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ALEX BITTELMAN, Editor

Charles E. Ruthenberg

By ALEX BITTELMAN

As time passes on, and as the American working class acquires more class consciousness and revolutionary spirit, the life and experiences of Ruthenberg, founder and foremost leader of our party, will become in ever increasing measure an organic and vital part of the life and struggles of the American working class. For Ruthenberg stood for a great ideal. He symbolized the aspirations of the oppressed and exploited the world over. He was leader in the struggles of the workers against capitalism. He was builder of a party which is destined to lead the working class to victory.

The loss sustained by our party and the labor movement generally is great indeed. The dynamic power of his personality, his prestige, the long years of his experience as leader and organizer of workers' struggles—these constituted tremendous assets for our party and our movement. Revolutionary leaders of his type and strength were never needed more badly than now. But Ruthenberg is gone and out went of our midst one of our best, most valuable and indispensable comrades. We shall feel the loss for a long, long time.

Ruthenberg was a Bolshevik. He was a true disciple and follower of the principles of Leninism. He was the pioneer in the United States of the cause of the proletarian revolution and international Communism. His opposition to capitalism was uncompromising, militant and courageous. Every bit of

loved and respected by large masses of workers.

His stand against the late imperialist war and the lead he took in the anti-war struggles of the masses will forever remain a source of inspiration for revolutionists and enemies of capitalism the world over. In the midst of war hysteria and asphyxiating capitalist propaganda; despite the regime of naked terror instituted by the "democracy" loving Wilson administration; deserted by most of the official leaders of the socialist party and of the trade unions who had openly or secretly gone over to the capitalists, Ruthenberg, like the true proletarian fighter that he was, bravely raised the banner of active opposition to the imperialist war rallying the working masses for struggle against it.

At this time, particularly, when American imperialism is running mad with its victories, when American military forces are steadily crushing the national independence of the peoples of South and Central America, the Caribbean, China, etc., when the danger of a new world war is being made increasingly inevitable by the imperialist rivalries of the capitalist power—at this time more than ever are Ruthenberg's experiences as leader in the struggle against imperialist wars a lesson and inspiration to the oppressed and exploited.

him was in the fight against the enemies of the working class. And for this he was hated and persecuted by the capitalists and their government;

True, consistent and genuine working class internationalism were the very essence of Ruthenberg's life and struggles. In the United States, where the working class is composed of so many nationalities, languages and colors; where divisions of birth, background and training are so varied and run in so many directions; where the capitalist class persistently cultivates and artificially inflames these divisions and prejudices within the working class—it is in this country that Ruthenberg's life and struggles became symbolic of the so much needed unity of the American working class. Unity between the foreign born and native. Unity between white and Negro. Unity of all workers, regardless of race, color or place of birth, against their class enemy—the capitalists.

One of the greatest contributions of Comrade Ruthenberg to the revolutionary struggles of the working class was his masterly exposure and unrelenting attack against the sham and hypocrisy of American democracy. Applying the theory and method of Marxism-Leninism to the present phase in the development of American capitalism, Ruthenberg was able to penetrate into the most hidden corners of the governmental machinery of the capitalist class, demonstrate to the masses the real nature of this machinery as the organ of power by which the capitalist class holds in subjection the overwhelming majority of the population in this country—the workers and poor farmers. His flaming hatred of this capitalist government knew no bounds.

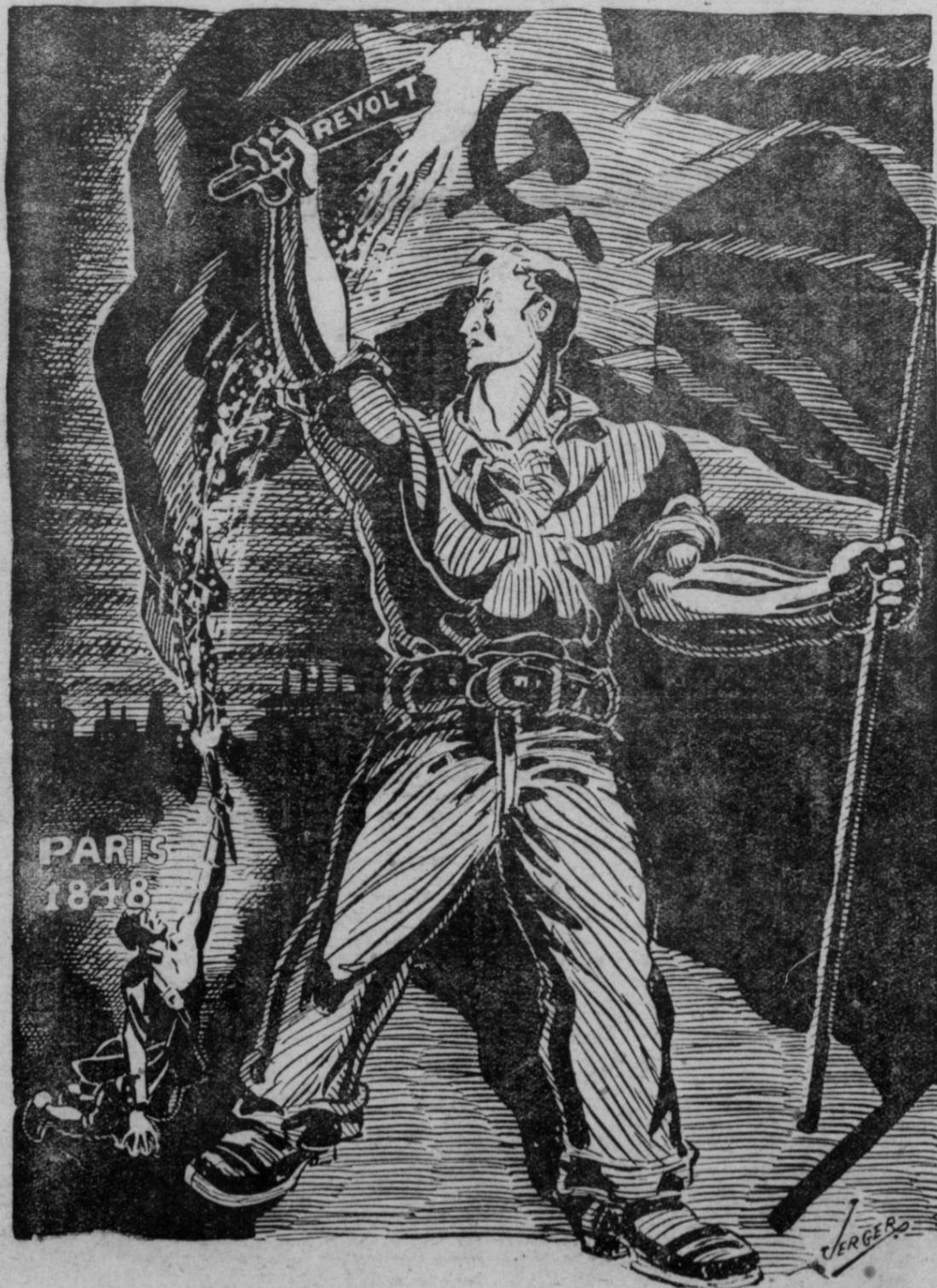
His was the clarion call to the workers and poor farmers of America to organize and wage a political struggle against this government. His was the consistent advocacy of the burning need of independent political action of the American working class as a class through the formation of a Labor Party. His was the untiring effort for the crystallization of an alliance between the workers and farmers for a common political struggle against the exploiters of the toiling masses and for the establishment of a Workers' and Farmers' government in the United States.

Ruthenberg was a proletarian revolutionist. He was a firm believer in the inevitability of the social revolution in America and in the victory of the working class. For the achievement of this goal he had given his whole self. Without break or interruption, except when confined to jail by the enemies of the workers, without wavering or hesitation, optimistic, courageous, determined and with solid faith in the working class, Ruthenberg proceeded along ever forward, educating, organizing and mobilizing the masses for the victory of the revolution, and the establishment of Communism.

He was one of the first to raise the banner of the Communist International in the United States. This banner he held aloft till the last day of his life. All his force and power and ability, all his energy and leadership were devoted towards rallying the masses to the banner and struggles of the Communist International.

His road to Communism and to the leading ranks of the general staff of the world revolution—the Communist International—was the road of persistent struggle in the socialist party of America against opportunism and petty-bourgeois reformism and for revolutionary socialism and proletarian struggle. Like the revolutionary Marxian that he was, he combated mercilessly the influences of Bergerism and Hillquitism, influences which were pushing the socialist party of America away from class struggle and toward class collaboration. He was struggling steadfastly to maintain the socialist party as a working class party. And in 1919, when the right wing initiated the campaign of wholesale expulsions from the party of the revolutionary left wing elements, and when the open betrayal by this right wing of the most basic interests of the working class made no longer possible the existence in one party of the left and right wings, Comrade Ruthenberg led the way to the organizational solidification of the left wing and the formation of the Communist Party.

His ideological affinity to the revolutionary Marxian elements of the world socialist movement was nearly always close and intimate. It is for this reason that he was one of the very few in the United States who were quick to realize the meaning of the Bolshevik revolution in Russia and its significance for the labor movement of the world. With boundless energy he proceeded to rally the revolutionary workers of America to the support of the



(Continued on Page Five)

A Sailor Drifts in Red Russia

By T. H. M.

Sunday, August 8.

We arrived in Leningrad last night. Everywhere around us in the port we see the work of reconstruction and socialist construction going apace. Huge new warehouses and other buildings are to be seen on both banks of the river. This morning a fellow came aboard to invite us to the International Seamen's Club. We were doubtful about the invitation owing to our previous knowledge of Seamen's Missions in other countries where we are handed an alleged "coffee and" after prayers. But as he proved to be an ex-wobbly who had been deported from the "land of the free" to the Land of the Free, we accepted.

We found the club, once the palatial residence of a Tzarist officer, to be a place where we could learn how to organize, and where we could gain the knowledge that is the weapon of workers in their fight for emancipation. A large bunch of seamen were gathered there and we went on an excursion to the Peter and Paul fortress. This was formerly a prison in which many revolutionaries were incarcerated by the Tzars. It was built in the middle of the 18th century and stands on the bank of the Neva.

The prison is now in the hands of the Revolutionary Museum Committee. At the gate is posted a declaration of thanks to the people of Leningrad from the British Trade Union Delegation, 1924. We went through most of the cells. Those above ground were quite large and had electric lights. The electric lights were installed because when the Tzar's prisoners had kerosene lamps the prisoners would soak their beds with the oil, burn the bed and then cast themselves on the flames, and so put themselves out of their misery.

In one dark cell the last three occupants had spent 28, 27 and 26 years respectively.

After going through the prison we went to the Field of Wars. Here lie the martyrs of the March Revolution. A thousand Red Guards lying in their red coffins. Surrounding the graves is a circular wall in four segments. This wall is made from the blocks of marble which formerly made the wall around the winter palace. From here we went to the Alexander II Memorial Church. This is one of the most beautiful buildings imaginable, being built in colored mosaic. The church is built on the spot where Alexander was killed by revolutionaries in 1881. Poor Alex never had a chance. Twenty-five of the boys were lined up with bombs but only two were needed.

From here we went to the Kazanski Cathedral. This is a splendid building in the Nevsky Prospect and is built after the style of the church of Corinth. We went inside. The priests and other pagans looked scared as about fifty seamen of different nationalities hopped in.

Monday, August 9.

Decided this morning that this country is too interesting to miss seeing. I'll take a holiday and if possible go to Moscow. Made inquiries and was told that as a foreigner I would need a police permit. Trotted up to the police office dragging an interpreter with me. They were very polite, they couldn't give me a pass today, would I come back on Wednesday. So I wandered around sightseeing Leningrad, Red Petrograd of 1917 is full of interest to the foreign worker who is class conscious. One can almost visualize the Red Guards on the streets, armed, untrained, but burning with revolutionary enthusiasm. Leningrad appears to be a city of churches. Religion still has a strong grip on many of these people. Everytime some of the fanatics pass a church they cross themselves (ace, king, queen, jack fashion) and mutter a little prayer. Wandered down the famous Nevski Prospect (now October Street) full of stores displaying their goods. One can be amused at the puny efforts of the Nemen trying to compete with the powerful Co-operatives. Drifted into Palace Square. In front of me was the Winter Palace. It was here, in 1905, that the workers were shot down in hundreds when they were led by the agent-provocateur priest Gapon.

The palace is a magnificent building, the walls of which are still spattered with bullet holes. The palace is being renovated so I couldn't get inside. Walked around to the banks of the Neva, and stood on the Palace Bridge. Here was where the revolution started. As the workers came pouring over this bridge, going to the palace, the police and soldiers opened fire. A minister, looking out of a palace window said, "There goes the Russian Revolution—and it will be crushed in fifteen minutes." That was in 1917. The workers are still pouring over the bridge, on their way to enjoy themselves in the cafes and theatres, and the revolution has not been crushed. Went back to October Street and into the Bar Cafe. This is a huge restaurant and contains three orchestras, plenty of beer, and many pretty girls.

Tuesday, August 10.

According to the English newspapers there is a revolt here against the Soviet. They say that in Leningrad there is street fighting, thousands of arrests made, and Smolny is in the hands of the rebels. These English newspaper people must have wonderful eyesight (or imagination). We are right here on the spot and have not seen or heard anything. The "rebels" must be feeling very quietly.

Wandering around the town all day. There seems to be an epidemic of renovation in Leningrad. Most of the streets are being repaired and most of the buildings are having a birthday. Everywhere the scars of the revolution are being obliterated. Went into the Komsomoles (Y. C. L.) Club. This building was once a large cafe and cabaret. Now it is used for the education and pleasure of the young workers, every facility being provided. In the library are thousands of books and the slogan, "We must be 100 per cent students." Went through the various rooms. One room is used for the study of science, another for aviation, another for agriculture and so on.

Wednesday, August 11.

To the police office this morning. They were still very polite, would I come back on Friday for the permit. This was no use to me, I determined to go without a permit and chance it. Went down to the October Station. In front of the station is October Square. In the middle of the square stands a colossal monument of Alexander III. Cut in the base of this monument is the following:

SCARECROW.

My son and father have met their fate
But I who have deserved immortal disgrace
Am here as a cast iron scarecrow
To remind the people of absolute monarchy.

Caught the 9.30 p. m. train for Moscow. No one pulled me up for a pass or permit. One can travel as free as in England or the U. S. In the same carriage was part of a German delegation. As soon as the train started I lay down in my berth so that no one will try to talk to me and ask awkward questions.

Thursday, August 12.

"Moscow!" As the word went around the carriage everyone clamored to get to the windows and view the distant city. Very little could be seen however, except the golden domes of many churches. As the train rattled along the last few miles everyone got busy packing. I only had a clean handkerchief so that didn't take me long. Arrived in Moscow 9.30 a. m. Gave my ticket up at the barrier and got clear through. Mentally I shook hands with myself and said, "Bo, you're in a free country. Passes are non est." I stood on the steps of the station and looked across the square, wondering which way to go.

I pictured the map of Europe in my mind and then got a bit scared. Here I was in the heart of Red Russia and I didn't know enough of the language to ask for the train back. One of our fellows

AMERICA

DAVID GORDAN

America is a land of censored opportunity.
Lick spit; eat dirt,
There's your opportunity;
Then you become a big man of business.
And people take off their hats
To you
Because you're a great man;
A man
Who robs other men by licking spit and eating dirt.
The land is lined with mountains of gold.
But we who need
Can't even get a chip of it.
The damned gold taunts us
Because
We always see it shining before us
(We polish it).
But we know we're prevented from taking it.
America's too, goddam big.
And you can't have a friend here.
Of course
It's because the lousy place is just a huge city with
too many bugs of people crawling in it:
America!
Holy Christ! You feel lonely in America.
America
Cracks a cock-eyed laugh at New York harbor.
Statue of Liberty: Strong satire
On the real America.
Too much noise,
America—
Hot air
From your state and national legislature.
You just stink up the atmosphere.
Hell,
America,
You can't be liked, spreading hot-air stink.
You're everything, aren't you, America?
Of course,
You're even a neat whore house
Standing on the sidewalk of the world.
Two dollars a woman:
Nice bed
Warm room.
But most important:
A fleshy woman
To make you feel you're giving away your life water
For a healthy bastard.
Why not?

had given me an address of his brother here but I didn't want to use it. Wandered around for a while, but didn't seem to get anywhere. Hopped on a drosky and went to this address. At the house I was saved. There was a fellow there who could speak a little English. After telling my pathetic little story we had dinner and I was taken out to see the sights.

The boulevards were bright with lovely flower gardens, most of the big buildings were covered with scaffolding. Over 400 new buildings are being erected. Went through Petrovskaya into Sverdlov Square. At one end, in front of the Opera House, is a large mound of earth on which are growing flowers. The plants have been placed so that they show the head of Dzerjinsky who died a fortnight ago. The huge opera house is hidden behind a shield of scaffolding. We crossed over into Revolution Square and into Red Square.

On our right was the inner wall of the Kremlin. Ahead was the tomb of Lenin, and further behind was the fantastic church of Vasili Blazhenny. Along this wall of the Kremlin is the Brotherhood Grave where 400 Red Guards were buried. Here also is the grave of John Reed, marked by a block of stone, rough and untrimmed. The tomb of Lenin stands in the middle of Red Square. Soldiers stand guard over the comrade who led them along the path of freedom. At the back of this tomb is the grave of Dzerjinsky. One can only look at these graves and somehow wonder what one has missed in life and it makes one determined to carry on the life work of these comrades who have gone. Went back through the arcades full of splendid shops. In the evening walked through the boulevards which were crowded with workers enjoying an evening stroll.

Friday, August 13.

This afternoon went to the Moscow River. Passed the Church of Jesus, a magnificent building from the outside. A priest wouldn't let us inside for a look around. Near the church is a mausoleum where one of the Tsars was buried. The carcass has been taken out and is to be made into a revolutionary monument. From the river one gets a splendid vista of all the big buildings. The white building of the Comintern and the churches in the Kremlin. Away in the distance the golden domes of many churches can be seen gleaming in the sun. There are over 700 large churches in Moscow. Walked through the Alexander Park. Here is an obelisk with the names of all the great revolutionaries from Marx to Plekhanov. Then to October Square. Here in the former palace of the governor-general is the office of the Moscow Soviet. In the centre of the square is the October Monument erected in memory of the Red Guards. At the other end of the square a large technical institute is being built. In the evening we went to see the revolutionary film "Potemkin." It's a great film. After I had seen it I wanted to fight the world.

Saturday, August 14.

Taking the last look around today. Into the Red Square by the Iberian Gate. At this gate is the small church of the Iberian Virgin (whoever she was). At the entrance to the gate are these words: "Religion is the Opium of the People." Nearby was a queue of the dope fiends waiting their turn to be blessed by some hairy priest. Passed the Brotherhood Grave and Lenin's tomb, atheists all, and into the church of Vasili Blazhenny, now a museum. This fantastic old church was built in 1554-60 at the order of Ivan the Terrible after his victory over the Tartars. When it was finished Ivan put the architect's eyes out. The church is just a bundle of cupolas. Every inch of the walls inside have been painted. One can imagine the archbishop (like a bosun) lining the priests up one morning and giving each a pot of paint and a brush and saying "Go on boys, slap it on." And apparently the boys did so. They have painted Mary and Jesus and baskets of fruit and themselves everywhere until there wasn't an inch to spare. In the afternoon through Ekaterina Park, the scene of some desperate fighting in 1917, and to the Soviet Employees Club. Tomorrow is a big sports day and all the members were in the ground. Football, basket ball, cycling, running, swimming, everybody was full of energy and anxious to expend it. They looked a fine healthy crowd. At 11.15 p. m. I hopped on the rattler and retreated from Moscow.

Sunday, August 15.

Arrived in Leningrad 11.30 a. m. Marching down the Nevsky was a demonstration of the Y. C. L. in their sports outfits. Went aboard and told the boys all about it. In the afternoon went on an excursion from the club to the Hermitage Art Gallery of the Winter Palace. Here is a wonderful collection of old and valuable art treasures, their true value being lost to the 50 odd Philistines of the Fo'c'sle who would only stand enraptured before pictures of naked females. This wonderful collection of various forms of art was once the exclusive property of the Tzar and his little playmates. Now it is the inclusive property of the Revolutionary Workers of the Soviet Union. This evening I counted my money and then searched the stores to buy a green turban. I've been to Mecca. Tomorrow I go back to work.

T. H. M.

The Gong Struck Three

By ALEX JACKINSON

DAVIE was almost eleven years old. He was rather small for his age and lived in a world of adolescent fancy. His region did not extend very far. He liked his father, his mother too, but his father a little more, especially when he unrolled a cigar and let Davie light it for him.

Davie was happy. He read Dickens, rode his bicycle, and drew crayon pictures. He was exceedingly glad when busy drawing, then curious ideas would form in his head which he later tried to depict upon paper. Davie aspired to be an artist. His teacher he was also fond of, especially when she showed his creations to other teachers.

Suddenly the pillars of his imaginary world collapsed and left him groping in the dark ruins of childish impressions. This happened when his father, one of the fourteen striking cloakmakers, was sentenced by Judge Rosalsky to serve from two and a half to five years in prison. The unheard of cruelty of the sentences evoked strong protests from the entire labor movement. Davie was in the courtroom when his father was found guilty, but did not realize the seriousness of the situation until he reached home. The court room fascinated him greatly. His eyes dilated about the large room, first resting upon the judge and then shifted to other localities. He enjoyed listening to the lawyers plead before the bar. The whole situation pleased him. If only his father weren't there, he would have been happy.

It was at first difficult for him to grow accustomed to the new conditions. Home seemed minus something he couldn't live without. Whenever the door bell rang, Davie ran to the door, expecting to see his father enter. His disappointment showed itself in many ways. He no longer had the same desire to play, or draw pictures. Instead he listened to his mother explain the fundamentals of the class struggle of which his father was another victim. Some things Dave readily understood, on other points he pressed her for more information. She told him of other men who have made sacrifices for the cause, and Davie listened. Soon he was no longer ashamed of having his father in prison. This new found information toppled over his entire social structure. New vistas opened before him. He began dreaming of some day being a great labor leader. Visionary expectations of becoming like Lenin whose picture hung on the wall occupied his attention. It was pleasant day dreaming to him.

One of the things that puzzled him was the word "intimidation," of which his father was accused. He looked it up in the dictionary, "to frighten" was the answer he received. This explanation confused him still more. A precocious intuition informed him that his father was innocent. He felt certain of it, and began hating society for taking away his father.

Last week Davie, along with his mother and uncle, payed his father a visit. And today he sat in his classroom trying to concentrate on his lessons. Somehow the drab prison and his father living in it kept circling around in his thoughts. In his dream version he pieced together the many events differently, sometimes adding things which never occurred and at other times he racked his head trying to recall some incident which he had forgotten.

First walked the prison guard. That Davie remembered, but he couldn't recall whether he was tall or short, having taken no particular notice of him. All that impressed him was that his face seemed unfriendly and that in his right hand shook a chain of keys. Behind him came Uncle Mednick holding on to his hat as though he were afraid of losing it. His bare head was slightly bowed and his right arm interlocked with that of Davie's mother, stepping beside him. Davie followed them several paces away.

He once more pictured the grey clad guard leading them through a wide corridor lined on both sides by rows of cells. It was the first time that he saw the interior of a prison and the direct contact with a thing that was hitherto something mysterious completely overwhelmed him. Davie felt ill at ease and seemed to frighten when his eyes discerned faces behind the bars. He hurriedly shifted his gaze elsewhere and continued walking, feeling as though he were treading upon a forbidden path.

Before long he remembered seeing the guide pause in front of a cell and insert one of the keys into a large lock. Davie heard a familiar voice call "Sonia." It was his mother's name and he turned around to see her step through the open door. Davie remembered gasping, "Its papa." Then he felt his father's lips press warmly to his cheeks. The sight of him, dressed in the regulation prison uniform horrified him, but only for an instant. He smiled sheepishly and replied, "I'm all right," in reply to his father's, "How do you feel, Dave?" The rest of the conversation which he had no inclination to join was carried on in Jewish. He sat on a corner of the cot and listened attentively, sometimes missing words which he later tried to fit into sentences. It was a distressing moment for Davie, one which he was destined to remember. Somehow he was glad when the allotted interview was over, and they once more boarded a train to the city.

This wasn't the first time he thought of it, nor the second. The same episodes returned constantly. Sometimes they crept into his thoughts while he was in the midst of a lesson. At such times he would completely forget what he was doing. Then the teacher would catch his gaze and call him to task for not paying attention. Always the eyes of his classmates would focus upon him like so many pierc-

ing searchlights. Davie would feel uneasy for their eyes unwillingly betrayed—"Your father's in prison! Your father's in prison!" Davie would then lower his eyelids and re-direct his attention to his books. He felt conscious of a something he couldn't define and it distressed him greatly.

Even his dreams were not immune from that odious vision which was with him constantly. He once dreamt of seeing the judge who sentenced his father dressed like a hangman he read about in a fairy tale. And he, Davie, was the prison guard who led his father to the scaffold. The faces assumed grotesque proportions in his dream. His own body grew to a gigantic size, overtopping both executioner and prisoner. Davie squirmed deliriously under his bed coverings, and when morning came he pieced together the emotions he experienced during his sleep. The gruesome nightmare haunted him for many days.

It was now two-thirty. Davie shuffled about on his seat, waiting anxiously for the remaining half hour to elapse. He had a new drawing he intended to show his teacher. It was a prison scene. He wanted to tell her that he was there and the circumstances of his father's imprisonment. He knew she would understand, and sympathize with him. After that he would once more be out on the street. He wanted to be out of doors, there the freedom was greater. It afforded him an opportunity to escape when people molested him, but in the classroom he felt as though he were chained onto the stake of an undesired doom.

At times the more mischievous of his playmates would group about him and maliciously inquire, "Where's your father, Dave?" Davie had no answer for them. He detected the innuendo hidden in those remarks. It was maddening to him. His little fists clenched as he stood in the midst of his heartless tormentors. Defiantly he would reply "none of your business" and walk away. Sometimes he had to engage in a fist fight before he was freed.

Davie glanced at his watch. It was almost time for the gong to ring. It was near the first of the month, and the teacher began to collect report-cards. Names were called, a 1 in response pupils arose and brought the asked for object to her desk. Davie paid no attention to what was going on. There was something else, something more important preying on his mind. A stern "David" brought him out of his reverie. It was his teacher calling him. His eyelids lifted. For a few seconds he stared blankly at her before he collected his thoughts. "Bring me your report-card," she demanded. Davie withdrew an envelope from one of his books and placed it on her desk. Returning to his seat he again opened his geography book and made an effort to read.

When the teacher collected all the cards she began scanning them for their signatures. After looking through a number of them, Davie again heard her call his name. He arose. "Who signed this report-card," she asked. Davie blushed slightly, "My mother," he replied. "Why didn't your father sign it," she pressed on. Davie grew embarrassed. The question came like a bolt from the skies. He shuffled from foot to foot. "He couldn't," he finally gasped. "Why couldn't he?" Davie saw black shadows dance before his eyes. "He's not home," he finally blurted out, not knowing what else to say. He felt conscious that all eyes were trained upon him. It added to his embarrassment.

The teacher had read in the papers about his father, but purposely wanted to use him as an example in a lesson on Americanism. "Where is he," she inquired. Davie was overpowered by confusion. He had no answer for her. What could he say before hostile faces? Besides they wouldn't understand anyhow. Yet he wanted to rebel against a pressing weight that was tormenting him. Sentences of defiance formed in his head but remained unuttered. He felt as though his mouth was tightly glued together.

"Teacher," cried one of the pupils raising his hand, "I know where Davie's father is. He's in prison." The words "he's in prison" had a strange echo for Davie. He grew red and angry. What right had they to speak of his father like that, anyhow? "I'll get him after school," flashed through his thoughts. There was a hush in the large room. David felt this world roll from under him. Giggles of other pupils added to his discomfort. He was still standing.

"Sit down," she ordered. Then clearing her throat, his torturer continued, "David, your father is in prison because he was not a good citizen. Honest people are never put in prison," she thundered. "He was a striker and it served him right. Let this be a lesson to you boys when you grow up."

David resumed his seat, inwardly shaking with rage. A bitter smile flickered across his lips. He interrupted her by saying, "My father was a worker," and received a rebuke for his impudence.

"He was a Communist," she flung at him as though that in itself constituted a crime. Davie accepted her challenge. "I'm going to be one too, when I grow up," he shouted back. It took all his courage to say that, but he was glad he did. That compensated him for the humiliation he had to endure. "That's enough from you or I'll call you to the principal." Color mounted to her face. She was still scolding him when the awaited gong finally struck three. Davie breathed a sigh of relief and filed out of the room with the other pupils. When he reached the street he withdrew his drawing and tore it to bits.



The cartoonist got the idea of the failure of the peace conference but did not see, perhaps, that Uncle Sam made that door just for the nations to walk out of, so he could build cruisers instead of arks.

Hughes, the Capitalist Legal Tool

By FRED HARRIS

CHARLES EVANS HUGHES, former governor of the state of New York, associate justice of the U. S. Supreme Court, republican candidate for president, secretary of state in the Harding cabinet, and at present senior member of a law firm, has been holding a series of lectures at Columbia University on "The Supreme Court of the United States."

To be sure, Mr. Hughes is considered an authority on the constitution and the law of the country, and yet, while he was reading his prepared manuscript, one could see the elusiveness and the dual character which the term "law" implies.

What is the law of the country? Mr. Hughes gives his own interpretation, admits however, that its application is not always satisfactory. He gave an illustration: "The law condemns a nuisance, and yet a nuisance may be a right thing in the wrong place, like a pig in a parlor."

What is the purpose of the law? According to Mr. Hughes "to protect property and to establish justice." How is this accomplished? "By the due process of the law." This last is Mr. Hughes' stock-in-trade.

It is all very simple, the judge explains. Congress makes the laws and the courts interpret them. If the people don't like the laws then let them make use of the ballot box.

Hughes congratulates the country for being fortunate enough to possess that wonderful document, the U. S. constitution. Our forefathers realized that we might get into legal entanglements and so they gave us a fundamental law of the country to guide ourselves. Nobody makes errors now and justice is given its due! He pities the unfortunate British people for not having a similar document. True enough, King John gave them the Magna Charta, but that manuscript is so elastic that every succeeding generation has interpreted it in a different way.

However, after showing how poorly England has provided herself with a legal superstructure, Mr. Hughes admits that jurisprudence is very confus-

ing and that the supreme court during its existence of over a hundred years has not yet been able to define the power of congress to pass laws regulating state affairs and commerce.

Much as these last questions are straining the intelligence of the "bench" yet, and matters pertaining to individuals, especially radicals, the courts, from a police magistrate to the chief justice of the supreme court, have seen their duty clearly and have interpreted the law so that no one may accuse them of vacillation. The "due process clause" is invoked and, presto, justice has been administered.

It was while discussing the freedom of speech and press that the speaker referred to the war period of 1917. Here was a very specific case. A group of radicals were obstructing the government of this country in its conduct of the war. Hence the necessity for the war time sedition bills. The objectors and obstructors were sent to jail and the country won the war. (Radicals and near-radicals will do well to keep an eye on the past in order to know what will happen in the next war). It never occurred to Mr. Hughes to inform his audience why the "due process clause" was not used against certain statesmen and financiers who, through political intrigues and under false pretenses, maneuvered this country into a needless war which killed a hundred thousand of its citizens and crippled twice that number.

Hughes is a conservative and so his advocacy for freedom of the press is limited. He praised the wisdom of the founders of this republic to have established such freedom but also reminded his hearers that the same men had also founded the supreme court, to watch that the frail and delicate sense of freedom should not suffer abuse. When liberty becomes license it must be stopped. To prove this he quoted the Gitlow case and the supreme court decision in 1924. Here, no doubt, was the proverbial pig running around in a judicial parlor. The defendant was charged with having used the freedom of the press to "advocate a policy inimical to the welfare of the people; to incite to do violence; to

disturb the peace of the community," etc., (how familiar they sound), and so it became necessary to invoke the "due process clause," and Gitlow was sent to jail.

Thus speaks Mr. Hughes, the lawyer, the exponent of that capitalistic monstrosity called corpus juris, the iron heel of the property class. Never have I seen a person who so completely personified this thing which goes by a hundred different names, jurisprudence, legality, lawfulness and so on, but which all mean the same thing, namely, the right to accumulate private property and to do this by the system of wage slavery.

Everything about Hughes is judicious, his immaculate white dress shirt, white collar and tie, white vest and white whiskers. His very walk, pose and bow are judiciously measured. If it is true as some people would have it, that Hughes has used this opportunity to come back into the public and be a possible candidate from this state for the 1928 presidential election, then one must admit that even his entry into the political arena is from a legal standpoint unimpeachable. Well he may stand and say, "I am the law," but strip him of his law and the man collapses. He lives with, by and for the law, the capitalist law, the law of exploiters, the law of legality for corrupt diplomacy and murderous wars, the law which is in harmony with the recognition of capitalist dictatorships, but which judiciously taboos a workers' dictatorship.

This law, Mr. Hughes' law, is not a means to establish equality and justice. It is the law of capitalism, the power of a few rich to impose their will and dictates upon a vast majority, who through a legal expropriation system have been made impotent, and who because of their helplessness submit to such dictates.

To permit a continuation of such exploitation legality is to dig our own grave. Laws are written by ruling classes to suppress the subject classes. As soon as the weak gain strength and overthrow their masters they then also overthrow their laws.

Two Chinese Generals

By Our Chinese Correspondent

HANKOW, January (By Mail).—The pomp and circumstance surrounding the reception of Chang Tso-Lin in Peking and his subsequent stay in that city make an interesting contrast with a similar event here in Hankow, when Chiang Kai-Shin, commander-in-chief of the Nationalist armies, arrived from Nanchang to confer with the Nationalist government officials.

In Peking, the ex-bandit chieftain from Mukden had yellow sand (an imperial symbol) strewn along the streets through which he travelled from the railway depot to his fortress-home in the West City. Soldiers lined all the streets through which his motor passed. People stood along the way and stared. They did not, however, cheer. One correspondent said Chang Tso-Lin had everything in the way of a reception—except a welcome.

In Hankow, General Chiang Kai-Shih arrived to be greeted by massed crowds numbering thousands, who cheered themselves hoarse and made all sorts of efforts in order merely to get a glimpse of the man they call "liberator." The Nationalist military chief walked through a close-packed crowd lining the landing-place. He had with him his aides and a small body-guard. But there was no yellow sand on his pathway. Nor was there any need for a lane of soldiery. Chiang Kai-Shih, unlike Chang Tso-Lin, does not live in hourly fear of assassins.

In Peking Chang Tso-Lin lived in a huge yamen, whose entrance was watched over by a company of soldiers day and night. Throughout all the many courtyards of his residence soldiers were on constant guard duty. Visitors penetrated to his private quarters only after passing the scrutiny of nearly a regiment of soldiers. This was not a method of safeguard adopted merely because he was in Peking. He is equally closely guarded when he is "at home" in Mukden.

In Hankow, the Nationalist military chieftain lived in a small modern building in what is known as the "Model District" in the Chinese city. The guard of two soldiers which had been at its entrance before he arrived remained a guard of two soldiers after he had taken up residence. Some of his personal body-guards, to be sure, were in the main reception room of the building. But the writer, who had business with another official residing in the same building, was not stopped or questioned by them. There was no atmosphere of apprehension.

In Peking the Mukden warlord never ventured forth from his yamen unless three motor-loads of guards accompanied his own car, which had six guards hanging on the running-board with drawn revolvers in their hands. And he ventured forth seldom.

In Hankow Chiang Kai-Shih went about in a limousine motor, with one aide inside with him and no body-guards at all. He went about every day. He found time to attend a special theatrical performance in his honor. He smiled, bowed to acquaintances, took a seat democratically in the orchestra section and alongside a minor employe of one of the government ministries. He found time to attend a few dinners given by business men. He made speeches, telling them the aims of the revolution, urging them to try hard to understand the new labor movement developing among the masses. At these functions—and elsewhere—he indicated that he choose not to be called "General" or "Marshal" but plain "Mister" (Sien Sheng).

There is no "swank" about Chiang Kai-Shih, nor yet any of the medieval pomp and trappings which the old-style militarists of the north affect. Nor does he write poetry while a campaign is on. He is

a man who, while not of the people in his origins, is yet for the people. In all his public utterances, in all his personal contacts, he shows that his interest is for the plain people who make up the great masses of the population of his country. It is for them that he labors over the work of his campaigns.

The streak of idealism in him makes him envisage not only a free and autonomous China, but a China whose people—the millions of laborers and peasants and small merchants—shall be happier and less harassed in the struggle for existence, better off socially, economically and educationally. That ideal, one gathers from men who know him well, is what strengthens him in his arduous work and gives him that perseverance which has already brought him and his armies so far as the road toward the unifica-

BUILDING POEMS

I watched a building being built. They had to dig the ground quite deep for its foundation. And there was a chaos of deep digging and of laying the foundation.

Cranes and earth and rocks and trucks and stones and bricks and steel and pulleys—all I saw, and many workers at this giant task.

It took time to build the building, but finished, it was beautiful. Clear-cut, precise, without foolish ornament. All that was without use was either thrown away or made over for other use.

And I saw poems built like this. No frills, no posed ornaments, no insincere toys of sentiment, no affected exaltations—only frank as clear-cut steel, as true as finished buildings. Beautiful because they do not sham.

These are the poems of the new United States and England, of Germany and Red China and, mother of them all, of Soviet Russia.

The strength of the mighty poor are in these poems, and what they'll do. These poems herald the poor and in earnest join their fight. These are the new, the youthful offsprings of their father, the poor. They know the low, strong voice of their father and therefore sing with him in solidarity and truth.

These are the building poems—they build the skyscraping future.

—DAVID GORDON.

CHINA IN REVOLT

By EUGENE KREININ

The cradle of ancient culture
Is breaking the shell of servitude,
In its lead of the oppressed,
Towards the dawn of liberation
From the yoke of imperialism.

Imperialism—
The last attempt
Of a dying capitalism,
To hang on
To the hinges of existence . . .

And China aroused
From a slumber of ages,
Breaks the chains of domination.
And the enemy
Degenerated by delicacies—
Wrung
From the mouths of the workers,
Is fed by an awakening people,
With a reception—
Bitter in taste,
And lead in content . . .

And China opens
Its millions of almond eyes;
And the wings of imperialism
Are breaking—
In the storm
Before the advent of the new day . . .



Letters From Our Readers



Buy Union Coal.

Editor, Daily Worker:—We have given support to many labor unions by purchasing their commodities through the union label. Isn't there a way of getting a line on the coal dealers in New York City who are furnishing coal handled by unions?

By knowing which dealers handle union coal, we can help the miners in their struggle. If this news can be communicated to us through the daily paper of the workers, it would furnish us with a means of aiding the miners.

I wish that you would give information like this to the revolutionary workers of this country.—F. Beach, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Another Utopia.

Editor, Daily Worker:—When all is done by machines, the alarm-clock factories will be the first to be closed, because there will no longer be any cause for alarm.

Workers will have a leisurely breakfast at the Knights of Columbus Halls and will then march to the Ingersoll Forum where they will hear a debate on religion—and discover, after one thousand nine hundred and twenty-seven years of investigation, whether or not there is a God. —Aconcagua Catopesi, New York City.

Priests and Installment Plans.

Editor, Daily Worker:—Detroit has a very fine installment plan arrangement for workers who want homes. Workers, who save a few dollars and pay so much down for houses, because apartments won't accept workers with families, find

themselves at the mercy of the sheriff in a little while.

I know of a worker, the father of several children, who having been laid off by his boss, was thrown out of his house in mid-winter. While everyone was away from the house, a constable and a few assistants dumped all of the furniture into the street, despite protests from neighbors.

Instead of voting for workers and reading a workers' paper, however, workers go to church and listen to preachers who advise them to vote for capitalists and who take their money. They are so blinded by preachers that they do not know what is going on around them.

Yours for a workers' government,
Agnes Federoff, Detroit, Mich.

Conditions in Detroit.

Editor, Daily Worker:—The conditions in the auto plants of Detroit are worse than jail conditions.

I've worked in auto plants since 1912, and I've talked to a lot of other men about conditions. When I told them that in a few years the auto workers would toil in slavery, I was called a dreamer. Some of them made it pretty miserable for me; now that many of them are hard pressed, they admit that I was right, that if they had kept their union cards, there would be different conditions in the auto plants today. I wonder how many of them felt when the foreman came up to me and said, "Get your tools out of here, you're a damned agitator".

I believe that if Detroit had a few Weisbords, the unions here would do

some good political and industrial work.

I suggest that The DAILY WORKER put out an automobile workers' paper about once a week and charge about two dollars a year subscription. That would help a good deal. And one of these days I hope to see an auto weekly in Detroit that would fight war and the Chamber of Commerce. By the way, couldn't we prevent wars by putting priests, ministers and capitalists in the front line trenches?—E. V. A., Detroit, Mich.

Dempsey-Tunney Frame-up.

Editor, DAILY WORKER: I read "Spectator's" article in yesterday's DAILY WORKER about sure-fire sportsmen and I want you to know that there is more than circumstantial evidence on the Dempsey-Tunney fight.

Tunney trained here in Summit and his trainer, Bud Gorson, told all his local friends not to bet on the fight, that it would be "flukey." Gorson's friends told their own friends and soon it was an open secret.

Well, it turned out "flukey" all right. The statement that Dempsey drank coffee with poisoned cream on the morning of the fight is just to pave the way for another fight. Good business for Tunney. He must have paid dear for it.

Sports are about as rotten as politics.—CHASLES P. FLETCHER, Summit, N. J.

March 9, 1927.

Editor, DAILY WORKER: Your splendid editorial in The WORKER

of March 8th showed that your paper is not afraid to tell the truth about that notorious fake Irish republican, Eamon DeValera.

He pretends to be an enemy of British Imperialism in Ireland, but directly he lands here, he immediately hobnobs with all the worst political tyrants and grafters that the U. S. A. produces.

This is the same DeValera who is opposed to the Soviet Union and who recently stated that he would not uphold any government which "oppressed the priests of the Roman Catholic Church," and in that respect he is in the same boat as the Knights of Columbus, who denounce President Calles because he resents the political interference of foreign-born Roman Catholic clerics in the state affairs of Mexico.

But, then, that is the trouble with most Irish "republicans" both here and in Ireland.

They are nearly all staunch supporters of their religion, and all the undemocratic theories that it stands for and are also firm believers in that dearly beloved Catholic tradition, "The Church is superior to the State."

Long ago the late R. G. Ingersoll stated in one of his lectures that Ireland would never be free until the people there ceased to swallow all the dogmas of orthodox theology, and those facts were spoken by a real Republican, and one of the most profound American thinkers that ever lived, but his words will never be endorsed by DeValera and his adherents.—F. B. M., New York City.

Curiosities of Nature

By N. SPARKS

HOW MANY LEGS HAS A CENTIPEDE? Both the names "centipede" and "millipede" seem to be hasty guesses made by someone who didn't stop to investigate too closely. Doubtless, anyone who has ever been on a banana ship and had a centipede start to crawl over him would be inclined to credit it with the full hundred legs that its name implies. But actually centipedes have from twenty-six to forty-two. They can run rapidly and are carnivorous. The millipede or "thousand-legger" has as many as 220 legs, but despite this number, drags along slowly like a big parade. The millipede, unlike his faster relative, is a vegetarian.

DIAMONDS: The south African official diamond rush with its crazy procedure and crazier legality has again focused special interest upon the diamond. The diamond is nothing but carbon—the same ma-

terial as charcoal, coke, graphite and lampblack—but in a different form. Of these latter materials, graphite—the same stuff that so-called "lead" pencils are made of—is the one that resembles the diamond most. Both graphite and diamond are carbon in crystalline form. But there the resemblance ends. The carbon crystal that we know as diamond has been formed by nature by infinitely slow cooling through the ages under tremendous pressure. The diamond is the hardest substance known, and this is its only useful property. Millions of little diamonds that are unclear or black due to impurities are in use for drilling, glass-cutting, etc. Diamonds have been made artificially, but only such little ones that the game wasn't worth the candle.

BAKU AND THE FIRE-WORSHIPPERS: Oil has been known at Baku since the earliest times,

and up to the date of the Arabian conquest of the city in the year A. D. 636, Baku was the principal point of pilgrimage of the Persian and Hindu fire-worshippers, being visited every year by thousands. Usually oil is found only by drilling wells deep into the earth. But there are some places where natural gas or oil, or both, have been issuing naturally from fissures in the rock since ages. A stroke of lightning, or a spark, back perhaps at the dawn of history, was enough to turn the fountain of gas into a column of eternal fire. The Greek legend of the fiery monster the "Chimaera" was based on such a column of fire which has been burning for thousands of years on the shores of the Gulf of Adalia, in Asia Minor.

It was not an accident that Persia with its oil and gas fields became the center of the religion of fire-worship, for the inexhaustible pillar of fire leaping up from the bowels of the earth was a miracle that other gods would have to strain themselves considerably to beat.

As late as 1880, the Temple of Surakhani (close to Baku) which had been the seat of the Sacred Fire for centuries, was still visited by priests from India. But machine drilling had already begun in 1871.

THE LAY OF THE GANDY DANCER

Oh, I was doin' a gandy dance, along o' th' Santa Fe
When a gospel stiff with a clabber face said 'e'd sum'mat to say,
"The Lord," 'e says, "was wise," 'e says, "an' the Lord 'e knoweth best—
'E gave the road to the financiers an' th' likes o' you th' rest.
For th' likes o' you 'e saved," 'e says, "as long as the rattler runs
Th' burden 'e took off o' Mary's kin an' laid upon Martha's sons."
"Th' hell," say I, an' "Christ," I says, an' "Pish" an' "Tush", says 'e,
"Yer manners is bad an' yer blasphemous, which shouldn't no wise be."
"But the hell", says I, an' "Christ", I says, "Th' Lord's a crook, b'gee,
If 'e passes his friends a golden spoon an' a number Two to me."
"Yer most uncouth an' to tell th' truth, its very plain to see
The Lord 'e couldn't 'aleft th' road to ever th' likes o' ye."
"Yer rough", 'e says, "an yer tough", 'e says, "an yer fond o' beer an' gin,
An' to give ye more than the grocer takes would steep yer soul in sin.
An' what is more, ye have built the road, for th' Lord is just an' wise—
He moved th' hearts o' his millionaires to let you tamp th' ties."
"Th' hell", says I, an' "Christ", I says, an' "Pish", an' "tush", says 'e,
"Yer a branded soul an' ye don't deserve such god-like charity."
"But th' hell", says I, an' "Christ", I says, "I've conned it over well,
An' if God can stand for a deal like that, why God can go to hell."
Oh, I was doin' a gandy dance along o' th' Santa Fe.
When a friend of God, with a clabber face, said 'e'd summat to say,
I listened to him and I spoke him fair just what seemed right to me
But 'im and God they'd stacked the cards from now to eternity.
So I took 'is lip and I took a grip of my Gandy's golden spoon,
An' I laid God's share o' that number two abaft of 'is rear jib boom.

—BILLY WILLIAMS.

CHARLES E. RUTHENBERG

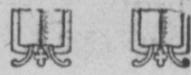
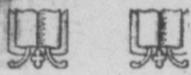
(Continued from page 1)

Soviet Union and for a Soviet government in the United States.

The last ten years of his life were given wholly to the building of a mass Communist Party in America. He knew the importance of the party, its value and meaning to the working class. Foremost in its ranks he was always building and strengthening the Workers (Communist) Party. Our loss is great, indeed. And it is only with the most strenuous efforts of the whole party, supported by the mass of its sympathizing workers, that our movement can in a measure be compensated for the death of Comrade Ruthenberg.

What better tribute can we pay to his memory than to fulfill his last wish which was to fight on and build the party? What better tribute can the class conscious workers of America pay to the memory to the dead revolutionary leader than to join and rally around the party which he had spent his life in founding and building?

Ruthenberg is gone but the Communist movement for which he lived and fought so bravely will go on with redoubled energy and devotion. We will now work harder and struggle more intensely to make up for the loss to carry our movement forward, ever forward till the final victory of the working class.



THE WORKERS AND BOSSES

By BRUCE EWANA.

I'll bet the boss
Is afraid of him now,
Because soon he will
Beat the plow.

2.

But the workers will arise
And pound him till he's flat
He thinks he is the whole cheese
The great big democrat.

3.

The boss knows it is outrageous
He says he will rob us for ages,
And not give us any wages,
For he is trying it now.

4.

When the workers get their wages,
And it won't be outrageous
The boss will want to rob us for ages more
Just as he did before.

FUNNY

WHO GOT THE JOB?—By L. STANKUS

It was a very cold morning. Two friend workers set off for work. Suddenly they came to a place where they needed only one man. Pat and Mike started to quarrel. Both of them wanted a job. The boss said that whoever jumped over a mountain would get a job. Both jumped the mountain. Who got the job? The UNDERTAKER got the job because when Pat and Mike jumped the mountain both got killed.

PUZZLE

The answer to last week's puzzle No. 4 is UNION. The organization all workers should join to fight against the bosses together and win easier.

The following have answered correctly:

Lillian Cohen, New York City; Rebecca Resnick, New York City; Vera Rosinsky, New York City; William Gorelick, New York City; Lulu Morris, New York City; William Kronrat, New York City; Michael Nichiporuk, Endicott, N. Y.; Alice Kelly, Revere, Mass.; Marion Dinkin, New York City; Mae Feurer, New York City; Laura Barin, New York City.

More Answers To Puzzle No. 3.

Sarah Weiss, Minneapolis, Minn.; T. B. L. Lurye, Chicago, Ill.; Mildred Stravec, Remsen, N. Y.; Bennie Caruso, Chicago, Ill.; Betty Robins, Cleveland, Ohio; Leon Roth, New York City; Sylvia Katvala, Maynard, Mass.; Laura Borin, New York City; Elianora Ivanoff, Post Falls, Idaho; Liberto Vilarino, Inglewood, Calif.

More Answers To Puzzle No. 2.

Milton Rubin, Los Angeles, Calif.; Becky Raport, Petaluma, Calif.; Bob Raport, Petaluma, Calif.

This Week's Puzzle No. 5.

Here is a word puzzle that tells you to do something that every young comrade should do. Let's see you get the right answer! Each letter in the puzzle stands for the letter before it in the alphabet. For instance, R in the puzzle stands for Q in the answer, D in the puzzle stands for C in the answer. Well, let's go:—

BMM XPSLFST DIJMESFO TIPVME
SFBE BOE TVCTDSJCF UP UIF
ZPVOH DPNSBEF IPX BCPVU
JU?

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

OUR PENNSYLVANIA REPORTER

YES! WE'LL FIGHT THE BOSSES.

Dear Comrades: Here is some news of what happened in the No. 1 mine of the Ocean Coal Company in Herminie, Pa. One afternoon a father and his son of 16 years finished the work they were doing and wanted to go home. But they saw that the gage elevator was loaded with coal so they started to walk up the air shaft steps which are 350 feet high. All of a sudden when they were 150 feet up, they were surrounded by deadly gas, and both were choked to death. Whose fault is it that these two workers died? It was the fault of the company bosses. The company cares more for its mules than for its workers because the mules cost money and the workers don't. We must fight against bosses and companies that kill workers and we'll win just like the workers of Soviet Russia won against their bosses. Long live the workers revolution of the United States!

Your Comrade,
BILLY TAPOLCSANJ.



YOUNG COMRADE CORNER

PIONEERS WILL CARRY ON.

Comrade Ruthenberg's death is a great blow to the American working class. The children of the American working class realize that Comrade Ruthenberg was one of their best fighters.

Comrade Ruthenberg's life as a leader of the working class and of the American Workers (Communist) Party and his sacrifices and endless devotion to the working class will serve as an inspiration to the Young Pioneers of America (the children's section of the Communist movement) to carry on the work of our dear comrade and leader, until we have realized that for which he was bravely fighting.

We, the Young Pioneers of America, pledge ourselves to be ALWAYS READY to fight as children for the emancipation of our class.

YOUNG PIONEERS OF AMERICA.

THE LITTLE GREY DOG

From Fairy Tales for Workers' Children.

(Continued from Last Week.)

He considered for a moment, then cried happily, "Now I know, Hannah is just the right one for you. How could I forget her? Of course, she has a little boy. . . ."

"I don't want him," the daughter interrupted. "My dear little son must not play with a dirty Negro child. You can keep Hannah's son here."

"You are a good mother, my beloved child," said the rich man, moved. "You always think of your son. Good, Benjamin shall remain here and when you go back to the city tomorrow, I will give you Hannah to take along. I will immediately tell the overseer, so that he may tell her to be ready."

And the rich man called a servant and bade him bring the overseer.

Ah, what a sad night that was in the little hut of the Negroes. Poor Hannah hugged her little son close in her arms and cried as though her heart would break. Her husband Tom gazed at her with worried eyes and was so miserable that he could not say a word. Hannah kept looking anxiously toward the little window, trembling with the fear of seeing the first ray of light that meant that day was near, when she would leave her loved ones.

The little grey dog seemed to understand the grief of his friends, he nestled quite close to Hannah's coat, looking up at them with loving, clever eyes. Then Hannah cried loudly, "If they sell you, too, Tom, what will become of our poor child?" The little dog laid his paw on little Benjamin as though to say, "Don't fear, poor mother, I will take care of him."

(To be continued.)

THE CHINESE SITUATION



WE MOURN OUR LOSS

IRVING SHAVELSON.

On March 2, 1927, the working class of America lost one of its best friends, Comrade Ruthenberg, the fearless fighter for the working class. Comrade Ruthenberg gave his life like Lenin, Liebknecht, Gene Debs, while fighting for the working class. When the socialists misled and betrayed the working class, Comrade Ruthenberg was one of the first to point it out. He was one of the first to organize the Workers (Communist) Party, the only party that fights for the freedom of the working class in America. He was the National Secretary of the Party.

Because Comrade Ruthenberg was active in organizing the workers to fight against the bosses for more wages and better conditions in the shops, mines and fields, the bosses arrested him and sent him to prison. When Comrade Ruthenberg came out of jail he continued the fight against the bosses. His aim was to establish a Workers' and Farmers' government in the United States. Comrade Ruthenberg's last words were that all workers should help build a strong Workers Party in the United States.

Comrade Ruthenberg, we the children of the working class miss you, and we promise to carry on the fight where you left it. You told us to build a strong Workers Party before you died. Well, we will start to do this by joining the Young Pioneers and building a strong Pioneer League.

OUR HERO

MAX KARP.

Let us pause to mourn,
For with the coming of the dawn
A COMMUNIST LEADER has died.
Who fought for the workers, and the capitalists
defied.

2.

His life did he lend
His life did he spend
For the workers' cause
Therefore, we mourn Comrade Ruthenberg's loss.

3.

Till the last did he fight,
For the workers and their right
And before he did die
FIGHT ON was his cry.

4.

We will carry on his work in fields and factories
On the ocean, the lands and on the seas
The work that he has begun
Will by all of us be done.

OUR LETTER BOX

THAT'S THE SPIRIT.

Dear Comrade: I bought a picture button of Lenin in Warren, Ohio. The next day I went to school. The teacher told me to take it off. I told him not until the boys will take the boy scout badges off. He sent me to the office where the principal took it from me and was going to throw it out the window. I said, "Listen here, I paid for that and if you want it 50 cents will pay for it. He gave me the money. The next day I bought another one from our neighbor. I am wearing it every day, he does not say a thing. Now he is wearing the one he bought from me.—MICHAEL BARTIC.

POEM OF SCHOOL DAYS

ALFRED KASPER.

When I was going to public school,
My father said I was a fool,
And at the age of thirteen,
I was already cultivating
As one day I met my teacher Miss,
And I simply asked her this,
Do you remember the day you thought you were
tough

Well now I am going to treat you rough.
She turned around and walked away,
For she would never forget if she had stayed.
Now I am a boy of sweet sixteen,
And helping pioneers in their scheme,
I will join the Pioneers which is for me,
And fight for a world that is to be free.

SOMETHING'S WRONG

By A Young Pioneer.

Calvin Coolidge so they say,
Helps the farmers every day
He often helps the workers too?
With strikes that sweep this country through.
HERE'S THE TRUTH.
Coolidge don't help the workers much
Because he don't believe in such.
He helps the capitalists instead
Yet they call him a workers' friend, you bet.

Pen Is Mightier Than Sword.

Dear Comrade: Mr. Dumond of the Grand Rapids Museum told us in a lecture that the pen is mightier than the sword. This is very true as all workers must know. Workers should write and be a worker correspondent and the Young Pioneers should also write.—ABRAHAM BARKEN.

DRAMA

Humanity Cannot Accept Absolute Truth, Says Pirandello

THE recent visit of Luigi Pirandello and his company to Budapest did not turn out as successful as expected. The players drew only moderate audiences to the City Theatre. Following the last performance Pirandello announced his willingness to answer any questions put to him by members of the audience, and when asked to explain the inner meaning of his play, "Clothing the Naked," exhibited his powers as a conferencier for over half an hour, while he developed the theme that humanity cannot accept absolute truth, for the simple reason that acceptance of truth would mean the cessation of life as we know it; for life can only be lived through the adaption of truth to the needs of the individual.

At present Pirandello is at work upon five new plays, and is allowing a novel to mature in his mind.

Film Entitled "Lenin" On Screen, All Nations Church, Sat., March 26

A motion picture entitled "Lenin" will be shown Saturday, March 26 in the auditorium of the Church of All Nations, First Street and Second Avenue. On the same program will be the original version of "Michael Strogoff", by the celebrated French author, Jules Verne. Jacob P. Adler, the late dean of Jewish actors portrays the title role in this motion picture.

Lenin's complete life and various incidents during the prime of his career are well depicted, showing the actual scenes of the great Comrade before, during and after the Russian Revolution, right up to the time of his death.

In addition there will be a popular Russian balalaika orchestra, and a comedy.

Admission will be 30 cents for the afternoon and 40 cents for the evening. Performances will be continuous, from 1 till 11.

BROADWAY BRIEFS

The Shuberts sent out a notice of a \$1,800 prize contest yesterday. Cash awards aggregating that sum will be paid to the authors of the best three revue sketches, of from three to fifteen minutes duration, submitted to the Shubert office before May 15.

The judges who will select the winners are William A. Brady, L. Lawrence Weber and Bide Dudley. The first prize is \$1,000, the second \$500 and the third \$300. From the manuscript selected the producers reserve the right to purchase as many sketches as they regard suitable for \$100 apiece.

Francine Larrimore, star of "Chicago," at the Music Box Theatre, will appear at the annual benefit of the Theatrical Press Representatives of America to be held Sunday evening. Miss Larrimore will be seen in an original skit written by Wells Hawkes.

Donald Meek and Aline MacMahon are late additions to the cast of "Spread Eagle," the new melodrama by George S. Brooks and Walter B. Lister, which Jed Harris has put into rehearsal and which is scheduled for opening here April 4. Others in the cast are Fritz Williams, Osgood Perkins, Felix Krembs and Malcolm Duncan.

"Savages Under the Skin," a play by Harry L. Foster and Wyman Procter, is announced to open at the Greenwich Village Theatre on March 24.

JOSEPHINE HUTCHINSON



Has the principal role in the Civic Repertory production, "Inheritors," at the 14th Street Theatre.

A new organization, Cast Productions, Inc., has put in rehearsal a play titled "The Scalawag," by David Higgins and Bennet Musson. The out-of-town opening is scheduled for March 21, with the New York premiere the week following.

"Hit the Deck" the musical comedy version of "Shore Leave," opens in Philadelphia March 28, and comes to the Belasco Theatre on April 18. "Lulu Belle" will close at the Belasco April 16, and not go on the road until the fall.

On the Screen

Lew Cody and Aileen Pringle will play the leading roles in a new farce comedy called "His Brother From Brazil."

James Barrie's "Quality Street," Marion Davies' next production, is to feature several scenes depicting the last moments of the Battle of Waterloo. They will picture the defeat of the Old Guard in its historic charge against the Duke of Wellington.

Sessue Hayakawa, Japanese film and stage actor, is appearing at the Jefferson and the Coliseum this week.

A photoplay edition of "Resurrection," illustrated with stills from the picture which was produced by Inspiration Pictures and Edwin Carewe and will shortly be released by United Artists, has just been issued by Grosset & Dunlap. The book contains an interesting preface by Ilya Tolstoy, son of the great Russian novelist.

"Is Zat So?" from the stage comedy by James Gleason and Richard Taber, is almost ready for release by Fox Films. George O'Brien plays the prize fighter and Edmund Lowe the manager, with Kathryn Perry the girl in the case.

Phyllis Haver will play one of the principal parts in Emil Janning's first American-made picture for Paramount, "The Way of All Flesh."

Mischa Levitzki, the pianist, following an extensive tour will give a recital at Carnegie Hall Tuesday, March 29.

Ruth St. Denis, Ted Shawn, and their Denishawn Dancers, after eighteen months in the Orient, will make their only New York appearances on April 4, 5, and 6 at Carnegie Hall.

Clare Eames will sing victorian songs in costumes of the period at the first of the "Intimate Sunday Night" entertainments, to be given this Sunday at the Little Theatre.

MUSIC

Two Orchestras To Honor Damrosch In Mass Concert

OVER two hundred musicians, representing the Philharmonic and New York Symphony Orchestras, will participate in the joint concert to be held in honor of Walter Damrosch at the Metropolitan Opera House Tuesday evening.

Three conductors will appear in the director's stand. Fritz Busch, new guest conductor of the New York Symphony; Walter Damrosch; and Wilhelm Furtwaengler of the Philharmonic.

The complete program follows: Overture, "Oberon," Weber; Last Movement from Symphony No. 1 in C-minor, Brahms.

Conducted by Busch.

Prelude to "Lohengrin" Wagner; Quintette from Act III, "Meistersinger" Wagner. Soloists: Ernestine Schumann-Heink, Florence Easton, George Meader, Clarence Whitehill, Walter Kirchoff. Prelude "Meistersinger" Wagner.

Conducted by Demrosch.

Dance of the Sylphs, Berlioz; Rakoczk March, Berlioz; Overture "Tannhauser" Wagner.

Conducted by Furtwaengler

Emporer Waltz Strauss.

METROPOLITAN OPERA

In addition to the premiere of Casella's ballet "La Giara," (next Saturday afternoon); the revival of "Der Rosenkavalier" next Wednesday evening, will be a feature of the twentieth week of the opera season. The Strauss Opera will be sung by Naston, Mueller, Fleischer, and Tedesco, Bohnen, Schutzendorf.

Other operas next week:

"Gioconda," Monday evening with Larsen-Todsen, Claussen and Gigli, DeLuca.

"Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," Thursday evening, the former with Vettori, Alcock and Tokatyan, Basiola; the latter with Lewis and Johnson, DeLuca.

"Goetterdammerung," Friday afternoon with Larsen-Todsen, Mueller, and Laubenthal, Schorr.

"Mignon," Friday evening with Bori, Talley, Gigli, Rothier.

"Madama Butterfly" and "La Giara" (premiere) Saturday afternoon; the former with Easton, Bourskaya and Chamlee, Scotti; the latter will be interpreted by Rosina Galli and Berger, Bonfiglio and Angelo.

"Aida," Saturday night with Peralta, Matzenauer and Fullin, Basiola.

With the Orchestras

NEW YORK SYMPHONY

Fritz Busch, the new guest conductor of the New York Symphony, who made his debut in Carnegie Hall Thursday, will give a second concert in Mecca Auditorium this Sunday afternoon. The program, Beethoven's "Leonore" overture, No. 3; Max Reger's variations on a theme by W. A. Mozart; and Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 4 in F minor.

Two symphonies appear on the program for his third concert in Carnegie Hall next Friday evening. Both the Symphony in C-major by Hyden and the Symphony in E-minor from "The New World" by Dvorak will be played. The program will open with Beethoven's overture from "Egmont".

John Charles Thomas will be the soloist next Sunday afternoon in Mecca Auditorium.

PHILHARMONIC

The Philharmonic Orchestra, with Wilhelm Furtwaengler conducting, will play this Sunday afternoon at the Metropolitan Opera House a pro-

gram consisting of the Cesar Franck Symphony, Tchaikovsky's "Romeo and Juliet", and Berlioz' "Roman Carnival".

Braunfel's Don Juan will have its first performance on Thursday evening and Friday afternoon at Carnegie Hall. The soloist will be Ossip Gabrilowitsch, in the Brahms Concerto No. 2. Strauss' Death and Transfiguration completes the program.

The program of the Students' Concert next Saturday includes the Bach Concerto No. 3 for strings, the Hindemith Concerto for Orchestra, and the Tchaikovsky Fourth Symphony. Next Sunday afternoon at Carnegie Hall Ernest Schelling will be the soloist, in his own Suite Fantastique.

MUSIC NOTES

The Makin Trio, appear in recital at Aeolian Hall Tuesday Evening, March 22.

Robert Goldsand, Viennese pianist, gives his postponed recital at The Town Hall on Monday afternoon, March 21.

Stefan Sopkin, violinist, at his second recital in Aeolian Hall next Wednesday evening, will play the Vitali-Chavlier Chaconne, a new sonata by Philippe Gaudert, the Tchaikovsky concerto and a group of shorter numbers by Godowsky, Gershwin, Achroa and Rimsky-Korsakoff.

Youry Bilstin, Director of the Psycho-Physiological Institute of Music in Paris, will give a recital in Aeolian Hall Thursday evening, devoted to compositions for cello and viola di gamba. He will have the assistance of Carrol Hollister and a string quartet.

Beryl Rubinstein, will give his only piano recital in Aeolian Hall Monday evening, March 21.

Rosa Cerussi will appear in song recital Tuesday night at Town Hall.

Mildred Largie, pianist will make her debut at Aeolian Hall Monday afternoon.

Harold Bauer, at his final piano recital this Sunday afternoon at Town Hall, will include in his program clavier music of the 16th, 17th, and 18th centuries.

The Dudley Buck Singers will give their next recital at Town Hall on Monday night.

MUSIC AND CONCERTS

PHILHARMONIC

FURTWAEGLER, Conductor
METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE
THIS SUNDAY AFTERNOON, 3:00
CESAR FRANCK: Symphony in D minor.
TCHAIKOVSKY: "Romeo and Juliet."
BERLIOZ: Roman Carnival.

Carnegie Hall, Thurs., March 17, 8:30
Friday, March 18, at 2:30
Soloist: Ossip Gabrilowitsch, Pianist
BRAUNFELS: Don Juan. STRAUSS: Death and Transfiguration. BRAHMS: Piano Concerto.
Carnegie Hall, Sat. Eve., Mar. 20, 8:30
10th STUDENTS' CONCERT
Arthur Judson, Mgr. (Steinway Piano)

N. Y. SYMPHONY

FRITZ BUSCH Guest Conductor
MECCA AUDITORIUM, Sun. Aft., at 3
Mecca Box Office open 11 A. M. tomorrow
Beethoven, Overture to Leonore No. 3;
Max Reger, Variations on a Theme by Mozart; Tchaikovsky, Symphony No. 4 in F. minor.
Tickets at Steinway Hall, 113 W. 57 St. Room 1001. GEORGE ENGLER, Mgr. (Steinway Piano.)

AEOLIAN HALL, Wed. Eve., March 10
VIOLIN RECITAL STEFAN

SOPKIN

Concert Mgt. Dan'l Mayer, Inc.
Baldwin Piano.

DRAMA

The Peep-Show is Doomed

Faragoh, author of "Pinwheel," wants more life, less black magic in theatre

Francis Edwards Faragoh was born in Hungary and came to the United States when he was 14. He has written many short stories and reviewed plays for Pearson's under the editorship of Frank Harris. His play "Pinwheel" at the Neighborhood Playhouse is a dynamic sketch of New York "in which New York plays all the parts." Mr. Faragoh is one of the five directors of the New Playwrights Theatre on 52nd street.

By FRANCIS EDWARDS FARAGOH.

THIS, which they tell you is theatre, is old. Too old. Old theatre for old people. You don't belong in it, and it does not belong to you.

Perhaps it is dead. Possibly it died so long ago that all memory of its death has passed out of our minds—and the mummy is being taken for the real thing. The stinking corpse is always being dressed in new clothes and palmed off on you for your nickels or dimes.

Let's forget about it! After all, it is nothing but a stage, a painted platform with painted dummies moving on it. What have we—you and I, who are one—got to do with something that is not ours, not of us, not because of us?

The new theatre is coming. Help us build it. We don't know what it will look like, what it will sound like, we have not yet found the voice for it. But we know that this theatre is going to be young and virile and mighty and life.

The peep-show, portraying with delicate movement and hushed sound the lives of people whose lives are never important, is going. That stingy little space which they say is the stage, is disappearing. No more curtains. No more tricks. No more black magic. No more incense and lecherous music.

Of course we need new plays as well. And new actors. Above all, new audiences. Although even the word "audience" is wrong. The new theatre must unite all of us. You, the audience, shall act the parts.

And this theatre demands writers who are able to give voice to multitudes, who are able to show not puny individuals but masses, who will work not through your intellect but through the emotions. Writers who are not artists but workers—they are the ones we need. Poets who are not commentators but participants.

Let's clean out the theatre. We don't want paper drawing-rooms, we don't want gilded altars, nor velvet curtains, nor the false-face of phantasy.

The new theatre must not merely show and explain, but do. The real thing must come to the stage and the counterfeit must go—which means that you'll have to stand up and play your own life for us—and let us play it with you.

And bring your machines into the theatre. Your hammers and electric wires—every pulsation, rhythm, hunger, color and sound of your work. When you get into the theatre, raise

"ALL BLAH"



Gropper snaps Seth Kendall as the candidate for governor in John Howard Lawson's "Loud Speaker" at the 52nd Street Theatre broadcasting what he thinks of the American government.

your voice. Don't come on tiptoes, don't whisper, don't feel that you're a guest. Hell—the place is yours. You are expected to do the work. Let's hear you sing! The theatre is not a temple, not a lecture-room, not the rich man's parlor. The man who "wrote" the "play" is not a divine genius, unerring and sacred and divinely inspired. The actors are just so many dummies. Why are you so timid, then? Why so awed in the presence of your brothers, who should remain your brothers even on the other side of the footlights?

Come to the playhouse and bring your own theatre with you! Act your own play! Speak your own words! Join in the singing—that's the only way you'll ever have theatre!

Mary Nash, under the direction of William A. Brady, will be presented at the Bronx Opera House, beginning Monday night, in a drama of the tropics, "Birds of Passage", prior to its Broadway opening. This play of the South Sea Island is from the pen of Martin Brown.

The New Plays

MONDAY

"THE MYSTERY SHIP," a mystery play by Edgar M. Schoenberg and Milton Silver, will open Monday night at the Garrick Theatre, presented by Gustav Blum. The cast includes: Marian Swayne, Elizabeth Irving, Wallace Erskine, Sherling Oliver, Joseph R. Garry, Leighton Meehan, Arthur C. Morris, Ellis McClellan, George D. Winn and Robert J. Lance.

"MENACE," a drama of the Orient, by Arthur M. Brilliant, will be ushered in Monday night at the 49th Street Theatre. Jack Roseleigh, Pauline MacLean, Eve Casanova, Tom Reynolds, Maud Durand and Wryley Birch head the cast. James E. Kenny is the producer.

TUESDAY

"THAT FRENCH LADY," a comedy by Samuel Shipman and Neil Twomey starring Louis Mann and Clara Lipman, will be presented at the Ritz Theatre Tuesday night. Brandon Tynan, Robert Williams, Marie Reichardt, Mary Loane, Marian Stokes and Jean La Motte are the other principals in this new Jones and Green production.

AMUSEMENTS

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466 Grand St. Dry. L. K. 7-16 Every Eve. (except Mon.), Mat. Sat.

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EVA LeGALLIENNE

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"
Thurs. Eve., Mar. 17....."Inheritors"
Fri. Eve., Mar. 18....."Cradle Song"
Sat. Mat., Mar. 19....."Inheritors"
Sat. Eve., Mar. 19....."Master Builder"

WEEK OF MARCH 21

Mon. Eve., Mar. 21....."Cradle Song"
Tues. Eve., Mar. 22....."Inheritors"
Wed. Mat., Mar. 23....."Cradle Song"
Wed. Eve., Mar. 23....."Inheritors"
Spec. Mt. Thurs., Mar. 24, "Cradle Song"
Thurs. Eve., Mar. 24, "Master Builder"
Fri. Eve., Mar. 25....."Inheritors"
Sat. Mat., Mar. 26....."Cradle Song"
Sat. Eve., Mar. 26....."Inheritors"

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BROADWAY

ROADHURST W. 44th St. Eve. 8:30 Wed. & Sat. 2:30

Read The Daily Worker Every Day

BROADWAY BRIEFS

Charles Hopkins has no less than four plays that he expects to produce next season. The most important on the list is by A. A. Milne, well remembered for his "The Dover Road," and called "The Ivory Door." The other plays listed are: "A Hen Upon a Steeple" by a young Englishwoman, Joan Temple; "Man-Fac-

new PLAYWRIGHTS theatre

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"EARTH" A New Play

By Em Jo Basshe

"LOUDSPEAKER" Resumes March 14.

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Rosalie Stewart presents

"DAISY MAYME"

Beginning Monday, "Birds of Passage"

tory," by Daniel L. James and

"Maid Errant," by Robert Housum.

Maurice Schwartz is now rehearsing at the Yiddish Art Theatre a new play called "Human Dust," described as "an expressionistic comedy founded on the jazz era." Ossip Dymow, the author of "The Bronx Express," is responsible for the opus.