

THE NEW MAGAZINE

Section of The DAILY WORKER

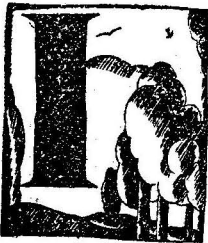
SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1927

This Magazine Section Appears Every Saturday in The DAILY WORKER.

ALEX BITTELMAN, Editor

EDITOR'S NOTES

By ALEX BITTELMAN



IN these days of Lindbergh's triumphant march through the world, we were wondering whether the daring hero of the air realizes the meaning of what is happening around him. Did he ask himself the question of how it came about that all the so-called "great and powerful" of today are anxiously trying to overdo one another in

what looks like paying homage to his daring achievement.

For ourselves we are quite frank to say that, while we are full of admiration for the truly heroic and epoch-making deed of young Lindbergh, we cannot close our eyes to the fact that his wonderful achievement is being exploited for low and harmful purposes. We cannot celebrate together with Poincare and Briand. We cannot become enthusiastic in an affair managed by the British King and his cabinet. We fail totally to respond to the grand holiday-making of Wall Street and President Coolidge.

And we wonder whether young Lindbergh, the son of a sincere and courageous spokesman of farmers, at times does not have the same feelings as we have.

* * *

TO be more concrete and specific we will say this. Capitalist politics and imperialist designs have, in our opinion, played a determining role in deciding the attitude of the "great and powerful" towards Lindbergh and his historic achievement. The motives behind the reception given to Lindbergh in Europe by the kings, presidents, cabinet ministers and the rich generally are tinged very heavily with imperialist rivalry and purposes of capitalist exploitation. What we see in the homage-paying to Lindbergh by the rulers of the capitalist world is a conscious attempt to appropriate him and his deed for capitalism and capitalist exploitation.

The American government makes this the occasion to incorporate Lindbergh into its war-making machinery by having Lindbergh come back on a warship, and by surrounding his arrival and reception with military pomp and ceremony. Admiral Moffet rushes into press to explain that with Lindbergh's non-stop flying trip over the Atlantic, the old ocean is no longer a barrier to a quick attack upon the United States by a foreign power. Hence, the base is being laid for more military preparations for air warfare. The capitalist press calls him a "prince" and a "king." And the greatest exploiters of labor are feasting and banqueting him with much anxiety to make young Lindbergh one of their own.

* * *

When he came to New York, he was made to be a dinner guest of Clarence H. Mackay, millionaire head of the Postal Telegraph Company. And who were the other notables present? Here is a list of names taken from the press:

J. PIERPONT MORGAN.

THOMAS W. LAMONT.

ELBERT H. GARY.

JAMES A. BURDEN, host to the Prince of Wales on his Long Island visit.

JOHN W. DAVIS, democratic candidate for president in 1924, etc., etc.

Wall Street and the American plutocracy celebrates Lindbergh not for Lindbergh's but for its own sake. It was clamoring for the head of Lindbergh's father, who dared to raise his voice against the late imperialist war, but it is prostrating itself before Lindbergh the son, because of the opportunity to exploit his achievement for its own ends. We cannot and will not join them in their hypocritical game. Lindbergh's daring and glorious achievement marks a milestone on the road of human progress, but its full utilization for humanity, i.e., for the millions of toilers of America and the world over, will become possible only when the rule of the Morgans, Lamonts, Garys and their like will be abolished and the rule of the workers and farmers established in its place.

* * *

THERE are two subjects which invariably make William Green grow eloquent and pathetic. One is cooperation with the bosses, the other is the struggle against the left wing and the progressives in the trade unions. Green is doing his very best to promote both.



Prayer of a Patrioteer

O send us War, dear Lord!
That we may slake
In blood our thirsty sword—
And profits make.

Let cannon spit and roar—
Each shot means gold.
Let flow the tears and gore—
Guns must be sold.

On land and on the sea
Let terror reign.
Our mighty fleets must be
Built not in vain.

Our honor—and our trade—
Shall be upheld.
So launch a bloody raid,
Let towns be shelled.

The might, it shall prevail,
Our power increase.
Put every man in jail
Who talks of peace.

Our glory shall be great,
Our coffers swell.
O give us War and Hate—
For Peace is Hell!

HENRY REICH, JR.

In the June issue of the American Federationist, he discusses the question of partnership—partnership, that is, between capital and labor. Not that any such thing really exists, or can be proven possible, but partnership in the ideal, so to speak. Here is how Green opens up:

There is an appeal in the word "partner" that turns thinking at once from an idea of conflict to the idea of working together. This change of thinking brings a kindness that of itself is worthwhile and in addition it introduces a new attitude toward the work problem.

What kindness is Green talking about? And who is it that is adopting a new attitude toward the work problem? Where is this new attitude manifesting itself outside of the sweet and sickly preachings of Green himself?

We take Green's own weekly news bulletin. We pick an issue at random, dated May 21. And here are some of the items we find there.

Example of Kindliness; Number One.

Pittsburgh, Pa., May 21.—Rev. William Gilbert Nowell, pastor of the Fawcett Methodist Church at Hills Station, has been evicted from a company house owned by the Pittsburgh Coal Company following his refusal to preach the anti-union gospel of this corporation. The coal company signed the Jacksonville agreement with the United Mine Workers and later repudiated its contract.

Example of Kindliness; Number Two.

Washington, May 21.—An average wage of \$11.10 a week for white women working in 216 factories, stores and laundries in Tennessee is reported by the United States Women's Bureau. The average for Negro women was \$6.96.

(Continued on Page 2).

(Continued from page one)

Example of Kindliness; Number Three.

Superior, Wis., May 21.—High school teachers in this city are asked to sign away their rights as citizens and to criticize educational methods only in the form prescribed by the board.

Example of Kindliness; Number Four.

Charleston, W. Va., May 21.—Newspapers of this state are printing columns of sob stuff on the heroism of the state mine inspectors and officers of the New England Fuel and Transportation Company for their rescue of dead bodies at the mine explosion at Everettsville, where 97 workers lost their lives. The victims and their dependents are overlooked by the newspapers and little space is given to the causes of the catastrophe or to a discussion of preventative measures.

Example of Kindliness; Number Five.

Chicago, May 21.—Mill workers affiliated to the Brotherhood of Carpenters were locked out following their refusal to accept a 10 per cent wage reduction. Six locals are involved. The reduction means a loss of from \$1.19 to \$1.20 a day.

The above examples are taken bodily from the official news service of the American Federation of Labor. So the facts as related must be true. We ask Mr. Green: How much kindness and feeling of "partnership" does he find in these chance little news items? And in the face of facts like these, how much basis is there for his assertion that—

This method (partnership) is the reverse of the idea that there is an irreconcilable conflict between workmen and employers, and, eliminating the reasons for strife, mobilizes the brain power, the craftsmanship and the good-will of all in support of a common undertaking.

Yes, this method is a very effective means for the destruction of trade unionism and the intensification of capitalist exploitation. Particularly so when the reactionary bureaucracy of the A. F. of L. stands behind it and gives it its support.

A fine illustration of the utter futility of labor lobbying and of the "reward your friends" policy is to be found in the report of the National Legislative Representatives of the four railroad Brotherhoods to the chief executives of these organizations. The reporters say that:

On the whole we fared reasonably well in the 69th Congress, since a majority of the measures we supported received favorable action and no adverse labor legislation was enacted.

Well, how about the Watson-Parker law? The Brotherhood legislative representatives are very proud of this law, ascribing its passage to their own efforts. They speak of this law as "the strongest and most effective sanction for collective bargaining that has ever been written into legislation in this country." But this is merely self-deception. The Watson-Parker law is in reality a defeat for railroad labor. This product of class collaboration imposes upon the workers and their unions a machinery of arbitration and mediation which is positively deadening for the growth of their organizations and strength. The slight concessions in wages secured by certain sections of railroad labor through this machinery are only a small fraction of what the workers could have achieved through a free exercise of their organized strength.

Aside from this law, what other "achievements" have the legislative representatives to record?

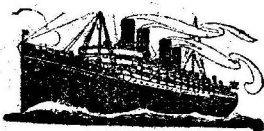
One of the outstanding achievements of the 69th Congress was the final completion of the monumental work of modifying in one volume the general and permanent laws of the United States, after 30 years of persistent effort.

What comfort the railroad workers can derive from the codification of the laws of the United States, is beyond us. Unless we grant that it is more agreeable to be exploited by a system of legislation embodied in one volume rather than in many.

What are the other achievements in the way of favorable labor legislation? The reporters state:

We worked for the passage of the McNary-Haugen bill, it was passed but vetoed by President Coolidge. We worked for the Norris resolution, providing for the elimination of so-called "Lame Duck" sessions and for the terms of the president and vice-president beginning on the third Monday in January following their election in the preceding November. The resolution was passed by the senate, favorably reported in the house, "but a small and powerful minority prevented its coming to a vote before the expiration of the 69th Congress." Add to the above some trifling improvements in the compensation laws and the record of "favorable" labor legislation is exhausted. This is the sum total of the political efforts of the Brotherhoods in the 61st Congress through the "non-partisan" political policy.

Is it not time that the railroad workers seriously consider the question of INDEPENDENT political action and a Labor Party?



ON a recent trip in an American liner crossing the Arabian Sea, going from Singapore to Port Said, I joined a crowd of men in the smoking room who had assembled to hear two business men discuss the Shanghai situation and commercial prospects in the Philippines. With the exception of a Christian Science practitioner and myself every man present was either a banker, a well-to-do business man, a member of the professional class or some one who had retired to leisured security. There was a diamond merchant from Antwerp, rich oil men from California, a rubber planter from Malay, bankers from Detroit, Pittsburgh, Denver and business men from everywhere.

American politicians and theologians are wont to declaim against the contention of the radicals that class lines are well defined beneath the stars and stripes. Had these gentlemen been present the outspoken expressions at this meeting would have been a revelation. Detroit bankers vied with California oil men in denouncing trade unionists as scoundrels and socialists as persons who should be given short shrift. The consensus of opinion was that Soviet Russia was a Red menace that should be destroyed utterly by the armed nations of the earth.

"Shanghai is a disgrace and China is an impossible situation," said one of the speakers. "The United States, Great Britain, Japan, France and the smaller nations of Europe should unite and send a force big enough to subdue thoroughly and forever those Chinese," he continued amidst uproarious applause. "After the fear of God has been put into their hearts and the Chinese shown their place then their country should be partitioned among the powers and the resources developed for the good of civilization."

That a high order of civilization had existed in China over four thousand years, that the land and resources of China belong to the people who occupy them and that foreigners have no more legal or moral right to invade the country than a high-binder has to commit acts of brigandage are matters which seem never to have occurred to either the speakers or the auditors.

Discussing the union labor movement a gentleman from the floor, who was an English officeholder of some kind said:

"I fought through the world war and I saw bloodshed enough to last me a lifetime, but I want to say here that I am ready instantly to shoulder my rifle again when the government decides, as eventually it must, to exterminate without mercy the gang of organized labor hoodlums who think they are going to get England by the throat and who are responsible for the present chaotic conditions of the British Empire."

"Hear! Hear!" cried one of the Detroit bankers.

"All I've got to say," drawled one of the Long Beach oil magnates, "is that we in America have got enough of strikes, and we are going to have no more! It would be almost as much as a man's life would be worth to sponsor a strike in Los Angeles, and we have laws on our statute books that make it practically a criminal offense to order a strike of any magnitude in California. Radicalism in America is as dead as a doornail and we will never see a repetition of the big-scale strikes of the past."

As to Soviet Russia, plutocracy here assembled was a unit. In their disposition of the Reds the speakers stormed the oratorical heights. Every adjective in the vocabulary of coarse abuse was employed in berating Soviet authority. Ignorant as they were of the philosophy and economics of Communism, nevertheless, these men were keenly alive to the fact that Soviet Russia was a real menace and that Sovietism was a constant challenge to the institutions of international capitalism. Their disposition of the Workers' Republic was similar to their solution of the Chinese problem—armed in-

QUOTING AND QUOTING

There was a time when I could quote
Full many a poet's wildwood note,
Before my sorrows thick and fast.
Came pouring down with chilly blast,
And nipt the blossom of my brain,
And chased the muse with all her train.

It's prices that I'm quoting now,
Reality has me in tow;
It's leading me I know not where,
To look ahead I do not dare—
The frigidaire demands I give
My all for them that they may live.

—DONALD MCKILLOP.

vasion by the allied powers, complete subjugation of the Russian people, and a partition of the country among the conquerors.

By way of parenthesis it may be said that the British government is doing its utmost to keep the news of the Chinese upheaval from reaching the masses of India, Malaysia and other portions of the orient which it controls. News is severely censored and the baggage of every passenger who lands at the numerous ports is searched for revolutionary literature and fire-arms. When found the literature is destroyed and the owner is placed under constant surveillance. Anyone caught attempting to smuggle ashore a weapon of any kind is arrested, flogged and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment at hard labor.

He who discussed the Philippines appeared to be familiar with his subject and spoke as one having authority. He condemned the agitation now going on in the United States having for its purpose Philippine independence, stating that those who wanted to free the Philippines were short-haired women and long-haired men, and that the native islanders who stood for a separate republic were irresponsible agitators ambitious for office. The mass of the people either in the United States or the Philippines cared little about the independence of the islands one way or the other, he said.

According to articles under which the governor-general rules the islands, but a certain specified parcel of land can be owned or controlled by any one person or firm. Land well adapted to the growing of rubber trees has been desired by the Firestone and the Goodyear rubber people for some time, but this land cannot be acquired in ten and fifty thousand acre tracts because of the article restrictions. That these articles should be abolished and the governor-general given supreme authority and the Firestone and Goodyear rubber corporations donated as much land as they could use constituted the simple solution of the Filipino problem as advanced by

THE RED FLAG

Oh, many banners were unfurled
For glory, conquest in the world,
And many armies fought and bled
Around their flags, and many fled
And trailed their banners in the dust
Where guns and sabres turn to rust.
But there is one bold banner still
To stir the blood and always thrill
The heart with loftier desire,
A banner flaunting like a fire—
The workers' and peasants' flag
Of crimson floats and ne'er shall lag
Until all classes have an end
And all the lords of earth shall bend
Their knees before the throne of man.
And still this flag shall lead the van
To some more lofty, shining goal
Where highest strivings of the soul
Shall be fulfilled. Before my eyes
This banner fills the sunset skies
And soon a new and crimson dawn
Shall see all flags save this flag gone!

HENRY REICH, JR.

the class-conscious millionaires who seemed perfectly unaware that the native Filipino had some interest in the matter and should be consulted.

What impressed me most about this gathering was the sharply defined class psychology that pervaded it, the contempt in which the workers of the world were held, the determination neither to temporize nor compromise with radical movements and the constant appeal to force as the ultimate solution of all labor and social problems. At several stages in the discussion had I raised a note of warning or attempted to say a word in behalf of earth's disinherited I verily believe I would have been seized and thrown overboard. When met severally and individually, especially if the conversation related to matters of no consequence, the belligerent gentlemen composing this assemblage are uniformly courteous and considerate. At religious services held aboard ship Sundays, virtually every one of them is present to do homage to the Nazarine agitator who broke bread with beggars and slept in the brush! Furthermore, nearly all of them with their families are now on the way to Palestine to pay further tribute to their lord and master, Jesus Christ, who if he were to unexpectedly return, undoubtedly would denounce them as whitened sepulchers and sanctified hypocrites!

Explain if you can this class attitude on the part of these plutes—their evident hatred and contempt of the workers of all nations—and their worship of the man who declared it was easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God.

Is this glaring inconsistency a chronic condition or is it a temporary phenomena arising from the heat of the tropics?

Lindbergh As A Militarist Kite

By T. J. O'FLAHERTY

WHEN young Charles A. Lindbergh landed in Roosevelt Field, after making the flight from the west coast in two hops the newspapers did not pay very much attention to him and when they did he was referred to as the "Flyin' Fool" as Mrs. Gibson in the Hall-Mills murder case was the "Pig Woman," and other celebrities that lend themselves to publicity but lack respectability are given sobriquets, on the short side of dignity.

Lindbergh then was more or less an "unknown soldier" a young aviator in the air mail service. Public attention was concentrated on the squabbles between Levine who was backing the Chamberlin flight and Bellanca the designer of the plane that was to make the trans-oceanic trip to Paris.

Suddenly the "Flyin' Fool" took the air and almost as suddenly landed in Paris.

Then the American government got busy. It saw in the feat of this daring youth the opportunity of putting on the greatest drive for militarism since Woodrow Wilson read his message of war against Germany before the joint session of congress in April 1917.

Soon Ambassador Herrick was running around like a chorus girl sticking his mug in front of every camera that tried to get a "shot" at the young airman. Even the ambassadorial pajamas that were conscripted to adorn Lindbergh's limbs occupied as much space in the newspapers as they would on a clothes line. Lindbergh, the son of a Minnesota radical suddenly became a world figure to whom kings and president were doing homage.

Lindbergh's feat placed him so far above the average king or capitalist potentate in courage and ability that they are not fit to wipe the grime of a day's flying from his countenance, but this was not the reason these parasites hailed the young flier. They wanted to bask in the warm rays of his reflected glory and leechlike suck into their degenerate political anatomies the popular life blood that a healthy, virile, pioneering aviator had inherited from his rebellious father who fought the capitalists all his life and died with their curses on his lips.

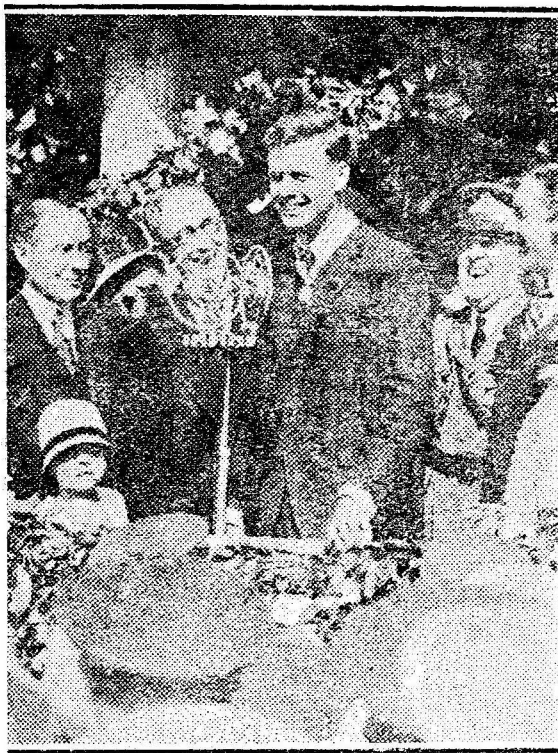
The harpies of the decadent European aristocracy and of the equally parasitical capitalist class moved to extract the maximum advantage from the young man's accomplishment. The French government, the tool of the French money lenders, speculators and industrialists, saw an opportunity to put in a good word in behalf of the cancellation of the French war debt to the United States, but the American government, while hailing France in eulogistic terms and stressing the friendly relations between the two countries shook its head sadly at the suggestion that "glorious France" should assume the ignoble role of an international dead beat. "Nothing doing on debt cancellation" said Washington in effect, "we like you, but we must have our dough, or at least keep the bill hanging over your head to bedevil your sleeping hours and render you more amiable to concessions that our bankers, industrial capitalists may demand in their future dealings with you."

The King of All the Belgians—that is what the son of the libertine Leopold calls himself—got a "piece" out of Lindbergh to use the language of sporting circles. (Lest there be any misunderstanding, a little explanation of the term in quotes may be necessary. Boxers, wrestlers, runners, swimmers and other performers of this type are surrounded by hordes of professional promoters who live on those who take the punches, the half-nelsons and toe holds, those who crack their wind on the track or their lives in the swirling waters. Each human harpy gets from twenty to one per cent of the earnings of the professional athlete. This is what is called getting a "piece out of him.")

The "piece" Albert of Belgium got out of Lindbergh was publicity and the opportunity to have his pictures taken with the young American. Perhaps the next time the monarch sends his agents to do a little panhandling in the United States, Morgan will have less difficulty in floating his loan when he reminds the investors that the king was a friend of the hero "Lindy."

Lindbergh went to England and visited the king in Buckingham Palace. I am not sure whether George consented to be snapped with the American birdman, but the Prince of Wales, who is equally at home in pub, dance hall or in front of a camera was hauled out to do a little bit of drumming for the empire. It also gave Ambassador Houghton a chance to figure in the news even tho by this time Lindbergh did not need any pajamas. It also gave the American ruling class a chance to take a couple of chuckles at the expense of their English "cousins" and an opportunity to impress upon the old empire the fact that their former colonial empire now has the ships, the planes and the aviators too, in case the old empire should try conclusions with her western rival.

Lindbergh talked peace and friendship between nations. Ambassador Herrick took advantage of the occasion to roar against Communism and the Soviet Union. All the capitalist jackals out of their lairs felt that this was the time, when the people of the world scanned the papers for news of this daring young man, to turn loose their blasts against the only government that is really for peace and against the revolutionary workingclass movement in all countries which would utilize aviation and



aviators not to carry bombs for the destruction of human lives in crowded cities, but to bring the peoples of the earth nearer to each other and cut distance to a fraction of what it is now.

Our young hero returned to the United States on a warship. He was received in Washington with greater acclaim than was Admiral Dewey on his return from the conquest of the Philippines. Heroes have short lives, as heroes. The people forget. Only those who cash in on their day of glory are the winners. And the winners in the "Lindy" case, besides the young hero himself—who by the way may be or was a "Flyin' Fool," but not so much so that he would turn down a wad of dough, newspaper liars to the contrary—are the militarists, the makers of airplanes and gas bombs and business in general from the vendor of gasoline to the badge-peddler.

Many people thought Lindbergh's flight would be a peaceful influence. He said so. When he spoke in Washington he brought a message of peace from the French people. The French would prefer that he succeeded in lopping a billion off the war debt. But even while he was talking peace the militarists were busy preparing the minds of the masses for the big appropriations that congress will be asked to cough up when it reconvenes. And what better means could be devised to prepare the public mind for this purpose than to put their words into the new national hero, the unassuming young fellow who had the nation in an orgy of excitement and admiration over his feat.

Soldiers, sailors, war planes, generals, colonels and politicians surrounded Lindbergh. There was little talk of the old Lindbergh, the aviator's father that this gang would have tarred and feathered during the war. The young eagle could fly higher than the parent bird, but his talons would be used not to rend the enemies of the masses, but the slaves of the ruling classes. Still there were reports that "Lindy" was not willing to be utilized for war and preparedness propaganda. But when he reached New York, the financial and commercial capital of

the American empire, he did not leave us in suspense very long.

At a banquet given in his honor at the Commodore Hotel, Lindbergh repeated his speech with a fresh addition. This is where Lindbergh comes out in the role of a militarist decoy. We quote from a report of his speech that appeared in the New York Times of Wednesday, June 15:

"In the meantime, the most important thing for us to do is to develop the trans-continental branch lines, which we already have. A commercial air service in America gives a reserve in case of war, which we can develop in no other way. Experienced pilots cannot be trained as quickly as airplanes can be built. We do not invite war; yet one of the surest ways of averting it is to have a trained personnel which can be mobilized quickly in case of war. A commercial air service will give us that personnel in the matter of fighting planes in case we are forced into conflict. Our planes in the army air port are the most developed in the world, although we have very few of them. And I have no hesitation in saying, without the least exaggeration, that the pilots of the United States army have no equal in the civilized world."

Of course we admit that it would be utopian to expect that even a strong-willed person, placed in the position Lindbergh is in at this period of the heyday of American capitalism could resist the powerful influences that are being brought to bear on him by the ruling classes. No well informed person would believe for one moment that Lindbergh would receive the necessary financial backing or government sanction for his attempt unless the capitalists were perfectly sure of him. His financial backers risked their money on the flight in the hope that success would make their factories hum with increased business and the government knew what a valuable salesman for larger military appropriations the first man to fly across the Atlantic would be. If Lindbergh were a pacifist or an anti-militarist, instead of a willing tool of capitalism his welcome, when he arrived here would consist of a customs inspector going thru his baggage.

Last Wednesday Lindbergh was guest of honor at a luncheon given by the State Chamber of Commerce and Merchants' Association. The "fat boys" cheered him from the depths of their barrelled bellies. Lindbergh did not disappoint them.

This country did not want war he said. What country does? But the best way to avoid a war is to be prepared for it. So said the peaceful ex-kaiser of Germany back in the peaceful spring of 1914. We have not a sufficient personnel nor enough equipment for our air force. To quote him directly:

"Commercial aviation should be developed in this country. The personnel and equipment that would result from such a development would be of great value in the event of war."

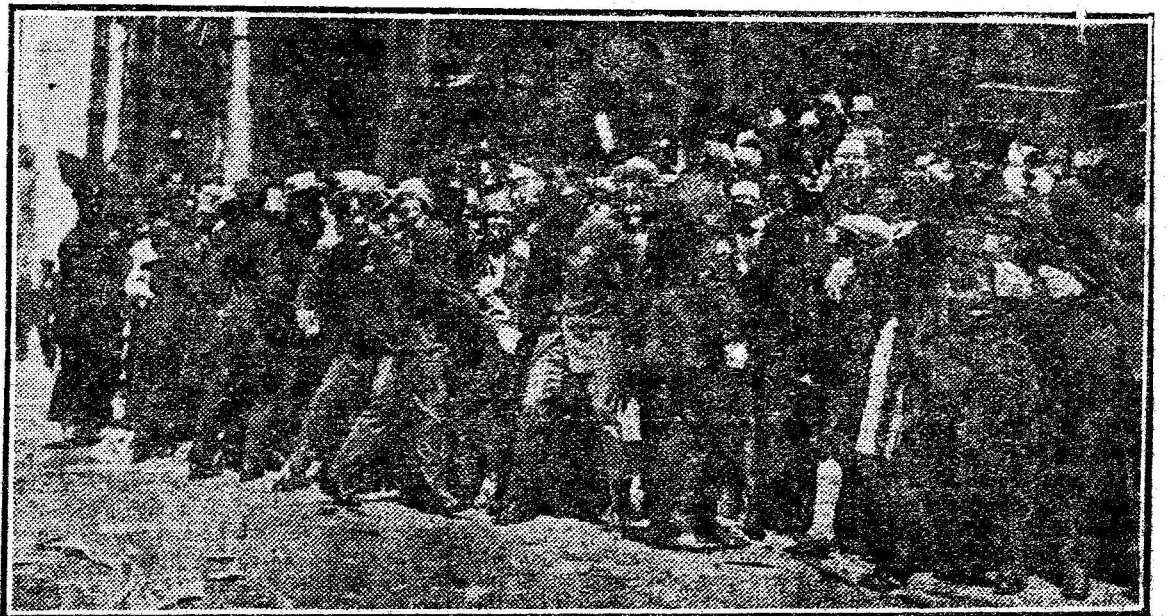
"New York would be a vulnerable spot in case of war, because it has not a proper airport. I hope in the near future this will be corrected."

This is the cut-and-dried preparedness propaganda. And lest he might offend the feelings of the officer class and the manufacturers of battleships, heavy artillery and shells, Lindbergh showed that he is a good diplomat. He said:

"The air force will never take the place of the army and navy, but the army and navy need a strong air force."

And those owners of billions stood on their seats and rocked the ceiling with their cheers. And well they might. Here was a godsend. The "Flyin' Fool" of aviation, had developed into the "Flyin' Tool" of American militarism.

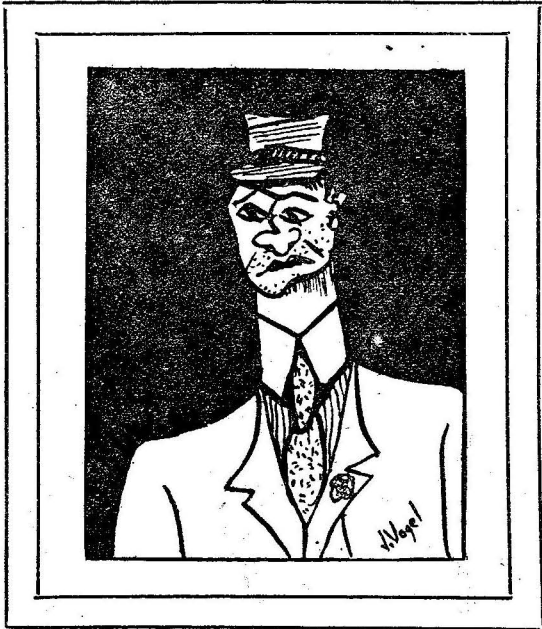
HOLDING NEW YORK'S VAST CROWDS IN CHECK



This snapshot shows the kind of work New York police have had to perform to prevent jostling crowds from overwhelming Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh. This photo was made an hour before he was due at this spot.

"Contest Editor" (A Story)

By ALEX JACKINSON



MORTON BRILL paid little or no attention to the many people who pressed against his knees as he sat in the crowded subway train. He was thinking, not of life's usual perplexities but of figures. Decimals, ones, and oughts formed curious links and danced grotesque rituals in his head. In front of him was the tabloid into which he gazed diffidently. Unable to concentrate on the news, he shifted his eyes to the right, where a girl was reading the same paper. He watched her turn the pages, then focussed his glance at the men and women, crowding to reach for a strap. Sometime later he looked thru the window as the downtown bound train rolled to a stop. It was 14th Street and he should have alighted at Grand Central. Hurriedly arising he pushed his way thru the center door, crossed the platform to the other side, and rode up one station.

At the uptown branch of Peabody and Wicks where Brill was employed as margin clerk, activity started. Upon arriving he exchanged "good mornings" with those who acknowledged his entrance and took his usual seat at a high desk table. From a drawer he extracted a green eyeshade which he fitted over his brow. A look of mild interest nestled over his face as he made an effort to concentrate on the numerous bond receipts lying before him. He couldn't, the figures still swam before his eyes, clogging thoughtful concentration.

The room gradually began to take on the aspects which characterize a bond broker's office. Runners carrying securities began filtering thru the door. Telephones buzzed. Clerks darted from desk to desk. Typewriters clicked noisily. Orders to buy and sell were heard, and news tickers began to reel out coils of price quotations. Holdings were imperiled! A tension of anxiety gripped everybody, even Brill soon relaxed into a state of busy occupation. The pen he was constantly dipping into an inkwell ran up and down the ledger in slow deliberate strokes.

It was nearing eleven o'clock. Another clerk working alongside of Brill winked his eye. "How's the old contest getting on Brill?" Morton made no reply, an enigmatic smile broke thru his lips, which faded away in an instant. "Leave him alone, he's figuring out how to spend the ten thousand dollars," chimed in another. Still no answer, other than a grunt was evoked from Brill.

The staff's favorite sport, that of kidding Mr. Brill, commenced, and promised to continue indefinitely. At times this jocular horseplay was justified, as there was something about his person that invited ridicule. Just what it was is difficult to determine, it may be attributed to the seriousness with which he took the jests, or, perhaps his appearance, yet Morton Brill was, much to his discomfort the butt of constant jokes.

This person Brill was a type, nay, more than that, a formula, symbol—a perfect example of the petty bourgeois circle he gravitated in. In the office, he, for reasons of antiquity became a fixture. People grew used to seeing him at his desk, as to the desk itself. He seemed to belong there. Lacking entirely in initiative or intelligence he regulated his habits by standards. Brill did only what the "best people" did, and to him they represented the successful in life. The ones to be looked up to, admired, and imitated.

His own life was so totally devoid of interest that for sheer want of something to occupy his time with he thrilled at other people's victories and grieved at other people's losses. Minding someone else's business was his chief source of enjoyment, and as a result his head became a walking almanac. He could tell you without a minute's hesitation how many divorce cases the Supreme Court handled last year, or the salaries and income taxes of famous movie stars. In this fashion he sublimated his mental vacuum into an illusory region, where he fancied himself being a man of importance.

His dress was orderly, usually a blue serge suit covered his spavined frame. He was partly bald, thin faced, and a pair of spectacles always stuck on his nose. To him, another genuine pleasure unfolded in strutting about exclusive hotel lobbies on Sundays. For such occasions he would wear an open wing collar and a polka dotted bat tie. He studied himself in the mirror before starting on his excursion. "I look like a banker with this hat on" would pass thru his mind as he fitted on some head covering. Simultaneously with such thoughts, a smile would animate his features. Brill really believed that people were impressed by his appearance, the one look was sufficient to convince any observer that he was a poser, a mimicker indulging in a carnivalic pantomime.

His vices, if such they can be called, fitted in with his virtues. Whenever a play was about to be censored he made it a point to see it. Or should he read of a salacious book, on the verge of suppression by the authorities he would secretly read it in the library, the openly ape, "The younger generation must be safeguarded, even at the cost of liberty from this civilization." All such quotations he politely borrowed from the editorial page of his tabloid.

At a late age he learned how to dance, but never correctly, and as a result his wife seldom went anywhere with him, outside of the neighboring vaudeville house. In company, should the political situation be discussed, he would break in, with an authoritative tone. "I don't think Mr. So and So has a chance to become president. He lacks the fibre of which leaders are molded." Or, "Europe will never recover her economic balance unless our country cancels its debts." These sporadic outbreaks of learning only betrayed the complete ignorance he lived in.

Of such characteristics was Brill.

His one delight was participating in contests. It mattered not what the contest was about, he joined them all. If some company advertised for a slogan Morton Brill was certain to offer suggestions. This he kept up until it became his pet diversion. His vigilance was once rewarded by his receiving a suit of underwear from a concern for whom he composed a four line stanza. Another time he won a pair of theatre tickets for a correct crossword puzzle. This greatly inflated his fatuous pride, for Brill was one of those asinine beings in whose imagination little deeds swell to heroic proportions.

At present he was partaking in the presidential picture contest run by his favorite tabloid. Each day three different cuts were printed, and it was the task of participants to cut out those parts and reconstruct them, so as to make the correct face of a former president. Their next duty was to guess his name and in what year he held office. Into this contest Brill pitched in with a remarkable zeal.

Since its inauguration he laid everything else aside in a determined effort to win the first prize of "\$10,000." Every evening, upon returning from work, he would closet himself in a room and begin to clutter up the house with fragments of newspapers. At times he would ask his wife, who looked

on with interest to verify his judgment. When she offered an opinion which didn't coincide with his, he'd snap, "Your crazy, this can't be Madison, don't you know he wore a mustache when he was president."

To aid him in achieving his goal, Brill bought an Atlas out of which he cut every president's picture and used them for comparison with his own. That he thought was a bit of ingenuity, no one else would think of.

In a short time this contest became an obsession with him. He dreamt, spoke, and thought about it without using discretion as to time and place. In the subway or at the office he would suddenly lay aside his work and begin concentrating on the correctness of some cut which puzzled him. At such moments the \$10,000 would swim before his eyes. He couldn't get it out of his mind, so he did the very opposite and allowed his imagination full reign, and always imagining that he would be the winner. As the contest became more difficult Brill became more irritable, and extremely jealous of every other person competing with him.

There was a deep motive underlying his mad desire to win. For the past twelve years Brill was glued down to a salary on which he was barely able to get along. He sensed somehow that a premature senility was beginning to hover about his middle age and wanted to safeguard against it. In an effort to do so, he at one time invested one hundred dollars in a stock of which he lost almost half. That cured him of further gambling.

As can be expected of one possessing his eccentricities, Brill was a staunch believer. Nothing could shake his faith in the belief that fate would finally reward him by bestowing the prize upon him. It gave him immense pleasure to think about it. He began to live on that one hope, which soon became the reef on which he clung to life.

Then came a day when the last of the series appeared. Brill stayed away from work then, having a cigar clerk whom he patronized phone his employer that he was ill. Instead he hid off to the library where he spent all day going over the pictures. He carefully fitted, refitted and pasted together the many parts, making slight changes here and there. Toward evening he finally sealed them in an envelope, and with a heart full of anticipation mailed them.

Following that came a long period of watchful waiting, sometimes varied by agonizing despair. The very next morning he phoned the newspaper to see whether his contribution arrived. "No information given over the phone," drifted thru the receiver. He was crestfallen. A day later he called in person, and was informed that it would take at least a month before the winner was announced. Ere the week elapsed he called again.

During this time his mind began to undergo a complete change. Brill began to live in a state of unreality. He often visioned his name in bold headline, "Mr. Morton Brill winner of the \$10,000 picture contest." He worked himself into a lethal fever thinking about it. His eyelids would flutter, and his mouth broaden into what once served as a smile as he did. This phantom chasing became an inseparable part of his daily routine. As a result he could no longer think clearly, and made constant errors in his work. He didn't even get the usual extra week's pay when he was fired.

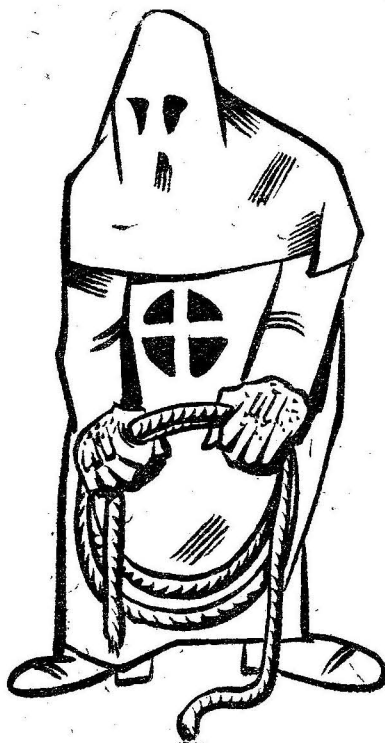
To his wife he said that he was "laid off," but she instinctively sensed the true reason. His conduct was, if anything, more accentuated at home.

Mrs. Brill was a former choir singer who married Morton at a mature age. There was nothing romantic about their meeting, and subsequent marriage. Both believed in the "sanctity of the home," the neither could explain what that meant. In time they adjusted their mental faculties to think in one direction, and their marriage ran smoothly thru the years. In Morton's placid demeanor Mrs. Brill saw something she alone termed as poise. And in her Brill saw the ideal wife, obedient, thrifty and virtuous. They had two children which partly filled the empty gaps in their lives.

Of recent days Brill's conduct took a turn for the worse. With the loss of his position came the increased desire to win, and he made no effort to find another one. "The ten thousand dollars will put me on easy street," he kept telling and convincing himself that such would be the case. Brill already figured out how best to invest the money. His wife attempted to cheer him by sympathetic noddings of her head, but then seeing that encouragement only increased his abnormal attitude she said nothing, but inwardly worried a great deal.

With victory Brill visioned himself becoming a man of men. His name would be read by millions, and envied by still more. This puffed his insufferable ego to lofty heights. One day he spent six hours writing a statement in which he credited his success to "clean living and a love for his wife." He believed the newspaper would want such a thing of him, and even dug up an old photo of himself to accompany it.

Just what brought about his complete breakdown cannot be ascertained, but symptoms of it began to show the day after he mailed his offering. It was now a month later, and as the days passed into weeks his department became more mechanical.

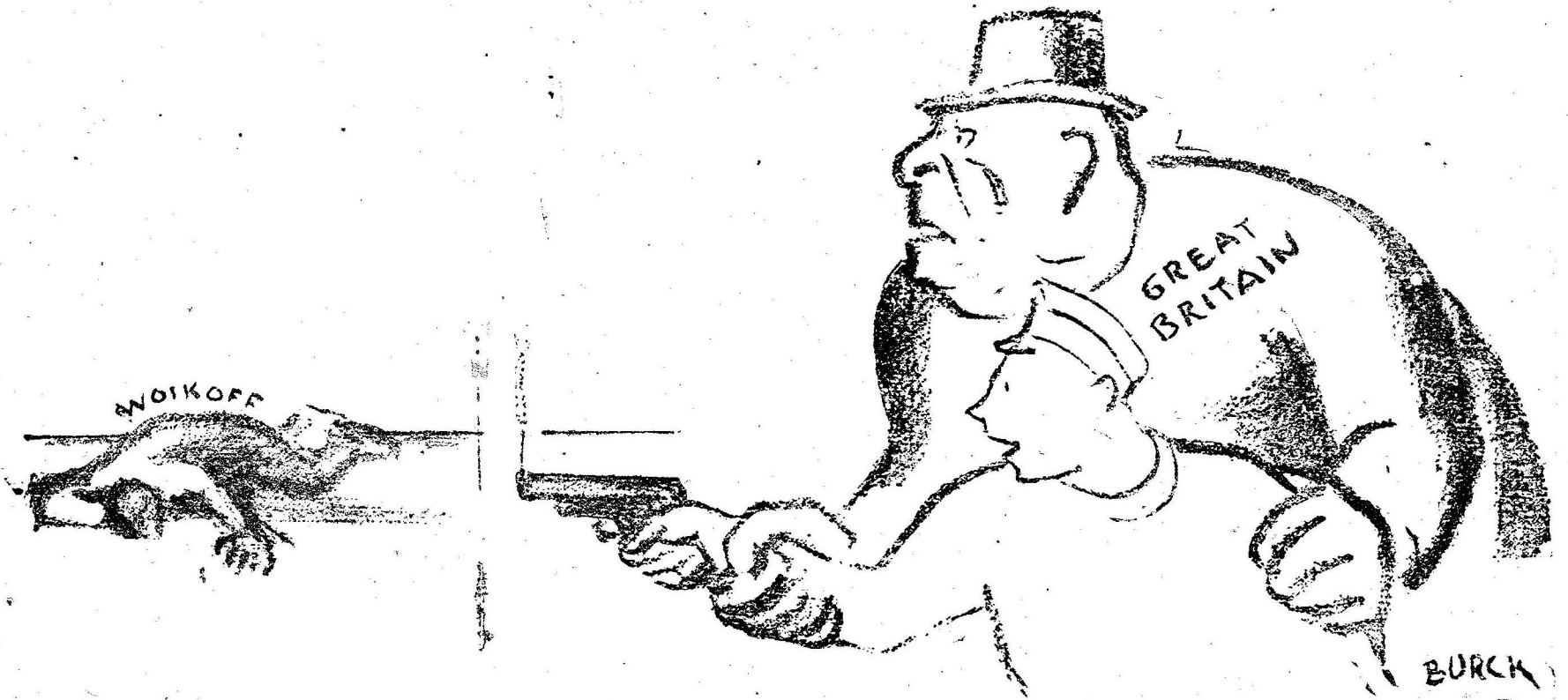


HE HATES THE NIGGERS

He hates the niggers.
For two dollars and seventy-five cents a day he puts out advertising circulars.
He eats, rooms, and dresses accordingly.
But by God the niggers were brot here to be slaves and not have votes like white men!
He hates the niggers.

HENRY GEORGE WEISS.

(Continued on page 6)



The Chinese Revolution

By E. VARGA

The Significance of the Social Element

The opinion is often expressed in Social-Democratic circles that the Chinese revolution is purely a bourgeois movement. In refutation of this standpoint, we may here cite some figures from Chinese, non-Communist sources as to the profundity of the social fermentation among the population. (Our sources in this connection are the publications of the "Chinese Government Bureau of Economic Information," which publishes a weekly and a monthly report in English at Peking).

The peasant organizations are rapidly increasing in number. At the beginning of March the number of organized peasants was as follows: ("Economic Bulletin" of March 2nd, 1927).

Kwangtung	1,100,000
Kwangsi	50,000
Hunan	1,200,000
Hupei	270,000
Kiangsi	150,000
Fukien	25,000
	2,795,000

In many parts, where the work of organization is still in an initial stage, the membership figures could not be ascertained. The returns for Fukien have been superseded. The number of organized farmers in these six provinces may without exaggeration be put at 3 millions.

The efficiency of these peasant organizations is depicted in a possibly exaggerated British report as follows: ("Times" of February 8th, 1927).

"Immediately after the arrival of the Canton forces, Bolshevik agents started organizing peasant committees, which at present rule the entire province. They dictate the amount of the leases, and any landlord that offers resistance runs the risk of a sound thrashing. One landowner was killed, the workmen's union forcibly releasing the murderer, instituting an inquiry, and declaring the culprit to be innocent."

Other British reports ("Times" [Peking correspondent] of February 22nd, 1927) tell of fights between agricultural laborers and farmers; of the latter 60 are said to have been killed in the province of Kwangtung. "The peasants themselves now determine the amount of the leases," this report likewise says, "and any farmer that contradicts them is cried down as an 'imperialist.'" One landowner was killed. The old system of ground lease has been abolished and new forms are being contemplated, it being intended that one tenth of the amount falls to the share of the peasant organization.

We are informed, moreover, that the peasant organizations "Red Lancers," "Black Lancers," and others, are armed and contributed not a little to the defeat of Wu Pei-fu.

We need quote no further facts. The movement has all the characteristics of a peasant revolution, though, in contradistinction to former peasant revolts, it is organized over a far wider area and is closely co-operating with the workers' organizations.

The trade union organizations of the workers reveal a similar rapid development. At Wuchang alone there were at the close of 1926 (as reported by the "Economic Bulletin," of November 27th, 1926) no less than 80 trade union organizations with a membership ranging from 30 to 9,000. (Apparently

the workers of each individual factory were at that time still organized separately). Altogether, there were in the town no less than 200,000 organized workers. At Shanghai the trade unions were, alternately, either outlawed or dominant in the town: in the latter cases the workers were armed. In March there were 108 trade union organizations with 287,042 members, ("Chinese Economic Bulletin" of April 2nd, 1927) without counting the seamen, dock workers, and business employes. The total probably now exceeds 350,000.

The following survey of the strike movement at Shanghai in 1926 deserves special interest. (From the "Chinese Economic Journal" of March 1927).

In the course of the year there were 169 strikes in 165 factories employing 202,297 workers. The longest strike lasted 84 days, which is tremendously long for Chinese conditions. In one factory there were 9, in one 8, and in one 7 strikes in the course of the year; in 4 factories the workers struck 5 times. In a single month there were more than 50,000 workers on strike. This shows the intensity of the movement.

How heterogenous the movement is, is demonstrated by the fact that the publication from which we quote enumerates no fewer than 71 different kinds of demands brought forward by the strikers. The most important of them were:

	Number of Cases
Increase of wages	71
Re-employment of discharged workers	35
Discharge or engagement of workers	26
Payment of wages for strike days	22
No discharge without adequate reason	24
Reduction or establishment of work-time	18

In reading this whole list of demands, we cannot but be struck by the very great number of "solidarity" demands (such as for the release of arrested workers in 10 cases) and the small proportion of demands for shorter working hours (only in 18 cases). The oppression of the workers is manifest by the fact that in 10 cases the demand put forward was for the abolition of corporal punishment!

The outcome of the strike movement was as follows:

	Cases
All demands refused	61
Demands partially granted	55
All demands granted	27
Promise of investigation of claims	13
Lockout	2
Undecided	5

In the towns in which the Canton government ruled, the labor movement was yet more extensive and successful. This is one of the main reasons why the British bourgeoisie is filled with such bitter hatred for the Chinese revolution; it lessens their profits. The reports in the British press reflect the fury of the British bourgeoisie. A report from Hankow, e.g., says: ("Times" of February 22nd, 1927).

"All categories of workers, from the house-boy to the coolie, are being encouraged to demand more and more wages. The workers in the foreign enterprises now demand the 54-hour week, an annual bonus equal in amount to one month's wages, and the settlement of all disputes by the trade unions. A large coal-mine, with a capital of 1.5 million pounds, is now under the sole control of the miners' trade

union, which sells the daily output for the account of its members."

"Strikes and demands for wage increases to quite an extravagant degree, are now the order of the day." ("Times" of February 8th, 1927).

"Business has truly been paralyzed by the exorbitant demands of the trade unions." ("Times" of March 30th, 1927).

"The demands of the trade unions under the Canton regime in China have become exaggerated, so that business is largely rendered impossible." ("Times" of March 23rd, 1927).

There are innumerable reports of this kind in the British press, all showing how deeply the working classes of China have been stirred up by the revolution.

But not only peasants and workers, also the petty bourgeois circles have been affected. A special thorn in the eye of the British capitalists was the demands of the bank clerks.

"It was reserved for the trade union of Chinese servants and employes in the foreign banks to present a list of demands to their employers which exceeds anything ever experienced. All these employes speak English or some other foreign language and are fairly well educated. The majority of them surely possess learning enough to know that there must be a limit to working expenses if business is to thrive. The demands in question range from 60 to 570 per cent increases of salary." ("Times" of March 23, 1927).

In view of these demands, all the banks closed down. So says a report three days later. In reality, however, this step was taken for the purpose of disturbing economic life at Hankow by a sort of financial or credit blockade.

The class struggle has penetrated far into the ranks of the petty bourgeoisie.

"The chambers of commerce (organs of the great merchant class), on which the full weight of this campaign against property fell, have been substituted by commercial organizations founded on revolutionary lines. (obviously retail traders' organizations), while the members of the chambers of commerce are persecuted as traitors and money-grabbers." ("Times" of February 22nd, 1927).

The 450 millions of people in China are in a process of revolution. With the exception of the feudal landowners and the military cliques, all classes of the population are taking part in this movement. By the treachery of Chiang Kai-shek, the bourgeoisie has separated itself from the revolution and gone over to the camp of the counter-revolution. By acting thus, the bourgeoisie has also betrayed the anti-imperialist emancipation movement for it is impossible at the same time to fight against the proletariat and the general mass of the peasantry on the one hand and against the imperialists on the other. The bourgeoisie has surrendered unconditionally to the imperialists. The situation may be said to be clearer now, inasmuch as China must either remain bourgeois under the yoke of the imperialists, or else become free under the lead of the proletariat and in opposition to the bourgeoisie. This state of affairs is a guarantee for the continuation of the revolution, even if a relapse sets in for the time being.

HE ROSE FROM THE BOTTOM



TO be able to honestly admit that one has not read Theodore Dreiser is no mean accomplishment. A man of lesser note might hesitate to make such an admission lest he be classed among the unintelligent minority. But when a person's reputation is assured—be it what it may—he can afford to take a chance on the heehaws of the multitude. I have heard Dreiser branded as one of our foremost novelists and—Jehovah forgive me—I have boosted his stocks in many a perilous corner, because of the enemies he had made. But I never read a word of what he wrote until last week. And this is how the miracle happened:

It was a rainy day and gloomy as the hero of this tale, wrapped around his breakfast of petrified country sausage and liquid potatoes, washed down with two cups of coffee, stuck his battered velour out into the gusty rawness of Greenwich Avenue. Various signs of life in a big city were apparent on the thoroughfare: strong men wheeling barrows of bricks, mysterious Chinamen peering from the fastnesses of their laundries at husky brewers delivering needled beer to speakeasies, policemen tickling their sticks and wondering where the next head was coming from, poets coming home from their favorite subway and women leading babies to the nearest movie palace—a risky proceeding in the sterile village.

With long easy strides our hero splashed himself across the wreckage of Greenwich Avenue where Wall Street was boring from within the earth for more profits thru the medium of another subway. The slaves of the pick and shovel worked as heartily as if they were searching for the lost soul of an Egyptian soothsayer. Before our hero could analyse the new situation and draw the correct deductions from it, he was half way down the subway stairs. There was no retreat now, so he plunged boldly in.

He had a nickel, so dropping it into the greedy maw of the money-moloch he clicked and passed by. Several other customers were on the platform. Our hero, being a temperamental person could not enjoy himself standing for a train. He wanted to sit down and read. So he went and found a seat. While in this position his eyes rested on a second-hand copy of the Herald-Tribune. Here was luck indeed. He glanced rapidly over the political news and the sport sections, but the feature page held his attention. There in bold face was the name of Theodore Dreiser. It was a situation such as O. Henry would like to touch with his magic pen.

It was the sixteenth and last of a series of interviews with famous men, telling how they jumped from pork sausage to a vegetarian dinner and what pin prick of fate jazzed them into the big idea. Dreiser told a story and since I read the yarn I am an incurable Dreiserite. Here was a man who was poor even like some of you and all of us. He was poor up until his 32nd year, was fired from the New York World for something like inefficiency—could not get a good job from Chauncey Depew. He agreed to start a country newspaper. He actually invested \$250 with a friend to start the paper. The friend had the idea but no dough. Dreiser happened to be in the middle of one of his suicidal moods when the friend popped the question and as people are always willing to consider an alternative to suicide he unloaded his wallet, went to the country and almost died when he saw the country editor they were purchasing out of business snoring in his chair while countless flies wandered anaemically over his countenance.

Dreiser could see himself as he now saw the editor five years from then, with the flies bigger, better and busier perhaps, since he would be more palatable fly-food than his predecessor. Dreiser pulled out of the town, leaving his \$250 without even kissing it good bye and much to the joy and profit of his erstwhile partner who was never able to locate his stockholder in order to return his investment.

It was after he fled this country town that Dreiser really began to see life. And all you imaginative thinkers and creative writers who are weary and sore of spirit take heart from the life of one of your own kind. Theodore Dreiser, whose name is now on the lips of every well-informed person between Christopher Street and the uptown frontier of civilization rose from a nine-dollar-a-week slave of the New York Central Railroad to the editorship of the Butterick publications inside of two years at the colossal salary of \$17,000 a year.

Luck did not spoil Dreiser. He does not point a moral but he spins a tale. He has not started a correspondence course in success. He is an artist but likes a good meal and admits it. The United States can afford to support a few more Dreisers.

T. J. O'F.



“CONTEST EDITOR?”

(Continued from page 4)

Brill would, in the midst of eating or reading suddenly shut his eyelids and allow this constantly recurring hallucination of success to pass thru his thoughts, which left him stupefied for the moment.

Whenever the door bell rang he would run into the vestibule, in the hope that it was the postman holding the coveted envelope for him. His anxiety increased, and his inquiries at the newspaper office in turn became more frequent.

At first Mrs. Brill was inclined to blame his behavior on “overwork,” but as his actions developed into talking in his sleep, and incoherent mumbling during the day she became frightened. She sent her children to a relative and called in a nerve specialist.

During the examination Brill sat in an arm chair, seeming oblivious to the rapid questioning of the physician. His face was grimaced by an apparent stupor, and he couldn't answer clearly. His wife went into the history of his strange metamorphosis. Irrelevant muttering about pictures and names of presidents broke thru his masklike expression. He arose and paced up and down the room before regaining his seat.

In the hallway the doctor told her that it was a case of dementia praecox, which he explained was a form of insanity in which a patient loses contact with reality and retires into a world of his own imaginings.

“Can't we do something for him, doctor?” Brill's wife inquired. The elderly diagnostic was touched by the pathos in her voice. “These cases usually develop into an incurable mania,” he told her frankly. Then to lessen the hurt: “However, if we can in some way make him believe that he won this ill conceived contest, it may bring him out of this trance.” Mrs. Brill became panicky.

After a restless night she hit upon an idea, which she hoped would save him. In the morning she left Morton in care of a neighbor and hurried off to the office of the tabloid. There she asked for a sheet of paper. One was given her. Mrs. Brill hesitated:

“Please, I would like to have one with your letter-head on.” Then feeling that an explanation was needed, continued, “You see, I am writing to a friend out of town about your paper, and would like to do it on your stationary.” Color mounted to her cheeks, she felt that her lie was detected. The girl behind the counter gave her a curious look, but nevertheless produced what was asked.

She then hurried to a friend of hers who had a typewriter home, and between sobs, and a hurried explanation typed a letter. In the street she stepped into a drug store, pasted a stamp on the envelope, which she slipped into her purse; intending to drop it into some letterbox, and hurried home.

In the morning Morton Brill received a letter which read in part:

Dear Mr. Brill,

We are glad to inform you that you are the winner of the ten thousand dollar prize offered by this newspaper for the correct solution of the “Know Your Own Presidents' Contest.”

Yours truly,

CONTEST EDITOR.

Mrs. Brill watched her husband as his eyes scanned the letter, which he crumpled up, and with his clenched fists began a frenzied tapping against his chest, at the same time crying, “I knew it! I knew it.” His mouth began to froth from the effort. Thru his distorted mind ideas flowed with increased rapidity. He conceived peculiar objects which the association of fancies presented with a vivid likeness.

The illusion which he had so long nourished had finally eaten into his consciousness, and he was as a result a different person. His shoulders seemed to bend forward, and his eyes delved deeper into their sockets. Strange emotions stole over his face as he paced around the house, continuing to murmur, “I knew it! I knew it!” and tap his chest.

His wife followed him from room to room, as he began picking up objects, and placing them where they did not belong. She grew alarmed as this grim game of tag kept up for upward of half an hour. She then phoned for the doctor. During this interval Mrs. Brill, wasted from constant worry, kept a strict watch over him. Her eyes were harassed by a frightened look. She kept cupping her fingers, and reproaching herself for bringing on this fit of her husband's, believing that her letter caused it.

It was decided later in the day that they had best remove him to an institution as his abnormal raving did not subside. Mrs. Brill dressed to accompany him as an ambulance rolled up to the house. She opened her purse to extract some money. An instant later a shriek escaped her lips, as she collapsed in a faint. For there lying in her purse was that letter she wrote to her husband but forgot to mail.

BOWERY

Beaten, they stand in formless line;
(FREE SUPPER & PRAYER TONIGHT)
And being prodded by burly cops,
They slowly file into God's Mission House.

Hungry, they sit on hard, wooden benches;
And hearing themselves called God's Children,
They sing and pray and shout Amen
For a bowl of dirty soup.

SAMUEL CAMEL.



The COMRADE

Edited by the Young
A Page for Workers'



Young SECTION

Pioneers of America
and Farmers' Children

VACATION—MEANS WHAT?

In about another week, vacation will be here. Many thousands of children, who have grown tired of school, tired of home work, tired of teachers, who beat and scold them, will welcome their summer vacation like a slave welcomes freedom. These children (most of them children of workers) will be glad to get away from the stuffy schools, where they are taught to hate the workers, to be loyal to the bosses, to love God and country, and to join the Boy Scouts. They will be glad to get away, even the getting away from school means—what? It means for many going into sheeps, offices or factories to work for bosses and help support their parents. Not much of a vacation in that, is there?

For others who do not go to work, it means to swelter under the hot sun in the crowded city streets. Of these many will never go back to school: others will go back, but not the same as they left. Summer diseases and automobiles will find easy victims among these children. Not much of a vacation in that, is there? Some children who are more fortunate will go with their parents to farms in country places. Many of them where workers are, are usually over-crowded for children. Many of the children who come out to these places for vacation and fresh air remain to work on the farm under the blazing sun picking berries for almost nothing. That "ain't" much of a vacation, is it?

Well, that's the kind of a vacation you get in all countries that have governments OF THE BOSSES. BY THE BOSSES, and FOR THE BOSSES. And comrades, you needn't expect more from them because you won't get it. There is only one country where the children of workers are taken care of as is necessary. This country is Soviet Russia, the only country OF THE WORKERS, BY THE WORKERS, and FOR THE WORKERS. The government of this country provides playgrounds, parks, camps, and many other things which help to build up the children in mind as well as body.

Wouldn't you like to have such a government here in America? If you would, then you should join the Young Pioneers of America who are helping the workers to get such a government.

JOIN TODAY—DON'T DELAY.

Our Letter Box

THE LIVES OF THE POOR

Dear Comrades: Poor soldiers of U. S. are to fight for millionaires and lose their lives for the rich. While the rich are having a good time and do whatever they like, the working people can't afford anything but work all the time and have no rest. The bosses on high chairs are strong and wealthy, while the poor are weak. I hope everybody wishes China wins the war with U. S. and they will be FREE from the rich forever.—WILLIAM BIBIA.

WANTS TO HELP STRIKERS

Dear Comrades: One day in school we were making a poster. Each child was to think to help somebody. Some children said to help Community Chests, etc. I got up and said the strikers in Passaic. My teacher said that strikers are lazy people. They want to take a rest and say that the bosses do not want to give them enough pay. I believe that a lot of children know whom to help.—A GIRL FROM NEWARK.

RUTHENBERG SUB BLANK

Last week in this corner you found a story about Johnny Red who has made up his mind to Fight On by getting subs for the Young Comrade. Are you a Johnny Red? Well then, show it by getting Young Comrade subs, and win the honor of being the Johnny Red of the Ruthenberg Sub Corner. Don't forget to send all subs to Daily Worker, Young Comrade Corner, 33 First Street, New York City.

1-2 year sub 25c—1 year sub 50c.

Name

Address

City

State Age

Issued Every Month.

DIRT — NOT NEWS



By L. Laukkonen.

This picture shows the capitalistic (bosses) newspapers fishing for news. Some of the news that was caught is shone on the shore. This fisherman doesn't care for real news like the Sacco and Vanzetti case, truth about China, Soviet Russia, and so on. This news can only be found in workers' newspapers like The DAILY WORKER, Young Worker, Young Comrade, and a few others.

SACCO AND VANZETTI

By DAGMAR KUNNAP.

With the hours passing silently away
With no human men around
We are in prison today,
And with chains we are bound.

2.
We're waiting for our deaths, we're told,
And accused of murdering men.
We've seen in prison seven years unfold,
And no lamplight within.

3.
When will our freedom come around,
And when will the days come in sight.
But when will workers be off bare ground
And when will wrong be right?

AH-TEN-SHUN!!!

Registration for the Young Pioneer Camp is now open. Only workers' and poor farmers' children are invited to go to this camp. For information write or call at the office of the Young Pioneer Camp, 108 East 14th Street, New York City. If you intend to go to this camp, apply at once and avoid the rush.

YOUNG AND FRESH

APPLE SAUCE!
HOW DO YOU
OLD FOGIES GET
THAT WAY?



When Johnny Red of Passaic was told that he was too young to go on the picket line, HE WENT ANYWAY!

LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE

The answer to last week's puzzle No. 18 is ALL WORKERS' CHILDREN SHOULD GO TO THE YOUNG PIONEER CAMP. DO YOU WANT TO GO? Those who answered correctly are:

Ruth Youkelson, New York City; Laura Borim, New York City; Elsie Melniker, Fernsdales, N. Y.; Jennie Lukashewich, Utica, N. Y.; Adel Lukashewich, Utica, N. Y.; Mae Feurer, New York City; Jennie Nork, Worcester, Mass.; Eli Steinberg, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mae Malyk, New York City.

More Answers to Puzzle No. 17

E. Nudelman, New York City; Rose Horowitz, Rochester, N. Y.; Leo Wolin, Chicago, Ill.; Liberto Vilarino, Inglewood, Cal.; Luz Vilarino, Inglewood, Cal.; Louis Ludwig, Brooklyn, N. Y.

More Answers to Puzzle No. 16

Luz Vilarino, Inglewood, Cal.

THIS WEEK'S PUZZLE NO. 19

This week's puzzle is a cross word puzzle. It was sent in by Rose Horowitz. Fill in the words according to the definitions given. This is a hard one, let's see you do it!

1	2	3
4	A	P
5	T	S

ACROSS:

- Some.
- Bosses don't give a ———— how workers live.
- High hills.

DOWN:

- What the bosses do to the workers in time of war.
- A boy's name.
- Abbreviation of Young Pioneers (plural).

DIAGONAL:

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

Parody on "There Was A Bean"

By ROSE HOROWITZ.

There was a scab, -ee--ab, --e--ab
Who broke a strike, --ee--ike, --ee--ike
Then he got canned, --ee--and, --ee--and
So he took a hike, --ee--ike, --ee--ike

THE ROSE-BUSH

(Continued)

"I don't belong to you!" exclaimed the Rose-bush. "Don't I belong to the person who has taken care of me and troubled himself about me? Then to whom do I belong?"

The man pointed with his hand to the gleaming white house among the trees and replied, "To the gracious lady who lives there."

"That can't be," replied the Rose-bush. "I have never seen this lady. It is not she who has sprinkled water on me, loosened the earth at my roots, bound together my twigs. Then how can I belong to her?"

"She has bought you."

"That is something different. Then the poor woman must have worked hard to save so much money. Good! Half of my blossoms shall belong to her."

The man laughed a little sadly, saying, "Oh, beloved Rose-bush, you don't yet know the world, I can see that. The lady did not lift a finger to earn the money."

"Then how did she get it?"

"She owns a great factory in which countless workers drudge; from there comes her wealth."

The Rose-bush became angry, lifted a bough up high, threatened the man with her thorn-claws, shouting, "I see you enjoy yourself at my expense because I am still young and inexperienced, telling me untruths about the world of men. Still I am not so stupid, I have observed ants and bees, and know that to each belong the things for which he has worked."

"That may be so among bees and ants," the man sighed deeply, "yet among men it is different. There the people receive just enough to keep them from starving—all else belongs to the master. The master builds splendid mansions, plants lovely gardens, buys flowers."

(To Be Continued)

DRAMA

Pre-War Marriage and Adultery

"The Woman of Bronze," at the Lyric Theatre, Shallow and Out of Date

Reviewed by JOSEPH FREEMAN.

LOVE and marriage relations have undergone such deep changes in the past decade, that the revival of "The Bronze Woman" at the Lyric Theatre is the echo of primitive and almost incredible days.

Even six or seven years ago, when the play was first produced, it must have struck theatre-goers as weak and sentimental; last Wednesday evening the audience snickered audibly at several "touching" passages intended obviously to evoke tears.

Infidelity as old as marriage, and the wife whose husband is attracted by a woman younger and more attractive than herself remains a problem in real life and a good theme for the stage. Somerset Maughan's "The Constant Wife," now running on Broadway, treats the same problems from our own decades, point of view. There are no hysterics, no wringing of hands and hearts, no fake motivations. The betrayed wife recognizes the property nature of bourgeois marriage, and the changing nature of love in marriage. She handles the situation with wit and character, obtains her freedom of action by earning her own living, and repays the husband in his own coin by going off to Capri with a man she loves and who loves her. Throughout the play she remains mistress of herself and of the situation; she refuses to make her whole life and happiness hinge on the man who has ceased to be her lover, though he remains her husband and friend and an excellent and secure source of income; or to succumb to the pressure of conventional morals.

If Maughan's play is cynical, it is a healthy cynicism which exposes the platitudes and pretenses of middle class life. The response of the audience showed that it articulates a genuine attitude on the part of civilized people.

Why Murray Phillips chose to revive "The Bronze Woman" at this stage of the game is difficult to guess. Neither Paul Kester's clever adaptation from the French nor Margaret Anglin's fine acting could save it from its own shodiness and falsehood. However, this a problem for theatrical producers and professional critics. What is interesting for most of us are the ideas of the play.

The wife of a sculptor, conveniently rich, devotes her entire life to her husband. Their child was stillborn and her whole maternal instinct goes out to the man and his work. Fifteen years of flawless devotion and admiration, do not save the wife from the pain and humiliation of betrayal. The artist falls in love with a young musician who is portrayed as a destructive force. As played by Mary Fowler, the girl is sensitive, soft, quiet-spoken; but her real villainy is shown by the fact that it is she who first says "I love you."

The wife discovers the secret and "illicit" love by walking in at the precise moment of its declaration. She suffers in silence, with the assistance of the usual friend of the family.

She suffers in silence, not only because she loves her husband and is generally a noble person after the best mid-victorian pattern. The truth is, she wants her husband to finish his masterpiece, "the woman of bronze," which is to represent some vague social ideal about the ascension of humanity to vague heights of splendor, nobility, truth, and other nice things referred to by senators on official occasions. Quite incidentally, the statue is to be entered in a contest for a million dollar prize, which, as everyone knows, is the usual reward of idealistic artists.

ALINE MAC MAHON



Will play Titania in the open air performance of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," at the Stadium, Forest Hills tomorrow night.

In a scene with the woman who has broken up her home, the wife points out the depth of her sin and depravity. Had this scene been played by any less gifted and self-controlled than Margaret Anglin, it would have been one of the choicest satires on the infantile twaddle that proceeds from middle-class conventions.

Thus the play upholds not only the sanctity of the home, and the eternal triumph of the good woman, but vindicates the great privilege of the bourgeois gentleman to have his cake and eat it. He can with impunity desert his wife for a pretty girl, and then desert the pretty girl for his wife, while the wife "suffers in silence" and his "partner in sin" is cast out and reviled as a "thief," "vixen," etc.

Fourteen Shows Close Shop Tonight

Fourteen theatres will go dark after tonight's performance. Of this large number of closings, two Theatre Guild productions, "Mr. Pim Passes By" and "Ned McCobb's Daughter" will end their run this evening. The others are "Kempy," "Namiko San," "Wooden Kimono," "Triple Crossed," George White's "Scandals," which ran for over a year, "Oh Kay," here eight months, "Two Girls Wanted," playing since September; "Gertie," "A Very Wise Virgin," "Baby Mine" and "Caponacci," the Walter Hampden production which ran through the season. The Paul Green show, "In Abraham's Bosom" closes tomorrow night. No new plays have as yet been listed to take the place of the closed productions.

Broadway Briefs

Additions to the cast of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" which will be presented in the open air at the Stadium, Forest Hills, L. I., tomorrow night for the benefit of the Actors' Fund, are Reginald Goode, who will play Demetrius, Jay Fassett, as Flute, J. Malcolm Dunn as Philstrate, and Betty Lawford, as Peaseblossom. The other players are Stanley Harrison as Snug, Horace Braham as Oberon, Guy Nicholas as Starveling, Ernest Stallard as Snout, and Aline MacMahon as Titania. There will also be a ballet and chorus under the supervision of Alexis Kosloff.

AMUSEMENTS

The Theatre Guild Acting Company in

"The Second Man"

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

"Mr. Pim Passes By"

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

"The Silver Cord"

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

LAST WEEK OF CONTEST

United Actors, Inc., announce that the award of \$500 for the best letter on The Ladder will end with the twelfth, and current week. The last chance to win a prize is to submit your letter before 10 A. M. Monday, June 20th.

THE LADDER

CORT Theatre 48th St., E. of B'way Summer Prices Nothing over \$2.20
No Performances Saturday

Joseph Stanley, well known musical comedy star, is going in for producing on his own the coming season. His first production will be a musical version of A. E. Thomas's comedy, "Just Suppose," which was played here two seasons back. The young producer will direct the production and also appear in the principal role.

"Jail Birds," Upton Sinclair's impressionistic play dealing with the I. W. W. in Southern California will be presented at the Gamut Theatre, Los Angeles in July. There will be a cast of over 200, and a large chorus of male voices.

George M. Cohan is going back to producing. Next month he will stage his own play, a farce titled "Cyclone." He may also appear in the production.



'Old San Francisco' Coming to Warner's Tuesday



DOLORESCOSTELLO

Crosland the director will be there in person. The premiere will be for the benefit of the Hebrew Orphan Asylum.

"Old San Francisco" is a romance of the early days of the city. High spots are The Barbary Coast, Chinatown and the celebrated fire. The scenario is by Anthony Coldway from Darryl Francis Zanuck's story.

The cast also includes William Demarest, Sojin, John Miljan, Josef Swickard, Anders Randolph, Angelo Rossitto, and Rose Dione. The picture will have the accompaniment of a special synchronized musical score arranged by Dr. Hugo Riesenfeld rendered via Vitaphone.

B.S. MOSS' THEATRES
424 ST. B'WAY.
CAMEO NOW
Triumphant return to Broadway!
THE CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI
CONRAD VEIDT & WERNER KRAUSS
IN ADDITION TO
CHARLIE CHAPLIN - 'CARMEN'
B'WAY AT 41 ST. BEGINNING
First New York Showing
MONTE BLUE
in a smashing tip-toeing railroad melodrama
The BLACK DIAMOND EXPRESS
AND
ROBBIN'S BALTIMOREANS | TRAHAN | FORD
WALLACE & WALLACE | DANCERS
and other KEITH-ALBEE ACTS

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

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

The new Vitaphone prelude will embrace Tom Brown and the original Six Brown Brothers and Blossom Seeley; Willie and Eugene Howard who will be seen and heard in a comedy skit called "Pals," and Beniamino Gigli in scenes from "La Giocanda."

The Fifty-fifth Street Cinema, newest of the little film theatres, beginning today will share a revised version of "Grass," the Copper-Scholdsack film which preceded "Chang," and "Madame Wants No Children," produced by Alexander Korda with his wife, Marie Korda in the leading role. The latter picture was produced in Germany.

"The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" with Werner Krauss in the role of Dr. Caligari and Conrad Veidt as Cesare, the sleeper, will be seen at Moss' Cameo Theatre beginning today.