

# THE NEW MAGAZINE

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## EDITOR'S NOTES

By ALEX BITTELMAN

James Oneal should have given his book a different title. Instead of calling it, as he did, "A History Of American Communism," he ought to have named it "An Apology For Social-Reformist Betrayals," or "The Outpourings of a Broken Socialist Heart." The advantages of this latter title are obvious. It corresponds more closely to the contents of the book. It is more colorful, alluring and hence more convenient for advertising purposes. And in addition it carries a connotation of intimacy which would capture the eye of many a broken heart, not only socialist, and thus make the book one of the best sellers of the season.

Writing history of American Communism is not as simple a proposition as Oneal thought for. It requires not only intellectual honesty, which being realists we do not propose to demand of the "historian" under discussion, but also a thorough study of social, economic and political background of the epoch logically preceding the emergence of a Communist movement in the United States. That would include an examination of the history of American capitalism, class struggle and labor movements at least since the Spanish-American war. It would also require a fundamental analysis of the developments during the modern imperialist era, and the effect of these developments upon the class struggle in the United States. In short, it requires a basic, scientific, Marxian analysis of all those factors and events which conditioned the appearance and development of a modern working class revolutionary movement in America.

Considered from this point of view, Oneal's History of American Communism is a complete failure. The book will undoubtedly satisfy the spite and venom of those who have betrayed and are continuing to betray socialism. It will please every reactionary and standpatter in the labor movement. It will be received with glee by the "open-shoppers" as well as by all the true servants of capitalism. But it will be rejected with disdain by every class conscious worker. It will be turned away as a poor joke by all who seek genuine objective knowledge. The history of American Communism, which is a fulfillment and further development of the best traditions and struggles of the American working class, is yet to be written.

What is American Communism? Oneal does not dare to treat it frankly as a foreign product imported into the United States from abroad. He is undoubtedly conscious of the fact that were he to treat Communism in America as a foreign importation he would be doing the same thing as the "historians" of the infamous Lusk Committee, or the American Legion—and with the same result. Oneal also knows that the charge of being an alien product is being directed by the reactionaries even against his own party, though it is non-working class and harmless to the capitalists. Hence, Oneal feels compelled to give the history of our party a little American background.

But how much of this background is he giving us? Just enough—enough for his purpose—to make the Communist movement of America appear not only alien but also contrary and hostile to all the natural and unnatural laws supposedly governing the development of the American labor movement.

Which, by the way, is precisely the thing which defenders of capitalism the world over are saying against every movement which they believe to be contrary and hostile to the rule of the capitalists.

It can be easily proven that the Communist movement of America is as much a native product of American conditions as, for instance, our trade union movement; that our party belongs as much to America as any of its time honored and historically recognized institutions. This despite the fact that so-called foreign influences had a good deal to do with crystallizing and maturing Communist thought in the United States.

These so-called foreign influences, which are being branded as alien to America by the enemies of the working class, have operated upon American Communism in practically the same way as the foreign influences of European bourgeois revolutionary thought have operated upon the founders of the bourgeois republic of the United States. Did the Declaration of Independence become a product alien to America just because the making of this document was influenced by the ideas of the XVIII century philosophers of France? To be sure, the Declaration of Independence had been branded as alien to America by the British Crown and its sup-



Imperialism on the Block

porters in the American colonies in 1776. But that did not make it any more alien than did similar "branding" by the Lusk Committee against the Left Wing Manifesto of 1919.

This babble about foreign influences and alienism is as old as the class struggle in society itself. Every time a movement springs up among the oppressed classes designed to overthrow the domination of the ruling class, the latter meets its opponents with the charge of being foreign and alien to the "natural spirit and laws" of the country. But little as the British Crown was able to stem the tide of the bourgeois revolution in America in 1776, by branding it foreign, just as little will similar charges against American Communism be able to stem the development of the revolutionary working class movement of today. James Oneal and his history of American Communism, notwithstanding.

Is James Oneal familiar in any way with the history of Marxian thought? It would do him some good to pick up even a slight acquaintance with the subject. Because upon doing so he would learn that also in Russia the attempt to introduce Marxian thought and apply it to the native class struggle was met with the most determined opposition not only from the upholders of czarism but also from people who thought themselves the most advanced revolutionists of that day. The opposition countered the oncoming of Marxism into Russia with innumerable sets of complete philosophies, based upon the "unique" nature of Russian history, economics, temperament, psychology, etc., which were designed to prove that Marxism and the modern working class revolutionary movement were foreign and alien to Russia.

Well, these philosophies are now dead and forgotten but Marxism, developed into Leninism in the period of imperialism and social revolution, stands vindicated and triumphant. The theory of Marxism-Leninism has enabled the revolutionary workers of Russia to build their Communist Party, to win the confidence and support of the masses, to establish a firm alliance with the peasantry, to establish a workers' republic and to proceed to build a socialist economy as a step to a complete Communist society. This is the theory that explains, inspires and guides the epoch-making revolutionary efforts of the oppressed colonial peoples as well as of the revolutionary workers the world over.

But, Oneal, he does not see this. He sees only his degenerated, demoralized party—in reality, a petty-bourgeois political club—which must be defended and vindicated at all cost. He knows that

if the American Communist movement is vindicated, the socialist party stands condemned in the eyes of every honest American worker. Hence, his so-called history.

He is willing to admit that Communism was good for Russia, but insists that it is not good for America. To which we reply: Yes, we heard that from liberal capitalists, but we don't believe that the working class should be guided by liberal capitalists. The workers must have their own theory—a theory of revolutionary class struggle. They must have their own party to lead that struggle. Leninism is the theory. A Communist Party is the party.

It is in the light of the above considerations that the history of American Communism must be studied and written up in order to be a real and useful history instead of an apology for the opportunist policies and treachery of American socialist party leadership. One must understand that it was precisely in the struggle against these opportunist policies of reformist socialism as well as against reactionary trade unionism and syndicalism that Communism found its American adaptation. One must recognize that without a merciless indictment and exposure of the nature and effects of reactionary trade unionism and opportunist non-Marxian socialism, no understanding can be gained of the origin and development of Communism in the United States.

Communism in the United States, like in many other capitalist countries, came into existence primarily as a revolt of the militant and class conscious workers against betrayal of the working class by the reformists, opportunists and reactionaries in the unions and in the socialist party. It was the extreme degeneracy of the official labor movement in America, coupled with the general objective situation, that was responsible for the highly ultra-leftist nature of left wing developments in the American labor movement. The explanation of the unrealistic, impractical and sectarian angles in the early phases of left wing and Communist development in the United States is to be found precisely in the treachery of reactionary trade unionists and reformist socialists and not in some mysterious foreign influences.

If Oneal were a working class historian and not an opportunist, petty-bourgeois socialist he would know that one of the most potent forces for making American Communism more realistic, more native, more practical and of greater immediate value to the American working class was precisely the "foreign" influence of the Communist International.

# Ten Years Ago

(Continued from April 2.)

## DOWN WITH THE TSARIST MONARCHY!—DEMAND A PROVISIONAL REVOLUTIONARY GOVERNMENT OF THE WORKERS AND THE VILLAGE POOR!

Manifesto of the Petrograd Committee of the Bolsheviks in the Second Half of February, 1917.  
Russian Soc. Dem. Labor Party.

Proletarians of all countries, unite!

Comrades!

The noose, which the ruling classes have thrown round the neck of the European peoples is constantly being drawn tighter. Millions of human lives have been destroyed. The flower of the youth of the people has perished or has returned crippled. Millions of stalwart young men are languishing in prison. Work has stopped, starvation is striding through the country. The two years' slaughter for the benefit of the strong ones of the world has cost the lives of 15 millions in all the countries at war. What a monstrous crime! What a disgrace for those who started this decimation of the best forces of the peoples! The great and difficult task of putting an end to this crime, rests on us, the proletarian vanguard of enslaved democracy, which is shedding its blood for an alien cause.

Has, during these two and a half years, a single, feeble voice of reason been raised from among the ruling classes, in whose hands is the fate of the peoples they are oppressing? Two years have passed since the National Duma condemned the representatives of the Russian working class. The National Duma, which, at its sessions, prattles about the flourishing industry of Russia, is devastating the country and handing it over to those hungry wolves, the landowners, the capitalist employers and the bankers. When our deputies were torn from the midst of the National Duma and, after a quick settling of accounts, banished to the cold and distant regions of Siberia, the landowners and capitalists in the Duma rubbed their hands with joy that they could not speak "more freely." For two years the Duma has kept silence while its rights have been trodden underfoot. It will maintain this silence even on the second anniversary of the banishment of our deputies. At the same time, it and its agents asseverate loudly and vociferously that the subservient speeches of the "fellow" members have found a sympathetic response among the working class which they have beheaded. There are even some groups of workers with chauvinist tendencies who, dazzled by the storm of war, carry the ideology of the Duma Liberals into the circles of the workers.

Now, when it is planned to summon the National Duma on February 14th (27th), the most imposing rumors are being circulated as to its intentions. It is not difficult to guess that the National Duma has no intention of doing anything new, but that the Liberals in the Duma are once more prepared to clench their fist behind the back of the workers who have raised their heads. In the factories the cry has gone forth to support the National Duma, nay, even urging towards a decisive step—by presenting the demands of the workers at the gates of the Tauric palace. This appeal is not only useless, it is treacherous. Those who are so credulous as to have hopes of obtaining anything from the inhabitants of the palaces of the Czar and of the ruling classes, will pay dearly for the procession of the people to present their petition at those palaces. When they are suffering from a lack of gunpowder, the Liberals and the Liberal Labor politicians love to present themselves to the people as decided champions of the people's cause. Their true intentions however, they conceal. Comrades! they are demanding your help, they are demanding that you make it possible for them to hand over the country still more completely to the slaughter of war and to the war being carried on eternally "to a victorious end." They do not say it openly, but that is the dream they cherish in secret.

When the Liberals shout about their discontent with the present government and in secret are dividing up between them the future ministerial posts, when energetic phrases about doing away with the present power escape them or when they speak of a "Provisional Government" to be based on the organized people, but with all these sounding words make no mention of the war, we know what their fine language means. We are firmly convinced that this severe trial of the people and this mockery of the people will only cease under the mighty blows of democracy. We must explain to the Liberals that all our efforts are directed against the war which they have kindled, that we are offering them war without quarter. We are opposed to the Tsarist monarchy, which you love so dearly because it shields your greed and your dark deeds. We are opposed to the Tsarist monarchy against which you want to fight, but the defeat of which fills you with dread, as the Tsarist government alone makes it possible for you to treat the people as your plaything. We are in favor of a democratic republic which places the power in the hands of the people itself. We are in favor of a provisional, revolutionary government of the workers and the village poor. Such a government would be able to summon a



The Dollar and Pound Join Hands

Constituent Assembly elected on the basis of a general, equal, direct and secret franchise. We are opposed to the chauvinist, criminal greed of the National capitalists, who are dividing up the world, who are inflicting deep wounds on the world. We are in favor of international solidarity amongst the workers, which will bring peace and happiness to mankind.

On the tenth of February (February 23rd, new style—Ed.), the day when Tsarist justice raised its hand against our deputies, who devoted their strength to fight for our slogans, we send them our fraternal greetings. We demand their immediate return and we shall celebrate this day by a one-day strike as a sign of our readiness to sacrifice our lives in the fight for the slogans which our deputies proclaimed openly.

Down with the Tsarist monarchy!

War against war!

Long live the Provisional Revolutionary Government!

Long live the Constitutional National Assembly!

Long live the Democratic Republic!

Long live international socialism!

The Petrograd Committee of the R. S. D. L. P.

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### "THE TIME FOR AN OPEN FIGHT HAS COME! OUT INTO THE STREETS!"

Proclamation of the Bolsheviks on March 10th (February 25th) 1917.

Proletarians of all countries, unite!

Life has become impossible! No food! No fuel! No clothing!

At the front—blood, mutilation, death. Levy after levy of troops, and transport after transport. Our sons and brothers are led to the human slaughterhouse like herds of cattle.

It is no longer possible to keep silent!

They allow our brothers and sons to be led to the slaughter while we ourselves perish of hunger and cold, and still to remain silent—that would be unthinkable, criminal, despicable cowardice.

It is in vain that you try to save yourselves. If not prison then shrapnel; if not shrapnel—then disease or death from starvation!

It would be unworthy of us to hide our head in the sand and not to look forward. The country is devastated. There is no bread. Famine is approaching. Still worse things are to come. We are faced by epidemics, we are faced by cholera.

When we demand bread, we are answered with lead! Who is responsible?

The Tsarist power and the bourgeoisie are responsible. They are robbing the people at the front as they are robbing the people at home. The landed proprietors and the capitalists are enriching themselves through the war; by now they can hardly count their profits. They are dragging the war on eternally. For the sake of war profits and of the conquest of Constantinople, Armenia and Poland, they are driving the people to the slaughter. There are no limits to their brutal greed.

They will never renounce their profits and put an end to the war out of good will. It is high time to bridle the reactionary bourgeois beast.

The Liberals and the reactionaries, the ministers and the National Duma, the aristocracy and the agricultural administration—all have united during the war into a blood-thirsty horde.

The Tsarist court, the bankers and the priests are scooping in gold. An idle band of robbers is gnawing the bones of the people, is drinking the blood of the people. And we are suffering. We are perishing! We are starving. We are working ourselves to death. We are dying in the trenches. We cannot keep silent!

Up then and fight! Out into the street! For yourselves, your children and your brothers!

In Germany, in Austria, in Bulgaria, the working class is raising its head. In those countries, it is fighting against its bloodthirsty bourgeoisie for peace and freedom. Let us help it and ourselves! Let us help by fighting against our own oppressors! Rise! Organize yourselves for the fight! Form committees of the Russian Social Democratic Labor Party in the workshops, in the factories, in the provinces, in the towns, in the districts, in the barracks, in the whole of Russia. They will be fighting committees, committees of freedom. Explain to the peasants, to the petty bourgeois, to the soldiers, that their salvation is only possible through the victory of the Social Democrats.

The time for open fight has come. Strikes, meetings, demonstrations, do not weaken the organization, but strengthen it. Make use of every opportunity, of every day which offers itself! Always and everywhere with the masses and with your own revolutionary slogans!

Let the accomplices of capital call our mode of action "a game of change with strikes" and describe it as putschism. Our salvation is to be found in an immediate and continued fight and not in postponing the fight indefinitely. Call all to join in the fight! It is better to die in the glorious fight for the cause of the workers than to lay down one's life for the profit of capital or to perish from hunger and overwork. Individual actions may grow into a revolution throughout Russia, which again will give an impulse to revolution in other countries.

We have a hard fight before us, but a real victory awaits us. Rise as one man under the Red banner of revolution!

Down with the Tsarist monarchy!

Long live the Democratic Republic!

Hurrah for the eight hours' day!

The whole land of the landowners to the people!

Down with the war!

Long live the fraternal alliance of the workers of the whole world!

Long live the Socialist International!

## THE FLOOD

The flood-gates of Revolt open wide  
Swift waters rushing onward wave on wave  
Engulfing all the earth, nothing can save  
A sinking earth from the ever swelling tide.  
The pent-up tears of centuries, the flood  
Of martyred multitudes, let loose, will drown  
Each dungeon, throne, and altar, scepter, crown  
Beneath the swelling currents of the flood.  
All round and round the tall black shadows loom  
And mingle with the waters skyward rearing  
And as we watch the roof-tops disappearing  
We hear the tolling of the knell of doom.

# Hell's Coal Bin

By ALEX JACKINSON

The vast valley of South Fork lay enveloped in amiable tranquility. Only the gurgling of a creek, winding along the outskirts of the town disturbed the quiet. The waters, lined on both sides by trees, flowed swiftly on; breaking off into a water-fall under the old fork bridge. It was still dark, the dawn was beginning to creep thru a mass of grey colored vapor before which darkness ascended like a giant curtain.

The air, usually suffused with coal dust was then clear and cool. It rained during the night and the ground was still moist. In the distance smoke emanating from the locomotive of a passing train dimmed temporarily the strip of blue sky, which was slowly breaking thru the horizon.

On the main road, running parallel with the creek moved a straggling column of men. They walked in silence, casting a dark silhouette against a sloping hill. First faintly and then more distinctly the line appeared. Soon it could be distinguished that they were miners on their way to the collieries where they worked. Their faces were still obscure, but it was evident from their behavior that they were uneasy.

More figures crept stealthily out of their homes, and hurried down side streets to join the early morning procession. Single file, sometimes two abreast they walked, interrupting their silence only by an occasional "Hello there." The marchers seemed to be in a depressed mood. Their arms holding dinner buckets swung in uneven strides. While their eyes, peering from behind half shut eyelids scanned the faces of those nearest to them, fearful lest they be seen by unknown.

The saucer-shaped valley of South Fork lay like a huge bowl in the midst of Pennsylvania's central competitive coal area. Half a mile from the residential quarters were the bituminous coal fields belonging to the Terminal Coal Company. The ground was everywhere strewn with pieces of coal, lying on a blanket of black dust. Running from the drift mouths of the many mines was a maze of railroad tracks, some of which disappeared in the distant hill sides. Around the vicinity were red brick power houses, and blacksmith shops. A low fence partitioned off the stables where mules and horses were quartered.

In one of the company-owned houses, known as the "bullpen," a familiar game of chance was going on. It began the evening before and lasted thru the night. Here a number of men were grouped about in a semi-circle. One of them was shaking a pair of dice in his cupped hand which he let roll to the floor. Spontaneously, snapping his fingers and grunting "Come you seven." Sleep laden eyes followed the ivory dotted cubes which showed a "three" and a "five." "Eight's my point," he gasped, stifling a lazy yawn. The player laid some bills on the floor. "There's six bucks open." He looked about him. "Come on who's gonna fade me." Another player deposited the called for amount. The dicer kept tossing the dice until a loud "there's the seven" stopped him. After which he gave them to another, and proceeded to count his winnings.

The game continued. "Hey, turn those lights out, damn you'se, I wanna get some sleep" sounded from the corner of the room where rows of cots lined the walls. Upon them men fully dressed, slept, having removed only their shoes. No one paid any attention. Elsewhere in the same room, poker was being played. A hand swept stacks of chips off the table. "You dirty whore, you're cheat-in." Chairs edged closer. "Shut up, give me those cards and pass a drink." A half empty bottle of gin changed hands.

These were the famous coal and iron policemen, used by mine owners to intimidate pickets in times of strike. They were known in the mining regions as the coal baron's own private army. These guerrillas imported from Chicago's underworld were paid by the operators and deputized by the state which gave them free reign to terrorize the workers at their will.

A call to turn out sounded, and all but those too drunk to hear rose to their feet. They wore grey shirts, and riding breeches held in place by puttees. On their caps were the initials C. I. Arms reached for their rifles lying within reach. Outside they posted themselves around the pit-head of mine No. 6 and waited.

The string of miners drew closer. Deputy sheriffs opened the heavy gate thru which about fifty men squeezed hurriedly by. Inside they separated, some stepping over to the supply shed for their picks and shovels. Swift glances were exchanged, as they entered the mine pits, dropping silently into darkness.

Down in hell's coal bin the men made their way thru a labyrinth of winding tunnels. It was some time after the whistle blew that they pitched half-heartedly into work. Thru wooden brattices the hammering of picks connecting with bedrock began sounding. Soon a gaseous odor spread over the damp cave, where men stood ankle-deep in water. The top was five feet from the ground, and men worked all day in a stooping position. Heavy pieces of timber kept the roof from caving in. The fall of



## Mrs. Rhin Ocerous Lectures on How to Live on \$15.00 a Week.

a single prop meant being buried alive. A not unknown occurrence to the miners.

A gang of men were digging on the main drift. Shovels buried into a pile of coal and emptied into cars which sweating men pushed along tracks. The miners' backs began to twingle from constant bending. Noses inhaled the odorous air, and sneezed. A canary chirped. Glimmers of mine lamps cast shadows of light across the jet black hole. . . . Everywhere rats scurried about which the miners did not mind. Some refused to work without the rodents being about, as they oft times warned them of impending danger.

Continuous murmuring of the coal breakers, drifted occasionally into distinguishable talk. "Py yingo I wude like to get out of 'ere," chanted one, in an attempt to start a conversation. Nobody answered. Some minutes later he tried again. "Ow long you tink' dis strike'll lest, eh Burke?" A disgusted grunt was the only reply. "Vot you med fer eh—I fex you later." The steel pick bit harder into earth. The same person again broke into undesired speech. "Py yiminy"—A coal smeared face turned around. "Shut this Swede up somebody, or I'll split his head open." Silence followed angry looks. The tension tightened as fists clenched and unclenched. Another miner addressed Burke, "What the hell are you sore about?" For answer Burke spat against the shagged wall. "He's peeved because it's the first day he's scabbing, poor bloke, an' he ain't used to it yet, God blast 'em," another chimed in. "Shut your bloody trap," yelled Burke, "or they'll be one guy less in this world." More profanities and again the silence that comes of fear swept over the strike breakers.

In the valley below life began to stir. On Maine Street, shop keepers had already opened the stores. Life began to give forth an odor. The low dwellings seemed suddenly to wake up from sleep. Shades began to rise and men and women walk out of doors. In the streets broken strings of people began making their appearance. They brought with them a smell of coal with which their clothes were heavily greased.

Women whose dresses were not complicated by style shuffled along with baskets under their arms. Their faces were drawn and their heads covered with red shawls. In and out of stores they went searching for someone willing to sell them food. Near a butcher shop a woman recognized the wife of a scab. She gave her a piercing look, followed by an oath in Hungarian. A constabulary patrolling the street, arrested her.

On a private plot of ground were set up rows of canvas tents which served as homes for the evicted miners. Here too life assumed color. A more sombre hue than elsewhere. Mothers sent their children to sprawl in the wet grass while they busied themselves with domestic duties. A distant camp-fire gave it an outward appearance of picnickers on vacation.

South Fork is one of the many eastern mining towns where men are not themselves, but mere automatons of the coal magnates. These men, practically all of whom are employed in the mines were now questioning their independence!

The strike was in its fifth week, and the miners tired of the no resistance policy of the Lewis machine rallied around the "Save the Union" bloc who determined to organize the only non-union mine in the district. Loyal strikers began gathering around the union headquarters in preparation for a picketing demonstration. It was still early, barely past six a. m.

A large crowd was beginning to gather in the street. Passers-by stood before the front of shops, gazing at the ever-increasing throng. Up and down the streets uneven columns of men moved. On corners police clubs began swinging. In the gutter an army truck loaded with troops passed by at high

speed. Boos greeted its appearance and disappearance. In groups and pairs miners and sympathizers came from all sides to weld in with the compact mass.

In this crowd were men of all nationalities, united under the banner of solidarity. Hard, rugged faces of Slavic extraction bobbed in and out of each other's gaze. Men with shirts unbuttoned at the neck and dressed in saggy trousers greeted those they recognized as friends. Their voluble talk was confined for most part to yesterday's clash with the mine operators' gunmen during which a number of miners were badly beaten.

After instructions from union leaders, the line began to move steadily towards the mine district. Those in the foreranks carried placards bearing "We want no sliding scale—it always slides down." "Organize the non-union mines." "Workers! Strike together." Up the main street they wended, gaining momentary impetus as more and more people fell in line. Within the hour they appeared at the mine gates. A detachment of the coal and iron police met the advance guards. Neither side took heed of the other. A police sergeant stepped ahead "Go on break this up or you'll be kissed by a bullet up your behind." Strike orders were given by Sheriff Braun of the Alleghany district not to allow any picketing.

His instructions were being obeyed. The "police" drew their guns. "Give it to 'em," commanded the sergeant. As the miners drew closer, the policeman nearest to them levelled his rifle and shot. Others waded into the swarming crowd, and tore down the banners. The miners stirred by bad living conditions to rebellion were gripped with strong anger. One of their number fell with a bullet in his chest. Pools of blood formed, into which moving feet stopped, leaving specimens of footprints on the ground. The long line surged unevenly from side to side. A desire to break thru the barrier of guns was heard everywhere.

Down below the non-union miners were startled by the shots. A natural intuition informed them what happened. They dropped their tools and those on the upper drifts darted out of the pit to see what it was. A minute later the men were grouped about in bunches. "What happened Jed?" "There's hell doin'!—looks like some strikers were shot." The angry shouts of the miners were heard in hell's coal bin. A sense of shame altered the expression on their faces. A miner broke the silence by shouting, "I'm thru with this lousy game. Who's got the guts to follow me?" Hurried glances were exchanged. "We're with you," they chorused. After a brief consultation, they disregarded the pleas of the mine formen, and decided to quit work. Every one picked something up, knowing that they would have to fight the police to get thru, and piled into the cages.

The miners were steadily retreating before the onslaught of the police. Suddenly a cry of "Look boys. They're coming up," turned their gaze. Men stood on tip-toes to watch the non-union miners emerge from the pits. One after another the former scabs awakened by an innate class consciousness, came to the ground. When they reached the surface they brushed the carbide from their unlit lamps, and pressed together. Only the pumpmen remained underground.

"An accident must have happened," sounded from the midst of the strikers' ranks. "No, they're joining us," said another. Their temporary anger was forgotten by the unexpected turn of events. The non-union miners advanced in a body towards the gate. "We're with you boys," they shouted. "Hurrah for solidarity," escaped another's lips.

A barrier of drawn guns, with fingers held against the triggers separated the two cheering groups which momentarily drew closer and closer.

# A Lesson for the Italian Workers

By C. RAMINGO

IN view of the impossibility of continuing union activities under fascism, the executive of the Italian General Confederation of Labor decided on the 4th of January to liquidate the confederation.

On the 16th of January a meeting of the former leaders of the confederation, consisting of d'Aragona, Rigola, Azzimonti, Reina, Maglione and Colombino, signed a document, which was nothing less than the capitulation of the reformist leaders of the G. C. L. to fascism. This document contains in it recognition of the principle of class collaboration, as the fascists understand it, and an acceptance of the fascist social legislation as a "daring experiment" deserving of support. Finally, the authors of this statement recognize the necessity to revise their program, excluding from it all "extra program ballast" and express their readiness to put their long experience at the service of the fascists in their work of preparing the masses for the "spiritual and concrete adoption" of fascist syndicalism.

This statement is far from being an act of treason on the part of few reformists. It is the logical conclusion to the G. C. L.'s behavior for the last years.

Even before the fascists took power, the Italian reformists did not show sufficient willingness to struggle with them. They looked on fascism as a temporary phenomenon and retaliated to the terror of the fascist bands with agreements and reconciliations, which only helped to strengthen fascism. After Mussolini seized power, the G. C. L. leaders did not refuse to treat with him on the question of their participation in the government. The history of the G. C. L. for the last years is full of examples of either direct going over of its most active workers to fascism or of resigning work in the G. C. L. for "personal reasons." The only "practical" work of the leaders of the G. C. L. reduced itself to the struggle with the revolutionary elements in the unions to the liquidation of oppositional organizations and to the changing of democratic forms of union work. In general the reformists refused to take any action which could be regarded as inimical to fascism.

The result of such a policy was that the working masses more and more turned away from the G. C. L.

The G. C. L. leaders by no means set themselves the task of widening their trade union cadres. Their task was to retain, in conserved form, so to say, the G. C. L. apparatus. They prized the G. C. L. as an old firm, which could be used as a means of getting a firm hold upon the labor movement of Italy when a political enlivening took place in the country.

But present-day events in Italy place before the working class the following dilemma: either struggle, or be reduced to serfdom and debasement. The better elements of the working class began to unite and set up the united front without the complicity of the reformist leaders. In the factories and shops, in the towns and villages, unity and agitation committees were set up on the initiative of the Communist Party, which were to prepare the ground for the setting up of the labor organizations broken by the fascists (and to a certain degree, by the reformist leaders themselves), and to prepare the working class for the struggle against fascism.

A series of illegal conferences were carried through with great success by these committees. The workers' delegations to the U. S. S. R. and the campaign of solidarity with the British miners carried through the Communist Party, clearly showed that the working class has outgrown the reformist leaders: that the reformists are able to retain the leadership of the G. C. L. in spite of the small union membership only because they arbitrarily changed the rules and structure of the G. C. L. and carried through despotic fascist methods of managing the unions.

The last wave of fascist reaction, which washed away the remains of legality, placed a dilemma before the reformists: either to go with the masses into dangers and risks, not hesitating before illegal underground work, or to get off the scene. They preferred to go: some to work for fascism, others abroad, to serve Amsterdam or the left bloc in France. The first bring their new masters their many years' experience and readiness to work to re-educate the masses in the spirit of fascist syndicalism; the second bring Amsterdam and the left bloc—the G. C. L. firm. This firm is to help the Amsterdamites of all countries where there is any considerable numbers of Italian immigrant workers, to enroll the latter in the reformist unions.

But the traitors and deserters of the Italian G. C. L. are reckoning without their masters. The G. C. L. belongs to the Italian proletariat and not to the reformist leaders.

At home and abroad the Italian militant workers will show up the efforts of the fascists and reformists to use the name of the G. C. L. and the "many years of experience" of its dishonest leaders against the interests of the working class. They will not forget that invaluable lesson taught by the reformists. Having freed themselves from the wardenship of the reformists, having thrown overboard the ballast of the reformist illusions, the Italian working class will march bravely, together with the revolutionary workers of all countries, to the struggle with the bourgeois-fascist bloc.



## HARBOR ALLEN COMES BACK

I've just read Charles Ashleigh's "Correcting the American Mercury" in The DAILY WORKER Magazine Section of April 9th. He did a neat job in removing my hide for the Flynn article.

I object only to this: Ashleigh says that for a revolutionist to write such an article is indecent and dishonest. He repeatedly calls me a liar. The article was written more than a year ago. At that time I was not a revolutionist or a radical and had never written for any radical publication. I was a dissatisfied liberal with vague radical leanings. I had just come to New York after living an isolated life in the north and wandering aimlessly through Europe. About the labor movement I knew nothing.

Then I met Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, heard about her life from friends, liked her immensely, and wrote the article. It was meant to be frankly romantic and as honest as I knew how. I read up in newspapers on Miss Flynn's life and talked to her friends about her. There were factions in the I. W. W. machine, as everybody knows; and I blundered into one faction. Since that time I've become friends with a number of Wobblies and heard several versions of the same incidents.

I may have been a damned fool in marching brazenly into this quagmire, especially since, as Ashleigh perceives, I knew nothing about the internal politics of the I. W. W. and little about strikes. But I wasn't a deliberate liar and I wasn't a deliberate charlatan. Above all, I wasn't a renegade radical. I was a liberal. I thought I was "independent," "above parties." Like most liberals, I was interested in personalities. Elizabeth Gurley Flynn's personality appealed to me. I intended to write solely about her and found myself pulled into a movement with a long, intricate history. I didn't even know what I had stepped into. I was out to write a piece of romantic journalism about "Labor's Joan of Arc," the original title before the Mercury editors doctored up the article; and it was months before I knew the blunders I had made.

This doesn't excuse the stupidities and mistakes. It does clear me of the charge of treason brought by Ashleigh. There are a hundred reasons why I regret the article, not the least of which is my respect for Elizabeth Gurley Flynn. The only good that came of it—purely personal—was my being drawn into the radical movement. In the intervening year I've gone through an enormous change. The Flynn article, bad step as it was, was the first step in this transition.

—HARBOR ALLEN.

## THE ABORIGINES OF AMERICA

WHEN the first European explorers disembarked on the American continent, they found it already populated by a race which they thought inferior because the Scriptures did not mention this indigenous people. From then on, this curious conception justified in the eyes of the Europeans, the slavery and even the destruction of the American race. A papal bull was necessary to prove that the Red Skins were men.

Before long a biblical origin was found for this newly discovered race. Certain people thought them to be the descendants of Magog or of the tribes driven from Canaan by Joshua.

Only at the beginning of the 19th century were scientific theories formulated as to the origin of this indigenous people of America. Le Francais Quatrefages were the first to maintain that the race of Red Skins came, at least in part, from the islands of the Pacific. Today many scholars share this opinion, but they believe that the Melanesians and the Polynesians inhabited only a part of America—while the northeast of Asia contributed a much more important part of the emigration which was to inhabit the New World.

All scholars are in agreement on the idea that the Red Skins came to America comparatively recently. There have never been found sure proofs of his presence in this country at a relatively distant period, not even traces similar to those which the prehistoric men have left in the alluvions of rivers and the caves of France. His culture, his industry, and even his physical characteristics have changed slightly since his arrival in America.

To which race does the Red Skin belong? The brown color of his skin, his black hair, his high cheek bones, are characteristics which show a close proximity to the brownish yellow branch of humanity which comprises the Mongolians, the Malays, the Eskimos, a majority of the Chinese, the Japanese, the Tibetans and the indigenous tribes of Siberia.

Even today, spread across all of Oriental Asia there can be found types of men identical to the most characteristic types of Red Skins in America.

We can therefore conclude, that in all probability, the original Americans were not born on the American continent, but they represent a branch of the Yellow race of Oriental Asia, who came to America probably in large numbers by way of Bering Strait, and into an epoch in which the physical evolution of the human being had already reached the stage of modern man.—From "L'Humanite," March 9, 1927.

(Translated by PAUL FREDERICK ROBERTS.)

# A Rich Man's Help

By CLARA LICHT.

I received a phone call from a friend of mine, one day, asking me to come to see her at once. When I reached her home, I found her crying and looking greatly distressed. She immediately told me the great trouble that befell her.

Her husband, a painter, had gotten lead poisoning and his right arm was getting paralysed. The doctor assured him that he may be cured providing that he acts at once.

They were penniless, for the wages the husband received were just barely enough to pay for the necessities of life. The woman gave me several addresses of some men that worked at the same place with her husband and also his boss' address.

I went first to see Mr. Gross, the boss. I can hardly describe the grandeur of his mansion. When I was ushered into the waiting room, I was bewildered by all the splendor and wealth that the room contained.

Mr. Gross entered, looking the part that befitted one so rich and when I told him my mission, he said:

"Well, why come to me? I am not a doctor."

"I know that you are not a doctor," I answered, "but surely there is something you can do."

"I don't owe him anything. I pay my wages in full on Fridays," said haughty Mr. Gross.

"I believe you owe him a good deal," I replied. "A man who works three years for one boss has produced enough for him to make the boss owe him something."

"I guess you came for a collection," he finally concluded taking a two dollar bill out of his pocket and handing it to me.

I felt so mortified at this that I threw the bill in his face and left.

I then went to the address of one of the men who worked together with the sick man. He lived in the poorest section of the Bronx; in a cold, dingy apartment house on the third floor to the rear.

When I told him the condition of my friend's husband, he sat back with eyes glazed and looking so frightened and shocked that I was sorry I had come. He finally got out of his daze, put his hand into the inside of his coat pocket and made out a hundred dollar check.

"Here, it is the only savings we have. He will pay it back to me when he gets well."

I declined such a generous offer, but told the man to obtain the co-operation of the other workers in a joint loan. This he did with a will and that same evening he obtained one hundred dollars from four of his fellow workers who advanced this sum in behalf of the thirty men who worked on the job.

These workers also decided to contribute a dollar each, weekly, which would make a sum of thirty dollars a week for the sick man and his family until he would be well enough to resume his work.

This is merely an example of the thousands of cases that are like this one, and I can see my own life revealed in the life of the unfortunate painter.

This proves that workers must organize militant trade unions through which they may fight their everyday battles to better their conditions and that they must organize a strong Communist Party to lead the working class in the struggle to abolish the system which breeds misery described above.



## THE REBEL

He has a craving-taste for foods and friendships,  
A thirst to dip and drink the circling streams  
That float across the sky their starry flotsam  
To shores beyond our dreams.

He is responsive to the evening orchards  
Where Eve's dark apple hangs enticing down,  
To mirth of music, grown to melancholy  
Over wide waters blown.

And sometimes he could yield supine surrender  
Content, like Omar sharing Saki's smile  
Where a tree sifts the ail to ardent sunlight  
And beaded cups beguile.

But time evolves a sterner quest to lure him,  
Snares him and sets him in a stifling street  
To trample out the wine of his tomorrows  
With freedom seeking feet.

There will his class, though he be not among them,  
There will his sons, though he be scarred and spent,  
Dance through the days, drink life and love and  
laughter,  
And . . . be well content.

—JOE WALLACE.

## CATCHING THE EYE IN THE SUBWAY

Seven persons were in a down-town Seventh Avenue subway car. Most of them were reading. A few acted as if they were thinking, a big bluff perhaps.

Right across from me was a young man, evidently a work stiff with the face of one who had laid on the broad of his back underneath automobile bodies for a living. The trail of a thousand wet rags was on his face. It was an oily face and you could not tell by the expression on it whether he was happy or sad. His raiment qualified him to step into any job that called for calloused hands and soiled overalls. He was reading *The DAILY WORKER*. So was I.

Of course this is not such a novel experience that it would be good for a headline: "Unidentified Person Seen Reading *DAILY WORKER* In Subway." Nevertheless I rustled out my copy in an effort to attract his attention. Two unidentified persons on the same train read a Communist paper! Here was a story.

The unknown was reading the feature page. Subway patrons are hungry for columns. Suddenly he dropped the paper and rushed for the door. The train had stopped. He made his exit.

"A casual reader" I muttered. This was not so good.

In thru the door that the unknown reader made his exit thru came another customer. He was not stylishly dressed, but his overcoat cost at least \$25 and his hat was all there. He also wore a scarf. He pounced on the *DAILY WORKER* lying there on the seat like a hawk on a sparrow. He glanced at the front page, passed by "Current Events" without batting an eye, dodged the editorial page as if his eyes had rested on a running sore and came to a halt on the feature page.

He did not seem to be interested, but he was a perservering fellow. He turned to page five and read the advertisements then to page three. He glanced at the top of the page and saw the Chinaman assailed from the top, from the front and rear by imperialist augurs. The caption was: "Peaceful Penetration" and the Chinaman remarked that he was beginning to feel it himself. The reader chuckled, then shook with laughter. He attracted the attention of another passenger who sat alongside of me. The laughing passenger arrived at his stop which was also mine. He left the *DAILY WORKER* on the seat where he found it. Like a shark darting for the tempting, fat leg of a swimmer, the person who sat by my side grabbed the *DAILY WORKER* and backed into his seat. As I looked back to see what he would do with his find he was laughing like hell at the picture of the Chinaman.

Moral: Leave your second hand *DAILY WORKERS* in subway trains.

—T. J. O'FLAHERTY.



**MUD VOLCANOES:** A "mud volcano" is not really a volcano but as anybody who has been near one will testify, it certainly is mud. Actually it is a fountain of water springing out of the earth, sometimes heated, discharging mud into the air, occasionally with a rumbling noise, and often forming a conspicuous cone many feet in height. They are usually regarded as evidences of oil in the region nearby, though this is not thoroughly proved. They are evidences of natural gas however.

Mud volcanoes occur in the oil regions of Russia, Rumania, India, Venezuela, etc. At Baku they have been known for centuries and are reported to be as much as 1300 feet high in some places. There are no natural mud volcanoes in the United States.

**THE ASTEROIDS:** There are eight planets revolving around the sun. Everybody knows that. But it is not so generally known that this figure is correct only if we ignore hundreds of other little ones that qualify for the title of "planet" in every possible way, except that they are so small and pays them any attention. Many of them have individual names but the whole bunch are usually referred to as "the asteroids." More than 1600 of them have already been listed; they average about twenty-five miles in diameter. An automobile could drive completely around such a peanut world in about two hours. They are not scattered throughout the solar system but all lie between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter. This, together with the fact that there is an unusually large gap between these two orbits has led to the speculation that there was once a ninth planet with a place in the solar system between Mars and Jupiter; some cataclysm shattered it to pieces, and the asteroids are the pieces.

**CHEMICAL EXPLOITATION:** No, this doesn't mean exploitation of chemicals by men, but exploitation of men by chemicals. Soon after the close of the war when the allied (and associated) business men and generals were eagerly exchanging experiences with their German brothers, one of the first stories of German efficiency to leak out was the phosphate story. The Germans had discovered that dozing their soldiers with a small amount of sodium acid phosphate every day had increased their capacity to do physical work by as much as 20 per cent. Were American business men interested? What a question! A time-clock with would eject a measured quantity of phosphate into an employe's open mouth while he punches his card would be a cinch. And then —20 per cent more profits!

However, it seems these hopes are to be disappointed. The role of phosphorus in the human body is not so well understood that the idea could be discredited off hand. The U. S. Public Health Service however, has recently announced the result of an exhaustive investigation on the subject. They report no effect whatever from the phosphate, except that it is a laxative and might help somewhat in this way. The dreams of using phosphate to robotize the workers a little further, have thus gone up in smoke.

Still, it's an ill wind—etc. The Health Service warns that regardless of the test, a large drug concern is preparing to market the chemical under a fancy name. "At last the real food for the high-powered salesmen and captains of industry. Order now—at your drugstore."

—N. SPARKS.

## SEWER CLEANERS

When, like a river god, with reeking boots  
And mud-bespattered coat, he upright rose  
From some foul hole, I turned and held my nose.  
Yet in his face is that which quickly loots  
The mind of scorn, a glance that darkly shoots  
From beetling brows. He strikes no prudish pose,  
But looks as one around whom daily flows  
A stream of slime and filth and rotting fruits.

For pay, he delves where other men would die  
And keeps the sewers open neath the town.  
He toils in water and in stinking gloom.  
Yet now he smiles and gazes at the sky,  
Then, hitching up his pants, again goes down  
And saves the city from contagion's doom.

—HENRY REICH, JR.

# The COMRADE

Edited by the Young  
A Page for Workers'



# Young SECTION

Pioneers of America  
and Farmers' Children

## SACCO AND VANZETTI

Sacco and Vanzetti, the two Italian fighters of the working class, who were convicted in 1920, were sentenced to die in the electric chair during the week of July 10. Vanzetti said, "My conviction is that I have suffered because I am a radical and an Italian. But if you were to execute me two times and I were to be reborn I would again do as I have done already."

Comrade children of the working class. Everybody knows that our Comrades Sacco and Vanzetti are innocent of the crimes they are charged with. Everybody knows that the enemies of the workers want to get rid of Sacco and Vanzetti and so they have framed-up charges on these two innocent workers, as they did with Tom Mooney and others. They stop short of nothing to get rid of workers who are radical and fight for the working class.

Our slogan must be "Sacco and Vanzetti Shall Not Die" and we must back up our slogan by getting all people, especially workers, to protest against this great wrong.

## OUR LETTER BOX

### HE STOLE BECAUSE HE WAS HUNGRY.

By ROSE NIOVIC—Akron Pioneer.

The bell rang for recess. I went to get my lunch but did not find it. Someone got hold of it. It was in my pocket in the morning. I didn't care much for it, but the kids asked me why I'm not eating so I told them why.

The kids started hunting for the "thief." And a boy said that he saw Willar eating something in the basement hiding himself. I asked the kids to let Willar eat it.

"There are six children and they barely have enough to eat."

But the teacher Miss C heard about the incident. She took the poor boy and he got a real hard thrashing from her.

Some of the kids just sat and didn't say a word. But I have seen in the eyes of some others that they didn't like the judgment.

"He would not have stolen if he had enough to eat, but the teacher does not care whether we kids have eats or not," said a girl to me while we were quietly walking home.

### A LOT OF BUNK.

Dear Comrades: Monday we went to meet Gov. Brewster. We had to go through the streets as if we were horses. It was awful weather and it was snowing also. When the governor came he didn't tell us anything good, he just told us he had a wife and two children who were great big husky boys. He told us to try and be good citizens of the United States. He also said that every boy or girl in this hall has a chance to become a governor or president by being true to the country.

## MUCH WORK BUT NO PRESENTS

By ELIZABETH PENTALLER.

The day after vacation the teacher asked the little folks in the class to tell what they got from Santa Claus. But most of the children in our school are poor and didn't get any presents so we couldn't say much.

My little sister and I were in a big city and saw many nice toys which were made for little folks to play with.

We saw old Santa and told him we would like some nice toys. But all he said was, "How much money have you got?" I told him I didn't have any.

But we worked to beat the band last summer on our farm during vacation. We didn't even make enough for our living. My father told us how nice a time our little comrades in Soviet Russia have during vacation time. I wish we have a Soviet America so we too can have a good time.

## HOW ABOUT YOU?



Little Rosie Red, they say  
Will join the Pioneers today.

## CARRY ON THE STRUGGLE

By Elizabeth Jakstya.

Rich people dwell  
In wealth and state,  
While poor ones walk  
Through the factory gate.

The rich ones sup  
On bright wine red,  
While workers' children  
Cry for bread.

If the rich are sick,  
Or have slight ills,  
They call their doctors  
Who give them pills.

If the poor are sick,  
In bed they moan,  
They either get well  
Or die—alone.

Tell me my friends  
Will this always be?  
Are these the sights  
We'll always see?

Or will we arise  
And against this fight,  
To see that past wrongs  
Are for workers made right.

## WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?



## STRIKES OF THE WORKERS

By FRANK GILLIS.

One of the most important strikes of the workers was the Passaic strike. Many speeches were made. The most important speaker was Albert Weisbord. At a company in the Passaic dye works there was hard work. Foremen and workers got together and tried to organize a union. They went and told the boss; the boss showed them the door. At last Albert Weisbord talked and showed them how. They asked him if he would be their leader. He said he would. They were delighted at this. With Albert Weisbord as their leader they were sure of a good organization. They would meet at a certain place and have meetings every week. At last they were ready for a strike. It made them sick to see a rich man smoking a cigar while the working people were fainting. They went into the boss and said that they were ready for a strike. The boss said they were fired. They said that they did not have to be fired, they quit. The boss got discouraged at first. He thought they were kidding like before, but after a while he found out it was true. The march began from factory to factory. They went picking up as many as they could. Many people were hurt. Then they got their gas masks. When the police wanted to punish them, they had to do it by squirting ice cold water on them in zero weather. There were many victims of this.

The children had playgrounds built for them. Many men were under nurses and in hospitals. Truckloads of food came to them. Many meetings were held but the police caught on that there was something going on. Now the Passaic dye works are trying to get some men to work for them. But none are being employed.

## LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE

The answer to last week's puzzle Number 9 is Ruthenberg, the Great Leader of the Working Class. The following had the right answers:

Vera Rosinsky, New York City; Vincent Dryzga, Bayonne, N. J.; Helge Roose, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Alli Hill, Maynard, Mass.; Nina Micklaff, Chicago, Ill.; Hilda Wolf, Baltimore, Md.; Helen Nickiparuk, Endicott, N. Y.; Nathan Shapiro, New York City; Henry Samek, Clifton, N. J.; Laura Borim, New York City.

## More Answers to Puzzle No. 8

Leo Goldman, New York City; Esther Cohen, Chicago, Ill.; Esther Borenstein, New York City; Martha Chukan, Kenosha, Wis.; Helge Roos, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Fred Burns, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Florence Hayden, St. Paul, Minn.; Anne Lacko, Chicago, Ill.; Leo Wolin, Chicago, Ill.; Sima Wexler, New York City; Alex Berkov, Chicago, Ill.; Goldie Goldfarb, New York City; Carl Brahtin, Cleveland, Ohio; Lulu Morris, New York City; Phillip Childs, Chicago, Ill.; Lucille Santho, Columbus, Ohio; Amelia Cruich, Chicago, Ill.

Luz Vilarino all the way from Inglewood, Cal. just sent in her answer to puzzle number 7. Better late than never, don't you think?

## THIS WEEK'S PUZZLE NO. 10

This week's puzzle is a word puzzle. All the young comrades should get busy and do what this puzzle says. The rules for the puzzle are: 1 stands for A, 2 for B, 3 for C, etc. Send along your answers.

10,15,9,14      20,8,5      18,21,20,8,5,14,2,5,18,7  
4,18,9,22,5      2,25      7,5,20,20,9,14,7  
19,21,2,19,3,18,9,2,5,18,19      6,15,18      20,8,5  
25,15,21,14,7      3,15,13,18,1,4,5.

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

## THE LITTLE GREY DOG

(Continued)

The rich man celebrated his birthday. There was a great feast, chickens and calves and lambs were roasted, rich foods could be smelled all thru the house, the servants brought countless bottles from the wine-cellar. After supper the young guests danced in the large hall, the older men seated themselves at a table and began to play cards.

The rich man had no luck, he lost and lost again, until at last his purse was empty. "One more game," he said to his friend who had won all the money. "We will gamble for my strongest and best slaye." And he thought to himself, "If I lose Tom, that will not be a misfortune, for lately he is lazy and obstinate, anyhow."

His friend agreed. The whole life and fate of a human being depended upon a few cards, a bundle of paper. The rich man drew a card, his friend did the same. They threw the cards on the table. The rich man had lost.

When Tom came to work the following morning, the overseer told him to go to the house of the rich man, the master had sold him and his new master would take him to his estate at once.

That evening Benjamin waited in vain for the return of his father. Night came, it was quite dark, and his father did not come. Benjamin sat huddled on the threshold, peering anxiously into the darkness. The little grey dog lay near him. He was sad and quiet, he seemed to feel that something was wrong. At last Benjamin could stand it no longer, ran crying to the hut of a neighbor, and asked about his father. The stout Negress informed him that a strange master had taken Tom with him that morning; he was sold and would not return.

(To Be Continued)

## RUTHENBERG SUB BLANK

Comrade Ruthenberg's last words were "Let's Fight On!" We, the children of the workers can best FIGHT ON by getting subscribers for the Young Comrade, the children's monthly newspaper. What are YOU doing to help? Don't forget. Fifty cents for a whole year and twenty-five cents for six months. On the job!

Send to.

Name .....  
Street .....  
City ..... State ..... Age.....  
Issued Every Month.

## On the Screen

### "Metropolis"

"Fools! Let the machines starve!" Thus the mechanical woman of Metropolis impels the workmen forward in their attack on the machine room. In these and other fiery words she arouses them, lights the spark which sets aflame their inarticulate, oppressive sense of dissatisfaction.

Carrying her on their shoulders, they rushed into the machine rooms and attacked with blind fury the symbols of their servitude; tearing, cleaving, distorting those monsters in whose service they, too, had become mere mechanisms.

But wait—it was the mechanical woman who taught the workers there to break their chains. The real woman whose form and features she bore, lay a prisoner in the chemist's laboratory, agonized at the thoughts of what the evil impersonator was doing among her followers.

She had taught them love, and trust in Christ, whose religion she was re-awakening after hundreds of years of disregard by mankind. For the moral of this picture is that efficiency, to be effective, must be united with love. The soulless mechanical woman works only havoc, revolution, destruction and despair.

Yet, when one sees the workers' boxlike homes, deep down underground, contrasted with the wonder city of the owners of wealth equally far above ground, one is again impelled to ask, "Surely this is revolutionary propaganda?"

In the machine room are the pitiless machines, each with its human automaton. These men worked in two endless, ten hour shifts. Going to their work, fresh and strong and coming from it with limp, dead bodies, herded into the elevators like cattle, the elevators which connected the underground machine room with their homes still further down. This was their whole life—save for the Catacombs where once a day they met in secret to worship Mary, teacher of a new interest—religion. Up above, the sons of the wealthy enjoyed themselves in stupendous skyscrapers, with gorgeous roof gardens, all connected by wide aerial boulevards and aeroplane systems. And the evil genius of all this glory and all this distress is Masterman, cold, hard and unfeeling where workers are concerned.

But the bourgeois mind is clever and can turn even such material to its own uses. We see the mechanical woman, complete except for a soul, and made in the form of Mary because of her influence over the workers, turn against her master. Instead of teaching duty and submission, she suddenly turns to teaching revolt—destruction, for this is a bourgeois conception of revolution. Thus we find the workers destroying the machines, forgetting in their fury that by so doing they cause their own homes to be flooded—the houses where the children still remain.

It is the real Mary, escaped, and Masterman's son, Eric, sympathizer of the workers, who rescues the children. Thus they gain forgiveness for Masterman (thru a peculiar method of reasoning, which credits the father with some of the merit for his son's act) and place Eric in a position to bring together Worker and Master in a clasp of love and class collaboration, truly worthy of President Green.

#### "Condescending Savior."

And so the propagandist cleverly achieves a triple purpose. He raises aloft the white standard of religion, beloved of all good conservatives. At the same time, he proves to the enthusiastic middle-class audience that worker and boss must go hand in hand for perpetual peace on earth in industry. More subtle still, he con-

RUDOLPH SCHILDKRAUT



Will be seen in "The King of Kings," Cecil de Mille's newest screen production opening Tuesday at the Gaiety Theatre.

vinces the fearful that revolution is all they ever thought it—not a strike for freedom of an oppressed class, but a destructive, disastrous scheme, and the product of a soulless intellect.

#### Dream City and Burrows.

In spite of all this, every class conscious worker, every person who likes a good movie and every one with a real interest in art should see this picture. The startlingly, beautiful dream city above ground elicited spontaneous applause from a hard boiled New York audience. The standardized tenements below ground, the stupendous, pitiless machines which control everything—all are the product of an unusual imagination, with remarkable technique of production.

The many devices by which Masterman watches over his workers and the complete automatization of his whole system is almost inconceivable. As for acting, Brigitte Helm in the role of the two Marys, stands way above all the others. Mary was a quiet, sweet virgin, reminiscent of the Madonna. The mechanical being was lewd, bold and excitable. And altho the producers make of the picture a piece of obvious bourgeois propaganda, there is much in its symbolical, realistic setting from which a real revolutionist may draw much value.

BEATRICE A. MYERS.

### Screen Notes

A new picturization of "Camille," from Dumas' famous novel, with Norma Talmadge in the title role, will be presented at the Globe theatre next Thursday night. Mme. Fred de Gressac made the screen version, and Fred Niblo directed the production.

"The Stolen Bride," an original story by Carey Wilson, is scheduled for production by First National with Mary Astor, Lloyd Hughes and Lucien Prival in the cast.

The premiere of Cecil B. DeMille's production of "The King of Kings," by Jeanie McPherson, will take place next Tuesday, at the Gaiety Theatre. Dr. Hugo Riesenfeld is in charge of the presentation.

Eddie Cantor's next starring vehicle for Paramount will be "The Girl Friend," based on the musical comedy of that name.

Harry Langdon will be the screen feature at Moss' Broadway in his latest comedy, "Long Pants," beginning Monday.

"Lovers," the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer drama of Spain will be the screen program at the Capitol Theatre beginning today. Ramon Novarro and Alice Terry play the leading parts.

## DRAMA

### Yiddish Jazz

New Work by Ossip Dymow Resembles Lawson's "Loud Speaker"

Reviewed By A. B. MAGIL

The jazz play has come to Second Avenue. The jazz rhythm has learned to talk in Yiddish, dance in Yiddish, wisecrack in Yiddish. A boisterous, harum-skarum play, called rather enigmatically "Human Dust," is being produced by Maurice Schwartz at his Yiddish Art Theatre. It is the latest work of Ossip Dymow, who has been writing plays and short stories for the past twenty-five years and is old enough to know better than to behave in this brash, nose-thumbing fashion. He has simply thrown dignity to the winds and written something that is speedy, laughing and impudent.

The jazz blare, the jazz inanity, the jazz pathos—in Yiddish—On Second Avenue!

"Human Dust" belongs with John Howard Lawson's "Processional" and "Loud Speaker." It is an attempt to express the American scene in simple, dynamic terms—the terms of the animated cartoon. It is jazz made visual and kinetic, dispensing with melancholy, meditation, analysis, interpretation and all the other austere, complex approaches toward tangible simplicities. In plays like "Loud Speaker" and "Human Dust" the externals of our life are generalized and expressed riotously, with the vehement precision of the machine age. They go far toward the creation of a new dramatic genre, in which a completely conventionalized, banal plot forms the skeleton for syncopated variations with saxophonic laughter.

#### More Tabloid Drama.

The story of "Human Dust" is thoroughly tabloid. Offhand I don't remember the details, but they can be found in any issue of the Graphic. This conventionalization of plot is an important development (a flashback to the old folk drama?), since it gives the author complete freedom for manipulating his materials as he pleases and at the same time becomes a travesty on itself.

Ossip Dymow has written his play with broad, splashing, boisterous strokes. Considering that he is a "foreigner," his feel for American city life is uncanny. The play Charlestons and Black Bottoms breathlessly through three dizzy acts and eleven lopsided scenes—and the lines are genuinely funny. "Human Dust" may be said to have a hero and a heroine just as a newspaper story has its gaudy protagonists, but essentially, by its technique and its ultimate effect, it marks a definite step toward mass drama.

Maurice Schwartz has directed the play shrewdly and joyously and, with Celia Adler and Bina Abramowitz, carries off the chief acting honors. The rest of the cast, however, does clever and spirited work.

### Broadway Briefs

Jed Harris's next production will be a new play by Bartlett Cormack titled "The Racket." It will open in Atlantic City the first week in June.

Thurston, the magician, supported by a troupe of fifty; Yogis, Far East fakirs, incidental dancers and singers, will occupy the Central Theatre beginning Monday evening for an indefinite engagement.

George Jessel returns for a two weeks engagement in "The Jazz Singer," opening on Monday evening, at the Century Theatre. The cast also includes Sam Jaffe, Joseph Schoen-gold, Lillian Taiz, Edward Arnold, and Dorothy Raymond.

LUCIEN CHANDLER



Will have an important role in Milne's "Mr. Pim Passes By," being revived by the Theatre Guild at the Garrick Monday night.

"New York Exchange" by Peter Glenny headed by Alison Skipworth and Sidney Shields is coming to the Bronx Opera House for a week's engagement beginning Monday evening. The supporting cast includes: Leyla Le Noire, Edward Keane, Robert Vernon, Harry Minjir, Doris Underwood, Helen Mitchel and George LeSoff.

"Father Walks Out," by Grace Livingston Furniss, will be produced here by Mary Forrest on April 25. George Alison, Truly Shattuck and Harold Vermilyea will be in the cast.

## MUSIC

Bach's B minor Mass will have its first performance in New York on Thursday evening at Carnegie Hall, when it will be sung by the Oratorio Society under the direction of Albert Stoessel, with a chorus of 250. The soloists will be Mildred Faas, soprano; Mabel Beddoe; contralto; Lewis James, tenor; and Horace Stevens, bass.

Robert Goldsand, Viennese pianist, at his second recital at Town Hall Tuesday evening, will include in his program: Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue, Bach; Sonata in C major, opus 24, Weber; Variations on a Hungarian Air, Brahms, a group by Schubert; Strauss' "Persian March;" Humoresque, Reger; Punch and Judy Show, Goossens, and Rhapsodie, No. XIII, Liszt.

"Cavalleria Rusticana," followed by "Pagliacci," conducted by the Creator, will be given at the Knights of Columbus Auditorium, tonight, under the direction of Francis P. Loubet, head of the Fine Arts Grand Opera Company. "Il Trovatore," will be given tomorrow night; N. Val Peavey, conducting and "Rigoletto" on April 24th.

Irma Dubova, Russian soprano, will appear in recital at Aeolian Hall Tuesday Evening.

The last of the three concerts by the International Composers' Guild will take place this Sunday night at Aeolian Hall. In place of Leopold Stokowski who is unable to conduct, the concert will be directed by Artur Rodzinski.

Caryl Oakes, violinist, will give a recital Thursday evening at Aeolian Hall.

# DRAMA

## Plays for Workers

By FLOYD DELL

A working-class play is one about the working-class, for the working class.

Yet a play about the working-class—like a play about the middle class—may be a good play or a bad play; it may tell truth or lies; it may be realistic or sentimental; it may preach revolution, or the duty of obedience to the will of God and the master class. If Hauptman's, "Weavers" is a good working class play, it is not because it is about workers, but because it is good for workers. The fact that a play is about working people is not a significant fact. We do not line up the plays of Shaw, Pinero, Ibsen and Clyde Fitch together because they are about the middle class. We ought not to designate Gorky's, "Night Lodging" by a term which equally includes "Nellie the Beautiful Cloak-Model." So if we are going to talk about working class plays we ought to mean plays for the working class.

### None Too Good.

What kind of plays should be so described? As for me, I think the best is none too good for the working class. Trotsky seems to have the same idea about working-class manners. Soviet Russia uses her finest palaces for working class purposes. No matter if the palaces were built for lords and ladies; no matter if courtesy was invented by the leisure class. Manners will change, no doubt; office buildings may serve the workers' purposes better than palaces. But they will still be the best manners of their kind, the best buildings. What is working class medicine? The best that science can provide! What is working-class sciences? The best that the human mind can furnish! And working class art? The best art, surely! That leaves enough room for argument.

Working class plays should be new

WALTER HAMPDEN



Is the producer, manager and principal player in the romantic drama "Caponaschi," which celebrates the 200th performance tonight at Hampdens theatre.

and revolutionary? Yes—but it does not suffice that they celebrate Noise, Crowds, Steel, Steam, Dirt, Confusion, Chewing Gum and Hot Dogs—especially if they do so in terms of mouldy mysticism. But human conduct is changing—and even more swiftly, our ways of thinking and feeling about conduct. There is something new to write plays about! And a good proletarian critic should be able to recognize the flame of revolutionary science in the character of the girl biologist in "The Silver Cord." If he is unable to do so because she is not a strike-leader (or a Black Bottom dancer!) then he is no critic at all but a plain proletarian ass.

## The New Plays

### MONDAY

"MR. PIM PASSES BY," A. A. Milne's comedy will be revived by the Theatre Guild at the Garrick Theatre Monday night. In the cast are: Laura Hope Crews, Dudley Digges, Erskine Sanford, Helen Westley, Helen Chandler and Gavin Muir.

"LOVE IS LIKE THAT," a modern comedy by S. N. Behrman and Kenyon Nicholson, opens at the Cort Theatre Monday night. Basil Rathbone heads the cast.

"LADY DO," a musical comedy with book by Albert Cowles and Jack McClellan, lyrics and music by Sam Lewis, Joe Young and Abel Baer, is due at the Liberty Theatre Monday night.

### TUESDAY

"THE GOSSIPY SEX," a comedy by Lawrence Grattan, will open Tuesday night at the Mansfield Theatre presented by John Golden. Lynne Overman, Florence Mason, Grace Manken, Thomas W. Ross, Eva Condon and Norval Keedwell are in the cast.

"THE THIEF," a revival of Henri Bernstein's play at the Ritz Theatre Tuesday night with Alice Brady and Lionel Atwill. William A. Brady in association with Lee Shubert are the sponsors.

"THE COMIC," from the Hungarian of Lajos Luria, adapted by James L. A. Burrell and Lawrence R. Brown, opens Tuesday night at the Theatre Masque. J. C. Nugent and Patricia Collinge are the principals.

### WEDNESDAY

"WALL STREET," a melodrama by James N. Rosenberg will be presented by The Stagers, at the Hudson Theatre next Wednesday night. Arthur Hohl will have the principal role.

"GOAT ALLEY," a drama of Negro life by Ernest Howard Culbertson, will be presented by the Toussant Producing Company at the Princess Theatre Wednesday evening. The all-Negro cast is headed by Evelyn Ellis, and includes A. B. Comathiere, Dorothy Paul and Edward Thompson.

"THE FIELD GOD," by Paul Green, the author of "In Abraham's Bosom," will open at the Greenwich Village Theatre Wednesday night.

### THURSDAY

"THE HOUSE OF SHADOWS," a mystery melodrama by Leigh Huddy, will open at the Longacre Theatre next Thursday evening, presented by Brady & Wiman, in association with J. H. Del Bondio. Tom Powers is featured.

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

# AMUSEMENTS

The Theatre Guild Acting Company in

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Wed. Mat., Apr. 20... "Inheritors" Sat. Mat., Apr. 23... "Three Sisters"  
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