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EDITOR'S NOTES

By ALEX BITTELMAN

THE Paris Commune. What a source of inspiration, revolutionary energy and deep lessons in the science of class struggle it still presents to the working class of the world?

Fifty-six years ago the working class of Paris raised the banner of revolt against French capitalism and established what is known as the Paris Commune—the first working class government, the glorious forerunner of the Bolshevik revolution and the Soviet Republic. This working class government was in power only a few months, but the historic consequences of the Commune are still making themselves felt in the proletarian struggle for power. The lessons of the victory as well as of the defeat of the French workers in 1871 have contributed greatly towards the victory of the Russian workers in 1917 and are serving as a guide to action for the working class the world over.

It was a brave and glorious struggle. The courage and self-sacrifice of the Paris workers, their wives and children, will forever stand out as an example to be followed and emulated by victims of capitalist and imperialist exploitation. The memory of the heroes of the Paris Commune is still green in the hearts and minds of the revolutionary labor movement. The martyr deaths of the thousands of French workers murdered in cold blood by the beasts of French capitalism still call for account and revenge. The Paris Commune was defeated but the cause of the Communards is marching triumphantly forward. It established itself on one-sixth of the surface of the earth as the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics. It is rallying around its banner, carried by the Communist International, ever larger numbers of proletarian revolutionary fighters. The day will soon come when the cause for which fought and bled the French Communards in 1871 will be completely and finally vindicated in the triumphant establishment of the International Soviet Republic.

Marx and Engels, the fathers of the modern working class movement, were the first to open the eyes of the workers to the historic meaning of the Paris Commune. It was they who analyzed the achievement of the Communards as the first revolutionary attempt of the workers to abolish the rule of the capitalists by destroying their government, their state, and to establish the rule of the workers by establishing a workers' government. It was Marx and Engels, the great proletarian teachers, who on the basis of the experiences of the Paris Commune had formulated in concrete form the proletarian dictatorship as the only means for the abolition of capitalism. It was the genius of Marx and Engels that discerned through the primitive forms of the Paris Commune the prototype of the coming proletarian state. And through these teachings of Marx and Engels the image, the tradition, and the great lessons of the Paris Commune have lived through decades of working class struggle until they became embodied in the glorious achievements of the working class of the Soviet Union.

The opportunists and reformists in the socialist movement have treated the Paris Commune practically the same way as they treated the whole revolutionary philosophy of Marx and Engels. They, the opportunists and betrayers of the working class, have persistently strived to blur the revolutionary meaning of the Paris Commune as the first attempt to establish the proletarian dictatorship. They have done all they could to strip the uprising of the Communards and their achievement of the greatest lesson of the event, namely, that the way to abolish capitalism is for the working class to seize political power, destroy the capitalist government and establish a workers' government. It became the task of the revolutionary Marxians in the pre-war Second International and of the Communist International after the war to carry forward the traditions and meaning of the Paris Commune and to make these a living part of present day working class struggles.

The Bolshevik revolution of 1917 was the historical event which gave the Paris Commune its first great vindication. It was through this revolution that the beginnings of proletarian dictatorship and the prim-

itive forms of working class government embodied in the Paris Commune found their mature and complete expression in the concrete proletarian state represented by the Soviet form of government. It was through this revolution that the Paris Commune came to life again only this time on a much grander scale, with incomparably more consciousness of its own tasks, with a background of nearly half a century of experience, under the leadership of a powerful Leninist party and in the period of the decline of world capitalism. All of which made possible the victory of the Bolshevik revolution which became the starting point of a new social era—the era of social revolutions.

Lenin, like Marx and Engels, never lost sight of the meaning of the Paris Commune. He cultivated its traditions and applied its lessons to the revolutionary struggles of the working class. It was in the teachings of Lenin that the proletarian dictatorship as first realized by the uprising of the Communards came to be organically connected with the more complete form of proletarian dictatorship in the form of Soviets as realized by the Russian revolution 46 years later. In the teachings of Lenin and in the theory of Leninism the Paris Commune, which scored a triumphant victory in the Russian revolution, has again become a dynamic factor in the struggle for power of the working-class throughout the world.

Of the many great lessons of the Paris Commune disclosed to the working-class in the teachings of Lenin, two lessons stand out most prominently. One is the vital need of a Bolshevistic party at the head of the proletarian revolution if the latter is to succeed. The second is the equally vital need of a firm alliance between the workers and farmers in the struggle against capitalism led by the working-class through its Communist Party. It is due chiefly to the incorporation of these two lessons into the Russian revolution that made its first phase—the struggle for power—a complete success.

The American working-class and the labor movement can profit greatly from the experiences of the Paris Commune. A study of these experiences and conscientious application of these lessons to the class struggle in the United States would undoubtedly deepen the political consciousness of the working-class, strengthen and reinforce the movement for independent political action and for a labor party, hasten the crystallization of an alliance between the workers and farmers and generally strengthen the workers against the capitalists. Above all these experiences would convince the class-conscious and militant workers of America that without a strong mass Communist party following in the footsteps of Leninism there can be no successful class struggle against capitalism and no victory of the working-class. The building of the Workers (Communist) Party into such a mass

ALEXANDER KERENSKY.



Many American workers would not mind putting a dollar in this panhandler's hat provided he buys cyanide of potassium with it—to be taken internally.

Bolshevik party becomes therefore the task of every proletarian revolutionist in the United States.

In addressing several Ruthenberg memorial meetings in the state of Minnesota, I came across various incidents which occurred to me both interesting and instructive. One of them was that in all of these meetings (Minneapolis, St. Paul and Duluth) there appeared together with Communist Party speakers also non-Communist speakers. Among these latter there were former socialists, farmer-laborites and prominent trade unionists of various shades of political opinion. This, I think, is quite symptomatic. It speaks very eloquently of the tremendous power of attraction of our movement and of Ruthenberg as one of its outstanding leaders.

WILLIAM E. McEWEN, a prominent man in the American Federation of Labor and in Duluth labor circles generally, had been invited to address the Ruthenberg memorial meeting held in that city on March 14. Unfortunately, he couldn't come in person but he sent in a short typewritten speech which was read to the audience by the chairman of the meeting, comrade O'Rourke. I noted several expressions in that speech which I wish to reproduce and comment on briefly. Mr. McEwen said:

"Ruthenberg believed in the industrial state. I am opposed to it. I hold there is opportunity to work out by voluntary, cooperative effort every social and economic problem that confronts the workers of the world. That is why I am a trade unionist. That is why I adhere to the policies and principles of the American Federation of Labor. So, you see, Ruthenberg and I held to principles which are diametrically opposed."

Whether or not there is opportunity to solve the problems of the working-class by a cooperative effort with the capitalists (if that is what Mr. McEwen means), we will not discuss at this moment, except to point to the actual conditions of the class struggle. Only on one point we would like to disabuse the mind of Mr. McEwen, namely, that there is some inherent contradiction between trade unionism and Communism, as is implied in the above quotation.

The truth of the matter is there is no such contradiction or hostility between trade unionism and Communism. Trade unionism and trade union struggles are the elementary and basic forms of working-class organization and struggle against the capitalists. In the present era of concentrated industry, monopolistic control by finance capital of the economic life of the country, the centralized machinery of the government functioning as strike breaker and oppressor of the workers, the ever present danger of war caused by the terrific growth of imperialism—all these forces compel the expansion of trade union struggles into struggles of class against class, workers against capitalists, into a political struggle against the rule of capitalism. Communism is the theoretical expression and explanation of this historical process. Communism supplies the scientifically proven theory which guides and directs the efforts of the working-class towards a conscious struggle against capitalism and for Communism. The Communists base themselves on this theory and build a party—a political party—which educates, organizes and leads the struggles of the working-class until its final victory is secured.

Where is the contradiction between trade unionism and Communism? It is only when reactionary trade unionists attempt to degenerate trade unionism into helping the employers against the workers instead of organizing the workers against the employers that conflict arises. But this is a conflict not between Communism and trade unionism but between working-class trade unionism and capitalist company unionism. Which is an entirely different story.

The Murder Mood of Michigan

By STANLEY BOWEN

WH thousands of workers on the streets of Detroit as a result of widespread unemployment, the legislative chambers and public auditoriums of Michigan are loud with an intensive law-and-order campaign.

There has never been as much agitation from the big and little employers for capital punishment in the history of the state. Hanging appears to be the preferred method of exterminating the men and boys of the working class who turn bandit. The electric chair and lethal gas are not popular. For the first time since the original Michigan punishment law was repealed, many years ago, a capital punishment bill passed the state house of representatives this winter. Sponsors of capital punishment at Lansing, hearing the tramping feet of the unemployed and hearing the choleric fearful demands of the open shop employers, entered into a kind of contest in and out of legislative sessions to see who could most adequately describe the punitive efficacy of premature violent death. And the gallery, occupied largely by the wives or other female admirers of these tin-horn tribunes of the ruling class, these trumpeting hucksters of the spoiled fruit of a decaying social order, applauded shrilly at each demand for the noose.

The judiciary committee of the state senate has the bill under consideration now. This committee appears to be dubious about reporting it out. In the senate proper the fate of the bill would be uncertain should the powerful capital punishment lobby which is operating in Lansing force it on the floor.

The whole criminal code of Michigan is certain to be tightened up in this law-and-order campaign. A bill resembling the Baumes Law of New York State is before the legislature. It differs materially from the New York law only in that the penalties it prescribes are a little less severe. One purpose of the proposed new Michigan code is to shorten the distance between the scene of a crime and the cell assigned to the man who happened to commit the crime.

The proposed method of shortening this distance is to eliminate certain portions of the present legal processes. In the language of this law-and-order campaign these portions that are to be eliminated are "mere technicalities" or "technical loopholes through which the guilty escape." Granted, however, that the court is antiquated, unscientific and inefficient, these "technical loopholes" are nevertheless details of the legal process which have gradually been evolved as safeguards for the accused against unscrupulous prosecuting attorneys, police officers and judges, intent upon their own careers. They have a special value as such, no matter how tedious they may cause a trial to become. They are there for the protection of the innocent man who might otherwise be wrongly convicted, even if there exists a risk that some guilty men may go free at the same time because of them.

Fear that an innocent man may be convicted is not being expressed in this campaign. The demand is not for social justice. It is not even for certain or accurate justice. It is for summary justice, quick justice. It is a compromise of legal form with the method of extra-legal direct action employed by the Ku Klux Klan mob. It is as much of a compromise in that direction as the industrialists, the bankers, the merchants and the professional groups believe it wise to essay at this time in Michigan.

And it should not be overlooked that it is only the amateur gunman or thief, the embittered or discouraged worker having his first desperate fling along the predatory path, who will be summarily delivered to the jailer under the proposed summary criminal code. The experienced professional gunman with the high-priced jury-fixing lawyer will suffer little additional inconvenience, nor will the wealthy psychopath with criminal inclinations.

The significance of the proposed criminal code lies not so much in its specific language and machinery as in its spirit and implications. This is true notwithstanding certain features that are obviously somewhat drastic in themselves. Michigan traditions have necessitated caution.

The truly historical prestige of the right of every man to a trial by "a jury of his peers," for example, is being definitely undermined. Under the proposed code a defendant may waive a jury trial and elect to be tried by the judge sitting as both judge and jury. The provision in the existing law for a jury trial in all cases is a "technicality" or "loophole" which the new code would not eliminate but would qualify. And many factors in the situation in Michigan at this time show clearly that implicit in this proposed qualification of the concept of a "jury of . . . peers" there is a tendency to go much further. The jury concept is basic in traditional law. For the law makers of the ruling class to suggest openly by statute that a defendant in a criminal trial recognize his judge as being also his jury of peers means that juries have become unpopular with the ruling class. It means that what the ruling class would really like to do is deprive the outlawed worker of the right of a jury trial altogether.

Inseparable in its implications from this lessening of the prestige or status of the jury concept, for example again, is an agitation in Michigan at

this time for life-appointments for judges in county and municipal courts.

The economic or class basis of such developments as this is often difficult to identify. The basis here is clear, however. In the first place, Michigan has its Criminal Syndicalism Law. Many members of the Workers (Communist) Party are defendants in pending cases under this law now. It is the law under which Comrade C. E. Ruthenberg was convicted. The proposed criminal code would effect prosecutions under the Criminal Syndicalism Law equally with prosecutions under any other law, as far as general legal processes are concerned.

And while the lobbyists of the employers are telling the employers' political favorites to enact a capital punishment law and a more "workable" criminal code in the State House at Lansing, Congressman John B. Sosnowski, of Detroit, is busy at Washington. First he reads a paper charging that the Communists are threatening revolution in his home state. Then he introduces a resolution in the national house of representatives calling for the appointment of a congressional committee to investigate not only the plans of the Communists proper but the alliance between the Workers (Communist) Party and any number of miscellaneous organizations. Certainly neither speech nor resolution was original with Congressman Sosnowski. This would be true on personal grounds alone. But for other more material reasons his speech in the hall of congress is like the folk-song. It belongs to a group. It is the expression of a group in a certain situation. And the group here is the Detroit group of industrial capitalists. Under their windows they hear the hurrying feet of the unemployed, undisciplined but not beyond discipline; unorganized but not alien to the organization. Congressman Sosnowski is summoned. He is given his instructions. The propaganda figures and phrases of the predatory group are put on paper for Congressman Sosnowski to take to Washington. Even if most of the other congressmen doze at their desks Congressman Sosnowski does as he is told. The Communists, according to the Congressional record, are threatening revolution in Michigan.

In Lansing another bill is introduced requiring that the national constitution be studied along certain patriotic lines in certain grades of all public schools in Michigan. The National Association Against the Prohibition Amendment is supposedly a generally liberal organization. But this legislative first cousin to the anti-evolution law of Klanish Tennessee is introduced by this association's Michigan representative. Still another bill would require daily religious services in the public schools.

STRANGE FLAG AHOY!



The capitalist pirates who have been plundering China for generations look askance at the banner of liberty under which the Chinese are marching to victory.

It was reported out favorably by the educational committee of the House.

Prior to the opening of the present session of the legislature the Detroit Board of Commerce sent urgent communications to all Detroit churches. The organized employers wanted an alliance with that element in support of their legislative program. The Detroit clergymen protested at the tone of the communications. They charged the tone was presumptuous. This was reminiscent of a situation in Detroit last fall. At that time the Board of Commerce with considerable success undertook to coerce Detroit pastors into refusing their pulpits to speakers from the convention of the American Federation of Labor on Labor Sunday, so-called. But when the capital punishment bill and the proposed new criminal code were introduced at Lansing this winter the clergy were in line, with the Board of Commerce spokesmen. Reporters assigned to cover their sermons wrote columns citing and amplifying Biblical sanctions for the proposed new criminal code. And the clergy filled the mail bags with letters placing God's blessing on the most popular of all improvements on the old-fashioned cross. . . . Protestant and Catholic clergy alike.

An unusual bill awaiting disposition at Lansing provides for an excessive prison sentence specifically for possessing a stench bomb, which its sponsors say is a common weapon in industrial disputes in Detroit. The penalty for the actual use of a stench bomb is from five to 15 years, for the mere possession of such bombs or the material for them, two to five years. Conviction for damaging property with explosive bombs would mean 10 to 25 years.

That there is a growing appreciation of the class basis of legislation in general and the present law-and-order campaign in particular is shown by letters being written to editors of capitalist dailies for publication. Of course most of the letters that are given publication are law-and-order letters. Most of the letters by class conscious workers are basketed. But now and then a letter calling attention to the economic basis of crime and law is printed. The following letter appeared in the "Public Letter Box" column of the Detroit News:

"To the Editor: I am in favor of capital punishment providing the authorities manage to reduce the number of thousands of unemployed.

"We have no dole for our unfortunate unemployed. One can not imagine what a willing worker, now unemployed through no fault of his own, will do in desperation after being unable to procure work.

"Work is no pleasure but thousands, seeking it, are willing to line up in the cold before 6 a. m. and the result is usually, 'Nothing doing' or 'No help wanted'.

"Crime has reached its highest peak since the army of unemployed has increased to tens of thousands."

Henry Ford is an employer who is expressing opposition to capital punishment. A full-page editorial against it was recently published in his magazine, the Dearborn Independent. But in an experiment which really amounts to an alternative to a criminal code he gave jobs a few weeks ago to 5,000 boys 18 years old or thereabouts. This, he said, was a humanitarian, socially-conscious effort on his part to save the boys from criminal careers. And a very short time thereafter he began laying off older, higher-wage employes. Many of these had worked several years at their machines. Many were the fathers of families. But Ford had become a criminologist, not to say a capitalistic strategist, who was feeling the competition of the General Motors Corporation. The older men were turned out without notice into the streets. Many of them now see around the throats of their children the tightening of the noose of hunger.

CURIOSITIES OF NATURE

READY-MADE STEAM: Everyone is more or less familiar with the way fountains of oil and gas occur in different parts of the world, offering great quantities of fuel without the trouble of mining. But in a few places, nature has gone still further and saved even the expenses of furnaces and boilers, offering ready-made steam power. In some regions which are distinctly volcanic in nature, jets of steam are found issuing from clefts in the rocks under considerable pressure. Both in Southern Italy and in Sonoma County, Cal., attempts have recently been made to utilize this steam for driving stationary engines, etc., and both places report complete success.

AGRICULTURE AND THE AIRPLANE: Few people realize yet what an effective aid to agriculture the airplane can be. In Soviet Russia in 1923-24 when the Society of the "Friends of the Air Fleet" was carrying on a membership campaign, great stress was laid on the use of the airplane for spraying fields with insecticide. Recently the U. S. army (which occasionally does something useful when time hangs heavy on its hands and everything is brimful of law and order) reported on some experiments it had made in sowing seed by airplane. A large area in Hawaii had been devastated by a forest fire and was to be re-forested. Two planes covering an area of four square miles, sprayed the land with 24 bags of forest seed. It was estimated that it would have taken two men working by hand ten years to perform the same amount of work as the planes accomplished in an hour and a half.

A CRAB THAT CLIMBS TREES AND EATS COCOANUTS: Although this sounds pretty much like a pink elephant with wings, the fact is that such a crab does exist. It inhabits the South Sea Islands, and those who have seen the film "Moana" will remember it as the ugly-looking creature that the little boy smokes out of its hole. Cocoanuts are its preferred diet and it will climb palm trees 100 feet high to get them, bringing them down and cracking them against a rock or dropping them from the treetop, carrying them up, and dropping them again, until the nuts are split open. The white planters protect their cocoanuts by putting tin sheeting around the base of the trees, but the natives can't afford such luxuries and have to rely more upon their imagination for settling accounts with the crab. About forty feet from the ground they plaster a little bank of earth and leaves around the trunk of the tree. Going up, the crab easily climbs over the little obstructions and gets his cocoanut. But it seems that he has neither a good memory nor a good judgment of distance. As soon as he reaches the little bank of earth on his way down and feels it under his feet, he concludes that he has reached the ground and lets go of the tree-trunk with the result that he crashes to earth and is killed.

—N. SPARKS.

When Mussolini Was a Socialist

By ANGELICA BALABANOFF

I MADE my first acquaintance with Mussolini in 1906 on the occasion of my speech to the Italian Socialists immigrated to Losanna (Switzerland).

At that time he was a young man of 22 or 23 years of age and drew my attention for his aspect of extreme poverty and penury.

Even then he had an uneasy agitated appearance, like a man who suffers of some hereditary disease.

I thought to myself: "This one is some poor persecuted proletarian who may be in need of a soothing word," and I asked him who he was and whence he came.

Mussolini told me that he had fled from Italy because he did not want to serve in the army. He was in a grave pecuniary need and lived mainly by aid offered him by the masons and diggers of Losanna.

One of these masons then told me that his wife had given him some old underwear. It was in this manner that these Italian immigrants, many of whom were poor occasional workers, aided a refugee who had studied for school teacher, but had not had the capacity to continue at this profession.

Mussolini is the son of a poor worker, a blacksmith who lived in Piedappio, near Foili, in Romagna. His father was a socialist and a member of the First International. Mussolini therefore was brought up in a socialist environment.

The peasants of his village belonged to the party and Mussolini being a man of the sort that adapts himself easily to the ideas of those who surround him, he also became a member of the party.

In my first conversation with him he told me that he had a strong desire to translate "On the Morrow of the Social Revolution," by Kautsky, because he would have been able to earn thereby about 50 francs. I offered to help him and when I returned to Losanna I made a great part of the translation for him because at that time he knew very little German. He had no regular trade so he read a lot and particularly French authors like Blanguin and he thus filled his brains with the thoughts of French writers. He had always been a man of a strong adaptability of thought and he possessed—besides that faculty of assimilation common to so many Italians—a nervous system of an abnormal impressionability.

Until 1900 we published in Losanna, a socialist paper which still exists, called "L'avenir del Lavoratore," (The Workers' Future) to which I collaborated from time to time. Mussolini began to contribute articles to this paper many of which were on anti-clerical and anti-militaristic subjects.

His anti-clericalism was of a very primitive type. He never gave a scientific interpretation of religious problems, but he attacked the church as an institution. At this time he also published a pamphlet in which he attempted to prove the non-existence of god. It is one of the many ironies of history that this pamphlet is now forbidden in Italy by order of the Prime Minister Signor Mussolini.

A few years later, I think in 1909 or 1910, Mussolini was arrested and returned to Italy where he became the director of one of the two hundred or more socialist weekly reviews and especially the one called "The Class Struggle."

At that time he often invited me to speak where he was and I remember having once spoken in Forli on the Paris Commune.

It was a lively meeting. The bourgeoisie of that locality were all republicans and the peasants all socialists, so the camp was divided into two opposing parties. The republicans attempted to disturb my speech with a bowling match in a wine shop close to the place where I was to speak. Mussolini was terribly agitated. I was not disturbed and spoke nevertheless. But when I had finished Mussolini informed me, trembling with emotion that a quarrel had taken place and that a socialist had stabbed a republican.

I remember well that Mussolini's agitation was due not so much to the sentiment of responsibility for this unfortunate accident as to the fear of unpleasant probable consequences for himself. When the meeting was over we went in a cab towards the station. Mussolini insisted desperately on having carabinieri escort and protect us. So a part of the latter preceded us in a cab and others marched beside us. We scarcely had moved when a detonation was heard. They had shot at us but they struck the first vehicle full of carabinieri. Mussolini was seized by a deadly terror and pitifully implored me not to leave the town. He did not have the heart to remain alone. No one knew what could have happened. I told him that I couldn't remain because on the morrow, being the first of May, I was engaged to speak elsewhere. But Mussolini continued to disavow me until we reached the station platform and I finally left him after which our comrades promised to protect him personally. At the socialist congress of Reggio Emilia, the radical socialists, to which Mussolini belonged, had a majority over the reformists, whose leaders were expelled from the party on Mussolini's proposal. All the other reformists then went out of the party and were replaced by official radicals including myself and Mussolini, who was elected representative for the province of Romagna.

It was on this occasion that Mussolini provoked the expulsion of Bissolati from the party because the latter went to congratulate his king for the

failure of the Hemft to murder him at Alba. Some months afterward Bacci, editor of the "Avanti!" our organ at Milan, was obliged to resign from the party. The executive of the party assembled in Rome and Mussolini was proposed for the editorship. Some objections were raised that he was too individualistic and did not observe enough the party discipline.

Before the affair was decided we had a separate encounter and at dinner Mussolini told me that he felt little disposed to accept this position so full of responsibility. But at the afternoon session he unexpectedly declared to accept, but on only one condition, that I go to Milan with him to assist him. This happened only a few minutes after we had been to dinner, together, and even during all that time, he never spoke to me about it. Evidently he meant to take me by surprise. I consented, having considered Mussolini as a weakling who was in need of help and advice, and thought it my duty as a socialist to aid him. But even though I considered him a weakling, I thought he was loyal to the party and a convinced revolutionary, and even today I believe that such were his sentiments at that period. In the editorial room I worked beside Mussolini several hours of the day and learned to know him intimately.

His bad humor derived from the fact that he was not in Milan willingly, alone; and was obliged to have some one with him to share the responsibility and this thing impressed me so much the stronger the more we were together.

He spoke to me of everything, and wished that I read every important article before sending it to the press. He never spoke much to the other members of the directors and was reserved with them and held them at a distance.

But he let himself be influenced easily.

Once—this happened on the eve of a May Day. He called me, agitated, to show me an article which he had written against a syndicalist who attacked him personally. This article had been written in such a violent form that I told him that it did not seem suitable for the "Avanti!" especially for May Day.

Mussolini, all agitated, said that it was for him a question of life or death to redeem himself with this comrade. He wanted to have his revenge now that he was in a position to do it because this man exposed himself by attacking gratuitously. Then he quickly bid me good-bye, adding that he was going to leave for Switzerland on the 1st of May.

Half an hour later he phoned me from the station: "You are right. That article for the 'Avanti!' does not go. Do me a favor not to let it pass."

THE DUCE HE IS.



The black hand of Fascism does not seem to bring smiles to the Mussolini countenance.

Mussolini is physically timid.

Every night he begged me to wait until the paper came out, not to go home alone. He was afraid to go out unaccompanied. When once I asked him of what he was afraid he answered nervously: "I do not know; of myself, of my shadow, of the trees, of the dogs."

So I used to stay with him until 4 a. m., and go with him to the doorstep of his home. At first I asked myself why he always wanted me as a companion, but soon discovered that he was much ashamed of his fear and above all he did not like to confess it to any other man. One day Mussolini returned from a tour of propaganda very ill and told me that he could not bear it any longer, that for him it was ended, because he was affected of an incurable disease. And he spoke to me of himself with remarkable frankness, though in a decent manner. I advised him to go to some medical authority to be thoroughly examined. On the morrow he came very pale to the office, accompanied by a doctor. He told me that he felt nauseated to have to always smell of chloroform, that the doctor had pinked him to analyse his blood and that he fainted during the operation. I spoke to the doctor who told me he was at the head of a clinic in Milan and that he had cured several thousands of clients, but that he never came across a man that demonstrated so much physical timidity as Mussolini.

Another weakness in Mussolini, which indicates the same nervousness and lack of decisiveness, is his inability to say no.

Once, with the same kind of excitement, he told me that one of our comrades would arrive that evening and that he was the strongest man in the Socialist Party. This comrade wished that Mussolini, as directing member of the party, approve a proposition to be submitted to the executive committee. Mussolini did not approve it but did not wish for the time being to say no to this man and begged me to say it to him. This comrade came at 10.30

and discussed the thing with me till 4 o'clock in the morning. When he left, without my consent, Mussolini told me that he could not conceive how I had managed to resist his insistence. The day after, at Genoa, I met this comrade who cheerfully told me that he had obtained what he desired. He never had gone to see Mussolini at his address and had persuaded him to give his approval in writing.

Things continued in such a way until 1914.

In August of that year Mussolini who, as usual, reflected the sentiment of those by whom he was surrounded, was an ardent internationalist and antimilitarist. He had read in a socialist review that if the war had been prevented it would have been a disaster, because it would have weakened the socialist movement. So for many months after the beginning of the war, he defended this opinion, not because he conceived it himself but because it had been suggested to him. In that period the sentiment against intervention in the war were confined only to the proletariat. Notwithstanding, the spirit of war began to be diffused rapidly among the middle classes and to also infect Mussolini. But he published his first declaration in favor of the union with the allies in a bourgeois paper through a friend's intervention.

This article which wanted to demonstrate that the Socialist Party was not unanimous about the war and which showed how a member of the executive was in favor of Italy fighting on the side of France, caused tremendous indignation.

The Party executive immediately organized a conference at Bologna where Mussolini was called to defend his action. On the eve of this encounter he published an article in the "Avanti!" in which he revealed openly his change of front. He held that Italy should intervene in the war with the western powers and he was evidently anxious to engage the party on this road before the conference took place.

We went to Bologna together in November, 1914. I read the article on the train and said to Mussolini: "if you have written this you must either go and engage yourself in the army or in an insane asylum. You certainly must not expect to remain in the party."

Mussolini answered twistingly: "The whole Executive Committee will be with me."

Evidently he deceived himself, because the party was a whole unit against him.

I never shall forget this conference at Bologna. It was one of the worst tragic scenes that I've ever seen.

One after the other the members of the Executive Committee came on the platform and condemned Mussolini's attitude.

He remained silent, gloomy, irresolute, with a wandering look, like a man accused of a crime. Finally I spoke and said that he should reconsider his position, not because he was indispensable to the "Avanti!" but because he was on the wrong track.

Mussolini did not reply until the Executive Committee had voted unanimously to fire him from his post. I then made a motion asking to give him some money.

Then he rose and said in a rude and villainous manner: "I do not want anything. I'll throw away my pen. I don't want to write anymore. I want to return to my trade as a mason for 5 lire a day."

But the truth was that he had already received funds for a paper in which Mussolini would be free to preach war.

At this congress he gave me the impression of a man terrified by his own bad conscience.

THE OUTCAST

By HELEN CARTON.

*Cold was the night, but colder still
Was the tiny mite clasped tightly to its mother's
breast.*

*Making such a pitiful sight
As she walked along the streets begging for one
little bite.*

*But the only response that her pleading led to
Was the slamming of windows and closing of doors
Into her face, for she had said
Please give me some bread for I am a starving Red.*

*Thus I watched this pretty Red
As in her arms she carried a form that was dead
And I asked to be led to that woman who said
I am a Red and I am starving for want of bread.
She didn't know that she didn't belong
In this section where her prayer was only an un-
welcome song*

*She didn't know until I came along
That in help for this place she was wrong.*

*Nor did she know that these were the ones
Who would willingly throw dirt from the graveyard
Upon the heads of those Reds and sing at their task
Without hiding their joy under a mask.*

*For she was in the neighborhood of biggest of
thieves*

*Men who stored their money in shelves torn from
the workers with such beliefs*

*As only a capitalist can nurse when more money is
coming into his purse.*

In Gay Scotland

By FRANK GALLACHER

THE labor movement in Scotland is no dry-as-dust thing despite the fact that there are as many classes, if not more, studying Marxism in Scotland as in any other country—with the exception of Russia. The leaders early realized that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, and set about with right good will to make these notorious Bolshie engineers of the Cylde, who are demons on economics, a body of men such as would cheer the heart of Robert Morris, if he were alive today.

The greatest success has been achieved in the fostering of choirs. In this, they have beaten, in competition those choral unions which the bosses have encouraged in order to show that they are interested in the workers' welfare if not in a rise in wages. Membership is not confined to members of socialist organizations even if the conductor is.

But not only have Glasgow's labor choirs beaten everything in that town, but one of them, The Orpheus Choir, is champion of Great Britain, and has an international reputation. Robertson, the leader, toured the States a short time ago with those of the choir that managed to get leave of absence from work. Because of the inability of the members to get away from their labors, an invitation to appear in Berlin had to be refused.

Some time ago, the patriotic London Scots brought them down to perform in the Albert Hall there, and while delighted with the performance, they were incensed at Robertson for refusing to finish up with "God Save The King." His plea, on another occasion, for not rendering the national anthem was that "God Save The King" is bad music and worse sentiment.

Under the leadership of Robertson, who, by the way, represents labor on the educational board in Glasgow, the Scottish workers have wrested the laurel crown from Wales, which country, up till a few years ago, was supposed to be unapproachable in choral singing. Other labor choirs more than hold their own with the boss outfits.

Every year, in Glasgow, an art exhibition is held where only the workers' exhibits are shown. All the radical organizations combine to make it a success, and their efforts are rewarded by the artistic paintings sent in by the hardy sons of toil. Tapestries and other things are also shown. Needless to say, the exhibitions are becoming more popular every year, and are paying their way.

The co-operative has a hand, which takes part with other ones in supplying music to the workers in the summer nights in the public parks. And then different labor organizations have their fife bands.

In the opinion of the writer, the bagpipes will play no small part, when the time comes, in rallying the working class of Scotland. Many a time and oft have the capitalists of Britain used them to some tune in their imperialist wars; but the time is not far distant when instead of being gladdened by the skirl of the pipes, they will shudder in their shoes to hear "The Campbells Are Coming, Hurrah! Hurrah!" Yes, once again, they will hear the wild McGregor's slogan:

"Gather! gather! gather!

If they rob us of name and pursue us with beagles,

Give their house to the flames and their flesh to the eagles.

Not only are the Campbells coming, but the other clans as well are coming with the object of raising the red standard. It matters not that there is one black sheep in the MacDonald clan, the others will settle his hash.

One gets a hint of what is to come, each May Day, when the workers in each district march to the central meeting place with red flag flying and the pipes skirling out defiance:

"For a' that, and a' that,

Its comin' yet for a' that,

When man tae man, the world o'er,

Shall brothers be for a' that."

"A Night With Burns," is a favorite theme with labor men anxious to get workers interested in poetry. But that is not the only reason for selecting Burns, even though, his music rivals that of Orpheus. Did you ever ask yourself why Scotsmen have such a mania for putting statues up to the beloved bard; why the unsophisticated worker thinks Burns the greatest poet that ever lived? The reason is not far to seek. He sang the sweetest songs; was born of the workers, and was class conscious. In the hills where the propagandists haven't penetrated with Marxism, the peasants know their Burns. And knowing him, they are then fit subjects to know the scientific side expounded by Marx and Lenin.

Do you object to such simple preparation as this:

"We labour soon, we labour late

To feed a titled knave man,

And a' the comfort we're to get

Is that beyond the grave man."

Or this tit bit from "The Jolly Beggars":

"A fig for those by law protected,

Liberty's a glorious feast;

Courts for cowards were erected,

Churches built to please the priest."

The Scotch worker will tell you that "God Save The King" is not Scotland's national anthem but "Scots Wha Hae." And who would blame them for swearing by one of the finest ever written, from which I quote:

"By oppressions, woes and pains,

By your sons in servile chains,

We will drain our dearest veins,

But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurper low!

Tyrants fall in every foe!

Liberties at every blow!

Let us do or dee!"

Color is lent to the lectures on Burns by pictures on the screen depicting the scenes, where "gorse, and grass, and heather, where his footsteps pass the brighter seen." Burns said, on his deathbed, that people would think more of him a hundred years after. So we will Bobbie, so we will! Yours will be about the only statue the workers will leave standing in George Square, Glasgow.

We won't forget that you sent four little cannons to France during the revolution, "to help to shoot the aristocrats." We won't forget your daring at a big dinner, when asked to toast Mr. Pitt, how you said, "I toast a better man, I toast George Washington." We won't forget how you swore an oath, "My lips are sealed forever on those cursed politics," and couldn't keep it. And our hearts will bleed when we think of you at the finish, your body sick unto death, and the factor dinning you for five pounds, saying:

"Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,

How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair;

How can ye chant ye little birds,

And I sae weary fu' o' care."

Space forbids any more quotations from that great rebel and artist Robert Burns.

As regards sport, the labor representation in most town councils is so strong that tennis, the sport of the elite, has become a proletarian game. It is a common sight to see the lads and lassies issuing from tenements, like those which infest the east side of New York, with tennis racquets under their arms, going to have a game on the courts in the public parks, for two or three pennies an hour.

Labor forced the public swimming ponds and baths to be given free to the unemployed two or three times a week. It is possible to get a day's golf for fifty cents over courses, whose beauty and surroundings distract attention from the game. The Plebian Harriers Club has made quite a name for itself on the racing track, and the young workers are now being catered for in the labor movement so far as football is concerned.

You must not think that with all this pleasantness that the important thing is neglected. Just as the women there can sew, read, attend to the dinner, cooking and rock the baby in the cradle at one and the same time, so can the workers in the movement find time to play and make themselves fit to propagate the glad tidings. Like "Father O'Flynn," they "have a wonderful way wid them."

Mr. Churchill found this out, to his cost in Dundee, where he met his Waterloo. He found the jute mill workers were no mere village statemen among whom "news much older than the ale went round," but very wide awake individuals, well up to all the moves in politics. He never got such a heckling in all his life, and since then cannot bear to hear the notes of the song, "Up Wi' The Bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee."

The Scotsman dearly loves to heckle a speaker, and often I have been in fits of laughter listening to an Economic League (supposed by Tories to be a more palatable name for the workers than Conservative Party) speaker being put through the mill. They have a keen sense of humor, which has been fostered for generations by all sorts of orators, from the Communists, Socialists, Atheists, Anarchists, Salvationists and quacks, on soap boxes at every second street corner. You will see that, in a certain sense, there is freedom of speech.

The Fall of a Young Man

By A. HENRY SCHNEER

HE is a young man of 25. A little late in acquiring his laurels. Through no fault of his own. Not being born with a golden spoon in his mouth, he had to interrupt his studies by earning his own living, selling stocks and bonds. But he was not blocked thereby. He put his pennies together and fought his way to a "summa cum laude," graduating with the highest honors.

This intermission in business gave him a touch of reality that brought him to his collegiate tasks with a questioning attitude. It emboldened him to challenge some of the orthodox tenets handed out dogmatically by the best of professors. Which caused him a great deal of trouble and stress, sometimes raising the entire issue of the possibility of losing his diploma. Still he persisted: tenacious, courageous, fearless.

Natively endowed with a brilliant mind, he cultivated it the more by those subtleties of thinking found to hand in the intricacies of mathematics, physics and the exact sciences generally. There was something about their problems and solutions that magically enticed his dialectic attention. He came to love ideas as others love sport, dancing or women. It was, some said, "a means of escape." Not so, for when it came to the senior subjects, for example, those of economics, politics and history, his classmates found an unexpected militant against the myths and superstitions of the regulation orthodox, here too.

For example, in the study of the Civil War, he drove his professor, back of slavery, back of Lincoln, back of the north, back of the abolitionists, until he found himself advancing the "economic interpretation" of history. Out of his own mind. Uncoached by the rising new school of American historians who were flirting with Marxism, unaware of the drastic revolutionary implications. Sanderson was a scientific explorer, and hence probed truth to its ultimates, following whither it led him. Thus, he was brought, willy-nilly, to the whole school of Marxist literature, through the problems raised by

the inadequacy of the bourgeois scholarship as coming from the lips of the best of university teachers.

Socially alert, Sanderson began to frequent the meetings and gatherings of the socialists, liberals, anarchists, radicals — as invited or taken to by some of his classmates, male and female. He heard the arguments pro and con, eagerly read the references, followed anxiously the free personalities of the men and women who were the protagonists. Armed with these newer truths he came back to the classroom with an arsenal of facts that he had hard time to restrain for sheer fullness of speech. He was ready to bombard and explode. Why not?

Not caring particularly for the limelight (he was simply not built that way), it took a long while for the Dean to spot him. For the administrative details of the Dean kept this erstwhile teacher of history too absorbed to feel this new angle of Sanderson to whom he was really attached as senior to junior scholar. Furthermore, there was already rumor of making Sanderson a Fellow, upon graduation. A logical step, for there were very few to surpass Sanderson in all-around scholarship.

Dean Mason was not your dry-as-dust academician. He was fully alert to the trend of the times. He had a business sense as well as a devotion to scholarly theory. It was even said, in a whisper, that he had been a revolutionist abroad. Some said a German socialist. So that, Mason knew his man. Sanderson was no phenomenon to him. For all his routine, Dean Mason had been following the evolution of our scholastic friend, now turning towards radicalism.

This issue came to a climax with the Phi Beta Kappa selections. The Dean's was the deciding ballot. He had already had his mind made up in favor of Sanderson, despite all the expectant hostility of his colleagues. But for obverse reasons. The majority was in favor of dismissing the issue by the simple act of refusal. That were a simple matter to those in power. There were decades of prece-

dent. Any one of Sanderson's essays in History would do the trick. But no! Dean Mason brought them around to a point of strategy hitherto unknown to the Alma Mater.

"Vote 'Yes'," argued the wily craftsman. "For only thus shall we have him within our midst for the next three years, when we can influence him away from these dangerous doctrines." And then he sallied forth with all the intensive scholarship he was capable of, going back to the proud days and works of the great masters; quoting Marx and Engels and Bohm-Bauerck and Plechanov—of course, with a wilful distortion that would shame the spirit of Truth herself. Waxing hot over the pollution of the modern young mind on the part of propagandist plays, pulpits, press, publications, meetings, societies, pernicious disloyal professors, happily ousted. There was a Freudian hate akin to flagellation—to heated sadism in the Dean's castigation of his "former" gods, his youthful "ideals." Sanderson was the Jacobean sacrifice to the gods Mammon and Moloch.

He won his point. Sanderson was awarded Phi Beta Kappa. Sanderson was made Fellow in History. Sanderson was rapidly advanced to Associate Professor. Sanderson was given the freedom of the university; the choice of the best hours, classes, fellow-instructors, appointments. There was nothing his heart wanted he did not get. The Dean had won. The Dean had been the powerful pragmatist. Success was his. For hadn't Alma Mater taken back into its bosom this lion in embryo and weaned him away from radicalism only to become another lamb, whilom a more servile one, having been nurtured upon the milk of human kindness and care! And who that knows American culture, American forces, American life will dare to assert that, within the next generation of college men and women, the Sandersons of today will not be emasculated into the Deans Mason of tomorrow? How shall we prevent history from deflecting itself thus, by inert repetition?

The Mirage

By WALT CARMON

MIKE CONNOLLY looked out on a fog-dimmed distance of the Frisco waterfront. A swan-like schooner glided from the haze between impatient ferries. A fog-horn moaned. A tramp steamer pushed its nose among small vessels like a hog rooting in a flower garden.

Mike Connolly was canned. Fired. Free! No more time-clocks, thank Christ! Free. To see the tropics in all their blaze of glory. The palms. The surf. The breezes that are as soft and smooth . . .

For years Mike Connolly had dreamed of the South Seas. Now he was free.

The "Moana" steamed for Tahiti and return. Mike Connolly was in the stoke hole. Seasick.

"Heave 'er up, John—do you good!"

"Here, get under the ventilator!"

In the open sea the ship rolled and pitched. And pitched.

"Christ, what makes 'em leave an office?"

"Yeah, and what brings 'em to the sea?"

The ship rolled and pitched.

"'Es awright mate. 'E 'eaves 'is bloody guts up, but look at 'im work!"

The heat parched the skin. Like a blast from hell uncovered. Mike Connolly stooped over his wheelbarrow. He pushed the coal between two boilers. The ship rolled. A shoulder touched the boilers and flesh sizzled. Mike cursed and stopped for a moment. Seasick.

"C'mon kid. We gotta get steam. Keep your tail up. The first hundred years is the hardest."

Eight hours off. Four hours work. Eight hours off. To sleep—a little. To wash off the coal and sweat. To eat. To scrub clothes. To heal burns. To dream of—Tahiti.

Four hours work. Work—for ages.

"Gotta keep steam up, kid. Let's have some coal."

The hot coals burned the soles from his shoes. His lungs seemed to shrivel in the parching air.

"Not like an office, eh, mate? Make a man of you!"

"Sit down. Rest a minute."

The ship rolled and pitched. Like a maddened demon. Pitched. On and on—

"Cheer up, old boy. Only eight more days to the islands."

Throb—throb—the engines beat like the heart of a giant. Like aching muscles.

"Jim, what is Tahiti like? The natives gentle, friendly? The air soft and smooth?"

"Yeah, it's alright. Damn good liquor the Frenchies have in Tahiti!"

Hand over hand Mike Connolly dragged his weary bones up the ladder. A scorching ladder. You left the skin of your hands on that ladder. Out of the stoke-hole.

"Here, put this in you. My last drop."

The red liquor ran through the veins of Mike Connolly. Warmed them.

"Only one more week, old man."

The air was soft now. And warm. Smooth. A school of porpoise played around the boat. Flashes of silver flying fish glistened in the sun. Sometimes land in the distance.

"Only one more week, old man!"

Christ, how tired he felt!

"Are they beautiful, Jim? Do they look like in the pictures—graceful, quiet, colorful?"

"What, the women?"

"No, the islands."

"Aw, hell!"

Daybreak is a riot in Tahiti. First only a light haze. Then quickly the sun appears. Alert. Insistent. Like awakening youth.

"Well, Mike, there she is!"

A green mound that stands up gloriously from the sea and calls to the ships that pass. Near the top, tiny thatched huts. Palms fringe the shore. Movement and gay color on the beach. The surf throws a lacy necklace around it all.

"C'mon, wake up! Don't stand there lookin' stupid!"

The muscles throbbed and ached. Ached.

"Tired, old man?"

Tahiti—Christ, how sore his bones felt?

"You'll be awright tonight. Tahiti, boy—liquor, 'n' women!"

The captain called from the bridge. Officers repeated on the bow.

"Aye, aye, sir."

Anchor chains rattled. Engines stopped throbbing. The giant rests at Tahiti.

The Oregon Cafe was a boiling cauldron of motion. Of men who came from the sea. Sailors. Stokers. Stewards. Natives. Women.

"'Ere Mike, I can't 'andle two o' them. Take this wench on m' right."

Mike Connolly gazed on it all in a stupor. He

could not think. Every spot in his body ached. Bones, muscles, burns; his body throbbed like the ship that still rolled under his feet.

"Here, cutie, what'll you have?"

Crash of glasses. Song. Din of laughter and full chested speech.

A glass was placed in Mike's hand.

"Snap out of it, boy, you're in Tahiti!"

The raw liquor ran through his bones and muscles and burns. Warmed them. Christ, it was good!

"Fill 'er up Frenchy."

Another glass. And another.

"Only beer, sweetie? No whiskey? What t' hell!"

White teeth flash in a smiling, oval, brown face. White flowers in smooth black hair. Skin as soft and warm.

The "Moana" was ready to sail for San Francisco. Steam was up. Anchor chains rattled.

"Here, Jim, give me a hand with this fool."

The engine began to throb again. Slowly.

"He never drew a sober breath in Tahiti."

The engine throbbed faster and faster.

"That damn wench had him f'r three days."

"Jesus, look at the flowers she put in his hair. Looks like one o' the natives."

The "Moana" passed the reef and into the open sea. The ship began to roll and pitch.

"C'mon kid, wake up! Here drink this."

The ship rolled and pitched—

Mike Connolly wakened slowly. Every bone still ached. Burns throbbed, like the engine. Hands swollen. Inflamed.

"C'mon snap out of it. Two more weeks and you're back in Frisco."

Frisco?

"Man, you sure was pie-eyed. Here, drink this. Pick you up."

Two weeks? Frisco?

"But Tahiti—Jim. You don't mean—"

Mike Connolly stumbled to the deck. Christ, how his bones ached. The lights of Tahiti blinked in the distance.

Suddenly he recalled bits of a strange world. A small hut. A grass mat. A smiling brown face. White teeth. Skin as soft and smooth—

"Feel better now, old man?"

Mike Connolly looked at his swollen hands. He stared for a moment at the lights growing smaller in the distance. Then he laughed a hard, curse-ridden laughter.

Twilight of the Gods

By A. B. MAGIL

THE other night I sat in Horace Mann Auditorium in New York and listened to a lecture in German by Jakob Wasserman, author of "The World's Illusion," "The Goose Man," and many other works that have caused a stir in the world. Herr Wasserman, a short, semi-rotund man, with a beautiful dark oriental face, spoke softly in a voice full of compassion and sadness. It was all as gentle as a lullaby and I had to mentally prod myself several times to follow the flow of his ideas.

Herr Wasserman spoke on "Humanitaet," Humanity. What the world needs, he said, is humanity. And humanity is indestructible, it will yet prevail. Revolutions, discoveries, social upheavals—these are mere incidents. Humanity is the important thing. And the religion of humanity is Christianity.

Christianity. If it took man ages and ages to develop into the biological being that he is, why should it not take his soul ages and ages to become that pure Christian afflatus that it ought to be? Christianity is just beginning. "The God that we must postulate in order that the world should not fall to pieces, demands and possesses patience."

Humanity. Christianity. The voice of Herr Wasserman was very beautiful, very sad.

Never before had the inadequacy, the pitiful helplessness of bourgeois idealism been so starkly thrust upon me.

This is a child, I said.

Concerning Jakob Wasserman's merits as a novelist I have nothing to say. But besides being a novelist, it must be remembered that Wasserman is supposed to be one of the intellectual leaders of Europe. And in Europe's present crisis, in this hour when after her four years' agony, she is on the verge of being betrayed again by the hired puppets of the master classes, what shining word, what word of fearless denunciation and scorn does one of her intellectual pathfinders bring us?

Humanity. Christianity.

Once more the beery German sentimentality. Once more the soggy phrases that one thought the war had shot full of holes. The old threadbare bunk in modern dress.

Wasserman is a mystic.

"Behold, I bring you a great pillar of fire—Humanity—to light your way by night."

But the pillar of fire is only bits of scenery left over from the Last Great Exodus, the last grandiose trumpet-blast of the bourgeois saviors, the babbling idealists, the eternal children of the mind.

I know that not all have proved as fatuous and ineffectual as Wasserman. But take the best of them: Rolland. Rolland foresaw the war and hurled his flaming denunciation against it. And Rolland remained unshaken throughout the war and suffered for it. But Rolland has been motivated all along by a pacifistic humanitarianism that has much in common with Wasserman's neo-Christianism.

And Werfel. Franz Werfel, who on the eve of the World War wrote his poems, "Revolutions-Aufruf," ("Call to Revolution") and "Die Wortemacher des Krieges," ("The Phrasemakers of the War"), would probably smile at Wasserman's naive faith. But after denouncing the master classes, neither Rolland nor Werfel has taken the logical step in definite alignment with the working class struggle. This step has been taken by Ernst Toller, the German dramatist and poet, by Imre Balint, the Hungarian novelist, and by a few others. But most of the great leaders remain stuck in the mud of pre-war idealism. And those who remain aloof and withhold their aid, no matter how sympathetic they may be, become in a sense the abettors of the decaying capitalist system that they denounce.

England. Bernard Shaw, a "teacup revolutionist," a droll, quixotic fellow, a dotting sage. Bertrand Russell, turned professional popularizer, and very very careful about Soviet Russia. Havelock Ellis, a summarizer, an anthologist of ideas and a great scientist, remains isolated. He opposed the war, but he opposed it largely because it was ugly, esthetically unbeautiful, not because it was criminal.

France. It's hard to tell what's happening in France. Groups and grouplets and sub-divisions ad infinitum, gaudy "isms," seeking chiefly mental aphrodisiacs. The free revolutionary spirits of France have rallied around Henry Barbusse and Georges Duhamel in the Clarte movement.

In Spain Miguel de Unamuno has become the leader of a new nationalist cultural movement. Unamuno, though a philosophical neo-Christian

mystic, is important as an inspirational force and because of his uncompromising opposition to both the old monarchists and the present dictatorship.

And everywhere they are turning hopefully to Russia, the child giant of preternatural wisdom and strength. Among Europe's jabbering old men and hysterical old women Russia is shaking off the sleep of a thousand years, and is conquering each day, not with phrases, tears and canned wistfulness, but with plain, hard, prosaic deeds.

And America? The land of the free and home of the etc.?

Before the war. Everything was lovely. Utopia was only a short way up the road. Capital was understanding labor so well and labor was understanding capital so well and everything was jake.

Pacifism. Votes for Women. Reformism. Anti-Trust Busting. Socialism. Uplift. Anti-Saloon League. Ethical Culture. Elbert Hubbard. Theodore Roosevelt. Woodrow Wilson. LaFollette. Henry Ford. Taylor System. Pan-Americanism. Brotherhood of Man. Social Service. Slumming. The Poor Working-Clawss.

Came the WAR.

And what of the dream of Randolph Bourne and his fellows? That too has been shot to pieces. With lavender socialism in one hand and the austere torch of learning in the other, these missionaries wanted to go forth and sow the seeds of a new beauty and culture. But they were content to sow them within the capitalist state, not realizing that only a fake, exploited beauty and culture, the monopoly of a select few, could spring from such arid soil. The interest of these intellectuals in the working class was largely romantic and wistful. The smell of a strike would have sent them scurrying like rabbits into their particular intellectual holes. Van Wyck Brooks, who talked so blandly about "a coalition of the thinkers and the workers," never lifted a finger to bring about such a coalition.

Read the gooey, plush-lined prose of Waldo Frank and rub your eyes to make sure this is not a medieval monk.

And look what happened to Lewisohn. After the insurgent, lyrical protest of "Upstream," look at the complete collapse of "Israel," a Zionist blurb.

Leaders of thought? Bolonie!

The COMRADE

Edited by the Young



Young SECTION

Pioneers of America

NEW YORK ATTENTION!

The Young Pioneers of America have organized a conference of parents of those children who were in the Pioneer Camp and parents who are interested in building a Workers' Children's Camp. Do YOU want to go to a Pioneer Camp. Tell your parents to come this Sunday, March 20, 2 p. m., at 108 East 14th Street in the large hall. There will be a social afterwards.

ANSWER TO PICTURE PUZZLE

BENNIE CARUSO.

The meaning of the picture is that the Chinese workers are getting to understand that there should be no bosses so they are trying to kick out the American and Chinese bosses. But America wants to have bosses. So does England and they send battleships and are trying to stop this affair, but the Chinese workers will outwit them.

I am sticking for the Chinese workers because not only my parents believe in it, but I believe in it too.

Pioneers Organize Ruthenberg Group.

By Our Youngstown Reporter.

The children of the workers who are struggling for better conditions in the steel hells of Youngstown, Ohio, responded to the terrible blow of Comrade Ruthenberg's death by organizing a strong group of children under the name of "Ruthenberg Pioneer Group." The members of the group solemnly promised to give their lives for building up a revolutionary workers children's movement in Youngstown. In the schools as well as in the shops, wherever there are children, these Young Pioneers will get Youngstown's youngsters to join them in fighting for a free workers' world. Already they are making up new games, starting an orchestra and getting ready the issue of the Wall newspaper.

RUTHENBERG CORNER

What shall we do to honor our dead leader, Comrade Ruthenberg? What can we do to best carry out his last message, "Let's fight on!" One of the best ways that we, workers' children, can honor Comrade Ruthenberg is by getting many other children to believe in a workers' government instead of a bosses' government. How can we do this? We can do this by getting them to read The Young Comrade which tells the truth about the workers and their children.

In order to get more readers for The Young Comrade, the Young Pioneers of America have started a big subscription drive with many prizes. Watch this page next week for more details of this big prize subscription drive.

LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE

The answer to last week's puzzle No. 5 is ALL WORKERS' CHILDREN SHOULD READ AND SUBSCRIBE TO THE YOUNG COMRADE. HOW ABOUT IT? Those who answered correctly are:

Mae Feurer, New York City; William Gorelick, New York City; Carl Brahtin, Cleveland, Ohio; Laura Borin, New York City; Marion Dinkin, New York City; Mildred Goldenberg, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Kelly, Revere, Mass.; Kate Flapan, New York City; Reuben Wolk, New York City; Miriam Bogorad, Passaic, N. J.; Sidney Salzman, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Irving Klein, Stamford, Conn.; Lillian Cohen, New York City; Mildred Goldenberg, Brooklyn, N. Y.

More Answers To Puzzle No. 4.

Lulu Morris, New York City; Martha Chukan, Kenosha, Wis.; Leo Goldman, New York City; Alli Hill, Maynard, Mass.; Bennie Caruso, Chicago, Ill.; Kastutis Poyelones, Clinton, Ind.; Eleanor Magliocchetti, Woburn, Mass.; Marie Chengerian, Lawrence, Mass.; Norman Henkin, Los Angeles, Calif.; Milton Relin, Rochester, N. Y.; Elianore Ivanoff, Post Fall, Idaho.

This Week's Puzzle No. 6.

This week we are giving you a X-word puzzle. Can you do it? Let's see.

1	2	3
4	A	R
7	T	Y

Across—

- 1—A bright color, a Bolshevik, a Pioneer.
4—A stick used to move a boat.

7.—A pig's house. Like some workers' houses.
Down—

- 1—Abbreviation of Reds of Soviets.
2—What children do to food.
3—Pioneer meetings are not—

Slanting—

- 1—The last syllable of a cheer word.
7—When Lenin died all workers and children were

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

OUR LETTER BOX

Dear Comrades: Once we were going to the Pioneer meeting and we were singing songs. A kozak came running after us, we weren't scared we just kept on walking. The policeman ran after us he said, "If you don't stop singing I'll arrest you." We said, "We want our union, the union will help us." The kozak just laughed and didn't do anything to us.

Your Comrade,

ANNA MOLODOWITH.

Dear Comrades: Our teacher is a big fool. He takes the bible in the morning and reads it to us. Then he asks us questions from it. One day he asked me a question from the bible and I did not know it, he said what kind of a catholic are you. Then we say our prayers after he reads the bible. But I never say it. Then after we say our prayers we sing. On Thanksgiving Day he told the children to eat all day. But he did not ask us whether we had something to eat. So that's the kind of a fool he is. His name is Mr. Frances Simpson. He is a mean bad teacher. He always sings holy songs. I hate him with all my might. Every time we make a mistake in something he makes fun of us. That shows how much sense he's got.

I am joining the Children's Page Club.

Your Comrade,

H. M.

How Workers' Children and Workers Are Treated in Mining Towns.

I am fifteen years of age and attend the Bentleyville High School. My brother who is thirteen also goes to the same school.

Now here is the problem. My brother John had broken his friendship with Joe K. because his father went to scab at the Bethlehem mine at Weaver, and had been enemies since then.

One day while John was coming home from school, Joe threw a stone at my brother. His aim was poor and did not hit my brother but broke a window of another school. When asked who did it my brother and another school mate (who was with him) told on him. This increased Joe's anger and he threatened to stab them with a knife, but didn't get a chance because my brother and his friend jumped on him and took the knife to the policeman.

The same night Joe's mother (much intoxicated) went to my brother's friend's home to inquire for the knife. His dad said he would return it willingly soon as his son came home. This answer did not satisfy her. She picked up stones and threw them among a group of boys. Of course they threw stones at her after that. Well, she went to Ellsworth and put my brother and his friend under arrest. The next day two "yellow dogs" (coal and iron police) came to school and took my brother and his friend to Ellsworth police station without consulting their parents. Here the "yellow dogs" threatened to do all sorts of things to them if they wouldn't confess.

That afternoon my dad went to the burgess of our town and told him how circumstances stood. The burgess said he would like to help him, but he couldn't. He could if he wanted to. The first case was held. The "yellow dogs" cussed us, and wouldn't give us a chance to talk. So the case was put off until Monday. Dad got a lawyer; but as soon as the "yellow dogs" saw the lawyer they went out. Even the squire didn't like it. He talked nicely because he was a coward, when we had witnesses and a lawyer. He told us the case was over and all was O. K. The "yellow dogs" said to my brother and me, "The Red Necks (meaning the workers) didn't do anything last April and they won't do anything this April." Are we going to do anything? Of course, nothing will stop us.

Let this be our motto, "Let nothing discourage you, NEVER give up."—ANNA SHAYNAK.

PARIS COMMUNE and RUTHENBERG

Did you ever hear of the Paris Commune before? No, well we'll tell you about it. During the war in 1870 between the French and Germans, the poor workers of France suffered very much. Thousands of them were starving and many were thrown out of their houses and into the streets. At last the workers could stand it no longer. So on March 18, 1871, fifty-six years ago, the working men and women of Paris arose in revolt and organized the first worker's government. They called it the Paris Commune. For two short months this government of the workers of Paris lived and made many improvements for the workers. During this time they had to resist the attacks of both the French and German capitalist (bosses) governments. Finally the Commune fell and with its fall over 25,000 working men, women and children were brutally murdered. The walls of Paris were stained with their blood and the river Seine was like a river of blood. That ended the first workers' government, the Paris Commune.

But although the Paris Commune was drowned in blood, its spirit lived on. And in October 1917, our Russian comrades took up the fight and established the Commune of the Soviet Union. This Commune could not be killed in two months as the first one. This Commune has already lived about nine years and is still marching forward.

Comrades, while we think of the Communards our comrades who fought and died for the Paris Commune and the Soviet Union, let us pause a moment and give a thought to our leader, our Com-munard, who died fighting for the Commune, not only of America but of the whole world. Let us think a while, Comrades, are we worthy of such a leader? Are WE following his footsteps? Are WE Communards? Are WE members of the Young Communards, the Young Pioneers of America? Are WE subscribers to the Young Comrade? You know Comrades, if Ruthenberg were alive he would say YOU SHOULD BE

CAN YOU DRAW?

Besides articles, poems, jokes, riddles, puzzles, etc., all comrades are also invited to send in drawings and cartoons. Drawings about school, about the workers and the bosses, and especially about workers' children, are wanted. All good ones will be printed. If you can draw, let's see. Send all drawings and cartoons to the Pioneer Editorial Committee.

YOUNG COMRADE CORNER

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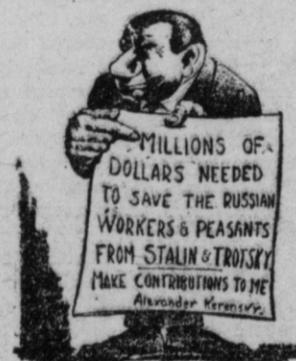
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DRAMA

Ballyhoo!

"The Barker" Has Life and Charm—When It Isn't Smothered by Plot

Reviewed by HARBOR ALLEN.

Kenyon Nicholson, who teaches playwriting at Columbia, has written a play pleasant to the eye. "The Barker" (at the Biltmore) opens with a ballyhoo scene before the Hawaiian tent of a small-town circus. The caliope toots, bells ring, the Hawaiians twang their ukeleles, the dancer shakes her grass skirt, and the barker chops the air with words. The crowd swarms into the tent. One of them returns to argue about being short-changed. A few minutes later they straggle out: the show's rotten, lousy, they've been gyped. The barker laughs.

The scene is perfect. If you've ever seen a tent show in a small town, you will sit back with the tingle of recognition. Here is realism and glamor holding hands.

At this point Mr. Nicholson must have remembered that he was a teacher of playwriting. And a play isn't a play unless it has a plot. Any text book will tell you that. So Mr. Nicholson stuck in plot—lots of it and thick. He borrowed bits of it from sex shows, from melodramas, from the good old tearful plays about loving parents and wayward sons. Only rarely is it convincing. The love of the barker for his son rings true enough, but the intrigues among the women are so many shadows snatched from the movies.

Now and then Mr. Nicholson forgets his plot and turns the stage over to half a dozen circus folk: the tattooed sailor, the motherly palmist, the colonel, the carpenter, the hands. Then you get the warm feeling of being close to people. They complain about the weather, they talk about the show business, about the money they've made and lost; they drink together; they borrow from each other and comfort each other with pity and love. Something beautiful and human and simple curls up from the grass floor and the canvas walls and the battered trunks. The next minute it is gone. The author yanks his people off and starts the machinery of plot pumping. Sometimes it is well oiled; too often it creaks.

Neighborhood Playhouse to Present Lyric Bill April 5

The fifth production of the Neighborhood Playhouse, is announced for Tuesday evening, April 5th. This year the Lyric bill, which combines music, dancing, pantomime and drama and will include a seventeenth century Commedia dell'Arte, which has not been given on any stage since it was played by the famous Martinelli troupe at the Court of France in 1689, a ballet of Hungarian folk scenes arranged to the music of Bela Bartok's Dance Suite; and dances arranged to the Charles T. Griffes Tone Pictures and "The White Peacock." "Pinwheel," the current play, will close March 30.

BROADWAY BRIEFS

Grace Henry and Morris Hamilton are responsible for the music and lyrics for the new musical comedy, which Earl Carroll will present shortly. Earl Carroll is writing the book. Frank Tinney will be one of the featured players.

The Shuberts will present "Cherry Blossom," a musical play based on "The Willow Tree," with score by Sigmund Romberg, and book and lyrics by Harry B. Smith, at Johnson's Theatre, Monday, March 28th. Howard Marsh is featured, others in the cast include: Helen Norde, Bernard Gorcey, Ann Milburn, James Marshall, Frank Davenport, Fred Harper, Frank Greene, William Pringle, Ann Yago, Walter Tenney, Gladys Baxter and Marion Keeler.

WALTER HAMPDEN



Appearing in "Caponsacchi," a play based on Robert Browning's "The Ring and the Ring," now in its sixth month at Hampden's Theatre.

"The Scarlet Letter" by Nathaniel Hawthorne, will be revived at the American Laboratory Theatre in two weeks.

Sophie Tucker will be featured in the new Spring edition of "Gay Paree" which will be introduced at the Winter Garden, Monday evening.

Nana Bryant has been engaged for the title role in "The Circus Princess," the Kalman operetta due shortly on Broadway.

"Restless Women," a new play by Sydney Stone will play at the Bronx Opera House next week. Max Hayes is the producer. The company includes: Lucille Sears, Guido Nadzo, Valerie Valaire, Edwin Mordant, Madeline Grey, Donald Campbell, Wilfred Barry and Robert Grozier.

"Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" will visit the Bronx playhouse the week of March 28.

"The Gossipy Sex," the new John Golden production is to have Lynne Overman as the reatured player, other players include: Thomas W. Ross, Grace Menken, Florence Mason, Eva Condon, Philip Barrison, Ann Merrick and John Cherry. The play opens in Albany, March 28, prior to the Broadway showing.

At the Cinemas

ASTOR—"The Big Parade."
BROADWAY—"What Every Girl Should Know," with Patsy Ruth Miller and Ian Keith.
CAMBO—Harry K. Eustace's "Thru Darkest Africa," a film diary of the Congo.
CAPITOL—"The Demi-Bride," by F. Hugh Herbert and Florence Ryonson, with Norma Shearer and Lew Cody.
COLON—"The Rough Riders."
COLONY—"White Flannels," with Louise Dresser, Jason Robards and Virginia Browne Fajre.
CRITERION—"Beau Geste."
HIPPODROME—"Easy Pickings," with Anna Q. Nilsson, Kenneth Harlan and Phils McCullough.
PARAMOUNT—"Evening Clothes," with Adolphe Menjou.
RIALTO—"Metropolis," Germany's newest film sensation.
RIVOLI—"Old Ironsides," with Wallace Beery, George Bancroft, Charles Farrell and Esther Ralston.
ROXY—"The Love of Sunya," with Gloria Swanson.
SAM H. HARRIS—"What Price Glory," with Victor McLaglen, Edmund Lowe and Dolores del Rio.
SELWYN—"When a Man Loves," with John Barrymore and Dolores Costello, with Vitaphone program.
STRAND—John Barrymore in "The Beloved Rogue."
WARNER—"Don Juan," with John Barrymore, Mary Astor and Estelle Taylor. Vitaphone program.

MUSIC

METROPOLITAN OPERA

Casella's ballet "La Giara" and the "The Tales of Hoffmann" will open the twenty-first week of the Metropolitan Opera season, Monday evening; the former interpreted by Miss Galli and Messrs. Berger and Bonfiglio, with Mr. Tedesco, tenor; the latter sung by Talley, Lewis and Chamlee, DeLuca.

Other operas of the week: "Faust," as a special performance Tuesday evening with Lewis, Dalossy and Tokatyan, Chaliapin.

"The King's Henchman" Wednesday afternoon with Easton, Alcock and Johnson, Tibbett.

"La Boheme," Wednesday evening, with Mueller, Guilford and Gigli, Scotti.

"Der Rosenkavalier," Thursday evening, with Mueller, Easton and Tedesco, Bohnen.

"Tristan und Isolde," Friday afternoon with Larsen-Tedsen, Branzell and Laubenthal, Whitehill.

"Boris Godunoff," Friday evening, with Dalossy, Telva and Chaliapin, Chamlee.

"Traviata," Saturday matinee with Bori, Egner and Gigli, DeLuca.

"Tosca," Saturday night with Easton, Flexer and Tokatyan, Scotti.

Moritz Rosenthal, pianist will be the soloist at this Sunday night's concert.

With the Orchestras

NEW YORK SYMPHONY

Fritz Busch will make his final appearance as guest conductor of the New York Symphony this Sunday afternoon in Mecca Auditorium. John Charles Thomas is the soloist. The program follows: Overture, "Egmont," Beethoven; Aria "Eritu" from "Masked Ball," Verdi; Nocturne and Scherzo "Midsummer Night's Dream," Mendelssohn; Symphony No. 4 in E Minor, Brahms.

Walter Damrosch returns next Thursday afternoon for the first of six concerts which will mark the close of his career as regular conductor of the New York Symphony Orchestra. John Charles Thomas will again appear as soloist. The program: Symphony in D minor, Cesar Franck; Air from Herodiade, Massenet; Fantasia on a theme by Thomas Tallis, Vaughan Williams; Song to the Evening Star, Act III, Tannhauser, Wagner; Catalonia (A Spanish Rhapsody), Albeniz.

PHILHARMONIC

Ernest Schelling will be the soloist at the Philharmonic concert this Sunday afternoon at Carnegie Hall, playing in his own Suite Fantastique. This will be preceded by the Bach Brandenburg Concerto No. 3 for strings and followed by the Tchaikovsky Fourth Symphony.

An all-Beethoven program is scheduled by Mr. Furtwaengler for Thursday and Friday afternoon in commemoration of the centenary of Beethoven's death. Walter Gieseking will be the soloist in the Concerto in G major. The Grosse Fugue for strings, Op. 35, and the Fifth Symphony are the other numbers on the program.

The program of the students' concert next Saturday night will include: Brahms Second Symphony; Leo Schulz, first cellist of the Philharmonic, playing the Bruch Kol Nidrei and his own Dumka, and Strauss' Don Juan.

MUSIC NOTES

Robert Goldsand, Viennese pianist, at Town Hall on Monday afternoon, will play the following program: Sonata, opus 57, Beethoven; Paganini Variations, Brahms; a group by Chopin and three Liszt numbers.

JAMES RENNIE



Featured player in "Crime," which will be moved to the Times Square Theatre, Monday night.

A piano owned by Ludwig van Beethoven from 1796 until his death in 1827, now the property of Lotta van Buren, has been placed on exhibition, as part of this month's Beethoven centennial celebration, in the piano salon of William Knabe & Co., and will be open to inspection by the public for the rest of this month.

Jack Ebel, a fourteen year old boy, will give his violin recital Tuesday, March 29th, at Town Hall.

The Malkin Trio, at Aeolian Hall on Tuesday evening, will present the following: Trio, opus 8, B major, Brahms; Trio, opus 50, A minor, Tchaikowsky.

Erno Rapee has been appointed general musical director of the new Roxy Theatre.

Cecile de Horvath, will give a pianoforte recital at Aeolian Hall Saturday afternoon, April 9th.

MUSIC AND CONCERTS

PHILHARMONIC

FURTWAENGLER, Conductor.
at CARNEGIE HALL
Sunday Afternoon, March 26, at 3:00
Soloist: ERNEST SCHELLING, Pianist
BACH: Bandenburg Concerto No. 3 for strings. SCHELLING: Suite Fantastique. TCHAIKOVSKY: Symphony No. 4.

CARNEGIE HALL
Thursday Evening, March 24, at 8:30
Friday Aft., March 25, at 2:30
BEETHOVEN FESTIVAL
Soloist: WALTER GIESEKING, Pianist

CARNEGIE HALL
Saturday Evening, March 26, at 8:30
11th STUDENTS' CONCERT
Soloist: LEO SCHULZ, Cellist
BRAHMS-BRUCH-SCHULZ-STRAUSS
Arthur Judson, Mgr. (Steinway Piano)

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Mecca Box Office open 11 A. M. Sunday
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VERDI, Aria "Masked Ball";
JOSEF HAYDN, Symphony in C major,
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DRAMA

Theatre, Mass and Machine

Em Jo Basshe, Author of "Earth," Draws a Picture of the Coming Workers Theatre

Em Jo Basshe came to the United States from Russia when he was 14. Though still a good way from 50 he has traveled over a large portion of the country, has written stories, poems, reviews and articles for many magazines, including the Masses, the Liberator, and the Freeman. His first play, "Adam Solitaire," was produced at the Provincetown Playhouse last year. His "Earth," an intense and gripping Negro folk drama is now playing at the New Playwrights 52nd Street Theatre, of which he is one of the five directors.

By EM JO BASSHE.

Several years ago I happened to be in Gary, Indiana, and went to a theatrical performance given by a group of workers for a fund to establish a library. The program consisted of Synge's "Rides to the Sea," Chekoff's "The Boor," Polish and Russian folk dances, and finally mass recitations of poems by Shelley and Joe Hill. The audience stood up and joined in these. As they left the hall, they kept on singing, and at night one could hear them still humming the music they had heard during the day. Audiences like that are rare.

In this miserable and damnable town I saw enough of the proletarian theatre to give me an idea of what it will be when the worker decides that he has supported Hollywood and Broadway long enough. I can visualize a theatre where the worker will portray his own tragedies, laugh at his own foibles, vanquish his enemies and traducers, and glory in his achievements and his future.

But to say that he can do all this alone, discarding the dreams and plans of those artists who for years have been part of his struggle, his defeats, and his victories, would be like undermining the foundation before the house is up.

There is a union of dictatorship today: the Mass and the Machine. They go hand in hand. The rhythm is one. If you believe in fidelity, you must portray both as one. The proletarian theatre will be first to make use of this "character." It will create new types, new dances, new songs—the machine motif running through it all. It will ask such artists as Louis Lozowick to bring his dreams of engines, of sewing machines, of tenement houses upon the stage. It will order from Bill Gropper his collection of mad mankind to dance and make gay the passing of the day. It will insist that the playwright forget the impotent middle class, the perfumed social register, and devote his talents to

the portrayal of the brothers and sisters of the machine, of the toilers of the soil—the children of the future.

Most of the talk about a proletarian theatre is kosher pork. You can't have such a theatre until you have a place where you can do as you like; where you are not hampered by too much or too little money; where there is no Tammany Hall union (which makes no distinction between Shubert and, say, the Habima, and is ready to strangle you because it hasn't forgotten the days when it labored 18 hours a day); where your audience is not composed of dilettantes and "hold-your-breath mesdames." The worker, if he wants, can force the policy of newspapers, concerts, political platforms, and the theatre. The reason why he has not done it up to now is a mystery.

The New Playwrights Theatre is composed of people who have taken part in the labor movement in various capacities. If up to now their plays have not been thoroughly proletarian, the blame is not all theirs. The theatres, directors, and actors of the old school have made it a point to slash, tear, and recast our thoughts and themes on the ground that "propaganda isn't art." In my first long play, produced at the Provincetown Theatre last year, I had a priest represented as a cardboard figure through whose mouth a voice draws in a meaningless singsong "Faith, sacrifice, sin." In the production this cardboard figure became a flesh-and-blood Shepherd of the Lord whose love for humanity knew no bounds and who spoke his platitudes as if they had come red hot from my own mouth. Irony certainly is a clever trickster.

We want working class audiences to mould our policy, direct our efforts, signalize its disapproval when we do something that does not "belong," and help us when we miss our step. Then they can claim us as their own, as we sincerely hope our theatre can claim them.

The New Plays

MONDAY

"HER CARDBOARD LOVER" will be presented by Gilbert Miller and A. H. Woods Monday evening at the Empire Theatre, with Jeanne Eagels as star. This comedy is by Jacques Deval, and adapted by Valerie Wyngate and P. G. Wodehouse. The supporting cast will include Leslie Howard, Valerie Wyngate, Stanley Logan, Arthur Lewis, Terrence Neil, Ernest Stallard, Charles Esdale and Henry Vincent.

TUESDAY

"LUCKY," Charles Dillingham's new production, will open Tuesday night at the New Amsterdam. The book and lyrics are by Otto Harbach and Kalmar and Ruby, music by Jerome Kerne. The principals are Mary Eaton; Walter Catlett, Richard (Skeets) Gallagher, Joseph Santley, Ivy Sawyer, Kathryn Martin, Joe Donahue, Barrie Oliver and Paul Whiteman and his band.

"THE SPIDER," a new play by Fulton Oursler and Lowell Brentano, will open Tuesday evening, at Chanin's 46th Street Theatre under the management of Sam H. Harris and Albert Lewis. The cast includes: John Holliday, Eleanor Griffith, Roy Hargrave, Priscilla Knowles, Lytell and Fant and Mack and La Rue.

WEDNESDAY

"THE CROWN PRINCE," by Joe Akins, from the Hungarian of Ernest Vajda, will open Wednesday night at the Forrest Theatre, presented by L. Lawrence Weber. Joe Akins wrote the English version from the Hungarian. The cast is headed by Basil Sydney and Marry Ellis and includes Henry Stephenson, Ferdinand Gottschalk, Kay Strozzi, Jerome Lawler, Dennis Cleugh and Arthur Bowyer.

THURSDAY

"SAVAGES UNDER THE SKIN," a drama by Harry L. Foster and Wyman Proctor, will open next Thursday night at the Greenwich Village Theatre, presented by Carl Reed. Louis Calhern, Flora Sheffield and William B. Mack lead the cast.

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BROADWAY BRIEFS

"The Brothers Karamazov" will continue at the Guild Theatre for two more weeks and will then be replaced by S. N. Bohrman's "The Second Man." "The Brothers Karamazov" will play its final week beginning March 28th. "The Second Man" will alternate with "Pygmalion" at the Guild Theatre.

Prior to her spring engagement in New York, Bertha Kalich will play a brief engagement at the Adel-

phi Theatre, Philadelphia, starting Monday in the "The Riddle Woman" and "Magda," in both of which dramas she has been touring to the Pacific coast and back.

George S. Brooks, co-author with Walter B. Lister of "Spread Eagle," will shortly be represented on Broadway by another play, a drama entitled "For Two Cents."

The Treasurer's Club of America will give its thirty-eighth annual benefit at the Hudson Theatre Sunday evening.