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EDITOR'S NOTES

By ALEX BITTELMAN

COOLIDGE is wooing the farmers. Like a real practical man, he is combining pleasure with business. He has transferred his headquarters to South Dakota and is carefully spreading a net of political manipulations to catch the farmers' votes in the coming presidential elections.

There is, of course, a good deal of comedy in all this business. His political sermons, his fishing expeditions, his little interviews with so-called "dirt" farmers, the whole pastoral and idyllic atmosphere that has been created around the summer White House—all this presents excellent material for a first class humorist. But it would be a serious mistake to dismiss the entire matter as mere Coolidgeism. Because what is now taking place in South Dakota is a real political struggle, a class struggle, in which big capital is leading the offensive against the poor and working farmers of the United States.

There are really two big objectives that the Coolidge administration has set out to achieve through the president's expedition into South Dakota. One is to break down the farmers' opposition to Coolidge and the other is to kill the Lowden boom or the possibility of any other so-called western candidate against Coolidge. If the present incumbent of the White House succeeds in this, he and the republican party will undoubtedly receive the support of large sections of big and medium capital in the coming elections. If he fails, several things are likely to happen, none of which will be any too pleasing to Coolidge and to the present republican machine.

Coolidge must therefore work hard. And so he does. He is pursuing his old strategy of dividing the farmers by trying to conciliate the rich at the expense of the poor and middle farmers. He dangles before the eyes of the well-to-do farmers the promise of government aid to cooperative marketing societies and the extension of credit terms for marketing surplus crops. But he continues to resist stubbornly any of the basic provisions of the McNary-Haugen bill. He does so for the reason that the capitalist class is opposed to these provisions. In fact, the capitalists of the United States would resist any legislation tending to curb or even seriously regulate the handling of agricultural products on the home and world markets. All the friendly talk of Coolidge about cooperative marketing is hollow and meaningless because the basic condition that he attaches to it is that the grain speculators and big bankers continue to dominate the trade and its fortunes. And as long as this condition prevails, no real farm relief is possible.

Lowden's flirtations with the farmers are pretty nearly of the same kind as those of Coolidge. With this important difference that Lowden's agreement with the McNary-Haugen bill shows him to be more consistently in favor of the rich farmers than Coolidge is. In other words, the well-to-do elements among the farmers have in Lowden a more reliable friend than they can ever expect to find in Coolidge. Thus, as far as the rich capitalist

(Continued on Page Two)

The Industrial Squad—The Bosses' Cossacks

By JOSEPH ZACK

THE war has brought many innovations in its wake, various adaptations of fascism according to the varied needs the employers have in each country. In New York we have in the city's police force an institution called the Industrial Squad. This force is supposed to preserve "law and order" in industrial disputes and has under its authority the uniformed police whenever its activities call for it.

Perhaps many workers don't know that the underworld, that is that part of the population consisting of gangsters, thieves, murderers, etc., have anything to do with strikes, with employers' associations, or with anti-labor law enforcement and nowadays even with control of unions. If the workers don't know this they had better get acquainted, as this is the outfit that plays a very important role in all strike-breaking combinations. The Industrial Squad fits into this like a head into a body.

The law permits picketing, it permits organizing, but just try and do it and you will find your pickets arrested under all kinds of subterfuges, restrictions will be imposed, the pickets will be clubbed or even gassed, as in Passaic. Injunctions or no injunctions, law or no law, the employers in control of the local and state or federal government will find a way to do it brutally and thoroughly enough by indirect terrorization and if necessary, laws are passed or injunctions issued for the purpose. Quite often they do the job even without these formalities. The usual procedure in important strikes in big cities is in many ways different from methods used in smaller localities.

Let us give a brief illustration of what takes place. When a strike is brewing in any trade in New York the employers' association thru its law department gets in touch with certain detective agencies and the police captain of the territory. These detective agencies have their connections with organized professional bands of gangsters, who for the proper amount are ready to do all kinds of jobs on the pickets, the mildest being a plain ordinary beating. Stabbing, breaking arms, nose, jaw, or fingers have their extra prices. To break a workers'

neck, smash his skull, or murder him, are specialties priced accordingly. Quite often the bosses' association is in direct touch with the gangs, without any intermediaries. Here is how a job is done.

The police having been properly instructed by "higher ups" and for special consideration given the cop on the beat, the eyes of the law enforcers look the other way or take a walk. Gangsters in automobiles come upon the scene, bounce on the pickets, slash, stab and leave them laying there bloody. Quite often such jobs are made one after the other. The gang in machines disappear as quickly as they come. Sometimes in the dark of night and quite often in open daylight and even in the most congested parts of the city, such jobs are done. If the pickets are not enough intimidated by this and if they still insist, there is the injunction, like in the last cloakmakers' strike, with wholesale arrests and open suppression of picketing by uniformed police. Arrests, fines, etc. do a great deal to empty the union's treasury.

All this used to be done in the past in an unsystematical, accidental and inefficient way. Moreover, the unions under reactionary leadership used to hire professional underworld gangsters to counteract the terrorizing tactics of the bosses. Quite often the bosses' gangsters were bought by the union or vice versa. In many cases on record the gangsters took pay from both sides. A regulator had to be put on this business. Particularly so with the rise of militant unionism the underworld arm of the bosses had to be systematized and made more reliable. Hence our bourgeois city fathers created this new institution, the Industrial Squad.

Big strapping fellows, comparable only to cossacks, with murky animal faces, guerillas in human form, some of them formerly union officials, other shady underworld characters, sluggers, former experienced patrolmen—this is the outfit. They are familiar with the underworld and know the leading gangsters that sometimes work for the union's side, "the Frenchies," "little Augies," "Jack Noys," etc.,

(Continued on Page Six)



(Continued from Page One)

farmers are concerned, Lowden is an incomparably better candidate for them than Coolidge.

But how about the middle, the poor and the working farmers? What do they stand to gain by Lowden as against Coolidge? This is the important question. And the answer to it is: Nothing. Lowden's agrarian program, assuming that he is a sincere adherent of the principles of the McNary-Haugen bill, would at best serve the interests of the rich and partly of the middle farmers. The great mass of those farmers that are seriously suffering from the effects of the agrarian crisis would not be relieved at all by the curse and methods of Lowden. This must inevitably happen not only because of the total inadequacy of the measures championed by Lowden personally but also because he is a prominent politician of the republican party—the party of capitalists—which is not going to permit the strengthening of the farmers' position with respect to the grain speculators and big bankers.

The poor and working farmers must look for farm relief elsewhere. Neither Coolidge nor Lowden, neither the republican nor the democratic party, are agencies fit for the job of aiding the poor farmers. The way to actual agrarian relief is the way of organized political struggle of the farming masses themselves, through their own organizations, and in alliance with the workingclass organized in a party of its own.

THERE is one good thing—and only one—about the three power "disarmament" conference in Geneva. It offers a splendid demonstration of the fact that the imperialist interests of the capitalists of the United States and England cannot be reconciled, that sooner or later, unless a successful, proletarian revolution intervenes in the meanwhile, these two capitalist powers will come to an armed clash precipitating a new world war.

In the conduct of the British delegation at the Geneva conference there is nothing particularly new except perhaps an unusual amount—unusual for the cool and composed British aristocracy—of heated emotionalism, caused undoubtedly by the desperate state of affairs of the declining British imperialism. The ruling classes of the British Empire seem to find it very hard to become accustomed to the fact that England no longer holds the first place in world imperialist politics. There is still a good deal of imperialist illusion in the minds of English capitalists. But these illusions are being knocked out pretty fast by the realities of the world situation and by the aggressiveness and militant self-assertion of American imperialism.

Study the conduct of the American delegates to the Geneva conference and you will find the other side of the present world picture—the growing ascendancy of American imperialism. These American delegates, comparatively unimportant and little known persons by themselves, speak the powerful and arrogant voice of American big monopolistic capital. This voice has already made its will known in Geneva quite plainly. It is that American imperialism is out to dominate the world and in order to accomplish this aim it is determined to become as strong a sea power as England and later on even stronger.

The technical discussion among the experts as to the present relative naval strength of America, England and Japan is of course important. It shows that none of these capitalist powers really abided by the so-called Washington agreement which established the 5:5:3 ratio for capital ships. Each one was trying to cheat the other two. The party which proved particularly guilty in that respect was England. That is why the United States government pillaged the Geneva conference. And that is also why the American imperialists are so militant in their present attempt to reduce England's naval strength and to increase their own.

Those who expected real disarmament, or even a reasonable limitation of naval armaments, are bound to be severely disappointed. The Geneva conference is nothing more than another phase in the struggle between American and British imperialism for sea power and world domination. The best that can come out of it is some sort of a fake understanding under cover of which each of the parties concerned will continue to cheat the others until such time as American imperialism finds the moment opportune to step out from under cover and take charge of the situation by sheer force of arms.

The American workingclass, the American farmers and all those exploited by the ruling class of the United States must face the present situation frankly and honestly. More pacifism of the old traditional style will not do any more. It is more than futile to expect big monopolistic capital to give up the struggle for world domination "merely" because it leads to war which some pacifically inclined persons do not like. Nor will the cry against the Coolidge imperialism accomplish anything substantial—a cry in which even the sponsors of Lowden's candidacy are indulging somewhat—unless this cry is backed by real mass organization of workers, farmers and poor middle classes of the cities, waging a consistent and militant fight of a serious political nature not alone against Coolidge but also against all those forces whose will Coolidge is putting into effect.

The Letter in the Cement Barrel

A Story—By HAIAMA TOSAKI.

(Translated By Vera and Violet Mitkovsky).

MATSUDO TODZO'S work was opening barrels of cement. On opening the barrel, he measured the cement into boxes which a machine picked up and shot down a wooden slide. The machine waited for no man, and for eleven hours each day, this man stood between the boxes and barrels with a shovel in his hands; eleven hours in clouds of cement dust.

Matsudo Todzo was an ordinary laborer and during the eleven hours of his working day he had but one desire, to free his nose from dust. His head, shoulders and eyelashes and moustache were covered with cement dust, and in the nose the dust formed a sort of hard iron ore. He found no time to blow his nose. The machine spits out cement ten times per second and he must not miss a single time. At mid-day there was a half hour interval, occupied in consuming a handful of rice, cleaning the machine, and, what could not be called rest, that instant when his numbed hands could reach his nose. The cement penetrated through the nose to the lungs, blood, the whole body.

So it was everyday, so it was today; but today, shoveling the cement from a barrel into a box, Matsudo Todzo saw a small box.

"Odd," he thought, but there was no time to think more, the machine waits for no man.

He picked up the box. It was light. He shoved it into the pocket of his apron and continued to shovel.

The day seemed long, and knocking out the bottoms of barrels of cement, crawling towards him on a belt, he reflected that there could be no money in the box, and so forgot all about it.

At sunset, the concrete was finished, the machine slowed down, the working day was ended. In the stream of a hose which supplied the machine with water Matsudo Todzo washed the dust from his hands and face, knotted the furoshiki round his neck, a kerchief in which he carried his meagre lunch, and set out to walk home—with precious thoughts of eating, drinking and sleeping.

The power house on which he was working would be finished soon, and then he would have to look for work again.

In the twilight, lifting its snows to the sky, loomed the majestic Enaiama. At its feet, boiling and roaring, foamed the Kisogara Nature, the same now as a thousand years ago. The evening cool chilled the tired body of Matsudo Todzo. The grandeur of nature made him think bitterly of the seventh child which his wife would shortly present to him, that it would come, not considering anything, in the coldest part of the year, as if to spite him, that his two yens would not buy enough rice, that he was tired of everything, that—that

The thoughts of Matsudo Todzo were sombre, his spirits low.

Then he remembered the little box which lay in his pocket. He took it out and wiped it on his trousers. It was firmly fastened with nails and bore no address or inscription.

Matsudo dashed the box against a stone, but it did not break. He swore, and in that temper when one wants to trample the whole world underfoot, he kicked the little box violently.

The box fell open and rolled off. From it Matsudo took some old rags, and wrapped in them, found a folded paper.

This is what was written on the paper:
"I am a working woman in the cement factory where I sew sacks for the cement. My husband, my

beloved, worked at the grinder, shoveling broken stones. On the morning of the seventh of November, he was lifting a large stone into the machine when he slipped and fell into the machine together with the stone. The machine was not stopped. He was buried in the stones and the machine chopped his body into pieces, and spit out bloody fragments. This machine passed the pieces of his body on to another, where, between steel blades, and in a terrific roaring, his body was ground to powder. His flesh, his bones, and his soul became cement dust. He became cement, he, my beloved. Only the rags of his working clothes remained. I gathered these rags and wrote this letter and buried them in the barrel of cement which you have opened today.

"Are you a worker? If you are, have mercy and answer me. I want to know what happens to the cement of my husband's bones. Are you a stone mason or a carpenter? I want to know if my husband will become a theatre corridor or a prison wall? You are a worker; do not use this cement for such buildings.

"Write and tell me, where is my husband? In the West or in the East? Far or near? Where is he in cement, and how will he resurrect?"

"These pieces of his working clothes are a gift to you. They are saturated with sweat and stone dust, such sweat as yours, and such dust as that in which you work."

Matsudo walked on. The sky had grown almost black and Kisogara roared in darkness. Only Enaiama dreamed among the stars.

Subway Chant

Facial lines obliterated
Under sweat-ooze,
Pushing, grunting, trampling bodies,
Male and female,
Merged into one monstrous body,
Centipedal,
Caterpillar in its motions.
Slothful furor
Breathings thick and warm and flavored
Dankly mingled,
Were sucked in, then exhaled
Freshly tainted,
To be breathed again and issue
Evil-odored.
Tight-embracing men and women
Wedged together
Faint with beast-heat; swayed together
As the long train
Tunnel-thundered; rocked together,
Soft and hard flesh.
The discomforting contortions
Of taut torsos
Ecstasised the primal surge
Erogenously;
A fantastic rite of Phallic
Sect of zealots.

—LAURENCE S. ROSS.



WE have only to hark back a few years to recall how the American press, with its stories of German atrocities—outrageous lies, for the most—whipped the spark of public opinion into a roaring flame with but one idea—to crush that terrible monster beyond the seas and make the world “safe for democracy.”

Now we see the British press casting about with its long talons and preparing the minds of British subjects for war on the U. S. S. R.

We see the press of England swinging public opinion into accord with the ideas of a certain few individuals whose one and only object is to quash the proletarian movement within their domain. They dare not proceed alone. The opinion of the public is too powerful a factor to be ignored.

Under the title “Nicholas II of Russia,” by C. Hagberg Wright, we have the Quarterly Review of London, for the quarter ending April, 1927, praising the late tsar of Russia, and creating the impression that a more righteous and noble ruler never held power in any country.

The somewhat lengthy articles comes to a conclusion in this manner:

“Late one evening the president of the Soviet came up to his room followed by Red guards. He warned them that it was time to leave as the approaching ‘Whites’ made it necessary. The whole family and the very few servants accompanying them dressed and descended the narrow stairs of the little house. The terrible tragedy that followed has left its lasting stain on humanity.”

The subtle manner in which public opinion is being poisoned against the Soviet Union would pass undetected unless one were on the lookout for it.

Now we have The English Review (London) for May, tossing additional fuel to the flames without making any bones about it, under the title “Socialist Songs—a Twenty Year Anthology,” by J. R. Raynes:

“Song makes a peculiar appeal to the emotions, and many causes have been carried on the inspiration of song. Accepting a general principle without developing illustrations at too great length, I want to remind readers of the English Review, that history and song are moving together in these post-war days and to demonstrate that the songs which assisted Lenin and Trotsky in the Russian Revolution are being used sedulously in this country with a similar object.”

This is fair warning to the individual who hopes that the white and blue on the Union Jack may never change into red. There is already too much red on the British flag as it is. He is therefore cautioned against giving tune to any song but that which is in praise of his flag and the land over which it waves.

Mr. Raynes does not forget to take a healthy kick at “The Red Flag”—but the first favorite in today’s collection is that mournful dirge of Jim Connell’s, “The Red Flag.”

“Where all the dreadful things recounted in those neurotic verses occurred, or when, if ever, I have not discovered, but I have found positive evidence that the red flag of Communism has inspired the slaughter of thousands of untried and unoffensive persons who were not identified with the proletarian mob. Other favorites reveal a similar relish for the morbid expression of grief and oppression.”

This leads the reader to believe that the proletarian cause is an unworthy one. The opinion naturally forms that hundreds of innocent persons are intentionally slaughtered in every clash for the proletarian cause. But let us bring Mr. Rayne’s article to an end—“ . . . It is only necessary in conclusion to emphasize the militant note of open challenge to society which is being sounded under the inspiration of Moscow. This is the ‘Song of the Red Army.’”

“Songs like these are being used to stimulate workers’ defense corps in this country, to provoke direct action for political purposes, to spread disaffection in the Dominions, and to create a violent upheaval in India. What is to be done with such a disease in the body politic? It calls for prompt operation, and dalliance involves the danger of more serious consequences. There is no obscurity about their intentions. Should there be any hesitation about the reply?”

Now the reader has been thoroughly warned. His mind is prepared for almost any course of action that may be taken by the officials of the government.

But this is not all. The Contemporary Review (London), for June, does a little stirring among glowing coals of public opinion, with an article by Dorthea Hosie entitled “Moukden to Moscow,”—“Moukden” incidentally being the British manner of spelling “Mukden.”

It is an outline of a trip from China over the trans-Siberian railway to Moscow, by two English ladies:

“When we passed the fir-clad Ural mountains with their brown trout streams and reedy pools, and settled down to the thousands of miles of rolling Siberian steppes, a Bolshevik lady of sincere convictions would invite a German and myself to her coupe for a symposium of the Bolshevik faith. He was a diplomat of liberal views, whose reputation



for moderation had not been exaggerated; a big, quiet man, he would listen with a half smile.”

Here we have a German diplomat smiling at the Bolshevik idea. The reader does not even stop to ponder over this. Yet it leaves an impression upon his mind which will some day rise to the surface. The German now turns to one of the ladies and remarks with a sigh: “The world owes Germany one debt at least; namely, that she stands as a buffer between Communism and western Europe.”

“We were as interested in the evidences and practices of Bolshevism as in its faith. At Omsk we heard rumors of the new highway which General Feng Yu-hsiang was building from thence to the northwest corner of China—a road ‘not to be trodden by imperialist feet.’ Along it he can receive help from his Soviet friends without their having to reach him by way of Vladivostok or through Manchuria where highly organized Japanese opposition might supplement Marshal Chang Tso-lin’s efforts.”

The ladies were dissatisfied with Bolshevism. They failed to grasp the idea.

“ . . . it seemed to mean that if everybody could

not have a car, nobody could have a car; which did not sound like sense . . .”

However, Bolshevism has accomplished one thing upon which she must pass favorable comment:

“ . . . No longer does the sigh of the political prisoner resound through these steppes or weigh on the heart, however many the other burdens may be.”

She brings her article to an end which leaves the reader with a doubtful opinion of Russia’s destiny: “The uncertainty is whether the toleration of other nationalities will last. It means so much, not only to Europe, but to Asia. For Europe and Asia are one. Russia, which used to divide is now setting herself to be the connecting link. And this link she owes, whether she remembers it or not, to the past with which; she likes to imagine, she has broken forever.”

There is nothing permanent about Russia today if the above is to be accepted literally. This helps the average reader who never bothers to read more than one side of the question to form his opinion of Russia.

Now that a large body of public opinion has been stripped of almost all ideas that had been contrary to the prevailing opinions of the press, we see the Scotland Yard operatives boldly dash up to the Soviet trade headquarters and with a crash that echoes around the globe, tear down the doors and enter.

Only a few resent these undiplomatic actions of British authority. The mind of the masses has been sufficiently poisoned to make any form of action against the Soviet Union and its proletarian ideas within English territory, a safe line of procedure for British diplomacy. London lost no time in requesting Moscow to withdraw the Soviet mission and trade delegation. Which has caused the London Nation (May 28th) to view the situation with misgivings:

“Manifestly these are grave decisions, which must do material injury to British trade, and which are fraught with serious potentialities to international relations. Are they wise or reasonable decisions?”

But the severing of diplomatic relations has only served to add volume to the increasing flame of public opinion against Russia.

It was with a shock that the press of the world received the news from Warsaw that Peter Voikoff, Soviet ambassador to Poland, had been shot down while standing on the platform of a railroad station, by a monarchist advocate, Boris Koverda.

The situation has become critical. Will the British press fan the flames until it is beyond control?

It is too early to know what the mass comment of the British press on the situation is.

We have but to wait to see.

BEFORE THE END

Before the end, comrades, before the end,
How many of us alive today will stand
Helpless to press a sentenced comrade’s hand,
Knowing we look our last upon a friend,
Comrades, before the end?

Comrades, before the end, before the end,
How many faithful known to us will fall
Lonely beside some unwindowed prison-wall,
And lie deprived of help or hope of friend,
Comrades, before the end?

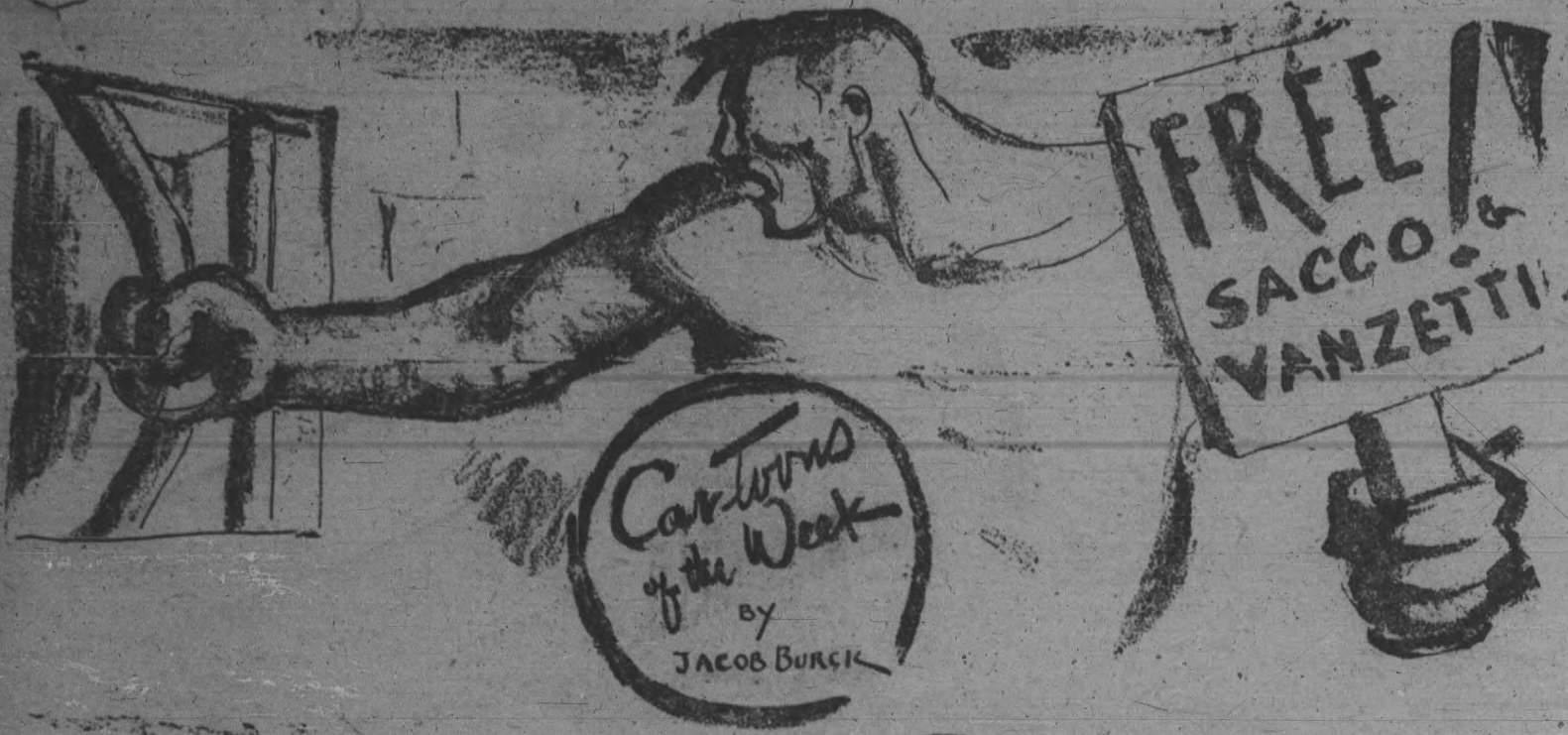
Before the far-off end, the far-off end,
How many heads the careless eye now meets
Will lie fallen along the bloody streets,
With none to ease their struggles or attend,
Comrades, before the end?

Before we make an end, a bitter end,
How many faces looked upon today,
Will our own hands be called to make away,
Because a friend proved treacherous to a friend,
Comrades, before the end?

Comrades, before the end, before the end,
How many strong who swore they could defy
Reverse forever will slacken, fail and die?
How many will despair as friend by friend
Passes before the end?

Yet we who struggle on, today alive,
Let never for an instant our purpose bend,
Tho clubbed, tho maimed, tho shot, tho prison-penned;
But let our merciless steadfastness survive
Our bodies at the end.

—WHITTAKER CHAMBERS.



Cartoons
of the Week
By
JACOB BURCK



INTERNAL DISORDER IN FASCIST ITALY
CASTOR-OILERS & SO-CALLED INTELLECTUALS IN BITTER FACTORIAL STRIFE. NEW ITEM



Mussolini's War Threats

ON the 26th of May Mussolini delivered a "great" speech, lasting several hours, in the fascist "parliament." He spoke exclusively for the fascist deputies. He began with the form of address: "Honorable fascist deputies!", whereby he wished ostentatiously to show that he took no notice of the few "liberal" deputies who had appeared at the sitting of the Chamber under the leadership of Giolitti.

The speech of Mussolini gives a really miserable picture of the "great achievements" of the "fascist revolution" in the sphere of public health, administration, police, etc.

In regard to the population question he stated, according to the official parliamentary report:

"I have introduced taxation of unmarried people which will, perhaps, be followed in the not distant future by the taxation of childless marriages. (Hear, hear!)"

"The taxation of unmarried people yields a revenue to the state treasury of 40 to 50 millions lira a year. But do you really believe that I introduced this tax solely for this purpose? By no means! I have made use of this tax in order to accelerate the growth of the population.

Let us speak plainly. What are 40 million Italians compared with 90 million Germans and 200 million Slavs? Or let us turn to the West: what are 40 million Italians compared with 40 million French plus the 90 million inhabitants of their colonies? or compared with 46 million English plus the 400 million living in their colonies?"

Gentlemen, if Italy wished to become a really great power in the world, she must in the second half of this century have more than 60 million inhabitants! For the past five years we have been saying that Italy has too many inhabitants. That is not true!

"If we wish to understand something of the history of Europe in the last fifty years, then we must bear in mind that from 1870 up to the present time France has increased the number of her population by two million, Germany, however, by 24 million and Italy by 10 million.

"If the number of the population declines we shall not be able to establish an empire, but we shall become a colony! It was high time this was said!"

This is how Mussolini deals with the population problem in his speech on "home politics." This extremely imperialistic attitude to the question, which is directed all too plainly against the French "sister nation," is confronted by the depressing fact, which Signor Mussolini had to admit in his speech, that the misery among the town population in Italy is so great, that the number of inhabitants of the biggest industrial centers, in spite of the rapid pace of industrialization, is stagnant and is even going back. We quote from his speech:

"In the year 1926 the population of Turin had declined by 538 compared with 1925. Milan in the same time increased its population by 221 (!) Genoa by 158. And these are the three most industrialized towns of Italy."

After this statement Mussolini consoled himself with the rapid increase of the rural population, in which he wishes to see the guarantee for the realization of his imperialist aims.

The second "home political" question dealt with in his speech was the question of the Brenner frontier. He spoke of the administrative reorganization of the province and referred to the creation of the province of Botzen. Regarding this question Mussolini declared:

"That has nothing whatever to do with the Brenner-frontier. Even if there happened to be a hundred thousand one hundred per cent pure Germans living in the Upper Etsch Valley, the Brenner frontier would be sacred and inviolable (Loud and prolonged applause. The deputies and also the public in the galleries rise from their seats). And if necessary we would defend it with a war. Even tomorrow! (Hear, hear.)"

"The people living there are nothing but an Italian minority speaking a German dialect as their ordinary language, and this since only half a century. For the rest the problem of minorities speaking a foreign language is an insoluble problem; one can reverse it, but one cannot solve it."

"Those who believed that the creation of the province of Bolgiano constituted a present or a concession to the German elements, especially to those turbulent elements on the other side of the Brenner, made a big mistake. That is quite out of the question. The province of Bolgiano has been created in order to be able to Italianize this district more quickly!" (Applause.)

The Austrian and German "Fascists," and also Herr Stresemann, who in recent times has not been sparing in his demonstrations of sympathy with the Italian dictator, might take these words to heart!

But it is to Herr Stresemann in particular that Mussolini has addressed yet another message. He



sought to prove the necessity of increased military armaments with the following words:

"The picture of Locarno is as follows: France and Germany mutually undertake not to attack each other, and there stands a gendarme on either side of them: England and Italy.

"But in Locarno they have made something more: a chemical preparation in the spirit of Locarno. Now gentlemen, the spirit of Locarno has today—in scarcely two years—considerably lost its color. (Laughter.)"

"What has happened? The so-called Locarno powers are feverishly arming both on land and on sea.

"Then there are happenings which it would be a crime to close our eyes to. Gentlemen, the great Berlin parade of the Stahlhelm took place just recently. There were 120,000 present, which fact in itself would not be of particular interest to us if one of their standards had not borne the following inscription: 'From Trieste to Riga!' It is paradoxical and even idiotic, if you will, but it is a fact. And what

follows? It follows that it is the precise, fundamental and foremost duty of fascist Italy to increase to the highest potentiality all its armed forces on land, on the sea and in the air! (Repeated and prolonged applause.)"

"We must be able at a given moment to mobilize and to arm five million men. We must strengthen our navy. We must see that our air fleet is so numerous and so powerful that the noise of its motors shall drown every other sound on the Peninsula, and that its wings shall darken the sun over our whole country.

"Then, when between 1935 and 1940 we shall stand at the parting of the ways of European history, we shall be able to let our voice be heard and see our rights finally recognized. (Exceedingly enthusiastic and repeated applause.)"

We believe and are convinced that later events will confirm that the speech of Mussolini, at this moment, delivered two days after the breaking off of Anglo-Soviet relations is—along with the action of the English conservative government—the most serious threat of war against the Soviet Union.

One must not lose sight of the connections. The English conservative government has taken the first decisive step. The second step must be the setting up of the widest possible imperialist united front against the Soviet Union. The London conversations of the French president and foreign minister have probably not achieved those immediate positive results which are so urgently necessary for English imperialism. The attitude of Germany, too, is perhaps not such as could completely satisfy the English conservatives. In this situation, therefore, Chamberlain and Churchill send out to advance their ally, Mussolini, whose threatening speech, apparently directed against France and Germany, only serves the purpose of exerting a pressure on these governments, in order in this manner—and on the other hand by promises of England—to bring them finally into the anti-Soviet front.

Whoever wishes to deceive the European proletariat regarding these facts is an open or concealed ally of the imperialists in their campaign not only against the first proletarian state, the Soviet Union, but also against the proletariat of the whole world. He is the worst enemy of the world proletariat, which must rise like one man if it wishes to avert the immediately threatening danger of war before it is too late.



Industrial Squad—The Bosses' Cossacks

(Continued from Page One)

and they know how the game is played. Lately this bunch of plug uglies was amalgamated with another gang of cutthroats, called the Bomb Squad.

This also was a post-war innovation, created for the purpose of harrassing the political labor movement. The Industrial Squad employs a lawyer who handles their business and there surely is plenty of graft. Here is how it works. The squad has its ears to the ground on any organization drive or strike that is about to happen. Connections are made with the employers' association and any employer who want police protection are recommended to this squad. If the employers are wise then an adequate financial contribution will do a great deal to get the proper "service."

Here is what is meant by "proper service." This is one of the cases that became notorious during the last strike of New York subway motormen. The Interborough Rapid Transit Company decided to terrorize the strikers in order thus to perhaps crush the strike. Hence one bright day as the strikers, many of whom are good fighting Irishmen, were leaving their strike hall, they were pounced upon by the sluggers of this big traction company, lead by the Industrial Squad. The strikers were black-jacked right and left, kicked and stabbed, and one had to be carried away in an ambulance with a broken skull. Uniformed police were standing by in case the striking motormen should get the upper hand, ready to use their clubs on them. The strikers, however, who had just held a peaceful meeting, were taken so completely by surprise that they hardly resisted and in a jiffy several of them were laying around in the gutter wounded by the blows of these legalized sluggers. Those who put up a resistance were picked out and finally arrested. Needless to say the gunmen of the company were not caught.

Suppose the Industrial Squad had not been in existence? The company sluggers, if they had dared to do a job like this, would not have had such nicely arranged police protection and leadership. The motormen might have put up a good fight and the police might have even made some "mistakes" and arrested the real offenders. A whole number of things might have gone wrong. In fact, as it was, it was a badly put up job.

The usual method of procedure is that the Industrial Squad organizes, protects and in many ways leads the activities of the gunmen and sluggers of the employers and having command of the uniformed police in this work gives them virtually a free hand to do as they please against the union's pickets, organizers or special committees. The Industrial Squad sees to it that the union's special committee carries no weapons of any kind, while the bosses' gunmen are free to carry guns, knives, black-



jacks, etc. If any member of the union committee puts up a fight, he or she is promptly arrested and sentences are handed out as in the Rosalsky cases, with the bosses' gunmen escaping, and even if caught red-handed and a formal arrest must be made for appearance sake, the gunman is gotten out with very little trouble to himself.

The reader may have been wondering up till now what this article has to do with the title. And will perhaps be surprised to be told that all the machinery of "law" and the underworld thus described, plus the employers' associations, who are all solid with Sigman and Company, these are the real backbone and represent Sigman's strength against the lefts. All this machinery of the employers is at the disposal and is being actively utilized by Sigman and Company against the left wing. We should remember that originally the Industrial Squad was created during the post-war open shop drive to fight the unions. But since nowadays the only unions who do put up a fight against the employers for improvement of conditions for the workers are unions led by the left wing, the Industrial Squad appears to be a creation for their special benefit.

The first entry of the Industrial Squad against the left wing was about two years ago, when A. Beckerman, manager of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers' Joint Board of New York, or rather the Industrial Squad in his name prevented the left wing from holding mass meetings. A meeting they busted up in Cooper Union is the most outstanding illustration. Their method is to search any left winger

who looks like a fighter for weapons, but the gangsters, led by Jack Noy could have carried machine guns under their overcoats without the Industrial Squad noticing it. It is thus that Beckerman for a while became the tin Mussolini in the needle trades, for which honor Sigman is now the candidate.

In the present struggle between the left and right in the needle trades if a worker is discharged for opposition to Sigman and a scab takes his place, this scab is taken down to the union office during work hours by the union's picket committee. Sigman just calls up the Industrial Squad and the detectives rush up the Joint Board offices and take the scab down and reinstate him in the shop as if they were Sigman's business agents.

If there are any pickets in front of that shop next day they run the risk of being beaten up by Sigman's gangsters under the supervision of the Industrial Squad. This is the farce of "socialism" in the trade unions in New York nowadays. Indeed workers by this time need not be surprised at Sigman and Company using the tools of the enemies of labor against the militant local unions that would dare to challenge his rule. Anyone who knows of his treacherous activities during the strike will look upon these methods as the logical outcome of a completely degenerated trade union bureaucracy.

It is no wonder, of course, that the employers who control these tools and use them against the labor movement take full advantage of the situation, and the agreement that was fought out in one of the bitterest strikes in the needle industry is not being observed by the employers. Workers are being discharged, overtime pay is not being paid, workers are speeded, and the situation in the shops is pretty much as if there was no agreement. Sigman, of course, is getting the services of the Industrial Squad and the underworld from the bosses, not to maintain unionism but to destroy it. Rule or ruin is Sigman's motto. He is getting this help for delivering these workers to his class enemies on the economic and political field.

It is the employers' associations and Tammany Hall that will be the masters of the needle trades unions, if Sigman and Matthew Woll wins. To get to that point, however, is a long, long way off in the needle trades, even after the exhaustion of a 5-months strike. Needle workers cannot thus be brow beaten for any length of time. Injunctions and court orders and Industrial Squads will not impose Sigman's leadership upon these workers and before this fight is through there will not only be a complete defeat for the Sigman type of leadership, but we will be so much nearer to a powerful Labor Party movement in New York that will make it possible to uproot Industrial Squads, injunctions and all these practices with which the labor bureaucracy in co-operation with the gangsters attempts to control the trade unions of New York.

The Knights of Labor In Belgium

THE "Knights of Labor" in Belgium, originating after the great miners' strike of 1921, as a result of the reformist policy of exclusion from the unions of all revolutionary elements, has set itself the task of struggling for the unity of the trade union movement in Belgium.

The "Knights of Labor" has at present about 9,000 revolutionary miner-members and is affiliated to the R.I.U. The "Knights of Labor" have made several applications to the reformists, and to the reformist miners' union in particular, proposing to amalgamate. They are ready for complete fusion with the reformist union so long as this will not be accompanied by any onerous conditions for themselves. But the reformists have no desire for this. They demand that the Knights of Labor should only join them individually and not collectively and that Communists should not be allowed into the reformist unions. Once more the reformists show how they are saturated with disruptive tendencies.

In the reformist unions themselves the policy of excluding Communists is systematically observed. On the basis of the notorious "Mertens Resolution," Communists are barred from all responsible posts in the trade unions. But this is not all: if a worker so much as dares to vote at municipal elections for a Communist candidate he is immediately expelled from the union. Of late, however, the broad masses have begun to show their indignation at this policy of the reformists and in many places the expulsion of Communists is not allowed.

IRONY

Tall spires benignly stabbed the sky
And a sign over the doorway said:
"Suffer the little children to come unto me!"
But a gutter snipe died on the steps
Looking at the frozen stars

—JAMES A. HENRY

OFFICE BUILDING

You have life! Fiery hard!
You perpendicular rush of ribbed steel and stone!
You imperturbable,
Stolid externally, inwardly hot-cratered
Reaper of destinies!
You, like another God, scourge your creators with
Terrible penalties.
The brand of your deity burns deep your worshippers
Frenzied, fanatical,
Moulding their lives in a matrix of clamping
Religious dementia!
Daily you swallow them, yawningly empty-mawed,
Daily you vomit them;
Then you rest bloated, like idol of orient,
Planning monstrosities;
Then you rest cat-like, an Old-China mandarin—
Placid, inscrutable.

—LAURENCE S. ROSS.

CITY HEAT

Sun saturated air, and somnolent,
Slow-strolling, sun-drenched mass. The glare of noon.
Shed by facade, recoiled, hung in festoon,
Arose in enervating wreaths, and sent
Its seeping languor through all things replete
With life. From hips that swayed as weighted clods
Were swung thick-moving limbs, like piston rods
Cloyed with excess of grease. The brick-tarred street,
Convulsed with heat-cramps, writhed and oozed its pain
In clinging, glistening gelatin. The tall,
Lean forefingers of buildings opened all
Their panting, sucking ventricles to drain
The heat of stifled air. The sky, sun-curved,
Lay, like imprisoning lid on boiling kettle,
Atop the steaming street. Its scorching metal
Clamped tight its searing blight on all the world.

LAURENCE S. ROSS.

Oil and Exploitation in Persia

RIMES OF STARVATION AL

THE Persian oil wells are the natural continuation of a broad zone beginning in Turkish Armenia and stretching through the Mesopotamian oil fields to the southern extremes of Persia. Oil refining is at present chiefly carried on in the Maidan-i Naftun district, which lies 225 kilometres to the northeast of Mohammeri in the province of Arabistan. The quality of the Persian oil may be judged by the fact that twice as much petrol and kerosene can be extracted from it than from the American or even Mexican oil. Oil is produced in Persia by old fashioned methods of immemorial age. The population used it for fuel and medicine. Persian oil only began to be produced by modern methods in the beginning of the 20th century. The imperialists' zealous search for oil, intensified by war conditions, gave a violent impetus to the working of the rich Persian oil wells. In 1921 d'Arcy, an Englishman received a concession of the right to exploit a great territory for sixty years, the terms providing for 16 per cent net profit to the Persian government in return for the rights of exploitation.

The production of oil on a really large scale, however, was only begun in Persia in 1909, when work in the Maidan-i Naftun plain, already referred to, was embarked upon. Thus, one of the "57" wells has a capacity of 4,000 tons per day. With the formation in 1909 of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, with a basic capital of \$2,000,000, big-scale work began. The interest felt by British imperialists in Persian oil waxed ever greater. By the time of the Great War the British government had made up its mind to become the real master of the concession: it owns bonds to the sum of \$2,000,000 and continued to increase its share, so as to achieve what is practically control by the British government over the Anglo-Persian Oil Company. The war gave a strong stimulus to the development of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company's concession.

The following statistics bear eloquent witness to this: the output of oil in the company's works increased from 233,962 tons in 1913-1915, to 1,106,416 in 1918-1919 and 3,714,216 in 1923-1924, these figures rising every year. We would note that the Anglo-Persian Oil Company is one of those powerful capitalist oil concerns controlling the whole of the world production of oil. The income of the company during the last two years has increased as follows: from the report read at the 17th annual meeting of the company's share-holders, held in London, November, 1926, we see that the assets for 1926 were \$4,382,320 as against \$3,571,966 in 1925. There are at present 700 miles of oil pipes in the

possession of the company as against 145 in 1912, and 164 miles of railway and 333 oil freight vessels. While the oil company was in process of formation regular oil towns and stations sprang up in Persia, with a mining population. Such is the town of Abadan (on the island), converted into a regular oil town, sending petrol from its refinery to three continents: Africa, Asia and Europe.

During this time enormous contingencies of oil miners, employed in the enterprises of the Anglo-Persian Company made their appearance; there are now over 50,000 workers and employers working for the company, 83 per cent of whom are Persians, about 13 per cent Indians, a few British, Armenians and Chinese. What are the labor conditions of this concession? These are described in the report presented by "The Society of Persian Southern Oil Workers" to the Persian parliament and printed in "Kabul-Matin" of the 15th of March, the Persian paper issued in Calcutta. Moral oppression and physical violence are rife in the enterprises of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company. The workers live and labor in terrible conditions. Their working day is over 12 hours. Children from 12 to 14 are widely employed. The pay is miserable and consists of not more than 3 kran a day (a kran is less than 6d.). The report of the Persian workers is as follows:

"Who is there to see the miserable broken down hovels in which we have to live, to see how we go blind from working in the terrible heat of summer? Who cares that we die from noxious gases, who is there to pay any attention to our naked starving little ones?"

And side by side with these miserable slaves of oil capital dragging out their wretched existence flourish the foreign employes, receiving high pay and enjoying every sort of privilege. The workers have scarcely any federation or organizations, not being allowed to organize and are not yet capable of struggling for their rights.

HESPIA.

Wonder if Hamlet while saying
the soliloquy
thinks of the liver and onions at home.
Or, if the acrobat
plans hanging the curtains in the new
apartment.

A stage hand reads Portuguese poetry
and wishes himself in Patagonia.
Where are the hams of yesteryear?

—J. A. MILLER.

PROLOG.

"Ain't it a great life, Al?"
"Hell!"

I.

The boss has locked me out,
He's given me the can;
No more is wet my brow with sweat,
I'm now a gentleman.

II.

And I can starve just as I please,
For America's a free land.
O, I've sailed the seven seas
From Alaska to New Zealand
And found no starvin' better
Than here where the go-getter
Makes America (I Love You) a free land.

III.

High class starvin' as you please,
All at once or by degrees.
How'll you have it? Anyway
Suits the management Okay.

IV.

The boss said, "Don't be all your life
Ploddin' with the masses,
D'you want some swell jane for your wife?
Then join the Leisure classes."

(That's right come to think of it when fifteen
minutes a day of the Alexander Hamilton Institute
correspondence course startin' from the bottom
will land you at the top as President of Your
Concern, Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle or sumpin').

Yes sir, the leisure classes!

V.

So the boss he locked me out,
Nice boss give me the can.
No more is wet my brow with sweat,
Oh no, I'm a gentleman.

EPILOG.

"Ain't it a great life, Al?"
"Hell!"

—STARVATION AL.

The
COMRADE
Edited by the Young
A Page for Workers'



Young
SECTION
Pioneers of America
and Farmers' Children

WHY CHILD LABOR?

By MORRIS SPECTOR.

Who do children of workers go to work at an age when they really should be in school? Is it because they want to go to work or because their parents do not want them to go to school? No! All parents want their children to grow up into strong young men and women and not to have to slave in factories when they are young. But your parents cannot help it, the bosses do not pay them enough to support a family so they are forced to send their children into factories and mines in order to help out.

Especially now during the summer time, many children go to work, instead of going to a camp or farm for a vacation. But this does not mean that children do not work when there is school. They do—even though there are laws against this—the bosses find a way to get around these laws, by bribing the inspectors. And it even pays them to do this, because they make plenty of profit from child labor, since they pay the children so little.

All workers, and especially children must fight against Child Labor.

Join the Young Pioneers and help them fight against this great evil.

YOU MUST

Register immediately, if you expect to go to the Young Pioneer Camp. Write or call up—Young Pioneer Camp, 108 East 14th St., N. Y. C.

Answers to Last Week's Puzzle

The answer to last week's puzzle No. 21 is: W O R K E R. The following have answered correctly:

Elsie Melbiker, Ferndale, N. Y.; Helen Reitter, Brooklyn, N. Y.

ABOUT HENRY FORD

Dear Comrades: One day I was going to school. I was talking to a friend about Henry Ford's reduction of the working day and increase in pay. I told him that Henry Ford's workers work five days, but they put in seven day's work a week. The boy said that the workers should work five days a week and get paid for five days only. I told him that five days is enough but the workers should get paid six days' wages. That's why we must fight and make them pay good wages like the Russian workers fought for and got and like the Chinese workers are fighting for. That's what the working children should do too. I say—Long Live the Chinese Revolution.

Your comrade,

BILLY TAPOLCSANJI.

RUTHENBERG SUB BLANK

How many subs have you sent in for the Young Comrade? But, the more important question is, how many are you going to send in? Don't forget, the Young Comrade depends on YOU!

Send them quick 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.)

Another Answer to Puzzle No. 17

E. Nudelman, New York City.

More Answers to Puzzle No. 20

Max Sonnenschein, Chicago, Ill.; Lillian Balliut, Barton, Ohio; Mildred Duga, Indiana Harbor, Ind.; Mary Kvaternik, Kansas City, Kansas; Jennie Lushawich, Utica, N. Y.; Adel Lukashewich, Utica, N. Y.; Abraham Fischer, New York City; Ruth Youkelson, New York City; Milton Relin, New York City; Sylvia Wierra, San Francisco, Cal.; Elianora Ivanoff, Post Falls, Idaho; Liberto Vilarino, Inglewood, Cal.

THIS WEEK'S PUZZLE NO. 22

This week's puzzle is an addition and subtraction puzzle. Try your luck and see what you get!

TRUE + ONE = TREE - O
+ VACATION + E - VACATE = ?

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

WHO WILL ANSWER THIS?

Every week we get many letters from children living in all parts of the U. S. and Canada, who read the Young Comrade Corner. But, last week for the first time we received a letter answering a puzzle from a Young Comrade living in Soviet Russia. Can you imagine our joy and surprise? Well, anyways we decided to print this young comrade's name and ask our American comrades to write to our Russian comrade. His name is Rubin Wolkofsky and he lives in Moscow. Send your letters to Rubin Wolkofsky, care of Young Comrade Corner, 33 First St., N. Y. C.

An International Theatre Exposition

THE city of Magdeburg, Germany, is holding an International Theatre Exposition, and which is to continue through the summer. The opening was marked by a festive performance of Verdi's "La Forza del Destino," translated by the poet and dramatist Werfel, and conducted by Walther Beck.

The show aims to trace the development of staging art, by means of plastic reproductions and models. The exhibition, which claims to cover the ages from Aeschylus to the German People's Theatre of today, is curiously reserved towards the stage development of our own times. The theatre of today, it has been argued by the promoters, is in a state of transition, and too much attention cannot be paid to the development of any one man's work. The naturalistic theatre, expressionism, the "stylised stage," to mention only a few of the degrees through which Germany herself has passed during the past few years, are denoted by examples of each.

The exhibition begins with the year 458 B. C. From a model of the Athenian Dionysian Theatre, complete with spectators regarding a scene from "Agamemnon," there is a quick transition to the Middle Ages. Mysteries and passion plays are coeval with the carnival mummers and the Hans Sachs plays, which were robust and caustic criticisms of the times. Later the German troops of wandering players, modelled on the English type, were making way for the Court theatres, leading up to the "classic" period of Goethe and Schiller. The finest piece in the exhibition is the original scenery to the first performance of Schiller's "Robbers," in 1782, discovered some years ago. Bayreuth is shown in models from its inception to the latest setting of the "Ring." But the most fascinating to the foreign visitor are the technical exhibits showing the latest devices used in the German theatre of today. All that can be done to produce illusion in the way of mechanical apparatus, lighting effects, and revolving stages, gain doubly in interest when they are compared with the models of the highly cumbersome but doubtless effective devices used in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

One important movement in the German theatre of today is very well represented. This is the political side of the two streams of organized audiences who form the great theatre-going public in the middle and lower classes. The People's Theatre, a working class group, has its affiliated branches of young people's theatre guilds, who play in improvised theatres all over the Reich. This has its counterpart in a "National" theatre movement, where the amateurs of non-revolutionary turn of mind construct stages of the same type. The only difference is in the type of play chosen. So highly organized is the whole theatre-going movement in Germany that parties are being made up of members of these dramatic associations to visit this exhibition alone, which provides for practically one big party of theatre lovers a day during the three months the exhibition will last.

Bernard Shaw is well represented; so is Reinhardt, Spindberg and Wedekind. Russia is represented by models of the work of Tairoff. And the historical section is especially interesting. There are many examples of the most modern stage technic, "futurism" and other features of expressionistic art.

The fact that Magdeburg, a city renowned chiefly for its sugar-beets, its iron works, with no artistic reputation whatsoever, is holding a Theatre Exhibition, is typical of that spirit for the dramatic art that runs like a streak through even the most materialistic of German communities.

Reinhardt Coming to America Next Season

Unless Max Reinhardt changes his plans again, New York may see the noted actor-manager at a Broadway theatre sometime this coming season. According to word received here from Berlin, Reinhardt has promised to play here with an ensemble from his Berlin and Viennese theatres. The engagement is announced for only two months, and this is to include some touring in the large cities.

The plays, which of course, will be given in German, will include, "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "Die Rauber," "Kabbala und Liebe," and "Don Carlos." The theatre where the company is to appear is not decided as yet.

Broadway Briefs

Grant Mitchell will head the cast of "Cyclone," the new farce by George M. Cohan, which will open August 8 in Atlantic City and then go to Boston before a Broadway showing. Spencer Tracy and Nan Sunderland have been engaged for the supporting cast. Cohan will not appear in the cast, but will direct the production.

James Thornton, the monologist, will make his first production appearance in "East Side-West Side," the Eddie Dowling-James Hanley musical which Charles B. Dillingham and A. L. Erlanger will present here this coming season. Ray Dooley, Barney Fagan and Eddie Foy will also be in the cast.

"Gridiron Gods," a college play by Benedict K. Goodman and Charles Conger Stewart, will be produced here by Sam Wallach.

Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit will be co-featured in "The Love Pirate," a musical show, which Vaughn Glaser and Max Bretton will produce here in August.

Leo Carrillo, recently seen here in a revival of "Lombardia, Ltd.," has been signed by Harry L. Cort and Clark Ross to play the lead in "The Brigand," by Paul Fox and George Tilton, which is scheduled to open August 22 at the Windsor Theatre in the Bronx. Betty Linley and Suzanne Caub will also be in the cast.

Arthur Byron has been signed by the Park Avenue Players, a new producing firm, to play the lead in "Black Velvet," by Willard Robertson, which Frank Keenan played last winter in Chicago.

"The Wild Man of Borneo," by Marc Connelly and Herman J. Mankiewicz, which Philip Goodman tried out last winter on the road and then shelved, will give it a second tryout in the fall, having booked it to open on Broadway September 12.

Adele Hampel has replaced Estelle Helle in the cast of "The Grand Street Follies" at the Little Theatre. The revue is now in its third month.

Rehearsals are now going on at the Martin Beck Theatre of Rosalie Stewart's revue "A la Carte," which is scheduled to open at that theatre in August. The cast includes: Yorke and King, Jans and Whalen, Hector and Holbrook, Karaveff, Maude Powers, Vernon Wallace, Little Billy, Jay Velie, Noree, Dora Duby and Helen Morgan.

Glenn Hunter, who made quite an impression in "Young Woodley," both in this city and on tour, will be seen this fall in a dramatization of Fulton Oursler's novel, "Behold This Dreamer."

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

2nd BIG WEEK

AND THEY ROSE IN REVOLT—THE PEOPLE OF THE 'STREETS OF SORROW'

attacked the war-profiteers of Vienna who thrust them into unbearable suffering

See this remarkable film-sensation of Europe with a great cast including GRETA GARBO ASTA NIELSEN WERNER KRAUS JARO FURTH

A Film Arts Guild Presentation

"EXCELLENT ACTING THRUOUT"—Vern Smith, The Daily Worker.

B. S. MOSS' **CAMEO** 42nd STREET & B'WAY AMERICAN PREMIERE
NOW—MAMMOTH COOLING PLANT

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

GRAND STREET FOLLIES

THEATRE GUILD ACTING CO. The **SECOND MAN** GUILD Thea., W. 52 St. Evs. 8:30 Mats. Thurs & Sat., 2:30

The **SILVER CORD** John Golden Th. 58, E. of B'way. Circle Mats. Thurs. & Sat., 5:15

B. S. MOSS' **BWAY** AT 41st St. Beginning **MONDAY**
First New York Showing
"RICH MEN'S SONS"
with RALPH GRAVES SHIRLEY MASON & GEORGE FAWCETT
AND SUPERB BILL OF KEITH-ALBEE VAUDEVILLE

Patronize Our Advertisers

A new farce, "The Mating Season," by William A. Crew, is on its way to Broadway, and may be seen here the week of July 18. Gladys Feldman, Lillian Walker, Ethel Martin and Kenneth Manion head the cast.

Helen Shipman, Miriam Sears, Lester Vail and Mark Haight have been engaged by Alfred E. Aarons for "The Proud Princess," in which Hope Hampton will be starred.

Honorary degrees of Doctor of Letters were conferred by the University of Wisconsin, upon Maude Adams and Minnie Maddern Fiske.

Robert Milton will direct "People Don't Do Such Things," by Edgar M. Schoenberg and Lyon Mearson, which Jones & Green will do here the coming season. Eric Blore has been engaged for a prominent part.

George M. Cohan has a musical play which he intends placing in rehearsal August 1. It is titled "The Merry Malones," and book, lyrics and music are all his own. The production opens out of town in September.

The premiere showing of "Rich Men's Sons" will begin Monday at Moss' Broadway Theatre. The film is adapted from a story by Dorothy Howell. Ralph Graves, Shirley Mason, George Fawcett, Robert Cain and Johnny Fox are the featured players.

B. S. Moss COLONY B'way at 53rd Continuous Noon to Midnite
Warner Bros. Present **"The First Auto"** with Barney Oldfield and NEW VITAPHONE

On the Screen

"The First Auto," the Warner Bros. production starring Barney Oldfield, now in its fourth week at the Colony Theatre. The Vitaphone presentations consist of Weber & Fields, The Happiness Boys, and Aunt Jemima.

"Old San Francisco," in which Dolores Costello is starred, now playing at the Warner Theatre, has in conjunction a new Vitaphone program consisting of Beniamino Gigli singing selections from "La Gioconda"; Willie and Eugene Howard in a comedy, "Pals"; Blossom Seeley, assisted by Bennie Fields; and Tom Brown and the Six Brown Brothers.

On the same program with "Streets of Sorrow" which the Film Arts Guild is continuing at the Cameo Theatre, is a short feature, "Heels Over Heads in Love," a French single reel in which the faces of the anonymous cast are not seen during the action, the little drama being enacted solely through the medium of the hands and feet. Another short film is enacted by Castleton Knight, a little experimental film, based on the Rachmaninoff E sharp minor prelude. It was directed, acted, and financed by himself.

The New Plays

MONDAY.

"RANG-TANG," a revue, will open Tuesday night at the Royale Theatre, with an all-Negro cast headed by Miller and Lyles. Kay Gunt wrote the book, Ford Dabney the music and Jo Trent the lyrics. Walker and Kavanaugh are the producers. Others in the cast include: Evelyn Preer, Daniel Haynes, Josephine Jackson, Lillian Westmoreland, Zaidee Jackson, May Barnes, Lavinie Mack, Marie Mahood.