

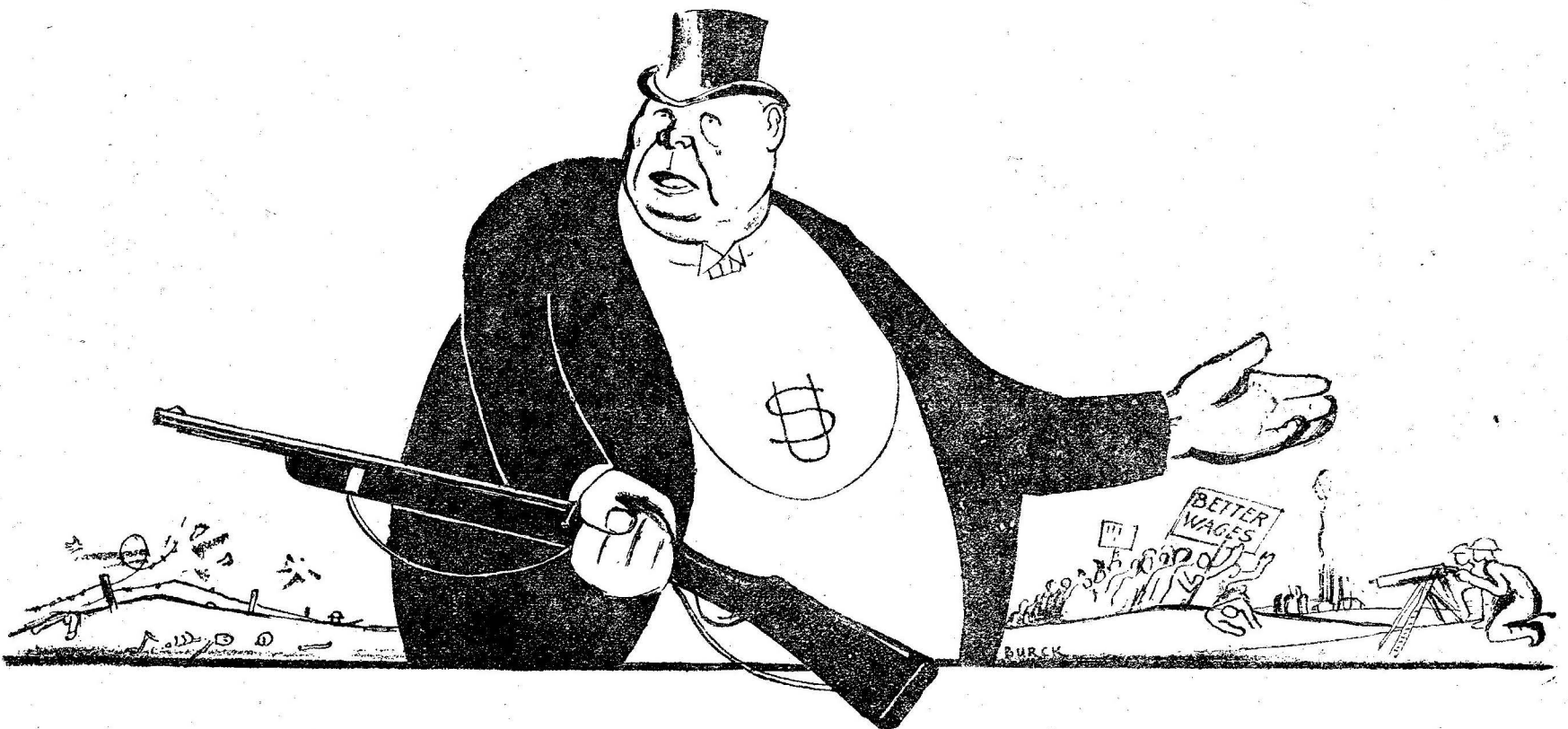
THE NEW MAGAZINE

Section of The DAILY WORKER

SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1927

This Magazine Section Appears Every Saturday in The DAILY WORKER.

ALEX BITTELMAN, Editor



"Join the Army—Shoot Your Brothers at Home and Abroad!"—Drawing by Jakob Burck.

Editor's Notes

By ALEX BITTELMAN

A new political term is coming into vogue. It spells: Third Termism. The other day the Chicago Tribune carried a news item headlined: Third Termism The 1928 Issue, Edwards Says.

WELL, it looks to us a convenient sort of a phrase for the political purposes of capitalist politicians who are opposed to Coolidge running for a third term. But the issue involved in Coolidge's third term for the presidency of the United States is much bigger than the phrase itself would indicate.

SENATOR Edward J. Edward, democrat of New Jersey, is quite definitely opposed to a third presidential term for Coolidge. And for very good reasons. He wants his own party in the saddle. He says:

"Any attempt on the part of President Coolidge to dictate the destiny of these United States for more than eight years will be met with a just and proper rebuke."

NOW, we maintain that it is not really President Coolidge who dictates the destiny of these United States, but the big capitalists. They are doing all the dictating that there is to be done in order to maintain the present capitalist system. Coolidge and the republican party are the political executors of the will of big capital. We further maintain that the election of a democratic president, which would undoubtedly please Senator Edwards, would make very little difference in the situation. Big capital operates through the democratic party almost as good as through the republican party, and in some respects even better.

IS it to be concluded from this that the American working class and the poor farming classes are to be indifferent to what has been designated as Third Termism? No, not all. Only the working masses must realize the full implications of what Third Termism means, whether it be for Coolidge or some other capitalist politician.

IT is to be observed that big capitalist interests quite generally view with sympathy the idea of Third Termism. It kind of appeals to them. And why? The answer to this question is to be found in the general change of the state of mind of big capital with respect to the traditional requirements of the so-called democratic system of government of the United States. Big capital, and also medium capital, is becoming ever more distrustful of the efficacy of its own methods of government from the point of view of keeping the toiling masses in subjection. Ever so often the magnates of finance and industry in the United States are casting glances across the Atlantic, to the seat of Italian, Bulgarian and Polish fascism, sighing and hoping that some day American capitalism may find its own Mussolini to administer the affairs of state.

IT is no secret that the big capitalists of the United States are very favorably inclined, to say the least, towards the fascist governments of Europe, particularly towards Mussolini. We have yet to find the American big banker, or industrialist, or merchant, who upon his return from Italy failed to praise the "greatness" of Mussolini. They all like the hangman and oppressor of the Italian workers and farmers. And why? It is the manifestation of a repressed complex for a similar dictatorship in the United States.

THE Morgans and Garys, who wax so eloquent on the achievements of the fascist regime in Italy, can already see the day when American imperialism, powerful and still growing as it is today, will enter the path of decline. These captains of finance and industry, who are now amassing tremendous fortunes at the expense of the sweat and blood of the toiling masses of America and the world over, are quite in a position to visualize slackening production, growing unemployment, unrest and resentment of millions of American workers whom the trade union reactionaries will no longer be able to keep in check. Hence, the question arises in the minds of the present day rulers of the United States: Do the present methods of government offer sufficient guarantees against this coming upsurge of class assertion by the American working class? Will the capitalist dictatorship in the government, masked at present with intricate methods of democratic form, be able to withstand the onrush of working class awakening which is bound to come?



AND the point of view which is gaining ever more favor in the eyes of big capital is to gradually free itself of the mask and camouflage of "democracy" and to institute as much as is expedient the methods of open dictatorship. This trend is quite evident in the political development of American capitalism; away from capitalist democracy and toward capitalist fascism. The system of government is the same in both instances—a capitalist system—but the practical methods and means of government are different, the fascist methods being more adapted to the maintenance of capitalist rule in time of sharpened class struggles.

IN the light of these considerations, the issue of third termism, as far as the working masses are concerned, becomes an issue of struggle against the autocracy and dictatorship of big capital in the American government. The efforts of certain sections of big capital to retain Coolidge in the presidency for a third term becomes even more menacing just because of this trend of American capital towards open dictatorship and the use of fascist methods. To be sure, this is not precisely the way Senator Edwards looks at it, but just the same, this is the only way in which the working masses must view it. And seeing it that way, they must awaken to the situation and prepare to fight.

DANIEL J. TOBIN, treasurer of the American Federation of Labor and president of the Teamsters' and Chauffeurs' Union, sees a great menace to the American workers in the national wage cut which Mussolini is now enforcing upon Italian labor. Tobin happens to be right, this time. But what is he doing to help American labor to meet this menace in an effective way?

Here is what Tobin has to say on Mussolini's charter of labor:

"If this plan succeeds in Italy it is not illogical to suppose that other nations will be drawn into competition on similar basis—a sort of worldwide race to see who can live on the least. Any economist can see what this means to the present industrial system."

THE question that every American worker should ask himself is this: What are the Italian trade unions doing to resist this nationwide wage cutting measure of the fascist dictator? The answer is that the Italian trade union movement has been outlawed and crushed as a preparatory measure to cut the wages and further enslave the Italian workers. Strikes too have been outlawed. And the most conscientious collaborators of Mussolini in the destruction of the Italian trade union movement were no other than the conservative and reactionary officials of the trade unions of Italy.

WHY does not Daniel J. Tobin discuss this angle of the situation? Is it because it hits directly home? Is it because it shows up the conservative
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EDITOR'S NOTES

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—Drawing by William Gropfer.

and reactionary trade union officials of Italy as servants and collaborators of Mussolini?

IF Tobin really means what he says, namely, that Mussolini's wage cutting measure is a menace to labor the world over, why does not the Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor initiate a movement of protest against it? Why does Tobin keep silent about the treachery of the conservatives in the Italian unions?

MAYBE we should not be asking these questions. Instead of that, we should be pointing out the fact that the Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor, of which Tobin is treasurer, is guilty of nearly the same crimes as the Italian reactionaries. Matthew Woll and William Green have tried to break the strike of the fur workers and failing in that, because of the militancy of the workers and the competency of its left wing leadership, the same gentry proceeded to undermine and break up the union. And in doing so, they are using tactics and methods which are little better than those of the fascists in Italy. Wherein, then, does the Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor differ from Mussolini and his agents in the Italian labor movement?

IT may be well to recall another fact in the situation. When Mussolini started out on his dastardly campaign to outlaw the Italian trade unions, his black-shirted bandits invading trade union headquarters, destroying furniture and records, mobbing trade union officials in the most "civilized" fascist style, the Red International of Labor Unions proposed to the Italian trade union reactionaries and to the Amsterdam International as a whole the creation of a united labor front to protect the right of the Italian trade unions to a legal existence. A. Losovsky, in his capacity of general secretary of the Moscow International of Labor Unions, as the enemies are wont to call it, dispatched telegraphic offers for united action against the union smashing campaign of Mussolini to all parties concerned. But the result was that neither the Italian trade union reactionaries nor the reactionaries of the Amsterdam International ever accepted the proposal. The former preferred to concede to Mussolini, joining him in the destruction of the unions, while the latter stood by passively permitting Mussolini to complete his job.

PRECISELY the same position is now being taken by Daniel J. Tobin with regard to the next step in Mussolini's war upon Italian labor—the national ten per cent wage cut.

SYDNEY, Australia, (FP).—One of the tricks employed to induce immigrants to leave Britain for Australia is that there is plenty of land for them on which they can soon become prosperous farmers and get rich quick. But in Australia things are not what they seem to be from afar. In the state of New South Wales last year, 57 farm blocks were offered to farmers, and for these no less than 14,402 entered the ballots to see who would get the areas. That seems to be fairly conclusive proof that there is not plenty of farm land available for immigrants, or that the land is waiting for them to walk on to it and start farming. Incidentally, it also explains why the great majority of the immigrants who come to Australia finally end up in the bread line.

In West Virginia

By MAURICE GOMBERG

IF hiking or motoring through West Virginia on the narrow corridor-like roads alongside the Kanawha River, and making here and there occasional stops in the various so-called company mining camps, one with eyes open and mind clear would find it a most vivid illustration to learn from about the so much bragged of equal opportunities, great possibilities and prosperous blessing, one is able to attain of, with just a bit of ambition and desire to strive for it. A worker in the United States in general and a miner in the West Virginian open-shop coal kingdom especially.

Another thing of major importance one would also learn, is the degree of misery, degradation and outraged rights, human beings may allow to be hurled in, in the midst of the most extravagant luxury and riches, in the richest country in the world.

There is hardly a feeling more humiliating than poverty when there is a will to work, or human rights outrageously suppressed when there is a will for creative activity. Yet, such is the story as one would read it from the muddy streets and dirty surroundings, filthy and ugly looking huts, and above all, from the frightened looks of some of the miners when attempting to enter into a conversation concerning their circumstances betraying inhuman enslavement and disfranchisement.

Every family, nearly in every mining camp, has a dreadful and sorrow story of its own, of relatives killed or injured in exploded mines or during strikes. But still they remain and generation after generation they continually toil and suffer, struggle, lose and struggle again, with just a few of them seeing in the far distance the Red Dawn—the Great Redeemer of all the suffered and oppressed.

It was about five months after the general walk-out in the camps of the W. O. Coal Co. of West Virginia, following a new wage cut—thus reducing the even then meagre earnings of the miners to a rate of starvation—and on the following day after the work in the mines, being forced by poverty, terror and disorganization, was resumed under conditions as dictated by the coal operators, when James Anderson, a young miner, suddenly realized that all his hopes and aspirations to work himself up to a higher position in life, whatever his conceptions were, but relatively to a position somewhat higher than the one of a "common ordinary miner" he occupied at present, these peted dreams, he suddenly realized are nothing else but inaccessible, self deceiving and naive illusions incompatible with reality.

If asked by someone, it is very doubtful if James could intelligibly explain the source and cause of his new born conclusions, just as well as he could not probably explain the inspiring source of his former aspirations, now dead. Nevertheless, there, deep in his heart he felt and knew that it is now that he is on the right path, wondering only, how could he not see it before, and his former self-deceiving illusions which were wrong and misleading.

James was young, in fact very young. And though born and raised in surroundings very far from luxury—in mine workers' surroundings—his knowledge and conception of life were such, as of a sweet and banal novelette where everything is so noble and magnificent. But starting in the mine at seventeen with head and brain swollen of "education," which made him hostilely inclined towards any modern thought or ideal contradictory to his conceptions of life or ambitious aspirations, he was now completing his fifth year of very much discouraging hard labor in the mine entirely disillusioned, his "education" completely evaporated.

Life—black and rough as a pile of coal; those brutal facts of life's reality, contradictory to all the platitudes he had been taught beginning almost from his cradle up to the time of his first walk to the mine; life—the most efficient and eloquent agitator, with hammering facts of truth and reality have spoken to James' reason in words more conceivable and convincing than all the pamphlets he occasionally read, mercilessly smashing his shattery beliefs into dust and oblivion.

The inevitable followed. Overwhelmed by the complexities of contradictions, bewildered and disenchanted, James conceded.

Days, dark and desperate, were those to young James Anderson, days of torturous and painful vexatiousness, reminding those days of five years ago after that disastrous gas explosion in the same mine he is working now, when with a score of others his father, was also found dead, and he, James, then a school boy, picking up his father's lunch-kit—the only witness of his death—started his walks to the coal pits, becoming the main supporter of the family.

"Why?" For the first time did he ask. "Why?" Never before did young James Anderson ask any proof or hesitate in the soundness of what he was trained to believe in and obey. "Everything is as it is—he was taught—because it cannot and should not be any different. Only reds and radicals, who are foreigners and outcasts, dare to hesitate in the justness of our American principles and question

the good will of our institutions." James obeyed as all "good American patriots" did. He did not understand. It did not concern him. But now . . . now, there was a lost strike in which he himself participated—There was a wage cut he considered unjustified—And then—the most of everything—there were hopes and aspirations he petted so caressingly through all his darkest years in the coal pits, dreams, he now regarded as mythical as fairy tales can only be. So now, there was a James entirely different than the one of five years ago. James, who already learned how not to care a damn, whatever, whoever is going to think of him or of his action, and over and over again was he asking what he was so anxious to know. "Why?" "Why?"

Since the last defeated strike in W. O. mining camps, several years passed away into eternity without any extraordinary occurrences. With the wage cut, the row of "total income" in the books of the W. O. Coal Company of West Virginia began to grow longer and longer by every month, while on the part of the miners, the growing objects were the loose belt ends, which were also growing longer and longer by every month while keeping track of the ever hungry and shrinking bodies of the underpaid miners.

And although superficially, as one unacquainted with the situation would conceive it, the pace of life in the camps continued to make its normal daily rounds, obviously smooth with no signs of anxiety or disturbance, the more penetrative observer would reveal under this camouflaged quietness a boiling volcano of discontent, whose furious vapors if concentrated and released, would exterminate in a single blow all the barriers of their enemy oppressors and exploiters forever and without return. And one of those amongst them, fully aware of this powerful weapon of "concentration," stimulating and propagating it, is now young James Anderson.

Broken and a thing of the past is now that charmed circle of "whys" he had been clamped in, in those early days of his awakening. And not only became it clear now to young Anderson, why that hypocritical "equal opportunity" hokum, invented by the capitalist rulers and exploiters to delude the minds of the exploited masses, is equivalent to the same "equal opportunities" every miner's lunch kit has to be rebuilt into a radio set, but he also learned and knew how to combat such delusions, to the cause of which he entirely and wholeheartedly devoted himself since the day of his awakening.

To organize, to educate and to "concentrate" that boiling volcano of discontent for the final battle and victory of his class, became his life ambition and aspiration.

Young James Anderson, just recently a deluded and blind enemy of the struggles and aspirations of his own class, by accepting and critically analyzing the facts which life itself presented to him, became a class conscious and militant worker, and one of those struggling few in West Virginia who sees in the far distance a New Dawn—the Red Redeemer of all the suffered and oppressed.

If passing through West Virginia alongside the Kanawha River and making occasional stops at the various so-called company mining camps one may find some of these struggling few, energetic and self sacrificing Andersons, in almost every camp.

Not everything is bad that comes from West Virginia. The near future will prove it.

May, 1927, Charleston, W. Va.

SYDNEY, Australia.—At a trades union congress, held at Sydney during the last week of February, the present trouble in China was discussed. It was ordered that fraternal greetings be sent to the Chinese Nationalist party, and the hope expressed that the advancing Nationalist armies on Shanghai meet with success, and that out of the present trouble there would arise the great eastern Soviet of Chinese workers.

It was decided to send a delegation of trade union representatives to attend the T. U. Congress at Canton (China) in May, and that the delegates sent to Canton then visit Soviet Russia to observe conditions there and report back to the Australian working class.

Congress also carried the following resolution: "That this T. U. Congress affirms its solidarity with the workers of the world. We recognize the awakening of the revolutionary spirit of the Eastern workers and the importance of united working class action to prevent the threatening blood-bath in the Pacific."

WELLINGTON, New Zealand (FP).—The capitalist press hails New Zealand as "God's Own Country," where every man has a chance to make good. The other side of the picture is shown in the following advertisement which appeared in the Wellington "Post," a capitalist newspaper, of March 27:—"Anyone having cast-off man's overcoat, would they help one struggling along?—Reply, 461, Evening Post."

The New Open Shop Drive

By JOSEPH ZACK

THE miners' strike, organized wage cuts, drive against the Left Wing, lock-out of the plumbers in New York, the U. S. Supreme Court decision in the stone cutters' case which tends to prohibit strikes, the latest decision by the same court upholding the anti-syndicalist laws as made in the Whitney case, which tends to outlaw the party, lock-out of the carpenters in Chicago, the imperialist drive to maintain control of foreign markets and gain new ones, (China, Nicaragua, etc.)—what does it all mean? Have these two (reaction at home, imperialism abroad) any connection with each other? Are they indissoluble parts of the post-war imperialist era of American Capitalism? Industrialization of the South and West, the large numbers of child, youth, and woman labor being inducted into industry, the replacement of skilled labor by semi-skilled and unskilled, thru efficiency schemes sectionalizing, new machinery, the terrific drive to increase the output at reduced costs. What has all this to do with the post-war imperialism of the U. S. A.?

The tremendous swing to the right of the A. F. of L. bureaucracy, the tremendous loss of membership of the A. F. of L., the agricultural crisis, the crisis in several big industries. What has this to do with American imperialism?

The recuperation of European industry as a competitor for the world markets, the industrial development of semi-colonial and colonial nations and its effects upon the American capitalist system and imperialist rivalries?

Here are a few questions to be solved by us. What are the effects of American world imperialism upon the various sections of population, workers, farmers, petty bourgeoisie, middle class, independent manufacturers, industrial capital, degree of trustification, international monopoly, finance capital? Without a correct answer to these questions we can have no program, politically or industrially, we cannot see clearly enough the present divisions amongst the bourgeoisie, we cannot formulate an agricultural program. We are just groping in the dark, on the defensive, merely defending ourselves against blows that come our way. Surely, we can not play a leading role in pointing the way and leading struggles against American capitalism. Thus far no such analysis with specific American application has yet been made by our party. To speak of imperialism as a Chinese or Nicaraguan proposition as is the popular way, is like seeing merely the surface manifestations of a profound transformation of the entire system. It would be merely like seeing the advance strokes of the oncoming open shop drive without understanding the why and wherefore of the forces and conditions that produce it. It would be like blaming it on the capricious greed and mischief of individual capitalists in control of important industries.

It would be beyond the scope of these two articles* to go beyond a few indications of what the problem is and where it leads to. Surely the best minds of our movement and all our resources must be used to go into this in a really thorough manner.

Bourgeois propagandists and theoreticians have been psychologizing the labor movement with the contention that the American worker is enjoying unexampled prosperity. The social democrats have picked it up and the miracle of high wages, short hours, etc., under capitalism, "American Democracy Brand," is being dangled before the eyes of the "humble and meek" all over the world. Commissions, official and unofficial are coming to investigate the miracle of our proletarian prosperity under capitalism. Even many Left Wingers, yes even Communists, have been caught by this contagious propaganda. It reminds one of Woodrow Wilson's war propaganda that carried our Social-Democrats off their feet. All the theories of the labor movement moving to the right, the abandonment of militant slogans, the excuse for abandoning class struggle policies, working with the bureaucracy within the orbit of class collaboration, all the class collaboration tendencies and theories can be excused on that basis.

The commissions that come to investigate our proletarian prosperity in the U. S. A. never went to the Massachusetts and Connecticut textile towns, to the coal towns in the bituminous fields, down the South and West with their new industries and cheap labor, into the needle and shoe industries in the East. They never examined how many skilled mechanics have been replaced by cheaper semi-skilled and unskilled labor and machinery. They never looked into the earnings of our unorganized semi-skilled and unskilled in the great industries. They never looked into the fact that the surface prosperity of many proletarian families is there only because the children, women and youngsters are now in the factory, mill, store or mine, thus increasing the total income of the family.

The number of skilled mechanics bribed by this prosperity are most probably a minority even amongst the surviving skilled mechanics, not to speak of the semi-skilled and the unskilled who make up the huge army of the American proletariat and who have been either the losers or profited

* This is the second and last article by this writer on the subject. The first appeared in the New Magazine on May 14.—Ed.



—Drawn by Hay Bales.

A deluded worker, patting himself on the back on reading a letter from the boss thanking him for contributing to the prosperity of the country. The boss got the prosperity.

very little by this prosperity. Yes, there is a section of the skilled mechanics that have been petty-bourgeoisified. Even the semi-skilled and unskilled in such relatively well organized industries like the building trades and printing have had a corrupting share of prosperity for these industries. The bosses have been willing to yield a part of their huge surplus profits to the workers in the form of wage increases and there only was class collaboration successful to the extent of wage increases without a sharp struggle. But to conclude from that that the labor movement is moving to the right, means to leave out of sight at least 90% of the proletariat and to deliberately ignore the million of workers skilled, semi-skilled and unskilled in industries that are going thru a crisis and where the income has been reduced as the result of this very imperialism.

It is not true that the labor bureaucracy has gone to the right because of the corruptive effects of imperialist prosperity upon the skilled mechanics, organized within the A. F. of L. altho this did bolster up its position. The needle trades and mining unions, etc. which are in a crisis, and where the tendency is to the Left, have as many skilled mechanics as the building trades and printers. The bureaucracy has gone to the right because it has itself surrendered to the might of corporate and imperialist capital in control of government and the principal industries and has gone in business thru banks, insurance companies, etc. to profit financially by this very prosperity and for this very reason will keep on moving to the right even when the skilled mechanics in these preferred trades, as is particularly likely in the building industry, will move to the Left. No serious action on behalf of the workers is to be expected as far as the A. F. of L. leadership is concerned. Their activity will, in the main, be to prevent us from leading the workers into effective counter-action against the employers.

The Party and the Left Wing is at the cross-roads. If we keep as our chief orientation to operate within the A. F. of L., as it is today, we must move to the right and work within the orbit of class collaboration, with democratization of the unions; elimination of corruption, amalgamation as the chief slogans. It means the gradual abandonment of real



—Drawn by Hay Bales.

militancy, particularly in the industries passing thru a crisis—like mining and the needle trades—in order to avoid headon collisions with the A. F. of L. bureaucracy. It means the progressive abandonment of the unorganized, semi-skilled and unskilled masses that make up over 90% of the American proletariat as any attempt to organize them will bring us into violent conflict. It means a considerable surrender to the A. F. of L. bureaucracy all along the line and a probable degeneration of the Left Wing movement, if not of our Party itself. Such an orientation is out of the question.

A reevaluation of the role of the A. F. of L. leadership under imperialism is absolutely essential. So is a reevaluation of class relations and stratification amongst the working class under imperialism necessary and if we make the correct analysis we will come to the conclusion that our chief orientation must be on the basis of the unorganized, semi-skilled and unskilled, who in the main are outside of the A. F. of L. The organization of the unorganized must be our central task. We must undertake to lead and organize these workers thru international unions affiliated to the A. F. of L. wherever it can be done effectively and outside the A. F. of L. wherever necessary.

Our concentration would be on the basis of industries most favorably situated for organization and most unfavorably affected by American imperialism such as the automobile, marine transport, textile, food, amongst the unorganized in the miners, needle trades and amongst the relatively organized inside the A. F. of L. Which does not mean an abandonment of our extensive activities particularly among the railroad workers, nor building trades or printers who are relatively favorably affected by imperialist capitalism. With a policy of this kind, the A. F. of L. bureaucracy would be under what might properly be called an engulfing fire by opening of the vast field among the unorganized and concentration of our main energies in that direction; and by the continuation of our activities inside, particularly in industries going thru a crisis, we can still maintain our slogan of affiliation to the A. F. of L., but application on the basis of fighting unionism. If the new unions are accepted on that basis, and those we control stay on the inside very well. If not, it will be up to the bureaucracy to expel us. But we maintain a policy of organizing the unorganized and struggle for better conditions and use and defense of the strike weapon. Whether as a result of that a progressive new labor movement will gradually develop outside the A. F. of L., will largely depend abandonment of the expulsion policy by the A. F. of L. bureaucracy.

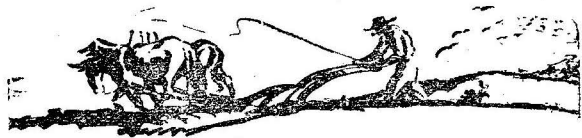
There are vast forces in the U. S. whose interests are diametrically opposed to the interests of imperialist capital at this time. Among them are the farmers, large sections of the petty-bourgeoisie and even part of the middle classes and independent manufacturers. In proportion to the pressure exerted upon them, they will separate politically and otherwise from the dominant imperialist group and in opposition inside and outside the old political parties and social and fraternal organizations. The uncompromising attitude of the employers toward labor, which will come sharp to the front in a new open shop drive, will defeat the class-collaboration policy of the A. F. of L. leadership and will break loose the lower layers of the A. F. of L. bureaucracy thus reconstituting to some extent the alliance between the progressives and the Left Wing. The division even among the upper layers of the bureaucracy will be more pronounced and while we cannot orientate ourselves on this possibility, we can take advantage of this most probable development as it occurs.

The workers in vast industries unfavorably affected by imperialism, these are the elements that can be brought into united fronts politically and otherwise on various issues arising out of the conflict against imperialist capital, and large sections of which will in large degree co-operate against the imperialist group in control of the U. S. government and the A. F. of L. leadership allied with it as it was even demonstrated in Passaic.

These dissident groups among the bourgeoisie, particularly the agricultural group need allies in the industrial states in the East. They must extend their influence politically, principally in the ranks of Labor in these states, and since they cannot do it thru the leadership of the A. F. of L., they will go a great way to do it thru the opposition in the ranks of Labor inside and outside the A. F. of L. The Left Wing, especially in its work among the unorganized, needs all the political protection and support it can get. It needs a political mass movement mainly directed against imperialist capital and the old parties. Now, before the 1928 presidential elections, is the time to formulate a clear program, and lay the base for this mass movement. Now, that the politicians must be careful more than usual, is the time to concentrate upon a certain industry and start a movement much greater than Passaic and altho no Labor Party can be expected for 1928, a big movement amongst the unorganized and a united labor picket for the 1928 presidential election will go a great way in mobilizing the masses against the new open shop offensive and the building up of a mass movement politically and industrially in the U. S. A.

Harvest—A Story of Farm Life

By KENNETH S. BARNHILL



GUS was plowing. Spring had come early and the straw-colored, winter-bared fields seemed to cry for a fresh warm breath. The snows and rains had smoothed the roughness from the ground, broken by the cultivation of the past summers' efforts. April's warm sun had dried the earth to a pleasing, mellow brown. And the weeds, the stubble and remnants of the previous year's growth were ready to sink back to dust, awaiting but the caress of the heavy-bladed plow. Gus smelled spring in the air. Where the stalks were rotting away close to the ground, pungently sweet; where the fresh green things were pushing up thru the clogged massive mats of last Fall's weaving, Spring's odors came. Even the broken ground gave an aura that meant to the plowman a willingness to mother new life again. The manure spread on the fields early in the past light winter, gave the appearance of a blond, dirty-bearded tramp. Beyond the big red barn, nature wore a mask of gray, botched at intervals with jaundiced Spring green. The corn stubble rose gawkishly, from the pocked mask, where the cutters had passed with carelessness in the harvest last Fall.

Doc and Prince were doing their first work of the year. It was yet early in the morning and they playfully brushed against each other; swerving the plow and pulling unevenly. The collars, around their full, thick necks, creaked and the tree jerked back and forth erratically. Ordinarily Gus would have yelled loud but kindly, but this morning he lashed their broad rumps with the buckled ends of the long reins. The drafts steadied into a strong forward pull and the rich black loam turned back from the plowshare—yawning, rolling over and stretching into wakefulness for another hot Summer. Joyously the earth came back, burying the grayish brown of stubble and manure.

Harmon, Frederick and Henry were on their way to Saturday school. The pastor whipped them if they came late. Gus thought of his religious training. Took a lot of work to be a Christian. He admired the pastor. The pastor talked so easily and he would say that Gus' boys were bright. That made Gus nervous, made him feel conspicuous and his face would grow red, he would shuffle his feet and his hands would seem swollen to immobility. He couldn't talk to the minister. He couldn't talk to anyone when they spoke of his farm or his family. Gus liked the pastor because he talked so well. The boys liked Herr Pastor too; their father wished that they would talk to him like he overheard them talking with the pastor.

Occasionally Gus looked up the road that passed the field and barn. His face held no expression; only his eyes seemed animated; they moved with doggedness—not caring to see what they were expecting. The old woman was in bed again. She was always in bed when the busy time of the year came around. The doctor had been out Thursday. When he left, Gus heard him say that he would have to be back Saturday, maybe in the morning. The doctor was a young man. Ernest, the beer-bellied owner of the grocery store in town had introduced the young doctor to Gus. The farmer liked the way the doctor drank his whiskey. He made no face—never gasped for the chaser of cold water. He was an Englishman—Gus liked the way he smiled thru his face-covered, heavy Prince Albert—he liked the way he drank his whiskey. Gus never drank whiskey. He didn't like it—it always gagged him and made water stream from his eyes. Lager was alright and old sour wine was good. Gus did like the doctor well, he spoke so easily, he could drink whiskey too.

Late in the morning the doctor drove up. Gus had stopped looking for him hours before. His mind was occupied with the plowing, as up and down the field he walked, following the plow and guiding it with an easy grip on the handles. Doc and Prince had long since ceased any playfulness and were concerned only with hauling the plow back and forth with a strong easy pull. Doc and Prince were nice horses, all right. Gus knew a good worker when he saw one. The team was among the best in the township. They looked pretty, too. Heavy, black manes and long hair billowing down over their hoofs. Gus combed their coats every morning. Their forelegs were short and full; their hindlegs worked smoothly. He liked to watch them as they took the plow thru the surface of the resting soil.

The doctor had a fast roan colt. Liking the doctor Gus liked his horse. The doctor's roan was more spirited than the carriage horse Minnie drove. He shook his head from side to side as though to lose the bit that he might gallop away with the doctor's yellow-wheeled, shiny buggy. The doctor waved his arm at Gus when he drove into the lane and the tiller lifted a heavy hand in return. In a moment he clucked to Doc and Prince and together the team moved on once more—moved on after whinnying a greeting to the roan colt. At noon

Gus noticed that the doctor had not gone. So, after watering Doc and Prince and turning them into the stables for their fork of hay, he unhitched the roan colt; watered and fed him and then smoothed his sleek coat with heavy currycomb and brush.

Gus did not go up to the house at noon. He wasn't hungry and he spent the hour arranging the harness on the hooks of the harness room. Some of it needed oiling, well, he'd tend to that Sunday. In the carriage shed he saw that the mower was in front of the planter. He grasped the tongue, swung the mower and dragged the planter from the shed. He'd be needing it in a few days if the warm weather kept up.

The sun was lowering over the woods as Gus turned the tired team into the barn. They'd worked hard enough for one day. The doctor's carriage was where it had been left in the morning. After giving the roan colt a can of oats he fed the team and bedded them down with fresh, clean straw for the coming night. When that was done he walked slowly to the back door of the house. No one was in the kitchen—he went on to the bedroom he and Minnie used. The young doctor heard him coming and met him at the door. Slapping him across the back, he said, "Well, Gus, we've found an eight pound baby girl for you." Gus pushed by him without a word and looking down at Minnie, muttered, "Monday we build das farrowing ben. You be up cook for poys. Yah. Ve haf some nice shoats next Fall." Minnie nodded her head and Gus left the room—he might as well go into town with the doctor. Ernest had a good bar back of his grocery.

Gus, Minnie and Hildegard were leaning on the fence beyond the covered barn yard watching Bess when the neighbor's boy led the bull to the pen. He led the bull by a pole hooked to a ring which passed thru the nose of the animal. Hildegard was eighteen and a few months more. She resembled neither Gus nor Minnie. Her hair was long and light; her skin was fair, and blue, low-German eyes peered clearly thru soft lashes. Hildegard was pretty; her shape was alluring. Even when she wore the dresses that Minnie passed down she was graceful. Gus was never at ease with her. She was like the pastor and the doctor. She spoke so easily and she embarrassed her father when he occasionally found cause to haltingly speak with her. Hildegard was indifferent. She did not look at all like the corn-meal-battered Minnie. Her hair was always arranged and never askew. Minnie knew this and felt a little as Gus did when in her presence.

Gus decided to breed Bess to a good bull this time. Well, the neighbor had a good bull and Gus didn't see why she shouldn't have the best. Bess had one pair of calves already. She was a good mother. Her calves were pretty good too, Gus got good money for them.

The neighbor boy unsnapped the pole and flicking the bull over the buttock with a short whip drove him into the enclosure with Bess. Inside the pen the bull paused as the door swung shut behind him. He looked at the cow—a low rumble came from his throat. Bess moved toward him. From the other side of the fence Gus, Minnie, Hildegard and the neighbor boy watched the proceedings with interest.

The old farmer turned to his wife and a smile broke the stolidness of his heavy German face. He poked her in the breast with his thumb and muttering an "Ach Minnie," moved towards the house. Minnie's eyes nearly closed and turning she slowly followed her husband up the path that led away from the pen. . . . The neighbor looked down at Hildegard, and she, tilting back her head, looked up at him. . . . In a little while the bull and Bess were alone—but they didn't care—they were in love.

Yesterday Hildegard and the neighbor boy were married. And after the wedding the baby was christened, Gustave Adolph. Old Gus sat in the parlor. The room always closed and chill—clean to mustiness and smelling of no human occupation. He was sitting in the best chair; red plush with all sorts of gingerbread monstrosities carved in the heavy, black walnut frame. A lamp was burning on the center, marble covered table. Gus had been on the back eighty when the first ones had come yesterday morning. There was a fence on the line that needed a little going over and besides could not Minnie talk to the people better than an old Dutch farmer? He had stayed there, walking along the fence, until Frederick called him with a drawn out, "Oh, papa, komm ma' hirr." He had walked slowly in, head down and uttering as few greetings as possible. Once in the room he had gone thru his part of the ceremony in a trance; carried along by Herr Pastor; carried along because he liked the way the pastor talked. He had held the two-months old baby in his arms and pride bouyed him thru with his service. Then the old woman had taken the boy away from him. Pinched his cheek and in low guttural phrases cooed over him, like a bunch of animals.

Gus saw the doctor's son. He liked the youth—

well, why shouldn't he?—he liked his father. But the doctor was getting older. And now that the heavy beard was gone, lines of tiredness scratched his face. Funny, how Gus could talk to the doctor's boy. Young Doc was a quiet lad and he liked to listen to the old German. Gus talked of the way the corn was coming along. He took the young man out and showed him the cattle. He grinned when the young doctor called the straw stack, where the cows had eaten deep around the edge, a blond flapper's head. Gus thought the stack knew as much as a woman—maybe more. In the stables he let the boy look at the new work team. Yah, he called them Doc and Prince.

And the doctor's son had danced with Hildegard. No one told him to signal for the orchestra to stop playing. He had danced for an hour before Gus called him over and told him to wave his hand at the leader. The boy gave the leader a dollar. Gus thought that was fine; they only caught the doctor's boy once. He laughed then, just a little. He liked the boy, for he was so quiet and he listened.

Minnie had gone to the kitchen and Gus had arisen to go to the barn when Hildegard told him the baby was coming. She told him with her pretty, proud head hanging down, ever so slightly. He had wanted to put his arm around her shoulders and pat her head—tell her that all was well with him. Instead his throat had filled and slowly he turned from her and walked, heart heavy, to the stables. He slipped into the stall beside Prince and drew the horses head against his side. Prince placed his muzzle against Gus' cheek. He could pat Prince; Prince couldn't talk.

But the doctor's son liked to hear Gus talk. He had taken a drink that the boy had given him and that made him feel better. Everyone seemed to want to speak with him. Why, even old Wilhelm, the state senator, said the farmers thought Gus should run for county commissioner. Anyone who has a farm and family like he, would make a good man to spend the county's money. Yes, that was nice. Gus liked to have them talk to him—strange, he liked to talk to them, too.

Ach Gott, the day was over now. Everyone was there but Harmon. Gus sipped a drink of wine from the pitcher on the table. Mist came over his eyes. Harmon had been a good boy. He used to talk to old Gus. But he had been killed in the war. Harmon had gone to Germany in 1916 and two years later the French had killed him. Gus kept the letters Harmon had written him. He liked to read the letters—with the help of Herr Pastor. Henry and Frederick never came over much now. They had families of their own. Gus had given them a hundred acres each of the land he and Minnie had worked so hard to clear and drain. The work was getting pretty hard, but now there was Hildegard's man. He was a steady boy. Strong—a good worker, Gus knew.

Gus tipped the pitcher back again and the sour wine trickled around the edges and down his chin. He wiped it off with the back of a thick, brown hand. They all liked him at the wedding. He had thought they would not. The League of American Patriots had streaked his barn with blaring, yellow paint during the war—just because Gus would not buy Liberty bonds. Gus couldn't buy the bonds—the money might have been used to kill Harmon. But Harmon was dead now. One of the men who helped paint the barn had sold his ten thousand dollar bonds to Gus for eighty five hundred, after the war. He still had them. They were worth more than ten thousand today. He smiled again. They did like him; he had talked nice with the doctor's boy.

Minnie was in bed. She had gone upstairs. Hildegard and her man were in the room where Gus and Minnie had slept. Hildegard said it was easier for her to take care of the baby down there. She stayed in bed for two weeks after little Gustave was born. Gus thought of Minnie and her child-bearing. The baby whimpered in the next room. Gus sat still and listened to hear whether Hildegard would get up. There was no sound but the baby's soft cry. Oh well, Hildegard was tired. She had been up for two days—dancing and entertaining the wedding guests. She probably had a little too much to drink. Gus chuckled. Quietly he arose from the best chair and picking up the light went into the bedroom. Little Gus became quiet when he stooped over the crib. Minnie never had a crib for her babies. Old Gus liked the crib. The young Doc said it was a fine thing to have. With hesitancy he poked a finger into the baby's stomach. Little Gus clasped the solid finger in two fat hands and looked up at the old man. Gus picked the little one up and went back to his chair, awkwardly holding the child in his arm. The baby again grasped the heavy finger, and old Gus let his head fall to the back of the chair as he rocked slowly.

The baby was asleep when old Gus looked down at him again. The finger held fast in the tiny, fat hands. A happy sob shook his big frame and leaning close to the grandson's head, he whispered, "Ach himmel. Anyhow, Gus Adolph, ve had a goot vedding."

THE END.

Struggle of Czecho-Slovakian Miners

By G. BEICHEK

FOR long past feelings have been running high in the Czecho-Slovakian mining industry. This has been due to the general marketing crisis experienced by the whole Czecho-Slovakian industry, owing to the contracted internal market and the ever-growing difficulties in the field of export. During the past 5 years coal production decreased and this resulted in 40% of the miners being permanently unemployed.

During these 5 years there were temporary flourishes in the coal industry (during the Ruhr occupation of 1923, and during the two British miners' strikes of 1921 and 1926), but it was clearly observed that after each short-lived boom, caused exclusively by objective conditions, the Czecho-Slovakian coal-industry fell still deeper in the mire of the marketing crisis. During these 5 years the position of the Czecho-Slovakian miners became steadily worse. Wages fell, productivity rose, and the mineowners reaped their profits of hundreds of millions of Czecho-Slovakian crowns. However, with every new slump the coal owners commenced their attack on the miners, driving at lowering their standards.

This move of the mineowners was especially marked during the British miners' strike of 1926.

The strikebreaking possibilities during that year enabled the mineowners to enhance their profits by many millions on increased productivity of labor alone, not taking into consideration the profits reaped on increased prices of coal. Directly the slump set in, the coal-owners immediately came out in a united front against the miners, who demanded a 20% wage-increase.

The treachery of the Czecho-Slovakian reformists cannot be passed over. During the trade boom they did not support the struggle of the revolutionary trade unions to increase wages. They thereby aided the coal-owners to make full use of the strikebreaking possibilities that were presented.

Very characteristic of the reformists are the excuses they give for rejecting the struggle for increased wages. As one excuse for their treachery, they claimed the unemployed miners had been starving for long past, that the miners needed a breathing spell, if only by receiving temporary work and, therefore, no struggle for increased wages should be undertaken during the favorable marketing period that had set in.

This unparalleled and insipid argument of the reformists not only renounced international working class solidarity in respect to the British miners, but was the worst kind of demagoguery. It was known to everybody and no less to the reformists that the mineowners got increased output not by engaging more labor, but almost exclusively by increasing the productivity of the men employed.

Thanks to the treachery of the reformists, the miners let a very favorable moment slip by. When the British miners' strike was lost, the mine-owners, despite the united front that had been formed of all miners' unions, categorically rejected not only the demand for a 20% wage-increase, but bluntly refused to pay the high cost of living bonus. After the insolent reply of the coal-owners, the reformists again commenced to suppress the revolutionary fervor of the miners and took all possible action to undermine the struggle for increased wages which was then commencing.

Utilizing the treacherous activities of the reformists in dividing the ranks of the miners, the coal-owners and the government prepared a new attack on the miners.

This time the government and the owners concentrated their attack on miners' insurance. In Czecho-Slovakia, the old system of miners' independent insurance dates from the year 1854. Under the Fraternal Insurance Fund the wives and children of the miners are also insured, the widows and orphans having the right to receive pensions. This insurance fund, (at the present time 33 Czech crowns monthly are paid for insurance against convalescence and old age, and 16 crowns for insurance against illness) contributed to monthly by both employers and miners alike, experienced a difficult financial situation. It has a monthly deficit of 3 millions and has no reserve funds to cover relief issued to working miners.

The financial crisis of this institute has its root-cause in the war when the number of persons receiving relief greatly increased. To save the institute a subsidy of about 3 billion Czech crowns were necessary. The government, encouraged by the victory of the mineowners, now intend to completely abolish this institute and transfer the miners to the general insurance system. This intention of the government aroused a storm of indignation among the widest masses of miners: at present 150,000 miners, 40,000 miners' families receiving relief, 20,000 widows and 12,000 orphans are affected.

On the initiative of the Miners' Section of One Big Union, affiliated to R. I. L. U., mass meetings of protest were organized throughout the coal districts and under pressure of the masses the reformists were forced to convene a joint meeting of all miners' trade union organizations including also the O. B. U. Miners' Section, which passed a decision



—Drawing by William Gropper.

to defend the miners' insurance. Revolutionary trade unions at this meeting stated clearly that the institute of miners' insurance must be re-established wholly at the expense of the government and the coalowners.

The executive of the O. B. U. drew up a project of reviving the Institute of Miners' Insurance. The following demands were made. 1) That independence of miners' insurance be maintained until general social insurance is improved to such an extent as to guarantee the miners the same amount of relief permitted by independent miners' insurance; 2) That the existing rules and amount of relief be preserved also for miners at work; 3) That miners' insurance be improved at expense of the employers and the state.

These demands met with wide sympathy among the masses. The miners understand that the proposals of the O. B. U. are fully justified as the mineowners have shown in their yearly balance-sheets tremendous profits. At the same time the government improved its financial situation at the expense of the mining industry by the increased amount of taxes on coal. The coal tax received by the government during 1920 was 918,408,094 Czech crowns; 1921 was 1,099,137,646 Czech crowns; 1922 was 1,510,141,187 Czech crowns; 1923 was 534,925,605 Czech crowns; 1924 was 329,877,191 Czech crowns; 1925 was 315,228,160 Czech crowns; 1926 was 248,324,200 Czech crowns.

Only under pressure of the masses were the reformists forced to side up with this movement and obviously with the intention of betraying it at the first convenient moment.

Revolutionary trade unions and the Communist Party of Czecho-Slovakia demand that a congress of mine committees be called to ascertain the feeling and militancy among the masses and to work out a program of action for the co-ordinated struggle of the miners not only to preserve miners' insurance, but to increase wages also.

The reformists are again evading the issue. They are endeavoring to "head the movement only to behead it later." This is an old and well tried policy of the reformists. However, the militant spirit of the miners forced the reformists to temporarily discard their usual tactics and they duly announced a one day strike of protest for the 24th of March. This 24-hour strike was completely successful. More than 100,000 miners participated.



DANCE

—Drawing by Fred Willis.

THE GLASS

By LEBARBE.

THE Glass was a drab soured thing, familiar—used by everyone in Mrs. O'Rourke's rooming house: TRANSIENT—BY THE WEEK, MONTH OR YEAR. Used by everyone in the rooming house: 4 anyhow, 5 maybe, for she was never quite sure about the back room. Sometimes there were 2 voices in the back room, men's. Sometimes only one man's cough. Sometimes one man's voice and the thin snuggling laugh of a woman.

The old woman in the front room used The Glass more than anyone else. The old woman with indigestion. So it often had a chemical crystallized on its clouded sides and tasted of soda (for the old woman's indigestion). No amount of hot water could ever quite clean out the taste of soda and toothpastes and what have you. She had tried and failed.

The Glass was always to be found in the rusted wire container hung on the wall in the bathroom, on the left side of the wash basin next to the hot water spigot. (To make the spigot work you had to push the thing you turn the water on with, tight against the fixture).

She hated The Glass. It was the mark of her station—the badge of her necessity—the altar on which she had to bow to the bosses. It had the taste of many mouths in it: the taste of degradation, hopelessness, standardization. Well, why didn't she buy one for herself then? Well, that meant 10 cents and they were always getting broken. And her landlady would think she was getting snooty—too good for her house. It was a good house wasn't it? No kids. No dogs. Hot water usually. Clean linen every 10 days. That sort of thing.

She was afraid of this Glass. The old woman's indigestion. Yes, and always the chance of something viler from the indiscriminate mouthings of the other roomers. You never can tell. They are always changing, the roomers. Usually about the first of the month.

So she scalded The Glass out often. Tried to keep it clean. But she didn't have any luck.

The Glass began to haunt her. She began to dream of it. Always the sodden brown taste of tobacco, soda for the old woman, many lips. One night she looked into it and saw many years ahead. Years ahead of slaving for this boss or that boss. Years of stale tastes and soda tastes in The Glass. Along the rim the taste of mouths. The Glass was an adulterous thing. She decided to go without drinking of tinner.

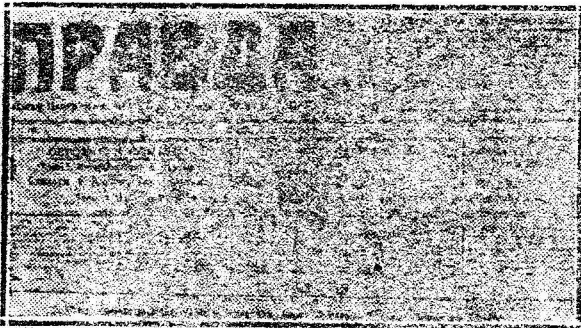
(And so one night when the flat voice of a woman giggled and snuggled in the back room and the old woman belched in the front room, she made up her mind. . . Then she went out and bought some deep purple iodine crystals. . . Then she locked herself in the bathroom. . . Took a look in the mirror. . . Straightened her hair with tired pats on the right, on the left, and a lifting caress in the back. . . Then she scalded The Glass till it looked clean when the cold water was turned in full force. . . Turned a little warm water into it now. . . Added a couple of the purple crystals and watched the color spread. . . Waited till the water turned grape purple—And drank the grape of her release. . .)

(But before she lost consciousness, she replaced The Glass in its wire container, went to her room and lay down on her bed where there would be clean linen in 3 days more. . .)

"Mosc. Kum. R. C. P."

By A. ERVEY

This article is timely because of the recent raid on the Soviet Trade Delegation headquarters in London and the breaking off of diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union because of alleged interference in the domestic affairs of Great Britain. The picture of the fake Pravda, official organ of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, that accompanies this story should set at rest any doubts our readers may have that the British government does not descend to the despicable method of forgery in framing up on its opponents. People of Irish, Egyptian or Indian nationality accustomed to the perfidy of the British ruling class will have no difficulty in believing anything no matter how despicable about the British government. No doubt we will have a deluge of forged documents in the capitalist press from now on, alleged to have been captured in the Arcos raid.—Ed. New Magazine.



THIS is simply a part of the whole phrase used, which runs: "Pravda, Organ Cen. Com. Mosc. Kum. and Mosc. Prov. Com. R.C.P." The reader will rub his eyes and protest: "But 'Pravda' was never published anywhere with such a title!" And neither was it. Yet a "Pravda" was published not somewhere, but in London, and not some time or other, but in 1920, under the direct instruction of close cooperation of that famous English police institution—Scotland Yard.*

SACCO AND VANZETTI MUST NOT DIE!!!

The Martyr Myth

By HENRY GEORGE WEISS

The opinion expressed among some radicals that the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti would redound, in the long run, more to the good of the labor movement than would the winning of their life and freedom, is not only based on faulty reasoning, but is a dangerous state of mind for any worker to get in, and must be fought strenuously by the clearer thinking elements in the ranks of labor.

The workers holding to such an opinion must be made to realize that martyrs are a confession of weakness on the part of the laboring masses. The fact that the bosses can railroad to prison or put to death our leaders with impunity becomes a weapon of intimidation in their hand and does help to cow and keep in submission the less militant mass. It is true that the martyred comrades become symbols around which sections of workers rally, that their names become battle-cries in the fight for freedom, but that is making, after all, the most of a battle which labor has admittedly fought—and lost. The more powerful labor becomes, the more effective it is in making its demands heeded, the less will it have martyrs.

The opinion that martyrs are a necessary adjunct to progress must be taken with an extra big pinch of salt in spite of the eminent poets and historians who have immortalized them in song and prose. In some cases, like the more or less uncertain tale of Jesus for instance, martyrs have been killed off-hand and used a few centuries later to hoodwink their gullible brethren in the rank of toil. This, let it be understood, is not the fault of the martyr, but it is a hell of a fate to die more or less sincerely for your class and later find yourself used as an excuse for bible-thumping. In any case, labor has too many martyrs, monuments to master-class victories, and the time has come to call a halt. Down with the thinking that would inevitably breed mental apathy in the ranks of toil, that would even consider sacrificing any worker to the martyr myth!

The post-war years in very truth can be called the period when the doubtful art of preparing forgeries of every kind blossomed forth in all its glory. And without doubt the palm for supremacy in this respect — if not for quality, then for quantity — should be given to England, famous for the celebrated "Zinoviev letter," which guaranteed the entry to power in 1925 of the present Conservative Government with Baldwin at the head.

In connection with the 15th anniversary of "Pravda" and the recent Peking forgeries, it will not be superfluous to pay a little attention to the Scotland Yard "double" of our "Pravda," about which the reading public has doubtless already managed to forget. And, by the way, on February 28th, 1921, it was practically impossible to obtain a copy of the "Daily Herald," which denounced the whole business of the SCOTLAND YARD FAKED "PRAVDA." The "Daily Herald" wrote up in detail the "technique" of the production "of the forged Pravda." The publication of this "newspaper" had been started by Russian White Guards living in London in 1920. The "Editorial Collegiate" was situated in the "old Russian embassy," and the financial side was run by the "old Russian consulate." The "paper" was printed once in two weeks, and was taken straight from the printers to Scotland Yard.

In England there is a law that on every printed publication the name of the editor, the publisher and the printer should appear. A close examination of the faked "Pravda" revealed a few English words at the bottom, written in tiny print. These words, run: "Editor—Pushnow, Publisher—Free Society, Printed by Williams, Lea & Co., Ltd., E. G. 4."

It is absolutely obvious that the "Pravda" indicated was printed in a London printing shop, little suited to the purposes of these "Tsarist Russians." And this is where the official English police institution—Scotland Yard—came on the scene, zealously fighting against the "interference of the Bolsheviks in the internal affairs of other countries."

Democracy in Union Square

By I. LAZAROVITZ

(Worker Correspondent.)

Union Square—afternoon. The benches were, as usual, taken. The visitors were mostly members of the reserve army, feeling American prosperity in their daily struggle for existence. They sat there and discussed politics.

Suddenly the tune of the Star Spangled Banner sounded.

A few of these Union Square visitors, among them myself, went to the place where the tune sounded. We saw a hurriedly built wooden platform with a big top sign which read:

"Department of New York Veterans of Foreign Wars."

A small fellow with a belly as big as the wooden platform on which he was standing, made the address. This fellow looked as though he had never seen the inside of a factory in his life.

Did he speak about the terrible conditions of the workers in this country? Did he speak about the danger of a new war with all its miseries? Or about the thousands of unemployed who are subjected to the worst kind of starvation in this highly developed country?

Quite the contrary. He spoke about the prosperous time we have. The phrase "American democracy" came into his speech often.

* * *

While he was speaking about democracy I noticed that the crowd began to run somewhere toward the east side of Union Square. Running after the crowd I saw two big fat policemen holding a fellow. One policeman kept a bunch of leaflets which he had taken from the fellow.

"What kind of leaflets are those?" I asked the policeman.

"Oh, these damn Bolsheviks, wherever you go you meet them."

"May I have one of the leaflets?" I asked the policeman.

"Who are you, anyhow?" the policeman replied in a voice that nearly made me deaf.

I told him I represented a certain newspaper and am interested to know what it's all about.

"O, well, there is one," he said in a more decent voice.

I took one of the leaflets and immediately understood why the policeman was so excited. The leaflet was a statement of the central executive committee of the Workers (Communist) Party. It began: "Hands Off China—Not one dollar, not one man for the Imperialists."

"Where are you going to take this fellow?" I asked the policeman, but he didn't reply.

The copies of the faked "Pravda" brought to Scotland Yard were sent to the guillotining machine and, UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF BRITISH CIVIL SERVANTS, the "compromising" signature was cut clean off. The "newspaper" was now ready for dispatch. But the kind help of Scotland Yard was not limited to the work of the guillotine. The doctored copies of the faked "Pravda" were packed and delivered by an English police agent to certain English officials in Helsingfors. The "Daily Herald" not without sarcasm commented, that the expense of the dispatch of the papers was borne by none other than the British taxpayers, who pay also for the upkeep of Scotland Yard.

Why and for whom was it necessary that the Russian White Guards and their "mighty defenders" from the Foreign Office should print forged copies of "Pravda" in London in 1920? The answer to this question will be clear, if we remember that it was in Autumn 1920 that the Lloyd George Government threatened to break off the Anglo-Soviet trade agreement on the pretext of "Bolshevik propaganda in England"; that in the same year Wrangel was ultimately defeated and the "Russian" conference in Paris decided to begin a new "agitation campaign" against Soviet Russia on a broad scale. The British foreign office was at that time in need of material to prove this "Bolshevik agitation in England"; can one stop at the preparation of false documents in the attainment of such "great aims"? The British police institutions did not let that hinder them in 1920, or later in 1924, when the "Zinoviev letter" appeared as the crowning glory of their endeavors.

* The actual title of "Pravda" translated into English runs: "Organ Cen. Com. and the Mosc. Com. of the RCP (b)," which means: "Organ of the Central Committee and the Moscow Committee of the Russian (now All-Union) Communist Party (Bolshevik)." The sub-title of the London fabrication has nothing in common not only with the present-day sub-title of "Pravda," but with the Russian language.

The crowd was running to the other side of the square. There we find the same story: two policemen holding one fellow with leaflets. But one of the policemen couldn't resist the chance of giving some good pinches to the "red trouble maker."

The veterans' representative on the wooden platform meanwhile still chewed the rag about American democracy as though nothing happened around him. But the crowd didn't listen to him longer. They were discussing the arrest of the two reds.

"They shouldn't have given out these leaflets here," one of the fellows said.

"What do you mean, they shouldn't?" asked a tall fellow with a soldier's service button in his coat. "They talk about democracy, don't they? Is it illegal literature? Believe me they wouldn't arrest these kids if they were giving out leaflets praising the flag or American policies in China. They don't like democracy when you tell the people the truth about war."

"What are you around here, the main attraction?" a policeman shouted out. "Come on—get off before you get pinched, too."

The tall fellow looked at the policeman as if to say: "Wait, your day will come yet," and he quietly moved on.



Ya don't believe in Democracy? I'll bust ya in the nose ya damn Red! That's how Democratic I am!

The COMRADE

Edited by the Young
A Page for Workers'



Young SECTION

Pioneers of America
and Farmers' Children

SOUTHERN FARMERS RUINED

During the last few weeks due to heavy rain-falls the banks of the Mississippi River overflowed, flooding more than one fifth of the area of the state of Louisiana. More than 750,000 country people were forced to leave their homes and live in tents to save their lives. Most of them lost everything they had. Over 400 of them were drowned.

Whose Fault?

Whose fault is it? Who is to blame? Why didn't the American government control the Mississippi River as other governments control their rivers. Is it because they don't care what happens to poor farmers? We think so.

What Now?

And what now? Are they helping these farmers to start all over again? No, they are not. Many thousands of dollars are given to build battleships and aeroplanes to kill the workers of other countries, but there's not a cent for the poor ruined farmers of the south. Instead, Coolidge has appointed Herbert Hoover as the Master of the Flood Funds. Herbert Hoover is a capitalist, a friend of the bosses and not the workers. He will NOT give money, but lend it, mortgaging the already mortgaged farmers of the south.

Our Letter Box

SOME MORE BUNK TAUGHT

Dear Comrades: I go to the Everittstown school and our teacher's name is Mrs. Thorp. She is a very religious woman. Friday she said, "The brains we have is a wonderful thing that God gave us." Then she said that if we didn't use our brains, God would take away even what we had. This shows what religious bunk our teacher teaches us.

Your comrade,

GAZIE NEMETH.

THE CRUEL BOSSES

By HELEN DOHANYOS.

The bosses are so cruel to the poor workingmen that they even punish the worker when he is innocent. They make the workers do all the work, while they smoke their cigars in their offices and have many servants at home. And the poor workers don't have enough money for food not to talk of spending it on cigars and things like that. The bosses are punishing us now and laughing at us, but the day will come when we'll punish them and laugh at them. And we'll ask them how they feel when someone laughs in their faces. Then the workers will be the happy men and there will be no more bosses!

JUST LIKE A BOSS

By CAROLINE SOMOGYI.

Worker to a friend who is a Boss: "What are you thinking of?"

Boss who loves money: "I am thinking how I can make the workers slave more hours and for less money so I can have more profit. What are you thinking of?"

Worker, sad-hearted: "I am thinking how I could get a little bit more wages so that I could have enough to support my family so they should not starve!"

RUTHENBERG SUB BLANK

Did you get your free copy of the Young Comrade? If you did, how did you like it? Do you want to get the Young Comrade every month, then fill out this blank and send it to the Daily Worker 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)

BUNKHOUSE FABLES



By L. Laukkonen

The above picture shows a big fat capitalist trying to bribe a Pioneer. Swell chance! This is a bunkhouse fable because the capitalist knows better than to ask a Pioneer to help him. He goes to the Boy Scouts when he needs help.

RICH AND POOR

By GEORGE YAKIM—Akron Pioneer Group.

One night Bill, my friend, came home from the school crying. When his father, a worker in the Goodyear rubber shop, asked him, he said that the teacher whipped him. Why? Because Bill dared to complain for a low mark he received for the same work for which another fellow, a rich boy, got a good mark. Yes, the teacher gives "A"-s and "B"-s for the rich kids' work and "P"-s and even "F"-s for the poor ones. Yes, it also happens that some kids don't know their lessons. Then one of our boys was asked why does he not study. He said that his father cannot afford to buy all the books. "Well, the teacher said, go to work, and then you'll have the money to buy the books." She said the same thing to a boy who was hungry after leaving home without breakfast. She said to the boy after punishing him that "you can work in the rubber shop." The boy said that he would kill himself in the shop, although he would be glad to go to work. When the boy got home, he asked his father whether he got any money. "No, his father said, and I won't have for a long time." Then he told to Bill that he was fired from the shop.

There are many other differences between rich and poor. The workers' children are the poor ones, the bosses' children are the rich.

Of course, we workers' children do not want to live all the time the way we do now. Neither do we want to be fired from the shops when we grow up.

We shall organize and build up a world where there is no hunger, where every worker's child will be happy, where the workers will decide what they shall get.

Join the Young Pioneers of America. This is the organization of the children of the workers. The Pioneers are ALWAYS READY to fight for the happiness of all the children. JOIN!

—Age 11 years.

ANOTHER CHEER

Boom-a-lacka, boom-a-lacka
Bow, wow, wow
Chick-a-lacka, chick-a-lacka
Chow, chow, chow
Boom-a-lacka, chick-a-lacka
Who are we?
PIONEERS, PIONEERS, can't you see?

SOUTH BOSTON, ATTENTION!

The Pioneer group of South Boston are going to have a supper on May 29, 1927 at 376 Broadway. Beginning at 8 o'clock, everyone will get together for a fine time. There is also going to be many amusements, such as singing, reciting, jokes, dialogues and many other things. All children are invited.

LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE

The answer to puzzle No. 15 is PIONEER. The following have answered correctly:

Agnes Kemenovich, Daisytown, Pa.; Lillian Zager, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Alli Hill, Maynard, Mass.

More Answers to Puzzle No. 14

Raymond Kozul, So. Chicago, Ill.; Beatrice Schwartz, New York City; Violet Sambuco, Shady-side, Ohio; Philip Franks, Chicago, Ill.; Elizabeth Hirt, Detroit, Mich.; Mary Blozonin, Luzerne, Pa.; Sylvia Nusitale, Neugounee, Mich.; Clarence Reaves, Dayton, Ohio; Anna Tuhy, Chicago, Ill.; Alfred Kish, Ellwood City, Pa.; Luz Vilarino, Inglewood, Calif.; Veronica Yelich, S. Brownsville, Pa.

More Answers to Puzzle No. 13

Luz Vilarino, Inglewood, Calif.; Liberto Vilarino, Inglewood, Calif.

THIS WEEK'S PUZZLE NO. 16

This week's puzzle is a word puzzle. The rules are as follows: 1 in the puzzle stands for A, 2 for B, 3 for C, etc. Here goes:—

2 5	18 5 1 4 25	20 15	8 5 12 16	20 8 5
25 15 21 14 7		3 15 13 18 1 4 5		2 25
7 5 20 20 9 14 7		19 21 2 19.		

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

THE LITTLE GREY DOG

From FAIRY TALES FOR WORKERS' CHILDREN

(Continued)

The blond man became red with anger and his eyes sparkled. This made the dog happy. "He is really a good man," thought he, "for only good people are angered by the sufferings of other people." When he was thru speaking, the man said, "Bring your little friend here quickly. My horse has rested enough. We will ride off immediately so that no one can capture Benjamin."

How happy the little grey dog was! In spite of his weariness, he danced with joy, wagging his tail, and started toward the bushes where Benjamin was hidden. Then he saw something dreadful. A man came over the meadow with a dog, which ran straight towards the bushes. The grey dog howled with fright. The blond man looked up, jumped forward and called to the dog, "Keep the man back just a moment, and all will be well." At that the dog ran toward the man. The man had reached the bush, with one bound the dog leaped at his throat, bit hard, did not loosen his hold in spite of cuts and blows.

In the meantime the northerner had taken little Benjamin in his arms, ran hastily toward the wagon, jumped in, and called to the dog, "Follow us, we will wait for you in a safe place." Then he cracked his whip, started on the road, the brown horse galloped ahead for it knew everything that was going on.

The grey dog still gripped the man's throat, thinking every moment that if he could detain the man, it would be of advantage to the good man and little boy, and would save his friend. But the man, tired of wrestling, took a large knife from his pocket and plunged it deep into the breast of the faithful dog. The dog whimpered piteously and fell heavily on the ground. His clouded eyes still saw, far off in the distance, a tiny spot that kept growing smaller and smaller; that was the wagon which was carrying little Benjamin to freedom.

Great joy filled the dog's heart. He wagged his bushy tail once more. Then he died.

The blond man and little Benjamin waited a long time in vain for the grey dog. Benjamin wept bitterly, and his new friend comforted him: "The brave dog will come running back. All is well with him."

But the Benjamin was safe, he was always sad when he thought of his friend. But he did not know that the little grey dog had died for him, paying his debt of gratitude to Benjamin with his life.

THE END.

A PIONEER CHEER

Strawberry shortcake, Huckleberry pie,
V-I-C-T-O-R-Y
Are we in it?
Well I guess!
PIONEERS, PIONEERS, Yes! Yes! Yes!

DRAMA

The Neighborhood Playhouse Says Farewell

FROM the point of view of brick and mortar The Neighborhood Playhouse celebrated its twelfth birthday this year, which means that it had its beginnings long before that. Its history goes back to the gymnasium days in the Henry Street Settlement where the children of the neighborhood first engaged in festival dances and rituals under the guidance of Alice and Irene Lewisohn. In time the gymnasium proved too small for its audience and the next stop was Clinton Hall. And by the time 1915 came along Clinton Hall had proved inadequate, and the idea of The Neighborhood Playhouse was given physical expression in the form of the present completely equipped little theatre.

Colorful History.

Such, in brief, is the history of the Playhouse in its amateur days; and the record since its emergence into the ranks of a professional theatre—marked by the production in 1920 of Galsworthy's "The Mob" and the establishment then of the permanent acting company—is so eventful that a recital of its activities must be limited to the main currents which have led up to its becoming the first professional repertory theatre of the present day in New York.

In twelve years it has produced more than seventy-five plays, pantomime ballets, folk plays, folk festivals, and ritual festivals, of which some forty-five were produced for the first time. It has presented to its audiences such distinguished guest artists as Sarah Cowell Le Moine, Ellen Terry, Gertrude Kingston, Ruth Draper, Yvettte Guilbert, Emanuel Reicher, Michio Itow, Roshanara, and the Egyptian dancer Nyota Inyoka.

Most singular perhaps of all is that it has consistently adhered to a policy of growth through experimentation, and in doing so has built up its own personnel—its own permanent acting company, its own directors, costume makers, scenic designers, its own workers in every branch of the theatre.

One of the most interesting theories which it has assiduously practiced, has been that concerning the development of the actor and his relation to theatrical expression. Believing that a theatre which aspired to give its audiences a wide choice of productions, not only in the field of straight dramatic expression but in Lyric drama as well, The Neighborhood Playhouse has sought to develop its actors not merely in their capacity as individuals but as members of a group whose ideal is to work together harmoniously, intelligently and creatively.

Art of Theatre.

For the really valuable thing about a permanent company is the experience which each actor gains through doing a variety of things. It is this experience, endlessly sought, which enabled the Playhouse to achieve the authentic mood in such widely diversified productions as, for example, "The Dybbuk," "The Lion Tamer," "Guibour," "Pinwheel," and the lyric dramas. The art of the theatre is composed of a number of elements all diversified and yet so intrinsically related that a production must inevitably weaken at one point or another if these elements, i.e., the acting, the costumes, the scenery, the stage properties are not conceived in the spirit and mood of the play itself.

Ideal of Playhouse.

The ideal of the Playhouse has been constantly toward new forms, of which the dramatic version of "Salut au Monde," with its synthesis on movement, speech and song, is typical; for it is only through experimentation that dramatic art can be kept vital and fluid. In adhering to this aim, the organization, from the beginning, deliberately discouraged opportunities

EVELYN BENNETT



Will play an important part in the new Richard Herndon Revue "Merry-Go-Round" which opens at the Klaw Theatre Tuesday night.

for material growth and frequent temptations to depart from its original purpose. The Playhouse began as a medium for contact with social forces through the Henry Street Settlement, and its development as "theatre" was the outcome of a deep rooted conviction on the part of its sponsors, that art belongs to life and that the theatre is an aesthetic reaction to the great human drama.

If, in time, the theatre began to attract the notice of a few interested theatregoers and professional critics from other parts, it was because it offered inescapable evidence that a new life was about to be born in the American theatre. Once this fact was discovered the Playhouse was loosed from its parochial function and forced, in spite of itself, to recognize the responsibility that has been thrust on it as an important factor in the development of a new expression in the theatre. It was its constantly growing importance, culminating with the production of "The Dybbuk," that brought about the end of The Neighborhood Playhouse. For it had reached a point where it could go on no longer. Its main purpose had been achieved. It had outgrown its environment. Arrived at that point the inevitable thing, the artistic thing, was to stop. And that is what has happened. Whether it goes on again in some other form or not is beside the point: only its physical self can cease; the idea, the spiritual entity, remains.

Broadway Briefs

Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle, the former screen comedian, is returning to the stage after a lapse of sixteen years. He will open at Chanin's 46th Street Theatre in Margaret Mayo's comedy "Baby Mine", Thursday, June 9.

Upton Sinclair's new play, "Singing Jailbirds" is definitely announced for production next season by the New Playwrights Theatre. The organization is searching for a new home—a small theatre and at a reasonable rental.

William Harris jr., who has been inactive for a season or two will present "The Handkerchief" by Gilbert Emery at Atlantic City Monday, June 6. The play is a dramatic version of Hulbert Footner's story "A Scrap of Lace". The cast includes Henry Stephenson, Warren Williams, Kathleen Mac Donald, Katherine Emmet and Mary Blair.

AMUSEMENTS

The Theatre Guild Acting Company in

ALL NEXT WEEK

BERNARD SHAW'S

"PYGMALION"

GUILD THEATRE 52nd Street, West of Broadway. Evs at 8:30. Matinees THURSDAY and SATURDAY at 2:30.

Week of June 6th—THE SECOND MAN

ALL-NEXT WEEK

"MR. PIM PASSES BY"

GARRICK THEA. 65 W. 35th St. Evs. 8:30. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30.

Week of June 6th—RIGHT YOU ARE

NED McCOBB'S DAUGHTER

JOHN GOLDEN THEATRE, 58th St., East of B'way. | CIRCLE 5679
Matinees THURSDAY & SATURDAY.

Week of June 6th—THE SILVER CORD

Extra Matinee Monday (Decoration Day) at All Three Theatres.

\$500 AWARD

for the article of 200 words or less judged to be best on the play "The Ladder." Contest for eighth week closes Monday at 10 a. m. Money refunded if you do not like the play. Not necessary to see the play to win the prize.

"THE LADDER"

WALDORF THEATRE

50th St. E. of B'way—Mats. Wed. & Sat.

ALAN GODDARD'S

CRIME

The Sensational Melodrama of New York's Underworld.

4th MONTH

by Samuel Shipman and John B. Hymer with Chester Morris and Frank Thomas and a Cast of 100

TIMES SQUARE THEATRE WETZEL ST. EVS. AT 8:30 MATS. WED. & SAT. 2:30 SEATS SELLING WEEKS AHEAD

Screen Notes

A love tale of the icy north will be unfolded when Capt. Kleinschmidt's "Primitive Love" has its premiere at the Cameo today. The story was filmed in hitherto unexplored regions near the North Pole, invaded by Captain F. E. Kleinschmidt, noted adventurer, and his wife last year.

Moss' Broadway Theatre beginning

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SYD CHAPLIN
IN THE MISSING LINK
B. S. COLONY BROADWAY AT 53rd ST.
Contin. Noon to Midnight.—Pop. Prices.

Monday will feature the new film "Is Zat So?" taken from the stage production by James Gleason. George O'Brien and Edmund Love play the chief roles.

Dorothy Farnum has signed a long term contract with Metro to write original stories for the screen. Her newest, "The Song of Love", based on the life of Jenny Lind, will feature Norma Shearer. Miss Farnum is also working on an adaptation of Tolstoi's "The Cossack's".

The New Plays

MONDAY

"THE TALES OF RIGO," a drama with music based on the play called "Drift," by Maurice V. Samuels and Hyman Adler, music by Ben Schwartz, will open Monday night at the Lyric Theatre, with Hyman Adler, Mildred Holland and Mira Nirnska in the cast. J. and J. Oppenheimer are the producers.

TUESDAY

"MERRY-GO-ROUND," Richard Herndon's new revue, will open at the Klaw Theatre, Tuesday evening. The book and lyrics are by Morrie Ryskind and Howard Dietz, and the music by Henry Souvaine and Jay Gorney. The cast includes: Marie Cahill, Evelyn Bennett, Georgia Ingram, Mary Stills, Frances Gershwin, Maryon Dale, Vida Manuel, Dorothea Chard, Blanche Fleming, Philip Loeb, the Pan American quartette, and Gene Salzer's orchestra.

THURSDAY

"A VERY WISE VIRGIN," a comedy by Sam Janney will be presented at the Bijou Theatre next Thursday night. The players include: Joan Burdelle, Dennis Cleugh, Joan Gordon, Gail de Hart, John Buckler, Ethel Martin and Doris Bryant.