

THE NEW MAGAZINE

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ALEX BITTELMAN, Editor

Cogitation In a Cell

By T. J. O'FLAHERTY

JACK FINNEGAN sat in his cell with his two fists under his chin, looking, without realizing what he was looking at, into the dirty bowl of the cell lavatory.

Jack was arrested that morning as he was getting his weekly paper ready for "bed" and he was taken to this jail, charged with inciting people to overthrow the government.

There are certain times in peoples' lives that they think deeply and furiously. Just like taking stock. When a man gets married, or at least immediately afterwards. That is one of them. When a man loses a job. That is another. When a man is recovering from a debauch. That is a third. But, it is seldom that anything changes one's mode of living, except death. For just as soon as his wife deserts him, he looks for another. And when a man gets another job or is offered another drink he forgets all about the past; in fact he looks back over his life journey and fools himself into believing that the past was a sweet pilgrimage thru Elysium.

As Jack Finnegan looked at the bowl, he put himself thru a third degree. He heard toppers, after a hard week's drinking call it: "whipping the cat." He was not sorry for what happened to him, but he thought he was justified in asking himself if it was worth while.

That morning a fellow with a face like a piece of steak walked into the editorial room and asked for Jack Finnegan. When Jack admitted his identity the beef-faced person announced that he was Sergeant Thaddeus O'Hara of the Bomb Squad and that the department of labor was under the impression that Finnegan was born in Ireland and did not know enough to get on the police force or at least be a ward captain in some reliable democratic organization.

O'Hara was accompanied by a federal dick named Adamowsky, who remained discreetly in the background. Finnegan put on his hat and coat and accompanied his chaperons to the jail. It was known as the filthiest dive this side of Warsaw. On the way to the jail, O'Hara remarked that it was remarkable how an Irishman should take to ways that were more risky than remunerative.

"If you were back in Ireland," he said, "it would be different. But here, a wise guy can make a living. I know that Communism is alright in Russia, but we won't have it here for another hundred years. I am a radical myself but I am not a sap and I'll get mine while I am here."

Then he whispered in Finnegan's ear and said: "Christ, you are one of our own and I didn't want to let this kike pinch you. You know. It isn't so bad when one of your own does it."

Finnegan couldn't see a lot of difference between getting carted to the can by a Jew or by an Irishman, but he was somewhat intrigued by the conversation, so he let O'Hara ramble along.

"You know, I was Bill Haywood's secretary for awhile," continued the sergeant. "Say, Bill is a good scout. But hell, I was smoking cigars on ten bucks a week and those wobs couldn't see how I did it. But honest to Christ I was no fink. I was working for the department."

Finnegan kept on wondering what could a fink be except a stool-pigeon. But O'Hara was quite sure that he was no stool-pigeon. You see, he was getting paid by the government for doing his stuff. He was not a member of the I. W. W. before he began his finking.

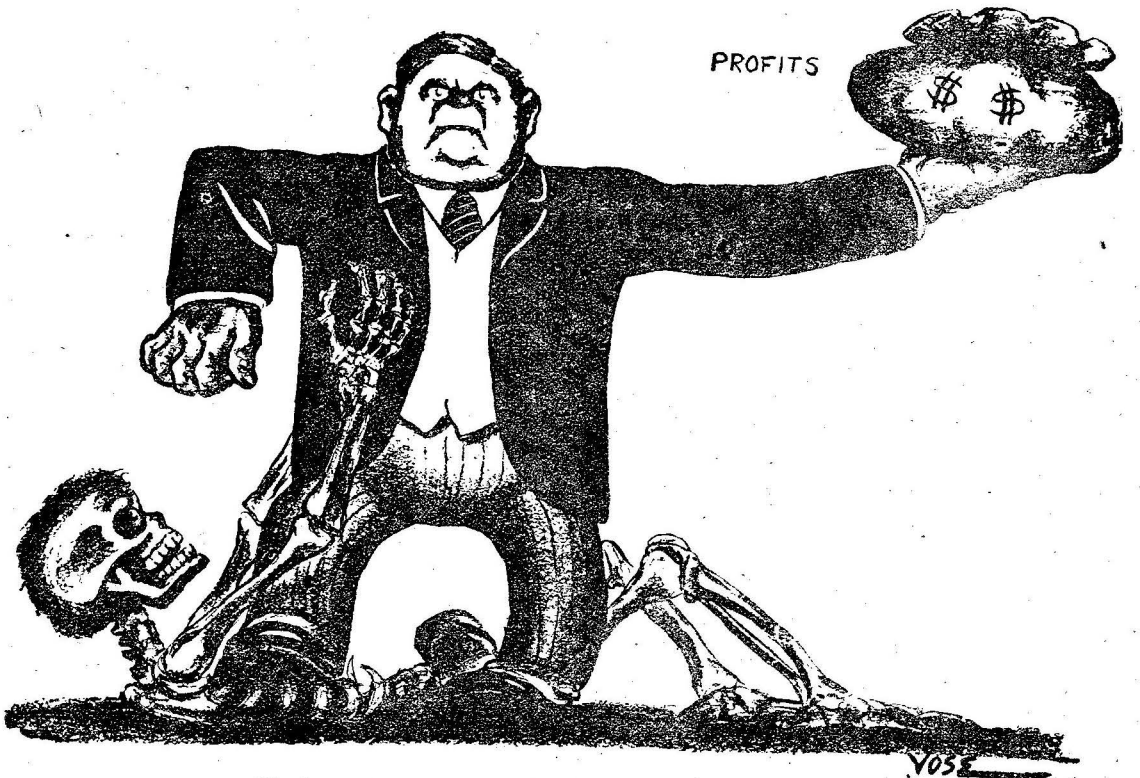
"I appreciate your point of view," continued O'Hara, "but I am studying for the bar and pretty soon I'll quit this job. If I were in Europe I'd be a Communist but here I am a damn good democrat. A fellow who doesn't look out for himself is nutty. The workinclass don't care what happens to you. See how they treated Debs."

Finnegan made some scientific observations on evolution and he pointed out to O'Hara that Czar Nicholas of Russia was quite sure that things would continue as they were, when the big splash sent him under, but O'Hara brushed the observations aside contemptuously.

"Say, you talk like a ten year old. Do you think anybody in the city or federal governments thinks the wobblies are any worse than the A. F. of L. Hell, no. The wobs talk about sabotage—that's all. The A. F. of L. don't talk about it."

O'Hara curled a wicked lip and he turned his eyes as if trying to expose a bit of foreign matter that was irritating him.

"I know that Big Jack Mulcahy is finking it and so is Frank Schneider. I'd like to get those b——"
By this time the jail was reached.



Herbert Hoover in His Favorite Act, "Profits."

"He is not a bad sort. Treat him good," said O'Hara to the desk sergeant in the detective bureau whose name was Denny Gallagher.

"From Ireland," said Denny to Finnegan. "What are you here for? Propaganda?"

"Yes," replied Finnegan.

Gallagher did not feel any more excited than if Finnegan admitted he had committed patricide.

"Sit down here for awhile," said Gallagher, "perhaps your bondsmen will be around soon, and I won't have to put you in the can. I have some good Irish records here that I would like you to hear."

Gallagher and Finnegan smoked and talked about everything that two normal Irishmen might be interested in. Occasionally a prisoner was brought in and it was Gallagher's duty to search them, book them and jug them. Negroes, he searched for cutlery.

"Now my young hero," he would say to a Negro, with a captivating smile, "would there be any chance of your having a little bit of a razor stowed away in your glad rags?" And Gallagher would clownishly tickle the prisoner's ribs and explore every part of his anatomy except where a razor might be, much to the amusement of the prisoner. Gallagher was an artist.

Gallagher was going off duty at five o'clock and Finnegan's bondsmen hadn't shown up, so Gallagher reluctantly showed him to his cell assuring him that the night sergeant was no worse than he was.

This is where we find Finnegan looking with unseeing eyes at the cell pot and brooding over his past life.

Supposing he was a normal person, that is, one who cared only for getting on in the world, what would he be now? Merely a common slave, perhaps a stevedore on a dock, head of a department store, a lawyer or even a big politician, right bower of a mayor.

But he was not a normal person and here he was in jail. Now, what is a normal person? What, what, what is anything? He began to think of the things he could be and the more he thought of them, the gladder he was that he was in jail.

He remembered the day he went looking for a job in Isaac and Cohn's department store. Finnegan always wanted to be a newspaperman, but his father's old friend Fergus McFuddle, a well-known dentist, dissuaded him from that field.

"As an old friend of your father's I want to give you good advice," said McFuddle. "Get into something with a future. There is nothing for you in the newspaper game except a red nose. And you can cultivate that anywhere. Now, I'll give you a letter to Johnny Fitzpatrick who runs Isaac and Cohn's department store and he'll give you a job. You may not get much for a start and you will have to work long hours but in nine or ten years you'll get somewhere."

Perhaps if Finnegan had not met Jack Lacey before he went to see Fitzpatrick, he might not be where he was today. But when he told Jack that he was going to look for a job in Isaac and Cohn's, Lacey was glad. Because Lacey was one of those fellows who did not like to see his friends "work." They must be "in business." Lacey was employed as chief clerk by a steamship company and he liked to talk of "my business." He was something of a radical and hated the catholic church. But it seems that most people have a weak spot.

"Break into his office like a cyclone," Lacey advised Finnegan "and tell him you want a job, and if he turns you down, stand there and tell him that you came to get a job and you are going to have it. This is not Ireland or England where you have to wear knee pads when asking for a position. This country is democratic, with all its faults, and a boss likes audacity. Don't take off your hat. Just walk in as if you owned the place and you'll get the job alright."

Finnegan could do this kind of a thing without any apparent effort as he had no more manners than a wild boar.

He was waiting in Isaac and Cohn's early the following morning. Fitzpatrick did not show up until about 9 A. M. Finnegan was told that the boss was a stocky, dark haired fellow with curly hair. A man answering to this description walked into an office with "private" marked on the door.

Finnegan waited long enough to give Fitzpatrick time enough to take off his hat. Then he walked right in without knocking.

Either Lacey was giving Finnegan a bum steer or Fitzpatrick was not a typical American.

The boss was looking over his mail when Finnegan walked in and without taking off his hat or showing any other indication that he was in the presence of his superior, blurted out:

"Are you Mr. Fitzpatrick?"

Had Fitzpatrick been a Chicago bootlegger his hand would have gone to his hip. As it was he turned sharply in his swivel chair and glared at the interloper.

"What do you want?" he barked.

"A job," replied Finnegan.

"What kind of a job?"

"I don't know."

"Suffering catfish" snorted Fitzpatrick, "what the devil made you walk in here without removing your hat? Who are you? Get the hell outa here."

Finnegan stood there like a king's guard in front of Buckingham Palace. He proudly brandished the introductory letter he received from Dr. McFuddle and presented it to Fitzpatrick.

The latter read the letter and frowned.

"What the hell does McFuddle mean?" he muttered "by sending me a fellow that doesn't know enough to take off his hat when asking for a job."

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Cogitation In a Cell

By T. J. O'FLAHERTY

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"I was told that this was the right way to approach a boss" observed Finnegan.

"Well, you'll know better before long" retorted Fitzpatrick. "Only for this letter from Dr. McFudde, I would have you pitched out on your ear. What the devil kind of animals are they rearing in Ireland these days?"

Then Fitzpatrick cooled down somewhat and said: "I'll place you, provided you are willing to start from the bottom. How would \$3 a week suit you for a start? If you stick to it you'll make good all-right."

Finnegan said he'd think it over and made his exit. Hell, he could get almost twice that much rustling freight on the docks.

If Finnegan had taken that job in the store perhaps he might not now be looking at a lot of flies creeping over the bowl in the cell. He might be a floor-walker in the store, a collector of pennies in the church and the proud possessor of a deed to a cottage. But what of it? When he thought of living such a life he almost had a fainting spell.

Finnegan did not take the job in the store. He did not want to start at the bottom. He did not even want to start at the top. He did not want to start anywhere. He was not that kind of a person. The very thought of having to take the same car every morning, get up at the same hour, punch the clock and perform the same movements regularly for a lifetime was enough to drive him crazy. He had imagination, and imagination is not a prerequisite to success in business. So Finnegan thot and thot, furiously.

In his youth he read in a catholic magazine an attack on socialism made by the pope. Because the pope was against socialism Finnegan became interested. But none of his acquaintances ever heard of this strange doctrine. When Finnegan tried to tell them about it they would not get excited but simply say: "I am afraid that will not come in our time."

But one day Finnegan was walking along the beach ready for anything, even for jumping into the sea. A rather shabbily-dressed person handed him a pamphlet. It was the campaign platform of the socialist party. Finnegan sat down on a bench and devoured it. He was not the same ever since. That leaflet made him what he was today. It gave him a new reason why he should live.

Here he was in the can, thinking over many things, and particularly over the motives that drive people to do certain things. Now, why should one man suffer in order to help millions who may at this moment be quite willing that he should go to the gallows or rot in jail?

His soliloquy was disturbed by the rustle of a key in the cell door lock and another prisoner was shoved in.

The newcomer was a sallow-faced Pole. "What have they got against you?" asked Finnegan.

"They say I put child in girl," he replied, and one could not judge by his looks whether the charge was phony or not.

The Pole did not seem to care what Finnegan was in for. He asked no questions. Just looked into space.

It was now six o'clock in the evening and noises began to increase. Outside a detective squad was going on duty and the lieutenant was lecturing the men.

It was hard to catch everything he said, but Finnegan could gather that he was criticising his staff.

There was considerable cursing and abuse and then silence.

But not for long. It was time for the line-up.

The jailer came along with his key and the cell door opened. Finnegan and the Pole walked out. They turned a corner and found themselves lined up against a wall with figures on it. From 5 foot to 6 foot 2. The prisoners stood up against this wall. In front of them were about twenty grinning policemen in plain clothes, a detective squad. In the middle of this squad stood a lieutenant, the same fellow who was abusing the policemen a few minutes previously.

The lieutenant had a sheet of paper in his hand with the names of prisoners on it and what they were in for. He called them one by one and as they were called they were compelled to stand with their backs against that part of the wall, on which the numbers were inscribed. As each prisoner walked up to his position the lieutenant would ask him for his name, tell him to take off his hat, tell him put it on, then abuse him for putting it on, ask him why he was here and when he answered, the lieutenant would say: "shut up or I'll kick you in the belly," or worse than that. After the lieutenant had satisfied himself that this particular prisoner was played out, he would say to the detectives who stood around: "give this bird a little medicine."

Then the detectives would take a few punches at the prisoner remarking: "how do you like that you son of a Mexican half breed?"

The Pole got ahead of Finnegan and even Finnegan had to laugh at some of the things the dicks said to him about his amorous affairs. Afterwards in his cell the Pole said to Finnegan: "They called me a ————" But another prisoner—a professional pickpocket who was spending the night with the Pole and Finnegan, laughed like hell and chuckled: "They called you nothing. You ought to hear what they called me." And when he told what they called him the Pole laid down on the bench and went to sleep—happy.

"Finnegan, there is someone to see you," hollered the night desk sergeant.

Finnegan jumped up and out. His wife was looking in thru the gate that led from the stairway into the cellar where he was incarcerated. She had been trying to locate him all day and was sent from one place to another. Nobody seemed to know where he was. Well, she saw him and began to hurl

a stream of abuse at the desk sergeant. Finnegan gave her the silent signal.

"I am just after running the gauntlet," Finnegan told his wife. "Say, didn't those dogs abuse me!"

"Not at all," chimed in the desk sergeant, "they only asked you some questions that were not easy to answer. No matter what you said you were a damn fool. Yet, if you didn't answer you were a bigger fool."

"But what right have you or anybody else to ask my husband questions?" demanded Mrs. Finnegan. "I would like to scratch your eyes out."

Finnegan was trying to convince his wife that the desk sergeant was not responsible for his misery, but women and reason are not always synonymous terms. But talk as Mrs. Finnegan did the sergeant had the last word.

"What I'd like to know," he said, "is why a man like your husband should be here. He doesn't have to. What is he getting out of it? Now, I am in sympathy with his ideas. I always vote for William Jennings Bryan, when he is running. But a fellow can't afford to be a damn fool unless he has a private income. Now, look at me."

Finnegan and his wife looked at what was talking and saw a little fellow with a semi-bald head like the shuttle of an old-fashioned loom.

"When I came to this country," continued the desk sergeant, "I had a tough time finding a job, but I stuck it out. I took anything I could get. I took a job washing dishes. But I was not satisfied with that. I got a job on the street cars. I wasn't satisfied with that. I studied nights and finally landed on the police force. After I pounded the sidewalks for a few years I was given a plain clothes assignment and here I am. Now I am just about where I wanted to be. I tell you that a man who doesn't look out for himself ought to be where you are Mr. Finnegan. I feel sorry for your wife."

And so was Finnegan for that matter, for he was a conscientious husband, but after his wife said good-bye and he returned to his cell, somehow or other the lavatory bowl looked different and the flies that were crawling over it seemed to wear gaudier plumage. Even the snoring of the Pole sounded like the strains of a jazz orchestra to Finnegan after the Babbitarianisms of the desk sergeant. Finnegan was in no paradise, but at least he was not satisfied. He shuddered as he thot of living the life of a floor-walker, or being part of a system that depended for protection on uncouth and obscene detectives. This was his compensation for whatever discomfort he suffered. He enjoyed the luxury of hating the plunderers of the workers. A feeling of languor superinduced by mental satisfaction crept slowly thru his veins, like the action of the first glass of a generous wine on the blood. He folded his soft hat and laid it down on the bench. He laid his head on his hat, stretched out his limbs alongside the amorous Pole and soon his heavy breathing was mingling harmoniously with the snores of his cell-mate.

Electricity and God

By S. SLOBODSKY

ELECTRICITY and god! A rather strange combination. Even more than strange. Really, what is there in common between electricity and god? Aren't they entirely two different things?

Well, they may seem to be so to the common mortal, but they aren't. Indeed not! Ask Professor Pripin of the Columbia University. He knows. And as far as he is concerned, the affinity between electricity and god is an undeniable fact. In his learned opinion they're very much related to each other, real "blood relatives," so to speak.

First of all, Professor Pripin claims that to teach the science of electricity properly simply means to teach theology in its "most concrete and intelligible form."

Secondly, "there is just one mystery in the electrical science, says our learned professor, "and that is, where, when and how the tiny electron and its fond partner, the proton, came into existence? The sensible man will say god created them, and god only knows where, when and how."

And last, but by no means the least, "when man discovered the electron he caught the first glimpse of the divine method of creative operations. God employed the heavenly host of electronic workers to build the atom, the molecules and the galaxies of burning stars."

Here you have a "scientific" proof of the community between electricity and god. For our professor this as clear as day.

Of course, it takes a professor to see that much. But to the common mortal, who is so far from professorial learning, this "scientific" proof doesn't really prove anything at all. To him the relationship between electricity and god still remains a "mystery."

And yet, there is nothing mysterious. Our estimable professor is simply trying to inject a little of that "magic (or rather electrical) elixir" into

this god, moldy from old age and badly smelling of decay.

In the times of yore it was quite a simple matter to uphold the popular belief in the "almighty."

Yes, it was a pretty easy job for the priests. And they didn't need for it the electron or any other thing of that sort. People believed in god, and in the devil (and everything else related to either or both) firmly, implicitly, unshakably (it seemed), in a most primitive manner. Everything in this world of ours comes either from the divine spirit (god) or the evil spirit (the devil). And the creation of the world was just as primitively explained. God moved his hands to and fro and about, or just said: "There shall be light," and lo—there was light! In the very same fashion he created the earth, and the water, and the stars, and everything else. Finally he took a piece of clay and made our forefather Adam and from Adam's rib he made Eve.

Everything so simple and clear. No electrons, no protons, no atoms or any other fancy things of that kind.

But the flow of social life is ever getting broader, deeper and swifter. Mankind is facing concrete and vital problems bearing upon social life in its all present-day complexity. Every now and then events of great historical importance are taking place. Science is rapidly progressing and in consequence thereof, the numerous "mysteries" of our life are blowing up one after another. Because of all this, god and religion are getting further and further into the background of human consciousness. The number of people who have freed themselves from the blind, implicit belief in god and the devil and everything else that makes up primitive believes, and seek facts and knowledge, is constantly growing. Slowly, but surely, the ancient biblical tales are losing their influence and their fascination, as their inconsistencies in the face of hard

facts of everyday life and science are getting more and more evident. And the number of churchgoers, of the "obedient sheep," is gradually decreasing.

Naturally, the priests are very much alarmed over this fact. From the pulpits and in the press they're shouting about the "growing unbelief."

Many of them, in order to bring back into the folds of the church their herds, supplement their sermons with movies and other amusements. Not so long ago one sagacious New York priest "seasoned" his sermons with some classic dances performed by barefoot maidens.

This "growing unbelief" also causes a good deal of anxiety to the ruling class. And no wonder. Religion has always been one of the most efficient means of preserving obedience in the oppressed toiling masses, their submission to their unenviable lot and their blind hope for better times if not in this life, then at least in the "hereafter."

It's therefore necessary to save religion. But how? It seems that movies and such like amusing supplements to church proceedings don't serve the purpose quite well. True, the churches are, perhaps, filled again, but a good many people visit them only as spectators and not as reverential god-fearing worshippers. Of course, this doesn't help matters.

Well, if movies, dances and other attractions don't prove the existence of god and the necessity of religion, then, perhaps science will.

Unfortunately, there are still very few scientists who are entirely independent and honest in their knowledge. The great majority of them are faithfully serving the ruling class, are selling their knowledge for a bowl of pottage. It pays so much better and means so much more ease and comfort. At the bidding from above, at "his master's voice," the average scientist is ready to tone up the cudgels

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May Day and the Soviet Union

By ALEX BITTELMAN

THE Soviet Union is undoubtedly the dearest possession of the international workingclass of today. Every hour of the existence of the Soviet Union strengthens the workers and weakens the capitalists. Every new achievement in the building of socialism in the Soviet Union marks a fresh step forward in the development of the world revolution. To celebrate May Day is to celebrate the victory of the masses over their oppressors in what was formerly the empire of the czars, landlords and capitalists, and re-dedicate ourselves to uncompromising struggle for the liberation of the toilers the world over.

May Day has become a symbol of international workingclass solidarity and struggle against capitalism. It has become a symbol of determined opposition and militant struggle against imperialism and imperialist war. It has become the day of concentration and mobilization of hundreds of thousands of workers to demonstrate readiness to fight for the abolition of capitalism and for the establishment of the rule of the workingclass.

What is symbolic in May Day has become actual, living reality in the Soviet Union. International workingclass solidarity, the consciousness and spirit that transcends the boundaries of state, language, race, color, creed and religion, the power that merges millions of exploited and oppressed throughout the world into an inspired and determined army of struggle against capitalism—these are the things that are incorporated in May Day, and these are the forces that brought about the downfall of czarism and capitalism in Russia. These are the forces that will inevitably bring about the downfall of capitalism all over the world.

The Unfolding of the World Revolution.

When capitalist politicians get into difficulties they invariably blame the so-called "machinations" of the Soviet government. This has become a regular practice with capitalist statesmen. It has almost reached the point of a new political science for the administration of capitalist affairs of state. Which is, of course, nothing else but a dishonest, demagogic trick of raising hostility to the Soviet Union and of covering up the failures of the capitalist governments.

It is sheer nonsense to believe, as Secretary Kellogg would like us to, that the Mexican government is dominated by Bolsheviks and that therefore it becomes the "sacred duty" of the American government to interfere in Mexican affairs. Of course, we do not expect Secretary Kellogg or any of his colleagues to speak the truth in the matter. For a truthful account of American policy in Mexico would

disclose the well-known fact that it is the profits and the power of exploitation of American capitalists that the American government is defending in Mexico. Such an account would also disclose the fact that big American capital, particularly our oil and copper magnates, is wildly cherishing the ambition of destroying Mexico's national independence and to do with Mexico what American capital has done with the Philippine Islands, Porto Rico, Haiti, and what is now being accomplished in Nicaragua. War with Mexico to subdue and conquer it for the greater glory and profits of American big capital—that is what the rulers of America desire.

Is it to be expected that Secretary Kellogg would tell this story in so many words? Naturally, not. He would not be what he is, a big capitalist himself and a true servant of big capital generally, if he were to tell the truth about Mexico. So he does something else. While he is engaged in terrorizing and blackmailing the Mexican government and the Mexican people to submit to the exploitation of American imperialism, he at the same time sets up a smoke screen of "Bolshevist dangers" and "Soviet intrigues" to frighten the innocent and to confuse the traces of the real intrigues of American capitalists against the independence of Mexico.

The Soviet government is also made to blame for "our" troubles in Nicaragua which is even more ridiculous and brazen than the charge of Bolshevik "intrigues" in Mexico. In China, which is passing through the most heroic and epoch-making struggle for its liberation from the yoke of foreign imperialism, a struggle which is caused by the brutal rule of English, American, Japanese, French, etc. imperialists and which derives its strength from the spirit of rebellion against oppression inspiring millions of toilers in China, this tremendous social upheaval is also attributed to the "intrigues" of the Soviet government. Chamberlain, manager of the foreign affairs of British capitalism, is particularly skillful in the game of "blame it on the Soviets." Foreign ministers of other capitalist governments are studiously copying these methods of Chamberlain.

But what is the truth? The world revolution is continuing to unfold itself with greater sweep and vigor. It travels now along two wide paths. The ever growing strength and socialist stabilization of the Soviet Union is one path along which the world revolution is unfolding itself, and the other path is the uprising of the oppressed colonial peoples, particularly the nationalist revolution in China. These two world revolutionary factors are steadily undermining the structure of world capitalism and bringing closer the day of its eventual collapse.

Capitalist statesmen watch these developments and

understand their meaning. Capitalist governments are drawing conclusions from these developments and the result is the preparation for a large scale war on China, similar preparations for an attack on the Soviet Union, the opening up of the basic antagonisms between the big capitalist powers and the danger of a world imperialist war.

The so-called impatience of the British government with the Soviet government is to be explained not by some mysterious conspiracies of the latter, but by the very real and substantial successes of the socialist development of the Soviet Union. The anxiety and nervousness of capitalist politicians over Russia is caused not by what they term "Bolshevist propaganda" but by the tremendous power of inspiration that is emanating from the positive achievements of the toiling masses in the Soviet Union. It is the example of the success and steady upward development of socialism in the Soviet Union, it is the ever growing sympathy of the international workingclass for the Soviet Union and the revolutionizing effects of these developments upon the minds and struggles of the toiling masses the world over, that is driving fear into the heart of world capitalism and is causing the imperialist preparation for an attack upon the Workers Republic.

The same is true with the imperialist war against China. The success of the Chinese revolution spells the end of imperialist domination in China. It means the loss of a tremendously rich source of super-profits for the capitalists of Great Britain, America, Japan, etc., with which to maintain more successfully capitalist domination at home. In short, the success of the Chinese revolution means a death blow at world capitalism and imperialism.

It is through the socialist upbuilding of the Soviet Union and through the upward swing of the Chinese revolution that the world revolution is proceeding forward at the present time. And in the process the workingclasses of capitalist Europe and America are becoming revolutionized. In the same process are becoming revolutionized the oppressed millions in the colonial and semi-colonial countries. Thus the world revolution is unfolding itself with ever growing steadiness and persistency.

In the celebration of May Day this year we shall remember the historic significance of the time in which we live. We shall prove by our demonstrations our realization of the fact that the Soviet Union is the greatest achievement of the workingclass in the history of its struggles. And along with the demands: "Hands Off China" and "Down With Imperialist Wars," we shall also demand: "Hands Off the Soviet Union. Immediate Recognition and Resumption of Complete Trade Relations With the Soviet Union."

ELECTRICITY AND GOD

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in behalf of god, religion, the devil—and what not! Many of them are doing it. And this is why one can see lately frequent attempts to betroth the still young science to the old decrepit god. Every now and then someone of the learned gentry solemnly announces that science not only does not disprove, but on the contrary, confirms the existence of god.

And herein is the substance and the purpose of Professor Pripin's "learned" effusion. Of course, he doesn't say that god created in six days everything out of nothing, that he made Adam from clay and Eve from Adam's rib, as this wouldn't be exactly scientific and in the spirit of our materialistic age.

Therefore Professor Pripin eliminates from his "theory" of the electro-divine creation of the world that mysterious biblical "nothing" and replaces it by the electrons and protons: "God employed the heavenly host of electronic workers to build the atoms, the molecules and the galaxies of burning stars," and everything else above, underneath and between the stars, among other things our own little planet and together with it our sinful race. Our worthy professor, of course, doesn't forget to emphasize the "mystery" of the origin of the tiny electron: "God created them and god only knows when, where and how."

So, everything springs from that tiny electron. In it is that "mysterious beginning of all beginnings."

The same old story, the same ecclesiastic bunk about the creation of the world disguised in a pseudo-scientific "theory."

Of course, Professor Pripin knows that it's all bunk. He knows that not so very long ago the atom now we know that it isn't so, that the "indivisible" microorganism, the "beginning of all beginnings." Now we know that it isn't so that the "indivisible" atom is but a conglomeration of billions of electrons. Some nice day the electron will also lose its "indivisibility" and its "primogeniture." Then God will be compelled to recreate, with the kind assistance of the learned gentry, the entire vast universe from some other microorganism, still smaller than the electron.

However, the time is nearing when it will be unnecessary and impossible for the scientists to sell their knowledge, when they will unselfishly help humanity free itself of all its gods, all its primitive beliefs, superstitions and prejudices and build a better, sensible life.

It isn't inopportune to add that in the poor and



Moral Inspiration at the C. M. T. C.

"backward" Soviet Union electricity plays one of the most important roles in the building up of such a life (remember Lenin's words: "If Russia will be covered with a thick network of electric stations and powerful technical equipments, then our Communist economy shall serve as a model for the coming Socialist Europe and Asia).

So it is in the Soviet Union. But here, in the rich, "enlightened" and "civilized" America the scientists are trying, it appears, to employ electricity for the very opposite purpose.

SILENCE.

Mine is a song that millions sing
Mine is a melody that flows
From a million hearts; a peasant knows
My tune far better than a king.

And though I seem to sing alone
I feel the throb in every breast
A throb divine yet unexpressed
A universal undertone.

My heart is hope when'er I hark
The magic mumblings of the mass
The struggling symphonies that pass
Into my soul from out the dark.

From out the dark, from out the deep
A chorus of a silence rare
Murmuring over "Rise and dare"
The world is still but not asleep.

—By ZINC.

On The New Road

By S. SLOBODSKY

ON the 2nd of February the Fascist Press published the notorious declaration of the seven traitors of the Italian General Confederation of Labor. Having announced the liquidation of the G. C. L. these traitors went into the service of the fascists. On the 20th of February at one of the factories in Milan the real representatives of the G. C. L. held a conference, which proclaimed to the world—and no less to Amsterdam, that the G. C. L. was not dead, that the workingclass decided to take matters into their own hands. They proclaimed that the struggle against fascism and the bourgeoisie will not be suspended; on the contrary, under the leadership elected by the workingclass itself, it will be carried on more resolutely than ever.

This conference was illegally convened on the initiative of three left federations. It was attended by delegations from unions of woodworkers, business employes and hotel and restaurant workers, metal workers, transport workers, printers, chemical workers, building trade workers and food workers. Representatives from the Trade Councils of Milan, Turin, Trieste, Bologna, Genoa, Rome, Naples, Bergamo and Vicenzy and from a number of local trade union organizations also participated. The conference received greetings and expressions of solidarity from the Barbers' Union, the Agricultural Workers' Union of Apulia and from a number of individuals. Besides the Communists, there were also reformist and maximalist delegates at the conference.

Decisions of the Conference.

The conference at which complete unanimity prevailed declared the liquidation of the G. C. L. invalid and elected a provisional committee to direct the work of the confederation. Reformists, maximalists and Communists (who were in the majority), were elected to the committee. A decision was taken that the G. C. L. centre must be situated in Italy and demanded that Amsterdam recognize the organization as the only one having the right to represent the Italian proletariat. It was decided to re-organize the trade unions on new lines, making the factory committee the basic trade union unit. Membership dues were greatly lowered.

The provisional committee was charged to convene an All-Union Congress to work out a program of action for the trade union movement and to elect a permanent executive bureau.

A Reformist's Admission.

Very remarkable is the statement made at this conference by a well-known and responsible reformist worker in the executive committee of the G. C. L.: "I came to the conference today," he said, "to make the following statement: You know that I always bitterly fought any attempt on your part (the Communists) to get control of the G. C. L.

"I always thought—although this proved an illusion—that the distinct division between the social-democrats and the Communists would guarantee personal and trade-union freedom, at all events for the social-democrats, and that the latter could continue their work of defending workingclass interests under a regime if only of comparative freedom. I repeat that this proved an illusion. After unsuccessful experiments we get to know better. Today, I belong to those workers—to those social-democrats, who confronted with the choice of two dictatorships prefer and choose the dictatorship of the proletariat. I, therefore, state that all my sympathies are with Communism, which I well understood as a world-outlook, but against which I was struggling, being one of the opposite camp. Today, I have finished with them. It is with these considerations that I appeal to social-democratic comrades: we must do everything to get the support of the masses for Communism. Once we are smashed by reactionary methods—methods incredibly reactionary, by a dictatorship which is considered such even from the capitalist point of view—for has not the masked constitutional forms also been discarded—all our efforts must be directed to get the workingclass to join the Communist Party, which is ideologically and organizationally better prepared for the struggle with the dictatorship of the bourgeoisie."

Reformist Methods

This statement of a reformist worker who for many years past was actively fighting the Communists is exceedingly symptomatic, for it throws light on the feelings among the working masses of Italy. It exhibits the methods used by reformist leaders to control the working masses. It shows how reformist workers who could not otherwise but feel in complete sympathy with the USSR and the Russian proletariat, who on every occasion manifested their sympathy—permitted the exclusion of Communists from the trade unions and allowed the trade unions to be incapacitated in face of fascist reaction.

They believed the assertions of the opportunist leaders that in steering clear of the Communists, that by keeping "clean" of them, reformist unions would be able to continue their existence under the fascist regime. Their leaders assured them that with submission and loyalty the fascists could be persuaded to allow the legal existence of the unions. This is the justification for their opportunist and treacherous policy. Step by step the reformist leaders closed down the trade union organizations, day by day they capitulated to fascism for the sake of saving their "personal and trade union freedom." The results of this policy are now conspicuously clear and the anger and dismay of the workers are equalled only by their contempt for these traitors. What is more important in this statement is the fact that it was made not before the representatives of a victorious Communist Party, not in a moment of triumph or rise in the labor movement of Italy—but at an illegal meeting in the presence of thirty representatives of the workers, who risking their lives and their freedom has gathered at a time when fascist reaction was rampant and at its worst.

Shared Workers' Needs.

This clearly demonstrates that the foremost elements of the labor movement, the most honest and steady workers of the trade unions have maintained their connections with the rank and file, have shared their needs and hopes and despair and have learnt the bitter lessons of recent years. They realize now that the road to victory is through national and international unity under the slogan of the Communist Party. This feeling among the Italian workers prompted the maximalist workers who at one time was in the leading organs of the Trades Council and in the Metal Workers' Union of Milan to participate also at this conference.

"My comrades," he declared, "in deciding to send me to the conference said: 'Go, but with conditions.' But I put up no conditions. My comrades are intellectuals. I am a worker. As my conscience dictates so will I act."

As indeed, the Milan conference is the expression of the revolutionary consciousness of the Italian proletariat. The impulse for unity, the incentive to take up the struggle, which for so many years had been held up by the leaders of the G. C. L. and socialist parties, is now once again crystallizing into concrete forms.

The Black Cities

By BERNARD COFFIN

NOTICE an unusual intensity in his voice, a peculiar flashing glitter in his eyes, as he glances hurriedly over the vanishing panorama of countryside. He speaks rapidly, like one who has many strange and important things to tell and is pressed for time. I recognize him at once as a miner, a man whose eyes have learned to squint, down in the dark hard veins of the earth.

An unusual man, I say to myself as I watch him: a man who can think, and hate, too.

For a few moments he is silent. Then a hard expression sweeps over his face. He waves his hand out toward the country sliding by the train window at fifty miles an hour.

"This," he says softly, "is a province of hell. Here we are under the Curse of Coal."

Lights. From shops and movies a bright stream of light. Bits of song, lights and sounds of laughter from saloons. A white hard wave of light engulfing the pressing, tramping, talking crowds. The Land of Coal is taking its rest. It is Saturday night in America's Black Country.

Groups of men, silent, broad shouldered men, talking, stooping men of thirty nationalities with their women and children, taking their rest.

Laughing men. This is Saturday night. Determined men of strong swinging shoulders and steady eyes. Men with marks of care upon laughing faces. Vast throngs of men who have suffered: men from the black pits, who laugh with their children and women on Saturday night. Men trying to forget the Curse of Coal.

Over hills, through fields and towns the train goes on. Through cities and woods, and everywhere one feels the influence of coal, hears the gossip of anthracite. A vast land, large as many European states, built on coal. Proud cities, Wilkes Barre, Scranton, Johnstown, Altoona and a hundred smaller places, all supported by masses of sweating men caught in the mighty grip of the anthracite. A sprawling land where elemental forces are shaping for the tremendous conquest of the future.

And over it all the sun shines brightly and the railroad tracks crawl like mated serpents, crawling over the hills and across the meadows and through the cities and towns: crawling over the heads of many men far down under the earth digging, digging, hard breathing men of many races engaged in the battle of coal.

A smiling land seen from a train window. A

stage set for a mighty drama, a play in which the bodies of men are being broken, lives are being smothered out, are being, day and night, crushed out by the pitiless coal. Shacks and palaces, want and wealth, despair and the arrogance of power, toil and the hunger of women and little children. The Curse of the Coal.

Blacker than the coal down in the earth, despair sulks over the great region. Up out of the pits men are swarming, up into the sun they are not supposed to see, come streams of sweating men.

A thrill of purpose fires the land. It is war, war and the stirring preparations for battle. The men from the black pits are on strike. The men of the deep pits are pouring into the light of day to fight wealth and arrogance and power for their women and children: the slaves of the anthracite are coming up to fight for the very lives of their people of the hovels.

Armed guards appear, a terrifying display of brutality and weapons. State police, minions of the coal barons, patrol the whole land; silent, menacing, hating the men of the deep black pits.

Terrified women, screaming children, and dogged determined men in whose blood the flames of conquest have been lighted. Violence, guns, clubs, prancing horses, bright uniforms. A land at war.

Into the houses they come, the armed guards and the uniformed police. Men are beaten before the eyes of their families. Terror has holiday. But the grimy men stay in the sun, the men refuse to go back into the black pits.

An unbelievable campaign of starvation, brutality, coercion in a myriad of forms; a monstrous unhuman force employed upon a race of workers in the name of justice and law. The hate of the great barons desolates the land, but the workers do not go down into the black holes: they take the bitter lashing in broad day. By hunger and suffering they are learning a lesson, they are being trained, hardened for the magnificent future conquest of coal.

Heroism and tears, the glory of the strike.

Betrayed!

Defeated!

The Black Cities under the round are crowded again. Human muscles are digging, digging into the tough bones of the earth: again the bodies of men are pitted against the coal, the men who have been betrayed and defeated in the sun.

The strike is over. Again men must labor for

long hours in the menacing black depths. They fought bravely, and still women and children are weeping in hovels; again hunger and terror are doing the work of the hard driving barons laughing in the sun.

Stories of betrayal are told, are whispered from house to house, carry the challenge even down into the black pits.

Defeated!

Betrayed!

But there is a difference now. Men talk quietly together. In the hovels they talk, by two and two in the black gas haunted veins of the earth men talk. There is something new, something clean and strong and terrible come into the Empire of Coal.

Men digging, digging down there at the bowels of the planet catch a glimpse of a new dawn; down there they hear whispers of words that bring them hope, words that fortell another time of battle and victory.

Down in the black pits they are dreaming and planning. Down there they have learned the need for the universal solidarity of labor, are fitting their souls for the inevitable conflict for domination of a world.

This is the drilling ground of the future's Iron Cohorts, the training place of strong men who will one day stream up into the sunlight to take their places by the sides of other workers to answer blow for blow the challenge of the bosses.

Down in the black pits men are digging, digging, flesh against rock, digging, digging, iron willed men who are destined to escape the Curse of Coal.

The eyes of my companion gleam with a strange intensity, the flame of enthusiasm casts a glowing shadow over his face; there is something of the air of a prophet in his manner.

Now, for a while he is silent again, peering out over the swiftly moving landscape.

"Coal! Coal!" he murmurs as if to himself. "There is fire in coal, a fire that lights either the flames of hell or the flames of revolution."

He turns toward me suddenly. His face darkens, he speaks with a savage vigor, "But today you are passing through a corner of hell."

The train rushes on: over hills and across meadows and through towns and proud cities caressed by the sunlight. Over the heads of sweating men, down, far down in the black pits, digging, thinking, digging, digging.

May Day Sketches

By ALEX JACKINSON

I. AN AMERICAN GIFT

MAY DAY is an American gift, presented to the world proletariat in 1889. In July of that year the annual International Socialist Congress was held in Paris. To this memorable assembly came a delegation of American socialists at whose initiative a day was set aside to enable the workers throughout the world to celebrate spontaneously the spirit of working class solidarity. May the first was agreed upon to be that day.

Since its inauguration thirty-eight years ago May Day began writing an inspiring history for the working class. One which will continue to be written until capitalism is abolished. And, there is much to be recorded in such a chronicle. Of bloody riots, of general strikes, and workers being massacred on that day, can fill page after page.

May Day is constantly going thru a revolution of its own. It has ceased to be a day when labor "downed tools" merely to demonstrate its strength. Today, in the era of imperialism, it has a more important mission to perform.

Capitalism fears that day. It is a sword of Damocles hanging over its head, from which there is no escape. That sword is the incarnation of the revolution which will soon come. It cannot be avoided much longer. Capitalism has outlived its "categorical imperative." Time has decreed its demise. May Day merely reminds it of its inevitable doom.

The workers of Russia once bore the spirit of May Day as workers today do in other countries. Now it is the greatest holiday in the Soviet Union. The understanding of May Day helped them make Nov., 1917, a historic date.

China is rapidly learning about May Day now.

In Italy Mussolini has forbidden May Day demonstrations. But on that day he will wear his bullet-proof vest. There is something tangible about it which even force cannot suppress.

II. STEAMROLLER

AMERICA is the country where things get done. Every other person wakes up in this dollartized land of ours with two thoughts in his mind. The first is to "do" the other fellow, and the second is how to keep that fellow from "doing" you. This is the great American pastime, and the dollar sign which May Day fights did that. It corrupted the youth and made plutocracy an ambition. Someday labor will take the dollar sign and straighten its crooked lines, which chokes so many people insensible.

Money is an iron wall in America, and reaction is the barrier that protects it. Yet on May Day the cops are warned to watch for phantom bomb throwers. There's a reason for it. May Day is a sticky thorn in the bed of capitalists.

The Dough Boys are all wise, they know how to employ "force and violence" to steal property and then use that term to hang workers who rebel against their plunder. Give them credit they know how to protect their holdings and get away with it. But May Days are steadily tolling the death knell to this system. It's echoes are awakening the American workingman from his lethargy, into which class-collaboration drugged him. Cops won't help you O doomed system. You can send your blue coated puppets to bed; for their night sticks can't stop May Day—it doesn't lurk in alleyways. It's in the air, but you've got to be class-conscious to feel it. Thousands of workers do, they inhale its rebellious aroma and curse your existence. Machine guns won't help you either. It's an invisible force

you're up against—the steamroller of the coming revolution, which each May Day brings closer and closer.

III. PROTEST

SCREENED by uneven rows of trees, and set among well kept lawns stands the Dedham jail. Behind the green painted bars a man will peer occasionally at the clouds rolling in the distance. An odor of freshness will breeze thru the barred window to which he had become insensitive after seven years of confinement.

Dedham, the seat of Norfolk County, is a perfect example of New England bigotry, foreign prejudice, intolerance, and labor hate. It stands with its ornamented door knockers, brown shingled roofs, and carefully cleaned streets as a symbol of the Anglo-Saxon "supremacy" which is threatening to overtake us all.

The man who after seven years still stands in the shadow of the electric chair challenged that supremacy. It was not a personal challenge mind you, but part of the same challenge the working class is putting up everywhere. For that the jaded aristocracy of Massachusetts wants him to die, and to legalize his execution they trumped up charges of murder against him.

Elsewhere in the Bay State is the Charlestown penitentiary. Here another worker is waiting the same gruesome fate for the same challenge. The faces of both are lined by the yellow prison pallor, and the flesh under their eyes has that frozen look. Both are separated by space but bound together by the same cause which ties them to the rest of the working class.

On May Day millions of workers will hold demonstrations for their freedom, but their protests will be futile as long as the mass of workers hold them in their behalf only. Workers, if they are to fight effectively, must stop thinking of themselves as individuals and begin to think in classes. They must realize that they are a part of the working class: The same large family that Sacco and Vanzetti belong to. Only then will the workers succeed, where law has failed in freeing them.

IV. LABOR GIANT

THE Fur Workers Union is a young giant, powerful with the strength that comes of solidarity. This giant came into being in May, 1925, when, after a long and bitter campaign the left wing supplanted the broken down Kaufman machine.

The left wing inherited a union where gangsterism, corruption, and graft was rampant. The membership terrorized at local meetings stayed away in disgust. After a systematic housecleaning at the hands of the left wing the union took on new life. Its enemies were being driven from the organization, and in a short time there emerged from a mere name, a strong, militant union. This was the young giant in birth.

The following year a general strike was declared. It is here that the adversary of the growing giant combined with the A. F. of L. reactionary leaders to stab him in the back. Together they plotted, schemed, and finally reached a secret agreement with the bosses over the heads of the Strike Committee. What followed is now history. Under the dynamic leadership of Ben Gold the strike was finally won.

Foes of the now powerful union increased. Foremost among them was the A. F. of L. officialdom. Rumbblings of unrest in the miners' union, talk of amalgamation in the needle trades forced them to take drastic and unheard of measures to protect their bureaucratic positions which the young giant

was beginning to undermine. So along came the famous \$100,000 police bribe charge. It is interesting to note that during the seventeen-week struggle there were nearly eight hundred seventy-four arrests, innumerable jail sentences, and police beatings. This bombshell created nothing but smoke.

Their next step was to follow Sigman's lead and open a dual 10 cent union. This scheme also failed. The workers knew who they were, and stayed away. After five weeks they dealt their last card by once more joining hands with the bosses. Together a lockout was declared against all adherents of the Joint Board. With a depleted treasury, ten of its best fighters in prison, the police against them, young giant is now fighting his greatest battle. Workers who don't know the meaning of May Day will register, but not for long.

V. THE FIRST CO-OPERATIVE

WAY up in the Bronx stands a gigantic building occupying two square blocks, the first of such a series to be erected. The house is a beautiful structure built upon an enlarged cottage style. It is bounded on one side by Bronx Park and on the other by a stretch of land where trees will soon be planted. Come up to see it sometime. It's the finest there is of its kind in the city, and the spirit of May Day helped build it.

In the center of the spacious court a statue of Lenin will soon stand. Here the children are members of the Young Pioneers, and on May Day they will sing the International. The building will then be bedecked in red. Meetings will be held on the premises. For such purposes there is a lecture hall, also a library, a laundry, a gymnasium, a day nursery, a kindergarten, and a mass dining hall. Here the first actual attempt for people to live socially, communally, will take place.

Each Sunday Yosel, of Nitgedaiget fame, comes up to teach shop workers how to breathe properly. Later they play basketball and for the first time in their lives enjoy snatches of temporary freedom.

VI. YELLOW VIRGINITY

THE socialists are caught in a sinking boat, floundering midway between extinction or complete surrender to capitalism. There is no alternative from either of the two suicides. Their long overdue end will be the most pathetic of all political deaths, for no one will even chant an obituary hymn at their funeral.

On May Day the still living ones will recline in their Morris chairs and listen to the radio. A few may indulge in political swashbuckling by protesting against intervention in China. But such sporadic invectives against encroaching imperialism are nothing else but the wailing for a lost virginity. Mourn, you socialists, mourn, your party has voluntarily given herself to capitalism.

Before they grew tired of the class struggle the socialists used to join in radical protest meetings. They too booted wars, pinned red flowers in their lapel coats, applauded revolutionary speeches and felt good. But the dollar sign has changed that. Today they must behave as befitting close affinities of the American Federation of Labor. They can no longer wave red banners, so they denounce Communism, tell people to become citizens and import political "has beens" from Europe.

Yet the class struggle goes on, and gains daily impetus. Those who are class conscious and have the guts shun the decadent socialist party for a more revolutionary one, the Workers (Communist) Party, under whose leadership May Days will come and go after the socialist party has gone for good.

May Day and Women's Achievements in the U.S.S.R.

By P. PROMBERG.

THIS year May Day is indeed an exceptional date for the factory and peasant working women of the U. S. S. R. Ten years ago the corrupt house of the Romanovs was overthrown by the might of the Russian workers and peasants. On that eventful day thousands of women came out on the streets of Petrograd with slogans, demonstrating International Women's Day, with demands that their husbands and sons be sent home from the imperialist war front.

Since 1911 each succeeding May Day has found all the advanced sections of the proletarian women celebrating this day, A SYMBOL OF THEIR FUTURE EMANCIPATION. In capitalist countries Women's Day is celebrated in the full spirit of the class-struggle against the existing ruling regime.

In the U. S. S. R., the country of the victorious proletariat where the star of Socialism is becoming ever steadily clearer International

Women's Day was carried out in a spirit of intense enthusiasm which only a free people can feel.

Only our proletarian dictatorship has given the toiling women those rights which are enjoyed by the women in no bourgeois-democratic republic. The Soviet Union is the only government that has given to women the right, equally with men, to participate in and become active functionaries in the social and government apparatus of our country.

In the Communist Party too women members are playing a deciding and influential role. During the past year the women membership of the party has grown to 139,978 as against 76,494 in 1925. The former figure composes 13.1% of the All-Union Communist Party as against 10.3% in 1925. The increased activity of women members in all controlling Party organs have already been noted at the provincial and district conferences and was emphasized with satisfaction at the 15th Party Congress.

A GAIN, turning to one of the most important problems of today, namely, that of "The New Life" (Novy Beete) where the participation of women workers is of particular importance there is no better method of reaching the backward masses of toiling women to collaboration than through the institutions dedicated to the protection of motherhood and childhood.

During the last ten years gigantic steps have been made in the direction of establishing nurseries. In the textile-industrial areas almost 100% of the factories have been fitted out with creches, and slowly but surely the net is continually growing.

THE following figures will, perhaps, give a slight idea of this growth which is all-important to us women. In 1923 there were only 475 creches in these industrial areas and in 1926 this figure had already sprung to 4,101. In the current year the Council of People's Commissars will assign 328,000 rubles for equipping the creches in a more modern and up-to-date manner. And thus yet still wider masses of women are drawn into social work.

We can point to a whole series of

achievements attained by the women of our country in all spheres of scientific, educational, social and official life which opportunities have been afforded us only since the revolution. Of course there are many short-comings in the ideology of our women workers, remnants of pre-revolutionary prejudices. These, however, will be liquidated when the masses of toiling women will receive that political and social consciousness that participation in the social work of the country will give us.

THIS year the celebration of International Women's Day was of added importance as it coincided with the 10th anniversary of the February Revolution. On this day we women factory and peasant workers of the freed U. S. S. R., demonstrating throughout the entire country will have launched slogans placing before ourselves the task of still more intense drawing into social work the backward masses of women of our country, still more participation in the great work of Socialist construction. Our success in our tasks will be a battle-cry to the toiling exploited women masses in every country to unite for universal emancipation.

The COMRADE

Edited by the Young
A Page for Workers'



Young SECTION

Pioneers of America
and Farmers' Children

CELEBRATE MAY DAY

On May 1 thousands of workers and poor farmers in the United States as well as the rest of the world, will lay down their tools and celebrate May Day. On this day they will show the bosses that the workers and poor farmers are united against their enemies and will continue to fight them until we have a workers' and poor farmers' government instead of a bosses' government.

May Day is a workers' holiday. It was started in America and has been celebrated thruout the world since. The bosses did not like this, so they gave us Labor Day, the first Monday in September. But our real Labor Day is on May 1.

The children of the working class should also celebrate May Day because they are also a part of the working class and they too are interested in forming a workers' and farmers' government. They know that in a workers' government, like Soviet Russia there is NO CHILD LABOR, and that in a workers' government the bosses cannot do as they please. They know that a workers' government provides schools, playgrounds, parks, camps and all things that go to make strong, healthy and intelligent children.

They know they can get these things only in a Workers' and Farmers' Government. That's why they too celebrate May Day.

OUR LETTER BOX

WORKERS ARE WEARING MASKS.

Dear Comrades: My father received two lists from the workers of the Passaic strike. My father could not go to collect because he worked. So my mother and I went to collect some money for the Passaic strikers. It was very hard to collect the money, because the workers are asleep. They are wearing masks and can't see that they should be always on the workers' side. There were many houses that did not give anything. Anyway we did collect more than \$10.

How glad I am that the strikers are standing and fighting against the bosses. All workers should fight like that and there would be no more bosses.
MARY MAZIARCHUIS.

Bunk In School

Dear Comrades: I don't like my teacher. She is too holy. She always makes us learn church songs and tells stories about Jesus and I don't know what else. One day a school boy asked me where I would go when I died. I said, "Where do you think you're going?" He said, "Do you know where?" I said, "Yes." There isn't but one place to go and that is where they bury you. You remain there until your body turns into dust." He didn't say anything but walked away because he knew he couldn't fight Pioneers.

One day in spelling we had the word "striker." After spelling was over I raised my hand and asked what "striker" means. My teacher said that strikers are people who don't want to work, and if they do, they want high wages. I said, "Mrs. Wms. that's not true. I am a Pioneer and my father is a labor man. He has to work in a place about three and a half feet high and gets hardly enough money to buy food and clothes." She said, "You may sit down." I don't like to fuss or argue but whenever I make up my mind to say anything about "strikers" no matter what happens, I'll say it.—MARGARET YUHAS.

NOTICE!!!

Have you sent for your free copy of the Young Comrade? If not, why not? Grab that pencil and write to the Young Comrade Corner, 33 East First Street, New York City, for a free sample copy of the Young Comrade.

FUNNY!

Johnny was a bad boy in school. When the day came to give out report cards Johnny saw that he got C. The next day the teacher gave geography and she asked, "Johnny what is a sea?" Johnny replied, "It's something you get on your report card when you're bad."—A. MARKEVICIUTE.

Answer to Picture Puzzle

By RAYMOND KOZUL.

The answer to the cartoon published in the Young Comrade Section is—The workers' children are food for the capitalists. The workers are compelled to labor morning till night to have bread for their children to eat, but in many instances they have not even bread to eat, or decent houses to raise them in. But the capitalists who do not have to work for their living, raise their children in luxury. This will continue as long as the capitalists will rule the workers. So we must fight on to win our independence.

When America Will Be Like Russia

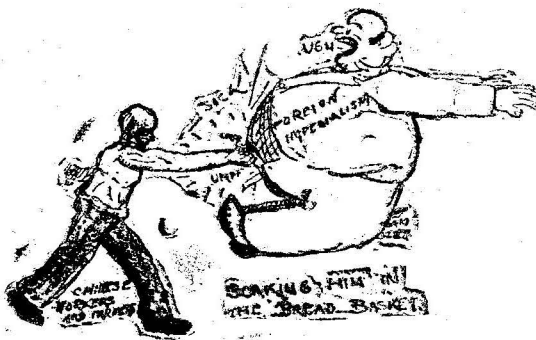
By EMMA PALL.

The rich man child likes the fun.
He has these years,
But when America is like Russia
He won't be anything but tears.

2.

When America is another Russia,
We'll have the fun,
Of seeing the rich capitalists
Working until the day is done.

KNOCKING HIM OUT



(By Sam Silver)

The Chinese Workers and Farmers are sure getting rid of the foreigners.

THE LITTLE GREY DOG

(Continued.)

At evening, tired, he would crawl into the hut, bury his head in the hide of the grey dog, cry, and draw comfort from his only friend.

One evening, his back all bloody and his face swollen, Benjamin came home. The overseer had been in a bad temper, had beaten the little boy with a whip and hit him in the face with his fist.

"I want to die," cried Benjamin, while the dog softly and gently licked his wound. "I can't stand it any longer. My parents are gone, I am entirely deserted, everyone is unkind to me. Dog, dear dog, what shall I do?"

"Run away," replied the dog.

"Where to? They will catch me and beat me again."

The dog thought hard for a while.

"We must go north," said he at last. "There people are better than they are here. They do not want the Negroes to be slaves. We must run away there."

"I don't know the way," complained Benjamin.

"I will lead you. Morning and night, when everybody is asleep, we will go."

And so it happened. The moon was a small white sickle in the sky, the great trees tossed wierd, black shadows on the earth, all was deathly quiet, only once in a while the leaves rustled sleepily. Benjamin and the dog ran swiftly on their tiptoes, out of the hut, and went toward the great river. All night they wandered along the side of the river, and when morning came the dog looked for a safe hiding place, for the short legs of little Benjamin had not carried him very far, and there was still the danger that the servants of the rich man might trace him.

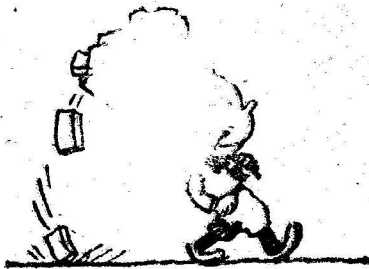
(To Be Continued.)

THE LITTLE WORKER

By JULIA KRUGLEWICZ.

I am a little worker,
And my mother is too.
But my father is sick in bed,
So I work the whole day thru.

BE A BUILDER



LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE

The answer to last week's puzzle No. 11 is: Young Comrade. The following have answered correctly:

Anna Cohen, Phila., Pa.; Dora Dale, Phila., Pa.; Sylvia Master, New York City; Vera Rosinsky, New York City.

More Answers to Puzzle No. 10

Helge Roos, Bklyn, N. Y.; Vera Rosinsky, New York City; Jennie Lukashewich, Utica, N. Y.; Raymond Kozul, So. Chicago, Ill.; Esther De Hoyos, Endicott, N. Y.; Rudolph Bronesky, Chicago, Ill.; Sylvia Nusitak, Negounee, Mich.; Lillian Zager, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Max Sonnenschein, Chicago, Ill.; Leo Wolin, Chicago, Ill.; Anna Tuhy, Chicago, Ill.; Laura Borin, New York City; Norman Henkin, Los Angeles, Calif.

More Answers to Puzzle No. 9

Liberto Vilarino, Inglewood, Calif.

THIS WEEK'S PUZZLE NO. 12

This week's puzzle is a new one. Fill in the missing letters and see what you get. Let's go.

The w—r—k—s a—d ch—ldr—n a—l ov—r t—e
wor—d hop— th—t t—e Chi—ese pe—p—e w—ll
g—t r—d of their oppr—ss—rs and c—tbl—sh a
Sov—et Chi—a.

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

WHY WE HAVE STRIKES

By ANNA SKARUPSKA.

Why do we have strikes?

We have strikes because the rich boss does not pay the poor hard working men fair. The rich millionaire boss does not care, and makes the poor man work hard, so hard and pays so little that the workers cannot stand it.

The poor man goes and asks the boss if he would pay more, but pooh! He would laugh it off.

Take for instance, Henry Ford, he makes the worker work five days and eight hours a day. He says he pay six days work for five days. He does not. He makes the men work so hard and make him do so much and pays such low wages that the people do not buy automobiles because they cannot buy so much, so the man has to quit because there is no more work to do.

We children of the working family unite all together, knock those millionaires down and be divided equally and paid fair. Then when we work together and be paid fair we all would be happy and contented. Then would we need strikes? No! Because we all would be paid fair and all of us would work.

MAY DAY

Are you going to celebrate May Day with the Young Pioneer? If you are, then we will meet you on Saturday, April 30 at 525 East 72nd Street, at 1:30 sharp. You will surely enjoy the program that we will have there. It 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.

RUTHENBERG SUB BLANK

May Day is here. The workers and children all over the world, as well as in America, are going to celebrate this day as they have in previous years. They will come to many meetings and listen to many well-known speakers. But there is one well-known speaker who will not be there. He will not be there, because he is dead, and he sure will be missed. We children of the working class can help a little in making up for his loss, by getting subscriptions for the Young Comrade, the children's newspaper that spread Ruthenberg's ideas.

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

½ Year Sub 25c. 1 Year Sub 50c.

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On the Screen

Russian Revolution of 1927 To Be Filmed

WORD comes from Moscow that preparations are being made to film the Russian Revolution of 1917. The picture will be made from records now in the archives of the Soviet government, and by writers and film experts who were active in the upheaval. Albert Rhys Williams, author of "Lenin, the Man and his Work," and "Through the Russian Revolution," who was in Russia during the Bolshevik Revolution, and who wrote of his experience during the period, has been asked to write the film story. Williams, who is now living in Moscow has agreed to furnish material for the making of the new films, and is now conferring with film specialists to turn out a big spectacular picture of the rise of the proletarian revolution.

Sergius M. Einstein, the author of "Potemkin" the picture of the Russian revolution of 1905, and which received high praise here and on the continent will direct the new production. The Soviet government is lending its aid to turn out an important film document of the 1917 revolution, which ushered in the Bolshevik regime. Some 10,000 people will be employed in the making of the film, which is expected to consume nine months in the making. Original settings only will be utilized.

Albert Rhys Williams who is a native of Boston, is well fitted to write of the period. He was in the midst of the conflict and should be able to dramatize the period of that upheaval. He spent fourteen months in the trenches with the soldiers; lived in the villages with the peasants; in the factories with the workers, and took part in many of the dramatic episodes.

Russian film making is well able to handle this immense undertaking. Since the success of "Potemkin," Russia has sent out many pictures which have proven that they can produce films worth-while. Berlin and London has been set agog over "Ivan the Terrible," and "Strike," the latter directed by Einstein. Other pictures sent out of Russia and which received high praise are "The Mother," based on a story of Horkin, and "Black Sunday." But the Russians have more which will be released shortly. These include: "The Cossack Devil-Woman" "The Harem of Bukarest," "The Dekabrist Revolt," build around that historical event, which took place in 1812; "The Masters Skotinin" taken from a story by Saltykof; "According to the Law" taken from a novel by Jack London who is today one of Russia's most popular authors. "The Three Thieves" taken from an old Italian comedy; two films made by the Ukrainian government, "Alim" and "The Suspicious Looking Bag" and the scientific film "The Mechanics of the Brain" made to illustrate the reflex theories of the famous Russian biologist Pavloff.

Screen Notes

Beginning today the Capitol theatre will present "Venus of Venice." Constance Talmadge is featured.

"Flesh and Blood" with Lon Chaney will be the screen attraction at the Cameo theatre beginning Sunday.

"Pleasure Before Business" will have its premiere Monday at the Broadway theatre. Pat O'Malley, Max Davidson, Virginia Browne Faire and Rosa Rosanova have principal parts.

Syd Chaplin will be presented by Warner Bros. in "The Missing Link" at the Colony Theatre next Friday

NORMA TALMADGE



Norma Talmadge in the famous story "Camille" on the screen at the Globe Theatre.

evening. The supporting cast includes: Ruth Hiatt, Tom McGuire, Crauford Kent, Sam Baker, Otto Fries, and "Kewpie" Morgan. The story of the film play is by Charles F. Reisner and Darryl Francis Zanuck.

The Colony theatre beginning this Saturday noon will show "The Climbers" in which Irene Rich is the star. The story is based on the Clyde Fitch comedy.

MUSIC

Van Hoogstraten, Stock and Monteaux to Conduct Stadium Concerts

The Stadium Concerts announced yesterday that the tenth season would begin on Wednesday evening, July 6 and would continue for eight weeks. William Van Hoogstraten, conductor of the Portland Symphony Orchestra, has been re-engaged and will direct for five weeks. Frederick Stock, conductor of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, will appear as guest conductor directing for two weeks. A Stadium newcomer will be Pierre Monteaux, formerly conductor at the Metropolitan and with the Boston Symphony who will be guest conductor for one week. The Philharmonic Orchestra has been re-engaged to play at all concerts.

Many novelties and special features are promised. In addition to a performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, there will be a choral festival conducted by Mr. Stock. George Gershwin will appear as soloist on a program which will include his "Rhapsody in Blue" as well as his Concerto in F.

The New York University Glee Club is giving a concert at Town Hall this evening, under the direction of Alfred M. Greenfield. Reinald Werrenrath, will sing two groups of song solos in addition to the solo numbers of the Glee Club.

The Five Arts Opera Company will give its delayed program on May 14th when the opera will be Verdi's "Trovatore." on May 15th, when "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci" will be produced. The operas will be presented at the Knights of Columbus Auditorium.

DRAMA

PHIL BAKER

Sixteen Groups in Little Theatre Tournament

The annual national Little Theatre tournament will open Monday night at the Frolic Theatre, under the auspices of the Drama League. Sixteen groups will take part, including an English organization of Welwyn Garden City, England. The schedule for the week is as follows:

Monday—The Union Players of Bay Ridge, in "The Drums of Oude," by Austin Strong; Krigwa Players Little Negro Theatre in "The Fool's Errand," by Eulalie Spence; Y.M.H. Association Players Stock Company, in "Confession," by Kenyon Nicholson.

Tuesday—United Players of Montclair, N. J., in "The Giant's Stair"; Lighthouse Players in "Manikin and Minikin," by Alfred Kreymborg; Thalian Players in "Disraeli," by Louis N. Parker.

Wednesday—The Brookside Open Air Theater, Mount Kisco, N. Y., in "The Immortal Beloved," by Martia Leonard; Indianapolis Theatre Guild, in "The Second Act," by Maurice C. Tall; Gardens Players of Forest Hills, L. I., in "History as Was," by Maurice Marks; League of American Pen Women in "Values," by Aida Rodman De Milt.

Thursday—The Charlotte High School Players, Charlotte, N. C., in "Jazz and Minuet," by Ruth Giorloff; Memphis Little Theater in "The Delta Wife," by Walter McClellan; Welwyn Garden City Theater Society of Welwyn Garden City, England, in "Mr. Sampson," by Charles Lee.

Friday—The Derita School, Derita, N. C., in "The Last of the Lowries," by Paul Green; Barnswallows Association, Wellesley, Mass., in "The Stronger," by Strindberg; Tulsa Little Theater, Tulsa, Okla., in "Waitin'," by Elizabeth Copman.

Propaganda in The Theatre

(Continued from Page 8)

and the circus is inherently a propaganda institution. The question is, who is controlling it? What is it propagating?

At present the American theatre is controlled by a small group of managers who use it mostly as a subsidiary factor in real estate. They are completely cynical about what the propaganda implications are, and feed the public elaborate and flattering justifications of things as they are in God's country, in this best of all possible worlds. At this moment the only show in New York free from propaganda implications is Barnum and Bailey's Circus. The propaganda that pays is Americanism-capitalist propaganda; therefore that's what we get. When the labor movement achieves enough self-consciousness to support it, we'll get a counter-current of labor propaganda.

Bugaboo-Word.

Up to the present the American labor agitator has not had it clear enough in his own head what he wanted to be able to use the enormous instrument of power that is latent in the theatre. The stock idea has been that a labor play was a play in which a good workman triumphed after tribulations over an evil capitalist. In these matters American radicals have freed themselves less than any other part of the community from the implications of nineteenth century shopkeeper morality. It is the job of the new generation of workers in the theatre by giving visible plastic expression to mass needs and hopes and despairs to convince the labor audience that the theatre can become a great universal rallying point in this country, as it is in Russia or China; and at the same time to use so much art in the presentation of their propaganda that both the bugaboo-word and the glory-word will take on new stubborn concrete explosive meaning.



In the new Shubert Revue "A Night In Spain," coming to the 44th Street Theatre, Tuesday night.

Broadway Briefs

When the Theatre Guild originally produced "Mr. Pim Passes By" at the Garrick Theatre in 1921, it did a gross business of \$7,100 on the first week. Last week, the first of its revival, the same play in the same theatre grossed \$8,200, which represented capacity—and is some business for the house but seats 547 people. The Milne comedy looks like a big hit all over again. The DAILY WORKER is giving a theatre party the week of May 16 to 21.

Nine closings are announced for this Saturday night. They are: "Judy" at the Royale; "The Crown Prince," Forrest; "One Glorious Hour," Selwyn; Civic Repertory Players, 14th Street; "Set a Thief," at Lyceum; "Bye Bye Bonnie," Cosmopolitan; and "The Night Hawk," Frolic. The American Laboratory Theatre and the Neighborhood Playhouse also close this week end—the latter will end their Lyric program Sunday night.

At the Bronx Opera House, Monday night, The Whitelev Productions, Inc. will offer Willis Maxwell Goodhue's new domestic comedy entitled "Katy Did." The cast is headed by Juliette Day and includes Genevieve Williams, Edgar Nelson, Karl Stall, Charles E. Bird, Adelaide Rondelle, Romney Brent, Carolyn McLean and Stanley De Wolfe. Beginning May 9th, Theodore Dreiser's "An American Tragedy" will come to the Bronx Opera House for a week's engagement.

Florence Eldridge has been engaged for the Theatre Guild touring company, which goes on next season.

A Shakespeare Festival will be held at Hampden's Theatre Tuesday afternoon, May 17, for the benefit of the building fund of the Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon, England.

"Congai," Harry Hervey's novel, is being dramatized by the author and Carleton Hildreth, and will be produced next season.

Edward Sargent Brown, formerly head of The Mimers, will produce next fall a play called "A Modern Salome," by Paul Eldridge.

Carl Reed has acquired "Casino," a play by John Colton, who dramatized "Rain" from Somerset Maugham's story, for production next season.

The producers of "Set a Thief" will present shortly Corning White's new play "Julie." The cast includes Allison Skipworth, Edward Arnold, Betty Pierce, Earl House, Blanche Frederici and John Daly Murphy.

DRAMA

Propaganda in the Theatre

Famed Novelist Tells Why Labor Plays Are Called "Propaganda"

By JOHN DOS PASSOS

(Author of "Three Soldiers," "Manhattan Transfer," "The Moon Is a Gong," director of the New Playwrights Theatre.)

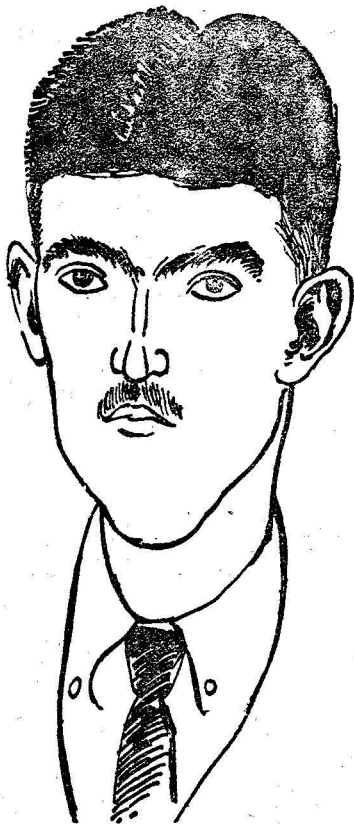
IT'S the commonplace of American criticism that ART and PROPAGANDA are opposed and irreconcilable conceptions. The thing is that we have a peculiarly confused and muddled overestimate of both words. Like LIBERTY, PATRIOTISM, HOME and MOTHER they have been so often used for lettering placards that they have lost any real meaning. Now all that "art" ever seems to have meant in English was "doing something well or cleverly." In the nineteenth century it was debased to imply something connected with easel-painting and copying old masters in museums. The mauve nineties, under the influence of Bohemian Paris, put exclamation marks behind it and made it the rallying cry of lazy and discontented members of the middle class. At present the word means exactly nothing.

Propaganda is a bugaboo-word, just as art is a glory-word. I think it was invented during the counter-reformation when the tinkling of cash in the collection-boxes was getting low and the Catholic faith had to propagate or die. In its agony it gave birth to the extraordinary organism of the Society of Jesus, which gave the most efficient form yet discovered to the science of convincing people. Propaganda means trying to convince people, to make them think and act the way you do, or the way you would wish to act and think. At present anything that remotely deals with labor, except an injunction, is labelled propaganda by the mysterious body of unsuccessful poets, novelists, dramatists, lawyers, and efficiency experts too lazy to do constructive work that have become editors, columnists, and college professors and control the thinking of the mass of Americans.

Dramatists All Propagandists

What's all this to do with the theatre? The question of art is beside the point, as the word is an adjective, not a noun; but the question of propaganda is very much to

SIDNEY HOWARD



Author of the Theatre Guild successes, "The Silver Cord" and "Ned McCobb's Daughter," now alternating at the John Golden Theatre.

the point. All the great dramatic writers in the past, with the possible exception of Shakespeare, who reaches a curious balance of opinion against opinion, and never ventures a final decision, have been primarily moralists, propagandists of some creed or attitude of mass life, or else critics and satirists of the creeds prevailing. Almost any other form of expression can exist without trying to make people do something. The theatre as distinguished from vaudeville

(Continued on Page 7)

The New Plays

MONDAY

"THE LADY SCREAMS," a dramatic thriller by Everett Chantler, will open at the Selwyn Theatre Monday night. The cast includes: Betty Weston, Grant Mills, Dana Desboro, Ralph Cullinan, Eleanor Daniels, W. D. Heppenstal, Anthony Hughes and Edward Broadley.

MARTINEZ SIERRA'S ART THEATRE will open at the Forrest Theatre Monday night, presented by Crosby Gaige. The first week's repertory will include: "The Road to Happiness," Sierra's most recent play on Monday and Tuesday nights; "The Romantic Young Lady," Wednesday evening and Saturday matinee; "The Girl and the Cat," a comedy by Carlos Arniches, Thursday and Friday evenings, and "The Blind Heart," by Sierra, on Saturday evening.

"THE SEVENTH HEART," a comedy with music, by Sarah Ellis Hyman, will be presented by the Lionel Productions, Inc., Monday night, at the Mayfair Theatre. The cast includes Sylvia Meecher, Aileen Poe, Mary Moore, Mildred Kend, Barbara Weeks and Helen Gray.

TUESDAY

"A NIGHT IN SPAIN," the new Shubert revue, will open Tuesday night at the 44th Street Theatre. The book is by Harold Atteridge; the music by Jean Schwartz and the lyrics by Al Bryant. The cast is headed by Phil Baker, Ted and Betty Healy, Georgie Price, Brennan & Rogers, Norma Terris, Grace Hayes, the Spanish danseuse, Helba Huara, Cortez and Peggy and Bartlett Simmons.

"ELECTRA," by Sophocles, will be given at two performances Tuesday and Wednesday nights at the Metropolitan Opera House. Margaret Auglin will play the principal role.

THURSDAY

"TRIPLE CROSSED," a mystery melodrama by F. S. Merlin, will be presented by Robert Rockmore Thursday night at the Morosco theatre. Vera Maxwell, Frank Morton, Patricia Barron and Robert Toms head the cast.

AMUSEMENTS

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Week of May 9th—RIGHT YOU ARE
Week of May 16th—MR. PIM PASSES BY

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NED McCOBB'S DAUGHTER

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Week of May 9th—THE SILVER CORD
Week of May 16th—NED McCOBB'S DAUGHTER

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