

LABOR MUST HURRY! SACCO AND VANZETTI MAY DIE

THE DAILY WORKER

FIRST SECTION

This issue consists of two sections, be sure to get them both.

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FUR GANGSTERS ADMIT RIGHT WING HIRES THEM

Current Events

By T. J. O'FLAHERTY.

THE Rev. Dr. John Roach Straton, pastor of Calvary Baptist Church has supplied himself with a spokesman realizing how useful that mythical person is to a politician in a tight corner. Straton finds his troubles multiplying as rapidly as the loaves and fishes under the miraculous hands of the lowly Nazarene. The atavistic clergyman got into trouble with his deacons because of his bizarre religious rites to which he is becoming addicted.

STRATON looks like a Southern Illinois free lance methodist preacher. He has that lean and hungry look which worried Caesar and makes even such a happy fellow as Al Smith shiver when he sees it on the drawn visage of William Gibbs McAdoo. Straton considers joy and laughter sparks from the devil's anvil and if he had his way he would stifle the happy gurgle of the child and burn the smile from the adult face. Of such would be his kingdom of heaven.

RELIGION, like wine gains in virtue with age. Indeed that seems to be second nature to most old fashioned virtues. Dr. Straton was beginning to get fed up with the tendency to give religion a sand paper bath and fumigate it. He preferred to feast and fidget on the real thing. He looked back with a sort of melancholy satisfaction on the days of his youth when the pious could shake off their sins at a good primitive spiritual debauch. The business of religion was getting too darned respectable and scientific. "Back to Savagery!" became Straton's war cry.

THIS is where he stepped on the banana. Echoes of the fight inside his church were heard when Straton hired himself out to Hearst to interpret the Gray-Snyder murder trial to Hearst's intellectual customers. The Calvary Church directors that this was a rather undignified way for a clergyman to add to his salary, but Straton stuck to his contract. Now, however, it has leaked out that the clergyman stepped off the reservation and had his congregation standing on their ears, climbing the bare walls, rolling on the floor, frothing at the mouth and imploring the "holy spirit" to walk right in. Adding to the complications is the fact that a nurse from a local hospital played a stellar role in the services under the direction of Doc Straton.

IF Straton loses his job he should open a gymnasium and cater to those citizens who are too well cushioned for their comfort in hot weather. If reports of the orgies indulged in by Straton's clients are true the over-fat will gain more value from indulging in them than they would from practicing the "daily dozen" to snappy music. Yes, this is the Rev. Dr. John Roach Straton who is constantly on the trail of modern literature that appeals to that part of the human anatomy that located above the chin.

COUPLING an Associated Press story from Indianapolis with the attack made on the Communists by Ellis Searles, editor of the United Mine Workers Journal, circumstantial evidence is not lacking to convince the well-informed observer of the policies of John L. Lewis that that individual has succeeded to his own satisfaction in attaining the aim he set out to accomplish in the coal mining industry, namely, to reduce the number of miners digging coal by almost one half. Searles hearkened back to the Herrin riots for ammunition against the Communists. He blamed the radicals for the riots and the deaths of the strikebreakers, the slimy liar knows as well as anybody else that the action was spontaneous revolt of the striking miners against the scabs that were imported into the country by the owners of a strip mine.

THE A. P. story from Indianapolis is obviously inspired. In substance it is as follows: There are too many men in the coal industry—Lewis' diagnosis of the industrial patient. The John L. bellowed this point of view at national and district conventions of the union he could not well take steps to expel the necessary number of men from the mines. But "accidentally" this solution is being automatically applied thru the policy of the international union executive (Continued on Page Four)

B. & O. PRESIDENT DEMANDS RETURN OF TEN-HOUR DAY

Awful Shock to Class Collaborationists

WASHINGTON, June 24.—One partner in the "B & O Plan" is coming out from under his cover of "Liberalism" and showing his true colors. President Daniel Willard of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad demands the ten hour day. He is convinced that the class collaboration scheme he succeeded in getting his machinist and other shop craft employees to enter has sufficiently weakened the fighting spirit of the entire staff so that he can make a direct assault on their standard of living.

Union Officials Shocked. Willard and eight other railroad presidents issued a formal statement yesterday that the eight hour day must end on the railroads and the nine or even ten hour day come back. Willard's friends among the upper ranks of the railroad union bureaucracy are said to be both pained and shocked at this sudden desertion by their fellow class collaborationist. Editor Fred Hewitt of the Machinists' Journal, after first fully assuring himself that the report was official, permitted himself to remark: "Absurd! The railroads can be quite sure that we do not intend to go back on the eight hour day after we have strug-

It is understood that the ultra-conservative "Labor" organ of the sixteen standard railway unions, will be even more outspoken, and will review the long slow struggle of labor to establish the eight hour day, which even Congress and the supreme court had finally to advocate in the form of the Adamson law. "Labor" also will reprover the present combination of employers led by Willard for their temerity in ending "the era of good will" obtaining on the roads in the last two years."

The rank and file workers in the railroad industry, those of them who have survived the gradual reduction of jobs during the last two years are not surprised. They feel that Willard is never less friendly to them than when he is advocating some strength sapping program by which they are to assist the employers destroy unionism.

Willard cooperated with the Machinists' union and other shop crafts to install the so-called "B & O" plan of union-employer cooperation. This plan has later been adopted by the Canadian National, Chicago Northwestern and Chesapeake & Ohio. He was also instrumental in leading railway executives to approve the Watson-Parker act, which provides machinery for the mediation and arbitration of labor disputes to prevent strikes on the railroads.

Rank and file pressure on the delegates at the recently concluded Switchmen's union convention forced them to strongly repudiate the Watson-Parker act, and to call on their officials to fight it.

Officials Forced to Act. The inadequate increases in wages, following tardily on the heels of increased labor per man and decreases in the number of men employed has raised much dissatisfaction among the rank and file workers and forced other union executives to more or less plain attacks on the Willard plans, the "B & O" and the Watson-Parker law. Says C. J. Goff, president of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen; in formal dissent to the inadequate wage increase the conciliation board awarded the following: "Skilled workers in other lines of industry have demanded and received their share of the national income. Railway employees in the present case, instead of forcing their claims, have petitioned for justice. It appears from this award that what is economic justice is not a matter which can safely be submitted to the judgment of others."

Brooklyn Painters Get Alteration Union Help

The International Alteration Painters' Union has gone on record in favor of the striking painters of Brooklyn. They have instructed their members not to work on jobs in Brooklyn where the strike is concerned.

A New Right Wing President But the Same Old Gang of Thugs



Drawn by WM. GROPPER.

East Side gangsters, caught in the act of slashing strikers with knives, have confessed that they were hired by the right wing officials of the furriers' union to try and break the strike led by the joint board. Philip Silverstein is the new right wing president of the International Fur Workers' Union.

GENEVA MAY BE FOLLOWED BY AN ARMAMENT RACE

Washington Furious at Stand of Britain

GENEVA, June 24.—United States representatives to the conference for limitation of naval armaments are alarmed because of their conviction that Britain and Japan are working together against the Washington proposals. They are fearful of the political results in the United States of a flat rejection of the proposals by both Britain and Japan, as they want to save the face of the Coolidge administration that called the conference.

Are Still Deadlocked. On the question of discussing naval disarmaments with regard to capital ships, representatives of Great Britain and the United States to the tripartite naval limitation conference, remain at loggerheads. Shortly after a meeting of the executive committee of the conference today, both W. C. Bridgeman, British first lord of the Admiralty, and Hugh Gibson, chairman of the American delegation to the conference, issued statements to the press outlining their stands on the question of extending the disarmament proposals reached at the Washington conference of 1922, to auxiliary vessels.

Sharp Disagreement. Claiming that Great Britain's presence at the conference is to guarantee her own defense, Bridgeman stated emphatically that he felt the British delegates to the conference could not leave without having discussed, and reached a definite conclusion, on the subject of limiting the armaments of auxiliary ships. Chairman Gibson, in a brief statement, said that such a discussion at this time is "impractical."

"It is impractical to discuss capital ships here," Gibson said. "Such a discussion would reopen the Washington treaty and prejudice the rights of France and Italy. All the proposals submitted at Washington were drawn up by the State and Navy Departments and no political conditions were allowed to enter."

Admiral Jones, another member of the American delegation, told the press the United States was not willing to limit guns on cruisers to six inches, but probably would be willing to limit guns on destroyers to five inches.

Washington Is Irritated. Officialdom in Washington has been gravely concerned, and not a little nettled, over Great Britain's attitude toward further naval disarmament, as revealed this week at the Geneva conference. In the six years that have elapsed since Great Britain "joyously accepted" naval equality with the United States at the Washington conference, one prominent official cynically observed, British views on naval armament seem to have undergone a complete change.

Resent Bridgeman Declaration. Desperately trying to force Britain to take an inferior position to the (Continued on Page Two)

Britain's Assassin Who Killed Voikoff



Boris Kowceda, who admitted he was "acting under orders" when he shot and killed Comrade Voikoff, ambassador to Poland from the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics.

RIGHT TERROR AS CANTON WORKERS BOYCOTT BRITISH

Rush More U.S. Marines To Peking Area

CANTON, June 24.—The right wing administration has ordered strong military patrols to guard the city and has mounted machine guns in the railway station in expectation of a rebellion by workers.

An effective anti-British boycott has also aggravated the situation for the right wing, which is catering to the imperialist powers.

SHANGHAI, June 24.—Preparations are being made to rush 1,150 marines to Tientsin on the United States transport Chaumont, it was learned today. That other marines will be dispatched north in the near future in preparation for the Nationalist drive against Peking was announced by Brigadier General Smedley D. Butler, commanding the American marines in China. "The transport Henderson is here from Manila," he said, "loaded to the gunwales with supplies and the Chaumont's 1,150 marines are all aboard and ready for orders."

Butler expects that the Nationalists will reach the Peking-Tientsin area between July 1 and 15. Foreign troops are erecting barricades in preparation for the advance of the Nationalists. Rumors are being circulated that a temporary military alliance has been formed between the Hankow government and Chiang Kai-shek. Borodin is reported to have resigned. The alliance is said to have been made by General Feng Yu-hsiang and General Chiang Kai-shek at their conference at Soochow.

END INJUNCTION AGAINST PICKETS AT OHIO MINES

Central Pennsylvania May Strike Soon

COLUMBUS, Ohio, June 24.—Locked-out Ohio union miners won their first legal battle with the operators here today when federal judge Hough dissolved the temporary injunction he granted to the operators last week, restraining the union men from picketing or interfering with attempts to open the Robeyville mines of the Pittsburgh Coal Company at Adena, Ohio.

Central Pennsylvania May Strike. PHILADELPHIA, June 24.—Negotiations between the scale committee of District No. 2, United Mine Workers of America and the employers have about broken down, and this means that in all probability the membership in this important district will be on strike and thus be able to aid the locked-out membership of the other districts in the bituminous field.

The operators have demanded a wage reduction. The miners are determined not to accept any reduction below the Jacksonville Scale. An earlier conference broke up, a month ago, over the same question. Central Pennsylvania has been running on the Jacksonville scale thus far, while the miners in other districts were locked out as a result of a general wage slashing campaign by the employers.

DEMAND GENERAL STRIKE AS TORY BILL IS PASSED

LONDON, June 24.—Talk of a general strike is being circulated among the rank and file of workers and minority movement leaders since the passage of the die-hard anti-strike bill on its third reading yesterday.

Minority leaders are bitterly criticizing the "parliamentary" tactics of the right wing and are accusing MacDonald and Thomas of having betrayed the British labor movement. That the bill will pass the house of lords and become a law is certain.

Although it was obvious for several months that the tory bill would pass parliament, the right wing of the Trade Union Congress emphatically rejected proposals for a general strike. The attitude of the right wing leaders was clearly stated even in their parliamentary "attacks" on the bill. Philip Snowden, chancellor of the exchequer in the MacDonald government, assured the house of commons that he would not sanction "violence" if the tory proposal should become a law. The anti-strike bill outlaws general strikes, sympathetic strikes, boycotts, the organization of government workers, etc.

SEVEN THUGS CAUGHT IN THE ACT OF CUTTING UP MILITANT PICKETS

When Questioned by Police, State That They Were Sent by the International

Had First Told Cops Not to Arrest Them as They Supported Right Wing

Seven gangsters who admitted that they had been hired by the International Fur Workers Union right wing officialdom were arrested yesterday morning in the fur district after they had brutally beaten and cut up four pickets.

Stepping out of a large Packard car on Sixth avenue, between 24th and 25th street, the seven guerrillas attacked the four furriers who were standing there. They hit James Metexas on the back with an iron bar and stabbed him behind the ear. Frank Weiss was stabbed in the arm while Stephen Sergadian and Harry Steinhart were cut on various parts of their bodies.

Two of the gangsters, Moses Schwartz and James Eagan are holdup men with prison records.

Call to Cops. Seeing the approach of several hundred other pickets who had heard the turmoil, the right wing gangsters jumped into the car and started to ride north. When several policemen and detectives joined in the chase a couple of thugs yelled from the car: "Don't chase us, we are with the right wing!" Apparently the police did not hear them due to the noise made by the angry furriers who were also pursuing them.

After riding for another block and seeing that ultimately they would be captured, they started to shoot at those that were giving them chase.

When caught at Sixth avenue and Twenty-seventh street they told the detectives that they were hired to do their bloody deeds by the leaders of the International Fur Workers Union.

In the car were found iron bars similar to those used to beat Sam Winick last Monday and Samuel Barr a week previously.

The iron bars, eight in number, found in the automobile were each a foot and half long and an inch in diameter.

This is the latest attempt on the part of the American Federation of Labor officialdom in close co-operation (Continued on Page Two)

De Valera Policy Leaves Power in Cosgrave's Hands

DUBLIN, June 24.—William T. Cosgrave, pro-treaty leader and supporter of the policy of allegiance to the British king, was re-elected president of the executive council of Dail Eireann with the support of the Farmers party and the resurrected Redmond party and against the opposition of the Labor Party members who cast a solid vote against the Free State leader.

DeValera, in declining to take the oath of allegiance, even as a means of getting into the Dail for the purpose of obstruction permitted the pro-treaty party to form a government even though they are in a minority. Many of DeValera's followers are beginning to doubt the wisdom of this policy. They are pointing out that revolutionaries like Karl Liebknecht in Germany and the Russian revolutionists in the Czar's parliament did not hesitate to take an oath of allegiance in order to gain admission to parliament where they could raise voices that would be heard by the masses throughout the country.

The British Communist Saklatvala took the oath in the British house of commons and spends his time inside and outside the house conducting revolutionary propaganda against the empire.

Other critics of De Valera's policy frankly characterize his policy as stupid and calculated to play into the hands of the Free State government. Had De Valera entered the Dail and taken the oath he could have it immediately repealed by an alliance with the Labor Party. Even though the right wing leader of that party is an imperialist at heart he could not retain his leadership very long if he gave his followers the impression that he favored allegiance to the king of England.

SACCO-VANZETTI DEFENSE RENEWS SECRECY PROTEST

Huge Protest Planned in Philadelphia

BOSTON, June 24.—The Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee today renewed its protest against the secrecy of the "investigation" being conducted by Gov. Alvan Fuller and also about the plans of the advisory council which has not yet convened.

In its statement the committee again pointed out that few of the vital defense witnesses were being called to the star-chamber hearings.

Mass Protest in Philadelphia. PHILADELPHIA, June 24.—The fight to save Sacco and Vanzetti from death is being renewed with increased intensity as the week of July 10, the date set for their execution by Judge Thayer, approaches.

Ignoring the sabotage of the socialist and official trade union bureaucracy, Philadelphia workers are making arrangements for an emergency mass meeting for Thursday evening, June 30, at Moose Hall, Broad and Master Sts.

The meeting, at which prominent speakers will join in a demand for the immediate and unconditional release of the two framed-up workers, is being held under the auspices of the Sacco-Vanzetti Conference which has been meeting regularly under the auspices of the International Labor Defense.

Buffalo Protests Saturday. BUFFALO, June 24.—"Life and Freedom for Sacco and Vanzetti!" This is the slogan of the huge protest meeting to be held tomorrow night at 7:30 at the McKinley monument. Additional 50,000 signatures for a petition demanding their release is the goal set by the 30th of this month.

In the meantime William G. Thompson, defense attorney, has submitted a 25-page brief to the governor, with additional evidence of innocence. An important report of a Pinkerton Detective Agency operative has fallen into his hands—through the efforts of Thomas O'Connor, a Boston newspaperman, and others.

Report Suppressed. All these years the operative's report has been suppressed by the government, and by the L. Q. White Shoe Company which retained him. The detective's investigation a few days after the crime serves to further discredit the prosecution's case against Vanzetti in the attempted hold-up of the White payroll at Bridgewater, Mass., December 24, 1919.

It will be remembered that Vanzetti's conviction for the Bridgewater affair prejudiced his cause and that of Sacco when they were jointly tried for the South Braintree murder some time later.

The Pinkerton man interviewed police officers and other witnesses who later testified against Vanzetti. They told him very different stories from those they swore to on the witness stand the following year and the descriptions they gave of the bandits did not fit Vanzetti.

Report Balkan Lull; Albania to Release Yugoslav Official

BERLIN, June 24.—Diplomatic relations between Jugo-Slavia and Albania have been resumed as the result of Jugo-Slavia accepting demands put forth in a joint demarch by the ministers of England, France, Italy and Germany, according to dispatches received here from Belgrade.

Jugo-Slavia will retract "aggressive and offending passages" in its note to Albania and Albania will release Jugo-Slavian dragoon, which it held in custody.

\$100,000 Fire in Framingham. FRAMINGHAM, Mass., June 24.—Fire, which caused damage estimated at \$100,000, today destroyed the grain elevator of J. Cushing Company and three other buildings, and for a time threatened the entire Irving Square business section.

Sacco and Vanzetti Shall Not Die!

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4th

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This Special Number of The DAILY WORKER will be devoted chiefly to Great Britain and its role in the present world situation. This issue will contain special articles on the relations of Great Britain and America, England as the Mad Dog of Europe, a study of conditions of the British Working Class. This number will be of great historical importance and will contain a number of very valuable articles of the most timely significance. It will also contain material to counteract the jingoistic propaganda which usually accompanies the July 4th Celebration. Your unit cannot afford to miss this opportunity to arrange a special distribution of The DAILY WORKER and increase its circle of readers.

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HOUSE OF LORDS PASSES MEASURE FOR MORE POWER

Liberals Bemoan Threat to Parliamentarism

LONDON, June 24.—Viscount Fitz Alan's motion for the "reform" of the British House of Lords was carried today by a vote of 208 to 54 after a turbulent four hours' discussion of the views of the various contending factions in British politics.

The effort to cut down hereditary membership to approximately one half, and introduce the election and appointment, for stated periods, of a portion of the members, is meeting a concentrated opposition from the Labor Party and the Liberals, who score the Government for attempting to put through so serious a revision of the Constitution without first submitting the matter to the country for decision.

The plan of the government to strengthen the power of the Lords is accompanied by one to limit that of the House of Commons through the appointment of members of the Peerage to sit in the lower House.

Liberals Forecast Revolution. That the liberals are thoroughly aroused is evidenced by a Manifesto issued today by a meeting of the Liberal Party, presided over by Lloyd George, which says in part that the proposals of the Government "will undermine the supremacy of the representative Chamber," and "by taking away the royal prerogative to create Peers in case of a deadlock, they might force the nation to choose between an uncontrolled hereditary chamber and revolution."

The Manchester Guardian, spokesman for the Liberal Party, is very much exercised over the matter. "It is asking for revolution," said today's editorial. "The lords would have what they have never had before—the power of forcing the general election."

Labor Fears Curtailed Power. The Labor Party, which hopes to come into power in the next elections on the wave of disgust and indignation among the rank and file against the labor-baiting Tory government, are fearful of the curtailment of their power, and regard this measure as an effort to forestall their control of the government should they be swept in by the elections.

John R. Clynes, acting leader for the opposition, on being refused his request for a day for the expression of the opposition point of view by Winston Churchill, chancellor of the exchequer, announced that the Labor Party would offer a motion of censure, thereby forcing the government to listen to its objections.

Young So. American Hanged. CHICAGO, June 24.—Elin Lyons, Colombian soldier of fortune, was hanged in the county jail today for the murder of Julian Bonfield, police officer, killed during a holdup.

The youthful South American went to his death calmly. He maintained his innocence to the last, claiming Policeman Bonfield shot himself accidentally.

Straton Denies Primitive Rites. Dr. John Roach Straton, pastor of Calvary Baptist Church, yesterday denied that he permitted "Penetecostalism" at the church. His denial came in the wake of the resignations of five deacons of the church who declared that there had been strange services there in which women writhed on the floor and tore their clothing in religious frenzy.

Harvard Gets Millions. CAMBRIDGE, Mass., June 24.—President A. Lawrence Lowell of Harvard today announced that the university had received gifts totalling \$6,003,372.

Communist Leaders to Be Railroaded to Jail In 10 Days by Poincare

PARIS, June 24.—Despite the immunity supposed to be guaranteed him as a member of the Chamber of Deputies, Marcel Cachin, Communist leader will go to prison for six months for opposing French imperialism in Morocco.

The imprisonment of Cachin follows that of M. Semard, Secretary of the French Communist Party and editor of L'Humanite. Other French Communist leaders have been sentenced to terms of imprisonment for opposing French imperialism. Cachin is charged with inciting "French troops to revolt" in the imperialist campaign in Morocco.

Requesting that other sentenced Communists be given the ten days' grace extended to him, Cachin said, "I am ready to go to prison. I have been there before and I may be again. But since ten days' grace has been given me, I ask that the same be given to the others who are condemned with me."

Needle Trade Defense

Ben Gold Will Be There. The monster Coney Island Stadium Concert which will take place July 16th will be one of the biggest demonstrations for the striking furriers and for the other workers in the needle trades and against the traitorous clique of Sigman-Woll-McGrady and the Forward.

Ben Gold, manager of the Joint Board Furriers Union and other leaders of the strike will speak at the concert. The lawyers who defended the furriers at the Mineola trial, will also appear.

Erno Rapee, conducting the New York Symphony Orchestra, Kossloff with his famous ballet of 50, and Rita de la Porte of the Metropolitan, will collaborate in the presentation of Borodine's Prince Igor and a fine concert program. This will be the most outstanding event of the summer.

Tickets sell at \$1.00 for general admission and \$2.00 for reserved seats.

Jails and Money. The press dwells daily on the devotion and self sacrifice of the striking furriers to their Union and their cause. Numerous examples of faithfulness are shown daily on the picket line and in court. In order to save the Union the expense, the arrested pickets go to jail rather than allow the payment of fines. We cannot go into detail, but one incident unreported by the press is worthy of mention: Monday morning a group of pickets was reported. They were found guilty and fined \$5 each or two days in jail. As usual they preferred jail. Even this wasn't enough. L. Berger, one of the arrested pickets made a collection in jail and realized \$12.10 for the Furriers strike.

Brother L. N. has been doing good work for the Defense for many months. So far he succeeded in keeping out of print. Unfortunately for him, however, he happened to be arrested on the picket line Thursday morning and by the time he was rid of the 30th Street Police Station early in the afternoon, he carried with him a collection of \$13.43.

Loan and Donate. E. P. Gaberman, secretary of the Hartford Defense Committee has found a new way of raising immediate funds for the Defense of the imprisoned cloakmakers and furriers and the relief of the strikers. Not being able to raise large sums of money very readily, the Hartford Committee decided to borrow \$500 from a loan association. This money was immediately donated for the defense, the various members of the Committee pledging themselves to make a 50 cent weekly payment each, until the entire sum is paid off. This is such a good way of raising money in the present crisis that we earnestly recommend this method to all other cities and towns.

More Contributions. I. Simkin of Detroit, forwarded \$25 for the striking furriers. He writes he was formerly of local 35 when Breslow group was in power thru a reign of terror. He hopes that it will never again be back.

Shifts and Gedale Miller of Paterson send \$2 to the office of the Defense instead of buying flowers for the new born son of Raisal and Berish Engel. Jacob Manshowitz and David Payus forwarded \$5 for the striking furriers. D. Hilzig of Local 22 vacationing in the mountains on account of ill health, sent \$11 and regrets that she cannot participate actively in the Union.

Patient Shoots Doctor. INDIANA, Pa., June 24.—An unidentified patient shot and killed Dr. Frank Fisher Moore, 47, of Homer City, and then took his own life on the Indiana-Blairsville road near here today.

Dr. Moore was driving the patient to a hospital. The patient was riding in the rear seat of the physician's touring car.

The man's motive has not been established.

Patronize Our Advertisers

POLICE DOCTORED PAPERS IN TRIAL OF 4 COMMUNISTS

Read Party Resolutions In "Sedition" Trial

By A. JAKIRA. PITTSBURGH, Pa., June 24.—Steve Bratic, Tom Zina, and Milan Resiter, three of the four defendants now on trial for sedition in Beaver, were called to the stand today by the defence.

Resiter, who occupied the stand half the day, and who will be cross-examined to-morrow, testified that he is a member of the Workers (Communist) Party and explained under direct and cross examination the principles and policies of the Party.

Reads Party Resolutions. Attorney Wilson, after vigorous objection on the part of the prosecution which were overruled by Judge McConnell, read to the jury and the packed court room, the full resolution adopted at the last convention of the Workers Party and published in pamphlet form.

That the prosecution fixed the records of the Woodlawn street nucleus which were seized during the raid of November 11th last year was charged by Resetar.

The names of three workers who have never been members of the Workers (Communist) Party were added by the police to the membership lists. The additions were made by a typewriter other from Resetar's. Other changes in the records were also pointed out.

The prosecution from the beginning of the trial referred quite frequently to a pamphlet "Blood and Steel" trying to create the impression that the pamphlet was connected with the alleged attempts to blow up the Jones and Laughlin steel mills.

This maneuver was smashed when the defence introduced the pamphlet as evidence and when Resetar pointed out that the pamphlet is a statement of the brutal conditions in the steel mills which are responsible for the preventable deaths of thousands of workers.

Karl Marx's "Communist Manifesto" was continually referred to by the prosecution to show that Communist doctrines are "seditions." Attempts were also made by the prosecution to show that the Croatian Benefit Union is a Communist organization.

Aided Russian Relief. Muselin, Resetar and Zina are active members and officers of the Woodlawn branch of the society. Prosecuting attorney Craig charged that this society had several years ago contributed \$11,000 to "aid in the establishment of a Soviet Republic in Russia."

The defence easily proved that United States Government agencies had sent millions of dollars to the Soviet Union for the purpose as the Croatian Benefit Society—namely, for famine relief.

It was also brought out in today's session that one of the witnesses who testified that the defendants had preached "bloodshed and dynamite" was involved in a financial scandal in the Woodlawn Croatian lodge. He attempted to withdraw \$1,500 of the society's money for his own purposes without the knowledge of the membership.

Witnesses Biased. Muselin and Zina, officers of the society, prevented the embezzlement. He then made threats that "he would get them yet."

Another witness, the defence showed, had been driven out from his house by Zina, which he had rented from Zina, because neighbors complained about his conduct. He also promised Zina that he "would get revenge."

During the day continual clashes took place between the attorney for the defence and the prosecuting attorney, the defence demanding the dismissal of the jury and a new trial. The case will probably close to-morrow.

Geneva May End in Big Naval Competition

(Continued from Page One) United States on the high seas, because of its desire to dominate the Pacific. Washington officials are beside themselves with rage at today's declaration of Bridgeman, the head of the British delegation.

"Britain," said Bridgeman, in a speech that has been carefully marked down here in Washington, "depends upon control of the seas for her existence. For the United States, naval equality is simply a luxury and political by-play."

President Coolidge dissuaded congress last session from embarking upon an ambitious cruiser-program only with considerable difficulty. Should Britain persist in her initial position at Geneva, and the conference fall, it is within the bounds of probability that the new congress, on the eve of the 1928 presidential election, and with both parties straining for achievement, will take steps to launch the most ambitious naval building program the world has ever seen. With a tremendous surplus in the treasury and the necessity for more aggressive expeditions in behalf of Wall Street investments a race for armaments of every description is on the order of the day.

SEVEN THUGS CAUGHT CUTTING PICKETS CONFESS RIGHT WING OFFICIALS PAID FOR KNIFE WORK

(Continued from Page One)

Had License Number. The license number of the Packard car in which the men arrested this morning were riding was given to the police several days ago, and it was known to the police that the gangsters were cruising in this car. We feel that this incident today explains why the International officials refused several months ago to appear before Magistrate Brodsky at his request and endeavor to clarify this issue of gangsterism. The Joint Board, which has always been anxious for an investigation of this matter appeared at that time. Mr. McGrady refused to appear and kept up his talk about the 'Joint Board hiring gangsters.' Just why he made such repeated accusations is now quite plain.

To Clean Out Gangsters. "In view of the serious situation which is revealed by today's arrests, the Joint Board will request the city authorities to take immediate steps to apprehend those who are sending these men out to commit murder. We shall not rest until the gangsters are cleared out of the fur market and those who employ them are cleared out of the unions so that our workers may be safe."

Have Prison Records. The gangsters arrested are Moses Schwartz who has spent four years in Sing Sing for holdup; James Eagan who served one year in the penitentiary at Trenton, N. J.; Joseph Goldberg, Edward Goldman, Benjamin Wagner, Henry Goldstein, and David Kolbremer, the driver of the automobile.

When asked for the name of the right wing official who hired them, the gangsters said that a man named Sovel did so. According to people well informed, this is looked upon as a blind, no one by that name being known in the needle trades. Apparently the thugs were sorry at admitting that they were hired by the right wing, and looking for a method of escape, decided not to betray the real name of their employer.

To Evade Issue. "They claim to have been hired by a man named 'Sovel,' but no such person exists. This is simply an attempt to hide the name of the responsible official."

"Whoever this is, we intend to find him out and place upon him the responsibility for the murderous attacks which have been occurring since the beginning of our internal union difficulties. Edward F. McGrady, in charge of the 'reorganization committee' has been constantly issuing statements charging the Joint Board with gangsterism, but he has never cited a single instance of violence to prove his charge."

International's Attorney. "On the other hand, when Meyer Friedman and Sam Cohen, neither of them fur workers, and one with a record of serving two terms for felony, were arrested for assaulting Aaron Gross, chief business agent of the Joint Board, on June 9, it was the firm of Samuel Markewitch, the International's lawyer, who immediately took charge of their case when they reached the police station, and it was the International which signed their bail bond. It was this same lawyer who appeared for Samuel Klein, who assaulted both Sam Wienick on June 20 and A. Kramer on June 22. It was with iron bars, similar to those found in the car this morning, that Wienick and another worker, Samuel Barz, were both knocked unconscious. This morning it was Mr. Reis, a representative of Markewitch, who appeared in the Thirtieth street station to take charge of the gangsters' case."

Reservations Soon Closed for 6-Week Soviet Union Tour

A closing date for enrollment in the six weeks' trip to Russia has been announced by World Tourists, Inc., of 41 Union Square, which is arranging for the tour which is to leave New York for Leningrad on July 14th.

There are now only 75 places open in this party, and all reservations must be made not later than July 1st, in order that arrangements may be completed in Russia by the USSF Society for Cultural Relations which will conduct the tourists throughout their visit.

Many Apply. The interest in this first general tour to Soviet Russia is coming from many varied sections of the public. Applications have been made by doctors, dentists, teachers, business men, housewives and workers of both native and foreign birth. The party will undoubtedly be an exceptionally interesting group, some of them wanting to see the industrial developments of new Russia, some curious to look at the rooms where the former czar and his family lived or the art treasures which the aristocracy used to keep hidden in their palaces. A number of the tourists will go to visit friends and relatives after the sight-seeing in Leningrad and Moscow is ended.

The moderate price of the six weeks' tour planned by the World Tourists is made possible because of the cooperation of the Society for Cultural Relations in Russia. They want to show the sights of this first Workers' Republic to both the professional and industrial workers of America. It is going to be a revelation to many members of the group to see the progress which is being made along every line of economic and social life.

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Lindbergh Puppet of Plutes and Patriots In Aviation Project

WASHINGTON, June 24.—Charles Lindbergh will lend his name to a group of big business men headed by William B. Mayo and William B. Roberston.

Although Lindbergh will probably be a nominal official of the commercial aviation corporation that is being formed, it is stated that his job will consist of lending his reputation to the company.

Lindbergh will be made the dupe of militarism as much as big business in the venture, since commercial planes are easily converted into military planes.

Sacco and Vanzetti Shall Not Die!

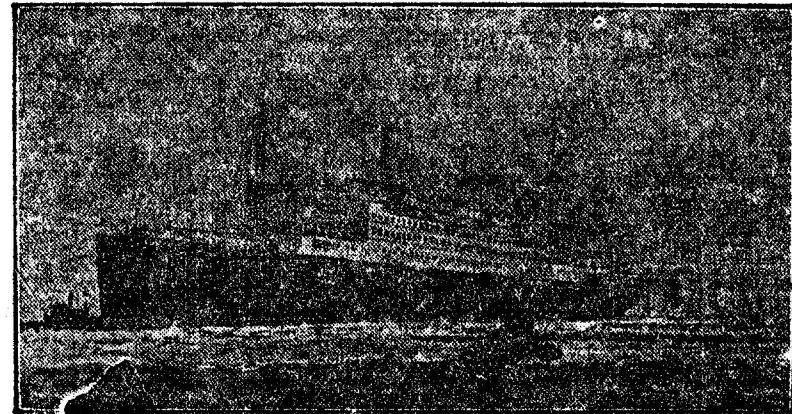
War Plans Continue; New York to "Defend Itself" in the Fall

Plans are being made for an exhibition of light artillery and anti-aircraft gun practice at Fort Tilden, Rockaway, Queens, early in September, it was learned yesterday. Troops are to be sent to Fort Tilden from Fort Totten at Whitestone, to participate in the exhibition. This will be the first such exhibition at Fort Tilden in two years.

It is planned to have airplanes for targets during the day and night and these targets are to be fired at by troops at the fort.

Offices of the regular army and of the reserve corps will observe the practice, under the leadership of special instructors.

Sailing for Leningrad



July 14th

for a

Six Weeks' Trip to Russia

A party of Americans is setting out for a sight-seeing tour in the first Workers' Republic, visiting Leningrad, Moscow and near-by points.

\$575 COVERS ALL EXPENSES

for steamship tickets, rail fares, rooms, meals, and excursions to such places as Tsarskoye Selo, Peterhof, the mammoth power center at Volkhov-Stroi, museums, art galleries—and the best theatres and concerts, too.

WANT TO COME?

The time is short. The party is limited. Write immediately for booklet and further information.

WORLD TOURISTS, INC.

Room 803

41 Union Square, New York, N. Y.

Stuy. 7251

The above picture is the motorship "Gripsholm" of the Swedish American line which will carry the party to Leningrad.

Right Wing Gangsters Attack Garment Workers in New York



An attempt to break up a parade of members of the Ladies Garment Workers loyal to the joint board was repulsed in a fierce fight.

Organized Labor—Trade Union Activities

News and Comment
Labor Education
Labor and Government
Trade Union Politics

GANGSTERS ATTACK WORKERS WHEN THEY PARADE TO UNION OFFICES

Policies and Programs
The Trade Union Press
Strikes—Injunctions
Labor and Imperialism

N. J. State Troopers Guilty of Attack on Meany, Shot Sister

FLEMINGTON, N. J., June 24.—A jury in county court this afternoon convicted Matthew A. Daley, a New Jersey state trooper, of assault and battery on Timothy Meany in connection with the siege of the Meany farmhouse last December when a sister, Beatrice, was shot and killed. Two other troopers were last Saturday convicted of manslaughter for her death.

1,400 Engineers to Serve Ultimatum On City Commissioner

New York subway engineers plan to serve an ultimatum on John H. Delaney, Tammany chairman of the city's board of transportation. Thursday at Labor Temple, 14th St. and Second Ave., a meeting was held to decide on the policy to be determined to force the commissioner to listen to their grievances which he has consistently ignored for the past several months.

"Influence" Needed For Hospital Jobs, Bklyn Rabbi Says

"Political dynamite is necessary in to obtain an appointment for a Jewish interne at the Kings County Hospital," charged Rabbi Louis Gross of Union Temple, Brooklyn, yesterday. He asserted that Dr. M. C. Jones, superintendent of the hospital, told him frankly that he didn't think anyone with an "imperfect accent" ought to be appointed to a position in the institution.

PICKET ARRESTED BY COP ON ORDER OF SCAB KINSMAN

Joint Board Issues List Of Settled Shops

Upon complaint of a police officer who was off duty, and patrolling the furriers' picket line in the interests of a relative who is in the fur business, a girl striker, Ray Epstein of 1412 Charlotte St., Bronx, was sent to the workhouse for two days by Magistrate Rosenbluth in Jefferson Market Court.

Cops Who Smashed Heads In Passaic Strike, Now On Trial for Burglary

PASSAIC, N. J., (FP) June 24.—During the wool strike Patrolman Stephen Adamschesky served the mill owners loyally. He beat up strike leader Jack Rubenstein in jail, arrested Esther Lowell of the Federated Press when she picked up a woman a brother officer had knocked down. He was a hero in 1926.

MORGAN GANG IN MOVE TO CONTROL TRACTION SYSTEM

The fight between the Chase National Bank group in control of the Brooklyn-Transit Corporation, represented by former Governor Nathan J. Miller, and the Morgan and National City Bank group represented by Samuel Untermyer, goes merrily on.

Special Summer Subscription Offer

2 MONTHS

This offer is especially suited to those who wish to become acquainted with our paper. Ask your friends and fellow workers to try The DAILY WORKER.

for \$1.00

Table with 2 columns: Period, Rate. Rows for 6 months (\$6.00), 3 months (\$3.50), 2 months (\$2.00), and rates in New York (\$5.00, \$3.00, \$2.00).

Form for subscription: The DAILY WORKER, 33 First Street, New York. Fields for Name, Street, City, State.

Police are Active

The police were again over active yesterday morning in arresting groups of workers on a charge of obstructing traffic. There were 64 brought into Jefferson Market Court and released on bail for further hearing next Tuesday.

Philadelphia Hires Scabs to Fix Paving Blocks; Slashes Wages

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., June 24.—Scabs have been put to work on the streets of Philadelphia to repair paving blocks and do the work of organized labor.

"Oil" Goes to Boston In Figleaf Clothes; Pure Cops Are Safe

Oil is going to Boston in fig leaf fighting clothes. Upton Sinclair's great labor novel—banned by the Boston police under threats of a year in jail—will be peddled through the streets of the Puritan capital by a force of sandwich men.

Police Break Line

The police being informed of the workers' approach, broke the line up when it reached that street. Those that were in the front continued until they came to 25th St. where they marched east to Number 128, the office of Local 2, which the Joint Board is using as its temporary headquarters.

Workers Defend Themselves

The cloak and dressmakers retaliated for over 15 minutes. Twenty-fifth street resounded to the sound of blows being struck. True to their trade the gangsters took out blackjacks, the burglar's weapons, to hit the workers.

Man Painfully Injured By City Hall Explosion

PHILADELPHIA, June 24.—Joseph Branton, 41, of this city was scalded on the face and hands and hundreds of employees were forced from their offices when an explosion ripped a copper expansion joint and broke a steam pipe in the basement of the City Hall today.

Shop Chairmen's Meeting

At a meeting of the shop chairmen held last night at Stuyvesant Casino, Ben Gold gave a report of the Washington "convention". Resolutions were passed condemning the action of the police, the courts and Gov. Smith in their attempt to break the furriers' strike.

Prevents Taxi Steal

Patrolman William Cramer, a member of the police force for only a few months, early today surprised two holdup men in the act of robbing a negro taxi driver at Grand and Fifteenth avenues, Long Island City. There was an exchange of shots and the men escaped.

Summer Camp for Young Pioneers Organized by Philadelphia Workers

PHILADELPHIA, June 24.—A summer camp for the children of Philadelphia workers has been organized by over a dozen unions and other workers' organizations including the Workers (Communist) Party and the Young Workers League.

Workers Defend Themselves

The cloak and dressmakers retaliated for over 15 minutes. Twenty-fifth street resounded to the sound of blows being struck. True to their trade the gangsters took out blackjacks, the burglar's weapons, to hit the workers.

Student Delegation Of USSR to Meet U. S. Students at Border

MOSCOW, June 24.—The group of students and professors from Syracuse University and Bates College, who are coming to the Soviet Union for the purpose of studying conditions will be met at the border by a special delegation of U. S. S. R. students.

Committee Chosen

A committee, chosen to address the communication to Delaney, will tell him precisely how much time he has to consider their demands if a strike of 1,400 engineers is to be averted.

Primitive Life of Penna "Poor White" Family Is Revealed by Official

UNIONTOWN, Pa., June 24.—A strange tale of a family consisting of the father and four children living in the woods of Bullskin Township in a semi-civilized stage was unfolded today by County Investigator C. Bledsoe, who brought Beulah Knopsider, 21, and her brother, William, 20, to the Fayette County home.

Progressive Carpenters Win Election in Philly Over Hutcheson Machine

(By Worker Correspondent.) PHILADELPHIA, Pa., June 24.—After more than a decade of the rule of the Philadelphia supporters of the Hutcheson machine of the Carpenters' Union, the progressive carpenters of Philadelphia succeeded in electing their candidate, I. S. Ford, as Secretary-Treasurer of the Carpenters' District Council, in the elections held June 11.

BUY THE DAILY WORKER AT THE NEWSSTANDS

PHILADELPHIA MONSTER PICNIC SATURDAY, JULY 9th. Joint auspices of THE DAILY WORKER, The Workers Party, The Young Workers League, and the Freiheit. At MAPLE GROVE PARK, Olney and Rising Sun Avenues.

PHILADELPHIA HUGE SACCO & VANZETTI PROTEST MASS MEETING Thursday evening, June 30th. At MOOSE HALL, Broad below Master Streets. SPEAKERS: Arturo Giovannitti, Albert Weisbord, Pat Devine and others.

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The Deadlock at Geneva.

The close of the first week of the conference called at Geneva to discuss limitation of naval armaments finds the three participating powers, the United States, Britain and Japan, hopelessly deadlocked.

Almost overnight the comment of the capitalist press of the two great Anglo-Saxon powers changed from expressions of exalted sentiment about the manifest destiny of these two powers being to defend the achievements of civilization to the most violent recriminations.

The actual time spent in conference during the week was precisely 45 minutes—and that on the first day. The conflict between the powers was instantly manifested and adjournment was voted in order that the "experts" might discuss the proposals.

As far as the United States is concerned its announced proposals were simple—an extension of the 5-5-3 ration adopted at the Washington conference to cover cruisers, destroyers and submarines. Britain demanded reduction in cruiser tonnage to such an extent that the United States with its present bases would be crippled as far as activities in the Far East are concerned, while leaving Britain in undisputed control because of its own closely-knit chain of bases. The proposal to establish a six-inch maximum for guns on all cruisers would also be of tremendous advantage to Britain because she could then utilize her merchant ships for cruisers in case of emergency, which would give her a tremendous advantage in naval power over the United States.

On the other hand the United States proposals for extension of the 5-5-3 ratio would force Britain to scrap many of her cruisers that she has been building since the Washington conference of 1921-22. Furthermore the United States sets the minimum for guns on cruisers at 8-inches, which would be powerful enough to blast the armed British merchant ships from the seas.

As the third party to the deadlock, Japan follows a policy far closer to Britain than to the United States and flatly refuses to consider the American proposals.

Of all conferences yet held since the Versailles treaty this one promises to be the most futile. All previous conferences ended in miserable compromises far short of the original aims. The antagonisms between the imperialist powers prevented the realization of their professed aims, but at least they always contrived to emerge with the pretense of having done something. The present conference indicates that a point has been reached where the antagonism can no longer be concealed from the whole world because compromise is impossible.

The outcome of this conference is doubtful, not because there are any chances of its patching up the differences that are so glaring, but simply because none of the three powers dares at this time definitely to proclaim the close of the era of pacifism in the service of imperialism. They dare not now admit that these international conferences are all so many maneuvers on the check-board of international diplomacy preparatory to the time, fast approaching, when the last move will have been made and the present conflicts are fought out on the sanguinary field of battle.

The Leopard Changeth Not His Spots.

A Daniel has come to judgment on the B. and O. plan, the beautiful scheme concocted by William H. Johnston, former president of the International Association of Machinists and Daniel Willard, president of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad. Under the plan the worker lamb would lie down with the capitalist lion in peace and security. Or rather he would work for the kings of the capitalist jungle and be compensated for his trustfulness by the generosity of the employer. The eight-hour day was one of the keys to the solution of the eternal conflict between capital and labor.

The praises of Daniel Willard and his B. and O. were on every tongue and William H. Johnston held his precarious position in the union a little while longer as the result. Other roads adopted the B. and O. plan and profited thereby. The workers, however, got nothing out of it but thanks.

When the railroad bosses came to the conclusion that they had extracted the guts from the rail unions they dropped the olive leaf of peace and assumed the armor of battle.

Now we have Daniel Willard, suggesting that the 8-hour day be ditched and the basic working day extended to nine and ten hours, in order that (this is funny) temporary spells of unemployment could be avoided.

Verily, indeed, he that sticketh his head into the lion's mouth is liable to find a set of sturdy teeth between it and his shoulders. And the workers who trust themselves to the tender mercies of their masters without any protection other than a childlike trustfulness in their generosity, need not be surprised if they find themselves deceived.

Another pipe dream has been dissipated by the realities of life under capitalism. Business trade unionism received a deadly blow in the fiasco of the banking and investment companies of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. The B. and O. plan has been kicked in the gizzard by one of its joint parents, Daniel Willard.

Let this news be carried into every local union in the United States as added proof of the Communist contention that the only relationship that can exist between worker and employer is one of struggle and that labor cannot compete with the capitalists in business this side of the social revolution.

Rapid City, South Dakota and the Liberation Struggle in the Far East.

The 1928 election colors every word of news emanating from Rapid City, South Dakota, where President Coolidge has established headquarters, and the visit of the governor general of the Philippines, Leonard Wood, is of extreme interest in this connection.

We are told by the capitalist press correspondents that the

The Cautious Angler

—AND THE PICKLED TROUT—

By T. J. O'FLAHERTY.

SQUAW CREEK nestled comfortably among the Black Hills of South Dakota. Its guests, from the frisky catfish to the wild and rolicking bass, did not have a care in the world. They laughed at the hot rays of the sun which they could see thru the transparent waters of the creek and they lived like the happy savages of a utopian's ideal state, having nothing to do but amuse themselves and wearing nothing but what nature provided them with.

Sometimes the inhabitants of Squaw Creek got bored and did not know what to do with their time between meals. Living in a state of primitive collectivism, they had no need for government and hence political campaigns were superfluous since a big catfish attempted to seize power one hundred years ago. A mass uprising settled his ambitions and his head was impaled on the shin bone of a South Dakota farmer who was drowned by his wife in the days before the sash weight came into general use as a weapon for settling domestic difficulties. This ghastly warning served to cool the ardor of other individualists who might feel like destroying the democracy that existed in Squaw Creek.

The fish of Squaw Creek were noted all over the plains and hills of South Dakota for their cunning and caution. Their favorite diversion was playing with the hooks of optimistic farmers who voted the republican ticket in the expectation of bettering their condition thereby and who fished in Squaw Creek hoping against hope to provide their wives with a substitute for salt pork. The fish of Squaw Creek would hold a caucus, just like the G. O. P., and decide what to do with the enemy on the surface.

This was one of their favorite tricks: Several of them would grab a piece of ironwood between their teeth and make a furious drive for the shining bait that danced in the water. The impetus of the forward rush would cause a tidal wave, rock-

health of the governor general is such as to make his resignation almost certain and when such excuses are given for a rumored resignation of a high official we can expect always some far more fundamental reason.

General Wood leaves the Philippines at a time when the island population is showing the greatest mass discontent in their history. Especially among the marine transport workers and large sections of the agricultural workers have there been strikes and uprisings of such magnitude that the capitalist press has been forced to take note of them.

That Wood is intensely disliked and regarded as an open enemy of Filipino independence and elementary popular rights is a matter of public knowledge. It is largely upon his recommendation that the Coolidge pronouncement against independence and the throttling of the colonial governing board has taken place.

Wood has not been successful in placating the masses or even in establishing better relations with the middle class advocates of Filipino freedom. His removal is politically necessary and could be justified easily.

It happens that Wood was endorsed for the presidency in 1920 by the republican party organization of South Dakota. That he still has an ambition to shine in national politics goes without saying.

So he is brought to the Coolidge sanctum while the press plays up the probability of his resignation. Carmi Thompson, Coolidge's special commissioner who toured the Philippines, is mentioned as his successor.

Coolidge needs South Dakota support—it might be decisive in determining the attitude of a number of "farm bloc" states which are notoriously cool toward Coolidge.

Wood will probably be told that if he can swing South Dakota for Coolidge he can keep his job—otherwise the high interests of American government—and his poor health—require a change in the governorship of the Philippines.

Basically, of course, the evidences of mass discontent with American policy are responsible for the fact that Wood is in bed. The Chinese revolution has had a tremendous effect among the workers and peasants, and the suppressive measures taken by the American military authorities have made it possible for the Filipinos to make some illuminating comparisons.

By reason of this the liberation struggle in the Far East influences the trend of capitalist politics in the United States and becomes linked up directly with the struggle of the exploited American farmers.

The Coolidge-Wood parley shows the necessity of bringing home to the American masses the importance of the world-shaking events in the Far East in which the imperialist policy of the American ruling class has plunged them.

It seems a far cry from farm taxation, crop prices, mortgages, the McNary-Haugen bill and the agricultural crisis to the Filipino independence movement and the Chinese revolution but the connection is obviously made in Rapid City, South Dakota.

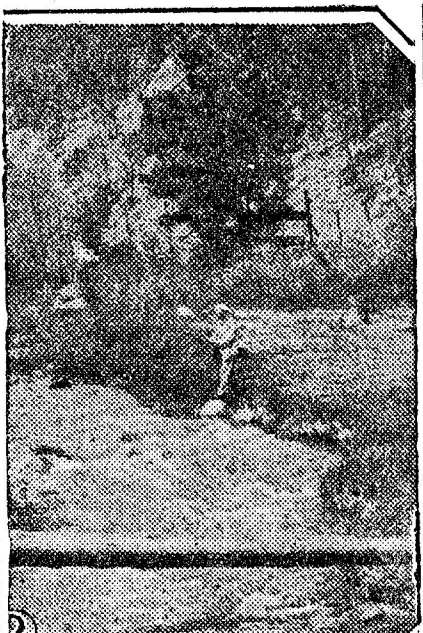
Cruelty Without Limit Characterizes the Treatment of Sacco and Vanzetti.

No word as to his intentions in the Sacco-Vanzetti case has come from Governor Fuller and these two workers will suffer that most cruel of tortures—uncertainty as to their fate with the odds in favor of the electric chair.

This barbarous disregard of the most elementary humanitarian principles shown by the official spokesman of the Massachusetts ruling class is now the outstanding feature of the whole case. There is one short week left before Sacco and Vanzetti are to be taken to the death-cell. It should be the immediate objective of the American working class to see that they are not taken to this ante-room to the grave.

July 10, the date set for their execution, is not far away. Every day now must be set to count. No day must pass without some powerful mass demand for their unconditional release.

The cruelty of those who desire to murder Sacco and Vanzetti knows no limits. The working class must meet this cruelty with an unshakable determination which will set free the two men who have become symbols of the oppression which bears upon their class with crushing weight.



CAL ENTICING THE TROUT

ing the South Dakotan farmer's boat perilously. His hook would catch in the sticky slime on the wood and when this was accomplished the finny fustlers would give ten additional wags of their tails, cock their ears and with their sides almost bursting with laughter make a drive for shore. The angling farmer by this time that he had a shoal of fish on his hook and when he had a complete vision of the rush would land the farmer and his boat on shore. Needless to say the ranks of the Squaw Creek inhabitants were only depleted by old age or factional fights among themselves. Indeed the population of the creek was increasing so rapidly that the Malthusian doctrine was gaining in popularity as a matter of biological expediency when an unexpected disaster fell on the once happy colony.

A white man, noted all over the United States for the qualities that

made the Squaw Creek fish the marvel of South Dakota, appeared on the scene. He was looking for new worlds to conquer. He occupied the position of president of the United States and won his way to power, because of no special ability that the wisest could discern but simply owing to his habit of taciturnity and blinking his eyes whenever the simplest question was propounded for his consideration. His name was Calvin Coolidge.

"I have a presentiment of approaching calamity" remarked a middle aged devil fish to a mixed company at a social affair one evening in the devil fish's basement apartment. "I remember distinctly having a similar feeling before my father died. It is a queer trickling sensation on the hip as if somebody was trying to steal your flask or your pocketbook. I also have a wicked pain in the head like what one gets when he runs up against a preacher on the radio."

A tame dogfish, who was being treated for spinal meningitis by the only chiropractor in Squaw Creek, trembled violently and his minnow fell from his mouth. He was just about to shriek hysterically when a crab crawled slowly in as crabs will.

"Cautious Cal Coolidge is in the vicinity," he drawled.

A deadly silence fell on the gathering. Their tails drooped.

"He is having a conference this moment with his spokesman," continued the crab, "and he has invited the local farmers to meet him for a discussion on the subject of Squaw Creek. It is said that he never lost a battle since President Harding died of ptomaine poisoning after eating broiled crab and even though he owes his present eminence to us, they say that he has a regular phobia against fish. Another case of a man biting the hand that feeds him."

"It is a serious matter," declared an old gudgeon, who had a reputation for wisdom among his fellows, "but I would not be unduly pessimistic. After all one must not gauge the wisdom of Mr. Coolidge by the fact that he has been elected by the American voters. Those dumbbells also voted for Wilson and Harding. We have held off all South Dakota for one hundred years and I'll be damned if Coolidge is going to get the best of us."

"He will never win South Dakota in the next elections, unless he takes fish out of Squaw Creek," muttered the crab gloomily. "As far as I am concerned I am going to park myself in the deepest hole I can find and go to sleep until he returns to Washington. I have been eating too many worms lately anyhow and I am getting so stout that the fair sex don't like me any more."

The crab ambled off and so did the others when they got a chance, all except the trout, the best fighters in the creek.

"Our crowd dies; we never surrender" shouted the chief of the trout family. The others nodded.

Just then a pleasant odor came creeping thru the water. The bass sniffled and began to move slowly towards the exit.

"Smells like Scotch," said one. "I am afraid of it," said another. "I'll look at the bottom of the bottle and see if it was operated on. It might be from Halsted street, Chicago."

"I'd drink shellac now" said the head of the family. Without saying another word they moved in the direction where the odor came from.

"A bottle!" they shouted in unison.

There it was, the strangest looking bottle ever seen in Squaw Creek. It was covered with labels and writing matter which indicated that it came from Pittsburgh. Projecting from the bottle were six bright nipples with worms attached to them by means of specks of cement. The aroma attracted the bass to the bottle like moths to a flame. Soon they were fighting for position. Six bass wrapped their lips around the nipples and sucked. This lasted for a few moments. Sucked the six trout began to show signs of inebriety. They held on to the nipples but their fins drooped and their tails curled up freakishly. The trout that did not have a chance to get at the bottle licked their lips and waited. They figured that the six would soon have enough and would stagger to the nearest bed to sleep it off.

But just then the bottle began to move upwards. The six drunken trout held on to their nipples.

"It's a trap!" shouted their now un deceived comrades. "Coolidge has got you. Let go and swim for your lives."

But the only answer of the six drunken trout was six languid tail wags and the chorus of "Show me the way to go home."

The rest of the trout darted for their crevices and went on a vegetable diet.

"Prohibition is the best cure that ever happened to this country," exclaimed Calvin Coolidge as he hauled his bottle-fed trout into the boat. It's a law that gets things by me coming and going. Wayne Wheeler will support me anyhow, and this bottle of booze puts South Dakota on my hip. Bring on the photographers."

Organizational Problems

By ARNE SWABECK.

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued).

As the leading executive committees grow in size and importance it may become advisable to establish a Political Bureau with full executive powers between meetings of the executive committee.

Further Departmentalization. While these three departments mentioned are the most necessary ones they do not cover the full scope of Party work. Wherever possible departments should also be created for Women's Work whose duty should be to establish contacts, direct the propaganda and activities of our members amongst the women in industry, among women domestic workers and housewives. It should direct our women comrades to become members of women's working class organizations and to be active particularly in trade union ladies auxiliaries. If this department actually carries on its function, it will soon find out there are issues aplenty particularly pertaining to the conditions of working class women.

A department should also be established to direct Party activities amongst Negro workers, to study the special methods necessary to effectively approach Negro workers and make contacts with them. To wherever possible in general work have special Negro leaflets and special Negro speakers at meetings.

Our Party should propagandize in the true sense of the word social equality between members of the various races, but the Negro department should also give special attention to have all comrades propagate this issue in all working class organizations. To help break down the barriers to racial, social and economic equality. The organization of fractions of Negro members belonging to broader Negro organizations is necessary as any other fraction and their work should be directed by the Negro department.

Other departments should be established as local conditions require. An Approach to an Important Problem. In the same manner that our Party Central Executive Committee acts on issues and outlines the necessary policies, our District and City Executive Committees must act on state and local issues. A first simple prerequisite is to secure all records of State Legislatures, City Councils as well as State Federations of Labor and City Central Labor bodies. These records should be followed closely, all proposed legislation should be examined particularly those affecting working class issues. The purpose and consequence of such legislation should be explained to our units, discussed and the correct lessons drawn. The same naturally applies to important actions or issues of Central Labor bodies.

This will help greatly in drawing the attention of our members much more toward problems of the American working class, political and otherwise. The next steps are to outline concrete policies for action on the issues, which will mobilize our units and the largest possible section of the working class for action. It will be quite

Plan Hawaii Flight. WASHINGTON, June 24.—Lts. Lester J. Maitland and Albert F. Hegenberg, army air corps, today were officially authorized by Secretary of War Davis to attempt a 2,407-mile non-stop flight from California to Hawaii.

Let's Fight On! Join The Workers Party!

In the loss of Comrade Ruthenberg the Workers (Communist) Party has lost its foremost leader and the American working class its staunchest fighter. This loss can only be overcome by many militant workers joining the Party that he built.

Fill out the application below and mail it. Become a member of the Workers (Communist) Party and carry forward the work of Comrade Ruthenberg.

I want to become a member of the Workers (Communist) Party.

Name

Address

Occupation

Union Affiliation

Mail this application to the Workers Party, 108 East 14th Street, New York City; or if in other city to Workers Party, 1113 W. Washington Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

Distribute the Ruthenberg pamphlet, "The Workers' (Communist) Party, What It Stands For and Why Workers Should Join." This Ruthenberg pamphlet will be the basic pamphlet thruout the Ruthenberg Drive.

Every Party Nucleus must collect 50 cents from every member and will receive 20 pamphlets for every member to sell or distribute.

Nuclei in the New York District will get their pamphlets from the District office—108 East 14th St.

Nuclei outside of the New York District write to The DAILY WORKER publishing Co., 33 East First Street, New York City, or to the National Office, Workers Party, 1113 W. Washington Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

presidential spokesman, who said:

"He did it with worms." And this is the story of the great angling feat that drove Lindbergh off the front page and kept South Dakota cool for Coolidge.

a safe bet that these issues will furnish the most splendid basis of approach to the American working class.

Reaching the Youth. The problems of the young workers have not received sufficient consideration by our Party. We have not even yet a regular interchange of delegates to the leading local committees. This, however, must be established as a regular practice. It is necessary that in all Party campaigns and major Party activities, the Y. W. L. members be fully drawn in. For this purpose alone contact is necessary, but while Y. W. L. members participate in these activities, the Party committees must in all instances stress the question effecting the young workers and thus provide a basis to bring them closer to the Y. W. L.

It is just as necessary that Party members take part in major activities of the Y. W. L., help build up units where none exist, and strengthen those that are weak. The Party can assist the Y. W. L. in its factory campaigns. It can assist in making arrangements that Y. W. L. members make contact with various sports organizations and not only get an opportunity to function in them, but help create labor sports on a united front labor basis. While the approach to the young American workers can be greatly facilitated thru sports and social connections it should nevertheless be borne in mind that the way to develop and strengthen the Y. W. L. is to help make it a class organization, fighting effectively alongside of the Party. The Pioneer Groups must receive the same measure of assistance.

(To be continued)

CURRENT EVENTS

(Continued from Page One) in permitting district instead of national agreements and the "work pending settlement policy."

UNDER this dispensation several union-mines have resumed operations, hiring men as they see fit. The unemployed miners must work so that they may eat and as a settlement may never take place for all the miners know, the unemployed must pack up their belongings and hike elsewhere in search of work. This solves the problem as far as the operators are concerned. It means nothing else but the liquidation of the union as a protection for the miners. "This is as clear a piece of treachery as was ever proven against a trade union leadership. It explains Scare's attack on the radicals, which is an attempt to switch attention from the perfidy of the Lewis official family to a new red-baiting campaign.

IT takes a policeman to be several centuries behind the times, even in the passing stupidities. There was a time when a general belief in the flatness of the earth prevailed. Science had its work cut out for it for several centuries puncturing superstitions and some of them have survived even yet. There was one that science did not bother with. It was the belief that every socialist looked like an inverted broom from the neck up. To wear a full length crop of hair was prima facie evidence that the grower harbored "subversive" ideas. Had this been so, before women bobbed their hair there would be no capitalist system by now.

HOWEVER, this idea went the way of the "nation of fatherless children" during the war and afterwards. But the New York police are holding the "thin red line" for decomposed superstition. One of them, a warrior of the picket line in the furriers' strike, informed a judge that several Communists were picketing. How did he know? They had long hair. If this flatheaded fellow ever had a look at the House of David he would experience concussion of the heels. He would find whiskers there in their pristine glory, but not an idea in their vicinity of a vintage later than 200 B. C.

NOW that Miss Anita Whitney has been pardoned by the governor of California there is no reason in the world why the I. W. W. victims of California persecution who are pining behind prison bars should not be given the freedom that they should have never been deprived of. Miss Whitney had influential friends and her age and gentle character made it exceedingly inexpedient for the ruling classes of California to imprison her. But she is just as guilty as the I. W. W. boys that are fettering behind the gray walls of San Quentin. It is about time for a revival of agitation to open the prison gates for every victim of class injustice in the United States.

THE date set for the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti is drawing dangerously near. July 10th is now only a few weeks away and the fate of these two workers is in the hands of one person, the governor of Massachusetts. We must not be lulled into a feeling of false optimism because a large number of respectable people have urged the governor to pardon. A great mass agitation is the best guarantee that the murderous ruling classes of Massachusetts will not execute Sacco and Vanzetti or bury them in prison for the rest of their lives.

Sacco and Vanzetti Shall Not Die!

Soviet Union on the Music Ascendant

That the present moment in Russia should find music on the ascendant and contribute an outstanding master to the world, was the hope expressed by Olin Downes, noted music critic, in a lecture on "Contemporary Russian Composers" at the Roerich Museum, last week.

"Although one of the youngest countries" he said, in the actual lapse of its musical history, Russia has contributed one of the most dynamic and vital arts to world history. There seems to be three stages in the history of every racial music. First, the stage when the music is the music of the folk, sprung from the soil of a country, and outpouring of the popular soul.

"Second is the stage when composers weave around the folk music an art composition, consciously taking the folk music itself, as a basis. Third when a completely new outgrowth is formed, in which the composer has built up an entirely new creation, not based on folk music, and yet so essentially full of the feeling of his soul, that it seems to be as true and spontaneous as any folk music.

"In my belief, Russia has passed the first two stages and is emerging into the third. Perhaps before discussing contemporary Russian composition it would be best to return previously to the past. Glancing over Russia's folk music, we may say that perhaps there is no nation which has such a wealth and bounty of folk music, as Russia. Ranging from the Ukraine across her vast spaces there has sprung from the soul of the people the greatest variety and beauty of folk music, that perhaps any nation has ever seen. As musical history goes, it is but comparatively recent that Glinka who may be called the first of Russia's conscious art writers, wrote around the folk music his "Life for the Tsar" which caused so great a stir and enthusiasm.

Mr. Downes also spoke of Dargomizsky, Glinka's contemporary, and also of "The Five"—Rimsky-Korsakov, Moussorgsky, Borodine, Cui and also of the great cosmopolitan Tchaikovsky. It was in the three leading figures of today that he found the full blossoming of Russia's art composition—Stravinsky, Prokofieff and Miaskowsky. Of the three, it was Stravinsky who stood out as one of the greatest musical forces. Analyzing the three works of Stravinsky, "Oiseau de Feu," "Petrouchka" and "Sacre du Printemps" on the libretto given by Nicholas Roerich, Mr. Downes showed their tremendous influence on all contemporary art. "It is amazing in 'Sacre du Printemps,' how Stravinsky found within himself some mysterious rhythm, some essential dynamic force.

Of Prokofieff, Mr. Downes expressed great enthusiasm for some of his works, altho he distrusted others, the results of cleverness and mastery of technique rather than lasting gift. Miaskowsky he found "weakened and watered by the influence of European suggestion." But it is in the present moment that Downes believes there will emerge a master who will bring young Russia to the third stage of its development, a master comparable to Wagner who will produce great works, not based necessarily on the folk music of a country, but so essential to the soil of a country, so logical and so spontaneous and outflowing, as to become a true folk inspiration produced through the medium of a genius.

Robert Milton has in mind a dramatic version of "Elmer Gantry" the Sinclair Lewis popular seller. Bayard Vieller will do the dramatization.

LAURA HOPE CREWS.



In "The Silver Cord," Sidney Howard's impressive play at the Golden Theatre.

Broadway Briefs

And here is another Negro musical show being prepared. This one, title "Rang Tang," will have Miller and Lyles heading the cast. The production is scheduled to open Tuesday July 12, at Chanin's Royale Theatre. Kay Gunt wrote the book, Ford Dabney the music and Jo Trent the lyrics.

"Madame X," adapted by John Raphael, from the French of Alexandre Bisson, will be the next popular priced revival of Murray Phillips, and is due here in two weeks, probably at the George M. Cohan Theatre. The play created quite a hit when produced in 1909. Carol McComas will play the title role, with Rex Cheryman in the principal male role.

"Kiss Me," J. J. Levinson's musical comedy will open at the Lyric Theatre, July 11. Desiree Ellinger, Joseph Macaulay, Arthur Campbell and Vivian Marlow head the cast.

Skowhegan, Maine will witness the premiere of "Better to Marry" by Sophie Treadwell which the Lakewood Players will produce beginning Monday. The cast includes Harold Vermilyea, Ellen Dorr, Robert Hudson, John Daly Murphy, Wright Kramer, Nedda Harrigan, Brandon Peters, Ruth Gates, William Barry and Laura Carpenter. Crosby Gaige may do the play here.

Sam H. Harris is placing in rehearsal on Monday "The Conflict," a new comedy by Vincent Lawrence. The cast includes Warren William, Louis Calhern, Helen Flint, Kathryn Givney, William David and Milano Tilden.

Booth Tarkington's, "The Plutocrat," will be dramatized by Tom Cushing, author of "The Devil in the Cheese," as a starring vehicle for Charles Coburn.

Mark Twain's "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," will evolve next season into a musical show sponsored by Lew Fields and Lyle D. Andrews. Herbert Fields, Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart are doing the book, score and lyrics.

A. E. and R. R. Riskin have acquired a play called "The Golden Age," by Lester Loneragan, and Charleton Andrews, author of "Get Me in the Movies," and plans to stage it early in the Fall.

The Theatre Guild Acting Company in

"The Second Man"

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

"The Silver Cord"

JOHN GOLDEN THEATRE, 58th St., East of B'way. Matinees THURSDAY & SATURDAY. CIRCLE 5678

LOW PRICES

ALL SEATS FOR THE LADDER ARE REDUCED FOR THE SUMMER. BEST SEATS \$2.20.

THE LADDER

CORT Theatre 48th St., E. of B'way No Performances Saturday

On the Screen

Romance of the Flower Coming to the Colony

The premiere of the latest Warner Bros. production, "The First Auto," with Barney Oldfield, the famous speedster playing an important role, will take place at the Colony Theatre, next Monday evening. Barney will also make a personal appearance at the premiere, with a number of other noted racing drivers and a group of prominent movie stars will also be present.

"The First Auto," is based on Darryl Francis Zanuck's story, with the scenario by Anthony Coldeway and the filming directed by Roy Del Ruth. The cast includes Fatsy Ruth Miller, Russel Simpson, Frank Campanau, Douglas Gerrard, William Demarest, Paul Kruger, Gibson Gowland and E. H. Calvert.

The Vitaphone concert program given in conjunction with the picture will be headed by Weber and Fields. Other artists include Aunt Jemima, vaudeville headliner; Billy Jones and Ernest Hare, in a number of selections; and "The Evolution of Dixie," by The Vitaphone Symphony Orchestra, Herman Heller, conducting.

Screen Notes

Universal has taken up the picture rights of "The Last Warning," mystery play which played here last season. Thomas F. Fallon adapted the play from the novel "The House of Fear" by Wadsworth Camp.

B. S. MOSS THEATRES
CAMEO NOW
 Triumphant return to Broadway!
THE CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI
 CONRAD VEIDT & WERNER KRAUSS
 IN ADDITION TO
CHARLIE CHAPLIN'S "CARMEN"
 AT 41ST STREET MONDAY
BWAY
 A Dazzling Romance of Artists and Models
"THE SECRET STUDIO"
 WITH OLIVE BORDEN
 IN STAR CAST
 AND SUPERB BILL OF KEITH-ALBEE ACTS

Little Theatre GRAND STREET FOLLIES
 44th St., W. of B'way.
 Evenings at 8:30. MATINEES TUES. AND THURSDAY, 2:30

Moss' Cameo Theatre did very well with its revival of "The Cabinet of Caligari," perhaps one of the best cinemas sent out from Germany's studios, and will hold it over another week.

"The Secret Studio" a new Fox film release, will be at B. S. Moss' Broadway beginning Monday. Olive Borden acts the lissome model in this story of Bohemia, and Clifford Holland, Margaret Livingston, Walter McGrail and Ben Bard are the supporting cast.

The New Plays

MONDAY

"BOTTOMLAND," a revue, written and presented by Clarence Williams, will open at the Princess Theatre Monday night. The all-Negro cast includes Clarence Williams, Eva Taylor, Sara Martin, Mason and Henderson, James D. Lillard and Katherine Henderson. "MANHATTANERS," a musical revue, will be ushered in Monday night at the Grove Street Theatre, presented by Joe Lawren and Lawrence Moore. The book and lyrics are by George Oppenheimer, and music by Alfred Nathan, Jr.

WEDNESDAY

"BARE FACTS OF 1927," a musical show, is scheduled to open at the Triangle Theatre in Greenwich Village Wednesday night. The lyrics are by Marian Gillespie and Menlo Mayfield, the music by John Milton Hagen and sketches by Stuart Hamill. The cast includes Ethel Fox, Margaret Haas, Janey Haas, Byron Tigges, Austin Street, Joe Battle, Frank Marshall, Gordon Hawthorne, Mary Green and Vera Loday. Kathleen Kirkwood is the producer.

Section of The DAILY WORKER

SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1927

This Magazine Section Appears Every Saturday in The DAILY WORKER.

ALEX BITTELMAN, Editor

The Sparring Match at Geneva

By T. J. O'FLAHERTY

THE three principal sea powers of the world: the United States, Great Britain and Japan are in session at Geneva, the seat of the League of Nations, with the avowed purpose of trying to arrive at a solution of the race for naval supremacy which is being feverishly contested by those three powers under various subterfuges.

Looking on with a pair of cynical grins on their sinister faces are France and Italy.

It should be stated emphatically at the outset that no intelligent observer of current affairs will for a moment be fooled into the delusion that the powers are in earnest about their professions of devotion to the cause of world peace or that the present conference has any other aim than an attempt on the part of each participating power to steal a march on the other.

The present conference was called on the initiative of the United States government, the same government that made the peace gesture at the Washington conference in 1921. Between the lines of the pacific speeches made by the American delegates to the Geneva conference can be read a threat, which implies that unless the other powers accept the American program, the United States will build a navy second to none on the seas.

Since the Washington conference which established the 5-5-3 ratio for the United States, England and Japan, our naval aristocracy and the battleship and armament manufacturers have been yelling that the United States was fooled into scrapping more naval tonnage than Japan and England combined and entered into other agreements which hamstrung the U. S. naval program and reduced the standing of the navy to below that of Japan's.

This is the cry of the militarists and navalists of all countries, but it seems to be obvious that Great Britain, since 1921 has been building cruisers at a feverish rate even during the term of office of the alleged pacifist James Ramsay MacDonald.

What happened at the Washington conference is, that in return for scrapping the Anglo-Japanese alliance, the United States made certain concessions to Great Britain which left the empire in possession of naval supremacy for the time being. The restriction on gun elevation was not observed by England and this infraction was winked at by the United States, knowing that there would be another conference and another deal when the time was more propitious. That time has arrived and the United States has less reason to fear Japan today than it had in 1921.

The world importance of the United States has increased tremendously since the war. The power of Great Britain has relatively decreased. Japan is holding a precarious toehold in the Orient with the long slumbering Chinese millions in political volcanic eruption.

The Washington conference placed a limit on the building of battleships and airplane carriers. The United States would now limit the tonnage of cruisers and all other auxiliary ships.

In brief the program of the United States is the following: A proposed tonnage limitation on cruisers of: 250,000 to 300,000 tons for the United States; the same tonnage for the British empire and 150,000 to 180,000 for Japan.

In the submarine class the United States' tonnage would be from 60,000 to 90,000 tons, the same for the British empire and from 36,000 to 54,000 tons for Japan.

Against this program the British propose to reduce the maximum battleship tonnage from 35,000 to less than 30,000; main battleship guns from 16-inch to 13.5-inch; of aircraft carrier tonnage from 27,000 to 25,000; of cruiser tonnage from 10,000 to 7,500 and of cruiser guns from 8-inch to 6-inch.

The Japanese proposed a "naval holiday" and non-restriction of the building of vessels of small tonnage and aircraft carriers under 10,000 tons.

Thus the "friends" of peace haggle for position. The aims of the British are clear. As one writer points out she aims at retaining her preponderant supremacy on the sea by discouraging the building of war vessels by other nations with a wide cruising radius. This is the explanation of her proposal for a reduction of cruiser tonnage from 10,000 to 7,500. Owing to the string of naval bases which Britain has all over the globe her ships do not need the fuel capacity that is required by American naval vessels, whose bases are fewer and farther apart. Also the British suggestion that the calibre of guns permissible on cruisers should be reduced from 8



to 6-inches, is due to the fact that merchant vessels are not built to carry guns of greater than 6-inch calibre. Should this proposition be accepted Britain's 950,000 tons of merchant fleet with a speed of 17 1/2 knots or more would be able to thumb its nose at the world.

Of course the American sea lords will not be taken in by the specious arguments put forward by Great Britain and Japan. It is a long time since Mark Twain sent his American innocents abroad. If anybody concludes that there is any virtue running around looking for a chronicle in Geneva he is easily gulled. They are all alike and partners in culpability.

William Howard Gardner, writing in the New York Times of June 20, gives expression to the following significant language in a peroration to a letter on the naval conference at Geneva:

"England's real task and ours is each to play our full part in the maintenance of our civilization—and to help each other to do so. As we look out over the world from our great, mid-

oceanic base, we incline to prize England's friendship perhaps more than that of any other country. But is not American friendship incomparably more valuable to the scattered British world than English friendship is to our mighty concentration? And will not England's apparent policy at Geneva militate against that maximum of American friendship and support she inevitably will need above all else before this century closes?"

This is the veiled threat that is behind the pacific language of the United States government. The same hostility can be detected in the polite diplomatic verbiage of the British foreign office. The international pirates are preparing to deluge the world in blood again over a division of markets and spheres of influence. They cannot come to terms. If they could they would hop on the Soviet Union and attempt to strangle it.

While the three great naval powers are confabbing at Geneva word comes from Paris that the French government has decided to appropriate \$35,000,000 for cruisers, submarines, destroyers and mine layers.

The war left the United States sitting on top of the world. Our ruling class intends to stay there. The die-hard Tories that now dominate the British government are following an intransigent imperialist policy all over the world. They would regain the position of world domination that was snatched from them in the smoke of a common battle by the western empire. Despite a common language and other ties, all signs point to a bitter struggle for world supremacy between the two great imperialist powers unless the workingclass of both countries and of the world organize to prevent another world holocaust by taking government power out of the hands of the plunderers who now look upon the masses as cannon fodder, and follow the example of their Russian comrades in laying the foundation for a world federation of Soviet Republics.

SUBWAYS

The subway crashes
 Through the thickened atmosphere,
 Beneath the surface of life
 To its prescribed aim—
 Delivering cargoes of slaves.

Factories are filled
 With thousands of producers,
 And the underground monster
 Rolls smilingly back from whence it came.
 Its existence is justified,
 Its mission is fulfilled.

EUGENE KREININ.

A Scab Passes Out

DURING the Great Steel Strike of 1919 John Barton was one of the few workers in his locality who remained loyal to the company. Very much against his will he had to stay away from the mill a few weeks. He, alone, would be no use to the company since one pair of hands could not take the place of several hundred.

John was watching a chance to muster a band of "Loyalists." He seized every opportunity of expressing his disapproval of the strike. He continuously denounced its leaders and anticipated its defeat. He endeavored to create dissension and tried to play the role of a defeatist, but did not know how to do it in as able a manner as the more skilled and better trained company hacks and stool pigeons.

Finally he found five or six workers who were staggering beneath the cruel lash of economic determinism. They were ready for anything. Anything that would increase their immediate food supply and alleviate their domestic turmoil.

With an unconcealed facial expression of satisfaction John proposed, "Let us go see the employment agent before it is too late." This was a move the others detested and feared, but, yet the fear of not making it was too strong to be successfully resisted.

Next morning five of them went to see the employment agent. John, the self-appointed spokesman, takes the lead, offers apologies and asks for reinstatement. After a brief lecture the agent agrees to forgive them and hands them over to four gun-waving policemen who escorted them to the super's office.

The super smiled for the first time in his presence. "Go in," he said, "and start the furnace. All you will have to do is keep smoke going up during the hours of daylight. You boys are in for all promotions and will have a steady job the rest of your lives."

Several weeks were spent making smoke. The local newspapers used headlines and several front page columns stating the mill had resumed operations and falsely asserting that several out-of-town mills were working one hundred per cent. Crude and old-fashioned to this propaganda was it had a severe effect on some well-meaning but non-thinking workers.

In several months after the strike John went to work as leader on the side shears. This paid one dollar a day more than his previous job. Figuring on so many days' work in the year at this new job he bought a house on the installment plan.

John, his wife Esther and their three children moved to their new home in a "respectable part of the city." Esther, like her husband was a vociferate "one hundred percent." She continuously pointed to Ford and Carnegie as examples that all should follow. "Any one can become a millionaire if he

only has ability and ambition" were some of the daily sayings of John and Esther.

One Saturday afternoon the foreman notified the men that some changes in the machinery were to be made the following week and therefore the mill would be down until further notice.

Three weeks passed before this much-looked-for notice was posted at the gate.

Great was the surprise that awaited the men on their return to the mill. New and much larger rolls were in operation. The table was five feet wider than it used to be. A new large shears stood at the end of the first table. The old side shears around which fourteen men used to work was nowhere to be seen.

The whistle blows twice. The machinery gets in action. A slab drops from the furnace to the rolling table. It quickly becomes a plate and rolls on to the shears at the other end of the table. It is sheared and continues to roll on to where it is lifted by a crane into the car.

The amazed workers could not believe their eyes. Could not see how this was possible. Just by changing the machinery the company now only required twelve men to produce twice as much as fifty could turn out before.

"Boys, I'm sorry, we have nothing for you to do," said the super. "However, we will let you know when we have an opening." "Mr.," remarked John, "don't you remember I worked during the strike." "Shut-up," snarled the super. "I'm running this place; so now get out of here before I call a policeman to have you taken out."

On their way home John and his pals met Andy, who since the strike, had been black-balled in the mill and was well-known as a Red.

"What's wrong now? Won't the company let willing slaves like you guys work for it any more?" asked Andy in a mocking manner. "It's the machinery, that cursed new machinery that has thrown us out of a job. I don't know what the world is coming to," was John's crying reply.

"Things are only pursuing their natural course," retorted Andy. "Machinery will ultimately throw millions of people out of work. Unemployment and hunger will fan the flaming fires of revolt and will finally send capitalism to the scrap heap. Machinery is not cursed. It's good, but it must be used for the benefit of us workers, instead of to our disadvantage. I am saying this because I know there are several clean minds and noble hearts in this crowd and NOT because I want to make any impression on a traitor like you. Good bye, Benedict Arnold. I hope the company gives you lots of the medicine you helped it prepare."

One day, after three months of seeking employment, John was hired as a laborer, providing of course, that he passed the doctor. After a few min-

utes examination the doctor declared John unfit to be employed. This added to his troubles. Now his health was gone. He had nothing to hope for. "The new shears did it all," was his continuous wail.

The real estate dealer has a dispossessed served on him the following week. His insurance policies have long since lapsed. Even his dog deserted and went to seek a master from whom he would get food.

"Why should I continue in such misery? Death is staring me in the face. Why prolong the agony?" he asked himself over and over again as he watched Esther and the children sleeping. Their frail bodies and pale faces clearly indicated the long days and nights of hunger and destitution through which had passed both he and them.

"No, it's no use," he said as he stepped out of the bed, closed the windows tight and opened all the gas jets. "That's that," he muttered as he stretched himself out on the floor.

NEW YORK

EAST SIDE

Tattered clothes on the backs
Of East Side's youth,
Are still in vogue
In a period of prosperity.

Children writhing in the mud
Of unpaved streets,
Are the living monuments
To the eleven thousand millionaires,
Sentencing the tots
To a life of tattered clothes and muddy streets.

BRONX

Small is its very breath.
Gathered beneath the tables of the powerful,
Picking the crumbs
Coming from time to time.
Petty is its look
Upon the benefactors
Permitting its existence.
Yet it runs from the quarters
Of the proletariat,
To be driven back
By the money lords.

WALL STREET

Narrow is its structure,
Symbolizing the underhand method
Of obtaining all in existence,
In a world of grabbing.

The light of day
Never penetrates Wall Street.

Screaming maniacs
Selling what is not theirs;
Coupon pullers
Pawning the lives of the masses,
In the drawers of Wall Street.

Wall Street, the price taker,
In an era of robbery.

BROADWAY

A world gone mad,
In search for excitement.
Money comes fast,
And life goes faster.

Advertisements, electric signs,
Blaze over an age
Burning itself out
In tribute to the yellow devil.

Filth, as its laurels. EUGENE KREININ.

An Invitation and a Few Suggestions

The Saturday magazine supplement of The DAILY WORKER welcomes contributions from its readers. Stories, articles, cartoons and poetry will be given consideration with a view to publication. This does not imply that everything submitted will see the light of the newsstands. Neither do we guarantee that all rejected manuscripts will be returned even when self-addressed and stamped envelopes accompany the contributions. We will do the best we can to return rejected manuscripts, but sometimes accidents happen.

A few words for the benefit of our poets. We are not prudish by any means, but we notice that poets between the ages of 12 and 17 are inclined to get rough with the English language and addicted to painting pictures of the horrors of capitalism with a brush steeped in sex phraseology. Perhaps this phenomenon is not difficult of explanation, but we must be pardoned for discouraging our youngsters from following this path to fame.

Contributions should be addressed to: The Editor, Saturday Magazine, Daily Worker, 33 First Street, New York.

The COMRADE

Edited by the Young
A Page for Workers'



Young SECTION

Pioneers of America
and Farmers' Children

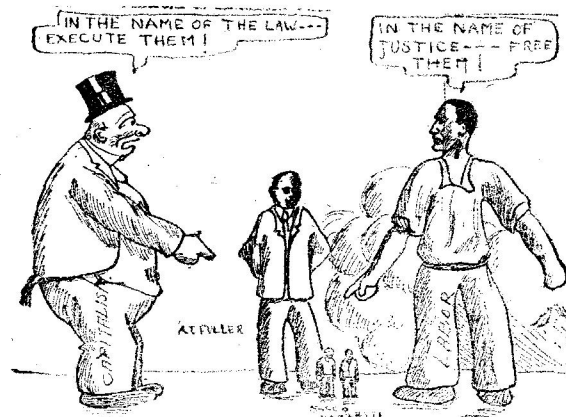
AEROPLANES AND WAR

The aeroplane is a wonderful invention. It is just like a bird flying—oh so high in the sky. With the help of the aeroplane, the human race could advance itself a great deal. Trips to the north pole, south pole, over forests, mountains, swamps and even across oceans are now quite possible. Thru these trips many interesting things could be learned about the world we live in. Furthermore, in case of disasters, such as floods, earthquakes and storms, that cut off railroads and destroy all roads, it is possible to help save the unfortunate people living there with the help of the aeroplane. Surely everyone must admit that the aeroplane is a wonderful invention. But—a minute, there are other uses of the aeroplane.

We must not forget, comrades, that we are living in a time when almost all countries in this world are ruled by greedy capitalists, who continually fight amongst themselves for the right to enslave weaker nations. Of course, the capitalists themselves don't fight. They declare war and the workers and farmers are sent to the battlefields to fight and die for them. But, with the coming of aeroplanes, the WHOLE world becomes a battlefield. From a position of safety, high up above the clouds, a little speck will drop explosives and bombs, killing and wounding thousands of innocent children, and women who happened to be on the streets. Whole cities will be destroyed in this fashion. This wonderful invention, the aeroplane, becomes the most terrible monster this world has ever seen. And this dear comrades, will be so until the workers and poor farmers rise up against their enemies, the capitalists and organize their own government as the workers and peasants of Russia have done.

Then and then only will the aeroplane be a bird of peace instead of a monster of war.

WHICH SIDE WILL WIN?



(By L. Laakkonen)

This picture shows the fight between capital and labor over two workers, Sacco and Vanzetti. Which side do you want to win?

THE ROSE BUSH

(From Fairy Tales for Workers' Children)

(Continued)

The man went back to his work and the Rose-bush began to meditate. Yet the longer she thought, the worse her temper grew. Yes, even the she usually had very fine manners, she spoke roughly to a bee who wished to visit her. The bee was still young and timid, and flew off in fright as fast as his wings could carry him. Then the Rose-bush was sorry for her rough behavior, because she was naturally friendly, and also spoke because she might have asked the bee whether the man had spoken the truth.

While she was so engrossed in thought, suddenly some one shook her and a mischievous voice asked, "Well, my friends, what are you dreaming about?"

The Rose-bush looked up with her countless eyes and recognized the Wind, that stood laughing before her shaking his head so that his long hair flew about.

"Wind, beloved Wind!" joyfully exclaimed the Rose-bush. "You come as tho you had been called. Tell me whether the man has spoken the truth. And she reported everything the man had said to her.

The Wind suddenly became serious and whistled thru his teeth so violently that the branches of the Rose-bush began to tremble. "Yes," declared he, "all this is true, and even worse. I come here from all over the whole world and see everything. Often I am so seized with anger that I begin to rave; then the stupid people say, 'My! what a storm!'"

"And the rich people can really buy everything?" "Yes," growled the wind. Then suddenly he laughed. "Not me. They can't capture and imprison me. I am the friend of the poor. I fly to all lands. In big cities, I station myself before ill-smelling cellars and roar into them 'Freedom! Justice!' To tired, overworked people I sing a lullaby. 'Be courageous, keep together, fight, you will conquer!'"

(To Be Continued).

FILL UP THE YOUNG COMRADE



The balloon in this picture represents the Young Comrade. Are you too doing your share to blow it up by getting subs?

Answer to Last Week's Puzzle

The answer to last week's puzzle No. 19 is:

A	N	Y
R	A	P
M	T	S

Comrade Abraham Fischer of New York City is the only one who has answered the puzzle correctly. What is the matter with the other comrades?

More Answers to Puzzle No. 18

Lillian Zager, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Rose Szepesi, New York City; Joe Horoscko, Kansas City, Kans.; Steve Daub, Kansas City, Kans.; Mildred Strapec, Remsen, N. Y.; Veronica Yelick, S. Brownsville, Pa.; Leo Wolin, Chicago, Ill.; Araxie Mirjanian, Phila., Pa.; Luz Vilarino, Inglewood, Cal.; Milka Lovrich, Bingham Canyon, Utah; Liberto Vilarino, Inglewood, Cal.; Mary Balich, Bingham Canyon, Utah; Ida Nakamura, Yakima, Wash.

THIS WEEK'S PUZZLE NO. 20

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

4 5 3 15 18 1	20 9 15 14	4 1 25	9 19
21 19 5 4	2 25	20 8 5	2 15 19 19 5 19
20 15	13 1 11 5	20 8 5	23 15 18 11 5 18 19
1 14 4	20 8 5 9 18		3 8 9 12 4 18 5 14
16 1 20 18 9 15 20 9 3	20 15	20 8 5	2 15 19 19
1 14 4	20 8 5	7 15 22 5 18 14 13 5 14 20.	

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.

A Child Worker

I think I will subscribe to the Young Comrade. I have to make the money first. I will tell you how and where I work.

I work on the golf links where the bosses sport. When we work they tell us to hurry, but sometimes we don't hurry. Some of the men give us tips, but very few. The men that give us tips are the men who are not so rich. The bosses who are rich want to be richer, so they don't give us any tips. We have to work and carry the bags for them. Some of the men have heavy bags. If we lose a ball they call us a rotten caddy, but it is their own fault if they hit the ball into the woods. We get a dollar a day according to our agreement. The most I ever made was three dollars a day working from 7 in the morning to 7 in the night. So I will subscribe to the Young Comrade just as soon as I get enough money.

Comradely yours,
THEODORE FOLKMAN.

RUTHENBERG SUB BLANK

YOUNG COMRADE IN DANGER. Due to the lack of funds, the Young Comrade has been unable to come out this month and unless contributions and subs are sent in, there is a danger that the Young Comrade may not come out for quite a while. This is indeed bad news, and it is up to us to come to the rescue, by getting contributions and subs for the Young Comrade. And after you get all you can, send it to Daily Worker, Young Comrade Corner, 33 First St., N. Y. C.

½ year sub 25c—1 year sub 50c.

Name

Address

City

State

Age

(Issued Every Month).

BEWARE, MADMAN!

By SAMUEL A. HERMAN.

Beware, madman, beware!
You, who so freely shake a fist at the Red Dawn,
Who fume and curse and threaten,
Who strut upon the stage of twentieth century history
Like a madman broken loose,
Emitting savage cries that startle the ear,
Borrowed like a dress suit for occasion,
From your colonial jungles.

Beware, madman, beware!
You, who would light the match of war,
To destroy the builders of the future:
Who are laying diabolical plans,
To shape the emaciated bodies
Of the starving miners and the unemployed,
Into battalions of steel, ready to march
In the direction of your outstretched finger.

Beware, madman, beware!
Lest your wretched slaves of yesterday,
Refuse compliance with your command,
And facing you with gleaming bayonets, say:
"We are not mercenaries for hire,
We refuse to march where you desire,
Not they, but you, are our real foe,
And are to blame for all our woe!"

Beware, madman, beware!
Look at the far-flung eastern sky,
Where the artistry of a rising sun,
Had painted countless crimson streaks
Upon a spacious canvas of blue!
Can the sky above be an inverted sea,
And its myriad crimson streaks,
Be a reflection of Red Army men below?

Beware, John Bull, beware!

AN APPOINTMENT AT ONE

(Continued from page four.)

He eyed her carefully before edging close enough to speak. George couldn't decide whether she was pretty or not, "passable" was his final verdict. That seemed to be about right. Her face had a faint mouselike expression which a receding chin and a prominent row of upper teeth, protruding from her mouth, made more obvious. Her cheeks were coated with a layer of powder, while a steady look, sometimes interchanging with a pathetic appeal radiated from her eyes. He continued his survey, at the same time his glance stripped her, he saw beyond her white dress, and felt a desire to touch her."

George was a baker's apprentice, whose emotions commuted between "going out with the boys" and a desire to settle down. He was first drawn to Nancy by sheer physical desire, later that gave way to a regulated like. Towards the end of the evening, after they had gone the rounds on a ferris wheel and listened to the band music he was actually beginning to admire her, partly because she was not a "gold digger." As they played, their talk ran into channels of which both were ignorant but neither cared. For the most part it was confined to an accounting of their experiences.

That chance meeting became Nancy's constant thought. She dreamt, and spoke about it, always piecing together the entire evening. She recalled how they danced in the pavilion, while thru the window she saw the swirling of a giant merry-go-round. It was the happiest day in her life. She saw themselves once more wading their way thru other couples, while their feet beat rhythmic tattoos to the wailing of a jazz band.

Soda bottles, wet straws, fascinating music, hand claps, all filtered thru her mind. She kept repeating "George, Georgie," pecting each syllable.

"Oh you're so different from any other man I've met, I could just love you to death," she told him that once and later a million times to herself.

"Kid, you're all there," he chided back, "just nestle closer in my arms while I say I love you." That simple phrase meant the world to her. She did not stop to question his sincerity, and allowed his hand to explore her soft flesh freely.

"When can I see you again," he whispered. She crept out of his embrace.

"Are you sure you want to see me again, after the way I behaved tonight." Her question was not intended to be convincing.

"You bet I do, hon."

"Then call me up Wednesday night." "Make it in the afternoon, Nance, I work evenings," he broke in. She consented.

"Fine, I'll have tickets for some matinee, then." Between stifled sobs and kisses they parted.

It was now Wednesday the day she was to meet him, and Nancy was at work as bus girl in a West 51st Street coffee pot. She was all upset after learning that she couldn't take the afternoon off as she planned. Her boss was emphatic. Another girl did not show up that day, and she was needed to take care of the noon day rush. She wondered what to do. It was nearing the hour when she should have been in front of the Hippodrome.

"George promised to get tickets, I've got to meet him—I've got to meet him," she mused as she stepped from table to table clearing off dishes. She was torn between a yearning to meet him, but that would spell the loss of her job, or keeping her job and risk losing George. Both were important to her. She sought a possible escape from this perplexing predicament, finding none she continued loading dirty dishes into a copper tray and with a wet rag held in the other scrubbed the marble topped tables. Then glancing at a clock and seeing that it was already past one she lapsed into conjectures, in which she pictured George waiting for her. The thought of it stabbed her, she again looked at the clock and made up her mind to meet him at all costs.

With a boldness that comes of desperation, she brought her tray into the kitchen, and without telling her employer stepped into the tiny dressing room, where she discarded her work-dress for her own. After powdering her face, she looked thru the partly opened door, and when his back was turned walked out of the place. The restaurant keeper saw her leave. A loud "Nancy" was all he said. He had a

The Foam

The foam is the child of the deep rolling wave,
The deep rolling wave that takes toll of the brave,
But, mother-like, loves ev'ry spray, ev'ry splash
Of the foam that is born when waves the winds lash.

The foam is as playful as boys on the shore,
Who wonder and glee as the breakers come o'er,
And, just as they break, with a wild whoop of joy
Dash into the foam that just plays like a boy.

And just as a boy spreads his spirit abroad,
The foam it diffuses itself in the flood,
In octopus patterns and marble, I ween,
Which are slowly absorbed in sea-salty green.

The foam and the boy both get tired of play,
So each seeks his rest in his own little way,
The boy, with legs weary, on proud mother's knee,
The foam on the breast of the wave of the sea.

—DONALD McKILLOP.



notion that she would do just such a thing from the way she pleaded to be let off. He shrugged his shoulders and turned his attention to several customers.

Reaching the street Nancy made her way to Sixth Avenue, where she intended to board a down-town car. She moved to the center of the gutter and peered ahead. There was none in sight. A stream of traffic forced her back to the sidewalk. She wanted to hail a taxi, when a green painted trolley rolled down the avenue. She stepped aboard, threw a nickel in the coin box, and took a seat. The long benches were half filled with passengers. After riding several blocks the car stopped to allow cross-town traffic to pass. Nancy was worried lest she be late for her appointment. Seconds stretched in her imagination to much longer periods. At last the conductor pulled at an overhead cord, and the car proceeded. Nancy kept cupping her fingers until she finally alighted at 44th Street.

She crossed the street, looked around and wondered. George was nowhere in sight. Her eyes dilated in roving circles about her. She entered the lobby, searched there and returned to the street. A languor spread over her, which soon left her chilled, and accompanying it came a faint giddiness.

Meanwhile people poured in from all angles, so many that she could not watch them all. She posted herself near the lobby from where she had a clear view. Man after man bought tickets at the silver domed booth, and escorted their lady friends thru the glass doors. Nancy continued to peer into their faces. Several times she thought she saw George approaching, but always a look of disappointment would sweep her face.

She left the lobby and walked over to an adjoining store where she looked at a clock hanging behind the panel of glass. The dials pointed to one-fifty. She sighed a regretful sob. "Geeez, almost an hour late," she told herself. "I'll bet George left already." This idea sent a fresh chill down her back, which was augmented by a recollection that the clock where she worked was ten minutes slow. She flushed, and under the influence of this feeling, doubled her efforts to find him.

Meanwhile her thoughts revolved around him, as she allowed silent whisperings to toy with her vagaries. "Nancy, I love you," he was saying in her pantomime imaginings. Such thought only confused her still more. She was in a dilemma. Faces of men swept by her in continuous circles. She saw in each one George, George. Her longings were the outcropping of long suppressed desires, yet she persisted to indulge in them. She continued uttering his name, at the same time experiencing a strong hate for society. Her head swirled and she felt the sidewalks slip from under her.

"Oh Georgie, why didn't you wait, did you doubt I would be here?" she asked, and intermingled that

thought with possible calamities that might have befallen him. She thought of the automobiles that may have mangled him, or of the many other accidents that could have occurred. "No, it was not that, he wasn't here at all," she finally cried. A sad premonition told her that she was fooled, tricked, betrayed once more. The thought of it lacerated her heart.

At two-thirty she decided that it was no use waiting any longer. With a discouraged hopelessness she began walking uptown. In a short time she stepped within sight of her place of employment. A feeling of hate gripped her and she decided not to resume work. She bore a grudge against the place, blaming that for her misery. She cast a furtive glance at the dazzling "Coffee Pot" sign, and retraced her steps to 6th Avenue where she took an "L" train for home.

In the eating place, sitting on a high stool was a young man. He beckoned to the proprietor.

"Say, how about a little service there Bill?"

"I'm sorry sir, in a minute, in a minute, you see my girl left me to keep a date with her fellow and I'm short of help."

After a hasty lunch the diner slipped his hand into a pocket to extract some money. Two theatre tickets fell to the floor as he did so. He stooped down, gave the grey pasteboard a curious look and tore them to bits.

HERE COMES NOTHING

We have with us today, the most of you may not know it, a magazine that stands for nothing, believes in nothing, has no place to go and goes there. Because of this aggregation of facts it has a 75,000 circulation. Ladies and gentlemen it gives me great pleasure to introduce you to our worthy contemp(t)orary, The Forum.

The gentleman who discovered halitosis has nothing on the business manager of The Forum, The Magazine Without a Mission. This is the way he starts a subscription drive:

"Leach," said the editor of a great metropolitan newspaper, in May 1923, "there is no place for The Forum. There are not ten thousand people in this country who want to do their own thinking. People want their opinions ready-made."

"Give me five years," the new Forum editor replied, "and I will find fifty thousand people who want to think for themselves."

It is four years since Mr. Leach became editor of The Forum, and we have found seventy-five thousand readers. Why?—because the public has been generous in welcoming a magazine which actually has no axe to grind. The intelligent minority is tired of propaganda, the Forum holds no brief for anyone. It is neither Wet nor Dry; Radical nor Conservative; Catholic nor Protestant; pro-Labor nor pro-Capital. This is a non-partisan magazine of controversy, dedicated to the proposition that all sides of every question deserve a hearing.

Still, people wonder what to do with second hand liberals! Ernie, the ballroom sheik must think up something new in the way of a prospectus to capture the affections of the superannuated flapper. He must be the Lothario without an ulterior motive, and with the gin they like to touch. The day of the purposeless pioneer has arrived. For those who believe nothing, care for nothing and know nothing the millennium is here.

Read the Forum ladies and gentlemen. It will not grow fuzz on an egg, but it is guaranteed not to manure the roots of your hair.

The Rise of the Lira—Campaign for Lower Price

THE policy of the "gradual revival of the lira" announced by the fascist government has in practice led to a very violent rise, which, however, has not only failed to effect the economic recovery of Italy, but has made the industrial crisis still worse.

The sudden rise of the lira not only strikes a blow at export industry, weakening its competitive capacity on the foreign market, but creates a state of indecision and lack of faith in the morrow in the whole economic life of the country, on which rapid deflation acts just as disastrously as inflation. The rise of the lira is in itself an unhealthy sign, being as it is, not the consequence of financial and industrial settling down, but the product of artificial measures, chiefly innumerable foreign loans, on such a footing that the foreign currency falls into the hands of the "Italian Bank," the fascist government's financial instrument, thus enabling it to speculate in the lira. This speculation is among other things a source of profit for the fascist businessmen and tends to form a secret government for fascist agitation and dark machinations at home and abroad.

One of the consequences of the unhealthy growth of the lira is the discrepancy between its nominal value on the foreign market and its real purchasing power at home. While the lira stood at 24 gold centesimi on the foreign market in March last, its purchasing capacity in Italy (at wholesale prices) was only 17 cents. Even the most cautious specialists, never weary of lauding the wisdom of the government, have been forced to admit that if this discrepancy is not compensated for by a lowering of prices it will inevitably lead to another fall in the lira. If, however, wholesale prices cannot cope with the rise of the lira, retail prices bear still less relation to it. The campaign for lower prices so long waged with "undeviating success" by the fascist government, press and trade unions, has up to the present shown no real results. Special shops for the workers, limited prices, threats to the retailers and other palliative measures have so far led to nothing substantial.

While the lira stood 32 per cent higher in February last than in the preceding August (in ratio to English pound) the index of wholesale prices during this period had fallen from 691.35 to 600.85, i.e., 12 per cent, and the average cost of living index in Italy (27 towns) from 151 to 147, i.e., two-and-a-half per cent. In Milan the cost of living index far from falling even went up from 652 to 667.

ATTACK ON WAGES: The employers have long been working at the lowering of prices in their own way. The argument as to whether the lowering of prices or the lowering of wages ought to take precedence has been answered by them in a practical manner by an attack on wages unfalteringly and a great deal more successfully than the struggle for lowered prices, carried out, either in spite of, or with the assistance of the fascist unions. At first the government organs and fascist party kept officially out of this attack, in some cases even trying to moderate the zeal of the employers. The Supreme Council of the Fascist Party passed a resolution against the lowering of wages until the cost of living should come down (in spite of which, however, Belucci, Minister for National Economy, was able to announce in March last that wages had been cut by efforts of the employers, in 57 provinces).

In his March parliamentary address Belucci appealed to the employers not to take the line of least resistance, i.e., not to try to bring down prices, but cutting wages, as industry required an extension of home markets. The greater, however, the strides



Drawing by Wm. Gropper.

U. S. S. R.

"What cabalistic sign is that?"

Asked a most learned man.

"U-S-S-R—it knocks me flat,

Nor fathom it I can!"

"I've searched the bible through and through,

I've thumbed old volumes rare,

The Atlas and the histories, too—

I've looked most everywhere."

"I can not find this strange device

In books of heraldry,

I've scanned the dictionary twice—

This word I cannot see."

"But this is my conclusion, sir,

It must be Bolshevik—

Red propaganda, as it were—

Some Communistic trick!"

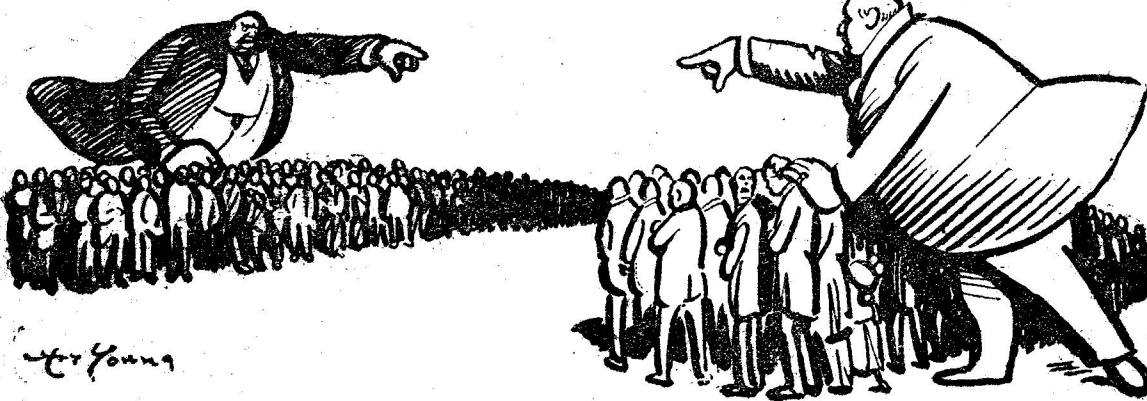
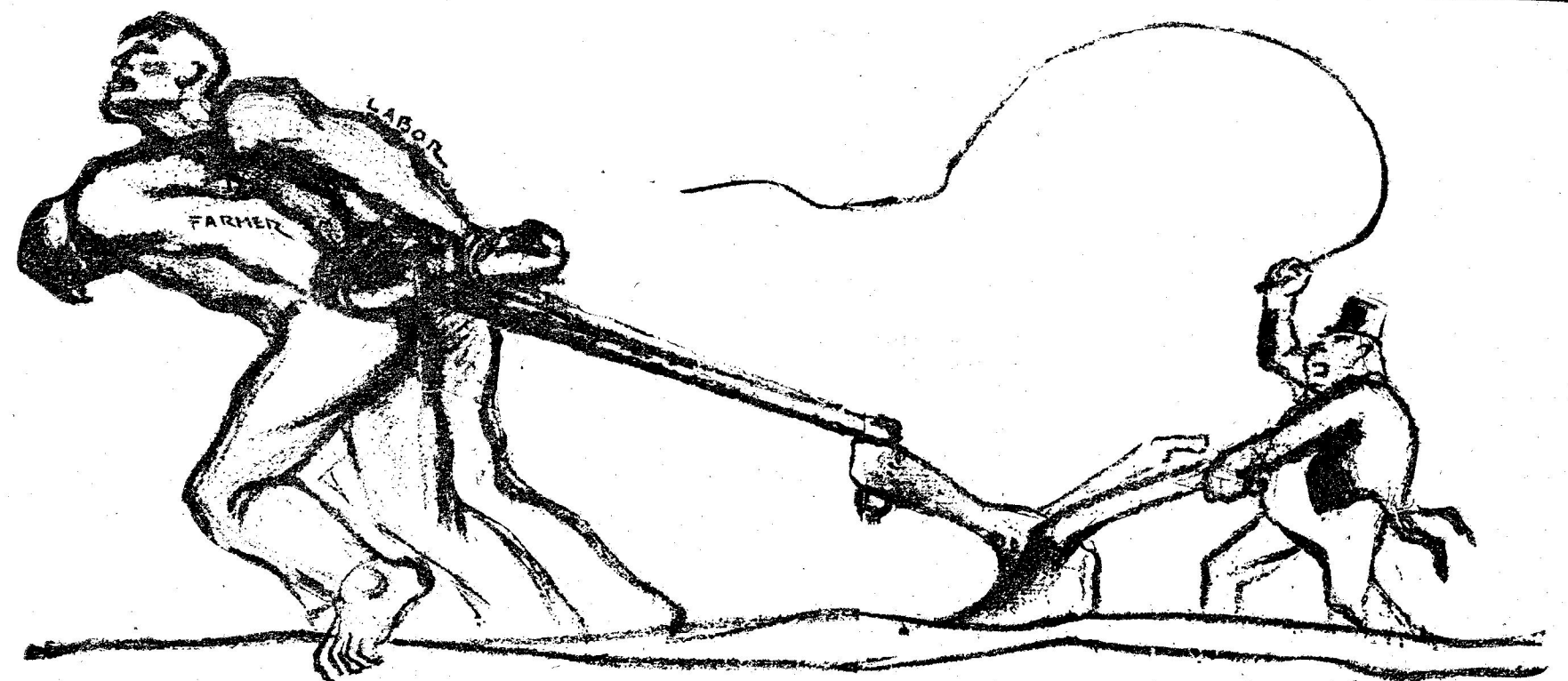
"And so a letter I shall send

To Washington today—

I'll tell my Congressman to end

This red plot right away!"

—HENRY REICH, Jr.



THE INSTIGATORS



An Appointment At One

By ALEX JACKINSON

SHE only met him once, but that one time was sufficient to convince Nancy that she found her beau ideal at last. With that came a miraculous change in her behavior. She began to feel gayer, sing when she'd find an opportunity, and laugh; without feeling that life cheated her of something she wanted and sought.

Having that which one often visualizes in dreams turn to reality has different effects on different temperaments. To Nancy that one meeting with someone who had long lived in her subconscious mind worked wonders. She felt that she could now face people without fearing that to themselves they might think, "poor girl without a lover at her age." This was a greatly exaggerated belief, for most people she came in contact with did not concern themselves about her to that extent. But, because she herself did entertain such notions, she fancied that everyone else did too. Now that worry was over, she told herself repeatedly, with inherent satisfaction.

One change that this meeting with him brought about, showed itself in the attitude towards her father. Nancy now spoke to him minus the usual resentment which characterized their former conversations. His constant wish to see her "married off" was a source of torment to her, of which both were cognizant. She recalled the many men he invited to dinner, ostensibly for a "chat" as he told them, but underlying his benevolence was the unpleasant fact that he wanted them to meet her, her, it was always her.

Nancy was the oldest of four girls, comprising in part the Brown family. That she was in the way of her younger sisters she had no doubt. And, that they pitied her for not having a suitor at her mature age she also knew, and bitterly resented any mention on their part "that she was a lovely girl and would yet make an attractive marriage." This cajolery no longer served its purpose. Nancy was conscious of her thwarted desires, and at various times tried to sublimate them by stimulating an artificial interest in other fields. Failing in that she continued to fret and resent the encroachments her "people" made on her vanity.

At twenty-eight environment molded her into a hard, disconsolate woman. Ill-favored by the fates, she suffered from an illusion that everybody con-

spired against her. This was an imaginary fancy born out of a fruitless quest for things she couldn't attain, and foremost among them was a "fellow" as she oftentimes confided to herself.

She met a number of such objectives from time to time, but could never establish a permanent friendship. Something in her manner set a barrier which could not be easily bridged. Should she in the company of other girls be picked up by men, Nancy would be the one to receive least attention. She knew it, and wanted to be more frivolous, but always a somewhat coached propriety held her back. With the ensuing years this contrary streak was beginning to wane. It disappeared entirely when she met him.

They met on a Bronx-bound subway train. It was during the evening rush hour, and crowds of homegoers kept jostling against each other. Nancy boarded the train at Times Square. At the following station he stepped in. She noticed, but didn't give him any undue attention, at first.

Under her right arm she clasped a book, and in the other held a hat feather wrapped in tissue paper, which she had just bought. Before long felt a hand brush behind her back, the motion giving her a little more freedom. Nancy looked up and beamed a polite "Thank you" to a stalwart figure. He was waiting for just such a break. "I don't want you to crush your flower," drifted from his lips. Nancy hesitated before carrying on the tete-a-tete. "It's not a flower, it's just a cheap little hat feather, but thank you just the same." Her tone was friendly. He smiled, and responded immediately. "But you may crush the leaves in your book." This sally made her laugh. Just then the train lurched around a turn, and before she knew it she was falling in his arms. "I beg your pardon" she flushed. He felt that he had already "made" her. "Why, what did you do?" he inquired with assumed naiveté. Her eyes screwed up, she looked him over, and was visibly impressed by his appearance. "You're quite a smart aleck, aren't you?" "You bet I am, with smart girls like you." Both grinned, as they attempted to read each other's mind.

The train rolled to a stop. The crowd was gradually thinning out, until several passengers remained. Nancy and her new found friend took seats.

"Going to Starlight?" he asked of her, after a while.

"Are you?"

"Yes."

"So am I," echoed Nancy. A second later she regretted having said that, for she was on her way home then, and had no intention of going to where she signified. However she resolved to go thru with it.

They reached the 177th Street Station. "We get off here," he informed her. Nancy arose. "This way." He took her by the elbow and steered her way to the street. There were many other people on their way to Starlight Amusement Park, and together they wended up the crowded thoroughfare. "By the way we haven't been introduced to each other yet." It was she who broke the silence. "No, we haven't." "My name's Nancy—Nancy Brown," she interrupted quickly. "George Spence is what I answer to." They shook hands and expressed satisfaction at having met so unexpectedly.

That was how they met, their parting was equally as thrilling to her. He took her home in a taxi. A necessary prelude to his motives. In the hallway he held her in his arms and vowed enduring fidelity. Nancy was a flutter of excitement.

Hitherto when she met a man she acted coldly, indifferently, always feeling inferior to him, and it was that feeling which drew a gap between them, so a girl once told her. At first Nancy resented this frank disclosure, but later gave in that it was true. She determined to follow a friendlier course in the future.

Had her mother known that Nancy was indulging in one of those flirtations she was repeatedly warned against, Mrs. Brown would have been frantic. For years she dominated her daughter's relations with men, oftentimes politely barring entrance to those she labelled unsuitable. Now Nancy passed the stage where the prudence her mother advocated was considered safe.

George Spence partly lied in giving that name. Only the first was correct. He never gave girls his right name, at least not the first time. When he saw Nancy on the train platform, he resolved to "pick her up," not that she appealed to him much, it was merely that he was alone on a Saturday night, and wanted to be with a girl, any girl.

(Continued on page 6)

Men Who Feed the Beast

By WALT CARMON

Mat rose on the edge of his bunk. "It's a hell of a life, eh Yank?" Mat was too sick to answer. His face was pallid. He felt a sinking feeling at the pit of his stomach. "Another first-tripper"—the Swede looked at him sympathetically. "Don't smear the fo'c'stle," he counselled and pointed to the bucket near the doorway.

Mat lurched toward it. He was in the first spell of sea-sickness. The ship was still in the bay. It rolled lightly on the swell. The movement sent Mat staggering uncertainly to the doorway.

"Cut out your bloody groans," the cockney growled on being awakened. "Shut your face," the Swede answered sharply. The cockney turned over and pulled the blanket over his head.

The stokers ate from the pans of food on the table in the center of the fo'c'stle. Mat sat on the edge of his bunk. The sight of food again sent him reeling to the doorway.

The third engineer appeared. Time was up. They reached for their jackets and sweat-rags. The Swede nodded to Mat.

"Your watch, Yank." Mat followed up the stairway and across the deck. Thru the galley, then down a ladder into a hellish pit from which the heat rose and wrapped him in a fiery, suffocating blanket. The steel rungs of the ladder scorched his hands. The pit of his stomach felt sickening. He lurched thru the doorway to the bunkers, bulging with coal.

"Take your time, now," the Swede advised. "This ain't no office." He pointed to his shovel. "Better get used to it while the coal is only a step away. It'll be worse when you have to wheel it from the bunkers."

The Swede threw the furnace door wide open with his shovel.

His hardened muscles rippled under his glistening skin as he pushed the long slicing bar under the red coals. He leaned on the bar. Pulled it out smoking and tossed it aside without effort. He threw heaping shovelful after shovelful of coal into the furnace with an ease and grace that Mat, who sickened and weak, watched with admiration. In a few moments the coal-pile at his feet disappeared into the fiery cavern. He clanged the door shut with his shovel. He wiped his sweat-dripping face with his rag and nodded to Mat, pointing to the spot the coal was on.

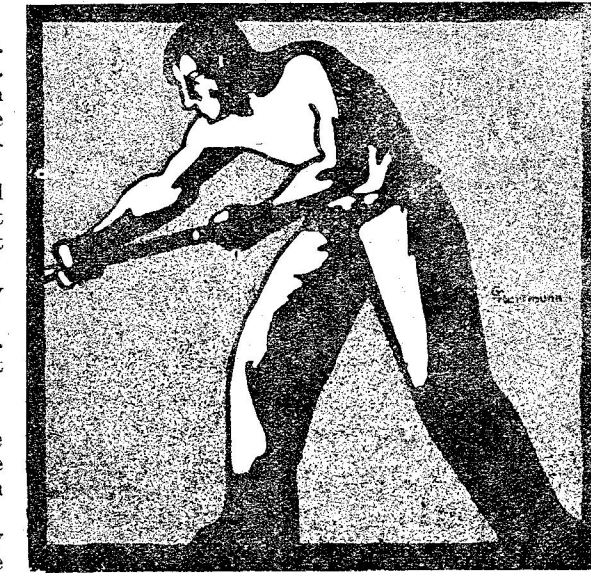
"Now dont hurry," he coaxed. Then with a glance at the gauge, "There's plenty of steam up for a while."

Mat heaped his wheel-barrow to ride it a few yards to the feet of the fiery moloch he must feed for eight hours everyday. For twenty days and more until the trip was over. Then back again. He stopped half way to the furnace. Seasick.

"You'll get over it, Yank. Here, get under the ventilator."

For four days all the misery of the world was centered in the pit of Mat's stomach. Every day for four hours, beginning at noon, and four hours beginning at midnight, he plodded doggedly in the heat of the stoke-hole where men were damned to turn their blood into steam that sped the ship.

The ship pitched and tossed now like a maddened bull. The waves crashed over the bow and tossed the muscle-weary stoker against the iron-work of the deck. Bruises were added to burns. Every move sent a deep-rooted ache from his body. His mind was a listless void uncontrolled and distant. After four weary hours he climbed the ladder out of the hellish hole and swallowed in gulps the wind that rode the sea. A trained parrot sat in a cage on the forward deck. At the sight of every coal-black-



stoker he screeched, "Ashes, you bawstard—ashes!" It sent a shiver thru Mat.

Mat was no longer seasick. On the midnight watch the Swede taught Mat some tricks of the trade.

"Who in hell owns more than one pair of shoes, anyway? Not a bloody stoker!"

While the engineer was away, the Swede sent Mat up to make a bucket of tea. He gave full directions and a sharp knife. Mat made tea. Then he carefully walked in the deepest shadows until he reached the dining room. Quickly he cut a generous strip of the deep rug on the floor and disappeared.

Between every visit of the third engineer on the watch, the men inserted pieces of rug into the soles of their shoes. Hot coals quickly burn soles away.

Mat was no longer seasick. But now his body was a mass of aching bones and flesh. Burns and bruises. On the same watch, another first-tripper was carried out of the hole to the hospital. Each watch there were anxious moments of weakness. Mat sat on the coal while the surroundings reeled about him. The Swede gave him a bit of lime-juice. A cigarette.

"You'll be alright."

The rest of the watch looked on in admiration.

"The bloody fool 'as guts, eh mate?"

"Who in hell would a thought it of a bloody white-collar stiff!"

Each watch Mat felt would be his last.

He began to eat ferociously. There seemed no end to his appetite. With a change of water and food his stomach was in disorder. The doctor gave him a mustard plaster.

The stokers roared in laughter. Only a first-tripper went to a ship's doctor. Stokers and sailors were never sick. Whatever the ailment, they were never too sick to work. Whatever the ailment, they got a mustard plaster. The old-timers carried their own remedies from shore.

The ship was out to sea for ten days. Mat was now living thru painful hours. Four hours on, eight hours off. Four hours on—if there was no overtime. The Swede advised a hair-cut. The Swede cut it. Mat's head was clipped close to his skin. White, uneven ridges shown on his close-cropped head.

The liquor gave out among the stokers. Firemen, coal-passers, snarled at each other, at the sailors and stewards. The cockney heaped abuse on everyone. On Mat in particular. Port was still three days away. Mat felt his bones and flesh would collapse. The Swede cautioned him and helped him out of the stoke-hole. As Mat's head rose above the

deck, the parrot, perched on the deck, screeched, "Ashes, you bawstard—ashes!"

Mat was thrown into a frenzy.

"God. . ." he cursed hysterically. He reached for a bar and threw it madly at the screeching bird, missing it by inches.

The Swede held his arm. "Come on Yank, let's wash up."

He led him to the showers. The others looked on silently.

"Go easy with the kid," one whispered.

"Here Mat, throw your bloody overalls 'n' sweat-shirt into my bucket. Let it soak."

He had not changed since the trip began. The overalls he wore to his waist were stiff with sweat, grease and coal-dust. He handed them over to soak. They could be washed tomorrow.

Another watch. More coal for the red mouth of the Moloch. An unsatisfied, deep-bellied monster. The coal in the bunkers was far back now. Deep in the back it rose in a straight ledge to the very ceiling. Above, a few huge boulders held the mass together. Mat shovelled from the foot of it fearfully.

"Watch that damn pile," the Swede cautioned. "Careful when the ship rolls!"

Mat heaped the wheel-barrow and started away. The ship rolled and the ledge moved. He dropped the wheel-barrow and turned, backing away. The huge boulders crashed down past Mat and mass of coal swirled and eddied about him.

"Jesus. . ." the Swede cried.

The men rushed to Mat's aid. Before the furnace they pulled his overalls over his knees to disclose a mass of torn skin and bruises.

The Swede felt for broken bones.

"Nothin' much, thank Christ. That'll heal with a quart of liquor as soon as we land."

Mat's nerves gave away. He did not feel the bruised legs. From head to foot his body thumped in pain. The falling coal was a last straw that made him reel before his mates. The Swede held him under the ventilator.

"Steady now, Yank. Steady, boy. . ."

The third engineer looked on sympathetically. He nodded to the Swede. He held Mat's arm and led him pale, unnerved, to the ladder. To his cabin. He poured a large tumbler full of whiskey and handed it to Mat. He drank, hardly aware of his actions. The raw liquor ran warm thru his aching body. In a moment the weariness had passed.

"Feel better?"

Mat nodded.

He returned to the stoke-hole. Ashes were piled in heaps. Two more men on the sick list threw all three shifts behind. Mat volunteered for overtime with the rest of the men.

The cockney gripped his hand. "You're the first bloody clerk with guts in 'im I ever saw."

The Swede looked on approvingly.

Three gin-soaked days in port. Three days of rest for aching muscles. Three days to forget. The spells of faintness were passing. His body was gradually becoming less pain-wracked. His muscles were hardening.

The tender breeze of the South Seas was a soft caress. The monotonous beat of the motors was becoming a soothing hum. The ship rolled ahead lightly on calm seas, onward, into space. The skies were star-laden.

The Swede pointed out the Southern Cross gleaming overhead. They sat on a deserted deck enjoying a cigarette before going down for four more hours in hell. Maybe six. A lone sailor stood on watch on the forward deck.

"E-le-ven o'clock and all is we-l-l!" he sang out. From below, a stoker in good natured banter called:

"And all the sailors can go to he-l-l!"

The Swede smiled. "You see, Yank, seein' you must earn your livin' the sea ain't so bad."

Mat paused a moment. "Maybe it ain't." Tonight he looked at life more leniently. "Anyway, I'd like to choose what I want to do."

The Swede smiled in the dark.

"Yan, I've been to sea for fifteen years now. I worked on a farm in Sweden. Ran away from there. I worked in factories in the States. I worked all my life. And it's all the same. Sweat, work, eat, sleep."

They sat quietly a moment.

"Then croak, I suppose," Mat ventured.

The Swede tossed his cigarette over the rail. The light flickered a moment, then disappeared.

"Just like that!"

The ship rolled on into space.

"Will it ever be different, Swede?"

"There are some who say it will."

The Swede rose. He added with emphasis:

" . . . and I'm one of 'em!"

INFORMATION WANTED

There is a letter at this office for Mr. Bernard Coffin, who had a story in a recent issue of the New Magazine. If he sends in his address it will be forwarded to him.

To An Aesthete

Listen, brother, the next time that supercilious you, between sips of benedictine, remark the beauty of a phrase, refer, the way you do, to Philistines or perhaps the stark loveliness of Stravinsky

think of this

What in hell do you know about the nineteen-nineteen steel strike or the Chinese Revolution

Dying miners clutch hard face coal gasp for breath and leave their souls to fossilize in beds of coal; and in the Kremlin sleeps Jack Reed

Listen, brother, the next time that you, mention Scriabin, as you often do, between sips of scotch, or Jean Cocteau, ask yourself what in hell you know about the Lawrence strikes

—HARRY FREEMAN