

# The New Magazine

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## A WEEK IN CARTOONS

By M. P. Bales



## In the Wake of the News

By T. J. O'Flaherty

JUDGING by returns from local unions of the United Mine Workers of America, John Brophy, progressive leader from the anthracite district, carried the election by a large majority. Of course, this does not mean that Brophy's election will be conceded by Lewis. Our cartoonist, Hay Bales, pictures Lewis advising his tally men to ignore the Brophy vote. This is exactly what will happen. We do not know of any bureaucracy in the A. F. of L. that has yet surrendered to the will of the majority, unless in a case where the switch was made from one reactionary group to another, as when Grable of the Maintenance of Way Employees was dumped and another faker installed in his place. This is not a suggestion to the members of the miners' union to drop the policy of staying inside the union and agitating and educating the membership. The job is to teach the masses of coal diggers as well as all other workers that only a progressive leadership will help them in their daily struggles for more wages and better working conditions and that will finally organize and lead them to freedom from wage servitude.

IT appears that the Coolidge-Kellogg policy of intervention in Nicaragua has met with bad luck. After going to the trouble of establishing "neutral" zones for the benefit of Adolfo Diaz, the reactionary puppet-president of the republic, the United States Admiral Latimer found that the revolutionists had no more difficulty in chasing the reactionary forces than they had before the intervention of United States marines. The more help that was given to Diaz the more he needed help. The landing of American armed forces on Nicaraguan soil not only incensed the Nicaraguans, but a wave of protest swept all over Latin-America, protest against the brutal disregard of American imperialism for the rights of weaker nations, despite the fact that an

American president was the inventor of the once popular phrase: self-determination.

AT home the state department is under fire. While Coolidge passed compliments to Calles thru the medium of an aviation captain on an exploring trip thru South America, Senator Borah was asking Kellogg embarrassing questions about the diplomatic intrigues in Central America. It is true that Borah does not seem to be inclined to go very far, but his raising of the question in the senate will smoke out the tools of American imperialism in the state department and the White House. Borah declares that the Nicaraguan interference is part of a plan to wage a "cowardly war against Mexico." Fortunately for the South Americans, they are becoming increasingly able to take care of themselves as time goes on. If this government thinks it will have easy sailing in a war against Mexico or any other Latin-American country it will find out its mistake before long.

THE Cantonese are still advancing northwards and the task of consolidating China and expelling the imperialist powers is progressing rapidly. Shanghai is expected to fall soon. In fact the reactionary rulers of that great city are sitting on a powder barrel. The population is sympathetic to the Cantonese and are awaiting an opportunity to set fire to the powder. In the meantime we read that Chang-Tso-Lin has arrived in Peking and is planning to organize the reactionary elements for a concerted attack on the revolutionists. The reports state that the emperor, whoever the devil he is, gave Chang a reception on the latter's arrival. Mr. Lin promises to stabilize the government. That's a man's job. He appeals to the foreign powers to save China from the Bolshevik infection. The Chinese had their experience with the imperialists and with the Soviet

government and it looks as if they prefer the latter. So, Chang's head may be hanging on a nail unless he takes care.

THE British having failed with the strong arm method are now resorting to a form of bribery in China. The perpetrators of the Wanshien massacre now take the lead in urging the powers to allow the Chinese to dispose of the customs taxes as they see fit. The Cantonese are turning a fishy eye on these proposals. The guns of the Chinese have forced the British to talk peace. The Chinese are of the opinion that as long as they stick to their guns, the British will play the role of gentlemen. That the other powers are still following the policy of letting England fry on the Chinese pan, is shown by the cool the polite manner with which France, Japan and the United States received the British proposals. France went to the trouble of telling the world that the French government had no intention of interfering in the domestic affairs of China.

GOVERNOR FRIEND RICHARDSON of California will neither grant nor refuse a pardon to Tom Mooney, on the ground that his term of office will run out in too short a time to permit him to read the 343-page document which accompanied Mooney's application for freedom. The Mooney frame-up is one of the most brazen and outrageous crimes ever perpetrated on an American working class leader. That he has not already paid for his services in behalf of the working class with his life is a tribute to the great fight put up by the left wing of the American labor movement in his behalf. Unless the workers renew their efforts to free Mooney it is quite probable that he will spend the rest of his days behind the high walls of San Quentin. Capitalist politicians are long on promises but short on fulfillment.

# A Portrait of a Comrade

By Gertrude Nafe

IT was the day of the great victory. The people had won. On every face was radiance and quiet. Far down the street I heard the sound of men singing together.

The great leader sat quietly in his own room. The praise that had made him happiest had not been his own. But all day long a line of people had heaped roses and laurel upon his father's grave, murmuring: "You died and the Great Cause seemed to die with you but The Day of the Dawn of Justice has come."

The leader himself sat in the great quietness of fulfillment and watched the fire on his own hearth. A shaggy man he was with eyes that burned and were dead.

"If one might know all of the graves that should have roses today," he said, at last, "the graves of those that served us all well, who laid their lives on the altar day by day as Fate sent the days. For all of us to see this dawn is enough. But those who did not live to see it—Yet I think the very earth thrills around them as they rest and makes them dream of Peace and Brotherhood. You have not heard me speak of my mother."

For a long time he was silent.

"It is hard to put so quiet a life into words. A river flowing steadily to the sea, how shall one talk about it? And she used so few words herself. I remember her mainly going quietly about her house, her hair plaited closely about her serene face. She went to market every morning buying very shrewdly. Then she cooked our dinner. We were always poor and she had very little help. Often our meal was bread and cabbage soup. She made very good cabbage soup.

In the intervals of housekeeping she taught me my letters and my multiplication tables. We were compelled to move about so much that I should have had little learning otherwise. She impressed it on me firmly that I must grow up to be a learned man like my father. She had no sense of humor at all and took my father's jokes as she would have taken his dropping into a foreign language. She herself never laughed. No, I remember once.

One of my first recollections is a lovely April morning when I was playing around her feet in a snow of apple blossoms falling. Suddenly my father coming up, made all her lovely fair hair come down, over her neck and shoulders, falling down to her waist. She looked up at him and laughed a little low laugh. My baby mind was much amazed at this result and I felt it a great disorderliness in her orderly world. Then she saw me and was quiet, putting her hair up again and reassuring me that all was well.

I think perhaps she had a little sense of humor as anyone I ever saw. It was like her absolute lack of music. My father's whimsical smile at her at times seemed quite lost upon her, but not his music. She was very proud of that she herself could not tell one tune from another.

Altho she laughed little there was a pleasant serenity about her not easily disturbed. The household affairs were entirely in her hands, and my father trusted her judgment entirely whenever she gave her judgment. She never offered it except in affairs which she considered her province, the house, my food and so on. In fact, I was almost entirely in her hands. That came perhaps partly from my father's many absences from home. He never denied me anything. Therefore my mother never allowed me to ask for anything in his presence. She was very firm with me about a few things. My father believed in very little restraint for children and his beliefs were my mother's religion. Yet, like the devotees of many other faiths, she trimmed its



tenets about the edges a bit to make them fit into everyday life. In some things I was very obedient. Long before I can remember, I knew that to disturb my father at his work comprised the Seven Deadly Sins all rolled into one. The laws of the Medes and the Persians were as water to that.

I might have resented this later except that he was himself so entirely innocent of any plot to put him on a pedestal. I knew that that had been my mother's work entirely.

When he was busy he could go into abstraction so profound that he forgot us as one forgets the shadows on the wall.

When I was eleven or twelve perhaps, at the age when children knock at the very portals of the gods to ask "why?" I tried to get into his study one day past my mother.

"He said that he would hear this history lesson when I was ready," I urged, for he was a wonderful teacher when he had time to teach me.

"He would do it, if he promised you," she agreed, "but you will manage not to be ready until he is finished with his work."

"Why must I always wait for his work?" I sulked, "he is my father."

"Your father," she said with cold scorn, "what talk to me! Your father's work is not with one child alone. It is the care of many children, little and helpless, for all the world of those who suffer and who often cry for bread. Some of them are children, too, smaller than you, helpless. If you could push in to take his time from them it would be better for me and mine not to have been born." I was awed at her cold anger and I never forgot.

We lived in one place and another. Sometimes my father was with us, sometimes he was away months at a time. I did not understand. But one time when he had been living peacefully with us for many months, I woke to find my mother sitting up very late looking into the fire. Her face was very white and still and recollection of other times that I had seen her sitting so, stirred sick terror in me. Back, at intervals of years, in my childhood, came memories of her sitting all night in front of the fire, her face white and the terrible quiet in her eyes.

At dawn my father came, and with the sound of his step at the door she was her composed self again. Neither knew that I was awake.

"They have me," said my father, "they are waiting outside the door. Goodbye, my love."

She lifted her face to him.

"What will become of you and the little one, here in a strange country?" he asked. "I will send for help for you when I can. But it will not be soon."

"Send for nothing!" she said, "and let nothing fret you. I am a woman of the people. I am not so helpless that I cannot take care of myself and one child."

"This is not home." He still looked anxious. "That is not for you to think of," she said. "Better that I and mine were dead than to be a stone around the neck of one who has heard the wail of the helpless. It is for you to bring light to those who long ago lost hope."

My father looked at her. "Still the little girl I saw in the prison," he said, and bent to kiss her. Then he used the word which so many years after re-echoed for me.

"Goodbye, Comrade!"

It was many months before we saw him again, but his words echoed strangely in my ears.

The next day my curiosity drove me to the question, "Were you ever in prison, mother?"

For a moment my mother looked at me, a little startled. Then she answered quite simply.

"For two days only. There was a revolt. The police put many of us in prison for a little while. My people came and got me out on the second day

but your father was kept a long time with the other leaders. That was the first time he had seen me tho, of course, I had seen him often. When he came out, he married me."

She spoke Semele-like as tho she herself had had nothing to do with it. The god had descended. That was all. Still I wonder if Semele had to make the cabbage soup, day after day—

"Great men have odd notions, at times," she went on.

She must have forgotten that she was speaking to me. I have tried all my life to decide what she meant. Surely she was not referring to herself as the odd notion of a great man.

When my father next came from prison we went back to our own country, and life went along very quietly for us until I was nearly fifteen. I studied very hard and was ready to enter college.

Then hard times came, much hunger, rioting on the streets. One day I saw a woman in the bread-line get into a dispute with a soldier on riot duty. Like a young fool, I attacked him and was locked up over night for my folly. In the morning my father came and got me out.

I shall never forget my father's talk to me on the road home. For the first time in his life he really set himself to show me that I had been wrong. My mother had often blamed me, my father never.

"They who wish to make a great and vital change, must take a long and weary road," he said, "and they must gather strength and wisdom for a long journey before ever they set out. Control yourself, know what you are fighting and what you are fighting for. Know what is the best way and how you will begin and how end. It is the greatest work in the world. Do not throw yourself into it unprepared and so ruin the service you wish to give. Know, that is the great word, know."

I was silent. I felt very young and much ashamed. "Your mother," he added, quietly, "had sat all night watching the fire."

I looked up at him, astonished. Had he never seen her so, before? Then I remembered. It was always when he was away, when he was in trouble. Many as were the times I could remember, he knew nothing of any of them. Then a strange little pride began to creep into my heart. For me, for me too, she would do that.

As we reached home my mother stood in the doorway. As I looked in her face I tho, "What has happened to my father?" Then I remembered. It was not my father. The terrible quiet in her eyes was for me and again with my sorrow came that astonished little pride.

My father felt that I had been blamed enough and said, before either of us could speak.

"I have told him, dear child, that there are wiser ways of going about such things, and that he should have tho of you, and not begun so young and so hotly."

My mother looked up at him questioningly interrupting herself so that she failed to greet me at all until we were in the sitting room.

Then she stood before us.

"You told him that he should think of me!" she repeated. "What should he think of me?"

She folded her hands in front of her and her very garments spoke authority.

"You told him that my night was anxious. What of that? I have watched the fire before this." She looked back grimly into her life. "I have been anxious many times and shall be again, for two now. Have I ever begrudged it?"

"There was a woman, you say, standing in the bread line? It was not of me that he should have tho then. You told him that he was young? But not too young to have seen brutal injustice. If he had so young been ripe with all the wisdom of old

(Continued on Page 8.)



Chicherin and Turkish representative meeting at Odessa to cement friendly relations between two nations.



FAT, the boss, and SLUM, the slave, praying to same god.

# The Story of Okanogan Apples - By Joel Shomaker

LONG while ago man found the land of the Okanogan. It was a wild section of the Great Northwest. It was a land of wonders. The Columbia river drained the country and connected the United States with the Canadian border. Pioneers entered the new land. Some sought gold and silver. Others were interested in hunting, fishing and trapping. Many settlers located on the land and planted orchards.

Fort Okanogan is one of the historical spots in romance. It marks the place where the first white settlement was made in the state of Washington. It was where the native Indians met their paleface foes and signed a treaty of peace. A large portion of the Okanogan country is still included in an Indian Reservation. But the white man has made Okanogan famous because of the superior quality of big red apples grown in the orchards.

One time I made a tour of the land of the Okanogan. I had spent many years in the Northwest and written many stories about the apple growing sections of different states. The Okanogan country appealed to me for recognition. I desired to know it as an open book. So I climbed into an auto stage, at Wenatchee, and journeyed into the irrigated vale of Okanogan. A dust storm forced the stage driver to make a detour.

The noise from a moving wagon attracted our attention. The shifting sands lifted and the atmosphere cleared. A strong wagon of the plains hove in sight. It was drawn by four big western horses. The driver pulled on the lines and the horses stopped. The wagon was loaded with apples in boxes. The teamster said he was hauling the apples to the river, to be shipped, by steamer, to the nearest railroad station.

There was a story in that caravan for me so I talked. With a note book in hand, I walked round the wagon and tried to count the boxes. The man who owned the team and its cargo had something to say. He opened one of the boxes and gave a nice red apple. He asked a question. I did not reply. There came a moment of suspense. Both men were wondering just what thoughts were chasing through the brains of the other fellow.

"What are you getting for those apples?" I asked, in a very quiet tone of voice.

"One dollar per box, delivered at Wenatchee," the man replied, without showing any signs of flinching.

"You cannot produce apples like these, for that money," I ventured to suggest, as the nice fruits were examined. "It costs you more than one dollar per box to grow, pick, pack and market the apples."

"Yes, you are right. They cost me one dollar and five cents per box to grow, harvest and deliver to the buyer," the man confessed, after a little figuring in his own mind.

"You farmers beat the world at figuring profit and loss," I blurted out not thinking what effect my words might have on the rancher. "Just how you

expect to break even on apples, that cost you five cents more per box to market than you get out of the deal is a problem in mental arithmetic I cannot solve."

"I reckon you are one of them city guys that farm on paper," the farmer retorted, as his eyes twinkled. "I'll bet a dime against a nickel cigar, that you never farmed and don't know a darned thing about apples."

"There is where you are wrong," I replied. "I was brought up on a farm. I have had much to do with apples—from the tree to the consumer. You have been reading my articles and editorials on farming, for a long time."

"Excuse me, sir," the man begged, "you must be one of the farm editors of the state. I took you for a politician out here in the sagebrush, telling the rangers how to vote."

"Right you are on the score of me being a newspaper editor. Wrong you are on the political idea. I am out here trying to find out what we need to better conditions on the farms."

"Well, since you want to know how I come out on apples, I am going to tell you. It might be of service to you, in getting a railroad and better transportation for the farmers."

"If I pick my apples, box them and haul them to the river and ship by steamer, to the buyers, for one dollar per box, I lose only five cents on each box. If I let the apples stay on the trees and do not pick, pack and haul them to market, I lose the whole crop."

The man filled his pipe, struck a match and began to puff out tobacco smoke. The team moved on to the south. The stage went to the north. I did a lot of thinking about the possibilities of apple growing in the Okanogan country. I presume the rancher smoked his pipe and wondered why the newspaper man from the city was meddling so much about producing and selling apples.

Moral—When you see a big red apple from the Okanogan country, do not conclude that it hides pockets of yellow gold owned by the rich old farmers, for it may represent the giving of an entire year in producing the crop and a donation of five cents for every box, of one hundred or more apples, just to help along the trade of the world.



# The Crisis In Liberalism - By Bert Wolfe

UNDER the same title as this article, John Maynard Keynes some time ago wrote an article in which he indicated that British liberalism was in a critical state and the old theory of laissez faire was yielding to the ideas developed by the present-day order of monopolistic imperialism and fascism on the one hand and the proletarian revolution on the other. That this crisis is a deep-going one is proved by the fact that in England, the classic land of liberalism, the liberal party has been relegated to the position of third party and the labor party has forged ahead of it. In addition to that, there is an internal crisis within the liberal party which indicates a further polarization of liberalism towards the labor party on the one hand and towards the conservative party on the other. This inner crisis takes the form of a fractional fight between Lloyd George and Asquith and then between Lloyd George and Earl Grey.

LIBERALISM was long bankrupt in fact in England before it received its theoretical death sentence in the post war period, for the practice of liberal laissez faire England was increasingly becoming one of regulation of industry by law, of unemployment insurance and other forms of social legislation, of imperialism (which begets a theory that is directly opposed to liberalism) and of other practices which directly contradict the whole liberal theory.

Now comes Harold J. Laski and in a quiet book review of a not too important book announces his apostasy from liberalism and goes over in his own special field of political theory to the Communist position. To those worried liberals who have been trying to hold onto their philosophy in an age which no longer gives it any color of truth and validity; to those few liberals who were not either going over to the position of sympathizers with the labor movement or the contrary position of defenders of imperialism, the apostasy of Harold J. Laski will prove a fatal blow for he commands considerable prestige among them as one of the few apostles of liberalism in the field of politics that is still capable of writing books that have an air of having something to contribute to a philosophy that is going into bankruptcy.

LASKI was not as sensational as Keynes in his choice of a method of announcing the bankruptcy of liberalism; he has written no leading article expressing his new views nor given any such dramatic title as Keynes' "The Crisis in Liberalism,"

but he is obviously a more thorough-going thinker and has followed his thoughts to their logical conclusions which land him, as indicated above, in the field of Communist theory in his own special subject.

Laski's declaration appears in the review of Professor R. M. MacIver's book, "The Modern State," a book which, judging from Laski's review is of not very much importance. It serves, however, as a foil for an expression of Laski's new conclusions. Although his conclusions are expressed in the complicated language of academic writing, yet they are clear, sharp and decisive. Laski writes:

"I CANNOT, in the first place, understand what he means by words and phrases like 'solidarity' or 'common interest'; I see no unity of any kind in society except what is put there by men, and I see none possible of achievement except by a complete reconstruction of the foundations of the present order.

"Professor MacIver seems to me to write as though there is somehow a unity in society which a force called 'progress' or 'evolution' is unfolding; I cannot see that this is so. . . . And, as a corollary view, he seems to lay far too little emphasis upon the importance in the social order of the system of property. (Emphasis mine throughout the citation—B. D. W.) It is, in fact, from the rights annexed to property that a social order takes its color. Society may make its impact upon the state; but the state also makes society, and the whole pro-

cess of life is set in the context of what its property-system implies. Rights, for instance, which Professor MacIver admits the state exists to maintain are always, in fact, relative to property, whether it is freedom of discussion, equality before the courts, or a living wage that is involved. The result of unequal property is, accordingly, that the state exists actually to protect unequal rights and in 'maintaining the universal conditions of social order' it is, again in fact, maintaining unequal rights. This is the great truth in the Communist answer to the classical political philosophy. There is a real sense in which the modern state is substantially the 'executive committee of the capitalist class.' To those of us who believe that the present system involves the class-war as its inherent logic, this aspect of the problem is urgent, and needs more discussion than Professor MacIver had devoted to it."

## Shadow of Death on Them.

Shadow of death on them, the dauntless brave,  
Shadow of death on them because they stood  
Amid the press of battle for the slave,  
And organized their class to fight for food.  
Shadow of death on them because the tears  
Of little children wrung their taut heartstrings;  
Shadow of death on them because the years  
Had made them foes to Profit Butcherings.

Shadow of death on them because they cried  
Their murdered brother's blood aloud to Gain;  
Shadow of death on them, their lives denied,  
Because they pointed to the martyred slain.  
Shadow of death on them, the grisly chair  
Waiting beyond their barred cells in the gloom;  
Shadow of death on them, the strangled fear,  
The mouthing monsters and the ghastly room.

Shadow and death on them. And must they die,  
In that they felt too much the misery  
Embodied in a starving baby's cry,  
In women driven on to harlotry?  
Shadow of death on them. And must they pass,  
Spared and consumed, because we are too meek,  
Too spiritless in courage as a class,  
To dare the Bosses' might—to rise and speak?

Henry George Weiss.



# Power and Superpower

By N. Sparks

## Article II.

We saw in the first article that a hydro-electric station is operated by the power of a stream. A stream acquires speed and power because it is flowing down hill. It is gravity that makes it flow. The steeper the grade of the river bed, the quicker the flow, and the greater the power developed. There are all kinds of streams in nature, from the slow, lazy river, hardly moving along, its level dropping a bare few inches in the mile, to the rapid torrent with its swift current and a drop in level of several feet per mile; best of all the waterfall, with an immediate drop of hundreds of feet—power ready-made for the asking.

The power of the waterfall is, of course, the easiest to utilize. The station which houses the generators is located just below the falls. Then all that is necessary is to bring the water from above the falls down thru a pipe into the station, where it will dash against the blades of the turbine wheels. Instead of falling over the precipice like the rest of the stream, the water that enters the pipe falls thru the pipe. The intake of the pipe is a short distance above the falls and sufficiently below the surface of the river to insure that the pipe will always be full. Since the water in the pipe falls thru the same height as if it had gone over the falls, its speed and power when it arrives at the turbines are also the same as if it had gone over the falls. After the water has passed thru the turbine pit it is of course discharged into the river again.

The development of a waterfall for hydro-electric power is thus seen to be a comparatively simple and inexpensive engineering task. Next to a waterfall the most advantageous power source is a rapid river with a steep "gradient"—as the drop in water level per mile length is called. Here again the situation is largely similar to that at the waterfall. The turbines are located at the lower level, and the intake of the pipe is at the higher level. Of course, a place where the course of the river is straight for a long distance would not be a favorable location for the plant, as the pipe might have to go back a great distance to reach a point where the river level is sufficiently above the level at the station. But a point where the river makes a curve like a loop or a horseshoe is a very favorable spot. For the river may have to go fifty miles around the curve while the pipe may be laid across the neck of the curve a distance of perhaps only five or ten miles; yet the difference in level between the intake at the beginning and the station at the end of the curve will be considerable.

In all cases except the waterfall and the type of river just described, a dam must be built. The purpose of the dam is to create an artificial difference in level; also to regulate the water flow. A dam is merely a stone wall built straight across the river. It is grounded deep in the river bed and rises from twenty-five to several hundred feet above the river level; its ends are set firmly against the steep banks on either side of the river valley. The water coming down stream and striking against the dam cannot get around it, under it or thru it. It must pile up behind it until the level of the accumulated water is as high as the dam. We can at once see that the backing-up of the water will flood the whole countryside above the dam, creating a great reservoir. Looking upstream from the top of the dam, everything below that level will be under water. The difference in level between the surface of the reservoir and the river below is available to drive the turbines, and the reservoir serves to regularize the flow and acts as a storage system for the seasons of low water.

We are now in a position to understand why some rivers are available for hydro-electric development while others are not. We might summarize the possibilities as follows: 1. All waterfalls of sufficient height and volume. 2. All locations on rivers where the very steep gradient and other conditions make power in sufficient quantities available without the construction of a dam. 3. Locations on rivers where dams can be built.

As for these, only those locations can be considered where the river has a sufficiently steep gradient and where the river bed is of material that will give a firm foundation for the dam. Furthermore, the river valley must not be wide at the chosen point. If it were, the dam might have to be miles long before it could reach the hills which close in the valley on each side of the river; and the dammed-up river would inundate a tremendous area of land before it would be hemmed in by the hills. Also the hills (or river banks) must be fairly high since their height limits that of the dam, and a lower dam of course means less power. The canyons of the west for example, make possible dams hundreds of feet in height, while a 25-foot dam has to be considered acceptable on the Ohio River.

Last comes an extremely important economic consideration: What is the nature of the land above the selected spot, and can we afford to flood it? A

location might be found excellent in every respect, but if its development would involve flooding, for example, the city of Philadelphia, it could hardly be carried out. And if the river is much used for navigation, a dam cannot be built without providing a lock-canal at the same time thru which the ships can get by the dam.

Totaling up the potential power development of all available sites, Steinmetz fixed on 230,000,000 kilowatts as the water power resources of the U. S. Of this huge sum only 7,000,000 kilowatts—just 3 per cent—has been developed and is in use at the present time. Water power formed only 5.2 per cent of the total power used in the U. S. in 1924.

Why has the development of water power lagged so badly? Because despite its promise for the future, it has until recently been unable to gain ground on its chief present competitor—steam. The struggle has been taking place in two parts—steam versus electricity in general, and steam-electric versus hydro-electric power.

We mentioned once before that an electric generator can be driven by either a steam turbine or a water turbine. The initial investment for a hydro-electric plant is just about double the investment for a steam-electric plant of the same power. The steam electric plant requires only boilers, accessories and generating units to commence operation. But the hydro-electric plant involves the exceedingly expensive construction of the dam, the purchase (whether from the state or from the politicians who run it) of the water power rights, and the purchase of the territory that is to be flooded in case this is privately owned. Furthermore, the favorable hydro-electric sites are generally up in the mountains, in remote places. The material and machinery for the construction of the dam must often be brought long distances and to places which are accessible only with difficulty. Worst of all, the fact that the power sites are far from the districts where the power is going to be used, means that long transmission lines must be built—copper wire amounting to tons, carried on posts for hundreds of miles over hills and valleys. All this must be completed before any of the power can be used. The daily and seasonal variations both in the output of hydro-electric plants and in the consumption of power have acted as another, and possibly greater, hindrance to development.

But now the talk is not of power but of "Superpower." The Superpower project is a recognition of the changed economics of steam-electricity—water power.

The Superpower project recognizes the wastefulness of the small individual steam power plant, the need for a great increase in electrical power, and the impossibility of haphazard hydro-electric development without an organized plan. It advocates new construction, and the inter-connection of all possible stations into one giant network of power.

The engineers' report to the government that has become known as the "Superpower Project" con-

cerns itself with a program for organized generation of power and inter-connection, only in the district roughly considered as East of Chicago and north of the Ohio—the great industrial region of the U. S. We must bear in mind that over 90 per cent of the power requirements of the country is located east of the Rock Mountains, whereas this area possesses only 30 per cent of the potential water power. Partly in view of this, the report recommends that 80 per cent of the power requirements be supplied by steam-electric stations.

Between the anthracite and bituminous regions as the basic source of the power required, the report favors the anthracite. Economical power generation in the bituminous region would require that coke plants be built at the mines so as to conserve all the by-products of the coal. Furthermore, the claim is made that the bituminous region does not provide sufficient water for steam condensation—tho this may be remedied in the future by a system of reservoirs. The anthracite is considered as the most favorable source of power, but it is recommended that the mines be electrified.

Cheap energy, however, cannot be obtained from steam alone, and the development of water power is essential to conserve coal. The hydro-electric plants included in the Superpower scheme are divided into three classes: 1. Plants depending on uniform stream flow e. g., on the Niagara and St. Lawrence Rivers. These can be relied on for the basic production. 2. Plants with a variable stream flow e. g., on the Susquehanna where storage to cover the seasons of low water is impracticable. These can be developed for as much as can be gotten from them. 3. Plants on streams that would require storage reservoirs e. g., the Connecticut, Hudson, Delaware and Potomac. These could be developed for production of the extra power required at the peak of the demand.

The economies expected from inter-connection are these: it would permit the basic plants to be operated at their full basic capacity all the time, a necessary condition for high efficiency. It would permit the development of the less favorable water power projects that could not maintain themselves if they had to operate alone. It would save fuel by permitting the less efficient of the steam-electric plants to be shut down at times when the power consumption is light. It would vastly increase the distribution capacity.

Two technical problems stand out in the consideration of Superpower. One is transmission, the other is standardization. Inter-connecting lines must be capable of carrying the full power load so that if one station has to shut down, another may take its place. Many existing transmission systems are inadequate for this requirement of Superpower. Adequate protective devices and selective schemes for disconnecting defective circuits are essential. These we are assured, are available.

In addition to this, the unprecedented length of the transmission lines involved in the project presents new difficulties—or at least difficulties that were negligible or easily met in the case of the shorter lines. Foremost among these is "instability"—the tendency of an exceedingly long line to reinforce any power surges that may take place in the system, reflecting them back and forth along the line, with more and more power and higher and higher voltage, until disaster ensues. This problem is now practically solved, but great care will be necessary to see that all circuits and systems that inter-connect be designed so as to have characteristics that will insure stability.

Standardization of transmission and distribution voltages and frequencies is essential. In Pennsylvania in 1921, 17 different D. C. voltages and 21 different A. C. voltages were found to be in use. Such conditions make only for chaos. 93 per cent of the power in the zone covered by the report is generated at the frequencies of 25 and 60 cycles. It is calculated that the adoption of 60 cycles as a standard frequency would save 17½ per cent of the total investment in motors and power. For main line, long-distance transmission 220,000 volts has been suggested as the standard. The economic capacity of the lines at 220,000 volts is more than double that at 150,000 volts.

It is estimated that by 1930, the investment in Superpower will be \$163,000,000. The coal saved will be 19,000,000 tons per year. And the total annual savings \$239,000,000.

The development of Superpower will give the widest possible selection of the most economical sources of energy at any time of the day or year. Power in any quantity will be available in almost any locality. Factories need no longer be tied to their boilers. The tendency will be for industry to distribute itself more, to spread away from the sources of fuel (the coal regions), and to locate close to its markets.



## Proletarian Odes.

By C. A. MOSELEY

IV.

### CALENDAR FOR YEAR NINE

According to the swells' best steer,  
I wish you all a Glad New Year—  
With just a few short reservations  
And now and then some explanations.

The calendar, I surely hope,  
We'll change from that made by the Pope,  
And give a chance to be alive  
By cutting working days to five,  
And bring it further up to date  
By keeping working hours to eight,  
And not make minutes go so fast  
By speed-work for the time you last.

But why bid one a Glad New Year  
When new is like the old, I fear?  
Same system here to run the show,  
Same financiers to cop the dough,  
The same old boss with pockets deep,  
Same banks with gold piled in a heap,  
Same foreman and the same straw-bosses,  
Owners' profit, workers' losses.

I think this time I'll switch the gear.  
Instead of wishing Glad New Year,  
I'll start this rhyme on some fresh page  
And wish you all a Glad New Age.  
As hint, I'll date this in conclusion,  
The Ninth Year of the Revolution.

# They Were Only "Greasers"

By C. A. Moseley

IN the early morning of December 7th, soon after midnight, a telephone call to the police station in Melrose Park reported that a woman was being assaulted at two strings of box-cars, inhabited by Mexican laborers, in the Proviso yards of the C. & N. W. The police do not know to this day who sent in the call; they didn't ask when they took it over the 'phone. But here, to start with, was something explosive. A woman, presumably an American, was being ravished by a bunch of "greasers."

But she wasn't; there was no woman in the case.

Not knowing that the woman was non-existent, Policeman Stahl started for the scene on his motorcycle. Sergeant Boni, and Officers Kolwitz, Winters, and Malecky went too. According to the testimony of three of these men, all who were able to testify at all, only dim night-lights burned in the two of the 30 box-cars which were the quarters of the unmarried men. No cries were heard from any woman—not until the shooting started and the women in the camp cried out in fear and alarm.

Stahl and Kolwitz were on one side of the string of cars; the other three were on the other side. Most likely they shot at each other; it wouldn't be the first time that officers have done that in the dark. They saw no one about the cars. But 60 to 70 feet away from the cars, Stahl and perhaps Kolwitz met a drunken Mexican, Jose Sanchez.

AFTER the shooting was over, Stahl and Sanchez were dead, one lying almost across the body of the other. And Kolowitz called to the other officers, who had by that time come to his side of the cars, that he was badly wounded in the arm.

The bewildered officers were willing to assert, even under oath, that a volley of from 30 to 50 shots had come from the two cars. They got officers from Chicago with tear bombs and raided the two cars. At the inquest, the three officers who were alive and not wounded, testified that no gun or weapon was found in either car. Where the "volley" had come from, they did not attempt to explain. That the officers had shot at each other was not suggested.

Now we will say that Officer Stahl shot at Sanchez first. What justification he had for shooting at a drunken man, we do not know. Perhaps none. But he put four bullets into Sanchez from the front. One at least made a mortal wound, but not instantly fatal. Sanchez still had time, before he dropped, to pump four bullets into Stahl's brain. We say that Stahl shot first, for he could not have fired after the first of the four shots penetrated his skull.

The coroner's physician made a careful examination of both bodies. He sent out for a new hack-saw blade during the autopsy. Yet at the inquest, not a bullet was put in evidence, to show from what gun it might have come. Did they know in their own minds that Stahl and Sanchez killed each other? In fact, the inquest seemed to concern itself entirely with who killed Policeman Stahl. It was either assumed that he killed Sanchez, or they didn't care who killed a Mexican.

BUT the man who sat at the inquest as the "defendant" in the case was another young Mexican, Agustin Morales. He was picked up after the shooting by two officers at Oak Park, where he was riding toward Chicago on a streetcar. He had on him when arrested a revolver with no charges in it, not even blank cartridges. And he had two quart bottles full of moonshine, but they were full, not empty. They were still full when shown at the inquest. The officers testified that he was perfectly



Some of the 36 Mexicans, standing by their box-car homes, after being routed out by tear-bombs.

sober when arrested—no smell of liquor on him.

And they beat up Morales unmercifully, laid open his scalp, pounded him with the butt and side of their revolvers, and mauled him with brass knuckles. They injured him internally. Then they took him to Melrose Park. There the officers of that burg added their blows for good measure. Morales was unable to speak English. But they did not withhold their brutality till they had called an interpreter and found what he might have to say for himself.

WE will accept Morales' story, for it rings true. He did not live in the string of cars, a proved fact. He says he was knocking at one of the cars to get in to make a call, when he heard the shooting. Later he found the body of his friend, Sanchez, lying close to that of Stahl. Foolishly, perhaps, he took from the body the revolver and the moonshine. Then he went to where his dead friend had lived and notified Sanchez' two brothers and uncle of the death. Then, fearing that he would be implicated, he, a stranger in a strange land, started for Chicago. And the moonshine was still in the bottle when he was arrested.

Now Morales lies in the Cook county jail, waiting the action of the coroner's jury at an adjourned inquest. He is held as the probable murderer of Stahl. But who killed Sanchez? Why bother with that? He was only a Mexican. They are willing to grant that Stahl killed Sanchez; Stahl is dead and cannot answer for it. But Sanchez, too, being dead, Morales is expected to bear Sanchez' guilt, if guilt it be to shoot probably in self-defense, and is accused of the murder of Stahl.

BUT this isn't all of the tragedy. Perhaps not even the worst part of it. There is this. Officer Stahl was a popular young man. He left a widow and two little children. Rage arose in the minds of the police at the death of one of their number. The townspeople took their cue from the police. They too raged. Altho they found no guns in the two box-cars, they marched the 36 men who were in the cars from there to the police station. A mob of policemen, now numbering fifty, went with them. As the Mexicans were marched along, blows were rained upon them. Some had their scalps cut, some had teeth knocked out, some were beaten on face and body. They were thrown into jail with Morales.

The Mexican consul was assured that day that all, except Morales, would be immediately released. Instead, they were run through police court that night, with no lawyer, no interpreter, and no witnesses. A fine of \$50 and cost was slapped on each of them. With one or two exceptions they have all paid these

very questionable fines. They were not paupers. They had, in fact, most of them, worked from three to five years for the Northwestern. The merchants spoke well of them.

INTO this smoothly running system of snap judgment and rank injustice, a woman launched herself. She is Mary Belle Spencer, a lawyer, attorney for the Mexican consulate. She speaks Spanish and has the confidence of Spanish speaking people. It was she who secured the adjournment of the coroner's inquest. It was she who took a physician from the John B. Murphy Hospital to Melrose Park, got him into the jail by a ruse, and then thwarted an enraged turnkey by having Morales stripped and examined. She went to the chief justice of the Criminal Court, after Morales was transferred to the county jail, and got the judge to issue orders for another immediate medical examination of the man.

Mrs. Spencer will secure warrants for the arrest of the two Oak Park officers, Larsen and Lindblad, who first beat Morales. She purposes to get warrants for the arrest of the Melrose Park officers, who further beat Morales and assaulted some of the other 36.

This is the tragedy—not entirely that two men are killed and another badly wounded, not entirely that the thing happened because of a fake telephone message, but that, however it may have happened, it was the occasion of police brutality, national prejudice, a violent attack on a minority group, the bulldozing of a class who were poor and helpless, and the beclouding of the real legal question as to who killed two men by a wild prejudice against the whole Mexican colony. Without stopping to consider that no woman had been found or had appeared, one still heard people in Melrose Park make such remarks as: "Just think of it! One woman with 36 Mexicans! Isn't that awful!"

HOW much farther may not the tragedy run? Years hence, when perhaps many of these Mexicans have returned to their native land, and someone asks them in limpid Spanish: "Que clase de pais es Los Estados Unidos?" the most vivid recollection to come to their minds will be a scene on one dark night in December when they were driven from their humble homes and were marched between lines of policemen, while a rain of blows and curses fell upon them, all because they had unfortunately been asleep in the homes America had given them—a string of box-cars—near where a popular young policeman, who himself packed two guns, was killed.

## I am for Revolution

I am for revolution; revolution so profound  
That nowhere will the profiteer or plunderbund be found,  
But State and Church and Press and School will all be owned  
and manned  
By Labor,—Union Labor—the lord of every land.

I am for revolution; revolution now and here,  
All the land for all the people; what is there in that to fear?  
The tools for those who use them, the homes for them that build,  
And all the banks for all the folks by whom their vaults are filled.

I am for revolution; though it come with fearsome feet;  
If the people will not save themselves until they cannot eat,  
Until their first-born perish, as when Pharaoh would not hear,  
Then welcome woe itself if so the morning draweth near.

I am for revolution, say what will the canting folks  
Whose peace itself is violence, their law a lying hoax;  
We will no harm to anyone, we will the good of all,  
But we want the revolution, whosoever stand or fall.

—Robert Whitaker.



# The Case of Max Holz

By Felix Halle (Berlin)

MAX Holz did not spring from the proletariat of the big towns but of the country. After leaving school he first worked as a farm hand. The intelligent youth, however, made the acquaintance of an engineer, who took him to England with him and thus he gained a wider horizon. Strictly educated as a Catholic, Holz, right thruout his youth had petty bourgeois ideals. He was desirous of obtaining a better position in life for himself in order to be able to recompense his parents in their old age for the trouble and sacrifice they had had to undergo to rear and educate their children.

It was not until the world war that Max Holz began to concern himself with social problems. He was first drawn into the economic and political struggles of the working class in the post-war period. In the year 1919 one-third of the population of the little town in Falkenstein, in Vogtland, was unemployed. Max Holz was elected to the Unemployed Council. As he very energetically championed the interests of the unemployed he soon came into conflict with the laws of the bourgeois state. Persecuted for having caused disturbances, he had to flee.

It was in this period of illegality that he made his first attempt to obtain a fundamental knowledge regarding the proletarian class struggle. His teacher was the former social-democratic member of the reichstag, Ruhle, who at that time had become a typical ultra-left supporter of the K. A. P. D. (Communist Labor Party). Holz very rapidly grasped the world outlook and the aims of Marxism, but as regards the methods of the class struggle he never obtained a Leninist training. Dominated by a passionate temperament, he exerted a suggestive force upon the masses.

In 1920, on the occasion of the Kapp Putsch, Holz immediately emerged from his illegality and with his few hundred armed proletarians, who nevertheless yielded him unquestioning obedience, succeeded in exercising such a power in Vogtland that the government saw itself compelled to dispatch a greater force of reichswehr troops against him. The Vogtland proletariat was unable to stand against this

question their rule. It was demanded that Holz should not be tried and sentenced as a political prisoner, but that he should be branded as a common criminal. A reward of over 50,000 marks was offered merely for evidence that should serve to "convict" Max Holz. All this hounding down did not fail to achieve its result. While Holz's troops were crossing the Manor of Roitz an estate owner named Hess was shot. The prosecuting authorities now endeavored to make Holz out to be the murderer of this estate owner. Altho at the preliminary proceedings the widow of the deceased, at repeated examinations, had not recognized Holz as the perpetrator, at the main proceedings and under the pressure of the whole atmosphere of suggestion prevailing, she indicated Max Holz as the one who had fired the shot. A member of Holz's band was also found who declared that he had seen Holz shoot the estate owner. Another man of his band, who had previously been given three years imprisonment for fraud, who claimed to be a writer and journalist and had joined the "Red army" as reporter (in reality as a spy), stated that he had heard Holz say that

he, along with his followers, had shot the estate owner.

These statements did not suffice even the bourgeois court to condemn Holz as a murderer as the prosecution desired. The court found a way out by bringing in a verdict of an unpremeditated killing, that is, manslaughter. The sentencing of Holz to 15 years imprisonment for manslaughter with loss of civil rights enabled the court also in other cases to represent him as a man who did not have much consideration for the lives of his fellow-men.

At his trial Holz admitted all his revolutionary acts and only emphatically denied the charge of murder and manslaughter of the estate owner and two other alleged attempts to kill. After being sentenced Holz consistently characterized the sentence on account of manslaughter as an error of justice, and took up the fight against this. Holz spoke the truth. Now, after five and a half years, the one who actually committed the deed for which Holz was condemned has made a confession before a notary and will give himself up within the next few days. Following on this confession the chief witness for the prosecution has now declared that his statement at the trial was due to mistaken identity. Even the widow of the deceased, Frau Hess, has admitted in a written declaration that she may have been mistaken in her accusation of Holz.

Max Holz has been condemned to a total sentence of life long imprisonment and permanent loss of all rights. With the fresh evidence the Hess case completely falls to the ground. As no person found guilty of high treason is to be found in prison—at least so far as members of the right parties are concerned—the crime of high treason for which Holz can now only be held guilty, must, after five and a half years' imprisonment, be pronounced as having been expiated. Even according to bourgeois law there no longer exists any reason for keeping Max Holz in prison. The working class must therefore demand his release all the more energetically.



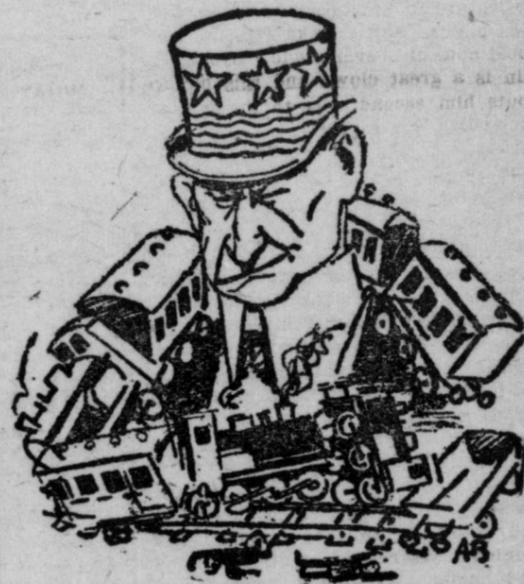
Briand: Thru my vigorous action in the PACIFICATION action in Morocco.



Chamberlain: Thru my participation in the PEACEFUL occupation of China.

## The Peace Prize Farce

The four drawings surrounding this note is a German Communist artist's portrayal of the farcical action of the Nobel Peace Prize committee in bestowing the honor and the money connected with it on four such notorious capitalist butchers as Chamberlain, Stresemann, Dawes and Briand. Each brigand tells why he was awarded the peace prize. While the armies and navies of England, France and the United States are shooting down colonial peoples who are trying to free themselves from foreign imperialism, the German bourgeoisie are riding roughshod over their own wage slaves and clubbing demonstrations of the unemployed. The story of Max Holz's incarceration which appears on this page proves how sincere are the peace efforts of those gentlemen.



Dawes: Thru my plan to get twice as many PEACEFULLY out of the German railroads.

superior force. After his band of followers had been broken up Holz fled to Czecho-Slovakia.

The German government demanded his arrest and extradition as a common robber and an incendiary. The Czech courts, however, were compelled, owing to the proofs brought before by the defense, to recognize that the actions of Holz did not constitute common crimes, but military measures in civil war, and therefore Holz was able to claim right of asylum as a political fugitive. The Czech government thereupon refused to extradite Max Holz. In the proceedings connected with the demand for his extradition the lying assertions of the bourgeois press that Max Holz was a common criminal were officially refuted.

Holz did not, however, remain for long in secure asylum abroad, but like a true revolutionary and in spite of the fact that over a dozen warrants were out for his arrest, returned secretly to Germany and carried on agitation for the proletarian revolution. The solidarity of his class comrades, shielded him for over a year from his persecutors. The intensification of the situation in Central Germany in March 1921, the act of provocation by Severing and Horsing in calling in the Schupo (Defensive Police), again summoned Holz to the scene of struggle. He immediately appeared as the recognized military leader at the head of the fighting proletariat of Central Germany. After the defeat of the working class Holz again went into hiding. Owing to treachery he finally fell into the hands of the authorities.

The trial of Max Holz before the special court was dominated by the demand of the bourgeoisie for vengeance for his having attempted to call into



Stresemann: Apparently thru my agreement to article 16 of the covenant of the league of nations; whenever one country of this league feels threatened by Russia the other states must support it by all means against peace.

## The Cruiser Potemkin.

By EUGENE KREININ.

The shadow of Potemkin,  
And the enemy crawls back into a nook of defense.

Fear in the heart,  
As black as its deeds;  
It turns the face from the danger  
Which hangs like a sword  
Over the heads of the guilty.

Potemkin—the soul of 1905,  
Nourishing the body of the proletariat,  
To its final manhood—  
The broad-shouldered, sinewy October . . .

The memory of revolutionary splendor,  
The message of a victorious army,  
Brought to the very portals of the sea.

And the foe sickens at the sight,  
And with the power in its hands,  
It tries to shut the light of Potemkin,  
From those, it fears;  
For the memory and realization are cruel—  
October—The vanguard for its destruction.

—Eugene Kreinin.



## A PEEK EACH WEEK AT MOTION PICTURES



### THE BETTER 'OLE.

Cheerio, old top! Bill is 'ere in Chicago. And 'ell make you lart 'till your sides ache! Blime if 'e won't! Syd Chaplin hiding behind the walrus mustache of the famous character developed by the artist Bruce Bairnsfather, gives us a characterization that is as good a bit of burlesque as ever given us by his brother Charlie.

We call this burlesque. War is a laughing matter and a minimum of patriotic molasses is stuck to it. The story opens with old Bill and his half-pint partner Alf (well played by Jack Ackroyd) in a shell hole under fire. Little Alf complains the hole is a poor one. Bill tells him: "If you knows of a better 'ole go to it!" and from this bright sally to the absurd end the whole picture is a scream.

Old Bill as portrayed by Syd Chaplin is a shrewd, stodgy, likable old duffer. With pipe always present under the bushy mustache his escapades in the war become classic. It's true we are given the usual stuff in the plot where Old Bill saves half the army from the Germans. That is to be expected. However, there are remarkably funny situations to offset the hokum.

In a theatrical performance the soldiers give at the front, Old Bill refuses to become the 'orses 'ind end and becomes the 'orses neck. He and his partner Alf are sewed into the hide of a horse and from then on and for an hour it seems their escapades are as funny as any ever screened.

The directing of "Chuck" Reisner (who collaborated also in writing the scenario) is a splendid job. The photography is of a high order. The subtitles are in humorous harmony with the picture which ranks with the very best comedies ever made. Syd Chaplin is a great clown and this picture puts him second only to the master-comedian, his brother.

Blime if the Woods Theatre isn't the Better 'Ole to go to right now. Go to it!

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### ALSO THE VITAPHONE.

A few weeks ago our New York critic gave us a review of the second performance of the VITAPHONE and only a brief mention of "The Better 'Ole." Reversing the order we have reviewed "The Better 'Ole" and make brief mention of the VITAPHONE, forced also to repeat the enthusiasm of the first review. In the program of this remarkable invention George Jessel gives a clever monologue. A quartette, the Howard brothers and Reginald Werrenrath contribute song and humor. Al Jolson, best known "mammy" singer, is interesting to watch as he does his stuff. As a whole the program, doubled in interest with the addition of "The Better 'Ole," makes an evening's theatrical pleasure you will find it hard to equal.

W. C.

## The Theater

### "THE EMPEROR JONES."

Eugene O'Neill's famous play, "The Emperor Jones," with Charles Gilpin in the title role is now playing at the Mayfair Theater, New York City.

First produced several years ago, it is still considered one of O'Neill's best. In the present revival, Gilpin gives a fine performance and anyone who likes O'Neill's style will spend an enjoyable evening at the theater.

It is a "one man show," practically no other character having an opportunity to do very much with the possible exception of Moss Hart, playing the part of Harry Smithers, a British trader.

The story concerns Brutus Jones, a Negro pullman porter, who having been sent to jail as a result of committing murder during a crap game, escapes after killing the keeper and finds his way to a West Indian island, where by trickery he sets himself up as emperor over the ignorant and superstitious natives.



Flamma Ardens (kinda warnish name, isn't it?) most famous of all Italy's film stars.

### A DOZEN IN BRIEF

- WHAT PRICE GLORY—"Excellent," says J. B. (Garrick.)
- THE SCARLET LETTER—Passed by our slightly bored censor.
- THE BLONDE SAINT—"Heap much hokum"—T. J.
- PARADISE—It isn't.
- FAUST—"Janning's acting redeems many things"—J. B.
- THE WINNING OF BARBARA WORTH—Blah!
- THE TEMPTRESS—Greta Garbo vamps a few.
- THE BLACK PIRATE—Fairbanks makes him not as black as he has been painted. (Belmont.)
- DON JUAN—Barrymore no, Vitaphone yes.
- VARIETY—One of the movie classics.
- LONDON—A goulash of the rich and the poor.
- BREAKING CHAINS—We insist you see it!



He manages to secure large amounts of money by various methods from the unsuspecting Negroes and hopes to continue to do so as long as they are willing to be fooled. When the play opens we find that the natives are beginning to awaken to the fact that they are being swindled and Jones attempts to escape to the coast.

The rest of the play shows how he is trying to escape, the fears and terror that overcome him as he goes further and further into the forest and without knowing it, turns around in a circle into the waiting arms of the natives who kill him.

Most of these latter scenes are in semi-darkness and Gilpin here shows his remarkable acting ability.

A note in the program states: "The action of the play takes place on a West Indian island not yet self-determined by white marines..."

As the "Emperor Jones" is a short play, it is preceded by a one-act curtain raiser by William DeMille, called "In 1919." It is stupid and not worth mentioning. If you come late and miss it, not much harm will be done.

—Sylvan A. Pollack.

# WHY AUTHORS WRITE AND LIONS HUNT

### Old Or New Culture?

WHY do authors write? Whom do they write for? Is American culture dead? Is the "machine age" fatal to art and culture? Should artists form their own trade unions? It is true that writers and artists are Bolsheviks?

These and other questions on society and art are answered by fourteen poets, novelists, newspaper men, and critics in the January issue of the New Masses. Under the title, "Are Artists People?" are grouped answers on a questionnaire sent to Harbor Allen, Bruce Barton, Van Wyck Brooks, Heywood Broun, Stuart Chase, Babette Deutsch, Waldo Frank, Robinson Jeffers, Joseph Wood, Krutch, Llewellyn Powys, Edwin Seaver, Upton Sinclair, Genevieve Taggard, and Edmund Wilson.

THE answers prove that the majority of these writers have faith in American culture, hail the advent of the machine age, want an artist's union, and believe that artists should take an active part in the material fights of life like their more substantial neighbors. They express doubt about the "hope for a new world culture thru the rise of the working class to power," but barring a few exceptions, they are "sympathetic" towards economic and social revolution.

The charge of egoism hurled against artists since the beginning of time is verified in answers to the first two questions, "Why do you write?" and "For what audience do you produce?" Bruce Barton, sole altruistic exception, writes to "make his family comfortable" and intimates that it isn't hard to find "an appreciative and profitable audience." The rest write frankly for themselves because they like to write, and are rather choice about their audiences. They all hope to get audiences, of course, but several confess that they write for audiences of people like themselves or for other writers.

ALL of the writers high-hat "literary prostitution," which they define as writing solely for money or fame. Edmund Wilson points out, however, that Shakespeare's plays were often "made to order." On the query, "Do you believe contemporary American culture decadent?" the nays have it by a vote of six to four. Van Wyck Brooks comes out with a flat accusation of decadence, while Genevieve Taggard thinks it is "dormant and rather more commercial than decadent." A few take side wallops at American art by stating that what has never been can't decay.

By a vote of six to three the writers give a clean bill of health to the "machine age." They believe the ma-

chine will change culture and art but not kill it. Exception is taken by Upton Sinclair who fears that if machine-made wars continue there will be neither old or new culture; by Joseph Wood Krutch who "gets little aesthetic satisfaction out of machinery;" and by Brooks who believes "the tendency to worship the machine, or even reflect it passively but admiringly in pictorial art, is destructive of life."

THE question "How should the artist adapt himself to the machine age?" finds the writers flying in all directions. Robinson Jeffers is for "adaptation without excitement." Harbor Allen is for "epic conquest." Sinclair and Stuart Chase advocate using the new power offered by machinery. Edwin Seaver says "accept it." Babette Deutsch says "understand it," and Heywood Broun asks to "claim exemption." Opposite viewpoints are taken by Krutch who doesn't want to "spend any more time on machinery than he has to;" by Llewellyn Powys who advises the artist to beat a retreat; by Brooks who says "the artist must not adapt himself to the machine age;" and by Miss Deutsch who is sure he can't, unless he "is of it, born deep in it." She knows only one artist able to do this, but lots who are trying.

The hope of getting bigger royalties and a chance to exchange ideas urges seven out of ten writers to vote for artists' unions. Heywood Broun, however, doesn't see how "huddling is going to help them." Miss Deutsch is doubtful, and Krutch is sure some of them want to be left alone.

ONLY three, Upton Sinclair, Genevieve Taggard, and Harbor Allen risk a definite "yes" to the question: "Is there any hope for a new world culture through the rise of the workers to power." The rest, though "sympathetic," have doubts. Jeffers thinks a new culture after a proletarian revolution "could rise only beyond the Lethe of a new dark age." "It might. Who knows?" speculates Broun. "Is there hope? Yes," comes from Stuart Chase. Krutch feels also that there is "hope but not certainty," and Miss Deutsch declares that if working class culture comes it will be like the culture of the middle ages. She advises workers to have their revolution first before speculating about the resultant art. Edmund Wilson temporizes with "it depends." Brooks alone says that there will be no new culture, or at best, a "worse culture than we already have." Waldo Frank states that since an artist gets his values not "from the air, but from facts, he cannot be spiritually alien to the revolutionary working class movement."

## THE TINY WORKER

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Johnny Red, Assistant Editor.

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### PICKLE AND CAN

By Charmion Oliver, San Francisco, Cal.

The world's bosses now have thots that cause them regrets. Tho they pickle and can everything that they can. Oh, just why can't they pickle and can sovlets?

### OH, CHARMION!

That was good stuff. So were the other things you sent!

### HEY KIDS!

Charmion sent in some dandy little things — jokes, poems and everything. Just watch them in the next issues. But don't let her crowd you out! Come on — send in your things too!

### THE PANTS OF SANTA CLAUS



It was a cold, windy night. Johnny Red's dog was barking like anything outside. Rosie Red opened the door and in walked the dog with a piece of cloth with white trimming. "Holy Cow there must be a Santa Claus!" Johnny shouted laughing. "Those must be his pants!"

The next minute a man came pushing in swearing blue streaks. It was Mr. Gotrocks, the owner of a factory near them. "Whose blankety blank dog is that?" he asked in his underwear. His coat was torn and his whiskers slipped. "Did you kick that dog?" Johnny's father asked. "Yes, and he bit me!" shouted Gotrocks. "Good dog," Johnny's father said. "He doesn't believe in Santa Claus either. And if you don't stop kicking that dog your name won't be Gotrocks—it will be Gotropants!"

### THE TINIEST TINY WORKER FROM LIVINGSTON

Little "Tommy O." who is only five years old writes to us from Livingston, Illinois. He says: "I am only a little tiny worker. But I have learned that it's no fun to 'work and pray and live on hay.' I would like to join your ranks even if I am only five years old."

### WELCOME TOMMY!

Ghee we're glad to see you with us. Be sure to write again and to write often. You're the tiniest tiny worker we have!

# SPORTS



Phooie! What an odoriferous business this professional baseball. Two of the game's greatest players, Cobb and Speaker, managers of ball clubs, are now being given an airing after being given the air. It develops their "resignation" was by request—of the notoriously labor-hating Judge Landis. They just raised this old bird's salary to \$65,000 a year to do the disinfecting. There is hardly any need for this bug to be lifting the lid any more. The odor of it all pervades the country. As a local sports writer snappily put it: "What was baseball's breath of scandal in 1919 becomes devastating halitosis in 1926."

You tell 'em! And knowing pro ball for what it is we know the old judge is going to be kept busy enough to earn his salary in the future. Do we need workers' sports? Like an egg needs salt and pepper!

This is a special Scotch item. Proving again that golf is a great Scotch game (golf—not gulp!). We bring to your attention the fact that Charles Ghung, Chinese, has been made the golf professional at the Redlands (Cal.) Club, after winning many golf honors thruout the state. Our Scotch comrades will note that there are now two Scotch items assuming international interest.

After the last Olympic games, "Flying Finns" caught the sporting world's attention. Nurmi and other white guard athletes of Finland copped all running honors. Other good Finnish runners who were Reds would not participate or the sporting world would have been even more startled. Nurmi's trip to this country, like Queen Marie's, helped draw attention to Finland for the purpose of a loan. At that time, sports writers—no joking—printed a lot of fish stories for suckers showing why Finns made good runners.



Now Willie Ritola, another really splendid distance man, speaks some sound sense on the matter: "All the talk of eating fried fish or any other Finnish dish is foolish. We Finns eat what we like, but we eat sensibly. That, coupled with the fact that we are conscientious and consistent with our training, makes us good distance runners." Ritola is a carpenter, and after a day's work makes it a point to run six miles to his home."

Workers' sports organizations might be developing many fine athletes. We hear they are. This Bug, however, is convinced that among them there are none that can wrestle with a little English or throw a couple paragraphs far enough for our readers to see them. We know they exist. But don't keep it a secret, comrades!

Mickey Walker's manager only wants \$200,000 for a championship bout for a championship he won by the grace of god and the gamblers. He religiously also refrains from mentioning the Tigerish Parson who knocked Walker for a row of Irish shamrocks the last time they fought.



Phooie—such champs, and phooie some more such a business! We'll have to disinfect our typewriter ribbon after talking about professional sports.

*The Bug*

# With the Authors

Men in War, by Andreas Latzko, Boni and Liveright, New York. \$95.

Dubliners, by James Joyce, Boni and Liveright, New York. \$95.

Men in War will never be recommended to the young manhood of America by the American Legion or the officialdom of the American Federation of Labor. It is a blasting, damning picture of the horrors of war. It is one of the most powerful pictures of war ever painted in words. Gibbering human wrecks drag themselves thru its pages. Fractured legs in plaster casts while their owners worry that the limbs will hitch up too soon. The great Pooh Bah, the military genius who won a big battle, this military genius who spent the previous 39 years in a state of chronic semi-bankruptcy. Here he was now, far away from the bursting shells with a

nation at his feet. While heads are being blown off in the trenches, on the Austro-Italian front, and uniforms, rifles and torn bodies are mixed up in an infernal stew on the battlefields, the great general delivers himself thus on the glories and joys of war:

"Just look! I should like to show this picture to our pacifists, who always act as though war was nothing but a hideous carnage. You should have seen this hole in peace times. It was enough to put you to sleep. Why, the porter at the corner is earning more today than the biggest merchant used to earn before the war. And have you noticed the young fellows who come back from the front? Sunburnt, healthy and happy! Most of them before the war were employed in offices. They held themselves badly and were dissipated and looked cheasy. I assure you, the world has never been so healthy as it is now. But if you look at your newspapers, you read about a world catastrophe, about a blood-drained Europe, and a whole lot of other stuff."

Like what the Chicago Tribune would turn out! This is a GREAT book. You will read and damn the system that breeds wars as inevitably as a swamp will breed mosquitoes.

Those who were unable to wade thru James Joyce's Ulysses, despite the verbal appetizers sprinkled thru its pages and the advertising value of booklegging, may hesitate to diminish their financial resources in the acquisition of a Joyce book. Dubliners, which is a collection of short stories of Dublin life written in 1905 makes delightful reading. Joyce is a good story teller. He winds up when he has painted his picture and lets it go at that. He does not have to walk the floor at night wondering what he is going to do with characters that have outlived their usefulness.

There are fifteen stories in the book with an introduction by Padraic Colum who is a general favorite with American publishers and literary reviews, the Colum is chiefly interested in fairies, tinkers, priests and nuns, and modern Irish writers have little good to say of those types with the possible exception of the tinkers.

The gods have been kind to Joyce in the matter of publicity. For some unknown reason his publisher refused to bring out Dubliners for seven years. The moralists pinned the verboten sign on Ulysses. So Joyce can afford to live in Paris while the moralists cannot.

A book you will enjoy.



## The City That Sobberd.

By and by your ear becomes  
Accustomed to confusion,  
Immune to all the mutter,  
To the grumble and the thunder  
Of the torrent flowing traffic  
Roaring through the sluice-like streets.  
Uproar blends again to silence  
Through the sum of all its sounds.  
Silence that in turn is shaken  
By a subterranean sobbing  
Rising from the root of things.

City of aspiring steeples,  
City of sky seeking buildings,  
Broadly based and heaven-heaving,  
Can it be that all you weight  
Rests upon the stricken shoulders  
Of the workers, whose reward  
For the blood and sweat they spent  
In your planning and erection,  
In your dreaming and perfection,  
Is to squirm beneath your feet?

## The City That Shouted

The foundations stir.  
A broad fist shoots through a ballroom floor.  
That schoolgirl complexion  
Flakes from the enamelled ugliness  
Of the frightened Four Hundred.

Smoke ceases in chimneys.  
Smoke issues through gateways.  
Smoke surges into the streets,  
Strengthens, and shapes itself,  
Shouts—and is marching machinery,  
Shouts—and is marching men,  
Marching Tomorrows.

## The City That Sang.

Skyscrapers turn somersaults,  
Tenements tumble  
And disappear in the dust  
Where street meets street and dances.

Forever out of the cellars,  
Forever out of the subways,  
The forgers of the future  
Gather, and gaily  
Sing at the common task,  
The love and the learning.

Ah, to be one of the chorus,  
Saluting the coming creation!  
But ah, still more, to contribute  
My all to its realization!

—J. S. Wallace.

## Portrait of a Comrade.

(Continued from page 2)

age, he would have been too early rotten with its cowardice. Watched all night? More women than I have watched all night. Glad and proud I am that I do not watch for those who come ashamed, because they come too soon."

She faced my father, blazing. "You spoke a word of blame for this night's work? You? Then I shall tell him. If he had done anything else at all he would not have been his father's son. And all I ever asked for my life was to bear his father a son."

My father and I had been held dumb. But as she fell silent, the excitement of the last few days boiled in my veins.

"Mother!" I stammered, "Mother!" Then a memory of a night long ago swept across me.

"Comrade!" I cried.  
She turned and for a flash a veil lifted. I think it was given me to see that once, the girl my father found in prison.

Then the shyness of her unusual outburst engulfed her, and the embarrassment between mother and son. We should both have sought refuge in the commonplace, but that my father spoke gravely.

"If that is your word, then you have come into your own. For because it is not refused to the least it is a title for the greatest. Because it is given you freely you shall spend your life earning it. Go, my son. I was wrong. Do what you must do and, to know what that is, look nowhere but into your own soul."

My mother and father talked late together that night. I never knew what they said. But the day before yesterday, in the street fighting, my own young son was wounded. Now I can guess what my father and mother talked of that night.

Years later I went one night alone to say good-bye to my mother lying covered with white flowers.

My father came out of the room, his face carved with sorrow and passed me, without seeing. I must have known in any case that he had just gone from her. For only the hand she loved best in the world would have laid among the white flowers over her heart one blood-red rose.

Her son's voice went to silence. He looked off thru the dark as tho he saw again the grave which the people that day had laureled.

Down the street came the sound of men singing together.

