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ALEX BITTELMAN, Editor



By Hay Bales

EDITOR'S NOTES

THE rapid industrialization of the south is un-doubtedly one of the major developments in post-pursue the same line. And this is exactly what war American capitalism. This development is having far-reaching effects not only upon the south but upon the country as a whole. And yet the American labor movement has hardly begun to realize the meaning and significance of these developments for the working class of the United States.

ith +1 e An Lewis and his henchmen have been doing.

Despite, however, the criminal negligence of the Lewis machine to organize the unorganized miners, sentiment for organization among the southern min-ers is very strong. So much so that the first earnest effort to organize them will inevitably produce splen-did results. And this is the time when such action is most urgently needed. All efforts of the union must be devoted towards that end. It is only by striking the southern coal mines along with the others that a national bituminous coal strike will become a reality. And it is only through a national bituminous strike that the miners will win.

By ALEX BITTELMAN

ministers representing every section of the south. The appeal calls for "friendly" cooperation of em-ployers, employes, churches, educators and state officials "to improve social and economic conditions of southern industry." The things to be improved, according to the appeal, are: the isolation of popu-lation in the mill village; the long working week, extending in many industries even to fifty-five and sixty hours; a certain amount of the seven-day week. which still exists in some industries; the employment of women, and children between 14 and 16 at overlong periods of labor; low wage standards in some industries with consequent depressed standards of living and the general absence of labor representation in the factories.

fully awake to the possibilities of the situation from the point of view of strengthening capitalism and weakening the labor movement. And they are making ample use of these possibilities as is seen in the coal strike situation and in many more factors of importance.

Discussing the present coal mining situation the capitalist press is deriving a good deal of comfort from the fact that the unionized coal area has steadily contracted while the non-union area has expanded. The opening up of coal mines in the south and the intensive development of the industry there was bound to affect very seriously the condition of the mine workers' union. But it is primarily the failure of the Lewis administration to concentrate on organizing these new fields that is responsible for the fact that the shifting of coal mining to the south has worked altogether to the interests of the capitalists and against the workers. Because it does not at all follow that coal mining in the south must remain a non-union industry. That the coal barons are banking upon these new fields remaining nonunion and are doing all in their power to resist unionization, is quite natural. But it is altogether

THAT conditions in the south are over-ripe for successful union organization can be seen also from the attitude of the southern church. When prominent dignitaries of the Episcopal and Methodist churches of the south feel compelled to appeal to the capitalists for "better" relations with labor and for industrial peace in order to "avoid the waste and bitterness of industrial conflict," this is a sure sign of restlessness among the workers and of their becoming ready to assert themselves against the capitalists in an effective way. For it isn't the misery of the workers that is worrying the church dignitaries but the approach of struggle against this misery by the working masses themselves.

SUCH an appeal to the "industrial leaders of the south" was signed by about forty bishops and

THESE are the damnable conditions in the south which even the church is forced to recognize and speak about because of the approaching "danger" of industrial conflict. But this means nothing to Lewis of the miners' union, MacMahon of the textile workers and similar types in reactionary gangdom. To them these conditions are inventions of the Communists and progressive trade unionists which must be exterminated for the greater glory of the capitalists and their flunkeys in the labor movement. But how about the facts? How about these mill villages in the south?

THE churchmen are not very explicit in their ap-1 peal. But even they are forced to admit that "life in a mill village under company control is not (Continued on Page Five)

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The Common Enemy

FROM COMMUNIST INTERNATIONAL

The following article is taken from The Communist International of February 28. The Communist International is the official organ of the Executive Committee of the C. I. The Chinese situation is the most important question facing the working class of the world today and every worker should be informed of its import. This article gives the viewpoint of the Executive Committee of the Communist International on the Chinese struggle and should be carefully studied by everybody who wants to be in a position to explain to his fellow workers what is taking place in China.—Ed.

THE Chinese revolution is occupying the centre of the historical stage at the present time, and around it forces are gathering for a mighty conflict between the international imperialist bourgeoisie and the international proletariat. The world bourgeoisie has mobilized all the social forces possible against the development of the revolution in China. The proletariat has only just managed to outline the fundamental path along which its activities should develop in support of the Chinese revolution, and in its defense against the military forces of imperialism from without, and against the compromising and wavering elements within. Only the most progressive section of the proletariat, represented by the Communist Party, has yet come forward as the organized force which clearly understands all the difficulties and dangers confronting the Chinese revolution. It is prepared, in spite of all obstacles, to lead the Chinese revolution as part of the world revolution, to final victory.

The complex and extremely important task cf rallying the masses of the working class and of the oppressed nations for the struggle has still to be accomplished. This task should occupy the centre of attention of all the Sections of the Comintern, the Profintern, and all the trade unions. In order to mobilize all the reserves of the international revolutionary movement it is necessary to carry out, with the speed commensurate with the exceptional importance of the matter, the united front under the slogan of "Hands off China," while at the same time the Communist Parties must act independently and employ all forms of mass revolutionary struggle.

The mobilization of the reactionary forces against the Chinese people was carried out under the slogan of combatting the "mob," "Moscow influence." etc., *i.e.*, against the leading role played by the working class in the national revolutionary struggle. In so far as this aim of causing a split in the national revolutionary front, and of reducing the Right bourgeois wing to compromise with imperialism, is the common aim of all bourgeois governments and their compromising lackeys, we may say that the world bourgeoisie has established a united front in its attack upon revolutionary China. This front extends from the Pope of Rome, Pius XI., to the pope of reformism, Ramsay MacDonald. It is equipped not only with battleships, cruisers and aeroplane carriers, but with all other kinds of weapons from diplomatic eunning and falsehood to Liberal hypocrisy and Social Democratic treachery.

Needless to say, the internal conflict of appetites, conflicts of interest, rivalry and competition, roused first of all by the insatiable greed of the bourgeoisie of each country, continues incessantly within the imperialist camp. To these antagonisms must be added the differences as to the methods of struggle which each predatory imperialist considers most convenient to employ in the given circumstances and time, from the point of view of the geographicai situation and its strategical and economic positions both in China and out of it. It would be a fatal mistake if the Chinese revolutionaries failed at each stage of development of the revolution to watch closely the growing acuteness of these antagonisms, the play of conflicting imperialist passions, and to strive in their manoeuvring to utilize these differences in the enemy camp in its own interests. A breach in the imperialist front in China, where the interests of the imperialists are closely interwoven into a tight knot, has become possible because these interests conflict; but this knot, because it is tied so tightly, can only be cut by the sword of the revolu-tion. At all stages of the struggle the Chinese revolution must proceed along the following lines: (1) utilize the antagonisms among the predatory imperialists; (2) utilize the hypocritical declarations of the compromising leaders, who, owing to the pressure of the masses, are compelled to make promises to the national revolutionary movement.



as the exceptional power of the blows which are being rained upon it by the victory of the revolution in Southern China, are the cause of the blind, frenzied aggression of the Baldwin government.

The powerful lever of covert intervention has already been torn out of the hands of British imperialism. Wu Pei-fu has been routed, Sun Chaun-fang is also on the eve of defeat. Not because they like it, did the British imperialists create a state of war not only in Shanghai but also in the capital of the British Empire. "Not only are the troops on the move," writes the "Daily Herald," in its issue on January 25, "but the war-drums are beating: war talk is beginning." Commenting on the newspaper report that the "scenes of Portsmouth barracks evoked memories of 1914," the "Daily Herald" exclaims "That is a true word."

What is the theatre of this forthcoming war like? "Formerly it may have been thought that the whole business will amount to defending a few streets. Now it appears that it is a matter of a front 21 miles long," writes one bourgeois newspaper, in pointing out that it will necessary to defend Shanghai. "But what is Shanghai?" asks another newspaper and replies, "It is a head, the loss of which will be irreparable, but for all that a head without a body is dead." "1914," consequently, does not apply to Shanghai, but at least to the whole of the Eastern Section of the Yangtse. J. H. Thomas was quite right when, in his speech at Newton Abbot, he declared: "I do not hesitate to say... I prefer a large army to be sent rather than a handful of soldiers." The British bourgeoise has become so frenzied already that it will not hesitate to send a large army to China, and consequently is prepared to begin a serious war unless the British working class and the Chinese people put it in a strait jacket in time.

It would be entirely wrong to believe, however, that open violence is the only method British imperialism intends to employ in China. While troops are being despatched the British government is playing a complicated provocative game, with a view to splitting off certain of the leading groups of the revolutionary movement, and is converting them into a support for their rule in China. MacDonald with his feigned indignation against military intervention as a matter of fact is aiding and abetting it, is being used a a bait by the Baldwin government in order to decoy a certain section of the Kuomintang into

inade for war, Ramsay MacDonald is trying to throw a golden bridge for the retreat of the government in the event of General Duncan having to repeat in Shanghai in 1927 the same ignominious manoeuvre that he was compelled to make in Odessa in 1919. 'I observe," declares MacDonald in the "Daily Herald," on January 25, about the military preparations, "an air quite different from that of the foreign office communications, that I suspect that once again we are faced with the problem of whether, in circumstances such as those in which we now are, the military is to be the servant of the State; or the State the plaything of the military." Hence, it is quite possible that even after the sanguinary conflict has broken out MacDonald will desire to act the part of honest broker between the right wing of the national movement, if the latter proves to be sufficiently terrorized to agree to make a treacherous deal with the British government (which, of course, will have no hand in the game of the military authorities and will remain as pure white as the Alpine snows).

THE tactics of American imperialism contain the elements of the same game, but in different proportions. Powerful American capital does not stand in need of artificially created privileges in order to maintain its domination in China—on condition, of course, that bourgeois "law and order" is firmly established. This explains the "liberal" tinge of American policy in China. Washington adopted a waiting policy with regard to the successes of the revolutionary movement, in the conviction that it will develop along capitalist lines. Wise Mr. Kellogg, in his official statement, described this policy, which is directed towards subjecting an economically weak country to the powerful pressure of American capital, as the United States having "no imperialist interest in China." If that is the case, then it has to be explained why the Washington government was the first to beat, the alarm concerning the colonial conference that was to be held in Brussels, and called upon the Belgian government to prohibit it.

The European press is dazzled with the brilliance of American successes, and is urging their bourgeoisie to adopt the same "liberal" policy in China. The German press particularly is broadcasting these wise counsels, and is positively gloating at the sight of its neighbor's house burning. Even the French press is sufficiently imbued with hatred towards England to give her advice in the most friendly manner as to how to rest on a dislocated foot. Sauerwein, the journalist, commenting on the speech of Comrade Tang Ping-tshan, writes in the "Matin"; "The Bolsheviks fear most of all politics of the American type, which strengthen the position of the right wing of the Kuomintang. The League of Nations must abandon excessive caution, and seek the means for avoiding a conflict which will be to the advantage only of the U.S.S.R." This wise counsellor, who recalls to mind the hero of the Russian story who danced at a funeral, fails to observe that the development of the Chinese revolution has reached a stage which is causing American imperialism to revise its "liberal" tactics and to call up infantry for a landing in Shanghai.

At the same time, it would be a no less fatal mistake to assume that the antagonisms among the imperialists operate automatically by a spring that is wound up once and for all, and that these antagonisms will not be temporarily put into the background at a decisive moment by the common hatred of the imperialists towards their dangerous class enemy.

There are grounds for fearing that we are approaching a decisive moment such as this in China. It is imperative that all the forces of the revolution should be speedily prepared to meet this danger.

I N all probability the British bourgeoisie will continue for some time to play the part of the pioneers in the attack against the Chinese revolution. The general collapse of British capitalism, as well its trap. Morever, it is not Ramsay MacDonald alone that has been given the honorable part of a worm on the hook of intervention.

The "Manchester Guardian" and even the "Observer," are zealously angling for the national elements of the revolution, which are not infected with Bolshevism. "The irony is" writes the "Observer," of January 23, "that British policy in its substance entirely agrees with Mr. Chen. The real difficulty is that while Mr. Chen agrees with Sir Austen Chamberlain, they are both hampered by misinformed pressure from their supporters. Mr. Chen has to save his face before the 'bag and baggage' propagandists on whose political support he is dependent. Sir Austen has to contend with die-hard ignorance whose natural bend is towards the use of force." Is it necessary to add that all these intermediaries, bourgeois and reformists, guarantee Mr. Chen the complete liberation of Sir Austen from the influence of bad counsellors immediately he, Mr. Chen, breaks his compromising connection with the "propagandists?"

This game of double dealing has gone so far that in the height of the preparations that are being -2 -- (Continued next week)

HELD OVER!

Owing to pressure on our space the second and last installment of proclamations issued by the Bolsheviki in the early days of the Russian revolution were unavoidably held over until next week.

"The Beast"

His face was moist with a warm perspiration which seemed to disturb him. Drops of sweat kept trickling continuously down his forehead which he wiped away with a soiled handkerchief. There was nothing unusual about his appearance, yet almost everybody who passed by eyed him curiously. He was a big fellow of reddish complexion. Thick arms, corded by prominent veins dangled from a pair of sleeves attached to a blue jacket. His head, topped by a misshaped felt hat, was pulled tightly down almost covering his bushy eyebrows.

He stood silently on a well defined corner of 5th Avenue, gazing diffidently into a restaurant window. His eyes were focused upon an exhibition of food lying behind the blue stained pane. The luscious nutriment, invitingly displayed, aroused in him a strong desire to eat, for he was hungry and with thirty cents in his pocket. Thru the window he saw many small tables covered by white tablecloths and ornamented by brightly colored plates and fantastically labeled wine bottles. Around them sat grey-faced men leisurely smoking the profits of other men's toil and stencil eyebrowed women, all engaged in meaningless conversation. For it is in places such as these that platitudes are born and imbibed in Bacchanalian rites. Waiters, clad in white aprons, hurried down the aisles. They carried silver trays of food, transmitting a flavored aroma which the hungry one unwillingly inhaled. Each breath aroused in him fresh pangs of hunger which he vainly tried to subdue. One of those smiles that ofttimes serve as an expression of contempt flickered across his face.

Only the furtive glances of a policeman directing traffic in the gutter restrained him from crashing his heavy fist thru the window and making off with the enticingly arrayed victuals.

II.

It was dawn of a summer day when a slight wind, pregnant with a cool morning dew blowing from the North River, breezed gently into the open bedroom window of Steve McHugh's waterfront flat. The room was small and it seemed to absorb the incoming moisture as a sponge absorbs water, damping the four plastered walls from ceiling to floor.

In a nearby bed, a woman moved restlessly about under a dirty blanket. She raised her head and peered thru the window. Seeing that it was morn-ing, she moved into a sitting position, and began

waking a man sleeping beside her. "Get up, Steve" she drawled. "It's late." Receiving no reply, her hands fell upon the heavy form, and began shaking it violently.

"Come on! Time to get up," she repeated. "All right, shut up! I heard ye the first time," replied a thick voice from beneath the covering. And a few seconds later, a stalwart figure, his face swathed in sleep, stood beside the iron bed. He stretched his arms in sideward motion and yawned.

McHugh donned a pair of saggy trousers, and walked in his stocking feet to the window. In the distance, he saw the still waters of the North River flowing calmly on. A flotilla of ships floated idly at anchor. Many of them, large and small crafts, all chained to each other and rotting hourly from disuse.

There was a strike of longshoreman going on in the harbor, and McHugh watched the tie-up of industry with a vague satisfaction, for he was one of the strikers. He kept peering into the calm of a busy street not yet arisen from its slumber, listening occasionally to the rumbling of a train rolling along the West Shore Railroad. His eyes were glued upon a familiar sight, Andrew B. Berry Shipping Co., which hung over a nearby pier.

His reverie was suddenly broken.

"I suppose you'll be wanting your breakfast served drawled his wife, entering from the kitchen. "Well, there ain't nothin' in the house to eat to-She stared idly at him as he allowed the day." words to sink into his head.

"I'll be gettin' my strike benefit tomorrow, so stop yer yowlin' or you'll be after wakin' the children."

it," she echoed. "Strike "And a lot o' good that'll do ye, with me owin' the butcher as much." Here she lifted her apron and after wiping her wet hands, burst into a complaint about inability to make ends meet to which McHugh had long since become accustomed. He understood vaguely that the complaint was justified, yet disliked to be reminded about it. His many thoughts turned to a giant puzzle which zig-zagged unevenly about. He picked up his hat laying on the table and left the house, cussing inwardly the perfidy of his Saints. For the first time in six weeks McHugh did not go down to the docks, for picket duty. Instead, he sauntered on this summer day uneasily along streets strangely alien to him. For hours he trod the hot sidewalks, trying to rid himself of a troubled uneasiness. He stopped occasionally in his walks to gaze upon richly architectured dwellings which stood like uneven fences on both sides of the street. A multitude of freshly born reflections kept shadowboxing in his thoughts. Thus debating with himself the ironic incongruities of life, he reached that well defined corner of Fifth Avenue.

Tired of the futile gazing into the unfriendly restaurant window, he slumped away walking north. To his left were a chain of stores into which he stopped to gaze. Behind the beaming displays of the Avenue shops he saw in one an assortment of oriental rugs, grotesquely designed and colored.

In a jewelry shop, lay behind a well polished panel of glass jewel studded laveliers to rest upon the breasts of modern Aphrodites. Golden bracelets carefully moulded for slender wrists. Sparkling diamond rings rounded for well manicured fingers and glass beads to be hung around powdered necks of perfumed inamoratas.

These things slowly unfolded a half forgotten message of slumbering class consciousness. He watched long lines of dazzling colored automobiles roll continuously in and out of his gaze. That, coupled with the exhibit of wealth sickened him.

"De silk crowds," as he termed the never ending procession of tailored puppets on dress parade.

"Look at em," he grumbled, "a pack of weakkneed parasites that lives on buttermilk and me with the great strength that's in me without the price of a lousy meal." A new born ideology shook his massive frame.

Guests, carefully attired in the garb of their social rating and carefully slected from the society "blue book" gathered in the reception room of Andrew B. Berry's Fifth Avenue residence to witness the marriage of Senator Bruce Gordon being tied in holy matrimony this day to Audrey B. Berry the only daughter of the millionaire ship-owner.

Waxed figures of men, corpulent with six percent interest, and women richly gowned by the skill of other fingers stood with heads bowed, their faces beaming conspicuously in the pride of their "standing". They were listening to the Right Reverend Gustav Mason, Bishop of Arkansas, read the old Episcopal service with the word "obey" obligingly omitted.

The beautiful furnished reception room was transformed for this occasion into an indoor garden. The alter was completely covered by white lillies, intermingled with feathery ferns, and bordered by strips of velvet. The ceiling and walls were bedeck. ed by rosy orchids. On the left, a stairway leading to the blue room was fenced with tall baskets of pink blossoms which blended harmoniously with the scarlet rug. While inside the room stood large

THE GOLDEN CLOWN

There was a rich man lived in Dober Town, And he was master of a thousand hands, They spun his gold for him, Their lives were sold for him, Their loves were bound to him with bloody bands. And those who knew him called him Mister Brown.

And he was not an ordinary man, He had an education of a sort, He called his mill-hands bores,

The females dirty whores, And plumed himself on being a good sport, And of his passions made profitable plan.

O, Brown was very rich, and very proud, And prouder for a sorrow that he had, A son that laughed all day, A son whose witless way Was death and broken wonder for the lad,

And he walked always with an unseen crowd.

The Golden Clown, the neighbors knew him all, Knew him for golden through their own cold grime, And more than Dober Town Knew him for a Clown,

Born to the purple, and some there were betime Had sung with him a madman's ma

By ALEX JACKINSON

The bride was attired in a wedding gown of D'Angleterre lace, imported from England. It was worn over a pink satin slip. The long train of lace hung loosely on the ground, the folds of which were hemmed with cream velvet. Around her neck sparkled a rare necklace of beautifully matched pearls, a gift from her father. A hugh bouquet of lillies of the valley fastened to her waist by silver threads completed her trousseau.

As the impressive ceremony ended, an orchestra seated on the balcony began playing Mendelssohn's Wedding March. The newlyweds, followed by their entourage walked arm in arm under a shower of rice and confetti. They were to leave that afternoon for a honeymoon trip to the Orient.

Outside people were gathered to pay silent, homage to Mammon, the great god of money, who will soon bless the less fortunate children of commerce by a ten percent cut in wages. Long lines of curious waited anxiously for the much-heralded couple to leave.

Down the street McHugh came trodding aimlessly along. Seeing the crowd, he ventured close and addressing a spectator inquired.

"Say, what's goin' on here, Jack ?"

"Oh, nothin' much. Just a guy gettin' married to Andrew Berry's daughter. Must be some big shot, I guess.

"Andrew Berry, did you say! queried McHugh. "I used to work for that louse.-Strikin' now; the fat slob tried to cut wages. So his gal's gettin' married, ch? Move over, will ye bud, I want to take a good peep at her."

Several minutes later the arched doors swung open and the bride and groom stepped slowly down the steps, followed by flower bedecked bridesmaids who fluttered behind her like so many tinted butterflies. Cries of admiration and applause broke out from the envious spectators.

As the bride approached her limousine, McHugh stepped directly in front of her, and made an awkward motion to bow. He lifted the cap from his head, allowing the corners of his mouth to screw up into a sardonic sneer.

"Hello bright eyes," he ejaculated.

The slender form of the one the remark was almed at, stopped abruptly. Taken completely unawares she retreated and screamed frightenedly. The rugged features of her accoster startled and in turn frightened her. She had never met a type of the McHugh sort before.

with bunches of blue larkspurs. "The brute-He-He frightened mc," she panted, palm of his hand, deliberately struck McHugh a glancing blow in the face.

"Arrest that beggar, officer," he commanded to a policeman. MeHugh reddened. Thick blood of a suppressed anger gushed to his face. A natural intuition automatically clenched his large fists.

"Where do you get that beggar stuff?" he retorted. "Say it again, and I'll knock your damned-

Before he could finish his sentence, a pair of strong arms whisked him thru the crowds. He was led away by a blue coated guardian of the law. At the corner McHugh stopped.

"Come on, step along, you big bum, you're under arrest," growled the cop. McHugh cogitated awhile.

"I'm not goin' with you, officer. I haven't done nothin' and ain't goin'." He attempted to walk away, when seeing the varnished night stick raised in the air, his own arm reached out first, which sent the policeman reeling to the ground. A crowd of civilizies quickly gathered to watch the odd spectacle. They looked upon the stranger in their midst with the curiosity of children gazing upon a circus attraction. Here was a real thrill for their bored senses. "A nut," someone ventured, which brought peals of stifled laughter from the audience. Imbecilic grins grimaced the tranquility of their otherwise expressionless faces.

Two other policemen, attracted by the crowd, came running over just in time to see their comrade arising from his undesired seat. The trio charged around the bewildered McHugh, whose pent up fury was fast breaking loose. Strong arms pinned his hands in a vise-like grip. He gritted his teeth, and lunging forward, freed himself from their grasp. Instantancously his right arm began swinging wildly. It struck one of the trio a glancing blow on the jaw, which felled him. McHugh turned to meet the attack of other fists when he felt the hat on his head being displaced by the thrust of a cold stick coming from behind. A shower of blows followed in rapid succession. Something warm trickled down his cheeks. He touched it. It was blood, and oozing from an opening near his temple. He felt himself rapidly losing consciousness. His knees sagged under the weight of his heavy body. Blindly, he still fought to ward off an attack, when a policeman, twisting his foot between his legs, gave it a malicious jerk, which tripped him.

Why is the world about me drab, and I "Am golden and a Clown upon a hill? "Come out from Dober Town, "I call you, I, your Clown, "I who have laughter for a beast to kill!"

And some there were who heard, and wondered why.

And one there was, a gardener, who came, And found the Clown asprawl upon the laws, Now he had eyes for none, Now he was quite alone, Now without laughter, rigid in the dawn, And none had heard him crying like a flame.

Trying to find the night less ominous To a poor Clown whose wit had come with death. And as for Mister Brown. Boss of Dober Town,

He's still a sport, though getting short of breath, And that's what happens to the run of us.

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-MARTIN FEINSTEIN.

McHugh plunged headlong onto the sidewalk, his head striking the hard asphalt with a rebounding thud. He made no effort to move. He couldn't. A strong desire to sleep overcame him. He forgot about the complaint of his woman-his hunger-the mocking crowds-everything faded from his thoughts as a dream upon arising.

For a Workers' Theatre

"Why necessarily a workers' theatre? Why not a better theatre for all?"

The question has been raised wherever the theatre came up for discussion in so-called radical intellectual circles. The theatre as it exists is such a mockery at life's truth, art and human intelligence, that to demand the creation of a special class theatre seems an uncalled for and therefore damaging division of forces. An adequate answer to this superficially convincing objection would involve an analysis of the class-psychology expressing the class position in society of the various factors to the process of wealth creation. While this may be a thankful task in itself-since the work of drawing the line of demarkation between the social classes in the realm of self-expression has hardly begun in the United States-the approach to the theatre question may be purely practical. The workingman does not go to the existing theatre. The most advanced and class-conscious workers who, in their cultural hunger, sometimes invade the private commercial theatre, are thoroughly disgusted with its fare, but then they are a very small fraction of the working class. The mass of workers goes to cheap vaudeville houses or to the cinema, but they are dead to the call of the "legitimate stage!" The question reduces itself to this: Is it possible to create in a large industrial center a theatre which, while gratifying the thinking elements of the mill and shop, would irresistibly draw the rank and file of the working class, thus opening before them a world of new experiences?

We answer the question in the affirmative ("we" embraces here a group of educators doing cultural work among the masses). We proceed from the assumption that while the advanced workers despise the existing theatre for its commercialism, its mawkish pseudo-realism, its standardization, as well as for the lack of a content bearing significance for the working class spectator, the bulk of the workers disregard the theatre because they do not find in it anything of interest for themselves. To educate the working masses in the enjoyment of theatrical art is to give them a theatre in which they will find things attractive, absorbing, stirring, vital from their standpoint.

It is too easy to rest on the lazy assertion that the working masses have not yet grown to respond to theatrical art. As a matter of fact, there isn't a mass in the world that is incapable of enjoying theatrical art. The enjoyment of the theatre is widespread and primitive. The basic demand for it is universal. This demand is at present being satisfied by substitutes either poisonous or silly. We propose that a theatre be created which, applying art means, would find a way to the inmost soul of the working masses.

We do not blame the average worker for not heeding the theatres that exist. Of course, we are fully aware of the existence of "good" plays: those of Shakespeare for instance, once in a while, or those of Shaw, or some other "highbrow" author. But aside from the fact that a man of the masses cannot thrive long on such "heavy" menu (can we?) one must not forget that such performances are only oases in the midst of a vast theatrical desert all full of the sands of little incidents in the life of the propertied classes, presented in a polished conventionalized fashion for the afterdinner entertainment of the same propertied classes, or strewn with the bones of "high" tragedy mostly of an unreal and therefore unconvincing nature. Why should the structural iron workers be interested in the fact that a society lady is craving for a male friend to drink tea with while her husband is in his business office? Why should the bricklayer shed tears over the fate of a great bootlegger and master burglar losing both his fortune and the aristocratic girl he loves? What share can my neighbor, Jack the locksmith, have in the plight of the duchess who is wearing a paste diadem while her genuine jewels are in the pawnshop? What have my friends, the cloak, suit and skirtmakers, to do with this idle, empty, sated and unimaginative world of tailored gentlemen and perfumed ladies whose lives pass in peanut emotions and flat pleasures.

Now, my neighbor Jack is by no means stupid. He is an alert fellow of about thirty-eight. He is a union member of long standing and loves to tell about strikes of former years. He has an instinc-tive dislike for the "boss," the "trust" and the "politician," though you would not class him among the conscious workers. He is of a rather mocking bent of mind, and when one of the female middleclass inhabitants of the neighborhood passes by his shop window, he puckers his face into a malicious grimace. He is not a reader of books or papers, but he loves to talk to his shop mates, and is of a highly companionable nature. He is keen on "stories," "yarns," adventure, and this is what draws him to the "movies," which he has sense enough to consider of no importance. Can we not draw this Jack and a hundred thousand other Jacks and Maries and Sadies, more or less advanced, into a theatre which would both hold their attention and elevate them to a higher plane of mental life?

All depends upon what the theatre would offer: 1.-The first prerequisite is a theatre pulsating with the realities of life surrounding the worker, a theatre bold enough to look America in the face. It is characteristic of bourgeois art to shun cruel and crude realities, to gloss over conflicts. The

By MOISSAYE OLGIN

theatre as it exists is therefore worlds apart from the robust colorful countenance of life. The theatre is the shadow of a ghost either of emotion or adventure. A workers' theatre must throb with the full and deep heart-beat of the world we live in. the country we are building, the historic epoch we are traversing.

Lazy objection will say: "Ah, you want a theatre of propaganda." We will reply with Lunacharsky: "God save us from a play which is a strike bulletin in five acts." We do not want a theatre which makes direct propaganda for this or that "cause." We do want a theatre that will make the worker a broader and more humane man and thereby enable him to be a better member of his class. We do not want propaganda, but we do not want shutting out everything that is not "love" or "sex appeal" among the bourgeoisie or its intellectual adjunct. We want to see a world which also includes the working masses, a world in which Gary, Ind., Lawrence, Mass., and Passaic, N. J., will take their legitimate place. We want a theatre that will discover America, its present big industrial heart, its rural toilers all over the land, its grandiose past (Westward! discovering and conquering a continent:) back to its origins in a dramatic, revolutionary mass upheaval. We wish America portrayed in a new theatre-America, beautiful and hideous, sweating and seeing visions, mean and full of enormous spiritual possibilities-and we want the toiler to occupy in that America the place that is his in the scheme of things.

2.--A second prerequisite is to preesnt all this in a manner that will be comprehensible to the masses. The bourgeois theatre does not know sim-The bourgeois theatre is making up in plicity. elaborate phraseology what it misses in contents. The workers' theatre must proceed from the assumption that there is nothing in the life of human beings that cannot be made accessible to the We do not propose to sacrifice art to masses. popularity. We propose to return art to the dignity of simplicity and truth. By giving to the masses such pieces as dwell upon things close to the heart of the masses, and by remaining truly artistic, i. e., finding a form adequate to the material, we can attract hundreds of thousands, nay, millions, who at present feed on atrocious trash.

The question of the playwright for this new kind of drama presents the least difficulty, inasmuch as the theatre actually molds the dramatist, and the economic law of supply and demand is particularly applicable to the theatre realm, where there is an overproduction of playwrights. Given an actual demand, the new play will soon make its appearance. (Continued next week)

The Baseball Business

Baseball is logically the Great American Game. Who'll win the pennant There's good money in it.



this year? The owners of the leading clubs in the American and National Leagues. The profit will be handsome. The attendance at the ball parks during the year will increase with a win-ning team. The World Series is a little gold mine. Last year's seven games had an attendance, of 328,051 fans who paid

a total admission of \$1,207,864. That's money. Baseball is no small cock-roach business!

BEING a business, professional baseball is run by "business ethics." This doe not mean that pro baseball is necessarily crooked. It does get badly bent. In fact, gambling and general dishonesty have been part of baseb From 1843, when the Washington Club of New York first organized a baseball team, until 1867, the game rapidly gained in popularity. But at the same time its bad features were already evident. One authority tells us: "In spite of its popularity the game acquired certain undesirable adjuncts. The betting and pool-selling evils became prominent and before long the game was in thoro disrepute. It was not only generally believed that matches were not played on their merits, but it was known the players themselves were not above selling contests. At that time many of the journals of the day fore-told the speedy downfall of the sport." That was over 60 years ago. Today we have big-ger and better gamblers. The scandal of a few months ago and the scandal of the "Black Sox" of 1919, got more attention from the average worker than the scandal of Nicaragua or the scandal of American interference in China.

paying generous dividends. Recently the owners of the franchise of the New York Club refused an offer of 5 million for their interest. Babe Ruth (who lends his name to prison-made goods despite the protests of organized labor) is paid a salary of \$210,000 for three years-greater than that received by the president of the United States. Ty Cobb and Tris Speaker, each will draw over \$50,000 for this season in which they will likely play less than a hundred games.

Being a big business now, baseball is put on a big business basis. Labor-hating Judge Landis is



guiding its destiny. The ball parks are scab built and scab operated. Judge Landis, whose salary has just been raised to \$65,-000 a year, will see that they continue that way. Rowdyism on the playing field is being ruled outit's bad business. The

By WALT CARMON

good baseball teams attract pupils. The colleges that graduate successful major league ball players are regarded as real seats of learning.

Patriotic exercises at ball games on numerous occasions make baseball mighty good for the govern-ment and the politicians. So well has it worked in America, that in the imperialist invasion of our neighbors, the baseball bat has followed the bayonet and the bible. In the Philippines, Panama, Mexico and Cuba, baseball is supplanting bull-fighting. Cubans have become so proficient at the game, a number of leading major leaguers are from Cuba.

The centuries-wise old church also knows the value of baseball. Church leagues are a feature of baseball interest in all cities.

F organized labor has overlooked baseball, the boss has not. Every factory, where welfare fares well in lowering wages, has its ball club. A spirit is built up to support "our boys." A "family spirit" that breeds loyalty to the boss is bred thru the workers' interest in the sport. Wage slaves turn out in thousands (on their own time) on Saturday afternoons and Sundays to cheer for "our team." "Our team" helps us to forget our wages and our hours. Every city has its industrial leagues. Professional and semi-pro players are put on soft jobs so they can add to the glory of the company club. Baseball is good for the boss. It's high time for organized labor to make baseball good for the workers. After all, it's a great game. Thousands play it, read about it and speak of it daily. Interest in the game, participation in the sport, these can be used to stimulate interest in the problems of labor. Labor leagues can be organized among workers' sports clubs. Control of the bosses' teams can be secured to ally them with workers' sports organizations. The interest of workers can be secured to support their own sports to the benefit of labor. Until now baseball has been the monopoly of the enemies of labor. The recent organization of a Workers' National Sports Alliance, involving thousands of workers, is a good first step to break this anti-labor sports monopoly. It is worthy of labor's support. As to professional baseball—who will win the pennant this year? Ask me another. The answer

THE National League was organized in 1876. In 900 the American League was born. Today hundreds of professional and semi-pro organizations dot the country. Baseball is a flourishing business

higher plane on which the game is run today. This year 75 college men are in the big leagues. As a mark of its higher intellectual plane (and higher admission prices)

newspapers speak of the

the newspapers tell us of a roughneck who quit a team, because, unlike in the old days, he could not borrow a chew of tobacco from any of his teammates! Baseball has become a high-priced, high-paying, high-toned business indeed. It is skillfully advertised. It is cleverly kept before the public and is now as securely established a commercial product as a Ford or Wrigley's chewing gum.

BASEBALL is rightly called the National Game. It is thoroughly woven into American life. The American youth plays it on the streets and in the schools. The boy who doesn't know who discovered America can tell you who led the American League. The man in the shop who does not know the name of the president, knows the names of all the leading major league ball players. High schools with

is-baseball business.

On the Screen

THE METROPOLIS.

Don't let anybody blurb you into believeing "The Metropolis" is the greatest blah-blah that ever flickered. That's a lot of hooey. And so is most of the picture. But don't let anybody keep you away from it. It's worth a six-bit investment to see the settings, photography, imagination and artistry in the picture.

"The Metropolis" is not up to some other German pictures we have seen. It fizzles in the story it tells, in sequence and in artistic honesty. It only proves once again that all is not art that glitters in Europe. The story is "R. U. R." done over, devitalized and revamped to be less annoying to those who might get worried about revolution.

The background of "The Metropolis" is the future machine age. A giant intellect runs a society in whose cities workers live under-ground, mere cogs whose lives are broken in pulling levers and guarding machines. An upper super-class enjoys the product of their labor. Things go on exploitingly until a female bible-banger, in the catacombs of the city, teaches the ideas of Christ which have been long forgotten. The son of the Giant Brain who runs the city falls in love with this fu-ture Aimee McPherson and when the slave workers revolt, they jointly save the machine civilization and bring about the unity of Brain and Brawn when the Giant Intellect shakes hands with a foreman and actually admits workers are human beings. After which, we are led to believe, Capital and Labor live happy ever after. That's the kind of a mulligan this turned out to be!

However, despite the story, the producers in touching the subject, could not avoid its dynamite. The mechanized workers, the system that crushes their lives, the uprising of the slaves, the machines -all this despite the fake of the story-give one a feeling of a great underlying force that must be uncomfortable to a hundred percenter. One New York critic sensed this so keenly and went home so uncomfortable that he condemned the picture as a lot of working class propaganda! It isn't that by any means. But it is a good deal for six-bits. Much more, in fact, than we get in most of our movies. It's worth seeing because it offers something different from the ordinary run of pictures. It also has elements of things that workers will understand. There's little danger that a worker will be stuck

on any of the molasses. It's too gooey. In New York, "The Metropolis" is being shown at the Rialto.--W. C.

THRU DARKEST AFRICA.

In the last few years a new type of film has rightly gained in popularity. Pictures like "Nanook of the North," "Grass," "Moana," "The Gorilla Hunt," have brought to us primitive human and animal life still existant in far corners of the globe. The habits, customs and the struggle for existence of primitive peoples have been set before our eyes in all their interest and color. Different stages of civilization are vividly portrayed. The popularity of these films are bringing many more into existence for early showing and many more won't be too many.

"Thru Darkest Africa"—in search of the White rhinoceros, is not the best of these pictures. It is abominably sub-titled in circus fashion. Its straining after effect in bombastic wording is annoying and distracting from the interest of the African life the picture presents. However, even the titles can't kill the picture and tho not as great in interest as preceding films of this type, "Thru Darkest Africa" is well worth seeing.

If you are in New York (at the Cameo Theatre, "The Salon of the Cinema"—isn't that a wow?) there's an added interest in the showing of Chaplin's old classic "Shoulder Arms," on the same bill. It's as funny as ever it was and worth the second once-over.

WHAT OUR COMRADE WOULD ASK.

EDITOR'S NOTES

(Continued From Page 1)

the best training ground for citizenship in that it does not train residents for participation in government." Which means in frank language that life in a mill village is slavery for the workers, and nothing short of it. But these conditions are still waiting for an organizing campaign to bring the workers into the unions and to enable them to fight successfully against this regime of slavery.

THE sinister angle in this move of the southern churchmen is the attempt to induce the employers to organize company unions and by this to forestall the coming of real, genuine unionism into the southern mills. These churchmen complain of "the general absence of labor representation in the factories" and innocently advance the idea that "it would be helpful and desirable for employers to have a proper share in making and enforcing the regulations by which industrial plants are controlled."

UNDOUBTEDLY, the first real attempt at unionization of the south will make the employers very susceptible to the plea for company unions. And it is reasonably certain that the trade union reactionaries will seize upon such an opportunity to "cooperate" with the bosses to prevent the establishment of real unions by planting instead some acceptable to them modification of company unionism. But the workers must not be fooled by any such proposition. They must fight for the thing that they need, namely, militant unions to fight the employers and protect the workers.

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I T is very essential that the nature of the developing struggle of the miners be clearly understood. Hesitation in prosecuting the fight, confused notions as to its scope, will only weaken the strikers and strengthen their enemies. The strike must be made a national bituminous strike. Only in a national strike can the miners bring all the resources of their power to bear in the struggle, and win the strike. Any lack of determination to extend the strike its full length, any hesitation in making the tie-up complete in the entire bituminous coal industry may prove fatal for the outcome of the strike. This angle of the situation no miner should lose sight of for a single moment. The slogan of the progressive and left wing elements in the miners' union must be made a reality. A NATIONAL BITUMINOUS STRIKE FOR A NATIONAL AGREEMENT.

FOR the successful outcome of the strike it is of decisive importance that the unorganized coal fields be struck as quickly and fully as possible. The coal barons and the capitalists generally are placing all their hopes on an uninterrupted supply of coal from these fields. The miners, too, must centre their attention on this point. All the resources of the union must therefore be concentrated on bringing out on strike the unorganized miners.

A NOTHER essential to be remembered is that the fate of the entire labor movement of America is bound up with the struggle of the miners. This will be a difficult struggle requiring the utmost concentration of effort. And it is a struggle that must and will be won if the American labor movement stands by the miners and does its full duty. The cause of the miners is the cause of the entire working class of the United States.

IN this struggle the miners will meet the combined opposition of employers and government assisted by hesitation and sabotage from the reactionary bureaucrats in the union. The government strikebreaker is sure to be on the job, as ever, to crush the resistance of the workers. But there is nothing insurmountable in the combined power of the capitalists and the government if the labor movement presents a united front in support of the miners and if the struggle is prosecuted with the necessary degree of determination and political understanding.

POLITICAL consciousness, an understanding of the role of capitalist governments in the class struggle, and readiness to engage in political struggle these are the things that the miners will meet and will develop in the conflict. The movement for a Labor Party will thus receive added impetus. The struggle for the nationalization of the mines will be given more practical content and the labor movement as a whole is likely to make a considerable step forward in the direction of more class consciousness and more militancy.



MICRO-MOVIES:-Science is founding a new Hollywood under the lens of the microscope where the movie stars are all bacteria, living body cells, and red and white blood corpuscles, and their dramas are enacted not under the movie camera but under the micro-movie camera.

Many of the actions that take place in the microscopic realm are so slow that the changes cannot be observed by the eye. The micro-movie camera, however, can be set to take one picture through the microscope every five minutes, and the film can then be exhibited at ordinary speed (16 pictures per second). Under such conditions a change which takes place in the course of five minutes would be seen on the screen in about four seconds. This is exactly the reverse of the familiar "slow motion" picture where the pictures are photographed much faster than usual and then also run off at ordinary speed.

The camera can be adjusted for any speed of photography from one picture in five minutes to twenty pictures per second. The proper speed to be used depends partly upon the magnification employed. The method is already giving excellent results in the microscopic study of living processes.

DOUBLE STARS:--Many stars which seem to have nothing extraordinary about them when observed by the naked eye, are seen to be twins when looked at through a field glass or telescope. Sometimes the companion star is much smaller than the other so that it cannot be seen without the telescope; sometimes both twins are of equal size but are so close together that they appear as one to the unaided eye. Not all double stars are true doubles. Some are only "optical doubles", that is, the second star merely happens to be almost in exactly the same direction from us as the first star, but possibly billions of miles behind it and in reality has no direct relationship to it whatever. True doubles are actually real companions close to each other and revolving about the same center.

THE PARASITIC MALE :--- Here's a little fish story. The female "angler fish" gets its name from the fact that it lives by fishing. A part of the fin on the back of the fish extends into a line with a little bulb on the end that acts as bait. But the male's method of getting food is stranger yet. The female is about four feet long-the male just four inches! The male while still quite young, takes a grip on the under side of the female with its jaw. The contact sets up a local change in the female, resulting in the extension of a number of blood vessels directly into the body of the male. The male need now no longer worry about a source of food, or even about eating at all. From now on he gets his food in just the same way as the young of a mammal do before birth-direct transfer of blood through connected blood-vessels. "He has now become a mere degenerate. His only mission in life is to fertilize the eggs". Those who have seen the film "Stark Love" may find the situation not ab-solutely unparalleled.

IN MEMORY OF SUN YAT SEN.

Out of the Morning Land

His voice went, and his hand

Touched flame about him, and a shout that rent

The flaccid shadows and brokers' battlement:

"Give over, give over, give over!

Shall we mouth a few speeches and turn and forget? Is it honor enough that his ashes shall lie Where the Red Flag of Freedom triumphant is set O'er the walls of the Kremlin and streaming the sky?

Nay, not to our comrade the pomp of a grave, The roaring of cannon, the rolling of drum, The Red Flags of mourning, half-masted that wave As he passes from battle to lie in the tomb.

Are honor if only reflection they be Of the militant courage of them who acclaim, In the every day battle of slaves to be free, The strength and devotion that's linked with his name.

So speak of him proudly, and lay him low sadly, And turn from his ashes to finish the task Of upbuilding the party he suffered for gladly— Tis all of the honor he ever would ask!

--HENRY GEORGE WEISS.

THEY TALK OF LOVE.

They talk of love who never know The suffering, the tears, the woe Of them the dark earth falls upon From hopeless dawn to hopeless dawn. Of them the searing gas consumes And seal alive in dripping tombs, Or speak of love who do not care What price is paid a millionaire!

-HENRY GEORGE WEISS.

"I am the poor man's lover, "I am the poor man's penny, "Let him use me, there will be many "To follow the furrow I've broken," "To follow my death for a token. "O, we who have life for a gift, "Are we at ease to sift "Our singing pain, "Sun-swinging through the rain? "Until the warders of the last release "Blow seaward all the fog, shall no man cease! "Until I, the poor man's lover, "Have driven death to cover!" And those who went the way of Sun Yat Sen Had faith, and knew that love would come again. -MARTIN FEINSTEIN.



THEY SAY - WE SAY By IMA PIONEER.

Capitalist (bosses) newspapers say that the bad Chinese are chasing the good foreign bosses and missionaries out of China.

We say that China belongs to the Chinese people and they have a perfect right to kick out all those who have oppressed them through religion and trade for many years.

Boy Scouts say that the Ruthenberg Young Com-rade Drive will be a failure.

We, the children of the working class, say that the Boy Scouts don't know what they are talking about, and we're going to prove it by getting all our friends and classmates to subscribe to this drive.

OUR LETTER BOX

THAT'S THE SPIRIT!

Dear Comrades: Here is something that happened in our school. Two weeks before Washington's birthday our teacher said, "Let's give a play." All the children said, "All right." Then she said to me, "Catherine, will you be Bessie Ross sewing the first flag?" I said I would do no such thing because Washington was NOT our hero. But then she put some other girl in my place, but I didn't care.

Your comrade, KATHERINE NAGY.

LIKE WASHINGTON DID.

Dear Comrades: In school, teacher always says that Washington was a brave and honest man. His men drove out the French, Germans and English. In those days America wanted to rule itself.

Now there is a man in China that wants to do the same thing as Washington did. He wanted to drive out the foreign people from China. The Chinese want to rule their own country. The rich people are sending soldiers to China to stop her from sending out the foreigners. The rich bosses

are the ones China wants to kick out of her country. I think the soldiers that got to China to fight are bad men. Now the United States capared a city in China and are cutting the workers' heads off. These workers are something like Lenin and other great heroes. They want to free their country and do as they please.

Comradely yours, YOLAN ENYEDY.

The Preacher Should Go To Work.

Dear Comrade: We live near a church. The preacher he goes from house to house. He tries to get lots of members. But he cannot do it. One time he went to one house and asked a man if he believes in God. The man said, no. Then the preacher kneeled down by the man and prayed three hours. Then the preacher asked the man if he believes in God. The man said, "How can I be-lieve in God, if there isn't any." Then the preacher got angry and went home. But the preacher is of raid to come to our place houses he because afraid to come to our place because he knows we would not go. They have meetings every day in a month. The preacher hollers so loud that you could hear him about a half a mile away. He just scares the people, they begin to cry and pray. The people are crazy and bring him money. If the people would be smart enough they would not bring the money to the church and the preacher would have to go to work just the same as the workers and farmers do. I wish the preachers would be chased out of here or go to work, so they would make a labor school instead of a church. I am also going to try to get some new subscribers to the Young Comrade .- ANDY SENETA.

OUR LEADER

By TROTSKY-Brownsville Pioneer. Dear Comrade Ruthenberg why did you leave us To fight that battle by ourselves, alone? It can't be true, the ranks they need your guidance, They need your help to bring that ideal home, They need your wisdom to help roll that boulder Of brotherhood united in the strife Against a class that murders and oppresses The workers who are fighting for their lives.

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You gave your life for freedom's cause And we? We mourn our heavy loss. As a Bolshevik you died And as a Communist you cried Comrades, FIGHT ON, you'll win! Yes, we'll fight on, we'll fight We'll work and strive and labor till we win, We'll carry out the work you've started The work you left off, we'll begin!





I'm a Pioneer and my name is Johnny Red; I love to bat the bosses right on

the heads

Capitalists and Workers' Children. By JOSEPHINE DARGIS.

The workers make a living for the capitalists. But the capitalists pay no attention to the workcrs. Once I saw on the street a nice limousine with a chauffeur. In the car there was a beautiful dog looking out of the window. Out on the street was a forlorn boy with ragged clothes, shivering with cold selling papers. He looked at the limousine with a sad face saying to himself, "I wish I had a dog's life."

What's the truth about capitalists? We workers make the millions for the capitalists. They give the money for building churches, and bet thousands of dollars to see boxing. Compare the workers' children to the rich. The workers' child has for lunch only hard bread and butter. The rich have all kinds of dainties. Do they give the poor chil-dren anything? NO! When the poor children grow up they again make millions for those capitalists.



LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE

The answer to last week's puzzle Number 7 is PIONEERS. Here are the names of those who answered the puzzle correctly:

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Vera Rosinsky, N. Y. C.; Edith Feferholz, N. Y. C.; Esther Borenstein, N. Y. C.; Henry Samek, Clifton, N. J.; Milton Relin, Rochester, N. Y.; Helge Ross, Brooklyn, N. Y., Mae Feurer, N. Y. C.; Abra-ham Israelite, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Irving Klein, Stamford, Conn.

More Answers To Puzzle No. 6.

Emil Bytwell, Cicero, N. Y.; Rose Horowitz, Rochester, N. Y.; William Gorelick, New York City; Leo Goldman, New York City; Bennie Caruso, Chicaga, Ill.; John Bobinec, Dayton, Ohio, Heintz Silveo, Phila., Pa.; No Name, Detroit, Mich.

More Answers To Puzzle No. 5. Liberto Vilarino, Inglewood, Cal.

THIS WEEK'S PUZZLE NO. 8

This week's puzzle is a word puzzle. The rules are each letter in the puzzle stands for the letter before it in the alphabet. For instance B in the puzzle stands for A, S in the puzzle stands for R, in the answer. Let's see you get this one. XF UIF DIJMESFO PG UIF PG. XPSLFST XJMM GPMMPX PVS MFBEFS DPNSBEF SVUIFOCFSH BOE GJHIU PO CZ крјојон

UIF ZPVOH **QJPOFFST** Send your answers to the Pioneer Editorial Committee, c/o Young Comrade Section, 33 East First Street, New York City, giving your name, age, address and the number of the puzzle.

A WORKER'S LULLABY.

By ELIZABETH TOTH. Go to sleep my baby, Don't you weep: nor wail Coolidge is in the White House, Papa's in the jail. Mama's on the picket line Fighting for you and me, And everybody's fighting

For the workers' U-NIT-Y.

THE LITTLE GREY DOG

(Continued)

He considered for a moment, then cried happily, "Now I know, Hannah is just the right one for you. How could I forget her? Of course, she has a little boy.

"I don't want him," the daughter interrupted. "My dear little son must not play with a dirty Megro child. You can keep Hannah's son here."

"You are a good mother, my beloved child," said the rich man, moved. "You always think of your son. Good, Benjamin shall remain here and when you go back to the city tomorrow, I will give you Hannah to take along. I will immediately tell the overseer, so that he may tell her to be ready." And the rich man called a servant and bade

him bring the overseer.

Ah, what a sad night that was in the little hut of the Negroes. Poor Hannah hugged her little son close in her arms and cried as though her heart

RUTHENBERG SUB BLANK

Before Comrade Ruthenberg died he said "Let's Fight On!" We, the children of the workers, wil! carry out Comrade Ruthenberg's instructions by getting subs for the Young Comrade. All subs should be sent to the Pioneer Editorial Committee, 83 East First Street, New York City.

Enclosed find 25 cents for ½ year subscription. Enclosed find 50 cents for 1 year subscription.

Send to.

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A "Gosling" is a boy or a girl who believes everything that the teacher says, and who wants to join the boy or girl scouts. Don't be a Gosling, be a PIONEER.

- 6 -

would break. Her huband Tom gazed at her with worried eyes and was so miserable that he could not say a word. Hannah kept looking anxiously toward the little window, trembling with the fear of seeing the first ray of light that meant that day was near, when she would leave her loved ones.

The little grey dog seemed to understand the grief of his friends, he nestled quite close to Haneyes. Then Hannah cried loudly, "If they sell you, too, Tom, what will become of our poor child?" The little dog laid his paw on little Benjamin as though to say, "Don't fear, poor mother, I will take care of him."

Hannah noticed this, sobbingly patted the shaggy head of the dog, and said to him, "Guard my little boy, you good dog. We are all as helpless and deserted as you."

The following morning, poor Hannah, weeping bitterly, rode off with the young woman. Her family was not allowed to see her off, for Tom had to work in the field and Benjamin, like all the slaves was forbidden to come near the house of the rich . (To Be Continued) man.

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The Revolutionary Motif in "Fiesta"

By ABEN KANDEL

Virtually all of the material for "Fiesta," the drama of Mexico by Michael Gold, which opens at the 52nd Street Theatre, Wednesday, April 6, was obtained by the author during a roving trip through that turbulent country. Because he wove his pattern from the threads of the life around him, he retained so completely the color and texture of peon strivings and aspirations, and produced a naturalistic work of creative art. And through it runs a revolutionary motif, for he not only witnessed, but participated in the dawn of a new Mexico.

"I came into the country," said Gold, "during that transitional period between the rule of Carranza and Calles. The agrarian party was just beginning to show its strength. The peon was awakening. It was a tremendously interesting period in the history of Mexico. Peons, who for centurics had been no better than serfs, subjected to the tyranny of feudal barons, were just beginning to grow conscious of their rights and their power, were beginning to throw off the yoke which had kept them in poverty and ignorance for so long. "This was not an easy thing to

depict for the movement was not as clear, as a statement of it makes it seem. Leaders sprang up, would-be liberators of their people, some sincere and honestly motivated, full of the new idealism. But organizing the masses was not a simple thing to do.

"In Don Enrique, a character from "Fiesta," I try to show a little of Carranza, a leader and idealist, but confused by the conflict around him. Actuated by the finest of motives, he finds himself impeded by peon lethargy, ignorance, inability to grasp yet, this force of liberation.

"In his brother, a contrasted type, we have the feudal baron of Mexico. a petty tyrant, utterly selfish in all his motives, living only to gratify his own senses. He has no regard at all for peons, believing that they are not better than cattle, and no more likely to progress.

"In Chato, the young peon, I try to embody the hope of the new Mexico. He represents the awakening serf, the worker who glimpses the hope of the future, the chance for a better, freer life, for the rights that accrue to every individual, and for the end of these centuries of tyrannical rule.

"In the other characters, the ranch foreman, the sheriff, the judge, Guadaloupe and the other peon women, I try to show the effects of this slowly moving revolution, and its influence upon their lives.

"The Mexican peons were very much like the Russian peasants before the revolution. In some sections, they still ploughed in primitive fashion, just a stick driven by oxen. But the peons have a kindliness about them that is very beautiful. They are elaborately courteous to each other, bowing, smiling, considerate, even in rags.

ing, considerate, even in rags. "Their love life was natural and casual, and in fact, marriage became popular, only after the Catholic Church reduced its marriage cere-

New Lyric Bill at-the Neighborhood Tuesday

The Neighborhood Playhouse will open its fifth production of the season, a bill of Lyric Drame, next Tuesday evening.

The program includes: A Commedia Dell' Arte, a broad comedy which was improvised and presented by Martinelli and his Italian comedians in 1689 and now re-enacted by the Neighborhood Playhouse Players. Amelia Defries, translated it into English and Ann MacDonald made the acting version. The music, arranged by Howard Barlow, is selected from composers of that period including D. and A. Scarlatti, Pergolese and Paisello.

Hungarian Folk Scenes arranged to the music of Bela Bartok's Dance Suite.

Dance designs for "The White Peacock" and Tone Pictures—two compositions of the American composer, Charles T. Griffes. The entire production is directed by Irene Lewisohn.

The players include: Albert Carroll, Otto Hulicius, Lily Lubell, Marc Loebell, Ian Maclaren, Dorothy Sands, Blanche Talmud and Paula Trueman, George Heller, Selma Leigh, La Ferne Ellsworth and Sol Friedman.

Civic Repertory Theatre Planning Tour in May

Eva Le Gallienne and her Civic Repertory Players will make a five weeks' tour at the conclusion of the season at the 14th Street Theatre, opening in Washington, May 9. The tour will also include Baltimore, Philadelphia and Boston. The company will offer three of the current season's plays, "The Cradle Song," "La Lacondiera" and "Three Sisters." A fourth play, perhaps "The Master Builder," is being considered.

Upon completion of the road tour the company will disband until next September, when it will resume at the 14th Street Playhouse.



Universal is presenting a new production, "The Fourth Commandment," at Moss' Colony Theatre. This was written by Emilie Johnson, and the cast is headed by Mary Carr, Belle Bennett, Robert Agnew and Leigh Willard. A new Vitaphone program includes Mme. Schumann-Heink, who will be seen and heard for the first time.

"What Price Glory," the William Fox picturization of the noted stage play, celebrates its 250th performance at the Sam H. Harris Theatre Monday.

"Till of The Soil," a new French film, is the current screen feature at the Fifth Avenue Playhouse.

"The Price of Honor," based on

MUSICincent

Rochester Opera Company at The Guild Theatre, Next Week

Under the sponsorship of Eastman Theatre and the Eastman School of Music, and with the co-operation of the Theatre Guild, the Rochester American Opera Company opens a week's engagement at the Guild Theatre, presenting eight performances of opera in English.

The performances will be conduc-, ted by Eugene Goossens, conductor of the Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra and Emanuel Balaban.

The schedule of performances and casts of principals follows: "The Abduction From the Seraglio," by Mozart, Monday and Thursday evenings and Saturday matinee, Ethel Codd, Mary Silveira, George Fleming Houston, Albert Newcomb, Charles Hedley and Mark Daniels.

ley and Mark Daniels. "Madame Butterfly," by Puccini, Tuesday and Saturday evenings and Thursday matinee. Cecile Sherman, Helen Oelheim, Hedley, Allan Burt, Marion Howard, Norval Brelos. "Marriage of Figaro," by Mozart,

"Marriage of Figaro," by Mozart, Wednesday and Friday evenings, Silveira, Codd, Daniels, Houston, Sherman.

METROPOLITAN OPERA

"Tristan and Isolde" will open the last week but one of the Metropolitar season next Monday with Easton, Branzell and Kirhchoff, Whitehill.

Other operas of the week: "Boheme," Tuesday evening with Bori, Guilford and Gigli, Scotti. "The Bartered Bride" and "La Giara" on Wednesday evening, the former sung by Mueller, Hunter and Laubenthal, Bohnen, the latter with Miss Galli and Bonfiglio, Berger. "Pelleas et" Melisande," Thursday

"Pelleas et Melisande," Thursday evening with Bori, Howard and Johnson, Whitehill.

"Die Meistersinger," Friday evening with Mueller and Laubenthal, Bohnen.

"Mignon," Saturday matinee with Bori, Talley and Gigli, Rothier.

"L'Africana," Saturday night with Easten, Morgana and Chamlee, De-Luca.

With the Orchestras

PHILHARMONIC

With a performance of Brahms' Requiem at the Metropolitan Opera House this Sunday afternoon, the Philharmonic Orchestra concludes its eighty-fifth season. Wilhelm Furtwaengler will conduct the Requiem, and the soloists will be Louise Lerch, soprano of the Metropolitan and Fraser Gange, baritone. The recently organized Choral Symphony Society will provide the choral ensemble.

NEW YORK SYMPHONY

This week will bring to a close walter Damrosch's long conductor of the New York Symphony Orchestra. It winds up a forty-two year leadership of the orchestra which was founded by his father, Dr. Leopold Damrosch, in 1878. Damrosch will appear next season as guest conductor. He will also con-tinue to direct the Children's and Young People's concerts. Damrosch will conduct this Sunday afternoon at Mecca Auditorium. Robert Goldsand, Viennese pianist, will be the soloist. The program: Symphony in D Minor, Ceasar Frank; Hungarian Fantasy for Piano with Orchestra, Liszt; Fantasia on a Theme by Thomas Tallis, Vaughan Williams; Catalonia, Albeniz. A concert performance of "Gotterdamerung" will be given next Thursday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. The soloists include Florence Austral, Rudolf Laubenthal, Frederick Baer,



RUTH ST. DENIS

Will present a program of Oriental dances Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday at Carnegie Hall.

Frederic Patton, Gitla Erstinn, Claribel Banks and Viola Silva.

The season will close with two performances of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, with solists and a chorus of three hundred, Friday evening in Carnegie Hall and next Sunday afternoon in Mecca Auditorium.



Marguerite d'Alvarez, Peruvian contralto, will give the last of this season's artists' recitals of the People's Symphony Artists' course tonight at the Washington Irving High School. The program includes numbers by Schindler, Hageman, Martin, Bizet and Duparc.

Ruth St. Denis, Ted Shawn and their Denishawn Dancers will give four dance recitals at Carnegie Hall next week, on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday nights and Wednesday matinee. The program will be specially featured with dances of the Orient, including dances of Java, Burma, China, Japan and India.

Maxim Schapiro, Russian pianist, will appear in a recital Tuesday evening at Aeolian Hall, playing a program of Bach, Schumann, Medtner, Prokofieff, Scriabin and Chopin,

Rena Pfiffer, soprano of the Vienna Opera, will make her debut Monday evening at Acolian Hall.



mony fees.

"Of course, the peons have been gaining in strength and organization, until to-day they constitute the strongest union of Mexico."

"Glamor," an English war play, by Hugh Stanislas Stange, is being placed in rehearsal by A. H. Woods and Al Lewis. Miriam Hopkins and Ralph Morgan will have the leading roles.

Francis Edwards Faragoh, author of the expressionistic drama "Pinwheel," has completed the libretto of an operetta based on the life of Lucretia Borgia, "I'm the Duchess," which H. H. Frazee will produce in the autumn with Grace La Rue as the star. Edmund Eliscu provided the lyrics and Eugene Burton the music.

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Dorothy Howell's story will have its premiere at Moss' Broadway Theatre, beginning Monday. Dorothy Revier, Malcolm McGregor, William V. Mong and Gustav von Scyffertitz handle the chief roles.

"Monte Cristo," Dumas' famous novel, will be shown on the Cameo screen beginning this Sunday. The part of the Count is played by John Gilbert.

The Metro's production, "Tell it to the Marines" will be the screen feature at the Capitol, beginning today. Lon Chaney, William Haines and Eleanor Boardman play the leads.

The Hippodrome will show next weck "The Monkey Talks." Olive Bordon and Jacques Lerner are starred in the production.

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WALTER DAMROSCH, Conductor Mecca Auditorium, Tomorrow Aft., at 8 Mecca Box Office open 11 A.M. tomor'y SOLOIST GOLDSAND FRANCK, Symphony in D. minor; LISZT, Hungarian Fantasy; VAUGHAN WILLIAMS, Fantasia for String Orchestra; ALBENIZ, Catalonia. Mr. Goldsand uses the Knabe Pinno, Fiekets at Steinway Hall, 113 W. 57 Sf. Room 1001. 'GEORGE ENGLES, Mgr. (Steinway Piano.)

PHILHARMONIC FURTWAENGLER, conductor Last Concert of Senson METROPOLITAN OPENA HOUSE THIS SUN. AFTERNOON at 3:00 with Choral Symphony Society of New York (225 volces) Arthur Judson, Mgr. (Steinway)

CARNEGIE HALL April 4-5-6. Evgs. at 9:30 Matinee Wed., April 6, at 2:30 RUTH ST. DENIS TED SHAWN and their DENISHAWN DANCERS Only New York Performances of Season Seats 75 to \$3.30, NOW on Sale at Carnegie Hall Box Office

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a high water mark of genteel frothiness in Sir James Barrie's "Legend of Leonora," revived with Grace George at the Ritz Theatre. If you want to see this early Barrie play, be sure you wear your best clothes and your best diamonds. Your fingernails ought to be polished as highly as your shoes. Practice your laugh in advance, it musn't be too loud. And take your Harvard accent with you, you'll need it. Grace George, whose husband, William Brady, spent a fortune to make her a star, is very refined. You must be refined too. The smell of refinement fills the Ritz like incense.

Leonora is a poor-I'll come back to that-lady with every conceivable charm. She is coy and bold, a coquette and a mother, a feminist and a flirt. She has murdered a manvery genteely, of course, by pushing him out of a train. He insisted on keeping the window open when her child had a cold.

Toothless Satire.

So Leonora is tried. The trial proves to be a toothless satire, a deli-cate, bloodless bit of spoofing. "Chiago" is also a play about a woman on trial for murder. But "Chicago" is a tiger clawing at the rotten meat of justice with hefty rips. "The Le-gend of Leonora" is a pussy cat playing with a ball of yarn. A tame pussy at that. The jury, the judge, the lawyers, the witnesses are all charmed by Leonora. Her friends try to lie for her, but she won't let them. And she goes scot free.

For a poor lady, Leonora has in the last act a surprisingly ritzy home with elegant furniture and a big garden and a life-size hobby horse for her children and vases and flowers and oil paintings. You wonder whose idea of poverty that is. Never mind, it's in keeping with the play: amusing, witty at times, playful, never rude, never penetrating, never disturbing. Everything in it is so nice, everything turns out so nice. You can watch it without wrinkling your clothes or mussing your hair. If you are good middle class, you can leave the theatre maudlin with love for the dear old world and everybody in it.

"SPREAD EAGLE," a drama, by George S. Brooks and Walter B. Lister, will be presented by Joe Harris Monday evening at the Martin Beck Theatre. The cast includes Fritz Williams, Osgood Perkins, Felix Krembs, Aline MacMahon, Donald Meek, Malcolm

BILL OF LYRIC DRAMA, the fifth production of the season will open at the Neighborhood Playhouse Tuesday night. WEDNESDAY

"FIESTA," a play of the Mexican revolution by Michael Gold, will be the next production of the New Playwright's Theatre, opening Wednesday night at the 52nd Street Theatre. The players include: Thomas Chalmers, Hortense Alden, Brandon Peters, Manart Kippen, Albert Perry, Mabel Montgomery and Peggy Allenby.

THURSDAY

- "RAPID TRANSIT," by Lajos Egri, adapted from the Hungarian by Charles Recht, will open under the auspices of the Provincetown Players in association with Horace Liveright, at the Downtown Playhouse on Thursday evening. Joseph Macauley, Mary Fowler, Clarence Dedwent, Stephen Draper, William Challee and Richard Skinner head the cast.
- "HEARTS ARE TRUMPS!", a comedy from the French of Felix Gandera will be presented by Henry Baron at the Morosco Theatre on Thursday evening. The large cast is headed by Frank Morgan, Vivian Martin, Alice Fisher, Edward Douglas and C. H. Croker-King.
- "BIG LAKE," a play of backwoods Oklahoma life by Lynn Riggs, the young poet, will be presented at the American Laboratory Theatre Thursday night. Stella Adler, Helen Coburn, Frank Burk and Grover Burgess are included in the cast.

Broadway Briefs

The Theatre Guild's production of Pirandello's "Right You Are If You Think You Are" will become a regular evening attraction beginning Monday evening April 11th, at the Garrick Theatre. "Mr. Pim Passes By" will open at the Garrick on April 18th and will alternate weekly with "Right You Are." "The Mystery Ship," now at the Garrick will move to the Comedy Theatre.

"Tangles," the musical version of Oscar Wilde's "The Importance of Being Earnest," will open out of

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cal piece is by Francis DeWitt, who is responsible for book and lyrics, and Robert Hood Bowers, who wrote the music.

"Pogrom," a new play by George A. Natanson and Arthur S. Ross, will open at the Bronx Opera House, Monday night. The play concerns the lives and difficulties of the Jews in Russia and the plot is laid in the city of Kiev. The cast includes: Howard Lang, Mathilde Baring, John Milton, Edwin Kasper, Cecile Cummings, Harlan E. Knight, Elizabeth Spencer, Thomas Waters and Bernard Pate.

Clara Clemens will begin a series town in a week or two and should reach Broadway early in May. P. T. of special morning and afternoon Rossiter, the producer, is still search- performances in "Joan of Arc" at the ing for an improved title. The musi- Edyth Totten Theatre on April 14.