

# THE NEW MAGAZINE

Section of The DAILY WORKER

SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1927.

This Magazine Section Appears Every Saturday in The DAILY WORKER.

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## A Quarter to Spend

By ALEX JACKINSON

JIMMEY was walking slowly down one of the side streets.

He wasn't going anywhere in particular, merely sort of dragging his little legs in forward motion. And that he did listlessly, as tho he wasn't conscious of the fact that he was walking at all. Suddenly he slackened his gait, and began thinking, kind of. It wasn't regular thinking. "Oh, shucks," he'd say awkwardly; "you know how it feels when a feller has troubles on his mind"; and Jimmey had lots of trouble on his young mind.

Soon he ceased stepping entirely, his feet came to an abrupt halt, as a pair of dials cease to move on a watch that stops going. He leaned against the window pane of a neighborhood book store, looking hungrily at the display of books. His right hand lifted the cap off his head, which he folded in two, and using it as a fan began shaking it in front of his face.

Jimmey was a slim, dark-skinned boy of fourteen. His lean face was pimpled and coated by a sickly pallor which was visible behind beads of perspiration that continually moistened his features. He wore a blue suit. The right leg of his trousers was buckled over the knee, while the other hung loosely down covering a large hole in his stocking. His waist, unbuttoned at the neck held under its collar a loosely knitted tie, the ends of which he kept twisting around his right index finger. "Whew, but it's hot," he ejaculated suddenly, allowing the back of his hand to glide across his moist brow.

Jimmey had a quarter to spend. It was his first bit of real spending money in a long while; the fruit of a week's toil. And, there were so many ways in which to spend it. So many things he longed for with a longing that only youth can feel.

"Gee," he lamented sorrowfully, as his fingers felt the piece of silver lying in his pocket. "If mom would only have made it a 'half' I'd a been able to get most everythin'." More than anything else, Jimmey had his heart set upon seeing a movie and vaudeville show combined. He hadn't been to one in years; that he figured should cost at least twenty cents even if he sat in the gallery. Then he wanted to get some candy, what good is looking at a show he argued if you ain't got something to munch on? And a summer thirst urged him to get an ice cream soda.

Jimmey heaved a deep sigh and continued toying with his silver coin, trying hard to decide upon which of the three desires to omit.

Some minutes later he slumped away from the book store window and walked thru the moving columns of people. He seemed hardly conscious of the swarming masses that zigzagged about him. His face gradually became animated by an overwhelming perplexity which overshadowed his temporary desire to indulge in sport. The corners of his mouth screwed up into two dejected lines, which soon lost their indenture in the pale hollow of his cheeks.

Words began to form into sentences and rotate around in his head. Sentences which lost their meaning to him. He was utterly confused by the many problems which weighed on his mind. Only one word broke thru his silent soliloquies which he distinguished from the rest, and that one syllable SCAB beat a steady tattoo against his hopelessly baffled senses. He did not understand its meaning, yet the letters of the word S-C-A-B separated and each letter danced teasingly before his eyes.

He continued sauntering along, until he passed a gaily decorated theatre. There he paused to gaze at the colored posters, forgetting temporarily his unhappiness.

### II.

Jimmey worked in a sweater factory. Yesterday he received his first pay. It was a small yellow envelope with his full name scrawled in the center, and its contents eleven dollars and sixty cents marked in a corner. It was handed to him by a cashier as he walked out of the factory at noon. He pocketed it with the suppressed joy of a student receiving a diploma on graduation day and hurried out of the building. His limpid blue eyes were ablaze with a keen delight, which was intermingled with an apparent uneasiness.

It was Jimmey's first week at work and he felt vaguely elated. He found the job after a despairing search. He liked his work too; it was a bit hard at first, but he was willing to work hard; beside he was promised promotion soon, and, the pay twenty-five cents an hour was more than he hoped to receive for a start.

"Now, 'mom' can take things easy with me work-

in'," he kept repeating. He would see to that. Jimmey hated to see those women from the settlement house bring them weekly food. The mere thought that with his earnings they could once more assume independent means, was sufficient to elevate his spirits. He visualized many improvements his wages would bring about in the house. In a few weeks he hoped to be able to buy his mother an electric iron. She always dreamt of having one. That meant a great deal to Jimmey, and he felt the pressure of his responsibility keenly.

His joy at finding employment was short-lived. For three days later the factory workers walked out on a strike for better conditions, while Jimmey together with several others remained. He couldn't understand why he should relinquish his job when he was so anxious to work.

The strike he was told by the boss, was called by Communists, and he made up his mind to have nothing to do with it. Jimmey continued working that week, but with an entirely different feeling. Everything seemed to change. His lips no longer whistled as they did the first two days. He felt sullen and morose without knowing just why.

Each morning when he came to work, groups of girl strikers picketing the factory would circle about him and ask him not to go up. When he would refuse their request by shaking his head, they would jeer at him by calling "creature" and "scab" as he entered the building. Then a policeman, posted nearby would chase the strikers away, sometimes hitting them with his club. It was then that anger gushed to Jimmey's face. He would begin to hate the girls, but he wasn't sure, perhaps it was himself he hated more. The red-faced policeman he also disliked. He wondered why he was there, and why all this strike trouble had to happen.

Jimmey resented greatly being called "scab." A precocious intuition, born out of the working class atmosphere he lived in, informed him that he was doing something wrong by working — something dreadful; but just what it was he couldn't fathom. He was afraid to tell his mother that there was a strike in the shop, fearful lest she tell him to stop. And yet the desire to bring home a pay envelope such as the one he had just received was so great that he gritted his teeth and determined in his own childish way to stick it out, come what may, tho inwardly he was very much agitated and ashamed of himself.

He hurried home in long jerky strides, his heart palpitating rapidly. His hand kept reaching to his pocket, feeling eagerly whether the previous envelope was still in its proper place. The figures, eleven dollars and sixty cents loomed in contorted shapes before his eyes. It was a munificent sum to him, more than he had ever earned before.

Reaching the drab apartment house where he lived, Jimmey ran up a flight of dark stairs, and pushing open a door entered the kitchen, which was a narrow and illy-lit room. Its only window faced a mud splattered wall, belonging to a neighboring tenement. A narrow yard separated the two houses, where sunshine seldom penetrated. When it did, it was as throwing the rays of a powerful searchlight into a deep chasm. A dim flame flickered from a half open gas jet, throwing a faint shadow of light over the room which was filled on this day with a stifling humidity. His widowed mother stood over a gas range dropping sliced bits of potatoes into a cooking pot.

Jimmey stepped softly to her and withdrew from a pocket the coveted envelope which he handed to her with an affected smile flickering across his lips. His mother wiped her wet hands in the folds of her checkered apron and looked at him, quietly receiving the extended offering. Their glances met in a silent look. She counted the bills and extracted a quarter from the change which she handed to Jimmey, who muttered "Thanks, ma," and promised not to spend it, until Sunday.

After supper he donned his other suit and hurried down the street. He shrunk away from his friends who called him to join their play, feeling no inclination to do so. He felt above mere child play. Jimmey considered himself a worker now, a real one, he argued; punching a time card four times a day and everything, same as the others. He kept repeating "worker" over and over again as one learning a new language. It fascinated him. If only they wouldn't call him scab when he came to work, he could still feel happy. He sighed longingly.

Events of the past week kept spinning about in his thoughts. The deafening noise of the heavy weaving machine to which he had not yet become fully accustomed drummed noisily in his ears. Each tick-tock held a distinct message for him which he was readily learning. The ever changing panorama of scenes continued to spin faster and faster. He couldn't escape from their steady hammering—not even in thought. The maelstrom into which he was suddenly swept had no exit. The massive machines assumed in his reflections grotesque proportions. They were operated by ugly looking foreigners, hired especially as strike-breakers. Jimmey hated them. They all looked so stupid to him. He wondered why THEY didn't strike like the rest. Did they all have mothers to support like he did?

Jimmey eyed them curiously. The way they ran after the rapidly-moving spindles interested him. Soon he would become a weaver himself and run his fingers over the silky threads as they did. He thought that he would rather like being a weaver. Then he pictured the girls picketing in front of the building. If only they would leave him alone, things would still be alright. "What business is it of theirs anyhow if I work or not?" he mused.

### III.

Jimmey continued gazing at the brightly decorated advertisements of his favorite actors until he became conscious again of his unsettled problem. He recollected his thoughts and once more proceeded on his way.

It was an exceedingly hot summer day. And an intense heat filled the streets with a pungent humidity, which the sweating populace both in and out of doors seemed to absorb, as a sponge absorbs water. The unwashed streets were everywhere littered with fragments of dirt. Here a grocery keeper just dumped a barrel of decayed vegetables into the gutter, which in unison with the open refuse cans around the tenements yielded forth an odor. The stench of decomposed garbage filled the atmosphere. To the masses this was a familiar scent, which they inhaled as on other streets people inhale the fragrance of a perfume.

Yet people moved. Everywhere the hot pavement was crowded with shuffling feet. Their clothing moist from perspiration, clung tightly to their warm bodies. Yet they moved. Body after body appeared and disappeared, in a never ending procession up and down the street.

The vista of bobbing faces swept by Jimmey like the babble of a language one cannot understand. He paid no attention to the many bodies of women, some misshapen by toil, and others hollow eyed from fatigue which continuously circled in and out of his gaze. Men, their heads topped by white straw hats, joined them in the grim procession. They were mostly garment workers, pounding the pavements with their staccato steps on their one holiday in the week.

Jimmey looked about him. On the corner he saw a red-faced traffic cop lift the cap off his head and withdrawing a handkerchief, wipe beads of perspiration from his brow. At a soda fountain stood a fat man drinking orangeade, part of which trickled down his shirt. His attire evoked a grin from Jimmey. Here a woman screamed, as a taxi almost ran a child down. There a mother was nursing her baby on a stoop. Elsewhere a storekeeper lowered an awning hoping it would offer relief from the heat. Here another woman in the shape of a barrel pushed along a baby carriage. Down the street a fireman rigged up a temporary shower, under which children romped. This was the east side. There where people do not make ethics of their behavior—and where the drums beat loudest. The drums of revolution that beat everywhere. What a tableau! A circus for Maximus!

From out of the shuffling crowd stepped a young woman. Jimmey looked at her wondering where he had seen her before. Suddenly he recalled her; she was one of the girl strikers who had called him scab. She too had recognized him, and was just about to cry "scab" when she restrained herself. There was something pathetic about his person, something of hopelessness which she could not help but notice. She cast a furtive glance at him and prepared to move away when Jimmey's arm reached out and touched her gently.

"I know what you're thinkin'—and I'm sorry—honest to Christ I am," pleaded Jimmey—"an' I won't do it no more, You'll see—You'll see" he continued passionately, almost choking with emotion.

(Continued on page 4)



# The British Anti-Strike Bill

The introduction of the tory anti-trade union bill in the British parliament is not only of interest to British labor but to the workers of all lands. The heads of the General Council and officials of the British Trade Union Congress have expressed opposition to it, yet it remained for the Communist Party to analyse it and organize a united fight against it. While alleged revolutionists like George Lansbury and the leaders of the Independent Labor Party are cursing the Communists for trying to influence the masses from inside their class organizations the Communist Party is busy rallying the workers for the struggle against the capitalists and against their most efficient lieutenants in the trade union movement and in the Labor Party.

The following clause-by-clause analysis of this anti-union bill is taken from "Workers' Life" official organ of the Communist Party of Great Britain:

Clause 1 of the bill prohibits strikes "having any object besides the furtherance of a trade dispute within the trade or industry in which the strikes are engaged" if they are "designed or calculated" to coerce the government, or intimidate the community, "or any substantial portion of the community." Agitation for or organization of such strikes can be punished up to two years' imprisonment. No money can be spent "in furtherance or support of" such strikes.

This means that (1) a General Strike in defense of common working class interests against the capitalists would be illegal; (2) solidarity strikes would be illegal; (3) sympathetic strikes within the same industry would be illegal, if the capitalist law courts liked to declare them "designed or calculated," etc.; (4) a strike against war would be illegal; (5) any "substantial portion of the community" is protected against the workers, whereas there is no protection for "any substantial portion" of the workers against lock-outs, such as that of the mine-owners last year; (6) spending money on a campaign for trade union solidarity in the event of a FUTURE conflict would be illegal.

Clause 2 states that there shall be no "expulsion or fine or deprivation of right to benefit" or any other "disability" enforced against a man who refuses to take part in an "illegal strike." If he is punished in any such way, the courts can order him to be compensated from the union funds, instead of being reinstated. And this clause is retrospective, i.e., it applies to past disputes.

This means that (1) blacklegging would be encouraged and protected, the scab himself having the power to decide what is and what is not an "illegal

strike," with the moral certainty that he will be backed by the capitalist courts; (2) the capitalists would have the legal power to bankrupt a union (no amount of "compensation" is stated) for enforcing class discipline; (3) unions which enforced discipline for blacklegging during the General Strike would be menaced with numerous actions and bankruptcy immediately, as an alternative to withdrawing the penalties inflicted.

Clause 3 makes it unlawful for "one or more persons" to attend "at or near a house or place where a person resides or works or happens to be," for the purpose of "obtaining or communicating information" or inducing anyone to leave work; if they attend "in such numbers or otherwise" as to be "calculated to intimidate" any person. To "intimidate," the bill says, is to cause "apprehension of injury": and "injury" is defined as meaning, apart from physical or material injury, "boycott, or loss of any kind; or exposure to hatred, ridicule or contempt." The penalty is £20 or three months' imprisonment.

This means that (1) all picketing, whether at a man's home or his workplace, would be rendered impossible, since all he has to do is to say that it is "calculated to inflict" injury; (2) a public meeting to "communicate information" in the neighborhood of a factory where blacklegs are working, at which they are exposed to "hatred, ridicule, or contempt," would be illegal; (3) any public meeting anywhere, e.g., outside council offices, factory gates, etc., QUITE UNCONNECTED WITH A TRADE DISPUTE, can be made illegal if it brings into "hatred, ridicule, or contempt," or causes apprehension of "loss of any kind," to anyone "happening to be" in the vicinity. It is for the capitalist courts to decide.

Clause 4 alters the method of collecting the political levy. Instead of a man sending in a written declaration of his unwillingness to contribute (after a ballot majority has declared in favor of the levy), a man who wants to contribute will have to send in a special form. He can withdraw his declaration at any time, by posting a notice to the head or branch office: the mere fact of posting will be considered sufficient. No assets apart from the political fund "shall be directly or indirectly applied or charged in furtherance" of any political subject.

This means that (1) the capitalists who raise political funds by exploitation and corruption are making it more difficult for the workers to raise political funds out of their pennies earned by honest labor; (2) a man who enjoys the benefit of any

parliamentary victories won by the trade unions through the Labor Party (which they organized and maintain for the purpose), and wants to get out of his obligations, would be able to do so more easily; (3) contributions to the Trades Union Congress, which necessarily passes political resolutions and works for political objects, or special levies for the "Daily Herald," the official organ of the movement, could be prohibited (e.g., the Forster case).

Clause 5 prohibits Civil Servants from being members of any trade union unless its membership "is confined to persons employed by or under the Crown," it is not affiliated to any organization or federation with a different kind of membership, its objects do not include political objects, and "it is not associated directly or indirectly with any political party or organization." If Civil Servants are engaged in some other employment, they can continue to be members of an organization catering for that employment.

This means that (1) government employes of all kinds, including postal workers, dock-yard employes, etc., as well as clerks, could not affiliate to the T. U. C. or Labor Party; (2) they would not be able to send delegates to any international congress or organization with political objects, e.g., the emancipation of the working class, in its constitution; (3) Civil Servants who are members of an Employers' Federation could continue their membership, because it is against the workers, and that is not a "political" object. Similarly that would be no bar to membership of the O. M. S.

Clause 6 makes it unlawful for a local authority to make it a condition of employment that man "shall or shall not be a member of a trade union," or to discriminate between trade unionists and "non-unionists." Public employes who "break a contract of service," when they have "reasonable cause to believe" that this will "hinder or prevent the discharge of the functions of the authority," are liable to £10 fine or three months' imprisonment.

This means that (1) Dustmen or other municipal employes who strike without notice would be liable to imprisonment, while capitalists who take advantage of their monopoly hold on industry to fleece the people are untouched; (2) a labor majority, representing the mass of local opinion, and itself enforcing a fair wage clause, cannot enforce the trade union membership which is reasonably associated with trade union rates; (3) the workers get another illustration of how their conquest of the local machinery of capitalist "democracy" is met with the withdrawal of all powers from that machinery by the capitalists.

## A Scotch Hero Takes Gas

By DONALD MCKILLOP

IT is said that Aberdeen, Scotland, is the only place in the world the Jew can't make a living. We are now able to tell the reason why. The natives are expected to live on five shillings (one dollar and a quarter) per week. From what is to follow, you will see that the authorities of the Granite City are trying much the same experiment as the old Aberdeen farmer who had just succeeded in getting his horse to work without feeding, when it died.

According to the Glasgow "Sunday Post" of March 27th, "the action of Aberdeen Parish Council in connection with the relief of an elderly woman who lost her son in the war is causing indignation among ex-service men in the city.

"The case has come under the notice of the British Legion. Mr. A. B. McLeod, the secretary, has explained to his branch of the legion that the woman, who is sixty-eight years of age, had no pension for her son.

"She received five shillings a week from the Parish Council, and the legion thought this was not enough to maintain her. They pointed out the whole circumstances to the Ministry of Pensions, and prevailed upon them to give her a "need" pension of six shillings and a penny (a dollar and a half). As soon as the Parish Council learned of this, they withdrew their relief of five shillings. The legion protested, but the council have decided to adhere to their decision.

"As the attitude of the Parish Council in regard to war pensions and relief is that adopted by other Parish Councils in Scotland, the Aberdeen branch are to raise the matter at the annual conference of the legion at Dundee."

It seems to me that everyone on that Parish Council is like the Scotch Highlandman's wife—"no man at all." No wonder we are "mean," it is enough to make us Bolsheviks.

I wouldn't object to the experiment so much if they would try it first on those with whom it is likelier to succeed, that is, on those who have been living on the fat of the land, and are apt to have a strong constitution as a result." Seeing that Balmoral Castle, the Highland home of the royal family, is, with Aberdeen, "On The Banks O' The Sil-

very Dee," why not start with King George when next he comes to stay there.

If he can survive on a dollar and a quarter a week, I am quite sure the Aberdeen workers will submit, for they are a dour, determined crowd, and will never say die in an endurance test. We will also advise the Jews that it is possible for them to live there, pointing out that, since the king is living on a level with the workers, it would be good policy to keep him company at Balmoral, where there are plenty beautiful rooms unoccupied, in preference to the "wee but an' ben" of the workers.

Poor Aberdeen! How your sons are being driven from pillar to post. Here is the case of one of them that came to New York, hoping to make a better living than was possible in the British empire. He came to stay next room to me, in this rooming house, a little more than a month ago. One couldn't fail to notice that he was different from any other lodger in this cosmopolitan house. I noticed it right away—in accent, dress, and his mode of addressing one. With the exception of myself, everyone seemed to be deferential towards him, because, as one of them remarked, "he seemed to be a person who had come down in the world."

He had come down all right, for he, who had been known during the war as Lieutenant Colonel John Hector Innes Brown, D. S. O., N. R. O., was now working as a night watchman.

The military life had not given him much that was useful in civil life, and being up in years, he found it devilish hard to make a living, even in Calvin Coolidge's prosperous America.

Despite the fact of us being "brither Scots," and living next room to one another, we had little conversation. You see I couldn't forget that I was only a private during the war; nor could I forgive him for boasting he was "British to the backbone," especially when he had been forced to come here because the empire of which he was so mighty proud, didn't give a damn whether he lived or died.

It was rumored that he wrote articles and poetry for magazines. If he did, he didn't get much for them, or he would have stayed elsewhere because he wasn't in love with his quarters. Occasionally I would hear him moving about through the thin

partition; but tonight his room is as still as the grave, and I will never hear him anymore.

Two weeks ago, on Saturday afternoon, I returned from work to find the landlord and police in possession of my room. In apologizing, they informed me that "the colonel took the gas." I stepped into his room, and there he was, as dead as a doornail.

I heard him begin the deed but didn't know. At two a. m. on Saturday morning, while reading, I was startled by a sound like an explosion quite close. Being unable to account for it, I went to bed. Now I know what it was. His gas tube was full of gas, and when he pulled it off the stove, an explosion occurred.

The poor devil must have been pretty hard up for several pawn tickets were found in his clothes, and he hadn't paid anything for his room for three weeks.

The British Great War Veterans of America Association, seeing the suicide in the papers, took possession of the body, and arranged for the colonel to be buried with full military honors, the honors being done by the regiment with which he served—Canadian Black Watch.

A woman who had known him, called to see his abode, and on seeing the house remarked, "No wonder he committed suicide, staying in a place like this!"

Those who could have helped in life, at least, saw to it that he had full military honors on his way to get pie in the sky, or a swig in hell from Gunga Din.

### HE WHO EXPLOITS

He who lives on others' toil  
Is an exploiter, hated by the mass  
Of workers in the shops and soil.  
To them he is an enemy who'll pass  
Into oblivion, before the rise  
Of a social order now in birth;  
Which will banish Gods from skies  
And exploiters from the earth.



# The New Negro

By V. F. CALVERTON

IN this day when Holiday Nigger and Porgy have been succeeded by Nigger Heaven and Black April, and new books by and about Negroes seem to multiply almost with every dawn, it is wise to take inventory of the situation.

While the Negro problem is fundamentally economic, its recent stir has been largely within the sphere of the books. Few problems have absorbed so profoundly the attention of the reading public. Between 1923 and 1924, for instance, thirty books, covering a diversity of themes: fiction, poetry, essays, history, sociology-religion, were written by Negroes, and over eighty books concerned with the Negro and the Negro problem, covering the same diversity of topics, were written by whites. The Negro press itself is an important contributory factor in the cultivation of the Negro writer. In 1863 there were only two newspapers in the United States published by Negroes. Today there are 412 periodicals published by or for colored people; 70 religious, 85 pertaining to education, 7 magazines of general literature, 30 fraternal organs and 220 newspapers. Today there are prize contests that are run every year by two leading Negro magazines, the Crisis and Opportunity, which are an additional inspiration to the young Negro writer. Although the work of the older Negro writers from Dunbar to Chestnutt developed without the incentive of prize contests, it can be said without exaggeration that the development of the Negro press, and in particular the encouragement of prize contests, have helped to promote if not stimulate the work of Countee Cullen and Langston Hughes.

The new Negro is thought of as synonymous with these new achievements in the novel, drama, and poetry. Alain Locke's recent volume The New Negro is devoted primarily to things artistic. While there is confusion has passed into a welcome limbo, the young Negro intellectual still follows the expressions of the Negro in fiction and poetry with an avid curiosity that too often excludes interest in matters economic and political. In Walter White's Fire in the Flint and Flight, or Eric Waldron's Tropic Death, Langston Hughes' Weary Blues or Fine Clothes to the Jew, or Countee Cullen's Color or Jean Toomer's Cane, is seen the evolution of the New Negro. This new Negro thus becomes an art product. In a way he becomes an isolated phenomenon, separate from the economic struggle of his people.

The cause of this phenomenon is peculiar. Out of the Negro masses has emerged a Negro intellectual. Education has created a new type of Negro. The strides in educational ad-

vance have been extensive. An examination of recent statistics will reveal the sweep of this change. First, let us look at the data in reference to illiteracy in the United States. In 1920 there were 4,431,905 persons 10 years of age and over who were illiterate. Of this number 3,087,744 or 62.6% were white and 1,842,161 or 37.4% were Negroes. In 1880 there had been 3,320,878 illiterates among the Negroes, tantamount to a percentage of 70. To pass from illiteracy to literacy, we discover that in 1924 alone, 675 Negroes received the Bachelor of Arts degree and that the total number of Negro college graduates is now about 10,000. Twenty-nine Negroes have won the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from standard American Universities, and sixty Negroes have been elected to the Phi Beta Kappa. In the professions, likewise, the Negro has achieved singular success. In 1900 there were 1,734 Negro doctors; in 1920 there were 3,495. In 1920 there were 1,950 Negro lawyers, two of them women, 1,109 dentists and 3,341 trained nurses. Negro physicians such as Daniel H. Williams, who was the first surgeon to perform successfully an operation on the human heart, and Algernon E. Jackson, who discovered a cure for articular rheumatism, have attained international reputations.

The force of these facts is all the more striking when we turn to statements that were part of accepted sociology less than a generation ago. At the time when Booker T. Washington was propagating his philosophy of adaptation based upon submission, and inculcating his ideal of segregated endeavor that was to achieve economic unity, A. H. Keane, the well-known anthropologist, wrote in the Encyclopedia Britannica (9th edition):

"No full blooded Negro has ever been distinguished as a man of science, a poet or an artist; and the fundamental equality claimed for him by ignorant philanthropists is belied by the whole history of the race throughout the historic period."

A few decades earlier Theodore Parker in a letter to Miss Hunt (Letter Nov. 10, 1857) had written:

"In Massachusetts," there are no laws to keep the black man from any pursuit, any office that he will; but there has never been a rich Negro in New England . . . none eminent in anything except the calling of a waiter."

These statements are so grotesquely absurd today. The facts adduced in the preceding paragraphs of this article are sufficient to expose their fallacy. In historical perspective also they reveal a pathetic ignorance of the Negro's past. Since the times of their respective utterances, the Ne-

gro in America has advanced in almost every branch of human activity. His educational advance we have noted. In economic life also he has progressed. Immediately following the Civil war the Negro was engaged in approximately forty different business occupations; today he is engaged in over two hundred kinds of trades and business projects. There are about one hundred Negro banks with resources equivalent to \$20,000,000, a dozen state wide business leagues and a score of local leagues in a number of states.

One of the important economic forces behind the development of this new Negro is the vast migration of black people from southern to northern latitudes. In this sweeping heira, economic law has been predominant. The entire migration has been one of economic circumstances. The old belief that it was persecution which hastened the Negroes from their Southern hovels to Northern ghettos was decisively exploded by a recent correlation made between Southern counties in which lynching had occurred during the thirty-year period 1888-1918, and the migration to and from these counties. (See Charles Johnson's article on The Negro Migrations in The Modern Quarter Vol. II, No. 4, page 314, which presents the most valuable study of this migration problem that has been made.) For instance, in Jasper county, Ga., where nine lynchings were effected, the greatest number for any county of the state in thirty years, the Negro population increased between 1890-1920, while the white population during 1900-10 actually decreased. In Harrison county, Texas, which has the largest number of lynchings (16) of any county in the state, the Negro population increased from 15,544 to 15,639. In other words lynching, the most severe and flagrant form of persecution, does not depopulate communities of their Negro inhabitants.

In view of all these changes, we see that the Negro as a social and economic group is passing through a stage of rapid evolution. The possibilities of this change being stemmed, or diverted into futile channels, are enormous. Already the economic philosophy of the Negro is conservative. Already it has accepted a score of American myths. That it has accepted these things as a result of its having been an enslaved group, and is continuing many of them because it is still a submerged class, is obvious to a radical sociologist. Now that the Negro is beginning to grow as a social and economic group, it is important that his philosophy does not become entangled with the webs of American liberalism, and thus be led into a political cul de sac. It is im-

portant too that it does not become infected with the racialisms that too often handicap persecuted peoples in their struggle in an economic world.

The mass of Negroes are proletarian. Their cause is linked up with the cause of the proletariat.

What has this to do with the problem of the new Negro? What has this to do with the poetry of Cullen and Hughes, the stories of Toomer, Chesmitt, Mathews, the dramas of Gregory, Fauset and Richardson?

The connection is simple and significant. These poets, story-tellers and dramatists have been described as the New Negro. Their work has been interpreted as the work of the New Negro. Their achievements represent a Negro Renaissance.

It is the argument of this article that the New Negro represents something deeper, more stirring and more signal than that. These Negro artists represent certain artistic fumbblings for form. Jean Toomer, for instance, can write of simple things with subtlety, of little things with skill. His genre is the delicate, the precious prettiness of life, the soft, poetic regrets, the purple nuances of fleeting, futile passions. He is the Lafcadio Hearn of Negro literature. He has beautified the trivial, ensnared the elusive. Countee Cullen, Langston Hughes and many others have made of words a thing of beauty, but none of them has as yet caught the song of the masses. Their work, in most cases, seems to live in a separate world. It appears in the regular magazines, is featured as an attraction, and the word Negro comes to have an enchantment somewhat like the lure of strange drama or the fascination of antique furniture.

The new Negro, we venture to prophesy, is and will be something different. The New Negro will really be new in that he will understand the economic situation of his people. His literature will be of a proletarian people, struggling for revolution and freedom. His songs will be the songs of the worker. The new Negro will labor for a new economic world. He will challenge not race-prejudice only, but class-prejudice, class-rule, and class-oppression. He will link himself with the labor movement. Like Dronke, Freiligrath, Wirth and Pfau in Germany of the last century his poetry will be defiant and revolutionary. Contemporary Negro poets represent achievement, but not newness. Their spirit is different from that of Dunbar, but it is a difference more in degree than in substance. Perhaps they represent a transition. The work of Claude McKay is a hint in the new direction. The work of the new Negro in poetry as in life, however, will abandon hint, evasion, and pure prettiness, and seek reality in radical reconstruction and revolutionary aspiration.

## AT THE PITMOUTH

By HENRY GEORGE WEISS.

And the crowd is surging around the pitmouth,  
And a pall of black smoke is hanging over the pitmouth,  
And there is weeping of women and wailing of children around  
the pitmouth,  
And grim-faced men are striving to reach the dead and dying far  
down below the rim of the pitmouth;  
And a fat boss stabs at the pitmouth,  
Stabs with a two-bit cigar at the pitmouth,  
And tired miners come and seal up the pitmouth,  
With concrete and brick, wall up the pitmouth,  
So the air may not rush down the pitmouth,  
May not feed the flame that burns the coal far below the pitmouth;  
And frenzied hands beat in vain on the barrier erected at the  
pitmouth,  
Beat in vain at the concrete and brick that prevent them from  
winning to safety beyond the pitmouth.  
O dead, twisted bodies lying with bruised hands behind the  
Implacable Greed that seals the pitmouth!





# Lenin's Return and the "April Theses"

THE February revolution of 1917 found Comrade Lenin abroad. As soon as he received news of the revolution he prepared to return to Russia, but the Entente Imperialists who allowed the social patriots to go to Russia refused to let Comrade Lenin pass, as they saw in him their DANGEROUS ENEMY. Then Comrade Lenin decided to go through Germany (together with a group of Bolsheviks).

Lenin's return to Russia is an important date in the history of the October revolution. With his arrival, the Bolshevik Party firmly took over the leadership of the revolutionary movement. Lenin's arrival put an end to the waverings in the Bolshevik ranks.

Comrade Lenin's appraisal of the revolution in Russia and of the tasks arising from it were closely and concisely formulated in what is styled the April Theses: His appraisal and the tasks he proposed were adopted by the party without any struggle.

A group of Old Bolsheviks under the leadership of Comrade Kamenev considered that the bourgeois revolution had not yet reached its climax and that the proletariat was still faced with the tasks of bringing about the revolutionary democratic dictatorship of the proletariat and the peasantry. This led to his opposition to the tactics advocated by Comrade Lenin. He was opposed to severing relations with the Provisional Government and to action on the part of the proletariat and the peasantry, to exposing the antagonistic class aims and aspirations of the bourgeoisie, at the helm of the Provisional Government, and those of the proletariat and the peasantry. He proposed to exert pressure on the Provisional Government.

Lenin formulated his views and the tasks of the revolutionary struggle in Russia in his famous April theses. He also pointed out the tasks of the international proletariat in those theses. In Russia the proletariat commenced its struggle for power under the leadership of the Party. The proletariat of the other countries is faced with the task of freeing itself from the opportunists, compromisers, and patriots and of re-establishing the international proletarian front, and transforming the imperialist war into a civil war.

Comrade Lenin returned to Russia on April 3, 1917. In his first speeches, replying to greetings, Comrade Lenin advanced the slogan: Long live the social revolution. On April 4, Lenin advanced his theses at a meeting of Bolshevik delegates of Soviet Deputies. In his theses, Comrade Lenin also pro-

posed to change the name of the Party. This he did in order to dissociate the Party from the patriots and Kautskyans; he proposed to call the Party, the Communist Party.

At the station there were sailors, militia-men and Red Guards. The orchestras were playing the Marseillaise, which was then in fashion and the sailors, militia-men and Red Guards with banners in their hands cheered the immigrants. Lenin had to go along through the ranks of the crowds lined up and make a short address of welcome.

In the state rooms, Lenin was awaited by the members of the Petrograd Committee, Skobiliev and Chkheidze and Kolontai who presented a bouquet of flowers sent by the Committee. Chkheidze spoke on behalf of "revolutionary democracy" and the Executive Committee. In his speech he appealed to Lenin to march in "closed ranks" with them and he emphasized in his Caucasian way that he considered the foremost task of the moment, the defense of revolutionary Russia. Lenin replied over the heads of the compromisers, addressing himself to the workers, soldiers and sailors, greeting the victorious revolution on their behalf. His speech was a reply to the national defense advocated by Chkheidze in the form of defending revolutionary Russia. The call for world revolution hurled by Lenin literally took the delegates of the Executive Committee and other opportunist elements off their feet.

The official part of the meeting being over, we were getting ready to leave. We put Lenin into a closed automobile with the intention of going straight to the office of the Petrograd Committee. But this was impossible. The workers and soldiers who crowded the square and the streets in front of the station wanted to see Lenin, and they would not let the automobile pass. Lenin had to get out of his automobile. Next to the automobile there were armored cars, and the workers helped Lenin to get onto one of those armored cars and stading there he delivered a speech. A procession of many thousands was gradually marching through Petrograd. During short intervals and even while in motion, Lenin spoke of the necessity to carry on the struggle against the capitalists and imperialists calling for the social revolution. When the demonstration had reached the square where the Petrograd Committee was located, searchlights were illuminating the Petro-Pavlov Fortress and escorted Lenin to Kshesinskay's home.

## Salient Points From Lenin's Theses.

1.—The war on the part of Russia even under the new government of Lvov and Co., remains a pre-

atory imperialist war in view of the capitalist nature of that government and we must not make any concessions to "revolutionary defense."

The class-conscious proletariat gives its consent to a revolutionary war and justifies revolutionary defense under the following conditions: (a) the transference of power to the hands of the proletariat and those sections of the peasantry which are closely related to it; (b) renouncement of all claims to annexations in deed and not merely in words; (c) severing of the government's relations with the capitalist interests.

In view of the undoubted sincerity of the broad masses of advocates of revolutionary defense who recognize war as a necessity and not for the sake of conquest, and in view of the deceptive methods of the bourgeoisie, it is necessary to explain to those masses very carefully, persistently and thoroughly their mistake—to explain to them the inevitable connections between capitalism and imperialist wars, and to prove that the war cannot be ended in a truly democratic and just way, without the overthrow of capitalism.

To propagate these ideas extensively in the army.

To advocate fraternization.

5.—We are not for a parliamentary republic; to adopt this slogan would be tantamount to a retreat—we want a republic of Workers and Peasant Soviets throughout the country from top to bottom.

The abolition of the army, the police and officers. All officers should be elected and be subject to recall at any time; their wages should not be above the average wage of a well paid worker.

6.—In the agrarian program the center of attention should be given to the Soviet of agricultural laborers' deputies.

The confiscation of all lands.

The nationalization of all land in the country and the handing over of the land to the local soviets of agricultural laborers. Soviets should be formed of poor peasants' deputies. Soviet model farms should be organized under the control of agricultural laborers' deputies at public expense of about 100 to 300 desiatines, dependent on local conditions, to be determined by the local institutions.

7.—The immediate merging in all banks of the country into one national bank, and the institution of control over them by the soviet deputies.

10.—The reorganization of the International.

Initiative should be taken in the creation of a revolutionary international in opposition to the social chauvinists and to the "centre."

## In Front of An Employment Office

By I. LAZAROVITZ.

(Student of Advanced Labor Journalism,  
Workers' School)

Scene: a corner where an employment agency is located.

A big crowd of men, poorly dressed, were waiting to get jobs. I was a few steps from the office, talking with a friend. A fellow came over and said to us:

"Won't you help out an old soldier?"

"Is it such an honor to be an old soldier?" my friend asked him, and the old soldier began to talk.

"I know," he said, "it is not an honor. They fooled us with their democracy bunk.

"What did we fight for? What investments did I have in Germany that I was sent to war, was gassed and since am physically sick?"

"When I came from France, I couldn't work several months on account of my weakness. Now I am already five months out of work. Getting up every day at five o'clock and when you come for a job, 50 to 60 men are there while the boss needs only one!

"The government don't give a damn that we are sick on account of war and unable to find work. O boy, they can't get me no more to war. I show these sons of — what war means!"

The old soldier didn't have a chance to leave before another fellow near us was saying:

"O buddies, won't you help out with a cup of coffee?"

"What is the matter, are you out of work?" my friend asked.

"Yes, brother, three months out of work and can't make a damn cent."

"Why didn't you save some money while working?" my friend continued.

"How can you save money when they don't pay you enough even to live on?"

"Well, whose fault is that?" I asked him.

"It is the fault of the workers themselves," he replied. "It will be no good until there will be one big union throughout the world. You can't get a thing in this world of ours unless you take it by yourself.

"Here I am," he continued, "a big strong fellow, an American born, want to work, make a living for my family and they won't give it to me. I am without a cent in my pocket while Ford has millions of dollars."

"But look," my friend says, "in Russia it isn't that way."

"Believe me," the fellow said, "these damn Bolsheviks are a good bunch. I wish they'd come here and we'd get rid of these damn suckers.

"What do you say, buddies, won't you help out with a cup of coffee. Got up five in the morning. It is after 11 and I haven't eaten anything yet."

We gave him a few cents and he left, shaking hands with us.

A boy passed by calling out newspapers. We bought one, and, opening the yellow sheet to the second page, we read the big letters:

"U. S. PROSPERITY INCREASING DAILY."

We looked at each other without saying anything and quietly went down to get the subway.

We are used to reading in the American press about the miserable conditions of European workers. While telling us about the terrible conditions of the European workers, the American press does not neglect the opportunity of picturing the satisfaction and prosperity of the American workers.

If these gentlemen who sit in their comfortable offices with their big salaries would undertake the job of going down to an employment agency where hundreds of workers are waiting hours to get some kind of a job and would listen to what these American workers think of the so-called prosperity, these gentlemen would realize the awakening of class-consciousness in American workers. They would learn that the workers cannot be bluffed with these prosperity stories.

## A QUARTER TO SPEND

(Continued from Page One)

Tomorrow I'll be by the building early, and I'll wait there just like you—

The girl did not reply. She saw tears glistening in his eyes. A lump formed in her throat. She uttered "All right, don't forget," and edged away. Jimmey followed her form with his gaze until she was lost to view. "That's what I'll do," he whispered hurriedly. "I'll strike too, no more scabbing for me, an' I'll bet ma'll be glad when I tell her."

With that problem definitely settled, Jimmey felt greatly relieved, and once more redirected his at-

tention to the quarter. Sometime later he solved the enigma of spending it by deciding to see a plain movie for a dime, partake of an ice-cream soda for a like amount and disburse the remainder for sweets. With this compromise affected Jimmey's spirits began to soar.

Spying an empty cigarette box, he picked it up and withdrew the silver foil, which he folded and placed in a pocket. This completed, he smiled and increased his pace. After walking a few squares he saw a large crowd gathering on a corner. His curiosity aroused, he ventured over, just in time to see a policeman pull a speaker off a soap box.

Addressing one of the crowd, Jimmey inquired, "What's the matter, Bud?" To which a lanky spectator replied, "Oh, nothin' much; just a guy pinched for speechin' without a permit. Serves him right," he continued, "he was nothin' but a bloomin' old comoonist."

"Comoonist," the word echoed in Jimmey's mind. He was always hearing that word and wondered what it really meant.

"What's that word mean?" he inquired in a perplexed tone.

"You mean comoonists?"

"Yes," interjected Jimmey.

"Oh dem's guys that go aroun' preachin' that there oughtn't to be no rich an' no poor—Bunk I calls it."

The words "oughtn't to be no rich an' no poor," struck Jimmey as a thrown stone crashes thru a window pane. It set his emotions quivering. He cogitated a while and replied aloud, "Yeah; so that's what it is, is it? An' they lock a guy up for sayin' dat, gee whiz."

A thought entered his mind, for the first time in weeks he felt actually happy. Retracing his steps, Jimmey walked back a few blocks, increasing his pace gradually as he walked until he hastened into a trot. At the next corner, he turned back into the street he was on before, and crossed to the other side. There he dashed down a flight of steps into the book shop. Walking straight over to the proprietor, he threw his quarter on the glass counter and asked whimsically, with a capricious twinkle in his eye, "Say mister, can you give me a book for a quarter that'll tell you all about comoonism?"



# The Story of the Five Coppecks Piece

By F. YERMILOFF.

Potap Vanytch had in former times a grocer's shop. He was church alderman and being acquainted with the town thieves Ljubka "Kasak" and Wasjka "Moment," he bought from them stolen goods.

The revolution struck Potap Vanytch heavily, deprived him of his farmhouse with 55 dessatins and cut off his connection with the thieves.

Potap became nothing, and a dreadful hatred settled down in him firmly, enlited his eyes with wicked fires and made a beast of him, deprived of its claws and tusks.

Potap Vanytch had a torn nostril and his soul was torn too.

Newspapers he can't bear and reads only the holy Scriptures especially the Apocalypse.

The latter he reads in drawing the words, looking with malicious eyes on the hearers: his old sister-in-law, the old nun Eudokia and the calatch baker Eugraph Simonoff.

After reading a page Potap Vanytch has for each Saturday an obligatory page, he lifts his eyes, closes the Apocalypse and says instructively:

All happened just as it is prophesied here.

Well. . . .

The old women are sighing and blinkin with their weeping eyes and the old calatch baker, understanding nothing at all, nods approvingly—Just so—quite right. . . .

Potap Vanytch is fond of remembering the past; he always begins his speech like this:

In the old normal times. . . .

He calls "normal" times the years

before the war, when he bought stolen goods from Kasak-Ljubka and Wasjka-Moment and helped to rob the peasantry.

The Communists and the Soviet Power Potap Vanytch never calls otherwise than "those."

"Those" have supplied the cooperative with oil.

Those are again on a meeting of the Soviet.

Not long ago Potap Vanytch casually heard, that Chicherin visited the French states secretaries in Paris.

Hearing it, he didn't believe: It is impossible, that the French states secretaries have admitted "those."

The young communist Vassin showed him a newspaper. Potap Vanytch refused to read it.

I don't believe in those newspapers.

But in the evening he said to the calatch baker Eugraph:

Those have sent to France their emissaries to sell all Churches.

A dreadful but hopeless hatred was fondled by Potap Vanytch in his breast.

The deceased son of Potap Vanytch was married to Tatjana, the daughter of the moneyless Silaskyn. His widow lives at Potapoffs and works there like a mule.

Often Pelagea Djatlowa, a member of the local Soviet, where she worked already the second year, told her:

And why do you work for the torn nostril?

Why do you feed his hatred with your blood?

Look back and see how your life is spent without use.

But Tatjana was educated in patience and in heavy toil and without grumbling she carried on her yoke.

In September of the last year the nucleus and the young communists decided to organize IRA in the village. A speaker was called from Sysran.

To the meeting came about two hundred persons, and it happened that Tatjana came too.

The speech lasted over an hour. He explained the whole truth, touching especially on the peasantry.

After the speech a resolution was passed unanimously:

It is necessary to render aid to our brethren!

Pelagea Djatlowa took the secretary's cap and went round:

Sacrifice citizens. It is for our brethren!

Five coppeck and ten coppeck pieces fell in the cap, all gave. Tatjana took out her last five coppeck piece and put it into the cap.

There can't be any secrets in a village. Even if the cow of Stepanida gives instead of one pail of milk only a half—all women know of it.

It thus happened also in this case: Potap Vanytch was informed immediately: Tatjana has also given a five coppeck piece.

Why have you done it, asked Potap, and his torn nostril seemed to quiver.

Because there are such horrors, because the communists are murdered

and hanged and emprisoned there.

Those deserve it, answered Potap Vanytch, but I don't understand what for my five coppecks had to be spent.

They were spent for the communists, who are suffering in the prisons for the peasantry.

These five coppecks!

But yes, if everybody gives five or ten coppecks that will make a sum of millions at the end.

A green hue covered the face of Potap Vanytch.

My five coppecks for those!

Ah, damned woman; ah. . . .

In the evening, when Tatjana was already gone to sleep on the hay loft, Potap Vanytch took a heavy stick and went upstairs to teach her "manners."

Are you here?

Ay—

Where are my five coppecks?

Where are the five coppecks? hoarsely cried Potap Vanytch.

Thou helps "Those" . . . and lifting his arm to strike her with the stick, he stood aghast . . .

Something unexpected happened. . . . Tatjana got quickly up and barefooted ran away, soon disappeared in the dark.

The fifth month and Tatjana already lives at Pelagea Djatloffs.

Potap Vanytch remained alone. Of Pelagea he speaks not otherwise than: "Those put the devil into her head, and pointing to the Apocalypse he hisses out:

All this is prophesied there.

## Radio Factory

H. C. SCHWARE.

I BLUFFED my way into this job by telling the boss that I was experienced in the line and I knew more about radio than there was to know. I lied so straightforwardly, that he apparently was satisfied that I was three years older than I usually say I am and he took me on, because I made a practice but no profit wiring sets for some big corporation. It is true that all previous experience with radio had been at a distance, but when a man is out of work and needs a job, making radios is also okay. The next morning I came in, went to the boss, and he gave me a slip to take to the foreman.

I got a pair of longnose pliers and a button, No. 443, which was my official designation in the factory so that I must always wear it. I do not mind it, because when the foreman's liver is temporarily out of gear he bawls out at that lazy, dirty, bastard, 443 who's gonna get fired if he don't stop talking.

My work is simple. All day long I hunch my shoulders over a long rude-logged wooden table, under a glaring light, covered with green tin and suspended not quite above the eyes of the workers. There are eight young lads at this table, all doing the same work, all the time. We all have longnose pliers in the right hand, or a pair of snippers, and all we must do is squeeze. When the squeeze is on the snippers there is a slight bite as the snipper bites the wire into two deliberate parts. Or if it's a longnose plier, there is a squeeze and a scroogy plush as the parafine is pushed away, showing a clean white line of wire. This is where the connection in the set will be made according to the foreman. It is all hazy why the workers must do just this. I don't know. The foreman told me to cut just these wires these lengths, and I cut them just so with never a deviation. I get a big tangle of wire-lengths. I pull them apart. There are a million different colors of those wires. The wax has melted in the hot room and is glistening under the fierce light as dew on a black-green leaf or like the oil on a new machine in the corner which is cutting plug-panels to length. I am just like that machine. I do not know why I snip these brilliant wires. I never know why, nor do I care to ask why. Only I know that I get eighteen dollars a week to do so, and I do it just so. Just so. And all the time I must be careful not snip the wrong wire.

There are eight boys at the next table and at all the other tables there are girls. One day they ran out of wiring. The foreman was frantic. He grabbed some wire sets from the girl's tables and threw them at us. The work was harder. Consequently the girls are paid less, receiving only sixteen dollars a week. From this hard handling of the steel tools, the hands are constantly full of abrasions. The net result of a day's work is a coat of dank

sweat; also a beautiful set of blisters. When I first came on, I wondered why they were wearing gloves. Now I know.

The next best thing for blisters is to wrap court-plaster around the fingers, and over the palm and forget them. Nothing else can be done about them except to get a different job or curse the job. So I put court-plaster on my hand which was numb with pain by this time, and continued gritting my teeth suddenly so as not to cry out when the steel bang-banged against, not only the palm, but the whole nervous system. The work is very wearying. No one ever stayed on this job very much longer than about a week or the whole set of workers would be insane.

I didn't like the job. I didn't like the workers because I was too upset to even think coherently. On this job it is all a jumble of emotions. Even the girls. They quarrel fiercely. Or they brood over the longnose pliers. And over all is a great weariness, over all is a blue-and-white button with a number. Number 443. That's me. I was not a person. I was a hand with a numbered button. It makes no difference if I am of a pleasant disposition. I can only brood over the longnose pliers. Brood and brood.

And often a vision. Clear. And white. There is no coherence. Only a squeeze, squeeze, squeeze over wires whose destination or purpose I can't realize. Only this eternal squeezing and visions of the revolution.

From the loins, from the shoulders of these lads in this factory and other factories. From the youth, when it is organized for fight.



VICE-PRESIDENT DAWES.



Fruit store

THE APPLE THIEF.

### POESY AND THE MACHINE AGE.

In olden days the bourgeois miss Was worshipped by the bards like this:

"Milady's hair is twisted gold,  
Bright stars apiece her blue eyes hold.  
Milady's voice tunes all the spheres,  
Milady's music charms all ears.  
Milady's like the daffodilly,  
Fair as the sun, pure as the lily."

But times have changed—the machine age's here  
And newer forms of odes appear:

"My sweetie's like a flivver car;  
Her eyes more bright than dishpans are  
Her voice as pleasant as the squeal  
Of rivets driven into steel.  
My sweetie's like a huge machine,  
Fair, pure, refined as gasolene."

By I. D. TALMADGE.



# The COMRADE

Edited by the Young  
A Page for Workers'



# Young SECTION

Pioneers of America  
and Farmers' Children

## THE CHINESE PUZZLE

Many children who read about the victories of the Chinese Revolutionary Army against their foreign enemies and the tools who were supported by foreign capitalists, were greatly surprised and sadly disappointed to learn that there was a split in the Kuomintang (People's) Party.

But that should neither surprise nor disappoint us. Because in the People's Army we found both workers and poor farmers as well as Chinese bosses. They all wanted to get rid of their foreign oppressors first. Then the bosses wanted to form a bosses' government. The workers and poor farmers wanted to form a Workers' Government and get rid of all bosses, both foreign and native. That is the reason for the split in the Kuomintang Party.

## OUR LETTER BOX

### TEACHERS ARE PAID TO LIE

Dear Comrades: Last week while I was in school my teacher began to talk about religion. She said that when anyone dies or gets killed it is the will of God. I asked her if when anyone gets killed is it the will of God? She said no, it is by carelessness. I then said that before she said that when anyone dies or gets killed it is the will of God. If every child in the public schools organizes and reads the Young Comrade, he will understand that the teachers are paid to lie.—VETE ZABLACKAS.

### GREETINGS FROM THE BROOKLYN PIONEERS—RUTHENBERG SECTION

Greetings, Comrades:

Our group of Young Pioneers had been organized for the last three weeks, and we have sixteen comrades in our group. Each one of the comrades pledged to be "Always Ready" to aid the workers in their struggle for freedom.

For the past two weeks we have been looking up the lives of our great labor leaders so that we may know what name to choose for our group. We decided at our last meeting to name our group "The Ruthenberg Group."

Just now we are very busy getting ready for a program which we are to give at an early date. We will present the play called "Peter Organized a School Nucleus." Most of the cast has already been chosen, and we hope it will be a great success.

We have an educational period at every one of our meetings, and are learning many things about the working class. All our meetings we begin with the pledge of the workers, which we prefer to the pledge used in the schools. Comrade Anna Lyons is our leader.

We have sold many Young Comrades, and are trying to get subscriptions for the Young Comrade and Young Worker.

Whenever there are affairs or mass meetings held in our big hall, we have one of the Pioneers speak about our Pioneer group, urging the adults to send their children to join the Pioneers. In this way we hope to get many new members soon. We meet every Sunday, 11.30 at 760 40th Street, Brooklyn.—ANNA MANNISTO, Secretary, Ruthenberg Group.

## WORKING

By JULIA DAGLIS.

Be a worker  
Don't be a shirker  
Belong to the Pioneer Club  
Rub a dub, dub.

2.

You'll never forget  
Nor will you regret  
When once you belong  
With the Pioneer throng.

## RUTHENBERG SUB BLANK

When the Young Pioneers of America heard that Comrade Ruthenberg's last words were "Let's Fight On!" they answered, "Always Ready!" Are you too always ready? Well then, how it by getting subscribers for the Young Comrade.

Send all subs to the Young Comrade Corner, 33 First Street, New York City.

1-2 year sub 25c—1 year sub 50c.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

State ..... Age.....

Issued Every Month.

## OUR LEADER

By a PIONEER—Taken from the Young Comrade.

This is the end of him,  
Here he lies,  
No more the smile in his eyes—  
Our Leader.

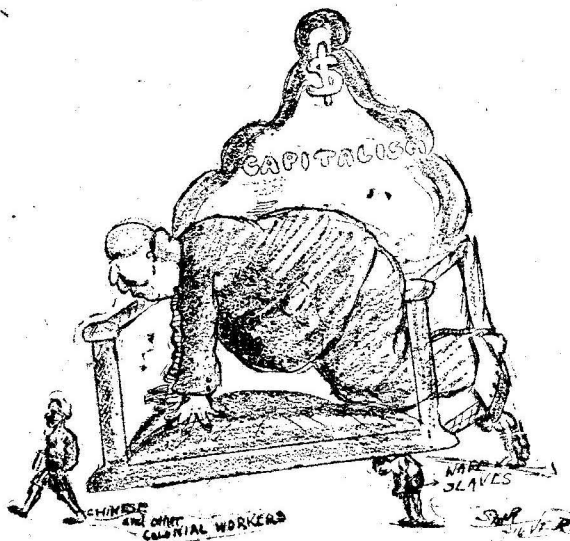
Never again will we hear  
The voice, to all of us so dear—  
Of our Leader.

Our deepest regret  
For your untimely death—  
Our Leader.

Your dying words  
We will work for;  
Our fight continue forever more—  
Our Leader.

Farewell, comrade brave and true.  
The work you started we pledge to do—  
Our Leader.

## TOO BAD



This picture was drawn by a Philadelphia Young Pioneer. His name is Sam Silver. This picture has a story. It shows a beautiful chair on which Mr. Capitalism sits. The legs of the chair are the poor oppressed workers in native and colonial countries. The picture shows that the Chinese workers are tired of supporting Mr. Capitalism and are walking away. This causes the chair to fall to one side and disturbs Mr. Capitalism. He is shown looking down to see what is the matter. That's the story of the picture.

## NOTICE!!!

All those who want a free sample copy of the Young Comrade should write to us and we will send it to you. Please state your name, age, and address.

## WORKERS VERSUS CAPITALISTS

By WM. KULKIS.

If the workers would unite in one great union the working class will overcome the money grabbing capitalists. But if we do not unite we shall forever be victims of the capitalists' greedy plans. An elephant is one of the strongest of all animals and yet he could crush his master with ease. We workers are just like the elephant, but if we unite we shall be twice as strong as the elephant and we could crush the capitalists very easily. We read in the papers about capitalists having trouble with the Mexican and Nicaraguan workers over the oil fields and lands. Because the capitalists see that they will lose their holdings in Mexico and Nicaragua they send the workers of U. S. to fight our fellow workers in Mexico and Nicaragua. But if we join our fellow workers and go after the capitalists they would be singing a different tune.

But remember, fellow workers, that capitalists fear strong unions more than death. So why not abolish capitalism forever?

## LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE

The answer to last week's puzzle No. 11 is:—  
JOIN TE RUTHENBERG DRIVE BY GETTING  
SUBSCRIBERS FOR THE YOUNG COMRADE.  
The following have answered correctly:

Olga Brazaukas, Pawtucket, R. I.; Bessie Halper, Bklyn., N. Y.; Mae Feurer, New York City; Sylvia Dimow, Bklyn., N. Y.; Sylvia Master, New York City; Hilda Wolf, Baltimore, Md.; Jennie Dubinski, Phila., Pa.; Alli Hill, Maynard, Mass.

### More Answers To Puzzle No. 9

Raymond Kozul, South Chicago, Ill.; Margaret Herman, Chicago, Ill.; Elsie Rogoff, Detroit, Mich.; Mae Feurer, New York City; Bennie Caruso, Chicago, Ill.; Emil Karpowich, Allentown, Pa.; Florence Arkin, Chicago, Ill.; Bobby Raport, Petaluma, Calif.; Becky Raport, Petaluma, Calif.

### More Answers To Puzzle No. 8

Florence Arkin, Chicago, Ill.; Martha Nilmi, Winona, Mich.

## THIS WEEK'S PUZZLE NO. 11

This week's puzzle is an addition and subtraction one. If you're good at arithmetic you'll get this answer. Let's see you get this one.

YOU+SONG—SO+COME—E+RAID—I+E=?

Send all answers to the Daily Worker Young Comrade Corner, 33 East First Street, New York City. Give your name, age, address and number of the puzzle.

## THE LITTLE GREY DOG

(Continued)

Benjamin went home crying, afraid of the dark, holding the little dog, his only friend, tight in his arms. And now something strange happened. When Benjamin, sobbing, started to tell the little dog of this sorrow, the dog began to bark softly. But it was not an ordinary bark, but speech, and Benjamin understood very well the words, "Don't cry, little friend, I will take care of you and guard you. And some day we will go to search for your parents."

Benjamin was so astonished at this, that he stopped crying. "What!" cried he, surprised, "you can speak, like a human being?"

The dog shook his shaggy head. "Yes, when the rich people act like wild beasts against the poor people, we animals must help them. When a human being is very unhappy and forsaken, he understands our language and knows that we wish him well. I have not forgotten, little Benjamin, that you saved my life. I want to thank you. Lie down on the straw, I will watch over you."

A little comforted, the little boy obeyed, and the dog sat down near him, guarding him all night, licking Benjamin's hand with his warm tongue occasionally.

Then came hard times for little Benjamin. The stout lady who was his neighbor took him to her hut, but she was not good to him. She forced him to carry water from the river in a heavy bucket, and made him do all kinds of hard work. And the worst was yet to come. One day the rich man passed by the huts of the Negroes and saw Benjamin. "A strong boy," he said. "He can work in the fields already." And from then on the little boy had to work in the fields in the heat of the sun till he thought he would die of weariness.

(To Be Continued).

## MAY DAY CELEBRATION

May Day will be celebrated by the Young Pioneers as well as other working class children of New York City with a big concert and many games. The concert will take place on Saturday, April 30, at 525 East 72nd Street at 1.30 sharp. The program will consist of recitations, a play, a dance and musical numbers. After the concert we will all leave the hall and hike to Central Park, where we will have lots of games, acrobatic stunts, etc. All working class children who live in the city should be down if they want to have a wonderful time.

## A WORKER'S CHEER

By JOSEPH BOYERS.

Roses are red,  
Violets are blue,  
If you want to join the Pioneers  
You could too.



# MUSIC

## The Song of the Machine

Playwright Finds Antheil's Music Based on America, Africa, and Steel

By EM JO BASSHE

(Author of "Earth" and "Adam Solitaire," Director of the New Playwrights Theatre)

On Sunday evening, April 11, an audience of more than 3000 people crowded into Carnegie Hall to take part in the birth or death of a new creative force in American music—George Antheil. This Trenton, N. J. youth has been hibernating in Paris the last few years, and according to reports his concerts have caused riots there and in Budapest.

The concert on Sunday night began with a String Quartet in one movement with alternating allegro-presto and andante motives. It was excellently performed by the Musical Art Quartet; but it failed to prove the composer's contention that the tonality used is new to music or that it presented a novel problem in quartet writing. The Sonata for Violin, Piano and Drum came next with Sascha Jacobson at the violin and Mr. Antheil presiding first at the piano, then shifting to base drums. It is described by the composer as "a composite composition somewhat relative to the Picasso 1918 Cubist period."

### Futuristic Tinpan Alley.

The piano here is treated percussively against the violin which struggles heroically to maintain itself as a part of the duo. The thematic material here is often original, but snatches from such never-to-be-forgotten tidbits as "Nearer My God To Thee" and "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree" and others are included. It was satirical, often acrid; as humorous as music usually permits itself to be. It was here that the audience began to giggle, forgetting of course, that it was laughing with the composer at the futuristic tin pan alley. Just before the end the composer abandoned the piano as inadequate and changed to the base drums, which, like most of the modern composers, he finds to be the most satisfactory of the percussion instruments.

"The 'Jazz Symphony,' written in 1925 for Paul Whiteman, is in one movement, and very short; but in the fifteen or so minutes that it played it gave one the feeling that at last here is a composer who has caught the beauty of pure Negro harmony. By discarding the sentimentality that has pervaded the school of music which has attempted to interpret the Negro in terms of music, he created a glorious piece of music, unforgettable and astounding. It was a double triumph, for the orchestra composed of the best Negro musicians and conducted by Allie Ross, performed the work perfectly.

### America, Africa, Steel.

The tour de force of the evening, however was the "Ballet Mechanique." Originally written to accompany a motion picture by Leger, (shown in New York this winter by the Film Associates) it was never used because the composer was not satisfied with the picture. It was planned in three parts; all allegro. Its motif is America, Africa, and Steel. The usual combination of orchestral instruments are discarded and in its place are ten concert grand pianos, one mechanical piano, xylophones, bass drums, thunder effects, an aeroplane propeller, electric bells, a contraption that imitates a riveting machine, fire sirens. Eugene Goossens conducted and a force of the best manipulators of these instruments took part.

Laterally speaking "Ballet" in this case is a misnomer—this work could just as well be called a "Polytonal Poem" or a "Symphony in Dissonance," for much of the meaning and

original intention of the music is lost, since it was written to synchronize with the machine movements in the Leger picture. To those who have heard and seen both creations the music becomes more vital and understandable.

### American to the Core.

In this composition Antheil discards all the laws of counterpoint, musical accent and cadence and builds up music that is American to the core: crude, bombastic, contra-lyrical. It has the vitality of the mythical pioneers of the West, its main theme is brazen and keyed in bravura style. It is as tuneful as a shoring engine, as melodious as a concrete mixer, as soothing as a factory whistle, but as important, and as inescapable. If at times it grew monotonous—not only to the stiff-shirts in the orchestra and the tier boxes, but also to the seventy-five centers in the galleries,—well, millions of workers have to listen to this same theme, to the repeated argument of these engines all the days of their life. Not only listen but feed, nurse and cajole these monsters so they may keep on playing the merry tune over again. They cannot put on their ermine capes and high hats and strut to a waiting limousine.

This music is the heart beat of the machine; it is the music of our age; it is realistic, imitative, phonographic. If it doesn't "get" you it is because you are saturated with it; if it pounds away and leaves you cold and flat in the end, don't blame the music, lay your accusations at the door of the progenitors of this age and civilization. Its mission is not to rehabilitate you and "lift up your soul to higher planes." In fact its charm (if you ask for it—and "music hath charm") lies obviously in its great lack of it. The Christian Scientists are never going to adapt this music to their hymns!

### Audience Is a Show.

Next to the music the most important thing at this affair was the audience in the galleries—at times it was more interesting than the music. This time there was no chance for them to sleep. Few kept their seats—they were on their toes all the time commenting, hissing, applauding, jeering, stamping their feet, shouting imprecations; they were alive! Nothing was lost to them. They participated every minute, while the dead heads below played with their platinum cuff buttons and sniffed at the perfumed bosoms of their concubines. There was certainly something symbolic in the mass leaning forward like one man and debating whether the song emanating from the stage and filling their ears was not, after all, the bitter, bloodless, unhuman song of the workers. They knew that intellectual analysis and stop watch reasoning will never decide this point.

The critics next day smashed dozens of typewriters in the rush to condemn the prodigal for daring to go agin the very old men of music. They forgot, however, that once upon a time a very great critic (his name? don't ask!) called their very own Saint Ludwig Beethoven's music, "Patchwork by a madman."

Joseph Moskowitz, well known cymbalist, will give his recital this Sunday afternoon at Town Hall.

George Antheil sails this week for Berlin. He will return in the Fall for a tour of the United States and Canada. Due to an inflammation of the arm his second concert at Carnegie Hall was cancelled.

# On the Screen

## Polikushka

The interpretive ability which enables the Moscow Art Theatre players to carry across fine gradations of dramatic meaning to audiences who are often ignorant of their language has enabled them to make a photoplay which borders on greatness. To express thought through pantomime, to render the human body infinitely expressive, to make hands, feet, eyes and mouth conote failure or confidence or fear, to limn in a thousand shades of emotion without any reinforcement from words—these are the very essence of cinematic art, and these are the things that the Moscow Art Theatre players have done to perfection in their adaptation of Tolstoi's "Polikushka."

This classic in moving pictures a description of which would take volumes, will be shown on Saturday, April 23rd at Labor Temple, 14th St. and 2nd Ave., under the auspices of the Photographic Workers' union and on Sunday, April 24th in the Scholem Aleichem Auditorium under the auspices of the United Council of Working Housewives, Council No. 8 at 1875 Clinton Ave., Bronx. Admission 50 cents.

## Screen Notes

The Capitol Theatre beginning today will show a new film titled "Rookies." Karl Dane, George K. Arthur and Marceline Day play the leading roles.

Next week's picture at Moss' Broadway Theatre beginning Monday will be "The Brute". Monte Blue, Leila Hyams and Clyde Cook are featured.

## GLORIA FOY



One of the principals in the new Kalman Opacetta, "The Circus Princess," opening at the Winter Garden Monday night.

"Chang," Paramount's picture of jungle life in Siam will open at the Rivoli Theatre Friday, April 29th. "Old Ironsides" now at the Rivoli, will be moved to the Criterion, replacing "Beau Geste."

"Variety" with Emil Jannings and Lya de Putti will be shown at the Cameo beginning Sunday.

"Secrets of the Soul," a new importation from Germany will be the screen feature at the Fifth Avenue Playhouse next week. The picture is based on psychoanalysis.

Universal will make a screen version of the European drama "The Five Frankfurters," which has been popular on the continental stage since 1911.

Ernest Lubitsch has been assigned to do the picturization of "Old Heidelberg", and will sail for Germany in May, to secure the local color of old Heidelberg.

# DRAMA

## The Artist in The Theatre

(Continued from Page 8)

anywhere but in some definite locality, and while the new artist has given up the futile attempt to clutter the stage in Belasco-Stanislawsky fashion with non-essential realistic detail, he nevertheless suggests unobtrusively, yet clearly where the action does take place. Legers' settings for the film "The New Enchantment," and Rabinovitch's settings for "Lysistrata" are cases in point.

3.—Functional. This is the most important aspect of stage design. It requires that whatever is found on the stage must have a definite function in the play; that all superfluities be rigorously excluded. All the platforms, levels, stairs, towers, etc., that one finds arranged horizontally, vertically and diagonally on the stage are there to allow an effective distribution of groups, to afford the actors the possibility of free movement, up, down, forward and backward in several directions without impeding the action of one another, to keep in full view of the audience and at the same time accomplish the maximum of action in the minimum of space.

### Danger of Overcrowding.

This aspect carries likewise its dangers. For just as in attempting to turn the stage into a work of art the artist runs the risk of turning it into a museum, just as in trying to indicate faithfully the locals of the play he is likely to become to imitative, so also in trying to give functional value to his stage settings the artist sometimes overshoots the mark and fill the stage with stairs, platforms and scaffolding that have no earthly use. All this is simply to say that not all modern stage

## Broadway Briefs

Charles Dillingham, is sending Frederick Lonsdale's comedy "On Approval," to the Bronx Opera House for a week's stay beginning Monday night. Wallace Eddinger, Hugh Wakefield and Violet Kemble Cooper, head the cast. "Katy Did" a new comedy will come to the Bronx Play House, Monday May 2.

Zola Talma has replaced Kay Strozzi in the cast of "The Crown Prince" at the Forrest Theatre.

The winner of the second week's prize of \$500 for the best letter on "The Ladder" is Helmer O. Oleson, of 52 Morningside Avenue, a young probation officer in the court of General Sessions.

Another company of "Broadway" opened Monday night at the Garrick Theatre in Detroit.

"A Night In Spain," will open on Broadway on Monday May 2. The new revue has a book by Harold Atteridge; music by Jean Schwartz and lyrics by Al Byram.

Glenn Hunter in "Young Woodley" will be at the Shubert-Riviera Theatre next week.

designers are equal to their task. At his best, however, the new artist in the theatre contributes his might to a movement constantly growing and gathering strength. And though this movement may appear to be confined to the narrow limits of the stage alone, its implications are wider than the artist himself is aware of.



# DRAMA

## The Artist in the Theatre

Louis Lozowick Puts Him in His Place and Warns Him of Traps

Louis Lozowick designed the settings for George Kaiser's "Gas" when it was produced as the first play in the Goodman Memorial Theatre of Chicago. More than any American artist, he understands the place of machinery and machine interpretation on the stage. His drawings in the New Masses and other journals are well known, and he has had several successful exhibitions of paintings. He is a leader among the artists who are trying to give the machine age expression on canvas.

By LOUIS LOZOWICK.

OF all the arts the theatre is perhaps the most sensitive to social transformations; the art which more clearly than any other reflects the collective temper of an age. It is not surprising therefore to find that the Russian Theatre, seeking to express the radical change in the collective life of the entire country, should have surpassed all other theatres of the world in its daring experiments and unprecedented departures from accepted practices. The Russian Theatre is no longer satisfied to reflect passively the petty tragedies of passing and past generations; it wants to participate actively in the creating of a new social life and in the moulding of a new social personality.

It need hardly be added that just as the forces of social rebellion are not the exclusive privilege of Russia alone, neither are the theatrical innovations its exclusive property. In various degrees the revolutionary theatre has become a fact in most European countries, and is gradually becoming a fact even in the United States.

In this new orientation the modern artist has been of capital importance. So much so, indeed, that he has outstripped all other factors in the theatre—text, actor, music, etc. The function of the modern artist in the new theatre is in brief to bare the essential character of the play, to clarify the meaning of the text, to set in relief the movement of the actor, to create an atmosphere in harmony with each play. For the sake of brevity and clarity one may consider the work of the new artist in the theatre (artists, not stage hands), from three aspects:

1.—Pictorial. Never before have so many excellent artists given their services to the stage. These artists are not merely stage hands following unthinkingly the orders of the stage director. They are original, creative minds and excellent craftsmen. In consequence they do their work with much more regard to its pictorial quality than was ever formerly the case. Whatever the theme of the play, all parts of the settings are so organized in color, line and mass as to form practically an independent work of art—rhythmic, expressive.

And since the new artist has no intention of hiding the fact that the stage is, after all, a stage and not a

ANTOINETTE PERRY



Continues in the chief role of the J. Frank Davis drama and "The Ladder," which is in its seventh month at the Waldorf Theatre.

faithful copy of reality, he gives his imagination free reign. He no longer conceives stage settings as simply an enlarged canvas, a magnified easel painting, but builds in three dimensions, adding to the art of the painter, the art of the sculptor and architect. But this practice is fraught with danger. Once absorbed in his work, the artist is tempted to disregard the requirements of the play and to turn the stage into an art museum, thereby invariably killing the play. American audiences will recall more than one play in the last few years annihilated in this manner.

Must Suggest Locality.

2.—Associative. This danger is easily avoided if the artist pays strict attention to the play—as is indeed the case with the best among modern stage designers. The settings must be related to the theme of the play, must accentuate its essence, create the proper environment and background for the action. The settings must be based on the text and action, and action is always local. The action of every play does not take place just

(Continued on Page 7)

## The New Plays

MONDAY.

"THE CIRCUS PRINCESS," the newest musical comedy by Emmerich Kalman, will be presented by the Messrs. Shubert at the Winter Garden Monday evening. Alfred Grunwald, Julius Brammer and Harry B. Smith made the adaptation. The big cast is headed by George Hassell, Desiree Tabor, Guy Robertson, George Bickel, Ted Doner and Gloria Foy.

"HIT THE DECK," a musical version of "Shore Leave," adapted by Herbert Fields, music by Vincent Youmans, lyrics by Clifford Grey and Leo Robin, will open at the Belasco Theatre Monday night.

TUESDAY

"MIXED DOUBLES," a new comedy by Frank Stayton starring Margaret Lawrence, will be presented by the Shuberts at the Bijou Theatre Tuesday evening. Those in the cast include: Marion Coakley, Thurston Hall, Eric Blore, John Williams, Roy Cochrane, Marcella Swanson, William Eville and Russell Morrison.

WEDNESDAY.

"ENCHANTMENT," a new play by J. Jefferson Fargeon, will open Wednesday night at the Edyth Totten Theatre, the initial production of the American Theatre Association. Allison Bradshaw, Pamela Simpson, Alan Hollis, Edward Rigby, A. P. Kaye and

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