

THE NEW MAGAZINE

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ALEX BITTELMAN, Editor

The Sparring Match at Geneva

By T. J. O'FLAHERTY

THE three principal sea powers of the world: the United States, Great Britain and Japan are in session at Geneva, the seat of the League of Nations, with the avowed purpose of trying to arrive at a solution of the race for naval supremacy which is being feverishly contested by those three powers under various subterfuges.

Looking on with a pair of cynical grins on their sinister faces are France and Italy.

It should be stated emphatically at the outset that no intelligent observer of current affairs will for a moment be fooled into the delusion that the powers are in earnest about their professions of devotion to the cause of world peace or that the present conference has any other aim than an attempt on the part of each participating power to steal a march on the other.

The present conference was called on the initiative of the United States government, the same government that made the peace gesture at the Washington conference in 1921. Between the lines of the pacific speeches made by the American delegates to the Geneva conference can be read a threat, which implies that unless the other powers accept the American program, the United States will build a navy second to none on the seas.

Since the Washington conference which established the 5-5-3 ratio for the United States, England and Japan, our naval aristocracy and the battleship and armament manufacturers have been yelling that the United States was fooled into scrapping more naval tonnage than Japan and England combined and entered into other agreements which hamstringed the U. S. naval program and reduced the standing of the navy to below that of Japan's.

This is the cry of the militarists and navalists of all countries, but it seems to be obvious that Great Britain, since 1921 has been building cruisers at a feverish rate even during the term of office of the alleged pacifist James MacDonald.

What happened at the Washington conference is, that in return for scrapping the Anglo-Japanese alliance, the United States made certain concessions to Great Britain which left the empire in possession of naval supremacy for the time being. The restriction on gun elevation was not observed by England and this infraction was winked at by the United States, knowing that there would be another conference and another deal when the time was more propitious. That time has arrived and the United States has less reason to fear Japan today than it had in 1921.

The world importance of the United States has increased tremendously since the war. The power of Great Britain has relatively decreased. Japan is holding a precarious toehold in the Orient with the long slumbering Chinese millions in political volcanic eruption.

The Washington conference placed a limit on the building of battleships and airplane carriers. The United States would now limit the tonnage of cruisers and all other auxiliary ships.

In brief the program of the United States is the following: A proposed tonnage limitation on cruisers of: 250,000 to 300,000 tons for the United States; the same tonnage for the British empire and 150,000 to 180,000 for Japan.

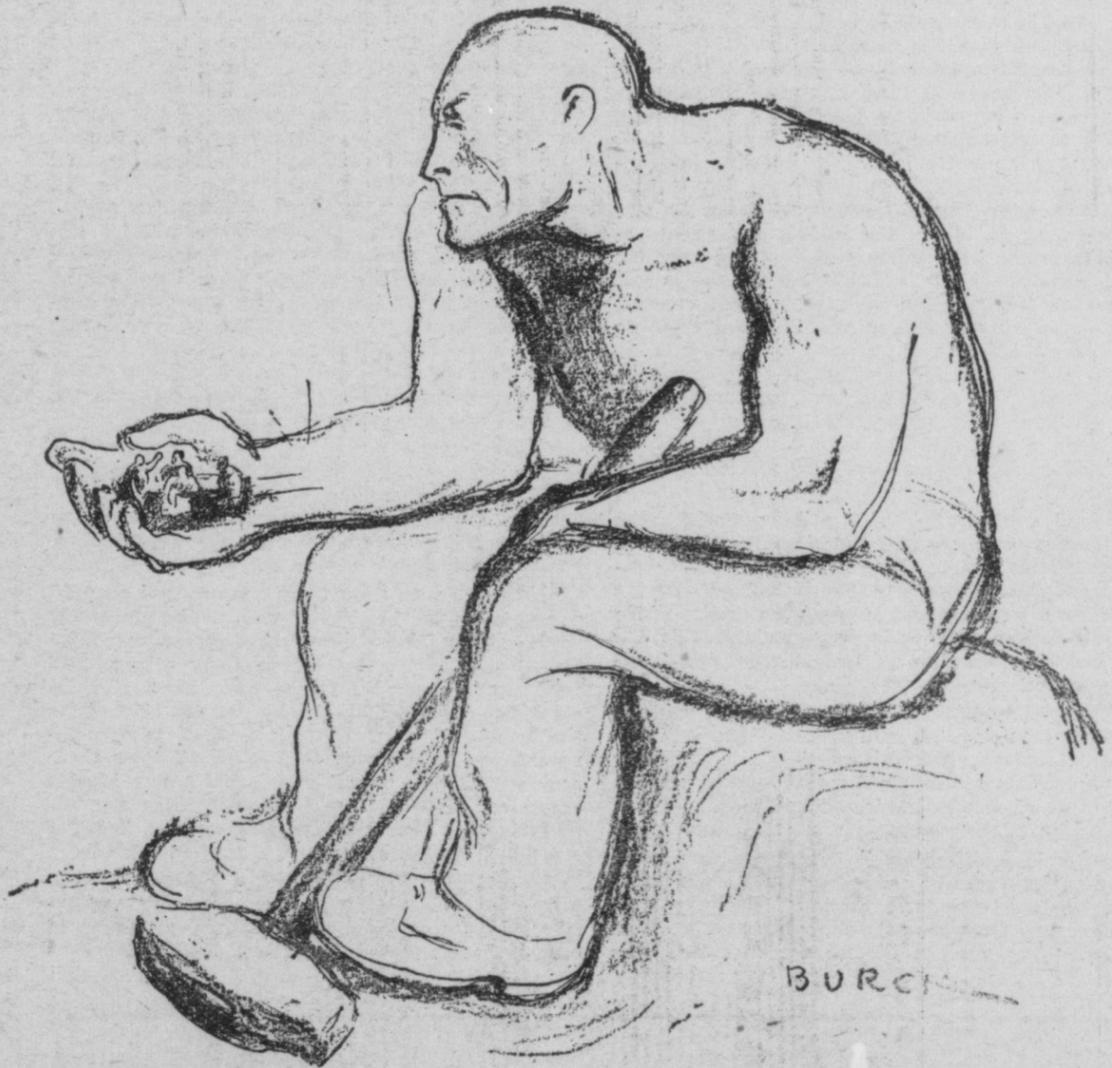
In the submarine class the United States' tonnage would be from 60,000 to 90,000 tons, the same for the British empire and from 36,000 to 54,000 tons for Japan.

Against this program the British propose to reduce the maximum battleship tonnage from 35,000 to less than 30,000; main battleship guns from 16-inch to 13.5-inch, of aircraft carrier tonnage from 27,000 to 25,000; of cruiser tonnage from 10,000 to 7,500 and of cruiser guns from 8-inch to 6-inch.

The Japanese proposed a "naval holiday" and non-restriction of the building of vessels of small tonnage and aircraft carriers under 10,000 tons.

Thus the "friends" of peace haggle for position.

The aims of the British are clear. As one writer points out she aims at retaining her preponderant supremacy on the sea by discouraging the building of war vessels by other nations with a wide cruising radius. This is the explanation of her proposal for a reduction of cruiser tonnage from 10,000 to 7,500. Owing to the string of naval bases which Britain has all over the globe her ships do not need the fuel capacity that is required by American naval vessels, whose bases are fewer and farther apart. Also the British suggestion that the calibre of guns permissible on cruisers should be reduced from 8



to 6-inches, is due to the fact that merchant vessels are not built to carry guns of greater than 6-inch calibre. Should this proposition be accepted Britain's 950,000 tons of merchant fleet with a speed of 17½ knots or more would be able to thumb its nose at the world.

Of course the American sea lords will not be taken in by the specious arguments put forward by Great Britain and Japan. It is a long time since Mark Twain sent his American innocents abroad. If anybody concludes that there is any virtue running around looking for a chronicler in Geneva he is easily gulled. They are all alike and partners in culpability.

William Howard Gardner, writing in the New York Times of June 20, gives expression to the following significant language in a peroration to a letter on the naval conference at Geneva:

"England's real task and ours is each to play our full part in the maintenance of our civilization—and to help each other to do so. As we look out over the world from our great, mid-

oceanic base, we incline to prize England's friendship perhaps more than that of any other country. But is not American friendship incomparably more valuable to the scattered British world than English friendship is to our mighty concentration? And will not England's apparent policy at Geneva militate against that maximum of American friendship and support she inevitably will need above all else before this century closes?"

This is the veiled threat that is behind the pacific language of the United States government. The same hostility can be detected in the polite diplomatic verbiage of the British foreign office. The international pirates are preparing to deluge the world in blood again over a division of markets and spheres of influence. They cannot come to terms. If they could they would hop on the Soviet Union and attempt to strangle it.

While the three great naval powers are confabbing at Geneva word comes from Paris that the French government has decided to appropriate \$35,000,000 for cruisers, submarines, destroyers and mine layers.

The war left the United States sitting on top of the world. Our ruling class intends to stay there. The die-hard Tories that now dominate the British government are following an intransigent imperialist policy all over the world. They would regain the position of world domination that was snatched from them in the smoke of a common battle by the western empire. Despite a common language and other ties, all signs point to a bitter struggle for world supremacy between the two great imperialist powers unless the workingclass of both countries and of the world organize to prevent another world holocaust by taking government power out of the hands of the plunderers who now look upon the masses as cannon fodder, and follow the example of their Russian comrades in laying the foundation for a world federation of Soviet Republics.

SUBWAYS

The subway crashes
Through the thickened atmosphere,
Beneath the surface of life
To its prescribed aim—
Delivering cargoes of slaves.

Factories are filled
With thousands of producers,
And the underground monster
Rolls smilingly back from whence it came.
Its existence is justified,
Its mission is fulfilled.

EUGENE KREININ.

A Scab Passes Out

By CHARLIE BYRNE

DURING the Great Steel Strike of 1919 John Barton was one of the few workers in his locality who remained loyal to the company. Very much against his will he had to stay away from the mill a few weeks. He, alone, would be no use to the company since one pair of hands could not take the place of several hundred.

John was watching a chance to muster a band of "Loyalists." He seized every opportunity of expressing his disapproval of the strike. He continuously denounced its leaders and anticipated its defeat. He endeavored to create dissension and tried to play the role of a defeatist, but did not know how to do it in as able a manner as the more skilled and better trained company hacks and stool pigeons.

Finally he found five or six workers who were staggering beneath the cruel lash of economic determinism. They were ready for anything. Anything that would increase their immediate food supply and alleviate their domestic turmoil.

With an unconcealed facial expression of satisfaction John proposed, "Let us go see the employment agent before it is too late." This was a move the others detested and feared, but, yet the fear of not making it was too strong to be successfully resisted.

Next morning five of them went to see the employment agent. John, the self-appointed spokesman, takes the lead, offers apologies and asks for reinstatement. After a brief lecture the agent agrees to forgive them and hands them over to four gun-waving policemen who escorted them to the super's office.

The super smiled for the first time in their presence. "Go in," he said, "and start the furnace. All you will have to do is keep smoke going up during the hours of daylight. You boys are in for all promotions and will have a steady job the rest of your lives."

Several weeks were spent making smoke. The local newspapers used headlines and several front page columns stating the mill had resumed operations and falsely asserting that several out-of-town mills were working one hundred per cent. Crude and old-fashioned tho this propaganda was it had a severe effect on some well-meaning but non-thinking workers.

In several months after the strike John went to work as leader on the side shears. This paid one dollar a day more than his previous job. Figuring on so many days' work in the year at this new job he bought a house on the installment plan.

John, his wife Esther and their three children moved to their new home in a "respectable part of the city." Esther, like her husband was a vociferate "one hundred percenter." She continuously pointed to Ford and Carnegie as examples that all should follow. "Any one can become a millionaire if he

only has ability and ambition" were some of the daily sayings of John and Esther.

One Saturday afternoon the foreman notified the men that some changes in the machinery were to be made the following week and therefore the mill would be down until further notice.

Three weeks passed before this much-looked-for notice was posted at the gate.

Great was the surprise that awaited the men on their return to the mill. New and much larger rolls were in operation. The table was five feet wider than it used to be. A new large shears stood at the end of the first table. The old side shears around which fourteen men used to work was nowhere to be seen.

The whistle blows twice. The machinery gets in action. A slab drops from the furnace to the rolling table. It quickly becomes a plate and rolls on to the shears at the other end of the table. It is sheared and continues to roll on to where it is lifted by a crane into the car.

The amazed workers could not believe their eyes. Could not see how this was possible. Just by changing the machinery the company now only required twelve men to produce twice as much as fifty could turn out before.

"Boys, I'm sorry, we have nothing for you to do," said the super. "However, we will let you know when we have an opening." "Mr.," remarked John, "don't you remember I worked during the strike." "Shut-up," snarled the super, "I'm running this place: so now get out of here before I call a policeman to have you taken out."

On their way home John and his pals met Andy, who since the strike, had been black-balled in the mill and was well-known as a Red.

"What's wrong now? Won't the company let willing slaves like you guys work for it any more?" asked Andy in a mocking manner. "It's the machinery, that cursed new machinery that has thrown us out of a job. I don't know what the world is coming to," was John's crying reply.

"Things are only pursuing their natural course," retorted Andy. "Machinery will ultimately throw millions of people out of work. Unemployment and hunger will fan the flaming fires of revolt and will finally send capitalism to the scrap heap. Machinery is not cursed. It's good, but it must be used for the benefit of us workers, instead of to our disadvantage. I am saying this because I know there are several clean minds and noble hearts in this crowd and NOT because I want to make any impression on a traitor like you. Good bye, Benedict Arnold. I hope the company gives you lots of the medicine you helped it prepare."

One day, after three months of seeking employment, John was hired as a laborer, providing of course, that he passed the doctor. After a few min-

utes examination the doctor declared John unfit to be employed. This added to his troubles. Now his health was gone. He had nothing to hope for. "The new shears did it all," was his continuous wail.

The real estate dealer has a dispossess served on him the following week. His insurance policies have long since lapsed. Even his dog deserted and went to seek a master from whom he would get food.

"Why should I continue in such misery? Death is staring me in the face. Why prolong the agony?" he asked himself over and over again as he watched Esther and the children sleeping. Their frail bodies and pale faces clearly indicated the long days and nights of hunger and destitution through which had passed both he and them.

"No, it's no use," he said as he stepped out of the bed, closed the windows tight and opened all the gas jets. "That's that," he muttered as he stretched himself out on the floor.

NEW YORK

EAST SIDE

Tattered clothes on the backs
Of East Side's youth,
Are still in vogue
In a period of prosperity.
Children writhing in the mud
Of unpaved streets,
Are the living monuments
To the eleven thousand millionaires,
Sentencing the tots
To a life of tattered clothes and muddy streets.

BRONX

Small is its very breath,
Gathered beneath the tables of the powerful,
Picking the crumbs
Coming from time to time.
Petty is its look
Upon the benefactors
Permitting its existence.
Yet it runs from the quarters
Of the proletariat,
To be driven back
By the money lords.

WALL STREET

Narrow is its structure,
Symbolizing the underhand method
Of obtaining all in existence,
In a world of grabbing.
The light of day
Never penetrates Wall Street.
Screaming maniacs
Selling what is not theirs;
Coupon pullers
Pawning the lives of the masses,
In the drawers of Wall Street.
Wall Street, the price taker,
In an era of robbery.

BROADWAY

A world gone mad,
In search for excitement.
Money comes fast,
And life goes faster.
Advertisements, electric signs,
Blaze over an age
Burning itself out
In tribute to the yellow devil.
Filth, as its laurels.

EUGENE KREININ.

BEWARE, MADMAN!

By SAMUEL A. HERMAN.

Beware, madman, beware!

You, who so freely shake a fist at the Red Dawn,
Who fume and curse and threaten,
Who strut upon the stage of twentieth century history
Like a madman broken loose,
Emitting savage cries that startle the ear,
Borrowed like a dress suit for occasion,
From your colonial jungles.

Beware, madman, beware!

You, who would light the match of war;
To destroy the builders of the future;
Who are laying diabolical plans,
To shape the emaciated bodies
Of the starving miners and the unemployed,
Into battalions of steel, ready to march
In the direction of your outstretched finger.

Beware, madman, beware!

Lest your wretched slaves of yesterday,
Refuse compliance with your command,
And facing you with gleaming bayonets, say:
"We are not mercenaries for hire,
We refuse to march where you desire,
Not they, but you, are our real foe,
And are to blame for all our woe!"

Beware, madman, beware!

Look at the far-flung eastern sky,
Where the artistry of a rising sun,
Had painted countless crimson streaks
Upon a spacious canvas of blue!
Can the sky above be an inverted sea,
And its myriad crimson streaks,
Be a reflection of Red Army men below?

Beware, John Bull, beware!

An Invitation and a Few Suggestions

The Saturday magazine supplement of The DAILY WORKER welcomes contributions from its readers. Stories, articles, cartoons and poetry will be given consideration with a view to publication. This does not imply that everything submitted will see the light of the newsstands. Neither do we guarantee that all rejected manuscripts will be returned even when self-addressed and stamped envelopes accompany the contributions. We will do the best we can to return rejected manuscripts, but sometimes accidents happen.

A few words for the benefit of our poets. We are not prudish by any means, but we notice that poets between the ages of 12 and 17 are inclined to get rough with the English language and addicted to painting pictures of the horrors of capitalism with a brush steeped in sex phraseology. Perhaps this phenomenon is not difficult of explanation, but we must be pardoned for discouraging our youngsters from following this path to fame.

Contributions should be addressed to: The Editor, Saturday Magazine, Daily Worker, 33 First Street, New York.

The Rise of the Lira--Campaign for Lower Price

THE policy of the "gradual revival of the lira" announced by the fascist government has in practice led to a very violent rise, which, however, has not only failed to effect the economic recovery of Italy, but has made the industrial crisis still worse.

The sudden rise of the lira not only strikes a blow at export industry, weakening its competitive capacity on the foreign market, but creates a state of indecision and lack of faith in the morrow in the whole economic life of the country, on which rapid deflation acts just as disastrously as inflation. The rise of the lira is in itself an unhealthy sign, being as it is, not the consequence of financial and industrial settling down, but the product of artificial measures, chiefly innumerable foreign loans, on such a footing that the foreign currency falls into the hands of the "Italian Bank," the fascist government's financial instrument, thus enabling it to speculate in the lira. This speculation is among other things a source of profit for the fascist businessmen and tends to form a secret government for fascist agitation and dark machinations at home and abroad.

One of the consequences of the unhealthy growth of the lira is the discrepancy between its nominal value on the foreign market and its real purchasing power at home. While the lira stood at 24 gold centesimi on the foreign market in March last, its purchasing capacity in Italy (at wholesale prices) was only 17 cents. Even the most cautious specialists, never weary of lauding the wisdom of the government, have been forced to admit that if this discrepancy is not compensated for by a lowering of prices it will inevitably lead to another fall in the lira. If, however, wholesale prices cannot cope with the rise of the lira, retail prices bear still less relation to it. The campaign for lower prices so long waged with "undeviating success" by the fascist government, press and trade unions, has up to the present shown no real results. Special shops for the workers, limited prices, threats to the retailers and other palliative measures have so far led to nothing substantial.

While the lira stood 32 per cent higher in February last than in the preceding August (in ratio to English pound) the index of wholesale prices during this period had fallen from 691.35 to 600.85, i.e., 12 per cent, and the average-cost of living index in Italy (27 towns) from 151 to 147, i.e., two-and-a-half per cent. In Milan the cost of living index far from falling even went up from 652 to 667.

ATTACK ON WAGES: The employers have long been working at the lowering of prices in their own way. The argument as to whether the lowering of prices or the lowering of wages ought to take precedence has been answered by them in a practical manner by an attack on wages unfalteringly and a great deal more successfully than the struggle for lowered prices, carried out, either in spite of, or with the assistance of the fascist unions. At first the government organs and fascist party kept officially out of this attack, in some cases even trying to moderate the zeal of the employers. The Supreme Council of the Fascist Party passed a resolution against the lowering of wages until the cost of living should come down (in spite of which, however, Belucci, Minister for National Economy, was able to announce in March last that wages had been cut by efforts of the employers, in 57 provinces).

In his March parliamentary address Belucci appealed to the employers not to take the line of least resistance, i.e., not to try to bring down prices, but cutting wages, as industry required an extension of home markets. The greater, however, the strides



Drawing by Wm. Gropper.

U. S. S. R.

"What cabalistic sign is that?"

Asked a most learned man.

"U-S-S-R—it knocks me flat,
Nor fathom it I can!"

"I've searched the bible through and through,
I've thumbed old volumes rare,
The Atlas and the histories, too—
I've looked most everywhere."

"I can not find this strange device
In books of heraldry,
I've scanned the dictionary twice—
This word I cannot see."

"But this is my conclusion, sir,
It must be Bolshevik—
Red propaganda, as it were—
Some Communistic trick!"

"And so a letter I shall send
To Washington today—
I'll tell my Congressman to end
This red plot right away!"

—HENRY REICH, Jr.

the lira made in its "recovery" the worse became the economic crisis. Considerable groups of industrialists began to make their voices heard in a protest against heavy taxation and customs dues, the danger of the ever-increasing foreign loans and in demand for—wage cuts. The government made up its mind. It undertook the formulation and limitation of the attack on wages.

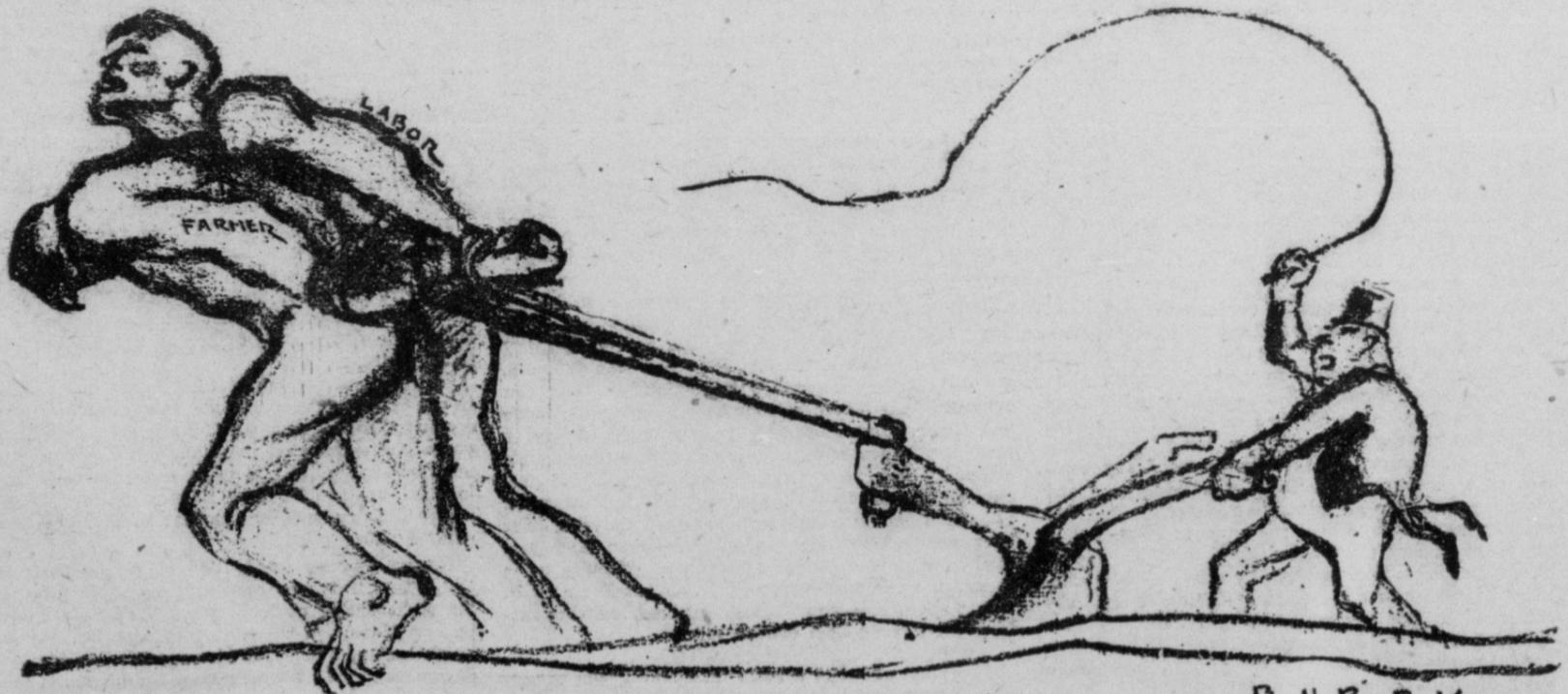
The famous "Labor Charter" was the smoke screen under cover of which the fascist government and the fascist party are leading this attack.

Two weeks had hardly passed after the publication of the "Labor Charter" when Augusta Turati, general secretary of the fascist party accomplished a veritable fascist miracle. Calling in Brescia a meeting of representatives of the fascist agricultural unions in this province, he "persuaded them voluntarily" to pass a resolution on the lowering of the wages established for agricultural workers in the collective agreements. This diminution was, according to the resolution, to assume "extent and form found most convenient and fair by Turati." This turned out to be—a ten per cent cut! The workers concerned, were, of course not consulted. Mussolini and the directorship of the fascist party approved and made an example of the Brescia agricultural "workers'" resolution, which they hoped would be a signal for further "generous acts by the workers and peasantry."

The example of Brescia was followed by Pavia, where the fascist unions decided "to accept unconditionally the wage decrease for seasonal agricultural workers in the Pavia and Lemelli districts, established by the decision of the Brescia agricultural workers. It should, moreover, be known that in these very districts a strike recently occurred on account of the attempts of the landowners to impose lower wages on the workers. The same thing occurred in other localities. After the agricultural workers came the turn of the urban workers. At the Bologna conference of union secretaries a decision was taken for a 10 per cent nominal decrease of the cost-of-living bonus. In compensation the workers were promised a society for the sending of sick children to seaside watering-places. The Bologna Federation of Employers' Organizations took the greatest interest in these sacrifices made by the workers, and worked out rates for decreasing wages. It appears (1) the decrease will be 10 per cent, but not from the cost-of-living bonus, but from wages as a whole; (2) the decrease will come into force from the 9th of May, i.e., from the very day of the decision of the secretaries' organizations, while (3) each organization will have the right to demand a revision of rates in case of considerable changes in the conditions of the respective industries and in the cost-of-living index.

After Bologna came the turn of the Genoa dockers, etc.

The tone, however, was given to the attack on wages by the fatherly fascist government itself. On the 5th of May the Council of Ministers ruled out the cost-of-living bonuses for the highest categories of civil servants and lowered them 30 to 60 per cent for the lowest, including postal, telegraph and railway employees. The excuse given for this decrease was that wholesale prices had gone down considerably by the end of April. The Council of Ministers, it is true, acknowledges that the fall in the cost of living is far from corresponding to the fall in wholesale prices, but it contents itself with the remark that "in some towns the price of bread, macaroni and other products has fallen considerably during the last six months."





An Appointment At One

By ALEX JACKINSON

SHE only met him once, but that one time was sufficient to convince Nancy that she found her beau ideal at last. With that came a miraculous change in her behavior. She began to feel gayer, sing when she'd find an opportunity, and laugh; without feeling that life cheated her of something she wanted and sought.

Having that which one often visualizes in dreams turn to reality has different effects on different temperaments. To Nancy that one meeting with someone who had long lived in her subconscious mind worked wonders. She felt that she could now face people without fearing that to themselves they might think, "poor girl without a lover at her age." This was a greatly exaggerated belief, for most people she came in contact with did not concern themselves about her to that extent. But, because she herself did entertain such notions, she fancied that everyone else did too. Now that worry was over, she told herself repeatedly, with inherent satisfaction.

One change that this meeting with him brought about, showed itself in the attitude towards her father. Nancy now spoke to him minus the usual resentment which characterized their former conversations. His constant wish to see her "married off" was a source of torment to her, of which both were cognizant. She recalled the many men he invited to dinner, ostensibly for a "chat" as he told them, but underlying his benevolence was the unpleasant fact that he wanted them to meet her, her, it was always her.

Nancy was the oldest of four girls, comprising in part the Brown family. That she was in the way of her younger sisters she had no doubt. And, that they pitied her for not having a suitor at her mature age she also knew, and bitterly resented any mention on their part "that she was a lovely girl and would yet make an attractive marriage." This cajolery no longer served its purpose. Nancy was conscious of her thwarted desires, and at various times tried to sublimate them by stimulating an artificial interest in other fields. Failing in that she continued to fret and resent the encroachments her "people" made on her vanity.

At twenty-eight environment molded her into a hard, disconsolate woman. Ill-favored by the fates, she suffered from an illusion that everybody con-

spired against her. This was an imaginary fancy born out of a fruitless quest for things she couldn't attain, and foremost among them was a "fellow" as she oftentimes confided to herself.

She met a number of such objectives from time to time, but could never establish a permanent friendship. Something in her manner set a barrier which could not be easily bridged. Should she in the company of other girls be picked up by men, Nancy would be the one to receive least attention. She knew it, and wanted to be more frivolous, but always a somewhat coached propriety held her back. With the ensuing years this contrary streak was beginning to wane. It disappeared entirely when she met him.

They met on a Bronx-bound subway train. It was during the evening rush hour, and crowds of homegoers kept jostling against each other. Nancy boarded the train at Times Square. At the following station he stepped in. She noticed, but didn't give him any undue attention, at first.

Under her right arm she clasped a book, and in the other held a hat feather wrapped in tissue paper, which she had just bought. Before long felt a hand brush behind her back, the motion giving her a little more freedom. Nancy looked up and beamed a polite "Thank you" to a stalwart figure. He was waiting for just such a break. "I don't want you to crush your flower," drifted from his lips. Nancy hesitated before carrying on the *tete-a-tete*. "It's not a flower, it's just a cheap little hat feather, but thank you just the same." Her tone was friendly. He smiled, and responded immediately. "But you may crush the leaves in your book." This sally made her laugh. Just then the train lurched around a turn, and before she knew it she was falling in his arms. "I beg your pardon" she flushed. He felt that he had already "made" her. "Why, what did you do?" he inquired with assumed naiveté. Her eyes screwed up, she looked him over, and was visibly impressed by his appearance. "You're quite a smart aleck, aren't you?" "You bet I am, with smart girls like you." Both grinned, as they attempted to read each other's mind.

The train rolled to a stop. The crowd was gradually thinning out, until several passengers remained. Nancy and her new found friend took seats.

"Going to Starlight?" he asked of her, after a while.

"Are you?"

"Yes."

"So am I," echoed Nancy. A second later she regretted having said that, for she was on her way home then, and had no intention of going to where she signified. However she resolved to go thru with it.

They reached the 177th Street Station. "We get off here," he informed her. Nancy arose. "This way." He took her by the elbow and steered her way to the street. There were many other people on their way to Starlight Amusement Park, and together they wended up the crowded thoroughfare.

"By the way we haven't been introduced to each other yet." It was she who broke the silence. "No, we haven't." "My name's Nancy—Nancy Brown," she interrupted quickly. "George Spence is what I answer to." They shook hands and expressed satisfaction at having met so unexpectedly.

That was how they met, their parting was equally as thrilling to her. He took her home in a taxi. A necessary prelude to his motives. In the hallway he held her in his arms and vowed enduring fidelity. Nancy was a flutter of excitement.

Hitherto when she met a man she acted coldly, indifferently, always feeling inferior to him, and it was that feeling which drew a gap between them, so a girl once told her. At first Nancy resented this frank disclosure, but later gave in that it was true. She determined to follow a friendlier course in the future.

Had her mother known that Nancy was indulging in one of those flirtations she was repeatedly warned against, Mrs. Brown would have been frantic. For years she dominated her daughter's relations with men, oftentimes politely barring entrance to those she labelled unsuitable. Now Nancy passed the stage where the prudence her mother advocated was considered safe.

George Spence partly lied in giving that name. Only the first was correct. He never gave girls his right name, at least not the first time. When he saw Nancy on the train platform, he resolved to "pick her up," not that she appealed to him much, it was merely that he was alone on a Saturday night, and wanted to be with a girl, any girl.

(Continued on page 6)

Men Who Feed the Beast

By WALT CARMON

Mat rose on the edge of his bunk.

"It's a hell of a life, eh Yank?"

Mat was too sick to answer. His face was pallid. He felt a sinking feeling at the pit of his stomach.

"Another first-tripper"—the Swede looked at him sympathetically. "Don't smear the fo'c'stle," he counselled and pointed to the bucket near the doorway.

Mat lurched toward it. He was in the first spell of sea-sickness. The ship was still in the bay. It rolled lightly on the swell. The movement sent Mat staggering uncertainly to the doorway.

"Cut out your bloody groans," the cockney growled on being awakened.

"Shut your face," the Swede answered sharply. The cockney turned over and pulled the blanket over his head.

The stokers ate from the pans of food on the table in the center of the fo'c'stle. Mat sat on the edge of his bunk. The sight of food again sent him reeling to the doorway.

The third engineer appeared. Time was up. They reached for their jackets and sweat-rags. The Swede nodded to Mat.

"Your watch, Yank."

Mat followed up the stairway and across the deck. Thru the galley, then down a ladder into a hellish pit from which the heat rose and wrapped him in a fiery, suffocating blanket. The steel rungs of the ladder scorched his hands. The pit of his stomach felt sickening. He lurched thru the doorway to the bunkers, bulging with coal.

"Take your time, now," the Swede advised. "This ain't no office." He pointed to his shovel. "Better get used to it while the coal is only a step away. It'll be worse when you have to wheel it from the bunkers."

The Swede threw the furnace door wide open with his shovel.

His hardened muscles rippled under his glistening skin as he pushed the long slicing bar under the red coals. He leaned on the bar. Pulled it out smoking and tossed it aside without effort. He threw heaping shovelful after shovelful of coal into the furnace with an ease and grace that Mat, the sickened and weak, watched with admiration. In a few moments the coal-pile at his feet disappeared into the fiery cavern. He clanged the door shut with his shovel. He wiped his sweat-dripping face with his rag and nodded to Mat, pointing to the spot the coal was on.

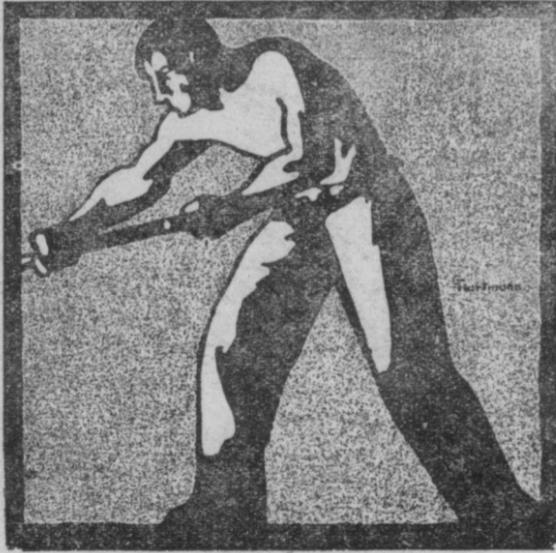
"Now dont hurry," he coached. Then with a glance at the gauge, "There's plenty of steam up for a while."

Mat heaped his wheel-barrow to ride it a few yards to the feet of the fiery moloch he must feed for eight hours everyday. For twenty days and more until the trip was over. Then back again. He stopped half way to the furnace. Seasick.

"You'll get over it, Yank. Here, get under the ventilator."

For four days all the misery of the world was centered in the pit of Mat's stomach. Every day for four hours, beginning at noon, and four hours beginning at midnight, he plodded doggedly in the heat of the stoke-hole where men were damned to turn their blood into steam that sped the ship.

The ship pitched and tossed now like a maddened bull. The waves crashed over the bow and tossed the muscle-weary stoker against the iron-work of the deck. Bruises were added to burns. Every move sent a deep-rooted ache from his body. His mind was a listless void uncontrolled and distant. After four weary hours he climbed the ladder out of the hellish hole and swallowed in gulps the wind that rode the sea. A trained parrot sat in a cage on the forward deck. At the sight of every coal-blackened



stoker he screeched, "Ashes, you bawstard—ashes." It sent a shiver thru Mat.

Mat was no longer seasick. On the midnight watch the Swede taught Mat some tricks of the trade.

"Who in hell owns more than one pair of shoes, anyway? Not a bloody stoker!"

While the engineer was away, the Swede sent Mat up to make a bucket of tea. He gave full directions and a sharp knife. Mat made tea. Then he carefully walked in the deepest shadows until he reached the dining room. Quickly he cut a generous strip of the deep rug on the floor and disappeared.

Between every visit of the third engineer on the watch, the men inserted pieces of rug into the soles of their shoes. Hot coals quickly burn soles away.

Mat was no longer seasick. But now his body was a mass of aching bones and flesh. Burns and bruises. On the same watch, another first-tripper was carried out of the hole to the hospital. Each watch there were anxious moments of weakness. Mat sat on the coal while the surroundings reeled about him. The Swede gave him a bit of lime-juice. A cigarette.

"You'll be alright."

The rest of the watch looked on in admiration.

"The bloody fool 'as guts, eh mate?"

"Who in hell would a thought it of a bloody white-collar stiff!"

Each watch Mat felt would be his last.

He began to eat ferociously. There seemed no end to his appetite. With a change of water and food his stomach was in disorder. The doctor gave him a mustard plaster.

The stokers roared in laughter. Only a first-tripper went to a ship's doctor. Stokers and sailors were never sick. Whatever the ailment, they were never too sick to work. Whatever the ailment, they got a mustard plaster. The old-timers carried their own remedies from shore.

The ship was out to sea for ten days. Mat was now living thru painful hours. Four hours on, eight hours off. Fours hours on—if there was no overtime. The Swede advised a hair-cut. The Swede cut it. Mat's head was clipped close to his skin. White, uneven ridges shown on his close-cropped head.

The liquor gave out among the stokers. Firemen, coal-passers, snarled at each other, at the sailors and stewards. The cockney heaped abuse on everyone. On Mat in particular. Port was still three days away. Mat felt his bones and flesh would collapse. The Swede cautioned him and helped him out of the stoke-hole. As Mat's head rose above the

deck, the parrot, perched on the deck, screeched, "Ashes, you bawstard—ashes!"

Mat was thrown into a frenzy.

"God. . ." he cursed hysterically. He reached for a bar and threw it madly at the screeching bird, missing it by inches.

The Swede held his arm. "Come on Yank, let's wash up."

He led him to the showers. The others looked on silently.

"Go easy with the kid," one whispered.

"Here Mat, throw your bloody overalls 'n' sweat-shirt into my bucket. Let it soak."

He had not changed since the trip began. The overalls he wore to his waist were stiff with sweat, grease and coal-dust. He handed them over to soak. They could be washed tomorrow.

Another watch. More coal for the red mouth of the Moloch. An unsatisfied, deep-bellied monster. The coal in the bunkers was far back now. Deep in the back it rose in a straight ledge to the very ceiling. Above, a few huge boulders held the mass together. Mat shovelled from the foot of it fearfully.

"Watch that damn pile," the Swede cautioned. "Careful when the ship rolls!"

Mat heaped the wheel-barrow and started away. The ship rolled and the ledge moved. He dropped the wheel-barrow and turned, backing away. The huge boulders crashed down past Mat and mass of coal swirled and eddied about him.

"Jesus. . ." the Swede cried.

The men rushed to Mat's aid. Before the furnace they pulled his overalls over his knees to disclose a mass of torn skin and bruises.

The Swede felt for broken bones.

"Nothin' much, thank Christ. That'll heal with a quart of liquor as soon as we land."

Mat's nerves gave away. He did not feel the bruised legs. From head to foot his body thumped in pain. The falling coal was a last straw that made him reel before his mates. The Swede held him under the ventilator.

"Steady now, Yank. Steady, boy. . ."

The third engineer looked on sympathetically. He nodded to the Swede. He held Mat's arm and led him pale, unnerved, to the ladder. To his cabin. He poured a large tumbler full of whiskey and handed it to Mat. He drank, hardly aware of his actions. The raw liquor ran warm thru his aching body. In a moment the weariness had passed.

"Feel better?"

Mat nodded.

He returned to the stoke-hole. Ashes were piled in heaps. Two more men on the sick list threw all three shifts behind. Mat volunteered for overtime with the rest of the men.

The cockney gripped his hand. "You're the first bloody clerk with guts in 'im I ever saw."

The Swede looked on approvingly.

Three gin-soaked days in port. Three days of rest for aching muscles. Three days to forget. The spells of faintness were passing. His body was gradually becoming less pain-wracked. His muscles were hardening.

The tender breeze of the South Seas was a soft caress. The monotonous beat of the motors was becoming a soothing hum. The ship rolled ahead lightly on calm seas, onward, into space. The skies were star-laden.

The Swede pointed out the Southern Cross gleaming overhead. They sat on a deserted deck enjoying a cigarette before going down for four more hours in hell. Maybe six. A lone sailor stood on watch on the forward deck.

"E-le-ven o'clock and all is we-l-l!" he sang out.

From below, a stoker in good natured banter called:

"And all the sailors can go to he-l-l!"

The Swede smiled. "You see, Yank, seein' you must earn your livin' the sea ain't so bad."

Mat paused a moment. "Maybe it ain't." Tonight he looked at life more leniently. "Anyway, I'd like to choose what I want to do."

The Swede smiled in the dark.

"Yan, I've been to sea for fifteen years now. I worked on a farm in Sweden. Ran away from there. I worked in factories in the States. I worked all my life. And it's all the same. Sweat, work, eat, sleep."

They sat quietly a moment.

"Then croak, I suppose," Mat ventured.

The Swede tossed his cigarette over the rail. The light flickered a moment, then disappeared.

"Just like that!"

The ship rolled on into space.

"Will it ever be different, Swede?"

"There are some who say it will."

The Swede rose. He added with emphasis:

". . .and I'm one of 'em!"

To An Aesthete

Listen, brother, the next time that supercilious you, between sips of benedictine, remark the beauty of a phrase, refer, the way you do, to Philistines or perhaps the stark loveliness of Stravinsky

think of this

What in hell do you know about the nineteen-nineteen steel strike or the Chinese Revolution

Dying miners clutch hard face coal gasp for breath and leave

their souls to fossilize in beds of coal; and in the Kremlin sleeps Jack Reed

Listen, brother, the next time that you, mention Scriabin, as you often do, between sips of scotch, or Jean Cocteau, ask yourself what in hell you know

about the Lawrence strikes

—HARRY FREEMAN

INFORMATION WANTED

There is a letter at this office for Mr. Bernard Coffin, who had a story in a recent issue of the New Magazine. If he sends in his address it will be forwarded to him.

AN APPOINTMENT AT ONE

(Continued from page four.)

He eyed her carefully before edging close enough to speak. George couldn't decide whether she was pretty or not, "passable" was his final verdict. That seemed to be about right. Her face had a faint mouselike expression which a receding chin and a prominent row of upper teeth, protruding from her mouth, made more obvious. Her cheeks were coated with a layer of powder, while a steady look, sometimes interchanging with a pathetic appeal radiated from her eyes. He continued his surveyal, at the same time his glance stripped her, he saw beyond her white dress, and felt a desire to touch her."

George was a baker's apprentice, whose emotions commuted between "going out with the boys" and a desire to settle down. He was first drawn to Nancy by sheer physical desire, later that gave way to a regulated like. Towards the end of the evening, after they had gone the rounds on a ferris wheel and listened to the band music he was actually beginning to admire her, partly because she was not a "gold digger." As they played, their talk ran into channels of which both were ignorant but neither cared. For the most part it was confined to an accounting of their experiences.

That chance meeting became Nancy's constant thought. She dreamt, and spoke about it, always piecing together the entire evening. She recalled how they danced in the pavilion, while thru the window she saw the swirling of a giant merry-go-round. It was the happiest day in her life. She saw themselves once more wading their way thru other couples, while their feet beat rhythmic tattoos to the wailing of a jazz band.

Soda bottles, wet straws, fascinating music, hand clasps, all filtered thru her mind. She kept repeating "Georgie, Georgie," petting each syllable.

"Oh you're so different from any other man I've met, I could just love you to death," she told him that once and later a million times to herself.

"Kid, you're all there," he chided back, "just nestle closer in my arms while I say I love you." That simple phrase meant the world to her. She did not stop to question his sincerity, and allowed his hand to explore her soft flesh freely.

"When can I see you again," he whispered. She crept out of his embrace.

"Are you sure you want to see me again, after the way I behaved tonight." Her question was not intended to be convincing.

"You bet I do, hon."

"Then call me up Wednesday night." "Make it in the afternoon, Nance, I work evenings," he broke in. She consented.

"Fine, I'll have tickets for some matinee, then." Between stifled sobs and kisses they parted.

It was now Wednesday the day she was to meet him, and Nancy was at work as bus girl in a West 51st Street coffee pot. She was all upset after learning that she couldn't take the afternoon off as she planned. Her boss was emphatic. Another girl did not show up that day, and she was needed to take care of the noon day rush. She wondered what to do. It was nearing the hour when she should have been in front of the Hippodrome.

"George promised to get tickets, I've got to meet him—I've got to meet him," she mused as she stepped from table to table clearing off dishes. She was torn between a yearning to meet him, but that would spell the loss of her job, or keeping her job and risk losing George. Both were important to her. She sought a possible escape from this perplexing predicament, finding none she continued loading dirty dishes into a copper tray and with a wet rag held in the other scrubbed the marble topped tables. Then glancing at a clock and seeing that it was already past one she lapsed into conjectures, in which she pictured George waiting for her. The thought of it stabbed her, she again looked at the clock and made up her mind to meet him at all costs.

With a boldness that comes of desperation, she brought her tray into the kitchen, and without telling her employer stepped into the tiny dressing room, where she discarded her work-dress for her own. After powdering her face, she looked thru the partly opened door, and when his back was turned walked out of the place. The restaurant keeper saw her leave. A loud "Nancy" was all he said. He had a

The Foam

The foam is the child of the deep rolling wave,
The deep rolling wave that takes toll of the brave,
But, mother-like, loves ev'ry spray, ev'ry splash
Of the foam that is born when waves the winds lash.

The foam is as playful as boys on the shore,
Who wonder and glee as the breakers come o'er,
And, just as they break, with a wild whoop of joy
Dash into the foam that just plays like a boy.

And just as a boy spreads his spirit abroad,
The foam it diffuses itself in the flood,
In octopus patterns and marble, I ween,
Which are slowly absorbed in sea-salty green.

The foam and the boy both get tired of play,
So each seeks his rest in his own little way,
The boy, with legs weary, on proud mother's knee,
The foam on the breast of the wave of the sea.

—DONALD McKILLOP.



notion that she would do just such a thing from the way she pleaded to be let off. He shrugged his shoulders and turned his attention to several customers.

Reaching the street Nancy made her way to Sixth Avenue, where she intended to board a down-town car. She moved to the center of the gutter and peered ahead. There was none in sight. A stream of traffic forced her back to the sidewalk. She wanted to hail a taxi, when a green painted trolley rolled down the avenue. She stepped aboard, threw a nickel in the coin box, and took a seat. The long benches were half filled with passengers. After riding several blocks the car stopped to allow cross-town traffic to pass. Nancy was worried lest she be late for her appointment. Seconds stretched in her imagination to much longer periods. At last the conductor pulled at an overhead cord, and the car proceeded. Nancy kept cupping her fingers until she finally alighted at 44th Street.

She crossed the street, looked around and wondered. George was nowhere in sight. Her eyes dilated in roving circles about her. She entered the lobby, searched there and returned to the street. A languor spread over her, which soon left her chilled, and accompanying it came a faint giddiness.

Meanwhile people poured in from all angles, so many that she could not watch them all. She posted herself near the lobby from where she had a clear view. Man after man bought tickets at the silver domed booth, and escorted their lady friends thru the glass doors. Nancy continued to peer into their faces. Several times she thought she saw George approaching, but always a look of disappointment would sweep her face.

She left the lobby and walked over to an adjoining store where she looked at a clock hanging behind the panel of glass. The dials pointed to one-fifty. She sighed a regretful sob. "Geez, almost an hour late," she told herself. "I'll bet George left already." This idea sent a fresh chill down her back, which was augmented by a recollection that the clock where she worked was ten minutes slow. She flushed, and under the influence of this feeling, doubled her efforts to find him.

Meanwhile her thoughts revolved around him, as she allowed silent whisperings to toy with her vagaries. "Nancy, I love you," he was saying in her pantomime imaginings. Such thought only confused her still more. She was in a dilemma. Faces of men swept by her in continuous circles. She saw in each one George, George. Her longings were the outcropping of long suppressed desires, yet she persisted to indulge in them. She continued uttering his name, at the same time experiencing a strong hate for society. Her head swirled and she felt the sidewalks slip from under her.

"Oh Georgie, why didn't you wait, did you doubt I would be here?" she asked, and intermingled that

thought with possible calamities that might have befallen him. She thought of the automobiles that may have mangled him, or of the many other accidents that could have occurred. "No, it was not that, he wasn't here at all," she finally cried. A sad premonition told her that she was fooled, tricked, betrayed once more. The thought of it lacerated her heart.

At two-thirty she decided that it was no use waiting any longer. With a discouraged hopelessness she began walking uptown. In a short time she stepped within sight of her place of employment. A feeling of hate gripped her and she decided not to resume work. She bore a grudge against the place, blaming that for her misery. She cast a furtive glance at the dazzling "Coffee Pot" sign, and retraced her steps to 6th Avenue where she took an "L" train for home.

In the eating place, sitting on a high stool was a young man. He beckoned to the proprietor.

"Say, how about a little service there Bill?"

"I'm sorry sir, in a minute, in a minute, you see my girl left me to keep a date with her fellow and I'm short of help."

After a hasty lunch the diner slipped his hand into a pocket to extract some money. Two theatre tickets fell to the floor as he did so. He stooped down, gave the grey pasteboards a curious look and tore them to bits.

HERE COMES NOTHING

We have with us today, the most of you may not know it, a magazine that stands for nothing, believes in nothing, has no place to go and goes there. Because of this aggregation of facts its has a 75,000 circulation. Ladies and gentlemen it gives me great pleasure to introduce you to our worthy contemp(t)-orary, The Forum.

The gentleman who discovered halitosis has nothing on the business manager of The Forum, The Magazine Without a Mission. This is the way he starts a subscription drive:

"Leach," said the editor of a great metropolitan newspaper, in May 1923, "there is no place for The Forum. There are not ten thousand people in this country who want to do their own thinking. People want their opinions ready-made."

"Give me five years," the new Forum editor replied, "and I will find fifty thousand people who want to think for themselves."

It is four years since Mr. Leach became editor of The Forum, and we have found seventy-five thousand readers. Why?—because the public has been generous in welcoming a magazine which actually has no axe to grind. The intelligent minority is tired of propaganda, the Forum holds no brief for anyone. It is neither Wet nor Dry; Radical nor Conservative; Catholic nor Protestant; pro-Labor nor pro-Capital. This is a non-partisan magazine of controversy, dedicated to the proposition that all sides of every question deserve a hearing.

Still, people wonder what to do with second hand liberals! Ernie, the ballroom sheik must think up something new in the way of a prospectus to capture the affections of the superannuated flapper. He must be the Lothario without an ulterior motive, and with the gin they like to touch. The day of the purposeless pioneer has arrived. For those who believe nothing, care for nothing and know nothing the millenium is here.

Read the Forum ladies and gentlemen. It will not grow fuzz on an egg, but it is guaranteed not to manicure the roots of your hair.



THE INSTIGATORS

The COMRADE

Edited by the Young
A Page for Workers'



Young SECTION

Pioneers of America
and Farmers' Children

AEROPLANES AND WAR

The aeroplane is a wonderful invention. It is just like a bird flying—oh so high in the sky. With the help of the aeroplane, the human race could advance itself a great deal. Trips to the north pole, south pole, over forests, mountains, swamps and even across oceans are now quite possible. Thru these trips many interesting things could be learned about the world we live in. Furthermore, in case of disasters, such as floods, earthquakes and storms, that cut off railroads and destroy all roads, it is possible to help save the unfortunate people living there with the help of the aeroplane. Surely everyone must admit that the aeroplane is a wonderful invention. But—wait a minute, there are other uses of the aeroplane.

We must not forget, comrades, that we are living in a time when almost all countries in this world are ruled by greedy capitalists, who continually fight amongst themselves for the right to enslave weaker nations. Of course, the capitalists themselves don't fight. They declare war and the workers and farmers are sent to the battlefields to fight and die for them. But, with the coming of aeroplanes, the WHOLE world becomes a battlefield. From a position of safety, high up above the clouds, a little speck will drop explosives and bombs, killing and wounding thousands of innocent children, and women who happened to be on the streets. Whole cities will be destroyed in this fashion. This wonderful invention, the aeroplane, becomes the most terrible monster this world has ever seen. And this dear comrades, will be so until the workers and poor farmers rise up against their enemies, the capitalists and organize their own government as the workers and peasants of Russia have done.

Then and then only will the aeroplane be a bird of peace instead of a monster of war.

Our Letter Box

Capitalist Bunk

Dear Comrades: I read in the newspapers that Coolidge called a disarming conference with the other big powers. The other powers do not believe in disarming, so they did not accept it. I know it myself, that it is the bunk, because they are building a new aeroplane shop here in Garwood. I think they can use it in war any time they want to. This is the way the American capitalists mean peace.
—THEODORE FOLKMAN.

Mother and Father Work

Dear Comrades: I am writing a few lines about my school. My mother is working. She has to get up at 6 o'clock. She has to eat breakfast quickly or else be late. We have to go to school at 7 o'clock. I am 10 years old, second sister is 8 years and my younger sister is 5 years. I have to make the breakfast for my younger sisters. The quickest breakfast I can make is tea. We clean the table, make the beds, sweep the floor and wash the dishes. Then half past eight we get ready to go to school. Then I come home for dinner and I don't find my mother home. Then I have to rush to make dinner for my father and sisters. It makes it very hard for us because my father and mother don't make enough.
—JENNIE LUKASHEWICH.

A Poor Girl

A girl about twelve years old was walking down a street. As she was walking two well dressed girls passed her. They laughed at her because she had old clothes on. She went back home and told her mother about those two girls laughing at her. Her mother told her they were the bosses' girls. She told her daughter how they treat the poor men who worked for them. She said there will come a day when we will treat them as they are treating us.
—YOLAN ENYEDY.

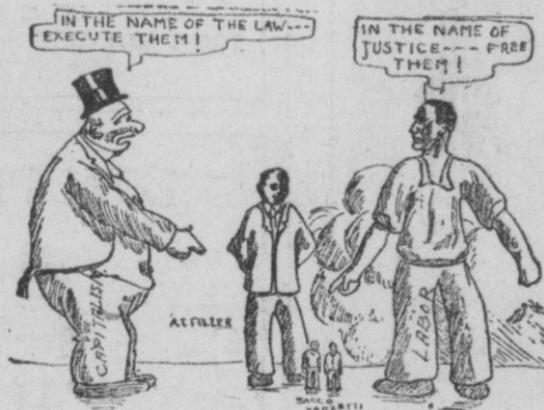
DO YOU KNOW?

Do you know that the Young Pioneer Camp is now open for registration? If you did not know it, you know it now. So hurry up and register or else you may not be able to go. Registration takes place at 108 East 14th Street, New York City.

FREE COPY NOTE!!!

Just a few more left. If you want to get a free copy of the Young Comrade before they are all gone, send for one immediately to Daily Worker Young Comrade Corner, 33 First Street, N. Y. C.

WHICH SIDE WILL WIN?



(By L. Lankkonen)

This picture shows the fight between capital and labor over two workers, Sacco and Vanzetti. Which side do you want to win?

THE ROSE BUSH

(From Fairy Tales for Workers' Children)

(Continued)

The man went back to his work and the Rose-bush began to meditate. Yet the longer she thought, the worse her temper grew. Yes, even tho she usually had very fine manners, she spoke roughly to a bee who wished to visit her. The bee was still young and timid, and flew off in fright as fast as his wings could carry him. Then the Rose-bush was sorry for her rough behavior, because she was naturally friendly, and also spoke because she might have asked the bee whether the man had spoken the truth.

While she was so engrossed in thought, suddenly some one shook her and a mischievous voice asked, "Well, my friends, what are you dreaming about?" The Rose-bush looked up with her countless eyes and recognized the Wind, that stood laughing before her shaking his head so that his long hair flew about.

"Wind, beloved Wind!" joyfully exclaimed the Rose-bush. "You come as tho you had been called. Tell me whether the man has spoken the truth. And she reported everything the man had said to her.

The Wind suddenly became serious and whistled thru his teeth so violently that the branches of the Rose-bush began to tremble. "Yes," declared he, "all this is true, and even worse. I come here from all over the whole world and see everything. Often I am so seized with anger that I begin to rave; then the stupid people say, 'My! what a storm!'"

"And the rich people can really buy everything?" "Yes," growled the wind. Then suddenly he laughed. "Not me. They can't capture and imprison me. I am the friend of the poor. I fly to all lands. In big cities, I station myself before ill-smelling cellars and roar into them 'Freedom! Justice!' To tired, overworked people I sing a lullaby, 'Be courageous, keep together, fight, you will conquer!'"
(To Be Continued).

FILL UP THE YOUNG COMRADE



The balloon in this picture represents the Young Comrade. Are you too doing your share to blow it up by getting subs?

Answer to Last Week's Puzzle

The answer to last week's puzzle No. 19 is:

A	N	Y
R	A	P
M	T	S

Comrade Abraham Fischer of New York City is the only one who has answered the puzzle correctly. What is the matter with the other comrades?

More Answers to Puzzle No. 18

Lillian Zager, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Rose Szepesi, New York City; Joe Horoscko, Kansas City, Kans.; Steve Daub, Kansas City, Kans.; Mildred Strapee, Remsen, N. Y.; Veronica Yelick, S. Brownsville, Pa.; Leo Wolin, Chicago, Ill.; Araxie Mirjanian, Phila., Pa.; Luz Vilarino, Inglewood, Cal.; Milka Lovrich, Bingham Canyon, Utah; Liberto Vilarino, Inglewood, Cal.; Mary Balich, Bingham Canyon, Utah; Ida Nakamura, Yakima, Wash.

THIS WEEK'S PUZZLE NO. 20

This week's puzzle is a word puzzle. The rules are as follows: 1 stands for A, 2 for B, 3 for C, etc. Let's go—

4 5 3 15 18 1 20 9 15 14 4 1 25 9 19
21 19 5 4 2 25 20 8 5 2 15 19 19 5 19
20 15 13 1 11 5 20 8 5 23 15 18 11 5 18 19
1 14 4 20 8 5 9 18 3 8 9 12 4 18 5 14
16 1 20 18 9 15 20 9 3 20 15 20 8 5 2 15 19 19
1 14 4 20 8 5 7 15 22 5 18 14 13 5 14 20.

Send your answers to the Daily Worker Young Comrade Corner, 33 First Street, New York City, giving your name, age, address and number of puzzle.

A Child Worker

I think I will subscribe to the Young Comrade. I have to make the money first. I will tell you how and where I work.

I work on the golf links where the bosses sport. When we work they tell us to hurry, but sometimes we don't hurry. Some of the men give us tips, but very few. The men that give us tips are the men who are not so rich. The bosses who are rich want to be richer, so they don't give us any tips. We have to work and carry the bags for them. Some of the men have heavy bags. If we lose a ball they call us a rotten caddy, but it is their own fault if they hit the ball into the woods. We get a dollar a day according to our agreement. The most I ever made was three dollars a day working from 7 in the morning to 7 in the night. So I will subscribe to the Young Comrade just as soon as I get enough money.

Comradely yours,
THEODORE FOLKMAN.

RUTHENBERG SUB BLANK

YOUNG COMRADE IN DANGER.

Due to the lack of funds, the Young Comrade has been unable to come out this month and unless contributions and subs are sent in, there is a danger that the Young Comrade may not come out for quite a while. This is indeed bad news, and it is up to us to come to the rescue, by getting contributions and subs for the Young Comrade. And after you get all you can, send it to Daily Worker, Young Comrade Corner, 33 First St., N. Y. C.

½ year sub 25c—1 year sub 50c.

Name
Address
City
State Age.....

(Issued Every Month).

Soviet Union on the Music Ascendant

That the present moment in Russia should find music on the ascendant and contribute an outstanding master to the world, was the hope expressed by Olin Downes, noted music critic, in a lecture on "Contemporary Russian Composers" at the Roerich Museum, last week.

"Although one of the youngest countries" he said, in the actual lapse of its musical history, Russia has contributed one of the most dynamic and vital arts to world history. There seems to be three stages in the history of every racial music. First, the stage when the music is the music of the folk, sprung from the soil of a country, and outpouring of the popular soul.

"Second is the stage when composers weave around the folk music an art composition, consciously taking the folk music itself, as a basis. Third when a completely new outgrowth is formed, in which the composer has built up an entirely new creation, not based on folk music, and yet so essentially full of the feeling of his soul, that it seems to be as true and spontaneous as any folk music.

"In my belief, Russia has passed the first two stages and is emerging into the third. Perhaps before discussing contemporary Russian composition it would be best to return previously to the past. Glancing over Russia's folk music, we may say that perhaps there is no nation which has such a wealth and bounty of folk music, as Russia. Ranging from the Ukraine across her vast spaces there has sprung from the soul of the people the greatest variety and beauty of folk music, that perhaps any nation has ever seen. As musical history goes, it is but comparatively recent that Glinka who may be called the first of Russia's conscious art writers, wrote around the folk music his "Life for the Tzar" which caused so great a stir and enthusiasm."

Mr. Downes also spoke of Dargomizsky, Glinka's contemporary, and also of "The Five"—Rimsky-Korsakoff, Moussorgsky, Borodine, Cui and also of the great cosmopolitan Tchaikovsky. It was in the three leading figures of today that he found the full blossoming of Russia's art composition—Stravinsky, Prokofieff and Miskowsky. Of the three, it was Stravinsky who stood out as one of the greatest musical forces. Analyzing the three works of Stravinsky, "Oiseau de Feu," "Petrouchka" and "Sacre du Printemps" on the libretto given by Nicholas Roerich, Mr. Downes showed their tremendous influence on all contemporary art. "It is amazing in "Sacre du Printemps," how Stravinsky found within himself some mysterious rhythm, some essential dynamic force.

Of Prokofieff, Mr. Downes expressed great enthusiasm for some of his works, altho he distrusted others, the results of cleverness and mastery of technique rather than lasting gift. Miskowski he found "weakened and watered by the influence of European suggestion." But it is in the present moment that Downes believes there will emerge a master who will bring young Russia to the third stage of its development, a master comparable to Wagner who will produce great works, not based necessarily on the folk music of a country, but so essential to the soil of a country, so logical and so spontaneous and outflowing, as to become a true folk inspiration produced through the medium of a genius.

Robert Milton has in mind a dramatic version of "Elmer Gantry" the Sinclair Lewis popular seller. Bayard Vieller will do the dramatization.

LAURA HOPE CREWS.



In "The Silver Cord," Sidney Howard's impressive play at the Golden Theatre.

Broadway Briefs

And here is another Negro musical show being prepared. This one, title "Rang Tang," will have Miller and Lyles heading the cast. The production is scheduled to open Tuesday July 12, at Chanin's Royale Theatre. Kay Gunt wrote the book, Ford Dabney the music and Jo Trent the lyrics.

"Madame X," adapted by John Raphael, from the French of Alexandre Bisson, will be the next popular priced revival of Murray Phillips, and is due here in two weeks, probably at the George M. Cohan Theatre. The play created quite a hit when produced in 1909. Carol McComas will play the title role, with Rex Cherryman in the principal male role.

"Kiss Me," J. J. Levinson's musical comedy will open at the Lyric Theatre, July 11. Desiree Ellinger, Joseph Macaulay, Arthur Campbell and Vivian Marlow head the cast.

Skowhegan, Maine will witness the premiere of "Better to Marry" by Sophie Treadwell which the Lake-wood Players will produce beginning Monday. The cast includes Harold Vermilyea, Ellen Dorr, Robert Hudson, John Daly Murphy, Wright Kramer, Nedda Harrigan, Brandon Peters, Ruth Gates, William Barry and Laura Carpenter. Crosby Gaige may do the play here.

Sam H. Harris is placing in rehearsal on Monday "The Conflict," a new comedy by Vincent Lawrence. The cast includes Warren William, Louis Calhern, Helen Flint, Kathryn Givney, William David and Milano Tilden.

Booth Tarkington's, "The Plutocrat," will be dramatized by Tom Cushing, author of "The Devil in the Cheese," as a starring vehicle for Charles Coburn.

Mark Twain's "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," will evolve next season into a musical show sponsored by Lew Fields and Lyle D. Andrews. Herbert Fields, Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart are doing the book, score and lyrics.

A. E. and R. R. Riskin have acquired a play called "The Golden Age," by Lester Lonergan, and Charleton Andrews, author of "Get Me in the Movies," and plans to stage it early in the Fall.

The Theatre Guild Acting Company in

"The Second Man"

GUILD THEATRE 52nd Street, West of Broadway. Evens at 8:30. Matinees THURSDAY and SATURDAY at 2:30.

"The Silver Cord"

JOHN GOLDEN THEATRE, 58th St., East of B'way. Matinees THURSDAY & SATURDAY. CIRCLE 5678

LOW PRICES

ALL SEATS FOR THE LADDER ARE REDUCED FOR THE SUMMER. BEST SEATS \$2.20.

THE LADDER

CORT Theatre 48th St., E. of B'way

No Performances Saturday

On the Screen

Romance of the Flivver Coming to the Colony

The premiere of the latest Warner Bros. production, "The First Auto," with Barney Oldfield, the famous speedster playing an important role, will take place at the Colony Theatre, next Monday evening. Barney will also make a personal appearance at the premiere, with a number of other noted racing drivers and a group of prominent movie stars will also be present.

"The First Auto," is based on Darryl Francis Zanuck's story, with the scenario by Anthony Coldeway and the filming directed by Roy Del Ruth. The cast includes Patsy Ruth Miller, Russel Simpson, Frank Campeau, Douglas Gerrard, William Demarest, Paul Kruger, Gibson Gowland and E. H. Calvert.

The Vitaphone concert program given in conjunction with the picture will be headed by Weber and Fields. Other artists include Aunt Jemima, vaudeville headliner; Billy Jones and Ernest Hare, in a number of selections; and "The Evolution of Dixie," by The Vitaphone Symphony Orchestra, Herman Heller, conducting.

Screen Notes

Universal has taken up the picture rights of "The Last Warning," mystery play which played here last season. Thomas F. Fallon adapted the play from the novel "The House of Fear" by Wadsworth Camp.

B. S. MOSS' THEATRES
CAMEO NOW 42nd St. B'way
Triumphant return to Broadway!
THE CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI
 CONRAD VEIDT & WERNER KRAUSS
 IN ADDITION TO
CHARLIE CHAPLIN in "CARMEN"
 B'WAY AT 41ST MONDAY
A Dazzling Romance of Artists and Models
"The SECRET STUDIO"
 with OLIVE BORDEN & STAR CAST
 AND SUPERB BILL OF KEITH-ALBEE ACTS

Little Theatre GRAND STREET FOLLIES
 44th St., W. of B'way. Evenings at 8:30. MATINEES TUES. AND THURSDAY, 2:30

Moss' Cameo Theatre did very well with its revival of "The Cabinet of Caligari," perhaps one of the best cinemas sent out from Germany's studios, and will hold it over another week.

"The Secret Studio" a new Fox film release, will be at B. S. Moss' Broadway beginning Monday. Olive Borden acts the lissome model in this story of Bohemia, and Clifford Holland, Margaret Livingston, Walter McGrail and Ben Bard are the supporting cast.

The New Plays

MONDAY

"BOTTOMLAND," a revue, written and presented by Clarence Williams, will open at the Princess Theatre Monday night. The all-Negro cast includes Clarence Williams, Eva Taylor, Sara Martin, Mason and Henderson, James D. Lillard and Katherine Henderson. "MANHATTANERS," a musical revue, will be ushered in Monday night at the Grove Street Theatre, presented by Joe Lawren and Lawrence Moore. The book and lyrics are by George Oppenheimer, and music by Alfred Nathan, Jr.

WEDNESDAY

"BARE FACTS OF 1927," a musical show, is scheduled to open at the Triangle Theatre in Greenwich Village Wednesday night. The lyrics are by Marian Gillespie and Menlo Mayfield, the music by John Milton Hagen and sketches by Stuart Hamill. The cast includes Ethel Fox, Margaret Haas, Janey Haas, Byron Tigges, Austin Street, Joe Battle, Frank Marshall, Gordon Hawthorne, Mary Green and Vera Loday. Kathleen Kirkwood is the producer.