

# THE NEW MAGAZINE

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## EDITOR'S NOTES

By ALEX BITTELMAN

WE do not know definitely what the outcome will be of the "War Game" now taking place around the Panama Canal, but it is safe to assume that, among other things, new arguments will be discovered in favor of Coolidge's so-called disarmament schemes.

The theory of the Panama war game deserves a little consideration. What is it?

It is assumed that an Asiatic power called the Orange, bound by a treaty with a European power called the Black, are making a combined attack on the Panama Canal from the Atlantic and Pacific sides. The task of the game is to repulse this attack.

To see that this innocent looking game is earnest preparation for the grim business of real war, one has got only to put actual reality into camouflaged imagery. Call the imaginary Asiatic power by name and you get Japan instead of Orange. Do the same with its imaginary ally, the European power, and you get England instead of Black. And what have you got? You have got a vivid forecast of the coming world war for the mastery of the Pacific between American imperialism on the one hand and England and Japan on the other.

The commander of the canal zone forces, Brig. Gen. Charles Martin, in a statement to the press, said the following:

All conditions of actual warfare are being simulated, even the espionage system. The international situation is growing worse hourly and the canal is expecting to be attacked from the Pacific by the Asiatic-Orange (Read: Japanese—A. B.) forces. The attitude of the Blacks (Read: English—A. B.) is quite puzzling. Both the Blues (Red: American—A. B.) and Blacks seemingly do not wish to consider the situation acute, yet the hitherto courteous policy of the Blacks has changed to a cool curtness. The recent note from the Blacks to the Blue state department can easily be construed as an ultimatum, or at least a finality.

Exactly. This is how the thing is going to happen. And while we are being kidded with "prosperity," preparations are going on for the bloodiest war the world has ever gone through. It is time that the American labor movement wake up to this danger.

THE outstanding event in the life of the sixtieth congress was undoubtedly its handling of so-called farm relief measures. The critical condition of American agriculture, the deep dissatisfaction of the farmers together with the aggressive stand of various farmer organizations were instrumental in compelling congress to pay attention to the farmers' problems.

Labor, on the other hand, can not even claim that

much. Labor did not figure at all in the deliberations of the last session of congress. And the reason for this was that labor as a class failed to struggle politically.

Primitive as the farmers' struggles were, insufficient as was their program and the basically wrong tactics of the Farm Bloc, yet on the whole they waged a political fight which at least compelled attention. What has the official labor leadership accomplished during the same period?

It is true that the McNary-Haugen bill, which was the bone of contention in the last congress, is totally inadequate to meet the present needs of the toiling and poor farmers. At best the measures contained in the bill would relieve somewhat the pressure upon the well-to-do farmers, leaving the exploited mass of them precisely where they were. To really improve the conditions of these masses much more sweeping and radical measures would be necessary, and for these the farming masses must organize to struggle.

It is also obvious that the tactics of the farm bloc in congress were basically wrong. The alliance between the farm bloc and the elements representing the bankers and financiers carried over the top the McFadden bill in which the bankers were interested, but failed to get Coolidge's signature for the McNary-Haugen bill in which the farm bloc was interested. In plain language, the leaders of the farm bloc were fooled. They showed lack of political maturity and a completely wrong outlook when they based their tactics on the expectation that the banking interests will stand by the farm relief measures to the end.

The alliance that will help the farmers is an alliance with labor AGAINST banking capital instead of with it. Herein lies the lesson of the farmer bloc's recent experience.

However, there is a lesson in this for labor also. The first question that forces itself to the front is: Where is the labor bloc in congress? Why hasn't the working class and the labor movement a group of senators and congressmen to function as a bloc in the name and in the interests of labor?

We do not mean to imply by this that the present farm bloc is all that the farmers need. Nor are we of the opinion that the present policies and tactics of the farm bloc are in any way adequate really to serve the interests of the toiling and poor farmers. Far from that. To become truly representative of the farming masses, the farm bloc must thoroughly radicalize its program, break with and wage a real struggle against the old capitalist parties and orientate itself definitely on an alliance with the working class. But with all this in mind we still maintain that the so-called crowned and official leadership of our labor movement is even more backward than the official leadership of the farmer movements. And we therefore continue to press the question: Where is our labor bloc in congress?

About the only willing concession that big capital would make the farmers if the latter press hard enough is to sacrifice Coolidge. Lowden and vice-president Dawes are already in the offing. Both of these worthies have been trimming themselves for the republican nomination. Both have "championed" the McNary-Haugen bill, and Lowden even took a trip to Scandinavia to study agricultural conditions there.

We know of nothing that would recommend either of these two gentlemen as a friend of the farmers any more than we could recommend Coolidge, despite the fact that Lowden is supposed to be a "dirt" farmer and Dawes is known to be a "dirt" something else. However, the boom is on and who will undertake to forecast the result. One thing is certain that if the tide runs too high against Coolidge, big capital will not hesitate a minute to throw him overboard, since there are so many others willing to serve who could be used more conveniently to fool and exploit the masses.

Last week's condition on the London stock exchange was rather erratic, according to capitalist



financial experts. No wonder, since the world situation of British capitalism is erratic, too.

The Chinese market is slipping fast and the Russian market may go the same way if the "die-hards" in the British cabinet prevail. One may say that the decline of British capitalism and its world power is beginning seriously to affect the minds of English statesmen. Nothing illustrates this better than the truly stupid way in which the Soviet Union is being threatened, vilified and attacked every day.

"Blame it on the Bolsheviks" seems to have become the alpha and omega of British capitalist statesmanship. Anything that goes wrong — and nothing seems to go right with British capitalism now-a-days — is blamed on the Soviet Union. The obvious intention of the British government is to shift responsibility for its own failures and incidentally to mobilize sentiment in favor of its criminal conspiracies against the peace of the world and for war against the Soviet Union.

At last the Supreme Court of the United States felt compelled, for reasons best known to themselves, to affirm the cancellation of the oil land leases and contracts awarded dishonestly to Edward L. Doheny by Albert B. Fall during the latter's regime as secretary of the interior. It would seem from this that it was no longer possible to cover up the downright robbery of the people's wealth perpetrated by the oil magnates — the same fellows who are now driving us into war with Mexico — in combination with leading men in the American government.

Says the opinion of the Supreme Court:

The facts and circumstances disclosed by the record show clearly that the interests and influence of Fall as well as his official action were corruptly secured by Doheny for the making of the contracts and leases. . . that the consummation of the transaction was brought about by means of collusion and corrupt conspiracy between Fall and Doheny.

Quite outspoken, isn't it? And an interesting phase of the whole business is that practically the same statement holds true with regard to the infamous Teapot Dome oil leases held by Harry F. Sinclair.

And now who are the fellows who refuse to recognize the Mexican land laws, who are plundering Mexico even more violently than they do the United States? Precisely the same people. In his reply to the inquiry of Senator Borah, for which the Coolidge administration is now trying to cook up something against the senator from Idaho, President Calles of Mexico says that the people who refuse to recognize the Mexican law are the companies controlled by the Standard Oil of Indiana, Edward L. Doheny and Harry F. Sinclair. These are the fellows for the sake of whose profits Kellogg and Coolidge would have the American people go to war with Mexico.



# Mesaba Impressions

By JOSEPH KALAR

A MOTLEY assortment of children streaming to school, Slovenians, Croatians, Roumanians, Finns, Italians and Russians, trudging trustfully to the potent fount of education to learn to be better Americans than their parents, stop and examine with awe the colossal piles of iron ore, a conglomerate pin-wheel of colors, yellow, red, and orange. Often they would stop and fill their pockets with the ore and then get one hell of a pounding when they got home. It made very good chalk. The watchman, if he saw them, would shout out, "Hey there, you damned bohunks, get the hell away from there!"

After they got to school they would steal some paper and draw. They were furnished with pencils, by the city, but they always preferred the ore chalk, especially the red. In a way it was symbolic, though they never knew that then. They would draw grotesque men, with big bellies and round heads with the red chalk. They called them Papa, or Uncle Mike, or Grandpa. They were too young then to know that these papas might be brought home any day, crushed, groaning, and red with blood.

2.

A man we all knew well and who was damned good to us kids got killed one day. The papers called it an "unfortunate accident." It just happened that the shaft caved in. He sure was hurt some. I guess he only lived long enough to taste the iron ore in his mouth. Anyway his neck was all twisted to hell, his legs were broken, and his bloody guts hung over the tops of his trousers.

My folks went to see the wife of the man. A nice mess, eh? Wife and kids left without an old man, he having been brought home with his insides all out of him. It was a very nice house, too, nice pictures on the wall. There was one showing an old gent with a sheep in his arms on which it said, The Lord is my Shepherd. Another one showed this same gent on the cross, and it said He Died for Man.

When I left, the old lady and kids were bawling to beat all Christ. I couldn't help but howl myself, for I was only eight years old then.

3.

I had an uncle, Mike his name was, who wouldn't work in the mines anymore. He had worked long enough and I suppose he figured that it was time he took a lay-off. He bummed around on freight cars and came home and said, believe me it sure is tough bumming around. Don't get anything to eat half the time. Yes, Joe, he would say, laying his hand on my shoulder, you gotta work to get along in this world. And then the next thing we would know he would be off again, digging ditches in a muskeg near International Falls. When he came back he got a job bartending for Agnich, in Eveleth, where my father always bought his beer. My father would ask him why he wouldn't work in the mines anymore. Mike would just say: "to hell with it!"

Well he got sick, and being bartender didn't help him any. T. B. it was. They would tell Mike to go to a doctor, or see the priest anyway, Mike would cough and say: "to hell with it!"

Well, he got worse and worse. Sure, he said, I'll go and see the sawbones. He would go out and spend the day in the saloon, come home and say, the doc says I'm all right. He coughed more and more, and each time he coughed a bloody piece of his lung would go plunk in the spittoon. He did go to a sanitarium after he wasn't able to walk anymore. I guess when the doc told him he was going to kick the bucket, he says, between the cough: "well, to hell with it!"

You smug bosses, when you've stepped on a man's foot so long that he says: "well, to hell with it!" look out. And Mike, you bohunk, you were all right. I give you my love. I didn't understand you then, thought you were a little bughouse, but I see it now.

4.

Every Sunday after church a lot of the miners come over to our house. Well, we got by this time.

The timbers held up pretty good. Then they would drink.

But Christ, I don't know as how you can blame them, working in the shafts and expecting any minute to have the walls cave in on you and mix your guts with the red ore! See your pals, with whom you came over from the old country, carried home, bleeding and groaning, Jesus, Jesus.

Saturday night coming around, another week. Well, well, we got by this time, eh? Let's celebrate, eh?

The Mesaba strike: No wonder our papa Coolidge and the rest of the good Americans say, "Keep those damned furriners out of the country. The dirty bastards, don't know when they've got a good thing. Too inflammable. T. N. T. Any damned long whiskered agitator can stir them up to raise hell. We want America for the Americans. We Nordies—by God! we're the solid men. You can't make us think with our stomachs. Those damned bohunks and wops, christ, you can even call them s. o. b.'s before they want to stick you." What the hell kind of a country is this, anyway, where a man can't even tell another man what he is. Haven't our ancestors fought for the freedom of speech?

To the fellow Slovenians, Croats, Finns, Wops, Russians, my love. By God! you showed them that your blood was redder than the iron ore, eh?

6.

To my dear friends, the bosses and owners, the manufacturers and store keepers I say: You are doing wisely when you keep a bohunk's belly full of food. You sure got the grey matter.

I say this just because I remember only too well my days on the Mesaba Range, when times were a little tough, and my mother sent me after bores for the dog to make soup out of, and the mines shut down.

Miners, with the iron ore stink, muttering: "what the hell, men, what the hell?"

# The Four Power Conference

By S. YAVORSKY (Moscow)

WE should indeed be hopelessly blind, if we failed to observe the extraordinary increase of British diplomatic activity in the last few weeks or failed to estimate the importance and aims of this activity as they deserve. It is possible that we are now on the eve of very far-reaching steps or decisions.

The increasing vigor noticeable of late in the campaign of the conservative party in Great Britain, which is striving more eagerly than ever to characterize the organization of the Chinese revolution and its logical connection with the Soviet Union, must be described as an attack on the latter of more than ordinary significance. It is not only the "Morning Post" that now repeats daily that "the real enemy of Great Britain is neither the Chinese in general nor the Kuomintang, but Moscow"; also the "Daily Telegraph," which can generally be trusted to reproduce the attitude of the British foreign office fairly accurately, is now, as we see by telegrams, violently attacking the Soviet government for the latter's "open attempt to oust the British from China." In pretty much the same spirit, the influential "Times" constantly repeats that the key to the Chinese problem is to be found at Moscow.

Under circumstances such as these, the attempts of the British diplomats to arrange at least a temporary settlement of the relations between Great Britain and the Canton government and to avoid an open rupture, have necessarily assumed the form of an endeavor not to engage too deeply in Chinese affairs, so as to preserve full freedom of action in Europe. The unusual love of peace evinced by Great Britain in China is indeed altogether in keeping with the energetic work of British diplomacy towards the creation of favorable premises for the realization of Chamberlain's favorite idea, viz., that of forming a uniform anti-Soviet bloc out of the most prominent European powers, with the small states bordering on Russia to act as outposts.

To speak of the work of British diplomacy in the Baltic countries, in Poland and Roumania, would mean repeating a series of well-known facts. One need not recognize the substantial success of this work during the past year in the successful fascist revolutions in Poland and Lithuania. Nor is there a lack of foundation in the statements made by the "Daily Herald," the organ of the British labor party, in regard to the preparations for a similar upheaval in Latvia.

If in any of the Baltic states, a democratic petty-bourgeois government still feels relatively safe, it is only because it can count on the support of France, of which, indeed, it makes full use in counter-acting the influence of Great Britain on the fascist organizations. The rivalry between Great Britain and France hampers the freedom of action of British diplomacy like a dead weight.

So as to be able to manoeuvre more freely, imperialist Great Britain must either disarm France and oust it from the European diplomatic theatre, or else it must at any cost come to a temporary

understanding with its French neighbor. The rapprochement between Great Britain and Italy, the arbitration treaty between Italy and Germany, the armed threat directed by Italy against France, and the recent understanding between Italy against the recent understanding established between Italy and Albania, which so effectually showed France's impotence in the Balkans, were all events which were directly or indirectly aided and abetted by Great Britain and purported to convince France of its complete incapability to compete with Great Britain in Europe, and on the other hand of the fact that even in the most serious affairs Great Britain might quite well manage without French support. These manoeuvres are quite sufficiently elucidated by the observations of the "Daily Herald" on the subject of the conference arranged by Great Britain among the four leading European powers with a view to their cooperation in the settlement of the urgent problems of European politics.

As the "Daily Herald" quite rightly observes, such collaboration can only be secured so far as Germany and Italy are concerned, if the main claims of these two powers are satisfied. As regards Italy, the wishes of the Italian bourgeoisie have long ceased to be a secret. Fascist imperialism insists on the acquisition of colonies. In this direction Germany is fully as one with Italy, and, however much the diplomats and publicists of the two countries may proclaim their love of peace, which according to them has led to the conclusion of the treaty of arbitration between their governments, there can be no manner of doubt but that the approach between Germany and Italy is based chiefly on the uniformity of the German and Italian colonial aspirations. On the condition of some colonial sacrifices on the part of France and Great Britain, the latter could be sure of Italian cooperation in any possible British combination in the near future. The case of Germany is certainly a little more complicated.

The new German imperialism energetically demands that Germany be granted objects of colonial exploitation. But at the same time, and perhaps still more, it is interested in the question of seeing the Polish wedge extracted from out of the compact German territory. Without seriously risking the loss of its popularity, no German government can agree to a settlement with Poland, so long as East Prussia is divided from the rest of Germany by the Danzig Corridor. A solution of the Danzig question is a necessary premise for any plan of the inclusion of Germany in the bloc to be formed against the Soviet Union. The diplomats of Great Britain therefore intend to attain by a new conference what they were unable to put through at Locarno, and on this occasion the question of a restoration of the territorial integrity of Germany in the east would necessarily have to be brought into intimate connection with the "settlement" of the relations between Poland and Lithuania. It is quite obvious that Poland could only be compensated for the loss of Dan-

zig by an open or veiled annexation of Lithuania and thus also of the harbor of Memel.

If, however, Great Britain counts on creating the possibility of a successful isolation of the Soviet Union by "fascisting" the Baltic states and satisfying the national aspirations of Germany, it is still somewhat difficult to understand what compensation it intends to offer to France for the later's support of the British plans. In all conceivable cases, France would only be the one to pay for the losses incurred, without being able to derive any advantage from the enterprise. A participation in the Four-Power Conference, especially if in harmony with the plans of Great Britain, cannot but tend to strengthen the position of both Italy and Germany, and will, therefore, have just that result which the French nationalists most fear. At the same time, the colonial aspirations of the Italian and German imperialists can in the main only be satisfied at the cost of the colonial possessions and mandates of France. As regards final results, even supposing the anti-Soviet plans of Great Britain to succeed, the French bourgeoisie could at best be accorded very doubtful advantages of a financial nature, which at the cost of a certain degree of complaisance and good will could be attained even now without any particular sacrifice.

We must naturally not allow ourselves to be deluded in regard to the feelings which the French bourgeoisie entertains towards the Soviet Union, but we can well doubt whether at the coming Four-Power Conference France will act in full harmony with Great Britain. At the same time, France is entering upon a period of serious crises and probably of grave internal complications. Under such circumstances, France will hardly venture to take part in an enterprise which may result in the most serious consequences to itself. Without the participation of France, however, the conference is doomed to failure in advance, since in that case Great Britain loses its trump card, Germany, which could never be armed without the consent of France.

The tasks of the diplomacy of the Soviet Union in the face of all these operations are perfectly clear, as are also the immediate tasks of the Communist Parties in the most important countries of Europe. The "grenade" campaign of the German social democrats and the full solidarity between them and the French socialists in their common attacks on the Soviet Union show that the "molding" of public opinion among the working masses is also part of the general program of the campaign conducted against the Soviet Union by British diplomacy. The resemblance, however, between the present preparatory work of the British imperialists and those operations which were conducted during the world war, is too obvious not to cause the revolutionary sections of the working class to sound the alarm in due time and to take all such steps as may appear necessary.

# Slaves of the Kitchen

By CHARLES ASHLEIGH

IF you leave the great teeming slums of the proletarian East End, of London, and make your way west, you must eventually arrive in the favored quarter of Belgravia. This is a quarter of large quiet squares, filled with shady streets and carpeted with well-kept grass. They are not public squares, however; only the occupants of the stately houses surrounding these small parks have keys to enter the gate in the iron fence surrounding them.

Belgravia—so-called from Belgrave Square, in its centre—is in the south-western part of London, near Buckingham Palace, that great ugly pile of brick and stone where resides the royal family. It is the most "select" part of the metropolis.

A discreet quietude pervades these leafy squares, with their great houses of grey stone or drab stucco. Not many pedestrians are to be seen on the streets. The inhabitants always ride, in their automobiles. Here may be a solitary policeman, majestically marching. Or a brightly painted motor-wagon stops to deliver goods from some famous store.

When the front door to one of these mansions is opened, you have a glimpse of a tall, clean-shaven man-servant, or of a white-capped, white-aproned, black-skirted maid-servant. If you pass early in the morning, you will note the servant-girls, in their working overalls, cleaning windows, washing the white stone door-steps.

In these great houses, as many as eight to a dozen domestic workers are often employed. These comprise, cook, parlor-maids, kitchen-maids, butler, footmen, chauffeurs and page-boy. The houses were built about one hundred and fifty years ago, and, although solid enough in construction, they are most difficult to work in, from the point of view of domestic workers. They were built in the days when domestic labor was unaided by labor-saving devices, nor simplified by the good sense of the architect, in planning his house.

The servants' part of the house is in the basement. Here are the kitchen and scullery, and, in the larger establishments, the "servants' hall." This latter is a room, in the basement—a part of the house which enjoys practically no daylight, and where artificial light is used all day during winter. This room is elegantly furnished with all the broken or rejected furniture from the upper portion of the house. Here the servants enjoy their "social life." They sleep, either in the basement, or in small rooms at the top of the house, in the attics. And lucky is the domestic worker who has a room to herself!

The household slaves are permitted to have one evening free per week. On these free evenings, however, they must return home before a certain hour—usually eleven o'clock—or be locked out for the night, as they are not allowed a door-key. And, unless a very satisfactory excuse is forthcoming, to be locked out is generally punished by dismissal.

Pious servants, desiring to attend church, are usually given Sunday mornings or evenings free, on alternate Sundays. But it is understood that they really must go to church, and not deceive their employers by just taking a walk in the fresh air!

The hours of labor, among these domestic serfs, are about 14 per day. They rise at six in the morning and are on duty until eleven or later at night. And when their employers are giving a ball or other social functions, they may be kept up until two or three in the morning, and, in the bargain, they have the job of clearing up the remains of the party, on the following day.

In the large country houses of the rich, similar conditions prevail. The average small country estate has about twelve domestic servants. Their hours are about 15 per day. Often their sleeping quarters are of a most primitive nature, especially when a large number of guests are entertained, and room must be made for them and for the personal servants they bring with them.

On some of the larger estates, over fifty servants are employed, including many men, who work as chauffeurs, butlers, footmen, valets and gardeners. These slaves are the witnesses of the most gorgeous



entertainments, where the women of the rich wear, in one evening, jewels which would maintain several working class families for a year. They see all the arrogant snobbery and insolence of the wealthy. Surely this should breed in these workers the passion of class hatred, and the understanding of the class war?

But it is not only in the houses of the very rich that the exploitation of the domestic workers is met. In another part of London, you will see houses which were once the residences of the rich—the comfortable streets of the rich British merchants of a hundred or more years ago. But these streets have degenerated; they now have an air of respectable squalor. These houses have become cheap boarding-houses, or rooming-houses. In these houses, in the small rooms, into which the former spacious salons have been sub-divided, live the under-paid clerks, the thousands of "white-collar slaves," who work in the myriad offices of the city. In such houses, one or two women servants may be employed. Theirs is veritably a life of hell. Their work is not even organized as is the domestic work of a wealthy household, where many servants are employed. These miserable slaves of the kitchen are at the call of their mistress, the landlady, or of the guests of the house, every minute of the day. In the underground kitchens, amid dirt and darkness, they start, in the early morning, preparing breakfasts. Each lodger in the house has his or her time for getting up and eating breakfast; and, laden with trays, the servant must climb the high narrow stairs twenty times. While this is being done, there are rings and calls from other rooms: one requires hot water, brought in a can, for shaving—in the average English rooming-house there is no running water in any room except the kitchen. Another requires his laundry; another this and another that. The landlady is nervous and hysterical—the inevitable result of such an existence. She visits her own fretfulness on the poor little slave of the kitchen. Abused and over-worked, from early morning until late at night, for a shamefully low wage; living amidst dirt and discomfort; without privacy or leisure; such is the life of the domestic worker in the cheap boarding-house.

In the cheap boarding-houses, also, one often meets foreign boys who work as waiters at tables. They are French, Swiss, German or Czech lads usually. They work only for their bed and food receiving no money wage, or perhaps just a shilling a week pocket-money. These boys have been secured for the boarding-house proprietors by unscrupulous employment agents who advertise in Swiss or other newspapers for boys who wish to learn languages and British hotel methods. Wishing their son to be-

come a waiter—later—in a first-class hotel, the parents often save just enough for the boy's third-class fare to London. Once in London, penniless and friendless, not knowing the language, the boy is compelled to take any job the employment agent offers, however vile the conditions.

No better than the lot of the private domestic workers is that of those who labor in the hotels and expensive clubs of London. Recently, for instance, the British labor press gave details of cases which had come to the knowledge of the newly-formed Domestic and Hotel Workers' Union. A girl of 17, for instance, employed as kitchenmaid at a well-known conservative club in London, works 90 hours a week for eight shillings! She also complains that her life is made miserable by the continual nagging and bullying to which she is subjected. This is no unusual instance, but is typical of the cases of thousands of young girls, in scores of hotels or residential clubs in the fashionable parts of London. The infamous exploitation of young girls, in domestic service—many of whom are from country villages, and have no friends or advisers in the city—has led to many of them, in desperation, adopting the career of prostitution, in preference to the miserable life of a kitchen slave.

Another section of domestic workers consists of those who live at home, but work, either by the hour or the day, for a family, or for several families. These are usually married women—often widows, with children to support, or the wives of unemployed workers. One typical case was revealed recently in a letter from one of these domestic workers to the "Sunday Worker," the well-known militant left-wing newspaper. The writer says:

"At my last job I was promised fifteen shillings a week, and my first pay day I received only twelve shillings. After an awful argument, cash was left lying all over the house, probably to see if I would steal it! Food there was in plenty, but being paid by the hour, all that I was allowed was a cup of tea. The children of the house had lots of toys and playthings. What chance has my kid at home of toys, on my miserable pay?"

The above affecting document is merely typical of the cases of thousands of others. These domestic workers, like their brothers and sisters who live on the job, working in the houses of the rich, or in affluent hotels, are nearly all unorganized. It is one of the worst examples of negligence that the British Trade Union movement has ignored these exploited workers. Time and time again, delegates to various labor bodies—especially women delegates—have emphasized the need for the organization and class-conscious education of domestic and hotel workers, but the bureaucracy of the British trade union movement, with its usual sloth and lack of initiative, has failed to respond.

Quite recently, however, a beginning has been made. Not through the efforts of trade union leaders, however, but by the initiative of rank-and-file workers and left-wing militants. Within the last eight months, the Domestic and Hotel Workers' Union has been formed, and has already set on foot an energetic campaign.

A series of articles, by Comrade Leonard Mason, the London organizer of the union, in the "Sunday Worker," elicited a number of responses from domestic workers. The first few months of the union's existence has shown that, even among domestic workers, there is a desire for organization, and that a more militant spirit—reflected, possibly, from the industrial workers—is taking the place of the old habit of servility.

Domestic workers in Britain were especially interested to read, in the "Sunday Worker," of the very different conditions of domestic workers in the U. S. S. R. The example of their Russian brothers and sisters will inspire them to real efforts towards a new standard of work and living. It is hoped that the new union will grow stronger and stronger, and that, when the next general strike occurs in Britain, the rich people will have to sweep their own floors, wash their own dishes, and cook their own food—if they get any!

## MORTAR MIXER

You seem a witch that hovers over charms—  
You move within this cauldron's reeking smoke,  
Arrayed in your long white-basplattered cloak  
That wraps around your swaying legs and arms,  
You wield a hoe that raises hot alarms  
Of steaming vapor. All the timid folk  
Go rushing headlong by, while your swift stroke  
Prepares this mixture that the quick-lime warms.

And now are filled each barrow and each hod  
With mortar that shall build a pleasant home,  
Closing the seams and holding bricks together—  
While here you stand like to some kindly god  
Who conjures up this miracle, this dome  
Of happiness against the wind and weather!

—HENRY REICH, JR.

## ELECTRICAL WORKER

You spread your cunning cables o'er vast walls  
And string your lamps upon the faery towers  
Of lofty structures. Through long toiling hours  
You labor in your grimy overalls  
To rear these beacons and great waterfalls  
Of light to flood the city. Mystic powers  
Are yours to turn gray buildings into flowers  
Or dancing girls with many-colored shawls.

For at your touch black midnight becomes noon,  
You rob the dusk of all its terrors now,  
The world is lit by myriad glowing fires  
That you have kindled, and the sun and moon  
Are put to shame—the while you mop your brow  
And gather up your blue-prints, tools and wires.

—HENRY REICH, JR.

# BOY WANTED

By MAX GELTMAN

THE boss had told him he was through. That was last night. And now, as he was looking over the Help Wanted advertisements, he was still thinking of it. He was through. And he was going to ask for a raise the very next week. Now he was through. He had mumbled a few questions as to why he should be fired. Overhead. Slack. Expenses. Curt. That was a funny word. Something about a young man wanted in a printing shop. He had always wanted to work in a printing shop or a publishing house. Where words were printed. He thought that he would like it. He folded the paper, tucked it under his arm, pulled his cap a little over his eyes, turned his coat-collar up; his right shoulder bulging out, he started walking against the stinging hail-rain-snow fury that was driving diagonally against him.

He arrived at the printing shop. Wiped the snow from out the crevices of his eyes and nose. He saw about twenty or thirty more young men like himself waiting in front of the entrance, stamping up and down, blowing on their fingers, waving their arms, massaging their ears, moving, stamping, blowing, grunting to keep warm. He fell in with the group and waited. After twenty minutes someone showed up. No, it was not the boss. They were told they'd have to wait a few minutes more before the boss came. Ten minutes after nine the boss came. The boss opened the door and told them not to crowd. They would all be interviewed. He again warned them against crowding. Someone shouted something about getting in and warming himself. The rest of the crowd sh-h'd him down. The boss singled out four of the young men nearest the door. Each one of them slowly removed his hat and followed the boss in. The door was shut. Those outside tried as hard as they could to keep warm with less gusto. He wondered if he would be taken in with the next group. The door opened. One of the boys came out. He thumbed his nose and hurried away. A grunt of disgust followed him. The second fellow came out. He leered. He'd never work for that price. Not he. A volley of verbal dung greeted him. Impatience. The door opened again and the remaining two boys came out. The boss picked out three more of the young men. He was sure he'd be picked with the next group. What would he say? Better position. Advancement. Chance for—the three boys came out. He couldn't make out what was said. Crescendo. The boss showed himself. Low muttering. He inquired if that was right. Yes, it was right. The job was taken. Nobody knew by whom. They questioned the boss. It was taken. The boss told them to disperse or he would call a cop.

He pulled his coat a little closer and walked away. He wondered who got the job. He decided on the first guy. That one had hurried away so knowingly. It was nasty cold. He huddled himself on Seventh avenue and Twenty-seventh street. He looked up at an amazingly square, massive building. He wondered how many people worked there. The brass sign told him it was the largest mail order house in the east. They always needed a lot of people there he knew. He went around towards the entrance, Boys Wanted. Apply on the fourth floor. Boys wanted. BOY. He didn't want to apply for any jobs where they asked for boys. He was a young man. He looked only at the Young Men Wanted ads. Boy wanted. Perhaps they paid well. He looked up at the building. Massive!

The elevator stopped on the fourth floor. The personnel department. Personnel. He saw a number of boys sitting at the table and writing. Writ-

ing in ink. He hadn't written in ink since he left grammar school. He thought they worked there. They were only applying for a job, he found out. Someone handed him an application blank. He sat down at a desk and began fingering a pen-holder. Name, address, age, when born, citizen, father a citizen, last position, position ere that, references, references. He filled them out slowly, methodically. He liked to write with ink. If he was finished he could enter for a private consultation. He was finished. He passed through a little door that clicked behind him as it shut. He sat down opposite a middle aged man with a tremendous lower jaw. He looked like Wilson. After glancing over the application he was told that they couldn't start him with what he got at the last place. But there was a great chance for advancement. For advancement. They never started anybody with more than twelve dollars a week. Even college men worked for the largest mail order house in the east for twelve dollars. He would think it over. He'd be back tomorrow. It was all right. They would hold his application. He walked out feeling very warm. He went slowly towards the elevator and waited. The elevator was slow in coming. Going down. He entered the elevator which started down with a jerk. It made him ill. He could never ride down in an elevator.

He lifted his cap somewhat and let the snow beat fully against his face. It felt good. He made his way downtown. It was about ten-thirty. He would go to a movie. He didn't know. Fourteenth street. There were many movies on Fourteenth street that

model. Adventure. Intrigue. The shipping clerk marries the model. He rose from his seat walked out into the aisle and spat. The shipping clerk had been the owner of the plant.

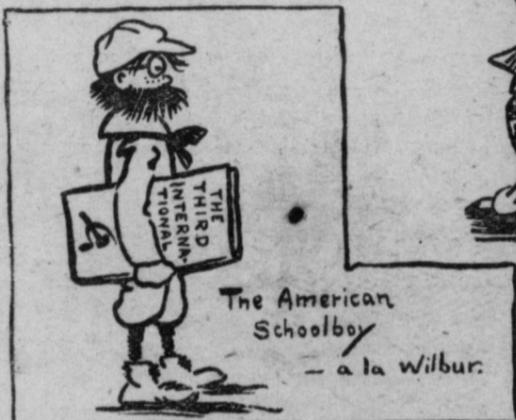
It was still snowing. He was beginning to feel hungry. No, he wouldn't eat yet. It was about one o'clock. Lot of people hurrying back to work. He walked down with University Place. Perhaps he'd see a sign. A large number of young men and women. They didn't seem to be hurrying anywhere. It seemed as if they were marching around and around. But he couldn't see. STRIKE. He was able to make the word out. He walked nearer to them. They were singing. He knew the melody. Couldn't make out what it was. Solidarity. He wasn't sure now. Union. He had heard the melody before. John Brown's—that was right. Moaning in the—and the union. Funny. Girls like sandwich men. More singing. They seemed so fine and strong. It made him feel fine. Thrilling. He wondered what it was all about. He stopped to talk with one of the young men who had a sign on his back and chest saying he was striking for a forty-four hour week and a ten per cent wage increase which averaged sixteen dollars a week. Sixteen dollars a week. The young man told him that a lot of them made less than sixteen dollars. And why were they marching thus? The young man tried to explain. The young man was so sincere. Union. Solidarity. He listened intently. The young man was telling him about stickin' together. Sticking together. He wondered if he would have lost his job if the others had stuck by him. Sticking together. He'd never thought of that before. Strange. It sounded great to him. The song again. The singing boys and girls. Sticking together. The young man asked him if he got the idea. He nodded. Sticking together. And the union makes us strong. Nice song.

He hadn't felt like that in a long time. He felt healthy and strong and light. He started back for the mail order house. Sticking together. The young man had asked him if he got the idea. He tried to remember the melody. He stopped. Glory—Glo—Solidarity—He remembered. He moved on aster. Two more blocks. And the union—the building was like some gigantic box. He asked the elevator man about how many people worked there. He was told about three thousand. Three thousand. Sticking together. There were not many boys now applying for jobs. He told a young lady that he had been there in the morning. He had come to take the job. He was again ushered in for a private consultation. The man with the big jaw had quite forgotten him. If he would give his name—He did so. The man seemed to remember. Couldn't start him with more than twelve dollars a week. Great chance. Even college men worked—and the union—he would take the job. The man told him forgotten him. If he would give his name—He nodded. He would get a card now; but after he was put on the regular department payroll he would get a factory badge. Something about loyalty and he was told to go and report for work the next morning—promptly. He had hardly listened to what was said to him. Words of a young man were popping through his head. And a song. He liked that song. He liked that young man. Solidarity. Sticking together. The Young man had asked him if he got the idea.

THE END.



opened early in the morning. Caterers to the unemployed. He entered one. The comedy was going on. Newlyweds and a mother-in-law. He wondered how long he would be out of a job. His mother had looked so scared when he told her he'd lost his job. She didn't say anything. The comedy was over. Announcements of future productions. Pathe news. Dog has litter of pups. It always bored him. He went into the toilet to while away the time until the big picture came on. Applause. He thought the feature picture was on. They had only been applauding the showing of a regiment of marines marching with the colors. The end. He settled himself back comfortably to watch the unrolling of the feature. A dress shop. Odd! He, too, had worked in a dress shop. Pretty girls chewing gum. He couldn't remember any in his shop. Shipping clerk. He had been assistant shipping clerk. Nice picture. The shipping clerk is in love with the



The Secretary of the Navy's Nightmare

## A VOICE FROM A FORD SLAVE PEN



"Things are in an awful way here. Two and three days per week is the average. Work has been speeded up to such an extent that only the toughest can stand it. I still have plenty of strength left but I am ready to lie down when I reach home. Too tired even to read or think. To the average Detroit factory worker heaven is a place where one may sleep—just sleep. Nothing else matters. As an instance of how men feel: A teammate of mine stopped a moment and worked a numbing arm up and down over his head. I said to him: "Do your arms pain you at night when you lie down?" "Say boy," he said, "if your arms pained you as mine do you would never put foot in this dump no more; you aint even-tempered enough." The older men are all being weeded out, the rumor is that all over 45 years are to go. However, next week my department is due for a general shake-up; quite a number will be fired, I believe."

# The Attitude of a Southern Chinese

By KWEI CHEN

At times Americans think that the Chinese should struggle only against their own military chieftains. "If you can get rid of them and establish a strong and representative government," they say, "no foreigner will be able to exploit your people." These American friends are not thoroughly acquainted with the complicated conditions in China. Can any one imagine that those who have obtained special privileges from China by force are willing to give them up? Of course not. Therefore, the remoter the day when the Chinese establish a strong and representative government, the better for the foreign exploiters.

In order to accomplish their purpose, they use the Chinese military chieftains as their tools for perpetuating the chaotic condition in China. Since money-making is their end, they like best that means which brings them the greatest material profit. When they see that they can fish with greater profit in foul waters, they do all they can to keep the water ever turbid, never to let it get clear. Do I blame the foreign exploiters without foundation? Again, evidences are before the world. The Japanese government has supported the former bandit, Chang Tso-Lin, whom all the Chinese people hate. The British government has financed with Chinese money and with secret loans the mediaeval lords, Wu Pei-Fu and Sen Chuang-Fon, who have deprived the Chinese of their freedom of press and speech, and who have closed the colleges to enlarge their mercenary forces.

While visiting China last spring, Mr. Lewis Gan-

nett wrote: "Canton—hope of China." This opinion has since gained the unanimous support of the intelligent public of the west, and has been dearly cherished by the Chinese people in general and by the young intelligent Chinese in particular. If the government of the "Powers" were sincere in wishing China a good government, they would have recognized the southern government, which is strong and representative of the Chinese people; at least they would not have helped its enemy. But the "Powers" have shown no sincerity of this kind.

We read in the newspapers about the Chinese soldiers looting, about the editors and correspondents shot by soldiers without trial. Those are the soldiers of the military chieftains supported by the "Powers" today. We read the Strawn report about the dark conditions existing in the Peking government. That is the government supported by the "Powers" today.

Meanwhile in southern China the Nationalist revolutionary armies are fighting for the annihilation of the corrupt Peking government and of the chieftains of the looting soldiers. They are struggling to maintain a strong and representative government and to win for China equality among the nations. They have now acquired such a reputation that even in foreign countries praise for their discipline and courage is unanimous. They have been so loved by the Chinese people that wherever they go the farmers and workers and students voluntarily serve as their guides.

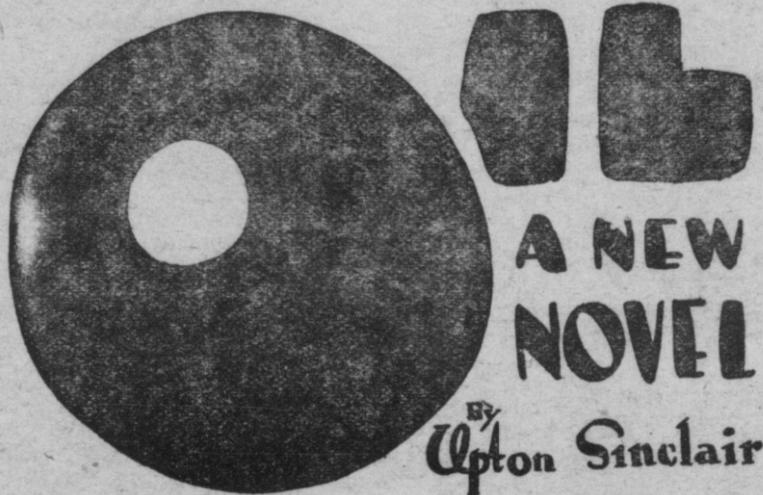
It is through the southern government that the Chinese people have committed the great crime of

daring to request the "Powers" to treat them as men and women, not as slaves. What more need I say? What alternative would any lover of liberty in the west advise the Chinese people to choose?

II.

Those who have no sympathy with young China usually blame them for having received Russian help. To them I wish to explain that whatever Russia's motives may be, she, the new Russia, does not share any longer the control of Chinese tariff, nor does she any longer have concessions within Chinese territory. She has returned to China all that was taken from her in the time of the Tsar. She treats China as her equal. In other words, Russia helps the Chinese cause, the liberation of the Chinese people from foreign claims and from bandit rulers. We Chinese welcome such friendly help from any people who may be willing to render it, as did the Americans in 1778 welcome French help. In our attitude toward foreigners, we do not make exceptions of the Russians merely because they are now disliked by those "Powers" which are actually controlling China. Meanwhile we beg China's friends to be kindly patient. Four hundred millions of people, with their five thousand years of civilization, will not perish without a struggle for the preservation and revivification of their ancient life. And we, who are lovers of our country, believe that the time will come when the world will be grateful to us for the labors in which we are involved.

KWEI CHEN.



XIII

Paul moved one hand; and again Ruth cried in excitement—he was coming back to life! But the nurse said that meant nothing, the doctors had said he might move. They must not let him move his head. She took his temperature, but told them nothing.

Paul's hands were straying over the sheet that covered him; aimlessly, here and there, as if he were picking at insects on the bed. His voice rose louder—Russian, always Russian, and Gregor would tell what the words meant.

They were in the red square, and saw the armies marching, and heard the working masses shouting their slogans: they were on the playing fields with the young workers; they were in Siberia, with Mandel playing the balalaika, and having his eyes eaten out by ants. *Da zdravstvovoyet Revolyutsiya!*—that meant "Long live Revolution!" "Vsyaya vlast' Sovyetam!—All power to the Soviets!"

And from there they would be swept to the ballroom of the Emperor Hotel, Angel City, Radio RWKY, the Angel City Patriot broadcasting by direct control. Or was it to the heart of the Congo, where the naked savages danced to the music of the tomtom, their black bodies, smeared with palm oil, shining in the light of blazing fires? For a hundred centuries these savages had paddled the river, and never to the mind of one of them had come the thought of an engine; they had stood on the shores of mighty lakes, and never dreamed a sail. The weight of nature's blind fecundity rested upon them, stifling their minds.

And now capitalist civilization, rushing to destruction with the speed of its fastest battle-planes, cast about to find a form of expression for its irresistible will to

degeneracy, and chose the tomtom of the Congo for its music, and the belly-dances of the Congo for its exercise, and so here was America, Land of Jazz.

A voice from the megaphone, raucous, shrill, and mocking:

"There's where mah money goes. Lipsticks and powderpuffs and sucha things like that!"

And Bunny was in that great "Emperor" ball-room, where he had danced so many a night, first with Eunice Hoyt and then with Vee Tracy. All his friends would be there tonight—Verne and Annabelle and Fred Orpan and Thelma Norman and Mrs. Pete O'Reilly and Mark Eisenberg—the cream of the plutocracy, celebrating their greatest triumph to date. There would be American flags and streamers on the walls, and some would wave little flags—a great patriotic occasion—nothing like it since the Armistice—ray for Coolidge, keep cool with Cal! The room would be crowded to suffocation, and by this hour nine-tenths of the dancers would be staggering. Large-waisted financiers with crumpled shirt-fronts, hugging stout wives or slender mistresses, with naked backs and half-naked bosoms hung with diamonds and pearls, red paint plastered on their lips and platinum bangles in their ears, shuffling round and round to the thump of the tomtom, the wail of the saxophone, the rattle and chatter of sticks, the banging of bells and snarl of stopped trumpets. "She does the camel-walk!" shrieked the singer; and the hip and buttock muscles of the large-waisted financier would be alternately contracted and relaxed, and his feet dragged about the floor in the incoordinate reactions of locomotor ataxia and spastic paraplegia.

XIV

Paul had begun to thresh his arms about: it was necessary to

hold him, and when they tried it, he began to fight back. Did he think the strike-guards at Paradise had seized him? Or was it the jailors at San Elido? Or the Federal secret service agents? Or the French gendarmes? Or the sailors of the fleet? Or the thugs with hatchets and iron pipe. He fought, with maniacal fury, and there was Bunny holding down one arm and Gregor the other, with Ruth and Rachel each clinging to one foot, while the nurse came running with a straight jacket. So with much labor they tied him fast. He would make terrific efforts; his face would turn purple, and the cords would stand out in his neck; but the system had got him, he could not escape.

Meantime, through the open window, Radio VXZ, the main dining room of the Admiralty Hotel; a blended sound of many hundreds of people, shouting, singing, cheering, now and then smashing a plate; or pounding on the table. Some one was making a speech to the assembly, but he was so drunk he could hardly talk, and they were so drunk they could not have understood anyhow. One got snatches—glorish vitory—greatest country—soun instooshns—greatest man ever in White Housh—Cautious Cal—ray for Coolidge! A storm of cheers, yells, laughter—and the voice of the announcer, drunk also: "Baby Belle, hottes' lill babe, sing us hot one, right off griddle. Go to it, Bebe, I'll hold you!"

Yes, the announcer was drunk, the very radio was drunk, the instruments would not send the wave-lengths true, the ether could not carry them straight, they wavered and wiggled; the laws of the physical universe had gone staggering, God was drunk on His Throne, so pleased by the election of the greatest man ever in White Housh. Bunny, dazed with exhaustion, saw the scene through a blur of sound and motion, the shining mouths of trumpets, the waving of flags, the flashing of electric signs, the cavorting of satyrs, the prancing of savages, the jiggling of financiers and their mistresses simulating copulation. Baby Belle was unsteady before the microphone, you lost parts of her song at each stagger; but snatches came, portraying the nymphomania of "Flamin' Mamie, sure-fire vamp—hottes' baby in the town—some scorcher—love's torture—gal that burns 'em down!"

"Oh, God! Oh, God!" cried Ruth. "He's trying to speak to me!" And so for an instant it seemed. Paul's

one eye had come open, wild and frightful; he lifted his head, he made a choking noise—

"Comes to lovin'—she's an oven!" shrieked the radio voice.

"Paul! What is it?" shrieked Ruth.

"Ain't it funny—paper money burns right in her hand!"

Paul sank back, he gave up, and Ruth, her two hands clasped as if praying to him, seemed to follow with her soul into that far-away place where he was going.

"Flamin' Mamie, workin' in a mine, ate a box o' matches at the age o' nine!"

"He's dead! He's dead!" Ruth put her hand over Paul's heart, and then started up with a scream.

"Flamin' Mamie, sure-fire vamp," reiterated the chorus, "hotes' baby in the town!"

And Ruth rushed to the window, and threw herself—no, not out, because Bunny had been too quick for her; the others helped to hold her, and the nurse came running with a hypodermic needle, and in a few minutes she was lying on a cot at the side of the room, looking as dead as her brother.

And the householder turned to Radio RWKY, the Angel City Patriot broadcasting from its own studio. "Latest bulletin from New York, the Republican Central Committee claims that Calvin Coolidge will have the greatest plurality ever cast in American history, close to eighteen million votes. Good-night, friends of Radioland."

(To Be Continued).

## "Enter Banking," Kahn Tells Them "Sit Tight"

Otto Kahn, famous banker, art patron and general all-round intellectual luminary of Wall Street, has advised idealistic college students to enter banking as a means of bettering humanity.

Kahn's advice was contained in an interview with him in the first issue of "The Daily Princetonian," under its new board, which appeared Tuesday. "I recommend banking to college men because of the breadth of its scope, touching every field in commerce and industry," said Kahn. "Colleagues are trained for this, as they have acquired a general interest in varied topics."

Kahn then gave ten golden rules for success. Here are a few samples: "Know how to bide your time and to 'sit tight'."

"Work hard—it won't hurt you. Meet your fellow-man frankly and fairly. You don't have to go through business armed to the teeth."



# Young Comrade Section



## OUR LETTER BOX

Fight Child Labor—Join Pioneers.

Dear Comrades: What is the difference between an American worker's child and a Russian worker's child? The difference is that the American worker's child in most cases must go to work, either before school, after school or the whole day. The reason is because his father does not make enough money to support his family, which means that the boss does not give enough wages. The boss likes Child Labor because its cheaper for him and he makes more profits. He does not care what happens to the children who work for him. That's why WE PIONEERS are fighting against Child Labor in America. YOU should join us and we should all stick together and make this country, a good country like Russia, where there is NO Child Labor.

Your Comrade,  
BILLY TAPOLCSANJI.

### "I pledge allegiance to the workers' flag."

By ROSE MIOVIC—Akron Pioneer Group.

One day we were saying our pledge in the school. Then a girl friend of mine got up and said:

"I pledge allegiance to the workers' flag."

The teacher got sore and said: "You say it as I'm telling you." But she won't. The teacher took her to the principal. The principal gave her a dirty look and forced her to repeat what he said. He also gave her a whipping.

The girl cried. Then the teacher took her back to the class room.

"Now you say the pledge," said the teacher.

And the girl said:

"I pledge allegiance....big silence...."to the workers' flag."

## Answers to Questions

1.—The difference between a capitalist and a worker is that the poor worker has to work for the capitalist. And the capitalist gets FAT on the poor man's LARD. That is why the worker is SKINNY.

2.—The worker has to work his head off and gets almost NOTHING.

3.—The rich man does NOTHING and gets EVERYTHING he wants.

4.—The difference is that a poor worker WORKS but the fat capitalist does NOT work.

Helen Mertz.

More who have answered correctly or nearly correctly:—Helen Pentaller, Agnes Takacs, Rose Lambersky, Rose Herczeg, Elizabeth Szebeniyis.

## DO YOU BELONG? IF NOT, WHY NOT?

Do you belong, where? Why, the YOUNG PIONEERS of course. Don't you know that the YOUNG PIONEERS of America is the only workers' children's organization (club) that fights for the workers' children throughout America, no matter whether they are white, black or yellow. Don't you know that the YOUNG PIONEERS fight in the schools against the teaching of bunk, such as, strikers are lazy people and a bunch of no-good Bolsheviks. They also fight against the teaching of religion, which is forced on the children whether they want it or not. They fight for better conditions IN the school as well as OUTSIDE of the schools. They also help their older brothers and sisters and their parents to fight against the cruel bosses who pay small wages, forcing young children to go to work. The YOUNG PIONEERS of America stand side by side with their older comrades who are fighting to make America as well as the rest of the world a better place for workers and their children to live in.

Why, everybody knows that, or they ought to know that. But it will do nobody any good if you only know it. You must join the PIONEERS if you are a worker's child and help them help you.



WHAT THE CHINESE HAVE CEASED TO WORK FOR

## THE LITTLE GREY DOG

(Continued From Last Week).

"I must drown the dog," answered the coachman. At that the eyes of the little boy filled with tears, he took the dog in his arms, held him close, and begged, "Don't do it, just see how darling he is!"

"I must do it, Benjamin. The master has commanded me. If I don't obey him he will punish me severely."

The little grey dog licked Benjamin's face, looked at him with his large eyes that seemed to implore him, "Save me, save me!"

"Give me the dog," pleaded Benjamin. "I will hide him well, so that the master will not see him."

The coachman thought for a moment, then replied, "Good, you may hide him. But," he said warningly, "you must not betray the fact that I have given him to you. If the master should ever see him, you must say that you saved him from the river. Then he will give you a bad beating. . . ."

"That doesn't matter," cried Benjamin eagerly. "As long as the little dog is allowed to live."

The coachman laughed, removed the string from the neck of the dog, and Benjamin ran to the hut with him, patting him, kissing him, full of joy. At evening when Benjamin's parents came home, he showed them the dog, and the parents also were happy because they had to be away from home all day and always feared that the little boy might go to the river, fall in and be drowned. But now he would stay near the huts with his play-fellow, so that he might hide himself quickly in case the rich man might pass by.

It was as though the little grey dog knew that Benjamin had saved his life. He did not leave the side of the little boy, obeyed him, and showed himself to be quite intelligent. Benjamin spoke to him like a person, and the dog looked at him as wisely as though he understood every word.

Benjamin's parents were young and strong, the best workers on the sugar plantation. Therefore the severe overseer was satisfied with them and beat them less often than he did the other slaves. On that account they were both, in spite of their hard life, satisfied, and in the evenings when they returned to their hut and their little Benjamin, all three of them were gay and happy.

Benjamin's mother Hannah was also an excellent seamstress, she knew how to weave pretty baskets from reeds and rushes, and was a very good cook.

One day the eldest daughter of the rich man, who lived with her husband in the north, came to visit her father. She was glad to see her old home again and everything seemed to her more beautiful than in the north. She complained of the trouble she had in getting servants in the city. "These whites are not nearly as desirable as the blacks," she said. "They cannot be driven to work with whips. You should present me with a good slave, father, so that it will be more comfortable for me. My husband will be quite angry about it, for the people in the north are crazy, they claim that the blacks are also human beings, and that slavery should be abolished. But he loves me dearly, and will be glad if he sees me happy."

The rich man thought a while and said, "The young slaves that I own are all clumsy, incapable; the old ones of course could not become accustomed to living in a large city and would be more trouble than help to you. Whom can I give you?"

## Young Comrades' Corner

ANOTHER SUBSCRIBER.

Dear Comrades—One day my teacher said that Russia was a bad country. I asked her why it was and she said because it is a Bolshevik country. I don't see why it is a bad country when it is really truly a free country, not like in America. I am subscribing to the Young Comrade because it tells everything the way things are, not just the opposite like the English papers do.—P. F.

## Last Week's Puzzle

The answer to last week's puzzle No. 3 is STRIKE. That's what workers do when they want to fight against the bosses for more pay or better conditions. Here are the comrades who answered the puzzle correctly:

Joseph Goldfield, New York City; Jacob Freeman, B'klyn., N. Y.; Lillian Cohen, New York City; Vera Rosinsky, New York City; Bernard Kamindky, Paterson, N. J.; Michael Nichiporuk, Endicott, N. Y.; Hannah Gross, New York City; Aaron Leib, Paterson, N. J.; Jacob Silver, Phila., Pa.; Ralph Freda, Hoboken, N. J.; Reuben Wolk, New York City; Zella Margolis, New York City.

## Our Page

By JOSEPHINE NIKORAK.

O is for our PAGE we read.  
U is for the UNION so good  
R is to READ this page.

P is for the PIONEERS  
A is for the Young Pioneers of AMERICA  
G is for our GOOD Comrades  
E is for EVERY word in this page.

## More Answers to Puzzle No. 2.

Laurie Laukkonen, N. Y. C.; Anna Hirt, Detroit, Mich.; Elizabeth Hirt, Detroit, Mich.; Olga Smolak, Detroit, Mich.; K. Povelones, Clinton, Ind.; Rose Janeba, Delmont, Pa.; Verona Dayner, Frederickstown, Pa.; Lillian Infantina, Rochester, N. Y.; Michael Zagmester, Gasport, N. Y.; Nelli Kazluski, Nanticoke, Pa.; Linnea Frigard, Maynard, Mass.; J. Lukashewich, Utica, N. Y.; Benjamin Brovet, Detroit, Mich.; Joseph Golden, Windsor, Ont.; Philip Markus, Detroit, Mich.; David Friedman, Detroit, Mich.; Leon Levine, Detroit, Mich.; Nora Burgin, Brookline, Mass.; Joseph Corem, Hammond, Ind.; Jacob Freeman, Brooklyn, N. Y.; K. Dimitroff, Massillon, Ohio; Laura Borim, N. Y. C.; Milton Relin, Rochester, N. Y.; Catherine Colich, Willard, Ohio; Esther Widrelich, Phila., Pa.; Lillian Cohen, Bronx, N. Y.; Florence Wehun, N. Tanawanda, N. Y.; Walter Wehun, N. Tanawanda, N. Y.; Ethel Jaffe, Chicago, Ill.; M. B., Passaic N. J.; Peter Kvetkas, Medford, Mass.; Elizabeth Hudecek, Buffalo, N. Y.; Mary McGoff, Newport, R. I.; Alli Hill, Maynard, Mass.; Selma Cahen, Bronx, N. Y.; Mathew Yelenchik, Niles, Ohio; Minnie Ross, Chelsea, Mass.; Charles Sidman, Washington, D. C.; Irving Klein, Stamford, Conn.; Rose Palley, Coney Island, N. Y.; Mae Feurer, Bronx, N. Y.; Abraham Nachowitz, Bronx, N. Y.; Alice Kelly, Revere, Mass.; Marie Johnson, Grandy, Minn.; Florence Arkin, Chicago, Ill.; Celia Karpiloff, Los Angeles, Calif.; Alfred Smith, Wilmington, Mass.; Rose Jurich, Chicago, Ill.; Miland Slivka, Wilkesburg, Pa.



## This Week's Puzzle No. 4.

This week's puzzle gives the name of something that all workers should belong to so that they can fight against the bosses altogether and win easier. Let's see how many comrades can answer it. Try and do it!

My first letter is in UP, but not in DOWN,  
My second is in NIGHT but not in DAY,  
My third is in CITY but not in TOWN,  
My fourth is in WORK but not in PLAY,  
My fifth is in NEVER and also in NOW,  
When workers join me, I make bosses bow.  
What am I?

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

## DON'T DRINK THIS.



If the man in the picture is a SCHOOL TEACHER and the stuff in the bottle is PATRIOTIC BUNK, who is forced to drink it, and where?

## Victory

By SIDNEY NADOLSKY.

Four Passaic mills went back to work,  
And four are still on strike

They're going to keep it up,  
Until they get first what they like.

They're going to strike some more, some more,

They're going to strike some more,  
Until they get what they demand  
They're going to strike some more.

## WORKERS

By JULIA DAGILIS.

My mother and father are workers,  
I'm a worker too,  
I always read the Children's Page,  
And see what I can do.

## "BREAKING CHAINS," VIVID RUSSIAN FILM TO BE SHOWN MARCH 27 AT NEW STAR CASINO

### BROADWAY BRIEFS

The Civic Repertory Theatre announces its fifth month and over 150 performances of plays in repertory at the Fourteenth Street Theatre. Its record of production under the direction of Eva Le Gallienne is eight plays.

Ramsey Wallace, Inc., has placed in rehearsal a play by A. E. Thomas and George Agnew Chamberlain, titled "Lost" with its New York premiere early next month. The cast is headed by Ramsay Wallace and will include Mona Kingsley, James Crane, Zita Johann, Edward Van Sloan, Louise MacIntosh and Will H. Hayes.

The Shuberts are placing in rehearsal a new operetta by Emmerich Kalman called "The Circus Princess."

George Kelly, author of "Daisy Mayme," is taking a month's vacation in the West Indies. He is planning a new play to be called "Till the Day of Her Death."

Elmer Rice, author of "On Trial" and "The Adding Machine," has returned from Paris with a new play, "Helen and John." It is concerned with married life.

Jed Harris will try out "The Racket," a play about gunmen, in Chicago, this Spring. Bartlett Cormack, a newspaperman, wrote it.

Grace George has engaged Moffat Johnston to play the judge in her production of Sir James M. Barrie's "The Legend of Leonora," which opens in Washington March 14 and due here a fortnight later.

A. H. Woods' next production, an adaptation of "Au Premier de ces Messieurs," a Parisian farce, will be directed by Harry Wagstaff Gribble.

"Black Velvet," which had a run in Chicago, is to be presented here about March 14 by M. K. Nicholas, with Arthur Byron in the leading role. Willard Robertson wrote the play.

### FARAGOH ARTICLE DELAYED

Francis Edwards Faragoh, author of "Pinwheel" and director of the New Playwrights Theatre, has notified The DAILY WORKER that owing to added rehearsals he is unable to finish his article on the new drama in time to appear in the New Magazine Section of March 5.

His article will appear on March 12.

Watch for his views on what will happen when American playwrights break up worn dramatic formulas to let in new light on American life.

For the benefit of the imprisoned cloakmakers and furriers, and their families, "Breaking Chains," a great human picture of life in Russia after the revolution, will be shown on Sunday, March 27 at the New Star Casino, 107th Street and Park Avenue. The picture will be under the direct auspices of the International Workers Aid, which will donate the money to the defense fund, so Chairman Henry Robbins announced yesterday.

### Vivid Russian Scenes.

"Breaking Chains" which has been shown only twice before in America, is a thrilling story of events in a little Russian village after the revolution. It combines the action of great masses of people with the story of one peasant girl's development from an unthinking careless child, easily fooled by the dissolute son of a wealthy family, to a woman of mature understanding, fully aware of the changes in Russian society and longing to be a part of the great mass movement of Communism.

Pictures of the life of "aristocratic" expatriates in Paris are interestingly contrasted with the vigorous, healthy development of the loyal Russians. A high-light of the drama is an actual picture of Lenin speaking to a mass meeting. The news of his death, carried from house to house by a rider on horseback, is one of the most moving scenes of the play, revealing the sorrow of simple people over the death of the great Lenin.

### Workers As Actors.

"Breaking Chains," is a real proletarian moving picture. All but four of its large cast are actual working people, not professional actors trained in artificiality. The few professionals used in the making of the picture have blended their art into a direct technique that results in a fine and moving performance.

Every worker will want to see this picture, and the I. W. A. has arranged for several showings during the afternoon and evening of March 27. It is expected that at least 10,000 people will view it on that day. Tickets will be sold by workers and organizations and will be fifty cents if bought in advance. Seventy-five cents will be charged at the door.

Help the imprisoned cloakmakers and furriers and see this great Russian picture.

"Collette," a new musical comedy, is to play Brooklyn the week of March 14 and opens here the following week. Charles T. Abramson and Paul M. Trebitsch are sponsoring this adaptation from the German of Jacobson, Bodansky and Robert Stolz. Joseph J. Garren is doing the book and lyrics. Desiree Ellinger, Gertrude Vanderbilt, Allan Prior and Victor Morley will play leading roles.

## The New Plays

### MONDAY

"INHERITORS," by Susan Glaspell, opening Monday evening at the 14th St. Theatre, will be the eighth and last production of this season of the Civic Repertory Players. Josephine Hutchinson will have the leading role of "Madeline Morton". Others in the cast are Egon Brecher, Leona Roberts, Sayre Crawley, Eva La Gallienne, Harold Moulton, Ruth Wilton, Robert F. Ross and Alan Birmingham. The play has been directed by Eva La Gallienne.

"THOU DESPERATE PILOT," a new play by Zoe Akins is scheduled for Monday evening at the Morosco Theatre under the management of Rachel Crothers and Mary Kirkpatrick. The principals are: Helen Ware, Miriam Hopkins, Roberta Beatty, Adelaide Fitzallen, Shirley Gale, David Hawthorne, Percy Ames, Ullrich Haupt, Charles Henderson.

### TUESDAY

"THE HEAVEN TAPPERS," a new play by George Scarborough and Annette Westbay, with Margaret Lawrence featured, will be presented by Lee Shubert in association with Edwin Carewe, at the Forrest Theatre, next evening. Others in the cast are: Charles Waldron, Louis Bennison, Florence Gerald, Joseph Allen, Lule Warrenton, Charles Abbe, Thomas Chalmers, and J. C. Kline.

### WEDNESDAY

"EARTH," a Negro play by Em Jo Bashhe, will be the second production of the New Playwrights Theatre, opening Wednesday night at the 52nd Street Theatre. Earle Browne directed the play with scenery by Cleon Throckmorton. The cast includes Inez Clough, Daniel Haynes, Hayes Pryor, William B. Townsend, Marie Young, Ruth Carr, Dannie Morgan, Elsie Winslow, Geraldine Evans, Hemley Winfield, H. Webster Elkins, Jerome Addison, McKinley Reeves and Harold Des Verney.

## MUSIC

### Boston Symphony to Hold Beethoven Celebration

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the baton of Serge Koussevitzky, will hold a Beethoven centenary celebration on March 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 28 and 29 at Symphony Hall, Boston, when all the composer's nine symphonies will be played. In the Ninth Symphony the orchestra will combine forces with the Radcliffe Choral Society and the Harvard Glee Club, led by Dr. Archibald Davison. They will also take part in the "Missa Solennis" and the Great Mass. It is reported in Boston that Ernest Newman of The London Sunday Times is coming especially to America to pay a verbal tribute to the genius of Beethoven. Quartets will be performed by the London String Quartet and the Lenox String Quartet.

Walter Gieseking, Florence Austral, Jeanne Gordon, Jeanette Vreeland, Tudor Davies, Nevada van der Veer, Arthur Middleton, Charles Stratton and Fred Patton will be soloists on this occasion.

### METROPOLITAN OPERA

"Mignon" will be revived next Thursday evening with Bori, Talley and Gigli, Whitehill.

Other operas of the week: "Das Rheingold," Monday evening, with Mueller, Branzell, and Kirchoff, Bohmen.

"Aida," Tuesday evening, with Mueller, Branzell, and Johnson, DeLuca.

"Fidelio," Wednesday evening, with Larsen-Todsen, Fleischer and Laubenthal, Schorr.

"Siegfried," Friday afternoon, with Larsen-Todsen, Branzell, and Laubenthal, Schorr.

"The King's Henchman," Friday evening, with Easton, Alcock, and Johnson, Tibbett.

"Pelleas et Melisande," Saturday matinee, with Bori, Hunter, and Johnson, Whitehill.

"Lucia," Saturday night, with Talley, Egner, and Gigli, DeLuca.

### NEW YORK SYMPHONY

Otto Klemperer will conduct his farewell concert as guest conductor of the New York Symphony Orchestra in Mecca Auditorium this Sunday afternoon. For his final program today, Klemperer will perform Mozart's Symphony in G-minor and a new work, "Sinfonietta," by Janacek. Other numbers on the program are a group of German dances by Schubert and "The Bartered Bride" by Smetana.

Fritz Busch will make his American debut as guest conductor Thursday afternoon.

The program: Overture, Leonore No. 3, Beethoven; Variations on a theme by Mozart, Reger; Symphony No. 4 in F-minor, Tchaikowsky.

Busch is one of the youngest guest conductors ever invited to this country by a major symphony orchestra. He is only thirty-six years old, but he has had seventeen years of experience as a director of opera and symphony orchestras. At the close of Busch's visit, March 20, Walter Damrosch will resume direction of the orchestra for the last three weeks of the season.

### PHILHARMONIC

The Philharmonic Orchestra, under Wilhelm Furtwaengler, will appear at Carnegie Hall this Sunday afternoon. The program includes: Weber's Overture to "Der Freischuetz," Sibelius' Overture to "The Tempest," Strauss' "Don Juan" and Brahms' Second Symphony.

Monday the orchestra will appear in Philadelphia, Tuesday in Washington, on Wednesday in Baltimore, Thursday in Harrisburg and Friday afternoon and Saturday night in Pittsburgh.

Next Sunday afternoon, March 13, the Philharmonic will give the sixth Metropolitan Opera House concert. Three numbers scheduled: Symphony in D minor, Cesar Franck; "Romeo and Juliet," Tchaikowsky; and "Roman Carnival," Berlioz.

### MUSIC NOTES

Three leading symphony conductors, Wilhelm Furtwaengler of the Philharmonic, Walter Damrosch, of the New York Symphony, and Fritz Busch, new guest conductor of the New York Symphony, will appear at the same performance when the New York Symphony and Philharmonic orchestras give their joint concert in honor of Walter Damrosch in the Metropolitan Opera House March 15.

Music will play a very important part in the program of the New Roxy Theatre, which opens next Friday night. The orchestra includes some 110 pieces. The list of soloists includes Harold Van Duzee, tenor; Gladys Rice, soprano; Douglas Stanbury, baritone; Julius Bledsoe, Negro baritone. Four musical directors, H. Maurice Jacquet, Erno Rapee, Charles Previn and Frederik Stahlberg, will divide the conductorial honors.

The Barrere Little Symphony under the direction of George Barrere will give the first of his concerts this Sunday evening at the Henry Miller Theatre. The concert will be the occasion of the premiere of two new works, a suite by Dubensky and Ichabod by G. Harnisch, and the presentation of eleven infrequently played dances by Beethoven.

The fourth pair of children's concerts of the Philharmonic Society, with Ernest Schelling conducting, will be given today, at 11 and 3 o'clock. The program will be devoted to dance music, drawn from Rameau, Granados, Tchaikowsky, Mozart, Glazounow, Paderewski, Langley and Skilton. The Philharmonic String Quartette will assist.

Carlyle and Roland Davis, pianists, appear in a recital of compositions by Carlyle Davis at Town Hall Monday evening. Celest Bradley, violinist, will assist.

## MUSIC

### PHILHARMONIC

FURTWAEGLER, Conductor  
CARNEGIE HALL, Sun., Mar. 6, 3:00  
WEBER: "Freischuetz" Overture.  
SIBELIUS: Overture to "The Tempest"  
STRAUSS: "Don Juan."  
BRAHMS: Symphony No. 2.

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE  
SUNDAY AFT., MARCH 13, at 3:00  
CESAR FRANCK: Symphony in D minor.

TCHAIKOVSKY: "Romeo and Juliet."  
BERLIOZ: Roman Carnival.  
Arthur Judson, Mgr. (Steinway Piano)

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# DRAMA

## The Voodoo Orgy of Election

"Loud Speaker" Is Biting Satire on American Political Fakery—and Then Some

Reviewed by HARBOR ALLEN.

GEORGE Jean Nathan says the chief trouble with the New York stage is the lack of intelligent critics. If you read the reviews in the newspapers on John Howard Lawson's "Loud Speaker" (playing at the New Playwrights Theatre, West 52nd St.) you will agree with him. One of them finds the play "vague." Another refers to the constructivist setting as "just a distracting thicket of bright green stairways running in every direction." A third grows excited over the entry of actors on chutes; people don't do that in real life! Still another finds Lawson "overshrieking his mark."

There is nothing "vague" about "Loud Speaker." The "distracting thicket of bright green stairways" is intelligible enough if you have a little imagination. The materials from which the play is drawn are so commonplace and so American that almost everybody but a professional newspaper critic can understand and enjoy them. If comedy means to you the pert handling of a tea-cup by a gentleman in a frock coat, "Loud Speaker" will be "overshrieking its mark." But if you are revolutionist, if you like good coarse burlesque, slashing satire and snappy action, you will be neither puzzled nor bored by this play.

"Loud Speaker" is a satirical epic on American fakery. Every American fake is here. Fake religion, fake romance, fake politics, fake news, fake women, the fake "younger generation," fake booze, fake newspaper confessions, fake radio speeches. The bathing beauty sweetheart, the sob sister, the tabloid reporter, the political campaign manager, the black bottom dancer, the amorous couple warbling buttery songs in the spotlight; all, all are here, the old familiar faces. Like Faragoh, author of "Pinwheel," Lawson has drawn his material from the tabloids. High-brows sniff. They find him vulgar, commonplace, not quite refined. Once too they sniffed at jazz and at the movies. But that was before Gilbert Seldes wrote his "Seven Lively Arts." Nobody from the Dial has yet come along to proclaim the tabloid the eighth lively art.

"Loud Speaker" tells of the rise to fame of Henry U. Collins, "a good man." Having salted away his millions, Henry has political aspirations on a "return to decency" platform. While his wife dabbles in religious hokum, his manager gives advice on bootleggers, his daughter experiments in "flaming youth," his house is overrun with reporters, and his 1902 bathing beauty dream girl emerges from an Atlantic City past. Henry becomes New York's "tabloid governor." He does it with bunk.

Nobody before has done the voodoo orgy of an American election the justice it is done in this farce. Elections must have been crying out for just such a farce. You wonder how it could have been passed up.

All this is mounted on the first Russian constructivist setting used in America. The Actors Theatre pecked at constructivism in "God Loves Us." The Neighborhood Playhouse gave it a careful bath (one has to delouse these immigrants, you know) in "Pinwheel." The Playwrights give it full play. To me it was a revelation. The stage suddenly acquired new dimensions, new spaciousness. It became a sort of circus. Scenes dovetail, actors flow from one episode into another. You see them enter windows, go upstairs, pause on landings, shout down, form strangely new and exciting pictures. With constructivism a new rush of physical action stirs a paralyzed stage. It's the sort of setting a

JESSIE BUSLEY



In George Kelly's comedy, "Daisy Mayme," coming to the Bronx Opera House Monday night.

Shakespeare or a Schiller would have reveled in. The drawing room boys won't like it. It's too big, too new; it isn't "four walls and a ceiling" (one of them complains); it has to be used with some imagination; it offers too many unexplored corners, corners in which you have to do something besides sit and talk in the fashionable pose of the moment on the fashionable topic of the moment. No wonder they didn't know what it was. No wonder they thought it "just a distracting thicket of stairways." To me "Loud Speaker" is worth seeing if only to see how constructivism smashes the flatness of the stage.

Let us grant that "Loud Speaker" is not a great play, that it is thin in some places and must be cut in others. It still remains lively, biting entertainment. What I want to know is this: Why do critics who ladle out indulgent reviews to fifty boilerplate shows now running on Broadway pour such ill-concealed venom over "Loud Speaker?" Is it true, what I was told some time ago, that they have been "laying for" this new theatre of five young radical playwrights? Is it because "Loud Speaker" bites, because it doesn't make compromises, because it hits a rotten thing squarely on the head instead of toying with it gracefully, as a gentleman should? Is it because Lawson, for all his pure art theories, here comes down to the forum with straight propaganda? Because he says our governors are asses and our "Miss Americas" whores?

And why do they get so hot about it all, these playboys to whom heat is the ultimate vice? Well, why do critics always get hot about a new and penetrating idea? Why do they get hot about new art and new music? Why did they call Shaw "offal" and shower Ibsen with tomatoes? Ask me another.

### MUSIC

Benjamin Wistar Morris and Joseph Urban have been selected as architects to design the new Opera House of the Metropolitan Opera Company, which will be erected at Eighth Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street.

Dmitri Tiomkin, pianist, will give a second recital next Saturday afternoon at Town Hall.

Marjorie Candee appears in a song recital Tuesday evening at Steinway Hall.

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Wed. Eve., March 9....."Cradle Song"  
Spec. Mat. Fri., Mar. 11, "Cradle Song"  
Thurs. Eve., Mar. 10, "Master Builder"  
Fri. Eve., March 11....."Cradle Song"  
Sat. Mat., March 12....."Three Sisters"  
Sat. Eve., March 12....."Inheritors"

WEEK OF MARCH 14  
Mon., Mar. 14....."Cradle Song"  
Tues., Mar. 15....."Inheritors"  
Wed. Mat., Mar. 16....."Cradle Song"  
Wed. Eve., Mar. 16....."Three Sisters"  
Spec. Mt. Thurs., Mar. 17, "Cradle Song"  
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