

THE NEW MAGAZINE

Section of The DAILY WORKER

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ALEX BITTELMAN, Editor



—Drawing by WILLIAM GROPPER.

The Anti-Communist Vote

EDITOR'S NOTES

By ALEX BITTELMAN

It should be obvious to all friends and supporters of a labor press in the United States that the present attack upon The DAILY WORKER has for its sole purpose the stifling of a voice which for several years has made the enemies of labor feel highly uncomfortable. The defense of our paper must be the concern of all true friends of labor.

There are too few militant labor papers in America. All too few. And to permit the enemies of labor to destroy The DAILY WORKER—because this is the intention—is to permit the employers to seriously weaken the workers and to hamper the development of the American labor movement.

The severity with which the "open-shoppers," super-patriots and hypocritical upholders of capitalist morality have seized upon the occasion is explained in the first instance by the fact that The DAILY WORKER is a Communist paper. But this alone does not tell the whole story. It is, of course, true that a Communist paper is at all times pretty much undesirable from the capitalist point of view. But such a paper begins to appear positively menacing to the capitalists when it succeeds in establishing itself as a loyal, and consistent fighter in the everyday struggles of the working masses. This is precisely the crime of which The DAILY WORKER is guilty in the eyes of the capitalists. It is for this "crime" that our editor and manager have been jailed and the paper threatened with destruction.

Defense of The DAILY WORKER is defense of a militant labor organ. It is a duty which no American worker can afford to shirk or ignore.

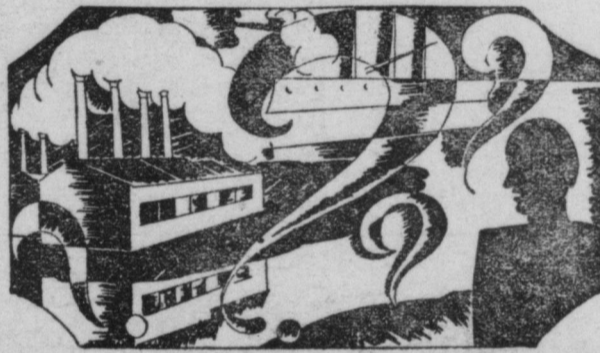
PRESIDENT COOLIDGE'S speech at the Arlington cemetery contained nothing new from the point of view of American imperialist policy. It is the same old tune played in the same old way that we have been accustomed to hear from spokesmen of American capitalism since native imperialism came into age. The sense of the oration is: talk peace and prepare for war.

Read this quotation from the speech:

However we wish to pursue the paths of peace, however much we are determined to live in terms of good will both at home and abroad, we cannot escape the fact that there are still evil forces in the world which all past experience warns us will break out from time to time and do serious damage to lawful rights and the progress of civilization unless we are prepared to meet such situations with armed intervention.

This carefully worded sentence treats of "evil" forces at home and abroad in the same breath. It makes no distinction between the "evil" that may come to the American capitalists from the competitive designs of, say, British capitalists, and the "evil" effects that may result from a successful strike of workers for decent wages, say, the present strike of the coal miners. It is the same to Coolidge as it is to the big American capitalists. All those interfering with the "lawful rights" of the capitalists to exploit the workers, whether American or foreign, and to amass profits are "evil" forces which must be dealt with by armed intervention.

Another point worth commenting on is Coolidge's conception of evil. When the British capitalists are manipulating to maintain their hold upon the markets of Latin America, it is a clear manifestation



of evil. But when the American capitalists are engaging in the same manipulations to displace the Britishers and establish control for themselves, or when the American navy invades Nicaragua, crushes its independence and imposes there the rule of American bankers, it is nothing more than the realization of lawful rights and progress of civilization. The Hottentot is still alive.

When the three-power limitation of armaments conference opens this June in Geneva, we will be treated to another exhibition of capitalist peace comics. Japan is coming there with a demand for the neutralization of the Panama canal, in which it will undoubtedly be supported by Great Britain. The latter will be anxious to "patch" things up with Japan without seriously alarming or offending the United States. While our "own" imperialists will confidently put their foot on Japan's neutralization schemes, demand that the other fellow disarm, and very likely make a determined effort to kick English imperialism out of the West Indies. Which is all fully in accord with the pursuit of "our lawful rights" and the promotion of the "progress of civilization."

COOLIDGE'S refusal to call an extra session of Congress to provide effective relief for the Mississippi flood victims is developing into a first class political scandal. The Washington government is perfectly satisfied that all is being done while hundreds of thousands of men, women and children continue to suffer misery and starvation as a result of the flood disaster. A typical example of capitalist justice and fair play. Because the Republican administration has grounds to fear political complications if Congress is called in extra session and because Coolidge is afraid to be confronted there



—Decorative drawings by GABRIEL MAROTO.

with the necessity of speaking out on the third-term issue, hundreds of thousands of people must suffer agony and torture. This is how the wealthiest capitalist class in the world is administering public affairs.

The efforts of several, midwestern capitalist politicians to secure action from Congress on prevention of future floods may or may not bring the desired results. But the burning question of the moment is immediate and adequate relief for those most seriously affected by the disaster. What is being done about that? How much fair play and equal treatment is being given to the poor and helpless by the agencies now administering relief? These are questions which cannot be dismissed with general appeals for relief.

It is time that the organized labor movement made an effort to investigate conditions and find out as to what is actually taking place in the area affected by the flood. It is just as urgent that the organized farmer movements raise their voice in the matter and present a program of action which would protect the lives of the ruined farmers and their families. Coolidge's third term ambitions must not be permitted to stand in the way of securing adequate relief to the workers and farmers stricken by the flood disaster.

THE Philippine Islands are again on the agenda of the capitalist press of this country. This time an attempt is being made to adapt British tactics in China to the needs of American imperialism in the Philippines. For the first time, in our recollection, a direct charge is being made against the leaders of the Filipino independence movement that they are in communication or alliance with the Communists.

Feeling, presumably, that this charge by itself may not justify the imposition of more terroristic pressure upon the Filipinos, Rear Admiral Kittelle confirms a report "that certain radicals proposed and discussed a plot to destroy the naval ammunition dump at Cavite, near Manila." The two stories are skilfully linked together in the newspapers, and thus a "sinister conspiracy" against American is brought to light. With General Wood on his way to the United States to get authorization from Washington for more power to crush the Philippines, these alarmistic stories are clearly designed to harm the independence movement.

Which is exactly in line with British tactics in China. And very likely these will prove just as effective in the Philippines.

WILLIAM GREEN, president of the American Federation of Labor, finds it extremely difficult to keep his peace of mind. The Soviet Union simply would not let him rest. Hence, he has again delivered himself on the proposed American labor delegation to Russia.

The reader will recall the terrific attack launched by the reactionaries at the Detroit convention of the A. F. of L. upon Coyle, editor of the Journal of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, and his associates for their proposed plan to visit the Soviet Union and study conditions. The attack was nothing short of a frenzy. But the storm had blown over,

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WHAT THE IRISH DID

By T. A. JACKSON (London)

GEORGE LANSBURY'S reminder of the parallel between the Irish national struggle and the fight around the Trades Disputes Bill derives point from scenes of parliamentary "disorder" reminiscent of the days of Parnell.

It is no longer possible for an opposition group to delay proceedings quite to the same extent as Parnell did; but it is still possible for a Parliamentary Party of the right tone and temper to pursue a course which will (as his did) at once concentrate against them the hatred of their political foes and unite in their support the enthusiasm of those whose cause they champion.

The characteristic Irish method of obstruction was not merely to speak, and at great length, in opposition to measures of coercion: it was to oppose systematically all measures brought before the house, and generally to create such a state of congestion as reduced parliamentary business to a farce, and the government to a frenzy.

This was varied by the method of moving the adjournment of the debate upon measures declared "urgent" by the government—and prolonging the debate upon the motion to inordinate lengths.

"That Mr. Gladstone—"

When these methods provoked as they did, the angry intervention of the speaker, another and more galling method was employed.

Its first use was on the occasion of the cancellation of Michael Davitt's ticket-of-leave (from penal servitude as a Fenian).

John Dillon had sought to question the government, but had been interrupted by the speaker and suspended for insisting upon putting a point of order which that worthy declined to hear.

Mr. Gladstone rose to move some resolutions on procedure; but had hardly started speaking before Parnell rose and moved: "That the right honorable member be no longer heard."

Amid yells of indignation at this blasphemy the Speaker refused to accept the motion, and threatened suspension if this conduct persisted in.

Again Gladstone started to speak, and again Parnell rose, with the same motion. He was "named" and suspended—the Irish Party refusing to leave their seats while the division was taken.

Parnell being removed by the Sergeant-at-Arms, Gladstone rose again—only to be interrupted a third time by another Irish member with the same motion: "That he be no longer heard."

After this the Speaker "named" and the House suspended the whole of the Irish Party present.

At later stages of the struggle the Irish Party were not satisfied to leave the House under the purely formal "compulsion" of the Sergeant-at-Arms. Police were brought in to eject them.

There is an ironical analogy, too, between the British Government's excuses for their attempt to coerce Ireland and those offered in defense of the Trades Disputes Bill.

It was claimed that the "Coercion" Acts were merely aimed at "liberating" the vast majority of Irishmen from the "tyranny" of a dictatorial and seditious committee (the Land League). It was contended that but for this committee there would be nothing to prevent the people from showing their great and growing love for the landlords; that, therefore, once the League was suppressed peace and satisfaction would spread unbroken through the land.

Identical arguments are used now of the Trades Disputes Bill—with but the change of names

EDITOR'S NOTES

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and the labor delegation proceeded to complete its plans.

Now, Green takes the floor again to warn, frighten and intimidate. But peculiarly enough, he finds this time little endorsement from the capitalist press. Even the Chicago Tribune, second to none in its hostility to the Soviet Union, can see nothing wrong in a group of prominent labor men making a visit to Russia for study and investigation. It says:

Mr. Green says that this is purely an individual enterprise, and does not involve the approval or the interest of the federation. Nor, we should imagine, is anything subversive of federation principles to be expected from it.

The Chicago Tribune is satisfied that American labor men are immune to the "virus" of Bolshevism. It is quite confident that a visit to the Soviet Union is a good conservative education. To quote:

It is hardly to be feared that any American in organized labor can be influenced in favor of Red revolution when they see what it has done.

Well, we are not as confident as the Chicago Tribune. In fact, we are firmly convinced that any unprejudiced, sincere labor men visiting the Soviet Union are bound to become loyal friends of the first Workers' and Peasants' Republic. And it is precisely for this reason that the reactionaries in the American Federation of Labor are opposing so violently the attempt by American labor men to study at first hand conditions in the Soviet Union.



ON THE DEATH MASK OF LENIN

O stony mask that bears dead Lenin's name
And his own features, clearly, boldly wrought!
A face expressive of relentless aim,
A brow deep-furrowed with a mighty thought.

Here we can trace the greatness of the man,
The deathless courage and the lofty deed
That lurked behind the temples that I scan
And had their being in the soul now freed.

So eloquent this countenance, so brave,
So steadfast even in the grip of death;
And still his message stirs us from the grave
And still he moves us as a stormy breath.

O speak, dead mouth, that high courageous word
That once you spoke and set the world on fire!
Let revolution's thunderous cry be heard
Upon these lips that multitudes inspire.

O look, dead eyes, and see the flames still red
That you have kindled, see the flags go by
Still crimson as the blood that has been shed
For freedom, still uplifted to the sky!

HENRY REICH, JR.

Sun Yat-Sen University

(Translated From a Moscow Weekly by Vera and Violet Mitkovsky).

FIRST of all, the names, not Lu-Pi-Sen, Ben-Kui-hva, Li-Ven-Fa, but Toshkin, Nurin, Usachev. Now that is not at all unusual. Followers of Sun-Yat-Sen wish to draw closer to Soviet culture.

It is hard to pronounce strange names, and still harder to remember them. At first the Russian comrades had to remind:

"Come to see us, to-day, Comrade Toshkin, won't you?"

Comrade Toshkin would come, bringing others with him. It was some time before the shy Chinese girl summoned enough courage for a visit. She had been training her feet to shoes which swallowed enormous quantities of cotton paper but which did not make the toes any straighter, and mercilessly betrayed the feet of their owner.

What do you think is the object of these visits to Russian colleagues of the University? To chat in Russian, to correct a doubtful pronunciation, and, perhaps, to conquer a new Russian word.

In intervals between studies, the Sun-Yat-Senners exchange Russian questions and remarks, speaking in slow, measured tones, in sharp contrast to their native tongue, the words of which are pronounced very fast, or wholly swallowed. A Sun-Yat-Senner, addressing a Russian comrade in Chinese, seems particularly pleased at being understood. He smiles pleasantly, listens attentively, and tries to correct the pronunciation and intonation.

Everything Russian has a peculiar attraction for a Sun-Yat-Senner. It is impossible to sketch a Sun-Yat-Senner omitting this sympathy for the Russian revolution, culture, language and literature. Practically everyone of them has read Comrade Stalin's Book on "The Political Question of a University of Eastern Peoples" in the original, in spite of the excellency of the Chinese translation.

"I try to read Lenin and Plechanov in the original," a Sun-Yat-Senner once said to me. Three of them had spent almost two hours over a short article on Chinese events in the "Kuni-Li". Certain manoeuvres were necessary here. An unknown Russian word was looked up in an English-Russian dictionary (for those who knew English), and then in an Anglo-Chinese dictionary. As a result, a whole page of the "Kuni-Li" was scribbled over with notes on a short article! After this I was not surprised at the unanimous opinion of professors at the University, that Sun-Yat-Senners were remarkably industrious.

Industriousness and perseverance permeate the whole "vus". Think of building a Chinese school without Chinese lecturers; teaching a complex discipline with almost a total absence of the necessary Chinese textbooks! Not only the faculty failed to understand the students, but the Sun-Yat-Senners themselves often failed to understand each other. The Cantonese could not speak freely to those from Shanghai, Peking, or the provinces. Each province has its own dialect, and we try to build a "vus"! Yet we have one firmly established and rapidly growing.

As a professor lectures, students translate him. The constant translation of lectures on political economy, history of the West, and other subjects, is highly beneficial to the translator, as it obliges him to study the subject deeply. These translators shall, in course of time, develop into Chinese lecturers on the corresponding subjects. This, of course, shall be a victory over the first obstacle in the path of the "University of the Workers of China" in Moscow.

Facilities for study are very poor, in fact, one may say, non-existent. The University is obliged to improvise. The professor's lecture is revised, systematized, translated into Chinese. In this way, the University has published many brochures and outlines, in a very short time. These are a veritable treasure, not only to the students of the university, but to the workers of all China; doubtless the second great achievement of the university.

The "University of Sun-Yat-Sen" is an interesting institution of learning, unprecedented, original, bold. The Sun-Yat-Senners themselves are curious people in the exact meaning of that word. They are members of the Kuomintang, the Party, and the Young Communist League; children of doctors and professors, mostly of that Chinese intelligentsia which plays such an important role in the liberation movement of China. Several had been at school in France and England. How were they treated there? Occasionally with toleration, but, as a rule, with animosity. From four corners of spacious China, and from fashionable schools of the "civilized" west, the Sun-Yat-Senners flock eagerly to a Soviet school in Moscow.

Note—"Vis" is an abbreviation for "Institution of Higher Learning."

The Chinese Revolution and India

By J. T. MURPHY

THERE are more reasons than the fact that Great Britain has over sixty million pounds invested in Shanghai to make the British imperialists deadly enemies of the onward sweeping Chinese revolution. The south-western frontiers of this revolution meet the north-western frontiers of the Indian Empire. Within the frontiers of that Empire, 350 million people have been held in subjection for many generations by British imperialism which is now so scared over the prospects of the effects of a victorious Chinese revolution.

As a writer in the "Empire Review" says in an article on "The Indian Swaraj and World Politics": "Spreading as she does from the frontiers of Burma to the Pacific, a strong China might easily become a menace to Southern Asia." This is stating the case mildly, so permit Lord Meston, an ex-Indian Governor, to say his say. Spreading himself over three columns of the Tory paper, "The Sunday Express," he says—in contemplation of the passing of Shanghai into the hands of the National Revolutionary forces—"If Shanghai falls it will not be Shanghai alone that we shall have lost. Throughout the entire Eastern world one interpretation and one interpretation only will be put upon such a catastrophe, namely, that Western civilization has been defeated by oriental nationalism." He goes on to say: "Every blunder, every hesitancy, every weakness on our part in China goes running down the whispering galleries of Asia and weakens our whole position in the East."

He is especially concerned with India, for here he goes on to say that there is a "persistent underworld of restless, fanatical hatred of the West and all that it implies in India." He concludes "That a weak or vacillating policy in China is a danger, sufficiently great in its reaction on those countries with which we are most closely allied, to reconcile all thinking Englishmen to the measures that are now being taken."

"Slaves in Burma."

In another Tory organ of the bourgeois press, Lord Birdwood protests against any possibility of the reduction of the military budget of India and warns the world against the Bolshevik menace.

Still more direct in its relation to the important events developing in China is a visit of the British Commander-in-Chief to Burma. The British have suddenly discovered that in Burma there are slaves to be liberated and expeditions are sent there to abolish slavery in this benighted country, and incidentally, to make a military inspection of the frontier of Burma which borders the frontier of the Chinese revolution.

All these facts point conclusively to the fear which reigns in the minds of British imperialists concerning this mighty revolutionary movement. And, of course, they have good reason to be alarmed. For ten years they have seen the U.S.S.R. emerging from its difficulties, growing in strength, and by its very existence inspiring the peoples of the East to gather their forces and rise for the liberation of the masses from the power of imperialism. To see this mighty revolutionary movement extending to the millions in China who, in the process of their struggle, realise more and more that the great friend of their liberation is the organised dictatorship of the proletariat in the U.S.S.R., is driving them to a state of hysteria.

They know that a liberated China must perforce beckon to the millions of India, Egypt, Palestine and Africa. They know that the masses of these countries are watching every step forward of the Chinese National Army, and, steeped in a hundred years of experience of "how to deal with the Asiatics," they feel themselves impelled to discard even the semblance of liberalism in their policy and to attack the Chinese revolution with all their force. They regard the Asiatics as slaves and have determined that slaves they shall remain.

In the process they perpetrate blunder after blunder, and outrage upon outrage, not one of which passes unnoticed by the teeming millions of these countries. The Indian masses, for example, know full well their own experiences under British rule. They know the precautions they have endured from their overlords and when they see the Chinese National Army marching from victory to victory, when they see that the atrocities of Shanghai, of Wansien, and of Nanking are unable to deter the revolution, but on the contrary, arouse the masses to more powerful organised action, then this is at once an inspiration and a lesson conveying new perspectives for their own future.

A Warning Voice.

For example, the organ of the Swaraj Party of India, "The Forward," for the 27th of January, 1927, writes: "If Japan has been spared the fate of China, India, Persia, etc., it is only because she too has taken a leaf out of the book of European imperialists, become a votary of force and has learned to pay European nations back in their own coin. . . . The first condition of a successful stand against White Imperialism in Asia is to have a strong and independent China fully trained in the modern arts of warfare." This is at once a warning to the imperialists and a portent of coming events.

But this is not an isolated voice. In response

HIS MAJESTY'S GOV'TMENT

Thru forgery they rose to power
This slimy bloody tory band.
And now at the eleventh-hour
At cracking safes they try their hand.

No ruling click has ever shown
Ill manners like these knights and lords.
Such vile behavior was unknown
Amongst the crudest savage hordes.

There's nothing sacred to these asses,
Except their power and their gold.
They tear up treaties, murder masses
Anything their loot to hold.

Men of England! You the toilers!
Crush this parasite crew
Rid your country of despoilers
You are many, they are few.

ADOLF WOLFF.

to a speech at a banquet by the President of the European Association in Calcutta in which this gentleman said: "A continuation of British rule in India was necessary for the good of the Indians themselves", a leader of the Swaraj Party writes: "Events in China ought to have opened the eyes of the extremely high-spirited members of the European colony. The Europeans in India should not forget that they form an insignificant minority. Half-a-million desert people would be enough to cause so much disturbance that the British would realise their unusual position in the country." This

"DISCOVERING THE REDS"

By WILLIAM PICKENS

OUR daily papers have just published a list of Communists and other American "reds," which the London police took in a raid on a Russian trading company. And these papers pretend to have "discovered" something in the names and addresses of the American radicals. That is pure propaganda: for every intelligent person in America has known the names of most of these people for years, knowing that they are Communists and radicals. Even those of us who are not Communists have long been perfectly familiar with the names, addresses and activities of these "reds." Think of any newspaper "discovering" to us that Lydia Gibson or Robert Minor or Ruthenberg is a Communist! What a joke! These people have never tried to hide their names, their addresses or their political beliefs in America. In fact Ruthenberg, until he died, was the head of the American Communist Party, and known all over the world.

This is one of the serpentine methods of propaganda: to excite the people by making them think that something "terrible" has just been "turned up." Even the English police knew all about these people before the raid was made. It looks to us as if the truth is that London police were looking for something which they failed to find, and are therefore making the best of what they did find.

While they were "discovering," they might have discovered a few really big things: that the Czar was killed, that Lenin is dead, that Trotsky is still alive, that there is a revolutionary civil war in China, and that unopposed British and American guns killed several thousand Chinese women and little children in Nanking.

Some of these things are vastly more important than anything discovered in this raid. Everybody who is intelligent, already knew that Russia is fighting "anti-red" propaganda by "red" propaganda all over the world.



is placing the finger on the pulse of British imperialism with a vengeance.

But not only is the warning sounded. On all hands the voice of protest is raised against the intervention in China and especially against the sending of Indian troops to crush the Chinese revolution. It is already reported that some of these troops have revolted and they are being taken away from Shanghai to Hong-Kong. The voice of protest extends from the most extreme right of the Indian National forces to every section of the Indian National Movement. For example, the "Bombay Chronicle", the organ of the Right Wing Nationalist elements, says in a leading article of January 25th: "The Viceroy has announced that his masters installed at Downing Street and his government had agreed to co-operate by contributing a contingent including Indian troops as India happened to be the closest port from which troops could immediately be despatched to China. Is not the Viceroy aware that India has always bitterly resented the use of her soldiers in Egypt, Mesopotamia and China, whenever they have been unscrupulously used to stem the tide of patriotism and trample down the leaders of their people? Has not the Legislative Assembly voiced the uncompromising opposition, that the people of this land object to this cheap device of using now again Indian troops as helpless mercenaries for helping selfish imperialist designs, and does not the very name of the Indian stink in the nostrils of all oppressed nations because they have been employed in sanguinary conflicts in Shanghai and Cairo? The long and shameful record of British relations with China include the long-continued opium poisoning of these people, the ruthless exploitation of its cheap labour and vast resources; and the fierce and oppressive treaties forced on its governments at the point of the bayonet disclose a purpose and a policy that cannot be called defensive."

Against Troops Going.

All the leading papers of the Nationalist movement have voiced their protest in more or less strong terms, and the National Assembly itself desired to vote against the sending of troops to China. There is not the least doubt that this Assembly, the majority of whom are the most constitutionally-minded of Indian politicians, would have carried a decision reflecting the great mass sympathy of the Indian people for the Chinese revolution. But the Governor-General stepped in as the representative of the nervous British imperialists and forbade discussion of any kind on this question.

This decision at once had the opposite effect. It inflamed the Indian press and great mass meetings of protest were made on every hand. The following resolution adopted at great meetings in Bombay is a duplicate of the resolutions passed at many meetings in all the great cities in India: "This meeting of citizens of Bombay desires to express the sympathy of the Indian people for the great Chinese revolution in the struggle which they are waging for their political and economic freedom. The meeting strongly protests against the proposal of the government of India to send Indian troops for intervention in China and declares India's sense of humiliation at the use of her resources for the advancement of capitalist imperialism in the East."

"The Forward," the organ of the Swaraj Party in Bengal, dismisses with strong contempt "the claim of any man, be he Viceroy of India, to offer up the blood and lives of the sons of India to the service of Britain's mission on Chinese soil. India is not at war with China. India has no quarrel with China. If the truth is to be told, the people of India have the warmest sympathy for the Chinese in their desperate struggle against the unjust aggression of the foreign devils on her soil. Every true son of India will warmly sympathize with Chinese aspirations to recover their country from the deadly grip of unjust usurpation."

Toward Mass Action.

Such are the characteristic terms used with regard to this development. But a still further concrete example of the way in which the Indian masses feel in regard to the struggle of the Chinese people can be seen in the decision of the Indian workers to send three thousand Indian ambulance men to serve with the Chinese National Revolutionary Army. The Hindu "Seva Dal" has undertaken to organize the contingent but we can say with certainty that the British government will prevent such a contingent leaving the shores of India. Nevertheless this action will only add fuel to the flames. The Indians themselves will learn from these events that until they also pass from the path of pacifism to that of organizing the power of the masses and equipping them with the means of victory, their subjection will continue to endure.

This great lesson will be learned as every echo of the Chinese revolution falls upon the Indian masses. Indeed, they are learning. It is this fact which is driving the British imperialists to frantic anger. But what are anger and stupidity in face of hundreds of millions of slaves who have learned how to fight for freedom?

Review of Conditions of Working Women in the U. S. A.

(Ending of 1926 and the beginning of 1927.)

By MARGARET COWL

IN THE DOLL INDUSTRY employing about 5,000 women in New York City, the employers have devised a new scheme for cutting down wages. Every worker is required to sign an agreement that she will not join a trade union and will not strike. As a guarantee that she will live up to the agreement 5 per cent of her wages is deducted each week for one year.

TOBACCO FACTORY, Perth Amboy, N. J. more than 200 girls were discharged because of the introduction of new machinery; prices for remaining girls were reduced; many of the discharged girls were re-employed (in same town) by a men's shirt factory at \$6.00 per week.

ASSABET COTTON MILLS in Maynard, Mass. About 600 workers jobless; 200 children in need of relief; Mrs. Crotty, a mill worker, stated that instead of 4 quarts of milk per day, the family has to have only one quart. The Crotty baby is 16 months old.



—Drawings by CHAMBERLAIN.

SWIFT MEAT TRUST. Since 1921 wages were lowered and hours lengthened. The Company reported \$15,379,152 profit for 1925. The Swift Meat Packing Company has established a company union.

FRUIT & VEGETABLE CANNERIES. In the State of Pennsylvania, according to the report of the State Department of Labor, practice peonage. Whole families are employed. Actual slavery exists among the workers in these canneries.

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY in Schenectady, N. Y., reduced wages of its employees since 1918.

GOODYEAR RUBBER COMPANY. In the first half of 1926 the workers lost a demand for an increase of 12½ per cent in wages. The Goodyear profits for 1926 were \$26,284,672. A company union exists here.

UNDERWEAR. On January 17th, 1927, 350 girls employed by the Garfinkel and Ritter Underwear Company in Patterson, N. J., struck against wage reductions. Most of the strikers are girls between 15 and 17. Many of them showed pay envelopes of less than \$5.00 for a week's work after the new wage reduction took effect. To set the prices for piece work, the employer would select the speediest worker. Slow workers were placed on piece basis. Deductions were made from the girls' wages for the time lost in repairing broken machinery and the girls had to pay a fine when they reported late for work.

TEXTILE WORKERS in Passaic. About 12,000 workers (60 per cent women) out on strike against 10 per cent reduction in wages. The average wage before reduction was for male workers \$18.00 per week and for women \$14.75. Average work week 54 to 60 hours. Thousands of mothers doing night work. Brutal police attacks against men, women and children, attempting to force the workers back to work. Courageous activities of women in picket work.

THE FARMER'S WIFE. According to Frank O. Lowden, a member of the Republican Party: "Their earnings (farmers of middle west.—M. C.) including management and family labor, have shrunk from \$1570 as an average to \$648 a year."

MINER'S WIFE. To keep the family from starvation, thousands of miners' wives have recently been forced into the Scranton, Wilkes Barre, Pittston, Old Forge, etc., candy, silk, textile mills to work at from \$18.00 to \$15.00 per week. They must walk two to four miles to and from work every day.

BILL FOR 48-HOUR WEEK for women was defeated in New York State. For 12 years organized labor attempted to put thru a 48 hour week bill for women workers. Every year it was defeated. This year the 48-hour bill was modified to 49½ hours with 78 hours additional for overtime in busy seasons, and was thus enacted into law. According to the Graphic Survey, "Its various exceptions, modifications make it hard to apply and complicated to enforce." The new law effects less than half of the working women in New York State. The Women's Party opposed the passage of the bill. This is how the employers got rid of the 48-hour bill. The 48-hour bill in Illinois has been continually defeated for a number of years. In all other States in the U. S. a 48 hour law for women workers exists mostly with exceptions and modifications similar to the New York law.

SOME OF THE 1926-1927 STRIKES. In many of these strikes the workers were bitterly fighting injunctions issued against them, prohibiting them to rightful picketing.

Paper Box Makers; Willamantic American Thread Co. workers; Shoe workers; Cloakmakers; Furriers; White Goods workers; Passaic Textile workers; Laundry workers; Auto workers; and these where no women are employed: Interboro Rapid Transit Company workers; Cap workers; Barbers; Miners.

The above are conditions effecting only some of the sections of the working women in the United States.

CHILD BRIDES. Up to 1926 the lowest age at which a girl was allowed to marry by law, in New York State was 12 years of age. The 1926 Legisla-

ture raised this age to 14. Now there is a bill introduced to raise the age to 16.

According to the 1920 census, 343,000 girls in the United States married at the ages of from 11 to 15 years. Each year since, the number of child-brides increased. To escape intolerable conditions in homes and to get away from the factory is the reason for most of the early marriages. The men marrying these girls are mostly unskilled workers. The low wages paid to these workers are not sufficient to maintain a family, making it necessary for the wife to go back into the factory. The mother occupied in the factory is not able to give attention to the children. The street attracts the children for whom children's courts and houses of correction are established. Raising the marriage age to 16 will not do away with the cause for the misery of these thousands of child-wives. Only when the government representing the interests of the employers will be abolished and a Workers' Government established will the conditions of girls, even tho they will marry at an early age, be made better. It is to the interest of working women to cooperate with men workers in the struggle for a Workers' Government.



BODIES BY BRIGGS.

In the recent fire at the Briggs Body Plant in Detroit an unknown number of men were burned to death. Twenty bodies were recovered. None of the Briggs officials were arrested and no gunboats were sent to protect the interests of American workmen.

At the Auto Show:

Soft glowing lights in pillared hall, with music softer still,
The soothing blend of palm and rose and golden daffodill,
The swirl of fashion's silken tide, sweet laughter's vibrant thrill,
Dame and mistress gathered there a languid hour to kill.

Came through the crowd a money king, silk hatted, boorish, grim,
A fur clad strumpet on his arm, her form divinely slim,
They paused before a gleaming car—last word in speed and trim,
He helped her in, the cushions soft embraced each dainty limb.

"Oh, Dan!" she cried, "this car for me," his check book out he digs,
'Tis just the thing to set them wild, those cattish, women priggs.
A clever salesman fussed around, his job to sell these rigs,
"No better car in all the world, this body's made by Briggs."

At the Auto Factory:

Deep in the murk of spray booths that stink like the pit of hell,
The workers sweat at the paint guns on cars that showmen sell,
Gas laden air and poisoned lungs their labored breathings tell,
Stark hunger's whip the foreman cracks, they speed to every yell.

A thunder crash and death rode through, astride a blood red flame,
The workers died in their bondage, each black and blasted frame,
Burnt offering to the god of greed; great Christ the cruel shame,
Incense at profit's altar their scorching flesh became.

BODIES BY BRIGGS, this cinder heap of things that once were men,
Bone of our bone, our brothers they, slain in that flaming den,
Such the tally of wealth and greed through all of mortal ken,
Death marks the score in worker's blood using a golden pen.

P. R. O'SCRIBED.

A Hobo on Halsted Street

By T. J. O'FLAHERTY

IT was eight o'clock in the morning on Halsted Street, Chicago, where husky employment sharks flick their muscles on the sidewalks and urge wage slaves out of work to step right in and be shipped to distant parts where one can labor in return for anything from 30 to 60 cents an hour for his toil.

"Shipping them right out now boys."
The vocal sounds are jerked thru the nose giving the performance a somewhat professional effect.

Here was a tall lean man with his two hands in his empty trousers pockets looking at a sign announcing that railroad labor was wanted. One week ago he had hit the town with a roll of bills he liked to fondle. He spent it and while he was spending it life was pleasant indeed. When he peeled the first bill off the roll it seemed that he could never get to the end of it, but moonshine and the acquisitive women that one is liable to run into on Madison Street, between Racine and the River, are anything but slow. They must live, and an adventurous lumberjack wants to be accommodated.

There he stands now with the earnings of several months only a dream. He tries to kid himself into the belief that he got his money's worth....

"Shipping them out today."
He walks right in and trusts himself to the tender mercies of the employment shark.

He goes to work for some boss who may now be sporting on the Riviera or whose daughter may be straining her spine bending before the king and queen of England in Buckingham Palace. And the little that he spent on the ladies of easy virtue in Mid-City or in the bootleggeries that dot the topography of that section would not be sufficient to tip the maid that bathes his master's daughter's poodle. Yet it took him months to earn that money. Now he must go and bring in another roll.

On a side street leading off Halsted over one hundred men are lined up waiting for an office door to open. It does and they troop in. Two surly faced persons and a woman man the place. It is an agency for distributing circulars. They receive a certain sum from department stores to distribute circulars and they advertise for broken-down men to do the distributing. They get rich on the racket. The distributors keep on gettings poorer and poorer.

The component parts of the que were leary about telling how they came to this. Could you blame them? Under a different social system they might be useful members of society and they might not be. Perhaps they might be let starve. Unless they were physically unfit. Parasites in rags or parasites in silk hats. It is a difference in degree. Which is the greatest parasite? But we are now concerned with the parasite under the silk topper. He is the lad whose scalp we are out to misappropriate.

I walked into McCauley's store and purchased the American Mercury and the Nation. I would sit down in a restaurant and read what one of our favorite cynics had to say, over a cup of coffee. And one could contrast the dignity of the Nation with the sordidness of the Slave Market. A polite liberal on Vesey Street might be cursing like hell on Halsted.

With my head full of random thots and my eyes on the conglomeration of dirts that festooned the street, I walked along. It would not be pleasant to be shipped out on some railroad job. It might



be work in the hot sun or in the bitter cold. And then it would take such a long time at 30 cents an hour to save the price of a suit of clothes. And if one did not feel like buying clothes for his savings it would not last very long anyhow.

Suddenly something stopped in front of me. It opened its face and three long yellow teeth seemed to snarl at me. But the eyes were twinkling with merriment and the head was cocked to one side like that of a child planning out the strategy of borrowing the price of an ice cream cone from her father or a girl trying to switch her suitor from eloquent recitals of the way he made the boss notice him to more intimate tho perhaps even sillier vocal efforts.

The clothes on this animated piece of protoplasm seemed to have been designed for a good sized baby elephant. The color was gray.

The stranger's face carried at least eight ounces of coal in its pores but between the tiny black spots there was a diffusion of color which indicated that the bearer was not consumptive.

"How about staking a fellow for a meal?" he asked. I tickled my 60 cents and took a good luck at him.

"If I give you the price of a meal," I replied, "what guarantee have I that you will not spend it on liquor."

"To prove to you that I am on the level," he said, "I will have breakfast with you unless you have dined already."

"This fellow must have been brought up in a boudoir" I soliloquised.

"Anyhow" he continued, "I find that it pays to be on the level. When I want a dime for a 'shot' I put it that way and I rarely get turned down. But when I want a 'shot' and tell my man that it is coffee I want he can tell that I am lying. So I stick to the truth as a matter of business."

"This game is tough," he continued. "I collected twenty cents a few minutes ago and before I had the dough lodged in my jeans a bunch of buzzards were on my neck and I had to give it up."

Every business has its own undesirable qualities, I thot, and said to the stranger:

"Alright, let's go and eat."

"I know where we can get a meal for twenty cents," he observed. "Let's go."

Sitting at a table my new found friend introduced himself.

"My name is Shawneen Healey" he said.

"Sounds rather Irish."

The yellow teeth showed again, the eyes twinkled and he gave me a quizzical look.

"God, knows when my people came from Ireland but they tell that I look like one."

"My name is O'Flaherty," I reciprocated.

A sense of greater security seemed to overspread his face and he looked at the menu with greater enthusiasm. He evidently thot he had struck luck. I did not show him my bank balance and hoping for the best I encouraged Shawneen Healey to go as far as he liked with the menu.

He looked the card over with an appraising eye and I almost had a heart attack when he ordered poached eggs on toast, corned beef hash and a cup of coffee. I could see my sixty cents proving inadequate but I still had my watch so in case of emergency Old Ben was around the corner.

Mine was a cup of coffee.

While the waiter was waiting for our orders we sat in silence for a few minutes. Then Shawneen looked at me with one of his eyes on half cock as if trying to size me up. Then he said:

"You know, I felt sorry for you when I saw you with the papers under your arm."

"Why so?"

"Oh I thot you were one of those poor fellows who have to distribute circulars. You are too good for that kind of work."

I admitted it tho I would not mind distributing circulars for ten dollars a day. But two dollars for that kind of work was beneath me.

"As for me," continued Shawneen loading his fork with a cargo of corned beef hash painted with poached egg, "I don't go in for that kind of thing. I am a painter by trade and when I get a job I get money. But work hasn't much attraction for me."

"I used to be a chronic wage slave many years ago. Then I got fired and found that I did not have a dime but I had a pair of bum lungs. So I took to the road and have not worried about money since. Now my lungs are like two pieces of rhinoceros hide and I can stand the cold and the heat with equal comfort. I am not a bum. I am just a hobo. Say, why don't you quit it and turn over a new leaf?"

He talked to me like a fond mother begging her wayward son to cut out chewing gum. Or a preacher urging an intelligent citizen to dig out his brains and swallow the bible. Or an insurance agent appealing to the father of a large family to add \$500 more to his insurance. Here was a man with a cause he believed in.

"I work on a labor paper," I said by way of excuse, "and I am not in much danger of being corrupted by the acquisition of wealth."

"That's different," said the hobo, "but it's funny how people like to work for others."

I thot they had to work for others or eat on others under the capitalist system but when I looked at the check and learned that it was only twenty-five cents I almost agreed with Shawneen.

We walked to the desk to pay the bill. Shawneen saw me putting a quarter back in my pocket.

"I am not holding on to a nickel," he said.

"Here are two of them to play with," I answered, and we both went our ways whistling merry airs.



ROOMS FOR TRANSIENTS

Said the landlady—
"I don't want any more ladyroomers.
They lock themselves in the bathroom
and wash their clothes out.
They cook their meals
over the gaslight.
I'd rather have
MENroomers
than LADYroomers . . ."

And being what she is,
I guess she would.

—LEBARBE.

THE COUNT

They killed this stiff
three times—
Once when they tortured him
in the death cell;
once when they burned him
in the chair;
last when they buried him
in a numbered convict's grave
under the prison yard.
And god knows
what'll happen to his family . . .
It's hard to satisfy
a state that wants
three lives for one!

LEBARBE.



—Drawing by WILLIAM GROPPER

No Holy Picture for Janek

By WALT CARMON

THE Polish settlement consists of eighteen blocks between Kosciuszko Avenue and Warsaw Street. The church of St. Stanislaus, like a feudal castle, stands in the centre, towering above its domain and exacting tribute from it. The Reverend Mieczyslaw Szczytkowski is pastor. He is God's own representative: counselor of conscience, advisor in matters political and practical, collector of nickels, dimes and dollars to further the glory of God and feather the case of his agents.

There were skeptics in the Polish settlement. Machine America makes men godless.

In the bustle of women and children buying soap and scouring powders in Panek's grocery, Domski, a steel-worker voiced his opinion:

"Because tomorrow the priest will visit all the homes, you clean and scrub from cellar to roof. Then you pay him for the visit!"

"Keep your mouth shut!" Poniatowska answered heatedly. "You'll go to hell for your blasphemy."

"... and he'll criticize the devil there!"

An old peasant type made the sign of the cross. The children looked on quizzically.

"Paia krew," Domski emphasized, "all that these old women know is to gossip and pray."

"... and praise our good looking priest, eh Panek?"

But Panek was in business. And his business came mainly from people who praised the priest. Besides, why court a sermon some Sunday on the question of "business places that serve as centres of attack on our God?" It doesn't pay! So Panek smiled but kept silent.

"These women will be disappointed. The priest isn't apt to change housekeepers. He's got a good looking one now," Domski taunted.

The older women scowled but did not answer. Many facts on the matter were common gossip.

At the nun's home business was feverish. Women and children came all day to buy chalk that had been blessed, holy water, a tiny whisk broom to sprinkle it with—whatever was lacking for the visit of the priest. The money went to the upkeep of the nuns who lived in a well furnished home behind the church.

There were those who voiced an opinion the nuns lived too well. Others protested the continuous stream of visiting nuns who did not teach but visited for weeks and months at a time at the expense of the parish. Visits cut down maintenance expenditure at the central home of the nuns.

Almost every home between Kosciuszko Avenue and Warsaw Street shone brightly. Floors were scrubbed clean. Curtains newly ironed. Best linens on the table.

Jankowska spoke to her son: "The house looks clean, doesn't it, Janek? We need not be ashamed when the priest comes!" Her face beamed in pleasure. "Sure, mother," Janek looked up from his book,



"and he'll ask you why you don't send the kids to parochial school."

Janek's younger brother and sister attended the neighboring public school. Even the small sum charged per month at the catholic school could not be spared.

"Ah, Janek, but the priest is good," his mother defended weakly.

"Good at collecting!"

Janek's mother loved him. The priest did not like him. He did not go to church. Janek led his class in high school. But gossip brought to the priest's ears that Janek read "socialist" books.

"That boy will hang some day!" the priest once said. "The devil always makes his disciples wise."

"Janek is a good boy," his mother answered.

He worked after school hours. He helped at home. His mother, meek as a mouse and fearful, secretly admired her boy. He dared even to oppose the parish priest!

Preceding the priest an altar boy went from home to home to announce his coming. This allowed time for final preparation. To borrow money when none was in the house.

"The priest is next door!"

Janek's mother gave a final glance around the room. From the adjoining room Janek looked at the table. A crucifix stood in the center. Aside of it, blessed chalk. A receptacle with holy water. The sprinkler. A dollar bill lay in front of it all.

"Say, ma, that stuff with the dollar bill in front of it sure looks funny!"

"Sh... Janek, the priest will come!"

But the priest did not come quickly. The neighbors were among the best contributors to the church. Some claimed that donations to the church could be guessed by the length of the priest's visit.

When the priest entered Janek was reading in the next room. His mother kissed the priest's hand and the children followed. Janek pretended reading.

The priest said a short prayer in Latin. He sprinkled holy water around the room. Then with blessed chalk he wrote three letters over the doorway. Initials of the three wise kings who followed the star to Bethlehem. The household was blessed. The holy script above the doorway would guard the home against all evil.

"These two are lovely children," the priest complimented, ignoring Janek whom he could see.

The altar boy collected the small donations. He reached for the single dollar on the table.

"Yes... they are all good," Janek's mother ventured timidly.

"They should be going to parochial school. They must be taught religion."

Janek smiled in the next room. "I try to teach them their prayers," she answered meekly.

"Well, we must be going. There are many homes to visit."

A single dollar is but little encouragement to priestly conversation.

"And for you two good children," the priest reached over to the altar boy's well trained, extended hands, "here is a holy picture to keep you with God."

The children urged by Janek's mother, accepted and kissed the priest's hand.

As the priest moved to the door, the altar boy noticed Janek in the adjoining room.

"Father, there is another in the family!"

The priest looked at the tactless altar boy sharply. Such a fool! He turned in feigned surprise.

"So there is! But Janek does not welcome the priest. Holy pictures are only for good boys!"

Janek smiled but kept his face to the book.

As the footsteps of the priest died out Janek entered the room. His mother put her arm around his shoulders.

"You're a good boy, Janek!"

"And you're a good mother, too. But a foolish one."

Janek looked at the lettering above the door. Then he glanced at the table.

"Well, the priest is gone. So is the dollar!"

"Ah, Janek, we will earn another."

"But the next one had better go for shoes for the kids!"

Janek's mother nodded. As he left the room she looked after his receding figure with pride.

Janek led his class in school. Janek did not even fear the priest!

Janek would be a great man some day!

The Difference

IN THE U. S. A.—Workers are still working 10 and 12 hours a day in heavy industries.

IN RUSSIA—Workers in heavy industries work only six hours a day.



Drawing by Jakob Burck.

The COMRADE

Edited by the Young
A Page for Workers'



Young SECTION

Pioneers of America
and Farmers' Children

ARE YOU READY?

Whenever this question is put to a Young Pioneer he always stands up and in a voice full of enthusiasm answers "Always Ready." If you should ask this Pioneer, what he is always ready for he will tell you without hesitating, that he is "Always Ready" to fight for the workingclass (workers) and against the bosses. That is the Young Pioneer Spirit.

Other organizations and clubs have other spirits. For example the Boy Scouts have the Boy Scout spirit which means to be loyal and fight for God, the boss and the bosses' country. This spirit is against the workers and that is why the Pioneers fight the Boy Scouts.

But the Boy Scouts is a strong organization and to fight them we must get all workers' children to join with us. Are you a worker's child? What kind of a spirit have you? (Answer out loud). Well, then, you belong to the Young Pioneers. You should join the nearest group or write to us for information. Are You Ready? (Answer out loud, and go to it).

Our Letter Box

WHO IS THE BOSS?

By FLORA TURCHINSKY—Wmsburg Pioneer.

"All Power to the Workingclass!" "Workingman! You are the Boss of Russia!"—these and other sayings of this kind, you will see all over Russia. And really the workers and peasants are the bosses there. Now, let us take one fact. When I came to Russia, I at once was assigned to one of the units of the Pioneers. I began to work right away. Very often we would play the drum. We would sing all Revolutionary songs. Men would take off their hats when we would pass them. Policemen would stop traffic and salute us. We felt just like bosses. If we tried to do this in New York, what would happen? The best way to find it out is to do it. Who is the boss in the U. S. A. anyway?

ENJOYS THE PIONEERS

Dear Comrades: I just found out what the Young Pioneers mean. First when I went to the Pioneers I could hardly wait for the meeting to be over, because I couldn't understand it. But now I found out that we learn how to help our fathers in strike and also how to teach the other children the truth about the capitalists. I am very glad to go to the Pioneer group and enjoy the Pioneers.

Your comrade,
MARGARET DUZSIK.

HELL FOR THE WORKERS

Dear Comrades: I have no neighbors that will join the Pioneer's Club. They are all Catholics. They are very religious. There is a neighbor on our hill, and she always wants to go to church. But I always tell her, I cannot because my father won't let me. They go to church every Sunday and stay there nearly a whole day. I do not like to go to church because the priest tells lies instead of the truth. Why doesn't the priest talk about men that are worthwhile talking about? He always talks about heaven and hell. That is not true. There is no heaven and there is no hell. The poor people are in hell and the kings and the rich are in heaven, the Gods are the kings.—HELEN MORTZ.

RUTHENBERG SUB BLANK

All workers' children who want to help the Young Comrade to become a weekly newspaper should get as many subs as possible. Send them in to the Daily Worker Young Comrade Corner, 33 First Street, New York City.

1-2 year sub 25c—1 year sub 50c.

Name
Address
City
State Age

Issued Every Month.

Send for a Free Copy of the
Young Comrade.

CUT THAT OUT!



YES, CHILDREN "U.S." STANDS
FOR "UNCLE SCISSORBILL".

DOING THEIR BIT

Dear Comrades: My brother Liberto and me are trying as hard as we can to get more subscriptions among our schoolmates. So we can carry out the instructions of our leader—Comrade C. E. Ruthenberg.
LUZ VILARINO.

SCHOOL NEWS

By RUDOLPH STEVE BRONESKY

Today, in school, our teacher was telling us about China and he said that we might see it some day. I hollered out, "Hurrah, for China!" and you should have seen her face. I and another comrade, Joe Sogat, used to give her the real answers to questions, not the answers that the bosses would like us to say, but the workers' answers. But my comrade Joe got the worse of it. The teacher was afraid to punish him so she put him one grade lower. That's what happens to everyone in the public schools who tries to speak from the workers' point of view. I wonder why the teacher does that, when she herself is only a wage-working slave.

I can't understand what god is. He made Adam and then he made Eve out of Adam's rib. That's what the bible says. Eve and Adam had two sons and one killed the other and got chased out of the garden of paradise and god told him to go among the human world, so he came to shepherds. Now where did they come from? When they wrote the bible they seemed to know everything about heaven and hell. Now if you ask any one who believes in the bible, about heaven or hell they don't know a darned thing about them.

Here's something else about my school. We had a week off for spring vacation and my comrade Joe went to Grant Park Pier to play with the boys. But he fell in the water and got drowned. It's the government's fault because they didn't make any good playground where it would be safe. The whole class wanted to go to the funeral but the teacher wouldn't let us go. I think it was because Comrade Joe used to get up and tell the truth about the workers and the bosses.

TAKING HIS TIME



This young comrade is taking his time about getting subscribers to The Young Comrade. Are you taking your time too, or are you rushing your subs in? All workers' children need The Young Comrade. You do too. Rush in your subscriptions. Use the blank on this page.

LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE

The answer to last week's puzzle No. 16 is BE READY TO HELP THE YOUNG COMRADE BY GETTING SUBS. The following have answered correctly:

Luz Vilarino, Inglewood, Cal.; Johnny Vilarino, Inglewood, Cal.; Sophie Stashinsky, New Kensington, Pa.; Bertha Stashinsky, New Kensington, Pa.; Murray Klempner, Middle Village, N. Y.; Ruth Youkelson, New York City; Milton Relin, New York City; Sylvia Masler, New York City; Beatrice Schwartz, New York City; Mae Feurer, New York City; Mae Malyk, New York City.

More Answers to Puzzle No. 15

Laura Borim, New York City; Celia Silverman, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Michael Zagmeyer, Gasport, N. Y.; Jeannette Cinzon, Bellaire, Ohio; Wm. Rosenbloom, Newark, N. J.; Leo Wolin, Chicago, Ill.

THIS WEEK'S PUZZLE NO. 17

This week's puzzle is a subtraction puzzle with a new twist. Subtract the word HEM from THE MOVIES. Then when you have the answer exchange places between the first and last letters of your answer. The result will be—well work it out!

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

POEMS

By JOSEPH BOYUS

Roses are red,
Violets are blue,
Why don't you join the Pioneers
To help them fight too.

Ashes to ashes
Dust to dust
If it weren't for the workers
The capitalists would bust.

DECORATION DAY

Decoration Day was set aside as a holiday to remember and honor the soldiers who fell in the Civil War. We are not against that because those soldiers (most of them workers and poor farmers) fought against slavery and for the freedom of the oppressed Negro race. They gave their lives for this worthy cause. But, what we are against, is the use of this holiday to make the workers and children patriotic slaves to the bosses and to the country of the bosses. This is what we are against. Aren't you?

GOING UP — IN SMOKE!



Chiang's plans are of no use to him. His armies suffer defeat after defeat at the hands of Hankow Nationalists.

BY HECK — BY HECK

By IMA PIONEER.

Chiang Kai-shek
Better watch his neck
By heck—by heck.

2.
He betrayed the workers
To the shirkers.
Betrayed their trust
So die he must.

3.
He thought that he would get on top
And use the workers for a mop.
But the workers got wise to his little game.
When they get thru, he'll never look the same.

4.
Like Humpty Dumpty from off the wall,
Chiang Kai-shek will surely fall.
And all the king's horses and all the king's men
Will never save Chiang Kai-shek again.

5.
Chiang Kai-shek
Better watch his neck
By heck—by heck.

And Still They Come

"Merry-Go-Round" Runs True to Form at the Klaw.

TO ask a proletarian writer to criticize a Broadway musical show is very much like asking Eddie Cantor to do a polemical book review for Sender Garlin—only more so.

If the duties which devolve upon one engaged in labor journalism are anything, they are multitudinous and varied. There are compensations however, but girlie show reviews are not among them.

"Merry-Go-Round," at the Klaw runs true to form. There are the usual collection of beautiful show girls whose beauty somehow reminds one of the charm said to exist in blue-white diamonds. The sort of hard beauty that glitters rather than glows.

At duly appointed moments the chorus flings itself with calculated abandon onto the stage to the accompaniment of suitable sexy jazz music. At such times the audience is judiciously treated to glimpses of gleaming feminine flesh. In this respect "Merry-Go-Round" differs little from the ordinary revue.

There were the expected assortment of satirical sketches in which prohibition, movie ushers, college football and other vital subjects are lampooned. I wonder why the boys who dish up this fare have neglected the possibilities contained in the revue sketch. Now and then of course, along comes an "Americana" or a "Garrick Gaieties" and offers a moment of relief, but in the main so-called satirical revue sketches are dull and pointless and invariably tread the much beaten path. In this respect also the subject under discussion runs true to form.

The music, if one may call it that, is what the professional reviewers call "catchy" and lends itself admirably to exhibitions of the black bottom, that lascivious terpsichorean importation from a New Orleans dive.

The night on which the show was reviewed, was very soon after the opening night, and the presentation somehow reminded one of a premature dress review. Curtains parted at the wrong moment and the lights went on and off at most embarrassing times much to the chagrin of the "artists." These are difficulties which will doubtless be ironed out with the passage of time.

The revue features Marie Cahill that perennial never-die who has delighted two-a-day audiences these past years. I am told she introduced that delightful American folk-song "Under the Bamboo Tree" many, many years ago. Of course that was before my time.

Willie Collier is included in the cast upon no provocation whatever and contributes little to the entertainment.

Nobody was fooled by the inclusion of these noted musical comedy names. The audience came to see good looking girls wriggle and contort in the black bottom. They were not disappointed.—C. Y. H.

Broadway Briefs

Frederick Marsh, Erskine Sanford, Hortense Alden, Molly Pearson, Dorothy Fletcher, Leonard Loon, George Gaul and Florence Eldridge will form the Theatre Guild touring company for next season. The players will present "Arms and the Man," "The Guardsman," "The Silver Cord" and "Mr. Pim Passes By."

Murray Phillips will present Margaret Anglin in her old success, "A Woman of Bronze," as the third offering of his repertory program. The engagement will be a limited one due

MARION COAKLEY



A member of the all-star cast in the revival of "Julius Caesar," which opens Monday night at the New Amsterdam Theatre.

to Miss Anglin's entering a new play under the management of Carl Reed.

Six thousand children from fifteen institutions in Brooklyn and Queens will be the guests of the management at Luna Park next Tuesday.

"One For All" Opens at Princess Today

"One For All," a comedy by Ernest and Louise Cortis, which played for several weeks at the Greenwich Village Theatre some time ago, will open this afternoon at the Princess Theatre. The play has been completely rewritten and re-staged and several new principals have been added.

The cast includes Madeline Delmar, Jennie A. Eustace, Ethel Jackson, Lelya LeNoir, Allan Joslyn, Richard Bellaire, Robert Long and N. R. Creegan.

Screen Notes

Warner Bros. announce the acquisition of Al Jolson, who will make his debut on the screen in the title role of "The Jazz Singer," which will be filmed from the stage play. Jolson will be both seen and heard in a number of selected songs.

Marion Davies will be starred next in "The Fair Co-Ed," an adaptation of George Ade's story.

"The Gallant Gringo" will be Tim McCoy's next western starring release for Metro. This picture will be directed by Viatcheslav Tourjansky, the Russian director who scored an outstanding success both here and abroad with "Michael Strogoff".

The 250th presentation of John Barrymore in "When A Man Loves" will be given at the Warner Theatre next Tuesday afternoon.

Moss' Broadway Theatre will show Clara Bow in "Rough House Rosie" on the screen beginning Monday. Reed Howes plays the masculine lead.

Beginning today the Cameo Theatre will introduce a week of Adolphe Menjou repertoire. The first three days will be devoted to "Sinners in Silk." "The Marriage Circle" will be shown Tuesday and Wednesday and "The Grand Duchess and the Waiter" on Thursday and Friday.

Dolores Costello, is starred in "Old San Francisco," a new film bearing the early development of the Golden Gate city. Warner Oland, William Demarest, Joseph Swickard, Anders Randolph and Anna May Wong are other principals.

\$500 AWARD

for the article of 200 words or less judged to be best on the play "The Ladder." Contest for ninth week closes Monday at 10 a. m. Money refunded if you do not like the play. Not necessary to see the play to win the prize.

"THE LADDER"

WALDORF THEATRE

50th St. E. of B'way—Matinee Saturday

MOVING TO THE CORT THEATRE MONDAY NIGHT—Popular prices \$1 to \$2.

The Theatre Guild Acting Company in

ALL NEXT WEEK

"The Second Man"

GUILD THEATRE

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

ALL NEXT WEEK

PIRANDELLO'S

RIGHT YOU ARE

IF YOU THINK YOU ARE"

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

Week of June 13th—MR. PIM PASSES BY.

ALL NEXT WEEK

"The Silver Cord"

JOHN GOLDEN

THEATRE, 58th St., East of B'way. Matinees THURSDAY & SATURDAY. CIRCLE 5978

Week of June 13th—NED McCOBB'S DAUGHTER

KLAW Thea., 45th, West of B'way
Evenings 8:30.
Mats. Thurs. & Sat 2:30.

MerryGoRound

The successor to "AMERICANA."

LITTLE Theatre, West 44th Street
Evs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

Grand Street Follies

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

William Fox Presents 7th HEAVEN

Mats. (exc. Sat.) 50c-\$1. Evs. 50c-1.50

SYD CHAPLIN IN THE MISSING LINK

B. S. COLONY BROADWAY
MOSS' AT 53rd ST.

Contin. Noon to Midnight.—Pop. Prices.

"Headlines of 1917," a new revue by Max and Nathaniel Lief, with music by Ray Perkins, is due on Broadway July 25. Roy Atwell, Marjorie White, Edwin Tierney and Dorothy James will play important roles.

A. H. WOODS presents

CRIME

The Sensational Melodrama of New York's Underworld.

4th MONTH

by Samuel Shipman and John B. Hyman
with Chester Morris and Frank Thomas
and a Cast of 100

THEATRE MET. 5th St. E.
Evs. at 8:30
Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

BUY THE DAILY WORKER AT THE NEWSSTANDS

The New Plays

MONDAY

"JULIUS CAESAR" will be presented by the Players' Club at the New Amsterdam Theatre beginning Monday night. The all-star cast includes: Mary Eaton, James Rennie, Mary Young, Tyrone Power, Marion Coakley, Wm. Courtleigh, Basil Rathbone, James T. Powers, Pedro de Cordoba, Henry Hull and Ruth St. Denis.

"LOMBARDI LTD.," by Frederick and Fanny Hatton will be revived at the George M. Cohan Theatre Monday night, with Leo Carrillo in his old role. Murray Phillips is the producer.

THURSDAY

"TALK ABOUT GIRLS," a musical show by William Carey Duncan, based on a play by John Hunter Booth, will open Thursday night at the Waldorf Theatre. Irving Caesar wrote the lyrics and Harold Orlob and Stephen Jones composed the music. Harry H. Oshrin and Sam H. Grisman are the producers. In the cast are Andrew Tombs, Russell Mack, Jane Taylor, William Frawley, Madelyn Killeen, Spencer Charters, Bernard MacOwen, and Frances Upton.

"BABY MINE," Margaret Mayo's farce will be revived next Thursday at Chanin's 46th Street Theatre under the direction of John Tuerk. Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle will return to the stage in the leading role. Others in the cast include: Lee Patrick, Zelma Tiden, Anne Kostant, William J. Rathbun and Humphrey Bogart.