

THE NEW MAGAZINE

Section of THE DAILY WORKER

Second Section: This Magazine Section Appears Every Saturday in The DAILY WORKER.

SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1927.

ALEX BITTELMAN, Editor

WHEN A FARMER BEGS FOR RELIEF



EDITOR'S NOTES

By ALEX BITTELMAN

Southern employers of labor are deeply alarmed over the prospect of mass migration of Negro labor from the south. And well they might be. The restlessness and dissatisfaction of the Negro masses in the "southern heaven of happiness" is continually increasing. Whether the east, north or west really offer the Negro masses better conditions of life, the Negroes seem to feel that by leaving the south they stand to lose nothing. In other words, nothing can be worse than what the Negro worker and farmer are getting in the south.

The impending movement of thousands of Negroes from the south to Chicago has moved the capitalists and their newspapers in Arkansas, Tennessee, Louisiana and Alabama to frantic measures to prevent what they term "a shortage of labor on the farms and in the factories of those states."

An appeal issued by the city commissioners of Mobile, Alabama, through Mayor Hartwell, says in part:

Many Alabama Negroes are leaving the south, going to Chicago, with a promise of social favor and rich employment. Believing that there is a better understanding between the Negro and the white man of the south than in any other section, we request that the Negroes seriously consider a movement of this character before taking action, especially in view of the fact that unemployment is so widespread in the city of Chicago. Statistics recently published estimate that there are more than 25,000 Negroes out of work in that city.

In their anxiety to keep the Negroes from leaving the south, the capitalists of that section are even ready to "blacken" the good name of Chicago by presenting Negro life there almost in its true light. Which, however, does not in the least detract from the hypocrisy of their appeal to the Negroes. Just imagine: the understanding between the Negro and the white man (read: capitalists—A. B.) in the south is better than in any other section! Is there anything more brazenly hypocritical than this?

To counteract the urge of the Negroes to migrate, the Mobile chamber of commerce pictures in glowing terms the grand possibilities for prosperity in the south. It says in its bulletin:

Mobile has just reached the point in its industrial development where it can ill afford to lose any of its workmen. With the completion of our \$10,000,000 dock system new industrial enterprises have sprung up here which utilize Negro labor extensively. Any considerable migration of Alabama Negroes to Chicago such as already has begun, would hamper Mobile and the entire south. The chamber of commerce urgently requests all employers and others who have the interests of Mobile and the Negro at heart to check the spread of the rumor that big-paying jobs are awaiting the southern Negro in Chicago.

No doubt the opportunities for profit by exploiting southern labor in industrial enterprises are great. We spoke of this in the last issue of the

New Magazine discussing the tremendous industrialization of the south. But what does labor stand to gain by it? What do the Negroes stand to gain by it?

The fear of losing Negro labor is not confined to the capitalists of the southern cities alone, but is affecting seriously the slave drivers of the southern plantations as well. So much so that the commissioner of agriculture of Arkansas, M. W. Wilkes, feels compelled to deliver himself of the following:

Negroes in Arkansas are being told tales of rich jobs and high social favors that await them in Chicago. We do not want to find ourselves in the position of being shorthanded on our farms and plantations. Planters should use proper influence to counteract such political propaganda as is being foisted upon the Negro of the south.

We do not know the source from which this "political" propaganda is emanating. But we will not be surprised to hear that the Communists have something to do with it. Not because there would be any ground for a charge of this kind, but on the general principle, so cleverly enunciated by the British government, that wherever the capitalists are in trouble,—look for the Communists.

This a very convenient kind of a principle. Just recently our secretary of state, Kellogg, tried to make use of it in the Nicaragua and Mexican situations, but burned his fingers on it. Presumably, because of lack of skill. We are quite hopeful,

(Continued on Page Five)

The Common Enemy

FROM COMMUNIST INTERNATIONAL

(Continued from last week)

The military successes of the national army have not yet compelled American imperialism to abandon its position of a "Liberal onlooker." Even the first stages of Britain's struggle to retain its concession in Hankow left the White House relatively calm. The victory of the revolutionary troops, the determined action of the National government against extra-territoriality, did not in themselves imply that those social forces which will upset the calculation of American capitalism for the peaceful conquest of China have ripened, taken definite form and become strengthened. Only when the activity and the persistence of the working class and its influence upon the progress of events were revealed was Washington aroused.

Of course, the United States has "no imperialist aims in China." The official declaration of Mr. Coolidge advances the pious formula of the protection of the life and interests of American citizens, but as experience in Nicaragua teaches, behind this sentence there trails a long train of gunboats. Washington liberalism is dead.

At the time when the White House still occupied the position of the impartial observer the British press could hardly conceal its irritation. The Washington correspondent of the "Times" writes: "If it were not for the amazing willingness to believe that the Chinese would distinguish between one red-headed barbarian and another, always to the advantage of the American, there would be less complexity in the present problem as the administration sees it." It is not the fear of the excesses of the mob, but on the contrary the undoubted proof that the state of organization and the activity of the workers will prevent the bourgeois elements putting a stopper on the revolution, that compels American imperialism to resort to threats of intervention.

What is the point of the proposals which the United States government has made about China? The key to the vague and contradictory statements of Messrs. Kellogg and Coolidge is provided by the "North China Star," which puts forward the following remarkable suggestion: "Chang Tso-lin, Chang Kei-shek and Feng Yu-hsiang being the strongest men in China at the present time should each appoint a delegate, who, in conjunction with the Chinese minister in Washington, Alfred Shih, should negotiate a new treaty between Shanghai and the United States." American imperialism not only strives for peace and harmony between the revolutionary government and the Mukden reactionaries, but also to revive the moribund Peking government of Wu Pei-Fu. At whose expense do the peace-makers of the White House propose to abolish the civil war on all fronts in China? Is any proof required that it is to be at the expense of the workers and peasants, who are interested in uprooting the economic foundations of imperialist domination in China?

Only a few months ago when America had every ground for believing that if the Chinese revolution was left to itself it would inevitably come to a halt in the capitalist *cul de sac*, American policy may have been practical; and that is why the tactics of Washington differed from the tactics of London by appearing to be more "liberal." Now, however, this view is proving to be more and more Utopian, and the Washington government is not disinclined to borrow weapons from the London arsenal. The British slogan: to break the worker and peasant backbone of the Chinese revolution by the threat of intervention, or by direct intervention, is gradually being adopted by American imperialism.

Of all the imperialist powers, Japan alone has managed to maintain in China a powerful and as yet unshaken military base. Whatever the differences between Chang Tso-lin and Japan may have been over the speculation in currency and the super-predatory economic policy of Japanese capitalists in Manchuria, the Mukden militarists have nevertheless remained vassals to Tokio. On the other hand, the disintegration and internal quarrels within the Mukden camp must not be exaggerated. Chang Tso-lin's army still represents a powerful factor of covert Japanese intervention in China. This explains why Japan so magnanimously abstains from open intervention. Moreover, owing to her geographical situation, Japan does not need to make long preparations beforehand for intervention.

All this gives the Japanese, who are past masters in the art of intrigue, more chance to cause a split in the national revolutionary movement. There is perhaps no other government in the world which betrays so much zeal and ability in utilizing not only social antagonisms but also personal differences within the national revolutionary movement as Japan.

In this connection the "peace" program which Chang Tso-lin submitted to the national revolutionary government, published in the Chinese press, is characteristic. One of the four points of the pro-



gram consists of a proposal that the Canton government shall not hinder Chang Tso-lin, with the aid of his own forces, from coming to an agreement with the army of Feng Yu-hsiang! Chang Tso-lin's sudden outburst of "nationalism," his recent protest against the landing of foreign troops at Shanghai, and his demand for the annulment of the unequal treaties should be placed in the same category. The ambitious aims of the Mukden despot will be satisfied with nothing less than the title of President of the Chinese Republic. But this would imply that Japanese imperialism had at last managed to get the Peking government into its own hands; Peking then would not be the impotent body it is now, but would be considerably strengthened. Foreseeing this danger, the British minister in China is already demonstrating his restrained attitude towards the Peking government, and refrains from any official communication with them in writing, but conducts all business he has with them verbally.

Of the disagreements which are to be observed at the present time in the camp of the imperialists, Anglo-Japanese disagreements are most acute. Nevertheless, a single aim may at a certain moment combine these two imperialisms. That aim is: At all costs to prevent the Chinese revolution from becoming a victorious struggle against imperialist oppression in all its forms.

The task of the international proletariat in this most serious moment for the Chinese revolution is, first of all, to prevent an open military attack, even at the cost of extreme sacrifices. But in developing the mass militant energy that is necessary for the fulfilment of this task the international proletariat will at the same time raise the significance and weight of the Chinese proletariat to the level necessary for it to assume the leadership in the revolutionary alliance.

The VII. Enlarged Executive of the Communist International pointed to two dangers which threaten the Chinese revolution at the present time. First, the formation of a counter-revolutionary alliance, with the aid of the imperialists, to crush the national revolutionary movement, and, secondly, the attempt on the part of the bourgeoisie in the ranks of the nationalist movement to secure into its hands the leadership of the movement, in order to put a stop to the revolution. This warning has been confirmed by the progress of events. During the transition of the Chinese revolution to a new stage of development, these two dangers are becoming more and more imminent.

The resolution of the VII. Plenum on the Chinese question says: "Certain sections of the big bourgeoisie and even the militarists, who hitherto have stood outside the national revolutionary struggle and have even been hostile to it, are now coming over to the side of the Canton government in order to strengthen the position of the agents of imperialism within the Nationalist movement. The rapid progress of the national revolutionary armies will only serve to accelerate this process. New armies, the commanders of which have social ties with the bourgeoisie, have joined the revolutionary army.

On the other hand, the bourgeoisie, which was formerly on the right wing of the revolutionary movement, urged on by the activities of the masses,

is becoming hostile to the Kuomintang without, however, officially leaving the national revolutionary organizations. We saw above what a complex system of pretence, hypocrisy and provocation the imperialists are employing in order to link up with these bourgeois elements, in order with their aid to break up the revolution from within. To this must be added the wavering, the individualism and the personal frictions which the representatives of the petty-bourgeois intelligentsia, who subjectively are revolutionary, but who have not been sufficiently hardened in the mass struggle, inevitably bring into the movement.

This complicated regrouping of forces on the theatre of the civil war is taking place in the sight of the powerful imperialist enemy, who are past masters in the arts of cunning, and will stick at nothing in their effort to utilize every symptom of weakness and every mistaken step taken by the masses of toilers in revolt. In these circumstances the young proletariat of China, which has only just grown up out of the severe battles, the most consciously organized and the only class capable of actually leading the movement, is obliged to conduct a most complicated war of manoeuvres.

The fulfilment of this task and the preservation of the mighty revolutionary front, in spite of the inevitable desertion of the big bourgeoisie, is facilitated by the fact that the movement is spontaneously sweeping in millions of the masses of the peasantry, who bring with them a burning hatred of the imperialists and their agents, and are imbued with the determination to march to the end with the proletariat at the present stage of the revolution. However, the rapidly growing peasant movement, while increasing the reserves of the proletariat, imposes at the same time upon the latter the very complicated task of organizing the movement for the purpose of directing the peasant revolts and outbreaks on to a conscious class road.

The Chinese proletariat will only fulfil this task if it takes advantage of the experience of the international struggle as a whole. If the revolutionary movement of China were to become isolated from the international proletariat, and from the principal fortress of the proletariat revolution—the Soviet Union—this would disarm the revolution. This fact explains the fresh outbreak of the campaign of hatred against the U. S. S. R. initiated by the Baldwin government as a result of the defeat of British imperialism in China. This explains the feverish efforts being made by the reformist leaders to erect a wall of mutual misunderstanding and estrangement between the toilers of China and the proletariat in capitalist countries. But the reply which Eugene Chen sent in the name of the Canton government to the Joint National Council of the Labor Party and the T. U. C. shows that MacDonaldism is powerless, that the ties between the Chinese revolution and the proletariat of all countries will be strengthened in joint revolutionary struggle.

The slogan, "Hands off China," merely formulated a part of the duties that the Chinese revolution imposes upon the international proletariat. The other part is—joint revolutionary struggle against the common class enemy.

(The end.)

The Molly Maguires

By A. BIMBA

A CERTAIN labor fakir by the name of George G. Korson raises the question in the "United Mine Workers' Journal" of March 15, 1927, about the activities of the Mollie Maguires—an active secret organization of the miners in the seventies of the last century. There can be no doubt that this attack upon the Molly Maguires in the official organ of the United Mine Workers has the approval of Mr. John Lewis and other misleaders of the miners.

It is a dastardly attempt to besmirch the name of those brave fighters in the early days of the American labor movement, who sacrificed their lives in order to make it easier for the future generations of the working class to lighten their burden of toil and suffering.

Mr. Korson has the audacity to represent the Mollie Maguires in the eyes of the miners as an organization of ordinary criminals and murderers. Here is what he says:

"They (the Mollie Maguires) continued their reign of terror with ever-increasing boldness until about 1876 when the shadows of the gallows or of prison finally fell across their conscience and crushed them.

"... Colliery buildings were set to the torch; attempts were made to blow up bridges and to dynamite railroad trains; while men were murdered often in broad daylight, the criminals fleeing to the mountains which lay conveniently at hand. The taking of a man's life became a trivial act as beating had been earlier. They found themselves riding the crest of a mighty wave of blood and the question began to be asked, could they stop of their own violation?"

"... It became plain, then, that if the lawless band was to be destroyed, the inner circle would have to be penetrated. With this thought in mind, Frank B. Gowen, president of the Philadelphia & Reading Coal and Iron Company, hired Allan Pinkerton, head of the National Detective Agency in 1873."

And now Mr. Korson makes accusation against the miners' organization of the seventies taking as a basis the report of the spies and murderers of the Pinkerton's National Agency. He takes their word for gold and brands the predecessors of the United Mine Workers' of America as criminals! Only the meanest scoundrel can fall so low in his hate against those who dared to raise their hand against the coal barons.

The Mollie Maguires were not criminals neither

in their hearts nor in their activities. The aim of their organization was not a criminal one, as far as the labor movement is concerned. Of course, in the eyes of the coal barons the Mollie Maguires were criminals just as today the brave fighters of West Virginia are branded as criminals and are being persecuted with sword and fire.

The Mollie Maguires sprang up as a secret organization and attained great prominence in the midst of the most inhuman conditions in the coal fields of the country. The anthracite coal miners led a bitter strike in 1874-1875 which lasted for seven months and the workers were crushed into submission. The once militant and powerful Workingmen's Association was entirely disrupted. Wages were reduced and the miners found themselves in a desperate situation. There could be no talk about a legal organization of the workers. A secret action was the only thing possible. Therefore, the miners united their forces under the banner—the Mollie Maguires, a secret organization. For the Irish miners of those days a secret organization was not a new experience—in the old country they, or at least some of them, had belonged to the Ancient Order of Hibernians which had been formed to fight the landlords. The organization of Mollie Maguires developed very rapidly and reached every centre of the coal industry. It is said that once the Mollie Maguires had about 6,000 local units.

The coal barons immediately saw the danger in this new movement. Now they were determined more than ever to crush any organized resistance on the part of the miners. As usual, in such cases, they sent spies and provocateurs from the Pinkerton's Agency into the Mollie Maguires to follow the activities of the workers and to commit crimes in their name in order to hunt them down later as criminals. These provocateurs played their role very cleverly and successfully, and the murders in the coal fields became so numerous that by 1873 the time was ripe for striking a final blow at the miners' organization. The bourgeois newspapers, the politicians, the priests and the ministers of the church created the opinion in the country that the Mollie Maguires was an organization established for criminal purposes and composed of criminals only. At the same time the spies knew by heart all the connections of the secret organization and its most active members and officials. The way was prepared for the final attack. Of course, it is possible that these provocateurs may have succeeded in inducing some members of the organization to commit crimes, but nothing

could be farther from the truth than the accusation that the aim of the organization was criminal and terroristic.

In the fall of 1875 the government made a general attack upon the Molly Maguires; many of the officials and members of the order were arrested and tried as criminals. Spies, provocateurs and traitors were the only witnesses against the accused. The capitalist court would pay no attention to the defense, everything was set in advance to get rid of the militant miners. The result was that 14 were committed to prison terms varying from 2 to 7 years and 10 were condemned to death and executed.

"They all protested their innocence and all died game," wrote Eugene Debs in the "Appeal to Reason," Nov. 23, 1907. "Not one of them betrayed the slightest evidence of fear or weakening.

"Not one of them was a murderer at heart. All were ignorant, rough and uncouth, born of poverty and buffeted by the merciless tides of fate and chance.

"To resist the wrongs of which they and their fellow workers were victims, according to their own crude notions, was the prime object of the organization of the Mollie Maguires. Nothing could have been farther from their intention than murder of crime. It is true that their methods were drastic, but it must be remembered that their lot was hard and brutalizing; that they were the neglected children of poverty, the products of wretched environment. . .

"June 21, 1877, the curtain fell upon the last mournful act in this tragedy of toil. The executioner did his bidding and the gallows-tree claimed its victims.

"On the day history turned harlot and the fair face of truth was covered with the hideous mask of falsehood.

"The men who perished upon the scaffold as felons were labor leaders, the first martyrs to the class struggle in the United States."

When the working class gains control of the power in the United States and the workers write the history of this country with their own hands, the organization of the Mollie Maguires will be vindicated of the crimes that the bourgeoisie attached to it. A monument will be erected to the executed leaders who fell in the class struggle as martyrs, while those who condemned and executed them, as well as those who today attempt to besmirch their name, will be long forgotten.

Enfilade Fire

IT was late November. The icy sheets of water which had poured down upon the area for the past three days had ceased during the night. As the grayness of breaking day showed itself, the soaked earth, littered with the debris of battle, gave off the odor of a sodden garbage dump. It had rained with the bleak monotony that only northern France knows.

Five men stood in the bay of a trench. For fourteen days they had not been out of their clothes. Saturated and numb with cold, they were immersed in that stupor which men fall into through extreme misery. They were one lance-corporal and four privates.

The portion of the trench which they held was situated so that they were exposed to enfilade fire; the terror of the infantryman. At any moment a sniper could, if he so minded, shoot, from his concealed position in the hollow of a tree half a mile distant, down the length of the trench.

This unfortunate circumstance compelled them to move about the trench almost doubled over in two—much as a man does who is suffering from abdominal pains. Sometimes to get relief from this agonizing attitude, they crawled like infants on all fours. It was not that death in the abstract frightened them, not the ceasing-to-be, the negation of life itself, but rather to die here, like a rat in a hole, to suddenly be torn to pieces, to linger a slow agonizing end this actuated them to seek protective postures. To each one had come the thought a thousand times that a swift death would be a pleasant thing. Yet at the crack of the distant rifle, or the sweep of a burst of machine-gun fire, each body bent lower in silent fear.

They were clerks and laborers in uniform, dragged unwillingly from the small comforts of city life into the glaring indecency of violent death. The possibility of a sudden and unsightly death produced, at first, a horror, held in abeyance by the check-rain of military discipline. In the face of repeated dangers, however, the showing of fear became permissible. So they crawled about, each man cowering in fright and dismay.

After "stand down" the daily rations were brought by a carrier who crawled on his belly to them.

Now a sniper is one who sits in a concealed elevated position with a high-powered rifle with telescopic sights and shoots with unerring accuracy at the slightest movement of enemy life. Looking along his sights, his victims are brought quite close to

him visually. Slowly he elevates his weapon, looks into the glass, and sees his target as though he were a few feet away. Sometimes it is a mud stained face—or else a "tin hat"—or sometimes even a laughing boyish face not yet deadened by the anguish of war. A pull of the trigger and the laugh straightens itself in death. To be compelled to be a sniper is a terrible and lonely fate. War is a gregarious interprise. Men are mangled in masses and battered in battalions. To be singled out to be an individual killer is to be unusual—a thing no soldier desires. A captured sniper is as good as dead.

It was now dawn and as soon as the day's rations were divided, the men would go to sleep, leaving one sentry on guard duty. It was quiet, deathly quiet, as is usual in the daytime when the line is being merely "held."

The lance-corporal spread a rubber sheet along the firing step. He bent low and emptied the small sack of food into the sheet; a piece of yellow cheese, two large onions, some tea and sugar and a hunk of grayish war bread. With hungry, grimy fingers he deftly cut and sliced and divided the food. His men looked on with greedy, alert eyes to see if justice was being done. As the dividing process went on, the corporal crouched low and looked nervously

A MUSIC FROM THE EAST

There is a music pouring from the east
A music wilder far than of a beast.
A music sweeter far than of a bird,
It is a music that I never heard
Until a hundred million slaves one night
Stood up and sank the darkness into light.
And since that night one chorus holds the stage.
A chorus that will sing a trembling age
Into creation and from hour to hour
Will spread itself with universal power.
Until that chorus is the world's entire.
Until the world itself is set on fire
With the magic madness of a mighty tune
That sings the swelling song of the Commune!

By ZINC

By CHARLES Y. HARRISON

over his shoulder from time to time, in the direction of the concealed sniper in the distant woods. One man straightened up for a moment to get a better view of the cutting up. The corporal barked at him: "Keep yer head down or yuh won't live 't eat yer chow."

The bread, cheese and onions were now divided into five equal parts. He looked at the five piles of food with a critical eye and if one piece looked larger than another, he righteously snipped a bit off. Each man took his share and stuffed it into his haversack.

The rubber sheet was cleared now for the division of the sugar. Precious sugar, to sweeten the strong, hot tea which came up at midnight, tea that was so strong and bitter it would curl one's tongue.

The brown sugar was dumped in a pile into the center of the sheet. The men watched the corporal in dead silence. The corroded metal spoon for dishing out sugar and such things stuck in the parapet between two sandbags. Glad to straighten himself for a moment, the corporal stood up to reach for it. From nervous habit he looked over his shoulder in the direction of the woods.

In that instant his head jerked back viciously from the impact of the bullet. He sagged to the bottom of the muddy, sloppy trench, his neck twisted at a foolish impossible angle. Between his eyes was a small neat hole.

At the crack of the sniper's rifle, the four privates ducked lower in the trench and looked with dull amazement as the corporal fell clumsily into their midst. They looked without resentment in the direction of the woods, animated only by the desire to keep under cover. In a quiet tone, Number One said, "Them lousy bastards sure can shoot."

They pulled the heavy, awkward body out of the mud, laid it on the firing step and covered him over with a gray regulation blanket. Covering the head it reached only to his ankles. His muddy shoes stuck out in V-formation.

Number One took charge of the squad and went on with the corporal's duties. Dispensing with the spoon he used his hands, dividing the sugar into four, instead of five, parts.

That night the bitter tea was a little sweeter. Before the corporal's body was taken down to battalion headquarters, his mates took his hunks of bread and cheese out of his haversack.

Four days later the corporal's mother received word that her son "was killed in action in defense of his country."

For a Workers' Theatre

By MOISSAYE OLGIN

(Continued from last week)

3.—By no means do we wish a gloomy theatre, or a solemn theatre, or a morbid theatre, or a highfalutin theatre. What we wish is a theatre where the typically bourgeois subject of individual, mainly sexual, "love" sufferings, conflicts and problems is relegated to the rear, if not entirely abandoned, while the wider aspects of life—social, economic, political, cultural—including the emotions of men and women, not sugar-coated but real and convincing in their truth—occupy the front. We do not wish a theatre that preaches. We detest moralizing pieces. But similarly we detest empty, senseless pieces, anecdotes in three acts with lingerie and interior decoration. We wish to see things that are full of significance, strong, vital, vibrant, stirring, not only showing the tragic face of life, but also ready to laugh, to mock, to ridicule, to construe a grotesque image, to grip the soul with a sun-lit vision. We wish a theatre that lives a full-chested life instead of talking polite words in a drawing room or in a country club. We wish to see both suffering and joy, injustice and struggle, sweeping passions and life-giving ideas, wisdom and mirth, blackness and rainbow-spanned horizons, childishness and manhood, love and sacrifice, victors and vanquished—all this not in the abstract, but incarnated in people, appearing in the actions of living men and women.

4.—It is obvious that a theatre of this kind will depart in its methods from the purely "speaking" theatre with painted scenery. It will certainly be a constructivist theatre, employing all elements that go into the formation of theatrical art: drama, music, plastic motion, sculpture, painting, lighting. While it is impossible and hardly desirable to lay down a rule as to what kind of production we would like to see in the workers' theatre, it is safe to say, negatively, that such theatre will not imitate life, mimic or photograph life, that it will not confine itself to pretty sterilities or cut and dried polite mannerisms—positively, that it will be a creative theatre constructing for each piece its own forms of expression, searching for new means, ever groping, never resting on its laurels (the pre-Revolutionary Moscow Art Theatre was of this kind, though serving the needs of the Russian bourgeois intelligentsia under Tzardom).

The workers' theatre must be an embodiment of the modern forms of production enlivened and invigorated by fresh storm-swept material taken from the very heart of the present cataclysmic era. It needs not much proving that a theatre showing the sky-scraper and the blast furnace, the laboratory and the picket line, the naval monster and the grain elevator, the plantation Negro and the Kentuckian mountaineer, the railroad strike and the war of lethal gasses, will not be able to confine itself to the methods of production of "The Great Gatsby," "Bride of the Lamb," "Craig's Wife," or even "Desire Under the Elms" or "The Great God Brown." It must, however, be made a conscious task—to work collectively for new forms and new methods of presentation.

5.—This brings up the question of a staff. We picture the workers' theatre as consisting of a coterie of actors, painters, sculptors, dancers, playwrights, musicians, lighting masters, all having contact with the masses, at least sympathetic to labor's struggle, some of them hailing from the ranks of labor, all of them working in cooperation for the creation of significant beauty, all animated with the striving for the higher art which is of necessity more human and more true than the

commercial mummery or even the better "little theatre," which, after all, is a child of the more enlightened and artistically sensitive bourgeoisie. It is to be assumed that the formation of such a group of theatrical conspirators against the existing order will be a dialectical process. Obviously, it will include a majority of younger men and women. Possibly, many an artist will only begin his career in the workers' theatre. Undoubtedly, the theatre will draw its main vital power from the solid mass of workers.

What we wish to see is a theatre where the reverse of politeness is the rule. In a theatre without polite plays, where this very politeness of the "better society" is perhaps held up to ridicule, one cannot expect the participants to be moving and conversing like the drawing room mannikins we see in the bourgeois theatre. We picture a theatre full of action, motion, broad gestures, high intonations, clashes of light, reverberations of sounds, colorful groupings, words enhanced by music, music deepened by stirring light effects, light made a part of the whole performance. We wish to see a theatre where not only the truth is released through real artistic construction, but where the actor—in the broader sense of the word—is released to greater freedom of expression.

5.—This theatre will have meaning only when it removes the barrier between the stage and the audience. Many an attempt was made to achieve this (Reinhardt placing the stage in the center of and on a lower level than the audience, Meyerhold making some of the actors stand up in the middle of the audience and delivering a speech as if they were part of it, American producers sending out their performers into the aisles, etc.) but all these were mechanical means. To remove the barrier between stage and spectators means to create such an intimate understanding and community of emotion between performers and audience that the latter cease to be mere spectators. It must be admitted that the present writer never saw in the legitimate American theatre that abandon on the part of the spectators, that restless absorption in the proceedings on the stage, that hanging on every word of the players that he often found in dramatic clubs performing "for their own people." A workers' theatre must be a band (gang?) of men and women known to the working masses as "our own" and performing in such a spirit of mutual understanding between themselves and the workers as would render the theatre one emotional whole. Such closeness cannot be created artificially. It must be the outcome of the workers having recognized the players as part of their lives and having taken them to their bosom. While this mutual understanding must come not only from the making of art but from gaining recognition in ways other than art creations, it will enhance the pure art enjoyment of the audience immensely.

6.—The theatre, groping for ever new ways, must necessarily be combined with one or several theatre studios where new players are being attracted to the work and new methods are being tested. We picture the studios as a connecting link between the theatre and the working masses, or rather as ramifications of the theatre reaching out into the masses. We picture hundreds of young working men and working women passing through these studios, acquiring the technique of theatrical self-expression, forming, as it were, the theatrical vanguard of the working masses (theoretically that vanguard can be increased to embrace a very large section of the class-conscious elements of the workers) spread-

ing among them theatrical culture. From another angle the same vanguard may be looked upon as theatrical reserves to be drawn for the performance of mass plays which must be one of the main features of a workers' theatre, and for expanding the theatre in times of need.

The bourgeois theatre is being utilized for imperialist and chauvinist ends (war propaganda, Red Cross drives, etc.), the workers' theatre must be an instrument of the workers in that it actively participates in their class struggle. We imagine a detachment of the New York Workers' Theatre going out to Passaic to perform, in a hall or in the open air, for the textile strikers—not only to raise funds, but, mainly, to hearten the strikers and their children. We imagine a devil-may-care troop of young theatrical "frontiersmen" rushing out of Chicago to Herrin, Ill., and to other coal-mining towns to form the great theatrical event of the coal strike. We imagine workers' theatre artists decorating labor's convention halls and giving performances for the delegates. That such performances cannot, by the nature of things, be polite, that they must assume a sarcastic, anti-capitalist nature, will by no means lessen the value of the theatre in the eyes of the working class. We are against propaganda as marriage the artistic quality of a vital performance. But we welcome propaganda, i. e., directing thoughts and emotions in a definite channel, once it comes as a result of an artistic performance. By so participating in the everyday life of the workers, the workers' theatre will gain that intimate connection with the workers which will make them rush to every new performance and watch the players with enthusiasm and adoration—provided the performances in themselves are worth seeing.

Pageants and performances for workmen's children must be a part of the program of a workers' theatre.

7.—The theatre must be a public undertaking financed either by labor unions or by the sale of shares among the workers (details of organization need not be here entered into) and making no profit. Its staff must consist of a nucleus of professionals with a large auxiliary force of theatrically skilled and semi-skilled workers. It must be a repertory theatre with no stars. It must be a predominantly American theatre, admitting, however, exceptionally good foreign plays.

Is this a dream? It depends on the initiative of a few. There is an enormous potential audience; there are many intellectuals, who, being friendly to labor and disgusted with the bourgeois theatre, are aching to put their energy to the creation of something new and useful both for art and the workers. There are young actors and other artists ready to attempt the experience of collective work for a collective art. There are tokens in the air pointing the way: workers' art clubs, singing societies, dramatic circles, etc., mostly among foreign-born workers, who, of late, however, have grown to know English and will certainly welcome a workers' theatre in English.

There must be a crystallizing point to set the movement afoot. The aim of this article is to point out this need, and, perhaps, hasten the formation of such a point.

"Are you preaching proletarian art?" we hear disquieted questions. Our answer is: Let names alone. Let us do the thing. When it will have materialized and gone part of its road of development, we will have time enough to discuss where to class it. (The end.)

Correcting the American Mercury

By CHARLES ASHLEIGH

THE "American Mercury" costs fifty cents in America and a cent or two more in Europe. This means that its price is equivalent to the price of a dinner, where I am living now. My wages are those of the European working class. That is one reason why I do not buy the "American Mercury." That is why, if I ever do see it, it is because of the good graces of some affluent American friend who can afford it.

This will explain why these lines arrive so belatedly. Because I am writing about an article, by Harbor Allen, entitled, "The Flynn," which appeared in the "American Mercury" of December last. It's not my fault I'm so late.

The article is, on the whole, a good article, although a bit too superficial. But, then, if it were not, it probably wouldn't have got into the American Mercury. Comrade Allen manages to inject the frivolous-cynical quality, here and there, which is the rather monotonously all-pervading tone of the publication.

And, there is no reason in the world why an article shouldn't be written about Gurley Flynn. She is certainly good material, besides being an interesting and lovable individual. She is, I am glad to say, a friend of mine. I liked what Allen said about her.

But—there is such a thing as facts, after all. And, I fear Allen, in writing his article, went no

further than borrowing Elizabeth's scrap-book of newspaper clippings for a few days. And, some of his statements are inexcusable, in a writer who, presumably, takes the working class movement seriously, and writes sometimes for a Communist newspaper.

Before we come to the things which specially enraged me, let us take, as symptomatic, a smaller instance or two. In speaking of the famous Lawrence textile strike, of 1912, Allen says: "Strikes in those days were nothing like the somewhat polite affairs they have since, with one or two exceptions, come to be. Neither side asked or gave any quarter."

Now, I have been a long time away from the United States; however, as a humble deportee, I keep my weather-eye intermittently on affairs there. I have not observed that the spirit of brotherly love now pervades American strikes. The Passaic strike, the beating up of girl pickets in New York, and similar occurrences, do not—at this long distance—savour over much of politeness. When did the politeness start. Not as late as 1919, with the steel strike, surely? And if tomorrow, the miners in West Virginia, or the Nesaba Iron Range miners, were to strike, is Allen able to guarantee that the bosses would conform strictly to the rules of courtesy?

But, when Allen says "Neither side asked or gave any quarter," he seems to intimate that, in the

Lawrence strike, there was violence on the part of the workers. Here, he is hopelessly wrong. Never was there a strike, on so large a scale, so peacefully conducted. Let him ask Giovannitti or Gurley Flynn. If that is so, what does he mean?

Later, still on the Lawrence strike, he says, "Gurley Flynn, who assumed command with Big Bill Haywood * * * Incredible as it will seem to all old rebels, he does not mention Giovannitti or Ettor, who, together with Caruso, were on trial for murder; and who were just as prominent, as leaders, as Gurley Flynn and Big Bill Haywood. To describe the Lawrence strike and omit the Ettor-Giovannitti case, is like cooking ham and eggs without the ham."

Allen, in fact, altogether ignores the splendid machinery of the Lawrence strike—the Strike Committee of fifty-odd members, with its language representation, and so on. Again, in speaking of the Paterson silk strike, he gives the impression that, alone and unaided, Gurley led the whole business. Now, I am certain that, when she read this, Elizabeth felt damned uncomfortable, and rather like cursing this young man who, for the sake of converting harsh fact into specious newspaper-romance, swept grandly aside all the other leaders who played prominent parts in the Paterson strike.

Mind you, I wasn't in the Lawrence or Paterson

(Continued on page 5)

strikes, so I'm not yammering for personal recognition!

But, it's later on that Allen makes a mistake which is more than a mistake. It is bad journalism, and very bad revolutionary ethics, so to set things lightly down on paper, without verification.

I was one of the famous hundred and sixty-six who were indicted, during the war, by the government for offenses against the Espionage Act. I was one of the defendants in the Chicago I. W. W. trial. I was sentenced to ten years, of which I served two-and-a-half at Leavenworth, being subsequently deported. I was previously six months in the Chicago Cook County Jail. I am a Communist now, and for years, I have been in Europe, and thus separated from the I. W. W. But I admire the men who were indicted with me, even if I no longer share all their opinions—the Bolshevik Revolution and the founding of the Communist International has divided us. I love those comrades who faced, undaunted, the prospect of years in prison. I am sore when someone maligns any one of them, or all of them.

Firstly, Allen says, of the 166 indicted Wobblies, "the remaining 101, at the insistence of Big Bill Haywood, were tried en masse and served varied sentences in prison."

Now, I'm one of that 101, and I want to say emphatically that I don't relish Allen's implication that I surrendered for trial, and took part in the mass trial, just because Haywood insisted on it. It is—I regret to somewhat harshly state—untrue. I can say, for one, that I thoroughly agreed, at that time, with the tactics of surrender and a mass trial. Bill Haywood didn't bully me into it. And, anyone who knows the looseness of discipline in the I. W. W. will know I'm right when I say when that, had I not agreed, all the insistence of Bill Haywood alone wouldn't have made me surrender. I don't mean to say I think we were right in surrendering. I now think it is a revolutionist's business to keep out of jail, all he can. But, once he's caught, he must make his trial as good a piece of propaganda as possible. But I didn't think so then. In those days, in accordance with the rather muddled thinking of the I. W. W. we had—despite our "non-political" attitude—a sort of sneaking faith in the democracy we despised. We felt that a sort of dramatic passive resistance would awaken conscience in the "public." I admit that, now, I feel that I was rather a boob to believe this. But, my point is: most of us believed it, and not just Haywood. Most of us thought our tactics of surrender and mass trial were correct. Anyone will tell Allen that those tactics were completely in line with previous I. W. W. methods—Free Speech Fights, and so on. We had always used the somewhat masochistic mass tactics of putting our heads, all together, down on the block for the club to fall on them. I want right here to refute the stupid allegation that Haywood made me surrender, or my fellow-defendants. It is an insult to our spirit, to imply that one man made over a hundred others go to jail against their will, to satisfy his vanity. I surrendered, in San Francisco, for the federal authorities, only after due consideration, and discussion with the I. W. W. membership of San Francisco. I did it deliberately, because I thought then it was the right thing to do. I did not have to surrender. I could have made a perfectly good get-away. While the federal dicks in San Francisco were looking everywhere for me, I strolled down Market Street and took the ferry for Oakland, brushing right against the intelligent

officers who were seeking me. This, because I was attired as a seaman in the United States navy. A good rebel, on a battleship then at Mare Island, had loaned me the uniform! No! I may have been foolish to surrender; but I wasn't terrorized by Bill Haywood into doing it! And the same applies to my co-defendants.

All together, there is unjustified spite in Allen's remarks about Bill Haywood. He says "Big Bill's accusations of treason against those who refused to pose in his martyrdom tableau, his own bail-jumping and flight to Russia, and the bloody fist fights that broke out among his jailed disciples, were death blows to the I. W. W."

Now, this is peppy stuff with which to regale the bored liberals, and smart-alec intelligentsia who read the New Mercury. But it's damned bad taste, and some of it is lies.

My friend, Bill Haywood, happens to be an honored guest of the workers and peasants of the Soviet Union, and of the Communist International. If he is respected by the tried revolutionists of Russia, and is their guest, naturally we dislike other revolutionists—and I presume Allen is a revolutionist—reviling him for the amusement of the giddy, but innocuous, Menckenes.

It wasn't Bill Haywood's "martyrdom tableau." And I hope a hundred old-timers, who served in Leavenworth, will read this, and write in to the same effect, and let Allen know what really happened in those days. It is a repetition of the slur that we all got pinched, and served time, because Bill Haywood told us to. Good Lord, how little Allen really knows about the I. W. W., internally, in those days! Once and for all, let me inform him that the tactics of those days—however wrong—were not designed to ornament Haywood, but WERE CONCEIVED BY REASONED DELIBERATION OF MANY RESPONSIBLE MEMBERS OF THE I. W. W. I held, at that time, credentials as a National Organizer of the I. W. W. I was a trusted speaker, writer and publicity agent for the I. W. W. And I agreed with the tactics, and so did most of my companions.

As to Bill's bail-jumping, I will admit that that was a mistake. Bill will probably admit it too, if Allen asks him. But, it must be remembered that, at that time, there appeared in the press a statement by a representative of the Comintern, stating that they had agreed as to the advisability of the step. And Bill had already become a Communist. Also, Bill was a very sick man, at that time. However, I think it was a mistake. But I don't just blame Bill for it. He left himself in the hands of others.

And now we come to an amazing statement. Allen refers to "the bloody fist fights that broke out among his jailed disciples." This, I definitely want to brand as a lie. During the three years that I was in prison—and my prison work at Leavenworth enabled me to maintain contact with all our boys there—I only know of two fights. And these two both occurred in the Cook County Jail, within the same fortnight—while we were awaiting trial—and neither was on a matter of policy! One of them was when a member gave a thorough beating to his personal friend, a well-known soap-boxer from the west (who afterwards became a sort of Tolstoyan mystic) because said soap-boxer went out, with a detective, to be treated by a dentist in Chicago, and returned drunk—the federal dick being only too glad to drink at the expense of the Wobbly, or,

of course, of anyone else. And the other fight was between two very good fellows, whose nerves were exacerbated by the hellish life we lived in that Chicago prison (locked, three in a cell, for twenty hours out of the twenty-four), and was about some perfectly petty personal matter. The minute after this nervous explosion, they shook hands, and the matter was finished. Those were the only two fights in the jail. As to the penitentiary, even if they'd want to indulge in "bloody fist fights," the opportunities were extremely small. And the prison discipline was such that, if our boys had fought much, the whole damned lot would soon have been in "solitary." I differed materially from some of the I. W. W. men in there, on several points—on Communism, on the advisability of accepting reductions in sentence, if no recantation was involved, and other matters—but we never dreamed of fighting. It is deplorable that Allen should make such statements. They appear to be curiously animated by malice towards Haywood, which I cannot understand. Surely Allen is too young—or too young in the movement—to like or dislike Haywood personally?

I am a Communist. I think much of the I. W. W. theory in which I then implicitly believed, was wrong—namely, their attitude towards politics and towards the A. F. of L. But, they were an organization which believed in the class struggle, and which fought in the class struggle. They spread wide in America the idea of industrial unionism; and they brought organization and consequent betterment into the lives of the migratory workers. On occasion, as Allen deigns to acknowledge, they travelled hundreds of miles, through parched desert or bitter cold, beating their way, risking jail and beatings on the way, in order to fight for the workers, in some conflict with the authorities. Their speakers often had to sleep on the floors of the halls, when their evening's propaganda was done. Their editors worked for a scanty living wage, and never augmented their income by titillating the after-dinner sensibilities of the readers of fifty-cent magazines. Perhaps they weren't clever enough; or perhaps they didn't think it quite decent.

I am sorry Allen has spoiled a good article. I am sure Gurley Flynn is sorry; she was ever generous and warm in her friendships, and never sought aggrandisement at the expense of others. She never needed to. I think she is sorry she lent Allen her scrap-book. Bill Haywood probably hasn't read the article—the New Mercury hasn't a large circulation in Moscow; and, if he has, he probably wouldn't reply. He would not think it really worth it. Perhaps it doesn't matter what the New Mercury readers think about us; and the few who read it, and know the labor movement, won't believe it, anyway. Very few factory workers or miners—whose good opinion we esteem—will know of it.

But I—not being directly attacked or mentioned in the article—am impelled to write the above. I am impelled because I honor the comrades who went through the Chicago trial, and imprisonment, with me. And I don't like to have them lied about. With many of them I now disagree politically. But they are men, with men's clean emotions of pride and of anger, and with capacity for courageous suffering. To stigmatize them as puppets must hurt their pride, and mock their past suffering. And I am sure it must arouse their anger. It did in me. Hence this article.

(The end.)

(Continued from Page One)

however, that the trick of blaming Communists for everything under the sun will be resorted to repeatedly. And even so in the present difficulties of the southern capitalists.

According to newspaper reports, the migration of Negroes from the southern farms is again assuming mass proportions. A survey including Arkansas, Tennessee, Louisiana and Alabama, indicates that at least 3500 Negro families have gone to the north in the last few weeks. It has become a common thing to find that Negro families have decamped over night from plantations.

The Arkansas Democrat, published in Little Rock, picks up the cudgels for the southern employers of Negro labor in this fashion:

Chicago's efforts during the last few years to entice Negro labor from the southern states have brought about a situation in the Illinois metropolis that is threatening a whirlwind of trouble. Thirty thousand Negroes, it is estimated, are walking the streets of Chicago seeking jobs. They are without funds, without food and dependent on other Negroes for sustenance and means to return to their native communities.

And concludes thus:

Every intelligent white man of the south who has influence over Negroes should make it a point of patriotic duty to warn the Negroes honestly of the conditions in Chicago. We owe that not only to our sister city but to our own colored people for whose interests we of the south always have been on the alert.

On the alert in what way? In the way of making the lives of the Negroes so miserable that they are departing from the south over night.

Whether or not migration is desirable from the point of view of the Negro masses themselves, migration is not going to solve the Negro problems in the south. And the question will continue to face the southern Negroes of how to resist slavery and exploitation. This is the big question. And on this the Negro masses will meet a common enemy and will have to make common cause with the exploited and oppressed southern whites.

What the Negro masses of the south are suffering from most at the present time are the effects of the general agrarian crisis, which is being intensified by the cotton crisis, and also from the results of the industrialization of the south which is disturbing and breaking down old social relations, carrying in its wake intense exploitation and oppression. This situation undoubtedly strikes hardest at the Negroes, who are, in addition, exposed to special discrimination and persecution, but the white workers and poor farmers of the south are affected by this condition as well.

The fact that aggravates the condition of the oppressed masses of the south, whites as well as Negroes, is the almost complete absence of political and economic organization among them. The industrial and agricultural workers are unorganized. They have no unions with which to fight for better conditions. The poor and tenant farmers, white and Negro, are in little better shape as far as organization is concerned. In a political way, the situation is even worse than on the economic field.

It is, therefore, obvious that the urgent task confronting the workers and poor farmers of the south is to organize. The workers must organize into unions. The poor farmers must likewise organize. Each of them must wage an organized struggle against their exploiters. Both of them must enter into an alliance for common political

action in defence of the larger interests of the workers and poor farmers.

There is no short cut to salvation for the exploited and oppressed, be they white, black or yellow. The road that they must travel is the road of persistent struggle against capitalist exploitation. They must wage this struggle on the economic as well as political field. And for this they must organize.

British imperialism continues to maneuver for joint military action by the big capitalist powers against the Chinese revolution. The English have repeatedly approached the imperialist governments of America, France and Japan for joint military intervention on a large scale to crush the revolution and to reestablish the full domination of foreign imperialism in China.

Whether or not the American government will eventually agree to such joint action with the British imperialists remain to be seen. But it would be a disastrous mistake to assume that the present policies of the American government in China are in any way pacific.

The danger of American imperialism waging war in China is real and immediate. Any moment may find the American workers and farmers involved in a costly and bloody struggle whose only objective will be to fatten the profits and strengthen the power of American capitalism. The masses must be aroused to a full realization of this danger. The demand for the immediate withdrawal of all American naval and military forces from China must be spread far and wide throughout the country. The American people must say in plain and unmistakable terms, before it becomes too late, that they do not want war against China.

The COMRADE

Edited by the Young
A Page for Workers'



Young SECTION

Pioneers of America
and Farmers' Children

CURRENT EVENTS

By IMA PIONEER.

"U. S. and Britain Split Over China"—DAILY WORKER. This reminds us of the fable about the lion and the wolf.

Once upon a time a lion and a wolf went a-hunting. Suddenly they came upon a lamb. With one blow of his paw the lion killed the poor little lamb. Said the lion to the wolf, "I killed this lamb and I'm going to eat it." Said the wolf, "No, you don't." And so they both began to fight.

While they were fighting, a fox came along and took the lamb away.

Of course you can see that the lion and the wolf are the United States and the British governments, the lamb is the wealthy land of China while the fox stands for the Chinese people.

OUR LETTER BOX

IN SCHOOL.

Dear Comrades: I am going to write a few things about my school. They weighed a boy in school and found he only weighed fifty-four pounds. They also weighed my sister. Then sent the boy to a fresh air school and they said if my sister doesn't eat more and drink more milk she will have to go too.

But how in the world could my sister eat more and drink more milk if the bosses CUT our fathers' wages. My father was sick for eleven weeks, he cannot work and doesn't get any money.

You workers should not let your children go to a fresh air school, but you should FIGHT against those rotten old bosses for more money so that you could buy more food for your children.—HELEN KERTESZ.

WAR AND FASCISTI

By ANNA VALATKA

I now recall in my mind the past days of 1916. At that time I was but a small child, but now I do my best in reading and writing, and so I want to tell the readers the why of the world war and fascism.

We had in 1914 all throughout Europe, and especially Germany and France, the working class organized in strong unions, that kept the capitalist ruling class on the balance. The industries weren't very prosperous for the ruling class, on account of the workers being well organized. So what happened? The capitalists found themselves in very serious conditions. On one side the over production, and no commerce, on the other side, the workers asked for more bread. So the capitalists had to find some way to get out of those conditions. July 29th, 1914 the spark of war had to explode. The capitalists' excuse for a war was the murder of Prince Ferdinand in Serajevo, Serbia. Two days later the Austrian army was marching to a war on the Serbian border.

On the other side we found Germany and France disputing the conquest of the world market. So it was a good excuse for those nations to join the conflict. Germany joined the Austrian force and France the Serbian forces. The rest of the European countries were watching closely the move of the nation at war. Serbia was losing ground. So England found the proper moment to come in their help. So did Czarist Russia and the other European nations, and dragged with them the rest of the world. In the war that lasted four years, millions of workers lost their lives, millions were crippled and the rest of the workers that were in the market found themselves without jobs. Many of them were also persecuted by the fascist terror that swept all over Europe after the war.

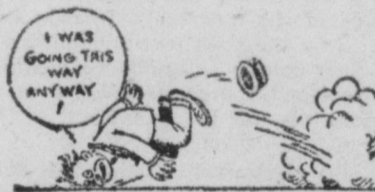
We find but one country where the workers and farmers break the chains of slavery. That country now is called Soviet Russia, and it is well loved by the workers of the world. But not so by the capitalist ruling class, that tries to overthrow that government. We find the rest of the world a ruling class that keeps itself in power, with fascism and white terror.

I'll invite the workers of all races, believing in fighting against war and fascism (that means hunger and starvation for the working class) to support with all their power Soviet Russia.

NOTICE

We have received many letters from our readers that we would like to print, but which we cannot do because we haven't enough space. We read every single letter that we receive, and pick out the best ones to be printed. So don't be discouraged if your letter is not in the page this week. It may be in the next issue. KEEP ON WRITING.

GIVING HIM A PUSH



The people of China, we have no doubt, Are helping their enemies, the bosses O-U-T.

LENIN

The names of Lenin shines like a star, It can be seen from near and far. It leads the Reds through troubles, It leads them through all woe, And it makes me stronger and braver, As I help the Reds to grow.

The bosses he hated, the Reds he loved, He believed in nothing that comes from above He believed in helping the Reds and succeeded too, So if you love Lenin stick to the Reds and be true.

Whenever I think of slacking, of Lenin I do think, And then I brace up fighting, the bosses that do stink,

I resolve to do all I can, in helping the reds win, Lenin, my star it is always you, Who helps me, help my kin.

The bosses all did hate him, And scared of him they were, Lenin, he never feared 'em, But showed them who we were.

WE'LL GET IT ALL SOME DAY



A PIONEER

By ELIZABETH RENSZEL.

A Pioneer is the dearest friend A person could wish for. He is true and faithful to the end, Who could yearn for more.

The Pioneer friend sticks to you, Just like a jar of glue, Be sure and appreciate him too For he'll do all he can, for you.

RUTHENBERG SUB BLANK

Comrade Ruthenberg's last words were "Let's Fight On!" We, children of the workers can best FIGHT ON against the bosses' teachings in school, by subscribing to, and getting subscribers for, the Young Comrade. This is a wonderful, big, children's monthly newspaper that costs only 50c for a whole year or 25c for six months. Send your letter to DAILY WORKER Young Comrade Corner, 33 First Street, New York City.

FILL OUT THIS BLANK

Name Age
Address
City State

WE'RE MOVING

From next week on, The Young Comrade Corner will no longer appear in the magazine section of

LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE

The answer to last week's puzzle Number 8 is WE THE CHILDREN OF THE WORKERS WILL FOLLOW OUR LEADER COMRADE RUTHENBERG AND FIGHT ON BY JOINING THE YOUNG PIONEERS. Here are the names of those who answered correctly:

Vera Rosinsky, New York City; Joseph Goldfield, New York City; Josephine Pichler, North Bergen, N. J.; Vincent Dryzga, Bayonne, N. J.; Mae Feurer, New York City; Sylvia Dimow, Brooklyn, N. Y.

More Answers To Puzzle No. 7

Margaret Herman, Chicago, Ill.; Lulu Morris, New York City; Elsie Rogoff, Detroit, Mich.; Marie Chengerian, Lawrence, Mass.; Bennie Caruso, Chicago, Ill.; Miriam Aidel, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Leon Levine, Detroit, Mich.; R. Brown, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Raymond Kozul, So. Chicago, Ill.; Helen Odonvich, Cleveland, Ohio; Norman Henkin, Los Angeles, Cal.; Elianora Ivanoff, Post Falls, Idaho; Florence Arkin, Chicago, Ill.

THIS WEEK'S PUZZLE NO. 9

This week's puzzle is a very hard one. It spells the name of a great leader of the American workers who died recently. If you can add and subtract you will get his name. Let's go!

TRUTH—T+END—D+ICEBERG—ICE= ?

Send all answers to DAILY WORKER Young Comrade Corner, 33 East First street, New York City, stating your name, age, address and number of puzzle.

The DAILY WORKER. Instead, our section will be printed on one of the regular pages of the Saturday's DAILY WORKER. Don't forget to look for the section next week in the paper even if there is no magazine.

THE LITTLE GREY DOG

(Continued)

Little Benjamin lived thru many sad days. His father was so unhappy that he no longer wanted to work, and many evenings he would return home with his back all bloody. Instead of the caressing and joy to which Benjamin was accustomed there was an unaccustomed silence in the house. Tom sat sadly on the ground, sometimes stroking sadly the woolly head of his little son, but never speaking. Only once in a while he would cry out, "Hannah!" and sigh deeply, while great tears rolled down his black face. And sometimes he would clench his fist, looking so angry that Benjamin took the little dog and crawled into a corner with him.

The overseer was always unsatisfied with Tom, he complained to the master of the laziness and obstinacy of the slave. Had poor Tom known the results of his disobedience, he would have worked as industriously as he used to, in spite of his anger and unhappiness.

The rich man celebrated his birthday. There was a great feast, chickens and calves and lambs were roasted, rich foods could be smelled all thru the house, the servants brought countless bottles from the wine-cellar. After supper the young guests

(To Be Continued.)

On the Screen

CASEY AT THE BAT

Here's an hour's good fun. It doesn't matter whether or not you know anything about baseball. You are sure to enjoy "Casey at the Bat." It is founded on the "classic" poem of baseball which millions of boys have learned in the past twenty years during which De Wolf Hopper helped popularize it from the stage.

But is more than just good fun to help you forget the problem of raising next month's rent. It is also a glimpse into recent but now historical America. The background of this baseball burlesque is the period of the "gay nineties"—the days of the great industrial development of America and the Spanish-American war. This is another side of it—the Florodora Sextet, the gay early Broadway, the open scandals of professional baseball when it was not yet organized well enough to cover up its bad features. These are the days of the singing waiters of sentimental ballads in the saloons when the keg of beer was placed on the ball field to "wet your whistle."

"There was no joy in Mudville when the mighty Casey had struck out"—and it is tragic in this picture. But there's a lot of joy in the performance of Wallace Beery as the mighty Casey. Here's the typical big boob whose mentality is child-like, but whose ability to sock that old apple bring him fame and fortune. It's a clever burlesque of modern ball players and no doubt there is an outstanding baseball hero of today that will occur to your mind when you see the picture. We promise you a hearty laugh when you see the mighty Casey at bat with a pitcher of beer in one hand and a bat in the other. If you have ever played on a saloon ball club in the old days you will also find this scene not unlike-like. How prevalent was the gambling and crookedness of pro-baseball is attested to in this picture in which the tricks of the gamblers are made to explain the great historic failure of Casey that so saddened Mudville on that great historic day.

Wallace Beery (a good name for an actor to play the role of an old-time ball player!) is a natural character comedian. In "Casey at the Bat" he portrays the baseball bozo as skillfully and as hilariously as he did the prize-fighting boob in "We're in the Navy Now." Zazu Pitts, Ford Sterling and Sterling Holloway, in their parts, give excellent support.

You will find no matters of great importance in this picture. It is simply wholesome, explosive burlesque on the national game against a background of the America of thirty years ago. If you don't know a thing about baseball you still will enjoy it immensely. If you are a baseball bug you are due for uproarious laughter. Here's a picture truly, typically American.

"Casey at the Bat" is produced at a great moment in American life . . . the opening of the baseball season. It is served with an eye to catch cash. If you have the cash, you might contribute to the poor, starving movie producers. They need it and you will enjoy the picture showing at the Paramount.—W. C.

Screen Notes

"Heart of Salome," Victor Schertzinger's production for Fox Films, is nearing completion at the West Coast Studios. The cast includes Alma Rubens, Walter Pidgeon and Holmes Herbert.

Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton will be featured in a new comedy "Fireman Save My Child."

New pictures announced for the Broadway film houses next week in-

JOHN BARRYMORE



Now appearing in two films on Broadway, in "Don Juan" at the Warner Theatre and "When a Man Loves" at the Selwyn.

clude: "White Gold," with Jetta Goudal, at the Roxy; "Afraid to Love," with Florence Vidor, at the Paramount; "Frisco Sally Levy," with Sally O'Neil at the Capital and "The Notorious Lady," with Lewis Stone, at the Strand.

The John Barrymore film, "When a Man Loves," now playing at the Selwyn will be transferred Monday to Warner's Theatre replacing "Don Juan," which closes this Sunday.

Moss' Broadway beginning Monday will introduce a film comedy week, presenting Charles Chaplin in "Shoulder Arms"; Harold Lloyd in "I Do"; and "Our Gang" comedy.

"The King of Kings," Cecile de Mille's new screen version of the life of Christ, will be presented at the Gaiety Theatre on Tuesday, April 19. It is said that the production cost over \$2,500,000 and took two years to produce.

Will Rogers will be starred in that old stage relic "A Texas Steer" which First National will produce. He will play the role of the Texas cattleman.

Beethoven's Ninth To Close Symphony Season Sunday

Tomorrow will bring to a close Walter Damrosch's forty-two year career as musical director of the New York Symphony Orchestra. With the performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony in Mecca Auditorium tomorrow afternoon, he will pass into the ranks of guest conductors, appearing for only a short period each season to direct the musical organization established by his father, Dr. Leopold Damrosch, in 1878.

He will also continue to conduct the Children's and Young People's Concerts. He was the first to give concerts of this nature. The Young People's Concerts were started by him nearly thirty years ago and the concerts for children eleven years ago. This summer he plans to go to Europe to attend the Salzburg Music Festival.

The soloists for the Ninth Symphony include Florence Austral, Tudor Davies, Viola Silva and Frederic Baer and a chorus of 300.

DRAMA

"The Circus Princess" Opens At Winter Garden April 25

The Winter Garden will house the newest Shubert musical "The Circus Princess," with its New York premiere set for Monday evening April 25. The new operetta which has a score by Emmerich Kalman, composer of "Countess Maritza," has been playing for some time in Vienna and reopened in Atlantic City last Monday. It plays in Philadelphia for two weeks beginning this Monday. The large company is headed by George Haskell, Hal Skelly, Guy Robertson, George Bickel, Gloria Foy, James C. Morton, Florence Morrison, Joseph Toner, Stanley Harrison, Starr Jones and Arthur Barry. Added attractions are "Poodles" Hanneford and family, the Liebling singers and a group of Foster Girls.

The book and lyrics are by Harry B. Smith from the original of Julius Brammer and Alfred Grunwald.

Broadway Briefs

The Circus—Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey combined "greatest show on earth" is all ready for the youngsters, and the grownups. The big spectacle opens next Tuesday afternoon at the New Madison Square Garden. A sacred white elephant of Burma is one of the big features this year.

MUSIC

Toscanini Engaged As Regular Conductor of the Philharmonic

In a statement issued this week from the Philharmonic Society of New York, the announcement states that Arturo Toscanini, previously engaged as guest conductor with the Philharmonic orchestra, will appear here next season as regular conductor of the orchestra. The great master will give to the New York public more than 30 concerts during the coming season.

Toscanini will arrive here next January to conduct 26 concerts at Carnegie Hall, 3 in the Metropolitan Opera House, and 3 in the Brooklyn Academy of Music. He will also conduct 2 concerts in Philadelphia, 2 in Washington, 2 in Pittsburgh, 2 in Boston and 1 in Wheeling, W. Va.

Mengelberg will continue as one of the regular directors of the Society. As in the past few years, he will conduct concerts of the first half season while Toscanini will take over the last half.

METROPOLITAN OPERA

"Parsifal" next Friday afternoon, its only performance this season, will be a feature of the closing week of the season at the Metropolitan Opera. Beginning at one o'clock it will be sung by Larsen-Todsen, Hunter, Melchior, Bohnen.

Rosa Ponselle and Giovanni Martinelli will return for a special double-bill matinee on Thursday. The former will sing in "Cavalleria Rusticana" with Bourskaya, Egner and Tokatyan, Pico; and the latter in "Pagliacci" with Mario and Basiola Bada. Other operas of the closing week:

"Aida" Monday evening with Mueller, Claussen and Johnson, Bohnen.

"The King's Henchmen", Wednesday evening with Easton, Wakefield, and Chamlee, Tibbett.

"Giara" and "Rigoletto" Thursday evening, the former with Miss Galli and Bonfiglio, Berger; the latter sung by Talley, Telva, and Gigli, DeLuca.

"The Tales of Hoffmann" Friday evening with Bori, Lewis, and Chamlee, Tibbett.

"Der Rosenkavalier" Saturday

J. P. McEvoy's new "Americana" will be produced here in July by Aarons and Froedly. The first edition of the McEvoy work is now on tour.

Midgie Miller will be starred in "The Girl from Childs," a musical comedy with book by Archie Colby, lyrics by Phil Cook and music by Tom Johnstone.

"The Jazz Singer," with George Jessel, will play a two weeks engagement at the Century Theatre beginning Monday April 18th.

"Wall Street," a play by James N. Rosenberg which is announced to open at the Hudson Theatre, April 20, is the production of The Stagers, an organization which presented a number of plays at the Fifty-second Street Theater last season.

Winchell Smith is back from Europe with the completed script of "The Zoo" written in collaboration with Michael Arlen and scheduled for production next season by Charles Dillingham.

Charles J. Mulligan, has entered the producing field, and is planning to present a comedy-drama, "The Lady Screams," by Everett Chantler and which will be given an out-of-town try-out in two weeks.

WALTER DAMROSCH



The noted conductor of the New York Symphony will give his final concert tomorrow afternoon at Mecca Temple.

matinee, with Mueller, Saston, and Tedesco, Bohnen.

"Gioconda", Saturday night with Rosa Ponselle, Branzell and Gigli, Basiola.

Music Notes

George Antheil will make his first appearance in America in a concert of his own works, at Carnegie Hall tomorrow night. The composer has been abroad for six years. The program consists of the String Quartet, the Sonata for Violin, Piano, and Drum, the Jazz Symphony, and the Ballet Mecanique.

The Russian Symphonic Choir will appear in Aeolian Hall next Tuesday at a concert of Russian folk songs by Plevitzkaia.

A concert of American music will be given at Carnegie Hall, Friday afternoon, April 22, under the auspices of the American Academy of Arts and Letters. Ernest Schelling, pianist, Francis Macmillen, violinist, and Mme. Francesca Peralta and The American Orchestral Society, under the leadership of Chalmers Clifton, will take part.

DRAMA

Jewish Peasant Life

"The Idle Inn," Based on Jewish Folk Tale,
Produced at Irving Place Theatre

Reviewed By A. B. MAGIL

When in 1921 Jacob Ben-Ami made his debut on the English-speaking stage under the management of Arthur Hopkins, one of the plays he appeared in was Peretz Hirshbein's "The Idle Inn," which he had performed successfully in Yiddish. I didn't see the play, but if I remember correctly, it proved a flop. "The Idle Inn" was probably too intimately Yiddish for successful translation, lacking as it did the melodramatic appeal of "The Dybbuk."

Now Ben-Ami, back on the Yiddish stage again, has revived this classic of the modern Yiddish drama at the Irving Place Jewish Art Theatre. He appears in the leading role, alternating with Anatol Vinogradoff. The latter played the part on the night I saw the performance, handling it capably.

Steals Bride.

"The Idle Inn" is based on a folk tale and its people have an elemental simplicity and heartiness. Maita, a country girl, is in love with her cousin, Itzik, a gay, handsome, blustering lad. But her father, Bendet, has other plans for her and arranges a match with Leibush, the son of a neighbor. There is an old inn, said to be haunted by evil spirits, which Bendet proposed to rebuild for the young couple.

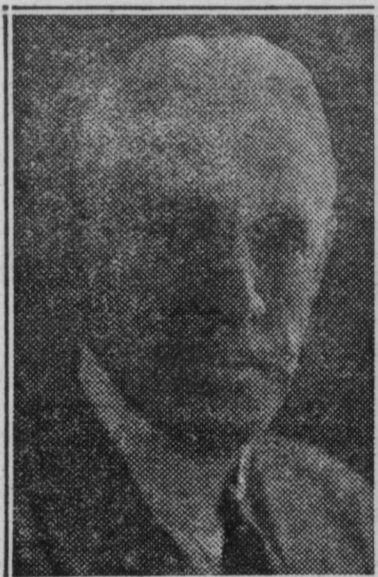
At the wedding feast three mysterious merchants appear and bring gifts for the bride. While the celebration is at its height, Itzik steals her away from under the very nose of the bridegroom. They wander about in the forest, where in a scene of alternate lovemaking and recrimination, they are discovered by Bendet, who rescues his daughter after a struggle with Itzik.

In the final act Bendet, goaded by the evil spirits, becomes insane and sets fire first to the idle inn and then to his own house.

Yiddish Pastorals.

A simple tale, told with beauty and tenderness. Peretz Hirshbein is the poet among Yiddish prose writers. He is the first true pastoral writer in modern Yiddish literature and he has brought the gaiety and sadness of Russian Jewish peasant life upon the stage. Because he believed in the beauty of that life, in its earthy wholesomeness and spontaneity, he wrote with conviction and depth. He can be lyrical without growing maud-

FRITZ WILLIAMS



Plays the role of the Dollar-a-Year Patriot, in "Spread Eagle," Jed Harris' new drama at the Martin Beck Theatre.

lin, naive without being commonplace. In the third act of "The Idle Inn," the scene between Itzik and Maita in the forest, there is luxuriant writing, words that break into flame and smolder in the darkness.

The play's chief weakness is its unconvincing end. "The Idle Inn," for all its romantic wistfulness, is comedy, and the tragic conclusion bears no organic relationship to the spirit of the play.

Uneven acting, often strident and exaggerated mar the play's essential delicacy. Once more the Yiddish actor, trained in naturalistic schools with the emphasis on the individual rather than on the play, stumbles over any role that happens to be outside his particular genre. There is, however, good work by Helen Zelinskaf, as Maita, Anatol Vinogradoff, as Itzik, and Gershon Rubin, as Maita's grandfather.

Rumor has it that Minnie Maddern Fisk and Margaret Anglin, with Otis Skinner as their guest star, are planning to produce "The Merry Wives of Windsor," as the first of a series of revivals to be offered here.

The New Plays

MONDAY

"THE SECOND MAN," a new play by S. N. Behrman, will be presented at the Guild Theatre on Monday night by the Theatre Guild. In the cast are Alfred Lunt, Lynn Fontanne, Margalo Gillmore and Earle Larimore.

TUESDAY

"RUTHERFORD & SON," by K. G. Soerby will be revived by the Lenox Hill Players at the Grove Street Theatre Tuesday night.

THURSDAY

"ONE GLORIOUS HOUR," a comedy by Gerhard Falkenberg, will open next Thursday night at the Selwyn Theatre. The cast is headed by Vivienne Osborne and includes: Ullrich Haupt, Joseph Kilgour, Effingham Pinto and Herbert Yost. The play is being produced by the Lepano Amusement Company in association with Murray Phillips.

"JOAN OF ARC," a dramatic version of Mark Twain's story, will begin a series of matinees Thursday afternoon. Clara Clemens, Mark Twain's daughter, will play the principal role.

"IT'S A WOW," a comedy by Bert J. Norton, will open Thursday night at the Theatre Masque, presented by Albert Bannister. The cast will include Leona Beutelle, Dorothy Tierney, Katherine Givney, Ethel Wright, Frederic Howard and Leonard Stillman.

SATURDAY

"THE TIGHTWAD," by Robert Keith, will be presented by the Shubert's at the 49th Street Theatre next Saturday night. The cast includes: Alexander Clark, Marie Carroll, King Calder, Lucille Nikolas, Leah Winslow, Allen Moore and Rollo Dix.

MUSIC

The Theatre Guild Acting Company in

OPENING MONDAY EVE., 8:30

The Second Man

A COMEDY BY S. N. BEHRMAN

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

Week of April 18th—PYGMALION
Week of April 25th—THE SECOND MAN

SIDNEY HOWARD'S

THE SILVER CORD

JOHN GOLDEN THEATRE, 58th St., East of B'way. CIRCLE 5078
Matinees THURSDAY & SATURDAY.

Week of April 18th—NED McCOBB'S DAUGHTER
Week of April 25th—THE SILVER CORD

7th MONTH CIVIC REPERTORY

COR. 6TH AVE. & 14TH ST.
PRICES 50c, \$1.10 & \$1.65
Wed. & Sat. Matinees
TELEPHONE WATKINS 7767

EVA LeGALLIENNE

WEEK OF APRIL 11

Mon. Eve., April 11... "Cradle Song"
Tues. Eve., April 12... "Inheritors"
Wed. Mat., April 13... "Cradle Song"
Wed. Eve., Apr. 13... "The Master Builder"
Thurs. Eve., April 14... "Cradle Song"
Fri. Eve., April 15... "Inheritors"
Sat. Mat., April 16... "Twelfth Night"
Sat. Eve., April 16... "Cradle Song"

TIMES SQ. THEATRE, WEST 42d STREET.
Eves. 8:30. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30.
A. H. WOODS presents

CRIME

By Samuel Shipman and John B. Hymer

with JAMES RENNIE & CHESTER MORRIS
and CAST of 100

"A vivid, gripping and absorbing melodrama. I confess that I enjoyed it as I haven't enjoyed a melodrama in seasons."
—Alan Dale, American.

MADISON SQ. GARDEN

49th and 50th ST. and 8th AVENUE
BEGINNING APR. 12th FOR SHORT SEASON
TUESDAY, APR. 12th FOR SHORT SEASON
TWICE DAILY (except Sun.) 2 AND 8.

RINGLING BROS. AND BARNUM & BAILEY

CIRCUS COMBINED

incl. among 10,000 marvels PAWAH the SACRED WHITE ELEPHANT OF BURMA
GREATEST FEATURE OF ALL TIME
More People—More Acts—More Zoological Rarities—More Freaks—More of Everything Than Ever Before

ADMISSION to all (inc. 75c to \$3.50 seats)
(Incl. tax.) Children under 12 at reduced prices at all matinee performances, except Saturdays, to \$1.10 seats and over.
Branch Ticket Office: GIMBEL BROS.
TICKETS NOW ON SALE AT GARDEN BOX OFFICES, 8th Avenue entrance.

Neighborhood Playhouse

466 Grand St. Drydock 7516
Every Eve. (except Mon.) Mat. Sat. in Annual Lyric Bill

MARTIN BECK THEATRE, 45 St. 8 Ave. Evs. 8:30.

Mats. Wed. and Sat.
JED HARRIS Presents

'SPREAD EAGLE'

by George S. Brooks & Walter E. Lister

EARL CARROLL Vanities

Earl Carroll Thea., 7th Ave. & 50th St. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

WALLACK'S West 42nd Street. Evnings 8:30.

Mats. Tues., Wed., Thurs. and Sat.

What Anne Brought Home

A New Comedy Drama

HAMPDEN'S THEATRE, 62nd St. at Broadway

Evs. 8:15. Matinees Wed. and Sat. WALTER HAMPDEN in CAPONSACCHI

Also a Good Lenten Play

The Ladder

Waldorf Th., 50th St., E. of B'way
Mats. Wed. and Sat., 2:30

'BROADWAY'

ROADHURST N. 44th St. East 8:30 Mat. Wed. Sat. 2:30
PRICES EVES. \$1.10 TO \$3.85.

Sam HARRIS THEA. West 42nd St. H. Twice Daily, 2:30 & 8:30

WHAT PRICE GLORY

Mats. (exc. Sat.) 50c-\$1. Evs. 50c-\$2.

Bronx Opera House 149th Street. E. of 3rd Ave.

Pop. Prices. Mat. Wed. & Sat.
The Most Sensational Play Ever Produced
With HOWARD LANG.

MUSIC AND CONCERTS

N. Y. SYMPHONY

Final Concert of the Season Farewell of WALTER DAMROSCH
As Musical Director of the Symphony Society

MECCA AUDITORIUM
To-morrow Afternoon at 3
Mecca Box Office open 11 A. M. tomor'w
BEETHOVEN'S NINTH SYMPHONY
Distinguished Soloists and Chorus of 300

Tickets at Steinway Hall, 113 W. 57th St., Room 1001
GEORGE ENGLER, Manager (Steinway Piano)