

In the Wake of the News

By T. J. O'Flaherty

ACCORDING to press dispatches, the British miners' strike has been officially called off. The federation has been instructed by the executive of the operators on the basis of district agreements. Thus the operators have won a victory despite the heroic struggle waged by the miners. But the operators' victory will prove Phrynic. It was won thru the treachery of the reactionary leadership of the British trade union movement and the failure of world labor, outside of the Soviet Union, to come to the miners' assistance. It is very doubtful if there is recorded in the annals of labor history a more shocking instance of betrayal than the story of the miners were let down by the officials of the Trade Union Congress and of the Labor Party.

THERE is a deep-rooted belief that the action of Thomas, MacDonald, Bevin and Pugh was not due to objection to a general strike on principle, but that those men are conscious agents of the British government and that they considered their duty to the crown higher than their duty to the trade union movement. It is significant that J. H. Thomas, ministerial Party for labor a few years ago, admitted as a member of the privy council that he bound himself to advise the government of any information that might come into his possession of movements that in his opinion might be prejudicial to the interests of the royal family.

THERE is no doubt that the general strike was a menace to British capitalism which is the essence of British rule, the royal family being merely the flagpole. The government correctly estimated the strike as a threat and acted accordingly. The labor leaders continued to groan that it was only an industrial struggle. The government was relieved of considerable worry thru the knowledge that its agents on the inside, namely Thomas, MacDonald,

strike the British workingclass see clearly that the government, supposed to be of all the people, is but a tool of the master-class. MILLIONS of them now see that the reactionary leaders are agents of the government and of the capitalists. This is a gain from the struggle. The miners will rise again with better leadership and greater experience. The miners have been defeated. But the class hatred that has been engendered during the long battle will steel them to victory in the future.

HOW did the capitalists fare? What have they gained from the war? The president of the British Board of Trade estimated the losses at from \$1,250,000,000 to \$1,500,000,000. But these are only the direct losses he was careful to emphasize. The indirect losses, such as dislocation of trade and loss of markets are enormous. The total income of Great Britain is estimated at \$18,000,000,000 yearly. At last a sum equal to one-fourth of this was what the luxury of the miners cost the British ruling classes. In addition to other troubles the strike delivered a blow to British imperialism which few believe it will ever recover.

WHAT Benito Mussolini has been the author of most of the attempts on his life that have occurred with such monotonous regularity during the past years is no longer in doubt. The arrest of a member of the Garibaldi family, who was in the pay of the fascist while posing as an anti-fascist, revealed a story of intrigue and duplicity unequalled in the annals of provocation. The French police, for reasons of their own, saw fit to expose Mussolini's conspiracies. It appears that the Italian police, with Mussolini's knowledge pulled off fake plots against the doctor's life in order to keep the popular mind inflamed against the enemies of fascism.

THE neurotic Violet Gibson, sister of the eccentric Lord Ashbourne, was given a toy pistol with blank cartridges and told by a fascist spy to let it

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After Bloodshed--Fraternity

To keep his head the boy had let out his emotions into bright pictures. He went off by himself and pictured a strongly walled city filled with soldiers and cannon, the heroes and Old Glory charging into battle, smoke, the old man-to-man conflict.

Vera Cruz harbor. Harry was puzzled when no shot was fired at them. The sun shined; no cannon; no soldiers; and told him to go below and get ready. A landing party! Bloodshed! But where was the enemy? Harry could not understand the situation at all. Klein tipped over and while he lay on the ground, a dreadnaught fired. "America is in the wrong. The treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo after 1848 provided that all disputes should be submitted to arbitration." Harry stole a glance at his precious flag, more puzzled than ever.

Hated for the enemy was whipped up. The catholic chaplain robbed his fat pink hands. "The greasers are turning against our holy church. Makes me more anxious to clean em up." The pious fellow was very

A pious gangster from New York, whose loud voice and brutal fist had earned him rapid promotion to boss's mate, routed out the boys. "Into the street with ye!" he shouted. As he they scuttled out. The pious catholic was now real bloodthirsty, religious fury agitating him against the helpless people. Crazy with fear, bleeding about the head, a child skidded up and clutched his legs. "Padre!" wailed the small shrill voice. The petty officer raised his rifle and was bringing down the butt on the little one's head when he paused and shoved the kid to one side. "I can't do it!" he wolfed, and squatted on a doorstep.

The boys slogged on. The street was filled with panic-stricken citizens. Three nuns on the run, showing their fat calves, were not molested. Harry passed rippling banks of morning glories and secretly marveled at the rich color of the hibiscus. Dark alleys. Prostitutes in silk tights killed by very quiet. Breeze lifted white hair from forehead and there was a fragrance of hot iron sticking in his forehead. Harry sobbed. "On! On!" he belittled the Annapolis masters and their overseers, the petty officers.

The imperialist shock troops drove on. To a smashed-up school. Signals had burst within. A slaughterhouse. Tough sailors cried out when they got in. The gangster howled to a saint. Harry had to go in, nearly stumbling over a child at the black-making queer, crazy scrawlings. Harry peaked. Her eyes had been put out. He felt impelled to look up, and started backward. Above the blinded unfortunate snarled the stern eyes of Benito Juarez, liberator of Mexico.

Harry covered his face, leaning on his rifle, tears streaming down his cheeks. The great navy of the U. S. at a murdering job like this! A defenseless town bombarded, helpless men, women, children, butchered! Klein tiptoed up, his long nose wobbling as his face worked up and down. "Harry, these poor kids! Some day there will be a change. Some day we shall enter another great room like this, but filled with dead old men, senators and admirals!"

"All this murder and still no salute to the flag," muttered Harry. "What kind of rag is it that must drink human blood to satisfy its bastard honor?" The boys dared to dream out loud of the big room filled with dead bosses, of the rich land of Mexico emerging from the exploiter's shadow. Away with priests and cathedrals, up with peasants and cottages! The boys trembled at the vision of a workers earth. Then there would be no more massacres like Vera Cruz! They had no blame for the imperialist shock troops. Mere pawns. Dumb, driven, unawakened.

"Just, unworking class men like us!" observed Klein.

"Like the dead citizens in the streets," put in Harry.

"Brothers, brothers!" chanted both Harry and Klein.



firmly he looked to the flag, symbol of justice and mercy. The others also adored the banner, but when Harry asked why, they shut up and just whispered about him. All were patriots except Klein; because he scowled at the flag nobody but Harry would talk to him. There was Klein now, all alone as usual, leaning over the rail, in spite of himself, Harry loped over and rested a hand on the Jew's shoulder.

"Come out of it, you! Get below while the getting's good!" The petty officer pushed them along. They were to dip their white uniforms in coffee, drying them a knaki color. All the sailors were doing it to make themselves less of a target. Vera Cruz was their destination. It seemed the "greasers" were to be forced to salute the flag. Harry inquired why. "Well, Wilson said so. What's more, you bastard, you're turning into a regular sea lawyer and you better look out!"

(pre-war style) or any Workers Sports Club that enters skating competitions will always find room in this column for any victories they 'put on.' As usual, send the skating news to the skate who signs himself

The boys had to slog on. At the big, once-handsome naval academy they stopped short. The cruisers had slumped in shells thru the windows, so that the front of the building was

As the invaders raced across the bay in their fast motorboats, family in alarm they heard the beautiful Mexican bugle call. Straining his eyes, Harry could see no sign of soldiers. Only a pedestrian or two was ducking for cover. And well they might! Over the heads of the boys in the boats the "San Francisco," "Chester" and "Prairie" let drive a rapid fire. From then on events moved differently fast for Harry. He remembers landing, shipping in a pool of blood. He looked. It was abbing from a woman's wounded side. He felt for his first-aid package. "On!" bellowed a petty officer.

Hustled ahead, motivated by the fear of contraband and the desire to inflict hurt on helpless people, the young fellows licked their dry lips and sibilated like wolves. Only Harry and the Jew kept their heads. A rage gripped the boy who had dreamed of glory. He sneered at the flag, stained with the crime of it all. So Klein was right! Siding up to his pat, Harry pressed the hand in understanding. "You are my brother; all men are my brothers," said the Jew kindly. With sad eyes Klein paddled by Harry. Neither fired at an object. These poor devils in the rags of their exploited country were brothers! chanted Harry and Klein.

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SPORTS

BUSINESS is business—meaning college football business. For the last few weeks this Bug insisted that our modern brain emporiums spent more money to educate feet than heads. Now the Yale Athletic Association comes along with some data to show why.

They report \$300,000 as the estimated income of the football season just concluded Saturday with the Harvard game. The figure is based upon an appropriation of the gate receipts as follows:

Harvard game in Yale bowl, \$300,000; Princeton game in Palmer stadium, \$225,000; Army game in bowl, \$225,000; Brown game \$50,000.

With increasing profits football may become so important that all learning will be bent to this purpose. Enough mathematics will be taught to call signals; engineering will come handy to lay out football stadiums and measure yardage gained; physics to teach the laws of forward passing (here's where the Einstein theory will come handy); music and poetry will train cheer leaders; economics will be taught to the boys in the ticket office and finance courses will be given to the school board.

WONDER how many fight Bugs know that Negroes were the pioneers of the noble art of knocking noses? The first heavy weight champ was Tom Molineaux, a slave of Richmond, Va. He won a \$100,000 purse for his mastery. Algeron Molineaux—and that much money bought more than one steak in those days. In fact, with all that money you could even get onions with the steak them. Molineaux lost his title to Tom Cribb in England in 1810, after knocking all "superior whites" loose from their necks in America.

Since then there have followed a succession of brilliant Negro boxers: Peter Jackson, Joe Gans, Joe Walcott, Sam Langford, Jack Johnson and a host of others who could also hit and boast they could knock the smile off a cigar store Indian.

JUST have to mention You might have missed it. The bird who raised such holy hell about the odoriferous circumstances surrounding the Army-Navy game in Chicago today is a fish—our friend the poor (Hamilton) Fish Jr. Brother fish complains that other fish among senators and congressmen besides himself want an investigation.

It seems that wiser congressional fish secured tickets for the game at a trifling \$1.50 and sold them for \$30. Members of congress secured nearly \$12,000 tickets which they peddled at a profit. Evidently poor (Hamilton) Fish and a few other fish were overlooked.

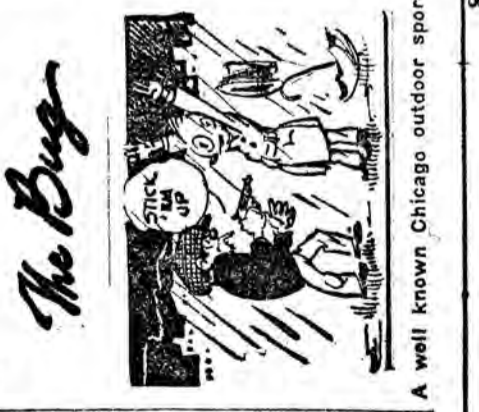
Meanwhile the poor Chicago fish who pay taxes will pay the \$30,000 debt on the game. The expenses including transportation and housing of cadet and midship corps, printing, creating temporary seats "and incidental" will total \$30,000. The ticket sale brought \$400,000.

The Army and Navy will play today. The flag will be flown and saluted; the vice-president promises to be there; army and navy drills will show the dear public to what noble manliness we owe the safety of our country; and to the tune of Yankee Doodle and the Red, White and Blue, the poor (Hamilton) Fish, Jr. in congress and the poor (tax-paying) fish in Chicago can complain till hell freezes over.

The skating season is here. Any Bugs who like to get a skato on (not

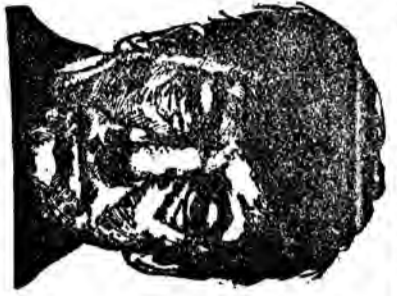
What Mexico is Fighting.

The bug is a well known Chicago outdoor sport.



By V. L. Calverton

Several centuries ago, in the time of Shakespeare and Bacon, authors lived upon their patrons...



Sherwood Anderson.

The practice of a patronage, deeply rooted in the economic basis of feudal society, injured poet and dramatist. Monastic patronage has disappeared with the predatory English reformation...

And then the movement of the Marching Men began to come to the surface. It got into the blood of men. That harsh drumming voice began to shake their hearts and legs...

The same men were back in line the next evening. The police could not arrest a hundred thousand men because they marched shoulder to shoulder along the streets and chanted a wild march song as they went.

Marching Men is a romantic, proletarian novel. It is one of the few novels in American literature that is devoted to the laborer...

And then the movement of the Marching Men began to come to the surface. It got into the blood of men. That harsh drumming voice began to shake their hearts and legs...

The effect of the organization of the proletarian, a result of industrial limitation and oppression, often fails vivid and unmistakable reflection in the curious novel. The decay of an old and the substance of a new civilization are implicit in the substance of the narrative.

In the Wake of the News

(Continued from page 1)

My at Benito's nose. After the revolver spoke, Muscoli could afford to remain calm. His bank-keeperish was able to undo the damage which consisted of a snuffage...

THE queen came to the United States to get money. Whether she got it or not remains to be seen. Some say her technique was good, but the heroine of Corzaanesti could not be good, even for a little while. She surrounded herself with a bunch of

drunken bums that could not keep from bawling. It was a common sight to see a hat, expelled from the royal train, only to be followed by a pair of plumans and a millionaire. The romances of Mr. Edvard Browning and his baby bride. But the bankers like their fun in its native state, they favor dignity in public...



ORGANIZED WORKERS UNORGANIZED WORKERS

But our ruling classes care little for public opinion, since it means little unless organized. What is usually called "public opinion" is about as influential as a hostile flea. Were the American workers, class-conscious and organized industrially and politically...

A PEAK EACH WEEK AT MOTION PICTURES

"THE TEMPRESS"

Greta Garbo, Antonio Moreno and a first rate director have made a success of this picture despite Blasco Ibañez. The stars of the story (and it's a story of stars) are many. So many in fact that the whole business is hardly worth recounting...



A DOZEN IN BRIEF Greta Garbo, Scandinavian beauty, in a new film, 'The Popular Sin,' now showing at The Oriental, where Paul Ash, jazz king, presides.

THE THEATER

A NEW THEATER IN NEW YORK must become the vital power that is lacking in the "Dog Bites Man" story. The inauguration of a new theater in New York has not been inaugurated in New York in America. And it is new.

THE picture (showing at the Roosevelt) is well worth seeing. It is not one of the truly good pictures. But in comparison with the great majority of the super-heated holy hallucinations we usually asked to swallow...

HEP-THIRTS By Johnny Ahland. He's a little fellow who has been in the news lately. He's got a big nose and a big mouth and a big head. He's a dirty little fellow...

The Farmer--As He Is

By WILLIAM BOUCK

Now let us take a glance at the farmers efforts to organize. First he was heralded into an organization by officers of the agricultural department in Washington. This at first was a co-operative effort available for several years. Then under the exploitive policy of this country...

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A Pan-Asiatic Congress in Japan

By TANG SHIN SHE.

THEY had gone thru to prepare the congress, only those politicians who live in Japanese money and the expelled members of the Kuomintang party—all persons of but little significance in China—were willing to attend. They, therefore, towards the end of May of this year, sent a delegation of parliamentarians to Shanghai to these Pan-Asiatic Congress.

These movements did not originate exclusively among the imperialists; the Second International and the Amsterdam International have also played their part in the matter. Several months ago the newspapers of the Second International and the Amsterdam International reported that a Pan-Asiatic Labor Congress was to be convened in Shanghai, and now it appears that a Pan-Asiatic Congress is to meet on August 1 in Nagasaki (Japan).

As regards the anti-Japanese movement in China, in the political sense as well as the economic, which has arisen on account of the 21 demands of Japan, the Japanese assume that the antagonism has been produced by the American agitation, and for this reason they have long desired to call a Pan-Asiatic Congress. The murder, in 1925, in Shanghai on May 30, which in reality was caused by the Japanese, are being used by them to ingratiate themselves with the Chinese, whose indignation is directed against the international imperialists. Japanese politicians sent repeated delegations to express to the Chinese their "sympathy" with them in their fight against the "whites." With clever and cunning words they endeavored to stir up racial hatred on the part of the yellow peoples against the whites. They immediately found adherents for this idea among the Chinese bourgeoisie, and committees were promptly formed in Shanghai and Peking to prepare for the Pan-Asiatic Congress.

The original plan was to hold the congress in Shanghai, but as the revolutionary wave in China continued to increase from day to day, and because such a congress would meet with great resistance, it was decided to hold it in Nagasaki in Japan. In all there were to be 100 delegates at the congress, Japan and China each sending 25 representatives, while the remaining 50 should come from India, Persia, Turkey and other countries. Under no circumstances is English to be spoken at the congress; French may be used when necessary arises.

It was, however, not satisfactory to the Japanese that, after all the trouble

congress would really take place in Shanghai. In consequence, the general secretary of the Shanghai Trades Council, Li Li San, wrote an article on this subject in April this year in the Guide Weekly:

"... What attitude should the workers adopt in regard to a congress of this kind? ... We have observed how the western working class have been deceived by their reformist leaders, and that as a result they are still today under the yoke of capitalist domination. The reformist leaders are nothing but the jackals of the bourgeoisie, and no matter what fine words they may utter we cannot afford to trust them."

"2. During the recent imperialist world war eight million of our fellow workers were slaughtered under the slogan of defense of home and country, while many millions were crippled for life. Now the Japanese imperialists want to deceive the working class of the Far-East with the same slogan of defense of home and country. We must not tolerate this."

"3. The large majority of the peoples of the East suffer under imperialistic oppression. There is only one way for us: a united front against imperialists! The workers in particular must line up in this front. It must also be their task to see that the Pan-Asiatic Labor Congress, which is merely a maneuver of the imperialists and a campaign of lies on the part of the reformists, is prevented. . . ."

This single attack served to bury the magnificent Pan-Asiatic Labor Congress. The extension of the British naval base at Singapore, the maneuvering of the American fleet in the Pacific Ocean and the strong revolutionary tendency in China forced the Japanese imperialists to try to bring about a Pan-Asiatic Congress for the bourgeoisie and for the workers, in order to smash the revolutionary united front in Asia and to defend their conflicting interests against foreign imperialists. Such action signifies nothing less than preparation on the part of Japanese imperialism for a war in the Pacific Ocean.

NEXT WEEK. Manuel Gomez's article, "China Hails the Philippines," is held over until next week because of technical difficulties.



By ROBERT DUNN.

WHILE the American Federation of Labor was worrying the allied, assorted and associated automobile manufacturers in Detroit, the National Association of Manufacturers, the One Big Union of the employers, was convening under the guided ceiling of the Waldorf-Astoria in New York, and working no one.

The N. A. of M. is a brilliant, strident, he-mannish aggregation of business evangelists. The delegates at one of their annual pow-wows are said to represent an invested capital of something like \$4,000,000,000. The organization talks big at its conventions (this was its thirty-first), but its activities during the year are confined pretty much to lobbying and propaganda. Its reports are impressive. Its "open shop department" last year had over 1,600 college and university teachers of economics and sociology on its mailing list, and its publications, it says, "are widely used and quoted by industrial associations and it is constantly supplying material upon request to industrial organizations, college professors, debaters and others."

For the Open Shop.

The open shop department of the N. A. of M. is particularly interesting. This year, in addition to the representative of the manufacturers, those who spoke for education, finance, religion, "men who stand for big constructive things," were on the program. They added their hosannas to the open shop American plan of employment.

First, education: In the person of Dr. George B. Cullen, president of Colgate University. Dr. Cullen quoted from Oscar Wilde and the scriptures, deplored the English coal strike and predicted that there may be just a union or two left in America when the American plan boys get through cleaning them up. He asserted that every worker has a right—"god-given," were his words—to work and that his remuneration, like that of university presidents, should be based on accomplishment. Bricklayers, especially, should lay more bricks. This point seems to have become an obsession with some folk who are not bricklayers—why bricklayers at least from the Waldorf gallery—why bricklayers don't splash the old mortar just a little quicker.

Then Dr. Cullen referred to workers as morons who ought not to ask for a share in management through collective bargaining. He smote the sympathetic strike idea and deprecated the late Brother Gompers for attacking the courts. Gompers, you

will recall, once asked Jehovah to save labor from bad courts. This, the doctor thought, was very bad.

Hammond Praises Coolidge.

Second, finance: Mr. John H. Hammond of Brown Bros. & Co. startled his audience with the statement that the country is prosperous, "thanks to the economical administration at Washington," and added that the workers should be encouraged to purchase shares of stock in the companies hiring them and thus get in on the prosperity via the dividend route. He advocated treating labor "as well as possible," but claimed that Herrin was a blot on our scutcheon. With something resembling a shiver the cozy little group of business men heard his words: "Had it not been for the non-union miners many of us would have frozen to death last winter."

A Hymn to Hate

By COVAMI.

O thou, twin-born with Love from Beauty's line, Her alter ego and, like her, divine! To thee I lift my voice in feeble praise! To thee, admiring, my eyes I raise! To thee whose fructifying kiss, O Hate, So oft hath 'courage'd men-to challenge fate!

Thou art not evil,—thou art good and fair! To thee we owe the strength of our despair; To thee alone, when all around is night, When Hope is dead and Love herself in flight,— To thee we owe the iron strength and will To battle for emancipation still.

'Tis not till slavery's hated by the slaves,— 'Tis only then that Truth rises from her graves,— 'Tis only then that Freedom comes to birth,— 'Tis only then Love glorifies the Earth,— 'Tis only then, O Hate, 'tis only then, After thou hast cleansed the hearts of men!

It is because Toil's legions know thee not, Theirs is the burden and the bitter lot; Theirs is the robot task, the servile name, The peon's and the tenant's wage and shame,— Because of this, O Hate, because of this,— They have not felt thy fructifying kiss!

American Planning at the Waldorf

Out of his own personal experience Mr. Hammond cited the fruits of conscientious open shopping. He is the chairman of the Baugor and Aroostook Rail-way (if that means anything to you). Well, a few years ago he smashed a walk-out of engineers and in 1922 he beat the union shopmen led by "minister outsiders." Result: all his "hands" are now faithful and sensible. They have group insurance and "slackers have been eliminated."

Third, religion: In the bluff and bulky form of the Rt. Rev. Mons. John L. Bedford, D. D., who a few years ago declared that every socialist should be shot. Mons. Bedford didn't repeat his stuff, but confined himself to stating that the church is impartial and that Leo XIII had penned an encyclical epistle on labor in order to dispose of the socialists. That was in 1891. "Mons." also said, "the right to private property is absolutely sacred," and that crafty agitators are stirring up the people to sedition. They should be dealt with firmly. The manufacturer, he thought, should make the open shop "attractive." However, if William Green wants to talk in Detroit or elsewhere, "let him go hire a hall." Only an "accredited minister of the gospel" should be permitted to shoot off his face in God's temple.

Big Man With Puny Voice. Finally the manufacturer himself: Mr. John Leeter Dryden, president of the Employers' Association of Detroit, reading his paper in a hurried, scarcely audible, school-boyish voice. Informing us that there are so many people in Detroit. There are so many employees there. Some of them are "free"—to be exact 97 per cent. They work in open shops. Only 20,000 are still "enslaved." They work in union shops. Labor conditions, in fact "are almost ideal." Why? Because the employers got together and—organized into an association with a "free employment bureau" to break strikes and maintain a blacklist. And now Detroit is no longer under the domination of the filthy union bod carriers and milk wagon drivers! In fact, the visiting delegation of "labor union men" sent over by the London Daily Mail says all sorts of nice things about the town. In short, everything is lovely because employers are organized, and workers are not.

It should be added that the chairman of the meeting who introduced the above worthy men of weight, insisted that the N. A. of M. is not opposed to organized labor. It is merely opposed to having labor organizations act like labor organizations after they get organized.

A WEEK IN CARTOONS

By M. P. Bales



