

# THE NEW MAGAZINE

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## EDITOR'S NOTES

By ALEX BITTELMAN

WHAT was it that made the Soviet Union the most trusted and influential country among the Chinese masses? Was it only clever diplomacy or a new, revolutionary principle?

Capitalists and supporters of capitalism prefer to explain Soviet influence in China by effective diplomacy alone which is being variously qualified as clever, vicious, false, ulterior, etc., but—and on this all agree—which in the end had proved very effective in winning the active sympathy of millions of Chinese to the Soviet Union.

Says Dr. Clarence H. Robertson, Purdue University educational missionary to China for the last 25 years:

"Russia has outgeneralled the other western nations in its diplomacy in China."

Well, it did. Results prove it. But how? One must remember that it was Soviet Russia and not Czarist Russia that did the outgeneralled. The Czar could not do it. The Russian capitalists could not do it, either. The ones who did it were the toiling masses of Russia led by the working class through its Communist Party. And why?

Because in their relations to China and to all oppressed nations they had applied a new principle to which they are giving active and unqualified support by deeds. It is the principle of revolutionary struggle against imperialist oppression. It is the Communist principle of complete independence for all oppressed nations guaranteed by a firm alliance between the workers and farmers struggling for the abolition of all forms of oppression and the establishment of workers' and farmers' governments.

Herein lies the secret of Soviet Russia's influence in China.

YOU want to get the meaning of Coolidge's latest manoeuvre for so-called further limitation of naval armaments.

First, it is hypocritical. Coolidge knew when he made his recent offer that most of the European imperialist powers will reject it. And so it happened. Now Wall street, through Coolidge, is "free" to push ahead with all its might the program of more naval armaments for the United States blaming for it France and Italy.

Second, the United States is in a better position to stand "limitation" at least in the matter of submarines than the other capitalist powers, as is seen from the following table.

Submarines already built:	
United States .....	120
Great Britain .....	56
Japan .....	53
France .....	45
Italy .....	42



Drawing by William Siegel

"I'll Say He Can't See"

IN his new book on American Communism, James O'Neal comments with satisfaction on the fact that the Communist movement in the United States has declined in membership from 35,000 in 1919 to 7,000 in 1927. We suspect that this expression of satisfaction is not wholly genuine.

While it is true that the membership of the Workers (Communist) Party is considerably smaller than was the combined membership of the two Communist parties in 1919, the party as such, i. e., as the fighting and leading organ of the most advanced section of the American working class is today much more effective and influential than eight years ago.

It is more truly working class and proletarian in its composition. It is more deeply rooted in the shops and factories and in working class organizations generally. Its prestige as a workers' political party and the only genuine champion of the class interests of the workers is incomparably higher today than it was in 1919, and is steadily growing.

It is a better Bolshevik party, meaning by this that it has a clearer conception of its purposes and tactics, better organization and a firmer grasp of its role in the labor movement.

In a word, the organized Communists of America, notwithstanding the smaller membership in the party, are today in a position to render greater positive service to the American working class and to exert better and more effective leadership in workers' struggles than was the case in 1919. Which, after all, is the important thing.

Numbers too are important, of course. And nobody realizes that better than the Communist. Hence, the chief aim of the Workers (Communist) Party is to come still closer to the masses, enter their struggles against the capitalists to render assistance and leadership. The relevant question to us is this: Is the party progressing or not in the realization of this chief aim? To this question there can be only one answer; the party is continually and steadily extending its influence among the masses and winning recognition from them. This James O'Neal knows as well as we do.

Would O'Neal care to analyze from the same angle his own, the socialist party?

THE representatives of the United Mine Workers' Union are at present negotiating with the coal operators a new wage scale agreement for the bituminous industry. These may prove to be historic negotiations which will play a decisive part



Chamberlain, angel of peace, winner of the Nobel prize, bringing "gifts" to China.

in the immediate future of the miners and their union.

Lewis and his henchmen have thus far done all in their power to disarm the miners and weaken their resistance to the encroachments of the coal operators. Lewis's game is quite simple. Whatever motions he may choose to go through, his policy spells betrayal and disaster.

The hope of the miners and their union lies in the progressive and left wing elements. The more consciousness these elements will possess, the better organization they will perfect and the more determination they can demonstrate, the fewer the chances for the success of the ruinous policies of Lewis and his reactionary machine.

WITH respect to the Soviet Union the capitalist world is animated by two impulses. These are the desire for trade and the fear of revolution. On this matter the capitalists are, so to speak, possessed by two souls both struggling within one breast. "Trade interests and the fear of revolution have always opposed one another in the capitalist estimate of the Soviet Union," this is the way Comrade Bucharin puts it.

We were moved to these reflections by a news item in the press that exports from the United States to the Soviet Union during the first quarter of the current operating year amounted to the sum of \$17,000,000. This places the United States in the first rank among exporters to the Soviet Union, with Germany as a close second, England third, and Poland fourth.

In the present period of desperate struggles for markets among the capitalists of various countries, the markets of the Soviet Union are becoming ever more tempting and alluring. On the other hand, the powerful swing upward of the Chinese revolution, which is shaking the very foundations of world capitalism, together with the growing strength and consolidation of the socialist economy of the Soviet Union, which revolutionizes the minds of millions of workers throughout the world, is making the capitalists ever more fearful of the Soviet Union and all it stands for. With the result that the struggle within the capitalist breast between the soul longing for markets and trade and the soul shrinking from the ghost of revolution is becoming more violent every day.

The question is which of the two impulses will eventually gain the upper hand, or will capitalism continue to be torn by the two contradictory impulses until capitalism finally bursts to pieces and a new world comes into existence?

## REITERATION

By Jim Waters

Dawn—

And the steel-voiced trumpets of industry  
Stab the sleeping workers to consciousness.

Breakfast—

Gulpings of indigestible foods and liquids  
In the stolid atmosphere of hasty words.

Factories—

Gates, and the ting, ting, ting, of time-clocks  
Interspersed with sharp contentions of time-keepers.

Work—

The avaricious jaws of machinery, growling,  
cursing;  
Masticating raw materials, souls, flesh,  
With the avidity of starved monsters.

Dusk—

Trumpets, and the sudden realization of identity  
The weary drag of heavy muscles homeward.

Night—

The frugal meal, the monotony of responsibilities,  
The unread newspaper, the heavy sleep of death.

Dawn—

# The Aftermath of "The Jungle"

By FLOYD DELL

(Continued from Last Week)

THE "Metropolis" and "The Moneychangers," though better as propaganda than as art, are nevertheless of interest to us for what they reveal of their author's psychology at this period. The former novel grew out of his observations of the life of the idle rich during his fame as the author of "The Jungle." His celebrity made him naturally an object of curiosity and interest to these rich people; and its secrets, such as they were, were readily exposed to him. It happened to be within his power, if so he chose, to remain in such a life. A group of capitalists had come to him, as he relates in "The Brass Check," "with a proposition to found a model meat-packing establishment; they had offered me three hundred thousand dollars worth of stock for the use of my name"; and he adds: "if I had accepted that offer and become the head of one of the city's commercial show-places, lavishing full-page advertisements upon the newspapers, I might have . . . been invited to be the chief orator at banquets of the Chamber of Commerce and the National Civic Federation, and my eloquence would have been printed to the extent of columns; I might have joined the Union League Club and the Century Club, and my name would have gone upon the list of people about whom no uncomplimentary news may be published under any circumstances. At the same time I might have kept one or more apartments on Riverside Drive, with just as many beautiful women in them as I wished, and no one would have criticised me, no newspaper would have dropped hints about 'love-nests.'" This opportunity, no temptation in reality, appears nevertheless to have intrigued his imagination sufficiently to make such a "temptation" the theme of his new novel. Its hero comes to New York and undergoes the temptation of wealth and luxury. It is a kind of ironic sequel to the unfinished trilogy of the Civil War; its hero is the son of the man who fought in Manassas to save the union from destruction. The union had, by that epic agony, been saved—for what? For this, says the disillusioned author, pointing to the waste and vulgarity and triviality of the life of the "Four Hundred" . . . It will be seen that the theme psychologically precedes that of "The Jungle"; and it is not surprising to find the book revelatory of an actually less mature point of view than is shown in that masterpiece. Its emotional effects are of a juicelessly ethical character. The young hero turns his back upon these temptations, and resolves to earn an honest living. One remembers Jurgis in "The Jungle"; he could not turn his back on Packingtown—he had to live its life; and only thus are we enabled to know what Packingtown was. Yet, through some identification of himself with his young aristocrat in this later book, the author is unable to imagine his surrender to metropolitan luxury, even for a moment; so that we never learn, in any emotional sense, in any sense but that of factual detail, what metropolitan luxury means. The degrading of a high-souled young man under such influences—and possibly his eventual revolt under other influences—was the story called for by the theme. It was never written; only the surface details are presented. So meagre a use of the vast powers displayed in "The Jungle" suggests some internal conflict in connection with this theme, and we may perhaps be permitted to look there for the answer to this literary riddle—if it is permissible at all to inquire why a writer does not always remain at his best.

"The Moneychangers," a sequel to "The Metropolis," had the same central character. The story was based upon the panic of 1907. It might have

been treated as an epic theme; but it was viewed in too narrow and factual a way, through the eyes of this aristocratic young moralist-hero, who, as the total upshot of these events, is merely surprised and shocked that people can be so bad—and refuses to dine at the house of one of the scoundrels. There was to have been a third volume; it was written as a play, "The Machine," an instructive piece in which the hero finally marries the rich scoundrel's daughter, who has become interested in settlement work and socialism, and has repudiated her father's riches. It was this grand event toward which that whole creation moved!

Jack London had written of "The Jungle": "It is alive and warm. It is brutal with life." No one would say that of "The Metropolis" or "The Moneychangers." They are emotionally thin performances. In both, the hero remains essentially untouched by all that goes on about him, scarcely more than an observer—a disembodied ghost, as it were, of the author himself, looking on and taking note of all that happens with an admirable journalistic faculty, but capable of no depth of human emotions. In "The Brass Check" the author remarks that the



critics were cross with his hero, saying that he was "a prig," and that he "ought to have been really tempted by the charms of the lovely 'Mrs. Winnie Duval,'" and he goes on to say: "It has happened to me, not once, but several times, to meet with an experience such as I have portrayed in the 'Mrs. Winnie' scene, and I never found it any particular temptation. The real temptation of the metropolis is not the exquisite ladies with unsatisfied emotions; it is that if you refuse to bow the knee to the Mammon of Unrighteousness you become an outcast in the public mind. You are excluded from all influence and power, you are denied all opportunity to express yourself, to exercise your talents, to bring your gifts to fruition. One of the reasons 'The Metropolis' had a small sale was because I refused to do the conventional thing—to show a noble young hero struggling in the net of an elegant siren. The temptation I showed was that of the man's world, not of the woman's; the temptation of Wall street offices, not of Fifth avenue boudoirs. It was a kind of temptation of which the critics were ignorant, and in which the public, alas, was uninterested." Indeed, an interesting theme. And a pity it is that these novels did not actually deal with it. But we are now perhaps in a position to make at least a guess at the psychic conflict which held the author's emotions so tight-locked during the composition of those two books; it might well have been, no vulgar conflict of worldly ambition

## Liebknecht as a Lawyer

(From *Simplicissimus* Jan. 10, 1927).

CLIENT, represented around 1910 in a criminal case by attorney Karl Liebknecht, generally found it no easy matter to see the Reichstag deputy, Karl Liebknecht, personally.

Liebknecht raced perpetually to and fro between the court of justice and the Reichstag. In court, politics often prevented him from working through judicial reports, and in parliament he often found no time to study the proposed bills because he had to chase through criminal documents, rushed back and forth between the two fountain-heads of culture by a flying messenger.

However, one day I caught him unexpectedly in his office as a proletarian client entered who attempted, rather awkwardly, to present his case. I remember distinctly how appalled I was when I heard Liebknecht brusquely cutting off the man: "Have you ten marks with you to pay down?" And I see even now how the worker, bewildered, shelled out a ten mark gold-piece and handed it to the lawyer, whereupon he was tersely and objectively passed on to the office manager.

Before I could say anything Liebknecht added the ten marks to other change in an envelope, rang the bell, and gave the messenger orders to take the letter instantly to a certain hotel.

"Tja," said Liebknecht, who had very well noticed my astonished looks, "I just needed the ten marks for a Russian fugitive who is waiting for

the necessary funds to proceed."

Then we became immersed in the documents pertaining to my case, and he painted, with his peculiar fervor, how good the prospects were for us to get off splendidly in court.

But when the trial took place I was confronted by a great imperial animal, Graf von —, officer of the equery, etc., whom I was supposed to have insulted. The Graf was aided by the greatest legal guns. Thus the party of the second part was fully represented; but, the party of the first part was not, for deputy Karl Liebknecht was not there.

The trial began. I was fiercely set upon by the

presiding judge, the prosecuting attorney, and those legal celebrities. I defended myself as best I could, staring in between times everlastingly toward the door.

But the man who did not appear, that was deputy Karl Liebknecht.

It began to look as if I would be smoked out. The Graf, with his glittering monocle, was already smiling triumphantly. The presiding judge spoke about my only salvation—an ignominious compromise—when the door opened and into the courtroom stormed, with fluttering robe, swinging his brief-case—the attorney Karl Liebknecht, very apparently uninformed, but with ingenious instinct immediately sizing up the situation. And upright, standing with stilted legs, his head thrown back audaciously like Luther's in the parliament at Worms, he thundered with a cutting voice toward the confused prosecutor, the astounded legal guns, and the dumbfounded court: "We don't even dream of compromise—we invite presentation of proofs!"

And indeed, things turned out well this time. The opposing party permitted itself to be bluffed. There was dirt enough on its skirts to fear its probably controvertible material. The court was adjourned. A second trial never was called. The Graf and besides he had to pocket his defeat.

A punctilious lawyer, in all probability, would have landed this case on the rocks.

But not so the deputy. had to cough up handsomely for his legal celebrities,

### TO A CERTAIN CHURCHMAN

A placid face your seething soul belies  
Glossed over by veneer of holy learning,  
Fanatic flames are leaping in your eyes—  
I hear the screams of many witches burning.

You rumble threats of brimstone as you raise  
Your jeweled hands to exorcise the devil,  
Contriving such a God as you would praise,  
Devising your own laws of good and evil!

—HENRY REICH, JR.

# Workers Holiday (A Mass Story)

By ALEX JACKINSON

THE weather was ideal. Overhead rolling skies broke through a mass of crimson-colored vapor and floated on into oblivion, disappearing like a giant balloon that has lost its way. The changing blue skies, threatening occasionally to break into a storm, made the day clear. And, it was yet warm, though summer was already stripped of its virgin warmth by approaching fall.

That day was a holiday. A most sacred one in the calendar of Capital. It was Labor Day—workers' holiday. The one day in the year when big business and reactionary labor fakers shake hands in common cause. There was no work that day. Department store windows were curtained. Public buildings were bedecked in flags. Brokers' news ticklers gave forth no news. The Stock Exchange did not open. Wall Street was deserted. Even the factories were closed. In short nobody worked. You couldn't work even if you wanted to. The A. F. of L. wouldn't let you. The tabloids wouldn't let you. The state department wouldn't let you. No one would let you, for it was Labor Day—workers' holiday. A day devoted to the glorification of "peace in industry" and workers don't work on that day, they celebrate it.

A gay spirit of frivolity was suffused in the air, which passers-by readily inhaled. It was the hour when "taking a walk" was most popular, and everywhere, people hurried along as though they were on their way to some huge carnival. Around the terminals, Negro porters clad in grey uniforms were sweating under the weight of heavy valises belonging to outgoing vacationists. They pocketed silver coins and smiled proudly as they lost their way in the crowded stations.

On Fifth Avenue promenaded the bourgeoisie, also celebrating Labor Day. Here high-heeled women moved adroitly about, under brightly tinted hats, while their lithe bodies swayed voluptuously in silks. Neatly dressed puppets of dividends with brightly colored cravats protruding from under the points of white collars shuffled besides them. Blue ribboned dogs led tailored manikins along—girls whose faces were lost in the traffic of their destinations.

This is the avenue where The Envid make ostentatious display of their profits. And where the less fortunate children of commerce come to compete with them in the melo-dramatic exhibit of wealth. The latter wear garments of less expensive texture, which serve as excellent stuffings for mere mechanisms of men trying to look like their bosses sons. The procession continues as more and more civilized morons stroll by leaving behind them an odor of a refined monotony which sends strong whiffs of hate through your nostrils.

Along Broadway, theatres gave special Labor Day matinees at advanced rates and willing theatre-goers clogged the congested thoroughfare as they darted from lobby to lobby in search of amusement. Fools, all of them, searching for amusement in stuffy theatres when there is plenty of it all around them. Stop someday when your on that street and watch the never ending parade in caricature, sweep by. That should give any man with guts a laugh.

You see adolescent youths hurrying out of automats as though they are ashamed of having eaten there. And giggling stenographers stop in front of mirrored windows to dab another layer of powder over their stenciled faces. It's a wonder that some red blooded poet doesn't come down here and watch those well groomed civilizes wend their way through the streets. Such a man could write a masterpiece about those cold, disconsolate humans, pushing each other with a barbaric gusto. All social beings, peering into each other's face, yet strangers swarming the sidewalks of unsociable New York. Where one human being cannot speak to another unless they ask for a match or the time. A thought worthy of attention!

The crowds continued to swell, swirl, and move on in a wild rhythm up and down the pavements. In the gutters automobile horns honked their screeching noise as gaudily painted cars deviated out of each other's way. Enigmatic smiles broke through the lips of freshly barbered faces as their eyes ogled to passing girls, sweetly perfumed in lust. More faces, all animated with a blank nonchalance whizz by. Sensual eyes followed the outline of women's buttocks swaying under imitation fur coats, while noses unwillingly pick up the scent of a lascivious odor which they leave behind. Giggles sounded from their midst. They are happy. It is their holiday. What holiday? Oh, yes, Labor Day—workers' holiday.

In Union Square some twenty thousand garment workers rallied that never to be forgotten day, again we repeat. It was Labor Day—workers' holiday to protest against the injunctions issued to the greedy cloak manufacturers on the fifteenth week of the strike, which prohibited them from picketing the shops. In protest against the attempt to break their solidarity, a constant stream of determined strikers kept pouring into the spacious square. Here they met friends, smiled, talked and sought to find a clear place to stand. The crowd was immense, and everywhere workers crowded each other out of place in an attempt to find a range of view.

Mounted police astride well groomed horses kept the interchanging crowd within restricted lines. Other police, not mounted, walked in jerky strides, swinging their clubs in threatening motion. The



crowd continued to swell hourly as more and more sympathizers came to sound their voice in the great protest. They kept coming in ever increasing numbers until the entire area was soon congested by tightly herded together bodies. Outside of the groups listening to the speakers, were other workers, observing the vista of moving workers running into each other like water colors on a landscape. Here too a poet could justify his existence.

Faces of workers rose above the sea of heads in continuous waves. Their necks craned and eyes focussed upon an improvised platform, standing in the midst of the huge throng upon which speaker after speaker mounted to address the multitudes. Words, drifting from rebellious mouths echoed through the crisp air and found harbor in the applause of the listeners.

Upon the small platform stepped a gaunt figure, attired in light top-coat. A prolonged outburst of cheers greeted his appearance. The strikers instantly surged forward continuing to cheer until the speaker waved his hand. It was the revolutionary leader of the striking cloakmakers.

"Fellow workers," he concluded. "Today we show our bosses the solidarity of labor." Cheers accentuating approval greeted his words. "We will form a line and march to the picket lines," he continued. "Down with the injunction," cried one of the crowd and "Down with the injunctions," echoed in thousands of husky throats. Placards bearing "Long live the left wing unions" shook the air. It wasn't long before "March to the picket lines—To the picket lines," sounded everywhere. Without ado the compact mass desiminated into swarming groups. Soon narrow sidewalks running from the square became crowded with moving people welding into one solid column of humanity. They kept zig-zagging continuously in and out of each other's way, as body after body appeared and disappeared in a continuous chain which stretched for many blocks. Two abreast they walked, heads up and feet moving in a tireless shuffling.

Old men, their chins hidden in snow-white beards, sought to keep pace with younger ones, whose feet rose and pressed back against the grey sidewalks in staccato movements. Groups of men, crowds of men. Men, not yet grown old, some with faces grimaced by want, others attired in misfitting clothes rubbed elbows with comrades whose shoulders were beginning to stoop from bending over sewing ma-

chines. All were instilled with that innate force called rebellion.

Their livelihood was menaced by the hated injunction which they denounced in vehement terms. Some stopped to exchange greetings with passing friends, instantly becoming lost in the marching throngs.

Intermingled in the procession walked young and old women. Women with bodies misshapen by years of toil in stuffy sweatshops. Other women, some whose legs moved about under iridescent dresses. Still others, young girls proud of their manicured fingers which have not yet become calloused from needle work. All pressed steadily onward and all lost their individual identity as they marched up the winding streets to the garment district.

From another street echoed the clatter of heavy treading. Soon a squad of police reserves rounded a corner. They were on their way to the garment district, where word reached the station house a demonstration of cloakmakers would take place. The distance between the station house and garment district was short. They had hardly finished the conversations, some of them carried on when they reached their destination.

Silently they formed a barrier of shining night sticks across the street. It was an oft repeated performance for them, which they performed automatically. They had all received their orders previous in the day, not to allow a public demonstration on a holiday and automaton-like prepared to execute their instructions. As the lines of marchers drew closer, one of the police approached the strikers and ordered them to disperse.

The strikers paused, as they listened to their leader reply in a defiant tone: "Today we show up the fake of Labor Day. Fall in line with us brothers, you two are victims of oppression."

The words echoed in the ears of the police like the babble of a strange tongue, profane grunts and a popping of night sticks was their silent answer.

The impetuous strikers were not to be thus easily cheated of their desire to march through the picket lines. As one, they suddenly broke ranks. Men and women advanced in quick strides, breaking through the tight police lines.

Overhead skies grew suddenly cloudy. The threatening storm broke loose as thuds of varnished night sticks echoed softly in the air.

# Railwaymen's Union In Japan

By G. ATCHKANOW

MOST of the railway lines in Japan are owned by the state. It was partly on account of this fact, and owing to the police regime in general, that until quite recently it was difficult to organize trade unions on the railways.

For a great many years the Japanese government, through its agents, had been impressing the minds of the railway officials, as well as of the rank and file, that they were state employees and should faithfully serve their country and government, loyally carrying out all the commands of their superior officers, so as to make faithful servants of the government.

In this manner the proletarian spirit was stultified, and the workers were practically forced to give up any idea of organizing themselves into railwaymen's unions.

In a word, the regime on the Japanese railways strongly reminds us of the pre-revolutionary regime on the Russian railways.

There were attempts to form a union on the part of the more class-conscious elements among the railwaymen, but they were defeated by the strenuous opposition on the part of the agents of the government.

Thus, the first strike of engine drivers broke out in 1899 on a private railway line owned by the Japanese Railway Company, and the first union of railway engineers in Japan was formed on the northeastern line, under the name of "Nitetsukio-Seikai," but this union was soon forced out of existence.

It was only in 1920 that another attempt was made to form a union of railwaymen under the name of "Dainiton Kikansia Dzomuinkai" (Japanese Enginemen's Association). With headquarters in Tokyo, and with a membership of 2,100, the union embraced only the enginemen on the following railway lines: Tokaido, Tiuo, Sinetsu, and Tonoku. One year later, however, the new union was subjected to repressive measures by the Ministry of Ways and Communications, and compelled to dissolve.

The formation of the Enginemen's Union in 1920 coincided with a strong outburst of the labor movement. There was a spontaneous wave of a movement of organization among the masses of the workers to secure better conditions of labor; but it ended in defeat, because neither the leaders nor the workers had a sufficient understanding of the class struggle.

In 1923 the railwaymen took up once again the question of forming a trade union. A series of conferences of railwaymen was called for this purpose in June. More than one-half of the delegates attending those conferences consisted of former members of the Enginemen's Union. The result was the formation of the Japanese Railwaymen's League (Dainihon Tezudogengioin Domel).

Some time afterwards a section of the railwaymen, dissatisfied with the league's position, formed a union composed exclusively of the lower grades of workers. These two organizations represented something like a right and a left wing. The first of these organizations soon began to decline, having utterly failed to gain the support of the masses. On the other hand, the second union was successful in this respect.

In 1925, in connection with the general revival of the labor movement in Japan, the question was raised by the more progressive elements of the workers on the state railways concerning the need for organizing an all-Japanese Railwaymen's Union, and a campaign in this sense was conducted among the members of the two railwaymen's unions, leading to negotiations between these unions, which were held from November 25, 1925, until February 11, 1926, and resulted in the formation of the All-Japanese Railwaymen's Union.

The organizational movement among the railwaymen has been carried out with great success. Since the formation of the Railwaymen's Union in February, 1926, the organizing activity on the state railways has been carried on with the united support of the right and the left organizations.

From the very outset the union has concentrated its entire attention upon organizational and educational work.

At the time when it was formed, the union had a membership of 1,500; now it has over 5,000 members. Organizational activities are in full swing throughout the country; on the Kiu-Siu, in the central provinces of the island of Kongsu, in Kanto, and in the North East. Three branches are soon to be opened on the eastern railways; at Iskosuka, Sinsuku, and at Sinbasi (Tokyo).

Nevertheless the workers are considerably hindered by the specific spirit of chauvinism and title-worship which has been inculcated among the Japanese railway workers in the course of many years. It is hard for them to get rid of the idea that they are state servants working in the interests of the state, and therefore obliged to put up with any misery for the sake of the Japanese people, whereas in reality they are suffering in the interests of a handful of big capitalists, and of the aristocratic governmental clique.

This constitutes the chief hindrance to the or-

ganization of the railwaymen, sowing confusion in the minds of the workers, whose class instinct prompts them to form class organizations and to engage in the class struggle, while the lingering traditions call them back to bureaucratic officialism and chauvinism.

As an instance, we quote below the following declaration by the founders of the All-Japanese Railwaymen's Union:

"The All-Japanese Railwaymen's Union does not differ from the other unions, and like all other unions, it has for its object the amelioration of working conditions. Nevertheless in its leading principles and in its activity, it is firmly resolved to take into consideration the specific character of the state railway enterprises which are of such colossal importance to all the public industries in Japan. We, the railwaymen, while endeavoring to improve our social status by means of our own legal organization and activity, are at the same time prepared to make all sacrifices for the sake of the further prosperity of the public enterprises that are needful to the whole population. Thus, the All-Japanese Railwaymen's Union, formed upon the principle of trade unionism, will endeavor to make progress while following the practical tactics of honest fulfillment of duties assumed."

In adopting this platform, the All-Japanese Railwaymen's Union declares that: "(1) for the purpose of mutual support of the railwaymen in the struggle for existence, it will exert all efforts to stimulate the growth of co-operation among the members. (2) In order to raise the cultural level of the workers and employees, the union proposes to take up the necessary cultural and educational activity on a large scale. (3) Standing for the system of work-



## TO THE BRITISH EMPIRE

England, the "mob" that dares your right  
By Shanghai's gate, a torch has lit  
Of flaming hate, and all your might  
Shall yet go down, consumed by it.

Too long your three-crossed flag has reared  
Its folds above the tolling slave:  
Pause and behold how hate prepared  
There waits for you a yawning grave.

With bloody feet and bleeding hands,  
In India and Egypt far,  
Where rolls the Niger thru its sands,  
Where beat the angry drums of war.

'Neath blazing sun and burning stars,  
On freezing peak and sultry plain,  
See how they stand the avatars  
To fall upon the slayer slain!

Of what avail the pomp of power,  
The boast of strength, the iron show,  
When deep within your sea-girt tower  
The ones who made you work your woe.

Nor lies nor force avail you now  
In this the hour your slaves arise.  
Upon your cold, imperial brow  
The mark of dissolution lies.

—HENRY GEORGE WEISS.

## THE DYNAMITER

I perforate the stone with biting drill,  
Then place the dynamite where it will do  
Most good in making ready for the crew  
To wreck some ancient building, rocky hill;  
Or in some excavation deep and chill  
I send my mighty shots to pierce through  
The city's bed, and still I never rue  
My role of dynamiter and its thrill.

The thunder of the blast that shakes the town  
Is but a quiet music in my head,  
The rain of rocks is but a fall of dew;  
Yet as I move my drill now up, now down,  
I think of all the souls who are quite dead  
Because they fear to wreck—and build anew!

—HENRY REICH, JR.

ers' committees, the union intends to encourage the formation of such committees in all the districts where it has branches, and to render these committees really useful to the masses of the workers in their everyday interests. (4) Our union favors the existence of international workers' organizations. Although we do not believe them capable of bringing emancipation to the working class, nevertheless we intend taking an active part in them in so far as they serve our interests. (5) Our union intends to make the most advantageous use—from the working class standpoint—of the political rights extended to the union, and to take part in political life." Furthermore, the All-Japanese Railwaymen's Union, believing in the principle of industrial unionism, solemnly declares that it will at once exert all its efforts to organize the mass of 19,000 laborers on the state railways that are still unorganized.

Worthy of attention is the part of the declaration dealing with the organization of the unorganized, and with raising the cultural level of the railwaymen; but there is complete absence of any aspiration towards raising the class consciousness of the railwaymen. Nevertheless, in spite of all these defects, the formation of the All-Japanese Railwaymen's Union should be considered a great achievement for the Japanese railwaymen. The healthy principle of industrial unionism forms the foundation of this organization.

Thus, the supreme organ of the union is the congress which is to be convened twice annually. The delegates to the congress are elected by the branches at the rate of 1 delegate per 50 members.

But the Central Committee, elected at the congress, has a fairly complex structure, and is composed of the following sections: Publishing, cultural and educational, organizational, political, international, juridical, co-operative, research on the workers' committees, and records and bookkeeping. There are also professional sections: Railway telegraphists, water workers, watchmen and road maintenance men, electricians, train crews, yard workers, chauffeurs, tramway workers, train fitters, railway station workers, controllers, and railway yard employees.

This form of organization reminds us of the unions with guild sections, which constituted the first organizations on the Russian railways in 1917-18. This seems to be characteristic of all beginning trade unions while building up their forms of organization.

The railway authorities have officially declared their non-interference in the work of the newly formed All-Japanese Railwaymen's Union; but hardly have a few months passed since its formation, and the railway authorities have begun an agitation against the union among the railway workers, and began openly to interfere with the activities of the union.

In June, 1926, the first plenary meeting of its central committee was held, with the assistance of delegates from all the branches. The plenary meeting discussed all the questions which had arisen during the time of the union's existence, and the fundamental course of policy was outlined until the next congress. Of great importance to the Japanese Railwaymen's Union are two questions which were discussed by the central committee. The first one related to the union's tactics on the railways and generally in public life, which reaffirmed the previously stated standpoint of the union. The second one dealt with the methodical plans for the further organizational work of the union. A draft was submitted for a resolution by the C. C. of the union on the question of regulating the apparatus of the organizational section, and of unification of the work. Another draft was submitted of a resolution dealing with the organization of district branches.

The plenary meeting reaffirmed its previous declaration, laying particular stress upon the moderation of the All-Japanese Union, appealing to public sentiments, and asking for the support of the Japanese bourgeoisie.

Not a word about the class struggle and the class interests was contained in this declaration, just as in the preceding one.

It should be noted that the All-Japanese Railwaymen's Union, by its strategy and tactics, does not differ from the other trade unions of Japan, which partly emulate the British, and partly the American trade unionism, and are aspiring towards class co-operation with the bourgeoisie. But among the Japanese railwaymen there is already a left wing in evidence, even if consisting of a small group, that is striving towards the proletarian class struggle in the trade union movement of Japan.



The Employer's Nightmare.

## COARSE IS OUR SONG

By EUGENE KREININ.

Coarse is existence,  
And rugged the struggle of life,  
Brutal, the hold of oppression,  
And forceful the steps of revolt.

Poets of proletarian thinking,  
Lives of privation and want,  
Release the song of the masses,  
Summoning all unto strife.

Spreading the voice of thunder  
Rolling for eras and ages,  
Sending a curse to all tyrants,  
And lifting the veil off tomorrow.

Strong as granite, our action,  
The word as keen as a blade,  
Digging a grave for the master,  
Building the world for slaves.

Coarse is our song,  
The words unvarnished,  
The words so crude,  
And struggles, unpolished.

## IN ANSWER TO CERTAIN PLAUSIBLE YOUNG MEN

Monuments all about me:  
That big dirty factory on the Jersey shore.  
Warner's sugar in electric letters.  
Grant's Tomb—paunchy, imposing, an epitaph to another  
Damfool in the palm of Wall Street.  
So-an-so's twinkling roadhouse  
Where the wines aren't light,  
And neither are the "mommas."  
Sky shot with chilly blue stars, the color  
Of Sheffield's lower grade milk—monuments to what?

This ribbon of a Riverside Drive,  
That floating barge of a ferry-boat—monuments?  
That dirty factory, that gray, looming, stenchy gas tank—  
Monuments?  
That chugging train and those snaky rails—monuments?

Yes; these be monuments.  
Monuments to what is greater than the system which  
Encompasses them—to men,  
To men and work, to sweat and blood and thought.  
Which are far greater than your glib philosophies,  
Your puny individualism, your hypocritic transcendentalism.  
Far, far greater than the class lies of the system  
That breeds your stamp.

—SIMMONS GUINNE.

## Golden West Aimee To Clean Up Gotham In Three-Day Stay

Aimee Semple McPherson, notorious evangelist, was in New York today confident that in three days time she can do more to reform New York's great white way than all the other censoring elements put together.

Mrs. McPherson says she isn't worried over the fact that five radio broadcasting stations have closed their doors to her because of "unpleasant notoriety she received on the Pacific coast."

The evangelist is here, she said, to conduct a series of revivals which will last three days, and will transmit her lectures from the Glad Tidings Temple here over WODA at Paterson, N. J.

"I am trusting to divine power to broadcast my message to New York," Aimee said.

# JIMMY WILLIAMS

By SIMMONS GUINNE

JIMMY WILLIAMS was figuratively crushed. His head was in a terrible whirl of figures, facts, theories and beliefs. The pet platitudes and Americanisms that he had been taught in his high school had been pinned to earth and dissected—even as a cat in his biology class has been anatomized. He cherished these illusions tenaciously, these illusions which had been carefully instilled in him by a patriotic faculty. He, a son of old stock Americans—most of whom had never had the opportunity to acquire some schooling—was most ardent in his acceptance of the patriotism that had been served him in ever so many forms in school. Among a group of indifferent and common-place students, he had been an outstanding scholar and a zealot in everything that smacked of the military or was the least bit colored with red, white and blue. He was the pride of his mother and the joy of his principal, an old bigot of the Andrew Jackson type, without any of Jackson's pretensions of democracy, a kluxer and an American Legionary.

But now something was decidedly wrong. He had stepped into a local forum of working men and women, and had listened, with drooping jaw, to a young traveling lecturer tell some fundamental facts of the country in which he, Jimmy Williams, Diamond H. S. 1926, lived. Now he was walking home, wondering whether it was true, what the speaker had said concerning America, his America, an America of forespacious lands, a gem of the ocean, and home of brave and free. He pondered worriedly whether the lecturer's explanation of race hatred and the use of the church in a community were worthy of second thought; but these new heresies came penetrating into his consciousness like morning sun through dirty glasses. He recalled too easily the various picturesque epithets that his father applied to the "Hunkies and Polacks" with whom he worked side by side in the company-owned coal mining town of Diamond. He could too vividly remember the chuckling, abysmal, rather coarse contempt with which his father held the diggers, whom he helped fleece in his position as checker in the mine. He thought furiously, and strove manfully to bring some order into the chaos which had been his contented mental life; but the crumbling of his pasty illusions could no more be withheld than the sun in its daily journey. Poor Jimmy! Even his quiet home did not look the same as he entered the dim hallway. . . . And surely, with certain precision, the Herculean axeman, Truth, was demolishing his false gods.

He was still pondering one warm Monday in September, a month later. (Now, however, he proudly confessed to reading Ingersoll and some guy "Bookherin," he called him. His former teachers and his preacher had already learned to cover their ears when he started on his bland, sincere heresies; they were sure that it was only a passing stage, to be suffered along with the other little idiosyncrasies of youth). Today, he reflected, he was going to paint the steeple of the company church wherein, every Sunday, a company-paid preacher held forth on the blessings of heaven to

a few herded, bovine "Polacks" whose life on this earth was a sordid hell.

Reflecting thus, he made his way to the church, found his way up the new pine stairs to the belfry, and laboriously clambered through the trap-door to the roof, which sloped upward sharply to the steeple. He arranged his "basket" with deliberate care, so that it might face the purple mountains instead of the smudgy district in which most of Diamond toiled, and set to work.

Morning brightened into an acute whiteness, sharply intensified by the rolling grayness of the mines and its environs; and still Jimmy swung gently in his basket, plying his brush with the absent air of one who is thinking. With the coming of mid-afternoon came an abating in his efforts, akin to the diminishing of the strength of a pendulum of a grandfather clock that has not been wound for many days. Now he merely sat with the brush in his lap, staring dreamily at purple and green hills, oscillating gently in the light autumn breeze, his basket making the least bit of a musical creak as it swayed back and forth. . . . swayed. . . . making him feel his drowsiness. . . . God, but he was sleepy. . . . and this gentle swaying was so nice. . . . so nice. . . .

Suddenly he was jerked to full consciousness by the music of picks and shovels. Steeples were dancing, florid men in black frocks brandished little black books. . . . and ever the miners were digging, digging, digging with the relentless fury of men possessed, their picks and drills beating a strange tattoo which kept remarkable time with the demonic thumping that was threatening to pound his breast-bone to pieces. . . .

"Ah, those goddamn fool Polacks going to that church. Don't they know it's all false, false, the whole rotten thing. . . ."

\* \* \*

It is the next Sunday. The preacher has just completed a terrifying sermon on retribution as exemplified by the death of Jimmy Williams. A few men listen and dimly doubt; others do not listen and do not care. . . . But everywhere among the rough-skinned, dull-eyed audience there is a sort of powerful restlessness, like the nodding of tall grasses in the breeze, or the motion of a cattle herd when the clouds become a stormy black.

## ODE TO CHINA

By ADOLF WOLFF

China  
You have arisen  
From the slumber of centuries.  
You stand up straight  
Stretching your mighty limbs  
Like an awakened giant.

China  
You are emerging  
From the slough of feudalism  
You are breaking the chains of tradition  
You are shaking off  
The alien vultures  
Who have been feeding  
Upon your prostrate body.

China  
Your towering form  
Rising against the sky  
Of the red dawn  
Casts a long shadow  
Warning of doom  
To all despoilers.

China  
You are sounding the death-knell  
Of Imperialism's sway  
Your Victory  
Is the promise of liberation  
Of all oppressed peoples.

# "Legal Foundations of Capitalism" By JOHN R. COMMONS

Reviewed By J. Shafer.

This book deserves a review for two reasons: First, because Commons is known as a liberal labor economist; second, it is a treatise on economic theory written from the point of view of a class collaborationist who wants to perpetuate our present capitalistic system. Unionists and students of labor problems have a high regard for the author because of his relations to the mens' clothing industry and his book, "The History of American Labor." Hence it becomes important to explain the author's attempt to justify and glorify the present capitalistic system under the cloak of economic science.

He arrived at his theory through experience with the U. S. courts in his attempts to draft bills on labor legislation and protective measures for the small businessman against the trusts. As he put it, "This led to a testing of economic and legal theories in the drafting of bills as an assistant to legislative committees in Wisconsin. It was this experience that led directly to the theoretical problems of this book. We had to study the decisions of the courts, if the new laws were to be made constitutional and that study ran into the central questions, 'What do the courts mean by reasonable value?'"

Thus the science of economics as expounded by Commons is not the study of the system of production and distribution of wealth in a given society arrived at through an historical analysis of the means of production and economic forces resulting from them and their change, but a study of U. S. Supreme Court decisions. The decisions of the big corporation lawyers who usually sit on the Supreme Court and who decide legal questions in favor of the big interests, are the sources of his economic theory.

Then what is economics according to Commons? "It is a science of probabilities of official and private transactions in utilizing both human and natural resources for ethical, economic, and public purposes." In other words it becomes a branch of business psychology, purely speculative; the actions of social economic forces are controlled by the decisions of the Supreme Court or expectations of such decisions in the light of previous experience. His theory is the so-called political theory. It "starts not with commodities but with purposes of the future, rules of conduct that give rise to rights and duties, liberties, private property, governments and associations." . . . "Theory of human will in

action and of value and economy as a relation of man to man."

His definitions of value, property and liberty are made in the light of bourgeois democratic class-collaboration. "Property means anything that can be bought or sold and since one's liberty can be bought and sold, liberty is assets, and therefore liberty is property." Commons, by defining labor power as property, does away in one blow with the propertyless class in the United States and makes everyone a property holder including children of the tender age of five or six. Everybody has labor power to sell and the good capitalist is there to buy it.

"Value lies not in the visible things or person but in the will to acquire, to use, to control, to enjoy and so to get an expected benefit of profit out of things or persons. What we buy and sell is not things but our good will over things, and when we say that liberty is valuable and liberty is therefore property, what we mean is that the free and beneficial exercise of the will in dealings with nature and other people is economically valuable and therefore is property." Thus the exchange value of the labor power of the worker depends on the good will of the boss who pays for it because he wants to control it or use it and is based on the employer's "anticipation for the present value not of physical things, but of the hopes of the future aroused through confidence in the now invisible but expected transactions of the future."

In attempting to bring out the stability of the capitalistic order, he points out that whereas under

the feudal system differences between the king and the barons were settled by war, in bourgeois democracy, "the subject person is not permitted to choose any alternative when once the superior person has decided . . . when the decision of the competent official whether executive, legislative, or judicial is once made, the subject or official must obey of course." Professor Commons seems to forget the American revolution or the Civil War when, in spite of the decision of King George in one case, and the ballot box in another case, the "subjects" resorted to arms to settle existing differences on the economic field. Just as the physiocrats based their economic theory on the divine order, so does the author in this case base his theory on the democratic state.

"The state is what the officials do, and what they do is to proportion the behavior of citizens by offering inducements in the directions which they consider important and away from directions which they reprobate." The question is, where do these officials come from, who puts them into power, how come they approve high tariffs to protect the steel trust, the sugar trust, and other trusts, and that they reprobate measures to protect the farmers who constitute a large portion of the U. S. population.

The state, according to Commons, is a tool in the hands of each citizen. "To the extent that the individual is clothed with the sovereign power of the state, does he rise from the nakedness of slave . . . into the armament of citizen, and his going concern rises from a conspiracy into a corporation. It is these substantive powers and remedial powers that modern capitalism owes its power of expansion, for it is they that enable the businessman who is citizen of a great enduring nation to extend his sway from the arctic to the antarctic from occident to orient."

There you are—imperialism in a nut-shell—merely due, according to Commons to the "State" which is a "group of officials," that give every citizen a chance to exploit the rest of the world. To sum up, the capitalistic system is stable and permanent, the supreme court balances the relations between the social forces of society, that exchange value is nothing definite but based on the speculative anticipation of the businessman, and that everybody in U. S. is a property holder because every individual has labor-power to sell.





# Young Comrade Section



## THIS WEEK'S PUZZLE

NO. 2.

This week's puzzle is a word puzzle. The rules are: 1 in the puzzle stands for a in the answer, 2 in the puzzle stands for B in the answer, and so on. Remember, every one who answers the puzzle correctly will have his or her name in the paper. Well, let's go.

23,5	20,8,5	3,8,9,12,4,18,5,14	15,6	20,8,5
23,15,18,11,5	18,19	4,15	14,15,20	
20,8,9,14,11	20,8,1,20	7,5,15,18,7,5		
23,1,19,8,9,14,7,20,15,14	9,19	15,21,18	8,5,18,15	
12,9,11,5	12,5,14,9,14	12,9,5,2,11,14,5,3,8,20		
1,14,4	4,5,2,19	23,8,15	6,15,21,7,8,20	
1,14,4	4,9,5,4	6,15,18	20,8,5	
23,15,18,11,9,14,7		3,12,1,19,19		

Send in all answers to the Pioneer Editorial Committee, c/o the Young Comrade Section, 33 E. 1st St., New York City, giving your name, age, address, and the number of the puzzle.

## WHO'S HE TALKING TO?



If the bird in this picture stands for the Chinese workers, and if the safe stands for the wealthy country of China, to whom do you think the bird is talking? Send your answers to the Pioneer Editorial Committee, c/o Young Comrade Section, 33 First Street, New York City.

## YOUNG COMRADE CORNER

Enjoys the YOUNG COMRADE.

Déar Comrades—I have subscribed for the Young Comrade and I enjoy reading it very much. My sister has joined the puzzle contest. I think I will join the contest later. She enjoys answering the puzzles.  
ELIZABETH CHARTOS.

## WASHINGTON—NOT OUR HERO

February 22nd is Washington's birthday which is a national holiday and is celebrated throughout the United States. Unlike Abraham Lincoln who was the hero of only the northern bosses, George Washington was the hero of both the northern and southern bosses. It was Washington who led the fight against the British government for the independence of the American bosses. But George Washington is not OUR HERO, because he never cared for the workers and did not even try to help them.

After the war, the workers and poor farmers who fought in the revolution found that they were hopelessly in debt. George Washington and the bosses' government that he stood for, did not even try to help them. So these workers, revolted against the government. (Shay's Rebellion). Washington sent soldiers against these workers and crushed their revolution.

That's why OUR HERO is not George Washington, but the workers and poor farmers who fought and died in the Revolutionary War against the British, and also those who fought and died in fighting the American bosses' government.

In the Revolutionary War we said that we wanted to be independent from the foreign government of Great Britain. Today is altogether different. The American bosses' government sends battleships and marines to China and Nicaragua to crush the workers who are fighting for freedom just as we once did. We say if the revolution was good for Uncle Sam, then it is good for the Chinese and Nicaraguans, so

HANDS OFF CHINA AND NICARAGUA!

## Who Are We?

By DENA ROTH.

*We are the Pioneers  
We always will be,  
Trying for the workers,  
As you can see.*

*Tho we are ruled by the bosses,  
We'll rule ourselves some day,  
We'll make a Soviet Union,  
And keep all the pay.*

## THE LITTLE GREY DOG

From Fairy Tales for Workers' Children.

HE was an ugly grey dog with long silken-soft ears and a bushy tail. He was born in a splendid stable that belonged to a rich man. This rich man lived on a large estate in which were fields and meadows. And in these fields grew sugar-cane, in great quantities, great, round, smooth canes that contained the sweet sugar. On the sugar plantations worked hundred of Negroes, men and women, and the Negroes belonged to the rich man who had bought them in the market as he would buy cattle, for this story happened long ago, in those days when slavery existed in America. The rich man could do anything he wished with his slaves. If he was in a bad mood he would permit them to be whipped; if they dared to protest against this cruel treatment they were more cruelly punished—they were stripped naked, smeared with honey, and tied to a tree. The smell of the honey attracted the bees that came in large swarms, settled on the body of the slave, sucked the honey and stung the bound-man till he collapsed with pain. Also, the master could sell his slave, did this frequently, without the least consideration, tearing mother from child, separating man and wife, sister and brother. The poor Negroes were completely helpless, they had to work all day long in the hot sun, received very poor food, lived in wretched huts, separated from the house of the rich man by a mighty river. Here lived the Negroes, crowded together; the children played about in front of these huts; played happily, because they did not yet know that they were slaves and that a hard, difficult life awaited them.

(To Be Continued)

## Puzzle

The answer to last week's puzzle No. 1 is LENIN. He is a famous leader of the working class.

Only one comrade sent in the right answer. What's the matter? Was the puzzle too hard for you? Or was your pencil point broken so that you couldn't send in a letter? Well, sharpen your pencil this time and don't forget to mail your answer. The comrade who answered puzzle No. 1 correctly is

Miriam Bogorad, Passaic, N. J.

## The New Plays

### MONDAY

"WHAT ANNE BROUGHT HOME," a new comedy by Larry E. Johnson will be presented by Earl Carroll at Wallack's Theatre, Monday evening. William Hanley and Mayo Methot play the leading roles and the cast includes: Cecil W. Secrest, Lenore Sorsby, Peggy Shannon, Erman Seavy, George Earle and Marion Stevenson.

"WINDOW PANES," a new play by Olga Printzlau, will open at the Mansfield Theatre Monday evening, presented by Charles L. Wagner and staged by Henry Herbert. The cast includes Eileen Huban, Henry Herbert, Charles Dalton, Brandon Peters, Ruth Findlay, Theresa Kilburn, Cathryn Randolph, Craig Williams.

"SET A THIEF," a mystery play by Edward E. Paramore Jr., will open at the Empire Theatre Monday night. Margaret Wycherly, James Spottswood and Natacha Rambova head the cast.

"FOLLY OF HOLLYWOOD," a satirical musical comedy by Will Morrissey and Edmund Joseph, will be offered by Harry L. Cort at the Geo. M. Cohan Theatre Monday night. The cast is headed by Midgie Miller and includes Robert G. Witkin, Dave Ferguson, Frank Woods, Willard Hall, Marguerite Zender, William Friend.

"A LADY IN LOVE," a comedy by Dorrance Davis, is announced to open at the Lyceum Theatre on Monday night. Peggy Wood will head the cast, which will also include Sydney Greenstreet and Rollo Lloyd.

### TUESDAY

"CRIME," a melodrama by Samuel Shipman and John B. Hymer, will open Tuesday night at the Eltinge Theatre, sponsored by A. H. Woods. The play deals with the underworld of New York. James Rennie, Chester Morris, Kay Johnson, Sylvia Sidney, Douglass Montgomery, and E. F. Bostwick head the large cast.

### WEDNESDAY

"RIGHT YOU ARE IF YOU THINK YOU ARE," by Luigi Pirandello, will open Wednesday afternoon at the Guild Theatre, for a series of special matinees. The Theatre Guild players include: Laura Hope Crews, Elisabeth Risdon, Reginald Mason, Beryl Mercer, Edward G. Robinson, Helen Westley, Henry Travers, J. W. Austin, Phyllis Connard, Armina Marshall, Philip Loeb, Philip Leigh, Maurice McRae and Dorothy Fletcher.

### THURSDAY

"PUPPETS OF PASSION," will be offered by the Chanins at their new playhouse, the Theatre Masque, next Thursday night. The play is from the Italian of Rosso di San Secondo with an English adaptation by Ernest Boyd and Eduardo Ciannelli, and the first of San Secondo's works to reach America. The company includes Frank Morgan, Manart Kippen, Rose Hobart, Gilda Leary, Caddie Carr, Evelyn Sabin, Craig Ward, Erskine Sanford, Eduardo Ciannelli, Anne Tarshis and Edith Leitner.

### FRIDAY

"BABBLING BROOKES," a comedy by E. D. Thomas, will be produced next Friday evening at the Edyth Totten Theatre. In the cast are Clara Thropp, Edna May Spooner, Eleanor Lanning, Viola Munro, Milicent Goodrich and Frances Kennon. Russell Fanning is the producer.

## MUSIC

(Continued from Page 8)

mont," Beethoven; Concerto in D for violin, with orchestra, Beethoven; Ibera, Debussy; March from Suite "L'Amour de Trois Oranges," Prokofieff.

This same program will be repeated at the concert in Mecca Auditorium next Sunday afternoon, Feb. 27.

There will be concert for Young People in Mecca Auditorium Saturday afternoon, Feb. 26. Rene Polain, assistant conductor of the New York Symphony, will be in the director's stand and the Marmein Dancers, Miriam, Irene and Phyllis, will appear in a series of dances.

### PHILHARMONIC

Three novelties will be played at the Thursday evening and Friday afternoon concerts of the Philharmonic conducted by Furtwaengler at Carnegie Hall next week; the Hindemith Concerto for Orchestra, Sibelius' Overture to "The Tempest," first time in America, and the Beethoven "Leonore" Overture, No. 2, in a revised form. The Mendelssohn Scotch Symphony concludes the program.

This Sunday afternoon Paul Kochanski will be the soloist, playing the Brahms Violin Concerto. The program also includes the Berlioz Carnival Roman Overture and Strauss' Heldenleben.

Mr. Kochanski will also play the Brahms Concerto in Brooklyn, Sunday afternoon, February 27. The second membership concert will take place on Tuesday evening, March 1, at Carnegie Hall.

### CINCINNATI SYMPHONY

The Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, Fritz Reiner conductor, will give a concert at Carnegie Hall Tuesday evening. The program: Overture, "Bartered Bride," Smetana; Suite No.

1, Op. 3, Bartok; Song of the Nightingale, Stravinsky; Rhapsody, "Italia," Casella.

### BEETHOVEN SYMPHONY

The Beethoven Symphony Orchestra, Georges Zaslavsky conductor, will make its debut Tuesday evening at the Metropolitan Opera House in an all-Beethoven program. The soloists will be Sigrid Onegin and Gitta Gradova, pianist. The program: Symphony No. 3 ("Eroica"); Piano Concerto in C minor; Songs: An Die Hoffnung; Die Himmel Ruhmen. "Leonore" Overture No. 3.

### MUSIC NOTES

Irene Scharrer will give a second piano recital in Aeolian Hall Saturday afternoon, February 26, when she will play Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata, Schurmann's Carnival, and a group by Chopin and Brahms.

Martha Graham will give a dance recital at the Guild Theatre Sunday evening, Feb. 27, presenting a program of dances to music by modern composers.

Francis Macmillen, with Ottorino Respighi playing the accompaniment for his "Poema Autunnale," gives his violin recital at Carnegie Hall next Wednesday evening.

Ernest Berumen, for his piano recital tomorrow night at Aeolin Hall has arranged a program of modern Spanish compositions.

Robert Goldsand, Viennese pianist, makes his debut at the Town Hall Monday afternoon, February 28.

Florence Stern, at her violin recital at Town Hall next Thursday evening, will include compositions by Vitali, Viotti, Kuzdo, Brahms and Ernst.

# DRAMA

## The Makings of a Play

"In Abraham's Bosom," With Soft Surface, Falls Short of Greatness.

Reviewed by HARBOR ALLEN.

PAUL Green's first long play, presented by the Provincetown Playhouse, under the direction of Jasper Deeter, at the Garrick Theatre, doesn't quite arrive. It has two great scenes, but it drops into polemic, lifts orations from Booker T. Washington's "Up From Slavery," and steals its climax from "Emperor Jones."

Still, "In Abraham's Bosom" has its virtues. It deals with real Negroes. It has a feeling for their language, an understanding for their aspirations—even if somewhat condescending, and an apologetic affection for their masters. In the hands of an experienced playwright this stuff might have been whipped into a rugged, fierce, enduring play.

For his job Paul Green is yet too soft. In my opinion Barrett H. Clark is all off when he says: "Paul Green never poetizes his characters; he is about as sentimental as Hardy." Never poetizes? He fairly swaddles them in poetry. Their ruggedness is drapped in words. He caresses their speeches. He lets them stray into long prayers and longer sermons. He dotes on their localisms. You can almost see him stand aside, muttering: "There, isn't that quaint?" At bottom his material is simple, elementary, strong. But the surface sags.

And for all his sympathy, I suspect that Paul Green is at bottom a professional Southerner. Enlightened, of course—"the new Southerner"—but professional none the less. Sure, the Negro is musical. Sure, he needs education. Sure, he is oppressed. Give him a bath, teach him to read, to plow his land, to shovel coal. But keep him in his place. The white man belongs on top. "I do not say we are equal to the whites," cries Abraham before his fall, "we are not ready for that yet." This is no Negro speaking. This is Paul Green of North Carolina.

Yet Paul Green has the makings of a great playwright. His people are simple. His action is uncluttered, direct. He discards "plots." He makes no compromise with the algebraic formulas which equal Broadway drama. But he has yet to learn that words are knives, not baby-ribbons. And before he can write a great Negro play, he has yet to become something less of a professional Southerner.

### BROADWAY BRIEFS

At the Bronx Opera House, Monday evening, Brock Pemberton will present "Loose Ankles," the Sam Janney comedy, recently seen at the Biltmore. The cast includes Ellen Dorr, Reed Brown, Jr., Charles D. Brown, Frank Lyon, Joseph Bell, Carlotta Irwin, Clifford Dempsey, Ethel Martin, Lavinia Shannon, Jeanne De Me and Maxwell Sholes. Louis Mann and Clara Lipman in "The Woman in the House," will come to the Bronx Opera House, Feb. 28, prior to the Broadway showing.

Frank Craven will be featured in his newest comedy, "Money from Home," which comes to the Fulton Theatre Monday evening, February 28. Others in the company will be Roberta Arnold, Leo Donnelly, Fred Graham, Camilla Dalberg, Adora Andrews, John Ravold and John Diggs.

William M. Crimans has joined the cast of "Lady Alone," at the Forrest.

Hilda Spong will play in "The Adventurer," in which Lionel Atwill is to be starred.

MAYO METHOT



Will play the leading feminine role in "What Anne Brought Home," Larry E. Johnson's new comedy, which opens Monday night at Wallack's Theatre.

L. Lawrence Weber's next production, "Romancin' Around," by Conrad Westervelt, will have Lillian Foster as the featured player.

Josephine Hutchinson, who plays one of the chief roles in "Cradle Song," undertakes an important part in Susan Glaspell's "Inheritors," which the Civic Repertory Theatre will present on March 7 at the 14th Street Playhouse.

Agnes Lombard, Romney Brent, Bernard Gottlieb and Isobel Stahl are rehearsing under the direction of Harry Wagstaff Gribble for important roles in "Loud Speaker," by John Howard Lawson, which the New Playwrights Theatre will present at the 52nd Street Theatre, March 2.

## MUSIC

### METROPOLITAN OPERA

"The King's Henchman" will have its second performance Monday evening with Easton, Alcock, Johnson and Tibbett.

"Il Trovatore" will be given as a holiday matinee on Tuesday, sung by Peralta, Branzell and Martinelli, Basiola.

Other operas of the week: "Pellans et Melisande," Wednesday evening, with Bori, Howard and Johnson, Whitehill.

"Rheingold," Thursday afternoon, with Larsen-Todsen, Mueller, Kirchoff, Bohnen.

"Boheme," Thursday evening, with Alda, Guilford and Chamlee, Scotti.

"Andrea Chenier," Friday evening, with Easton, Bourskaya and Martinelli, DeLuca.

"The Bartered Bride," Saturday matinee, with Mueller, Telva and Laubenthal, Bohnen.

"Rigoletto," Saturday night, with Talley, Alcock and Chamlee, DeLuca.

### NEW YORK SYMPHONY

The New York Symphony Orchestra, under Otto Klemperer, will give a concert tomorrow afternoon in Mecca Auditorium, with Alexander Brailowsky as soloist, who will play Liszt's Concerto in E-flat. The other numbers on the program are Beethoven's Symphony No. 7, in A, and Gluck's Overture to "Iphigenia in Aulis."

Thursday afternoon in Carnegie Hall, Joseph Szigeti will be the soloist. The program: Overture, "Eg- (Continued on page 7)

# AMUSEMENTS

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## EVA LeGALLIENNE

WEEK OF FEB. 21  
Sat. Mat., Feb. 19... "Twelfth Night"  
Sat. Eve., Feb. 19... "Cradle Song"  
Mon. Eve., Feb. 21... "Master Builder"  
Tues. Mat., Feb. 22... "Master Builder"  
Tues. Eve., Feb. 22... "Cradle Song"  
Wed. Mat., Feb. 23... "Cradle Song"  
Wed. Eve., Feb. 23... "La Locandiera"  
Thurs. Eve., Feb. 24... "Three Sisters"  
Fri. Eve., Feb. 25... "Cradle Song"  
Sat. Mat., Feb. 26... "Cradle Song"  
Sat. Eve., Feb. 26... "John Gabriel Borkman"

WEEK OF FEB. 28  
Mon. Eve., Feb. 28... "Cradle Song"  
Tues. Eve., Mar. 1... "Twelfth Night"  
Wed. Mat., March 2... "John Gabriel Borkman"  
Wed. Eve., Mar. 2... "Cradle Song"  
Spec. Mt. Thurs., Mar. 3, "Cradle Song"  
Thurs. Eve., Mar. 3... "La Locandiera"  
Fri. Eve., March 4... "Cradle Song"  
Sat. Mat., Mar. 5, "The Master Builder"  
Sat. Eve., Mar. 5, "The Three Sisters"

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ROADHURST W. 44th St. Evs. 8:30 Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30  
Xtra Mats. Feb. 22, 23, 24 and 26

### MUSIC AND CONCERTS

PHILHARMONIC  
FURTWÄENGLER, Conductor

at CARNEGIE HALL  
THIS SUNDAY AFTERNOON at 3:00  
Soloist: PAUL KOCHANSKI, Violinist  
Berlioz—Brahms—Strauss  
Thurs. Eve., Feb. 24, 8:30; Fri. Aft.,  
Feb. 25, 2:30  
Hindemith, Sibelius, Beethoven,  
Mendelssohn  
Arthur Judson, Mgr. (Steinway Piano)

Carnegie Hall, Tues. Eve., Feb. 22, 8:30

The CINCINNATI  
Symphony Orchestra  
FRITZ REINER Conductor  
Stravinsky—Cusella—Smetana (Steinway)

FRANCIS Violinist

**MACMILLEN**

Carnegie Hall, Wed. Eve., Feb. 23, 8:15  
Ottorino Respighi at the piano for the  
performance of his "Poema Autunnale"  
Haensel & Jones, Mgrs. Baldwin Piano

N. Y. SYMPHONY

K LEMPERER, Guest  
Conductor  
MECCA AUDITORIUM, Sun. Aft., Feb. 29  
SOLOIST  
ALEXANDER BRAILOWSKY  
GLUCK, Overture Iphigenia in Aulis;  
LISZT, Concerto for Piano in E flat  
major;  
BEETHOVEN, Symphony No. 7 in A.  
Mecca tickets at Symphony office,  
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