the distance. The crew is resting, splashing at the water faucet, and teasing two dogs who were raised with great affection on hard voyages and under the roar of cannon.

A quick shout from the observer. "People at the shore on the left."

And again—tense waiting. But they at the shore have already recognized us; red strips of cloth are fluttering merrily in the wind. Farther along the shore, on the bridge and also behind the sand banks, little red flags are flickering up. Tiny figures of foot soldiers are racing along the shore, waving, shouting, and throwing incomprehensible benedictions over on the steel deck of the torpedo boat.

We pass the bridge, turn in to the left, and already a machine gun sputters in back of the last ship of the flotilla. It is the Whites, who are shooting at the bridge guard because he had run to the shore to get a closer view of a steamer of our squadron.

The entire quay of Sarapul, now visible with a telescope, is occupied by Asin's Division, besieged on all sides by the Whites, and finally, thanks to the arrival of our squadron, united with the armies farther inland.

We approach the shore. On the roofs, on the balustrade, on the road—everywhere Red armyists, bright kerchiefs, beards, all friendly, joyfully surprised faces. The orchestra on the hill rumbles the Marseillaise, the drummer stares at the boats and with his clattering makes a breach in the melody, the horn gets ahead of the irritated director, peels blaringly notes into the air, unrestrained and unruly, like a horse which has thrown off his rider.

The tows are already taken up, the edge of the ship-board places itself slowly against the wharf, sailors disperse on the shore, the conversation is in full swing.

"How did you get by? Did you beat up the ships?"

"Of course we beat them, and chased them into the White River."

"You lie!"

"It is the honest truth."

A woman, still young, her face covered with tears, pushes thru the crowd. "A sailor's wife," say those standing about. Then the complaining and lamenting begins anew. The weeping of the mother and wife, a penetrating, monotonous weeping: "They have taken him away from me, carried him off on a tow-boat. He was a sailor like you." The kerchief of the woman flies from one sailor to another, her face is wet with tears, she caresses the blue serge of the jackets—her last remembrance. Yes, every war is cruel, but civil war is terrible. How much deliberate, cold, intellectual brutality have those retreating enemies already committed.

Tchistopol, Yelabuga, Tchelnny, and Sarapul—all these spots are covered with blood. Like blazing brands the names of modest villages burn in history. At one place the wives and children of the Red armyists were thrown into the Kama, even infants were not spared. In another—the village streets are still covered with black, congealed blood—the glorious red of the maples round-about seem to have adopted forever the color of blood.

The women and children of those slaughtered do not flee abroad, do not write memoirs in which they relate the burning of their old country home with its Rembrandts and literary treasures, and the Chinese cruelties of the Tcheka. Never will it be known, no one will bring word to sensitive Europe of the thousand soldiers killed on the banks of the Kama, buried by the stream in sticky marshes and washed ashore. Was there ever a day—remember, you who were on board the "Rastoropny," the "Pritky," and the "Retivy," on the battery "Seryosha" on "Wanya," the "Communist," on all our clumsy, armored turtles—was there ever a day when at the rim of your ship-board a silent back, a soldier head with little hair (after typhoid) or an arm was not seen dancing over the waves. Was there ever a spot on the Kama where you were not received with laments, where on the shore, among the happy and distracted faces you did not see a dozen abandoned wives and dirty, famished workers' children? Remember the weeping, those heart-rending sobs that could not be stifled even by the clanking of the boat chains, the wild heartbeats, the overstrained voice of the executive chairman hailing you already at a distance of half a kilometer: "Samara is occupied by the Reds!"

In the meantime, another woman has come up to the first, a small, lean old figure. Over her face, too, grief has drawn its furrows.

"Weep not; speak calmly."

And the woman tells her story, but her words are lost in lamenting, and nothing can be gathered from them.

But it was thus: While retreating, the Whites took 600 of our men on a boat and carried them off—no one knows where to; they say to Ufa, perhaps even farther.

An hour later a piercing siren calls the sailors scattered along the shore, and the commander gives the order: The squadron is going up stream in search of the towboat with the prisoners. Emphatically his words ring out, arousing the crew: "600 men, comrades."

(To Be Continued.)

THE USE VALUE OF GOD

(Continued from page 6)

issued proclamations accusing strikers of interfering with the laws of God," meaning the laws of capitalism. It fights the strikers by propaganda, threats, mob, outrages and murder. And it always carries on these activities in the name of "Hundred per cent Americanism, and hundred per cent Christianity."

Does the protestant church, upholder of law, order and the right to exploit, oppose the violent and bloody deeds of the Klan? Most of the organizers and speakers are ministers. There are 32,000 protestant ministers in the organization (Catholic priests, Jewish rabbis, foreign born sky pilots and black shepherds are not invited to join this exclusive group). These figures we have on the unquestionable authority of a minister, the Reverend Oscar Haywood of South Carolina, in a speech made on the 21st of October, 1925.

These American fascists boast not only holy, but millionaire organizers. David C. Stephenson, a millionaire coal company promoter of Evansville and Indianapolis, took over the organization of the Indian territory in 1923. He asserts that he increased the membership of the Indiana Klan to 380,000, and the Ohio Klan to 225,000 members.

Jealous of the part the Catholic church has played in promoting ignorance and misery, in defending capitalism from a class conscious proletariat, the K. K. K. has become the protestants' champion in the fight. But where the Catholics preach internationalism, under the absolute domination of the pope, the K. K. K. preaches nationalism; and the only alliance possible between the two chief forces of religious reaction is a bitter war on Communism.

So religion with its million forms, whether it wears the flowing robes of the papacy, or the ghost clothes of the Ku Klux Klan, is at heart the same. Sometimes it masquerades as liberal, as the Y. W. C. A.; sometimes it proclaims itself reactionary, "fundamentalist," as do the hardshells of the Christian creeds. Whatever its costume for the minute, however styles may change outward appearances, it is the legitimate descendant of the spook with which priesthood first frightened the lowly of the savage tribe. Formerly it was the weapon of feudalism. Now it is the tool of capitalism; it is always wielded by the ruling class of the age and country in which it finds itself.

Markets may fluctuate and business face bankruptcy, but there is no change for the capitalists in the use-value of god.