

THE NEW MAGAZINE

Section of The DAILY WORKER

SATURDAY, SEPT. 17, 1927

This Magazine Section Appears Every Saturday in The DAILY WORKER

ALEX BITTELMAN, Editor

THE REAL AMERICAN LEGION

AS circumstances require, the American Legion pretends to be neutral in the class war, not interested in politics, non-partisan in both strikes and election campaigns. When the workers of France, thru their militant organ, L'Humanite, conducted a vigorous campaign of truth-telling against the American Fascisti, as they brand the Legion, the editors of that leading French Communist paper were visited by one Ovid Dally of the Legion, who argued with them, and told the A. P. correspondent with whom he had contact, that the Legion was not only not anti-labor, but had "laboring men in its ranks."

This is the regular camouflage of the American Legion whenever it finds itself called to account for its many crimes. This air of injured innocence has fooled American labor to the point where it actually has permitted such creatures as "Col." Berry of the printers' union to hold office in the A. F. of L. and also in the Legion, to speak to A. F. of L. conventions in the name of the Legion.

There are many cases to be cited which abundantly disprove the Legion argument of neutrality towards labor, and expose its character as a tool of the American capitalist class, but none of them do so, better than the Centralia case. There the open fascist character of the Legion was exhibited—on the field of actual battle.

Centralia is a lumber town of Washington. During the war the lumber barons, always a greedy bunch, ran wild. The price of spruce to private companies soared from \$16 per thousand to \$116, and the government paid \$1,200 per thousand feet.

Not content with this terrific rake-off, the companies insisted on bitter exploitation of their loggers.

But the workers struck, under the leadership of the I. W. W., which by taking the lead in their fight for better hours, wages and conditions, became a real power in the woods of the Northwest. The union compelled the furious and resisting lumber hogs to make a change from ten or eleven hours work per day to eight, to grant a fifty per cent increase in wages, to provide real food instead of slop, and clean laundered bedding instead of blankets the worker had to carry himself, and was without facilities for washing.

In the course of this useful activity, the I. W. W. established a hall in Centralia, Washington, and a local branch of the Lumber Workers' Industrial Union of the I. W. W.

On Memorial Day, 1918, the local business men, officials of the Eastern Railway and Lumber Co., the Elks Club and various of their gunmen conspired to raid the I. W. W. hall. They smashed it up, nearly killed its inmates, and took away the furniture. James Churchill, proprietor of a glove factory boasts that he got the typewriter and used it in his office.

The hall was re-established, on another location. The work of organization continued. Bear in mind that this was a strictly labor-versus-capital fight. The I. W. W. was the only union in the woods of any account in point of size. It was waging a fight for better conditions, and it was being persecuted for that reason.

The first raid having been insufficient to stop the work of organization, a greater and more serious one was planned, almost openly planned, in the "Elks Club," in the offices of the lumber companies, among the business men. It was so publicly arranged that the I. W. W. knew all about it, consulted lawyers as to their rights, were told that their house was their castle and could be defended, and agreed to stand their ground. They issued a statement to the public, announcing this.

The American Legion was placed at the disposal of the raiders by its local leaders. Lieut. Warren O. Grimm, a member of the U. S. expeditionary force in Siberia, and commander of Centralia Post of the American Legion, took active leadership of the proposed raid on the I. W. W. hall. The Legionnaires were posted in the rear of the first Armistice Day parade. They carried ropes for hanging the I. W. W., and yaved other weapons. The parade passed the I. W. W. hall on its march, turned around, marched back, and the Legionnaires, at the signal to charge, broke ranks and rushed upon the hall. There followed a fight in which three of them were killed while battering down the door of the hall. One was Lieut. Warren O. Grimm.

Inside of the hall were seven loggers: Bert Faulkner, Wesley Everest, Ray Becker, Britt Smith, Mike Sheehan, James McInerney and Tom Morgan. Faulkner and Everest retreated. Everest was pursued by

By VERN SMITH

the mob, who had been made prisoners of the rest by that time, and killed one more Legionnaire before he was captured. The man he shot last was Dale Hubbard, nephew of the man most concerned with the success of the raid, F. B. Hubbard, head of a lumber company, chief instigator of the 1918 raid on the I. W. W. hall, and previously president of the Employers' Association of Washington.

It must be realized that the Legion was waging open war against labor here. Its composition and leadership were such as to prevent its neutrality, and in this case as in countless others it operated

as the iron claw, the unofficial military force, of a dominant capitalism, using direct violence against labor to beat its organization into fragments, kill its leaders, and force it back under a yoke of low wages and horrible conditions.

And another thing. Tho it acted in the Centralia case, as in other such raids and battles, as an army in the field against workers in a class war, the Legion does not apply the laws of war to its prisoners. They are not treated as prisoners of war. The evening of the battle of Centralia found the Legion victor, with a number of worker prisoners on its hands. All were beaten and clubbed until one of them became insane. During the night another of them, Wesley Everest, was taken out of prison, further tortured, mutilated shamefully with

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What a Rotten Reception This Turned Out To Be!

—By Wm. Gropper.

A Critic Earns His Thirty Pieces of Silver



VEN anarchist-socialists, who ought to know better, and of course social-democrats, of whom it would be expected, have been deceived by polemicists of the capitalist press when the latter charge Soviet Russia with the heinous crime of "Standardizing the Human Soul." No part-truth could be more untruthful; yet T. R. Yzarra, reporting to The New York Times that "A German Critic Sees Russia Exceeding America in Uniformity," selects that age-old prevarication to entitle an article whose bald-faced fact-twisting would do credit to a seventeenth century Dominican.

Herr Rene Fulop-Miller, we learn from Mr. Ybarra's report, has made an intensive study of Soviet Russia, starting out with an unbiased mind, and, upon the conclusion of his investigation, finding that "Bolshevism is a great peril to society." Methinks I have encountered the quotation before—but before we indulge in sarcasm at the German critic's expense, let us see if he has presented any new promises to support this cob-webbed deduction.

Mr. Ybarra, in his report, is reviewing Herr Fulop-Miller's "The Mind and Face of Bolshevism" and "Lenin Und Gandhi." It has not been my good fortune to be able to procure these books, and since I have not read them, I shall not indulge in the popular sport of capitalist-reviewers and attack them without first a reading. But I have followed Mr. Ybarra's report very closely to his last punctuation mark: he it is upon whom my gun is trained. If Herr Fulop-Miller turns out to be "the man behind the man behind the gun," he also will be subjected to polemical attack.

What is Herr Fulop-Miller's impression of Russia, after "an exhaustive and unbiased investigation"? "Everything that happens in Russia today" (I now quote from "The Mind and Face of Bolshevism") "happens for the sake of the mass; every action is subordinated to it. Art, literature, music and philosophy serve only to extol its impersonal splendor, and, gradually, on all sides, everything is being transformed to the new world of the 'mass man' who is the sole ruler."

The result? As Mr. Ybarra says Herr Fulop-Miller found it, "they shouted their command to the Russian poets" and lo! a new 'mechanized' poetry arose in the land. They regimented the philosophers and soon the outlines of a new standardized philosophy, ruthlessly opposed to everything idealistic, to crown the victories already won in the domain of politics and economics. They issued their orders to the Russian sculptors and soon buildings and monuments dotted Russia, conceived according to the dictates of the new "machine art"—huge embodiments of the revolts against all that which in the past had meant art to mankind. They waved their magic wands in the direction of the Russian theatre and up cropped a new form of drama, more radical than anything hitherto dreamed of—playhouse without any stage, actors dancing on wires over the auditorium, gymnastics instead of dialogue, "the most extraordinary physical distortions giving an impression of 'complete insanity.'"

"And the new Russian music that sprang to life was of a piece with all this, with its 'conductorless orchestras,' and similarly revolutionary manifestations. As for religion, the Soviet dictators were inexorable in trying to uproot everything resembling religion as it was in the Russia of the czars. And all this for the 'collective man,' the 'dividual.'"

Mr. Ybarra, in condensing Herr Fulop-Miller's observations, has turned many a pretty phrase. But pretty phrases have an unfortunate habit of metamorphosis into boomerangs, under the critical eye of the honest logician.

Not only Communists, but many capitalist socialists, acknowledge this to be the "machine age." Insofar as economics is akin to literature and art—and I am sure Herr Fulop-Miller will admit the relationship, the literature and art of the period will always be a part of the period. Therefore, what Mr. Ybarra, and Herr Fulop-Miller are attacking is not the mind of Bolshevism, but the age of Bolshevism. The art of a period must be of the same stuff as the period itself. Even Mr. Ybarra cannot change the trend of arts and letters.

But—does this result in standardization? If the Russian audiences encourage such innovations as "conductorless orchestras," "stageless theatres," is that an unhealthy attitude? Conducted orchestras, and theatres with stages have their exponents everywhere else in the world. Experimenting with art, and the encouragement of such experimentation, is, to my mind, the manifestation of greater individualism than one can find in any other nation.

But Herr Fulop-Miller and Mr. Ybarra would have us believe that all orchestras are without conductors, all theatres without stages—that the Rus-

By WILL DE KALB

sian leaders "shouted their command and lo!" everything became standardized. If this were so, why is it that the Russian peasant is as familiar with the photoplays of Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford as the German salesgirl? Or the novels of Jack London? Or the sweet strains of Dvorak?

Certainly these literary gentlemen must realize that the revolution, the Bolshevik revolution, is still on in Russia. Where formerly the struggle was between Red Guard and White Guard, now it is between Communism and Capitalism. It is revolution, none the less, as bitter, and as revolutionary.

Then, why should not the art of the period portray this transition period? Is it "standardization" when it does so? Of course, I know that their quarrel is not with the art of the period, but the period itself; but, were it the art, they would have to change the age-old tendency of art to represent its era. For all of me, they may try.

Just what is this terrible "standardization" under which the Russian suffers? So far as I can see it, Herr Fulop-Miller must consider me to be standing on my head, for only in Russia can I find individualism, and everywhere else standardization. In Russia, the worker, having a voice in the factory soviet, can express his individuality in the management of the affairs of his business. Can the worker in any other country do the same? In his factory unit important questions of government are voted on. His representatives run his government, he paints his own pictures, he plays in his own orchestra, he acts in his own plays on his own stage. He does not, as in America, hire a sort of priest-craft to supply art, literature, music and theatricals. In all of these he plays his own part—and, considering his inexperience, he does it well.

More than that. In what other nation is the general public so interested in national affairs? In in-

Fair Day

By CORRINE M. GRAYSON.

FAIR DAY! A half mile track surrounded by a wilderness of Mencken morons. Boys sing-songing "Ice-Cold-Pop-Lemonade-Ice-Cold-Pop-Lemonade." Shouting from the dilapidated grandstand for favorites. Band blaring underneath. Tents. Ballyhoos. "Boxing inside. 25c admission. Moral and Refined." Monkeys chained to little tin autos, melancholy beasts, blinking frightened eyes at the children of all ages poking at them beneath the curtains.

Hot dogs. Waffles. A lost urchin rubbing grubby fists in tear-filled eyes. A stable full of pigs, unbelievably fat. New-born litter sucking and squealing. Cows in a bigger shed. Sleek, mild-eyed. Well-bred. An underfed, flat-chested, pot bellied girl holding a rickety baby pities the poor dumb beasts. The ma-a-ing of sheep in the next building brings a crowd to watch the shearer, solicitous of their comfort and appearance. The prize-winning cows from the State Insane Asylum. If the occupants of that institution had only had such prenatal care as the cows upon which they feed.

An oasis is the Fine Arts Builing—not because of the fine arts, but because of the tempting array of vegetables, fruits and the cooling fountain in the center. Fine arts! daubs of patriotic and sickly sentimental appeal. Commercial signs and posters!

Outside the sun is hellish. Dust clogging the pores and stuffing the nostrils, kicked up in miniature yellow clouds by stumbling, rapidly staring passers-by.

"Bye-Bye Blackbird"—the merry-go-round's caliope always a year behind with the popular songs. Flittering red and green birds at the end of sticks. Ferris wheel creaking as it bears its burden of giggling, screaming youth.

Strutting policemen, swinging sticks, ogling, demanding free drinks and getting them. Solemnly a six-foot gawk stands in the shade of a ticket window, chewing ice-cream candy, mouth red and white patches. Pop-pop-pop of air rifles. "Right this way. A dime, ten cents for the biggest show on earth." Torn paper, lunch boxes, tin foil, cigarette butts, whorls and eddies of dust. Tired faces, dirty brats, powder-caked noses, scowls, honking horns, clanging, crowded trolleys. Fair Day!

ternational affairs? Of their own accord, groups of workers express their interest, their opinion, their sympathies, on all important international questions by means of resolutions, parades, demonstrations, funds. Nicaragua, China, Passaic—questions about which the average worker knows little, if anything, are of intense interest to the Russian of today. Standardization? I cannot understand how even the most dishonest hypocrite could apply it.

Let us see how much individualism is manifested by the workers in other lands. All must slave for their wage. They have no voice in their government or their industry. Their "culture" consists in reading those books that are read the most; looking at those pictures that are praised the most; seeing those plays that have been seen the most; hearing that music that has been heard the most. National affairs they are not interested in; their newspapers print, instead, crossword puzzles. International affairs? So far away—dismissed with a shrug of the shoulders. Standardization? I know no other name for it.

Formerly, sociologists were of the opinion that the individual could only express himself in his leisure time. The soviet system of the conduct of industry has proved this to be partly a fallacy. Even in one's working hours one can be himself. But leisure provides the greatest opportunity. True. And under Communism, the individual will secure greater leisure. Certainly not under capitalism.

"But one moment!" I can imagine Ybarra and Fulop-Miller exclaiming. "You are considering only the workers!" Certainly. And so are they. For Russia is a workers' country. There, they claim, the workers are standardized. In capitalist countries there are workers and idlers. These, I claim, (and in some instances, Herr Fulop-Miller agrees with me) are standardized.

How then, do the writers make out a case for their conclusion? Let us examine their phrases.

"They shouted their command to the Russian poets. . ." I see Herr Fulop-Miller has read the Pravda. When Josef Stalin, secretary of the Russian Communist Party, writes a critical article on the poetry of the day, complaining that the poets are writing about the October Revolution when they should be giving their energy to the transition period, which is comparable to a criticism of Georg Brandes who once charged post-war literature with sustaining post-war turbulency, is that "issuing orders," "shouting commands," "regimenting," "waving magic wands," or is it not the same type of criticism, performing its function, as we find in capitalist countries?

One must not be harsh with Herr Fulop-Miller for this poor choice of language—it would be confusing to him, finding a politician, and a peasant, who also has an aesthetic sense, and is qualified as a literary critic. It rarely happens elsewhere, except in Russia.

Out of generosity, these pretty phrases of Mr. Ybarra and Herr Fulop-Miller might be dismissed as unconscious ranting. But then, in the face of contrary facts, they charge "as for religion, the Soviet dictators were inexorable in trying to uproot everything resembling religion as it was in the Russia of the czars."

What was really done? The grafting, lying, immoral and discrepant clergymen were given their walking papers. Honest priests could do business so long as there was a demand for their "sacred" wares. Is this "inexorable"? Instead of the head of the government encouraging people to go to church, they were encouraged to learn to read and write. "Inexorable"? I suppose Messrs. Ybarra and Fulop-Miller, in a Cook's tour of Russia, stopped long enough in Moscow to see an inscription, "Religion is the opium of the people," near a cathedral. The inscription does make one inclined to adjectives like "inexorable," if one is a capitalist apologist. But it does not deter any Russian, if he is religious, from enjoying his daily or weekly hypodermic of religion. Since the Soviet government came into power, the monopoly on religion has been taken away from the Orthodox Church, and all churches, if they are kept clean, and do not graft, can go on dispensing their narcotic till the customers are finally satiated. "Inexorable"? In hurling insults, the writers have merely hurled boomerangs.

It is apparent then, that Herr Fulop-Miller has proved nothing. In finding that "Bolshevism is a great menace to society," I should like to call him mistaken; instead I must use a harsher word, I must accuse him of dishonesty.

I can only label him a critic turned hypocrite. His usage of the old red herring as a conclusion, and premises as absurd as biblical astronomy, have revealed him to the discerning reader to be a literary Judas, a critic who betrays the confidence of his readers. And I think, due to the ponderous nature of his books, capitalism will cheat him of his thirty pieces of silver.

THE AMERICAN "BLACK SHIRTS"

IN a series of articles that appeared in the liberal weekly, "The Nation," in July 1921, written by Arthur Warner, the statement is made that:

"By the constitution of the United States three branches of government were established; the legislative, the executive and the judicial. In the last two years a fourth has been set up: the American Legion."

TO be sure the constitution provides for three branches of government. But this does not mean that they have any existence in actuality. The executive power, as administered by Cal Coolidge today on behalf of great business, is probably the mightiest possessed by any ruling potentate in the world today. The legislative branch of the government is a sham. It plays a puppet role, best revealed in its subservience to Coolidge-Kellogg-Wall Street policies in Nicaragua and China. The judiciary, also is the lap dog of the money power. If it remained shrouded in any shred of judicial hypocrisy, that was torn from it by the failure of Justices Oliver Wendell Holmes and Louis D. Brandeis, heralded as progressives, to interfere in the least with the legalized murder of Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti.

ARTHUR WARNER was, therefore, entirely wrong when he referred to the American Legion as the fourth branch of the American government. When necessary the American Legion becomes the right hand of the executive power of the government, and in an extremity characterized by the rise to power of a fascist tyranny, it becomes the government itself, with the so-called legislative and judiciary powers crumpled in the dust.

This is something for the whole working class to consider with the American Legion spending a holiday holding a convention in Paris, not to the liking of the workers of France.

WARNER, in fact, contradicts himself when he outlines the nature of the American Legion as follows:

"Organized ostensibly to continue the friendships that developed in the fighting forces and to advance the legitimate interests of former service men, the Legion has grown away from that into a super-government. It gives orders to public officers and is fearfully consulted by them; it is accorded quasi-official standing thru the privilege of occupying government buildings, as in New York City where it enjoys commodious offices in the Hall of Records, or in Arkansas where the old State House at Little Rock was turned over to it; it has received from the War Department in advance of publication the so-called 'slacker lists', ostensibly to rectify errors, but with possibilities of abuse that can readily be imagined; it has established a censorship of public meetings and by actual or threatened violence suppresses freedom of speech; it is attempting to dictate the instruction in our public schools and pass upon the qualifications of the teachers; altho nominally non-political, it has actually sponsored a host of bigoted and repressive laws and policies."

Then Warner, the liberal, joins the socialists in talking about "the return of the community to a normal existence," and the demobilization of "intolerant 100 per centism" and deflating "historic super-patriotism." As if existence could be "normal" under capitalism; as if there could be "tolerance" under the system that battles for the private ownership of property. The applause of the American Legion, and of the ruling class generally, at the burning to death of Sacco and Vanzetti in the electric chair is the best proof of capitalist "intolerance" in the so-called period of "normalcy."

To be sure, the American Legion in different periods functions in different ways. In the period immediately following the war, when the American Legion was first organized, this fascist crew was the forefront of the capitalist attack against radical workers' organizations. Its shooting and hanging of innocent workers brought quick results for employers who feared the desire of labor for organization.

With the crushing of the steel strike, the railroad shopmen's strike, the several coal miners' strikes,

By J. LOUIS ENGDahl

and a host of smaller struggles, extreme measures on the part of the capitalist tyranny and its fascist lackey, the American Legion, became unnecessary, since the spirit of the workers, who had been betrayed by their officials, was to a large extent broken. Mr. Warner continues:

"Present tendencies in the American Legion appear to be away from violence and intimidation, but the change is one of practice, not principle. . . . The Legion is still imbued with the spirit of repression and coercion, of prejudice and unreason which the war nourished."

But the fact that the last war retires into the background does not mean that the Legion will give up its violence and intimidation. There are new "war situations" in Nicaragua and China, the danger of the new war against the Union of Soviet Republics, the fact still vivid that following the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti hardly a hall in all the land was available for workers in which to hold memorial meetings for their dead. The Legionnaires are equally quick to respond as lobbyists in legislative halls or lynchers in the open game of murder.

The constitution of the Legion hypocritically declares that, "The American Legion shall be absolutely non-political and shall not be used for dissemination of partisan principles or for the promotion of the candidacy of any person seeking public office or perferment." But this clause has meant nothing to the Legion conventions that have declared for rigid restriction of immigration, for the total exclusion of the Japanese; for universal compulsory military training, for the publication of the "slacker lists," for congressional legislation requir-

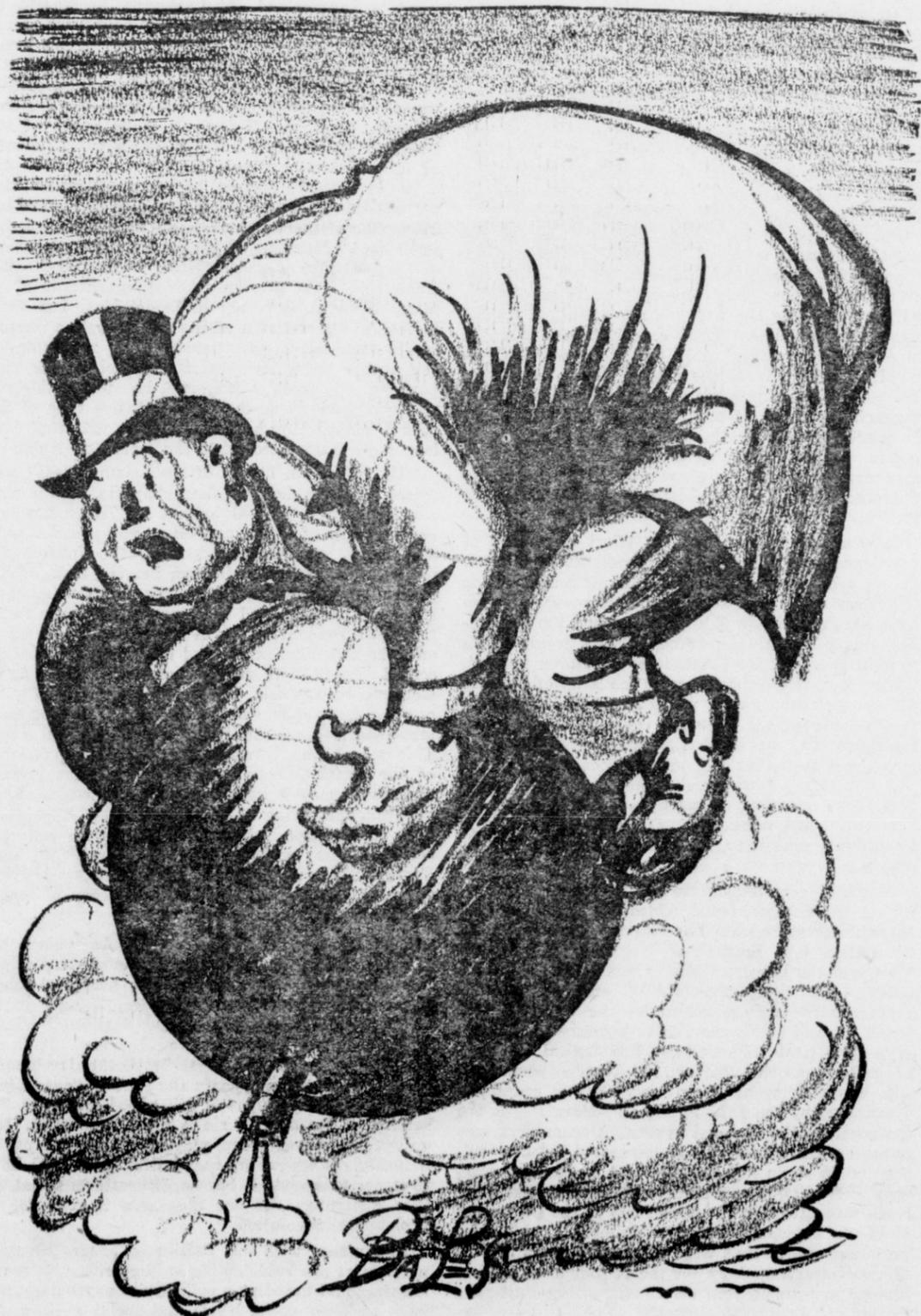
ing the basis of all instruction in elementary public and private schools to be the "American language," against the release of conscientious objectors, against the amnesty for political prisoners, and against the reduction of the army under 175,000 men.

Let it be remembered that it was a choice selection of leading generals, admirals and diplomats, with the official blessing of the government, who organized the strikebreaking "Organization for Maintenance of Supplies" during the general strike last year in Great Britain. It is the same kind of an outfit that organized the American Legion in this country, and that will convert the legion to the same strike-breaking purposes, on a nation-wide scale, when the occasion requires.

Thus the capitalist government finds in the American Legion the best supporter of its "blackshirt" policies.

In an extremity, when the workers threaten to seize power, it is the capitalist power that calls fascism to take over the reigns of government and institute the "black shirt" tyranny that now reigns under Mussolini in Italy, under De Rivera in Spain, and under a host of American Legion "heroes" in many of Europe's capitalist lands.

It has remained for the workers of France to reveal to the workers and farmers of the United States the real fascist nature of the American Legion. Let American labor profit by this lesson to the full. It will thus best insure the success of its struggle in the future in the time when the black shirt American Legion, whether under this or any other name, becomes the only and dominant branch in the American government.



The Economic Theory of the Leisure Class

EDITOR'S NOTE: The following review of Bukharin's great theoretical work, appeared in the August issue of "The Communist," theoretical organ of the Communist Party of Great Britain. The need for intensified theoretical study is as pressing in the Workers (Communist) Party of America as in the C. P. of G. B. The leaders of the Russian Revolution never missed an opportunity to add to their store of theoretical knowledge and this book of Bukharin's was first published in 1919 while civil war raged thru Europe.

"NO revolutionary theory, no revolutionary movement," says Lenin in one of his famous polemics against the Mensheviks. It were well if such a text could be hung up in the bedroom of every British socialist, that aims at passing for a revolutionary. For the proletarian movement of this country, except for a very small circle, still maintains its traditional aversion to theory. How much this aversion to theory is responsible for the confusion and pessimism that is rampant everywhere at present is a matter for some hard thinking to be done before our movement strikes the high road to revolutionary action, and ceases to prattle about defending, or overthrowing capitalism.

Lenin's text is of particular importance to Communists. There is no section of the working class movement so zealous and indefatigable in the fight against capitalism and the capitalists as the Communist Party. But this very zeal has its disadvantages, especially for a numerically small Party like ours. There is the danger—a very real danger, we think—in pursuing the manifold mundane tasks, all of which are necessary and important, of ignoring theory and theoretical self-study in preference to what is called "practical work." The lack of time and opportunity and poverty amongst the workers may be added to the handicaps, but these in no way invalidate the warning, or the danger.

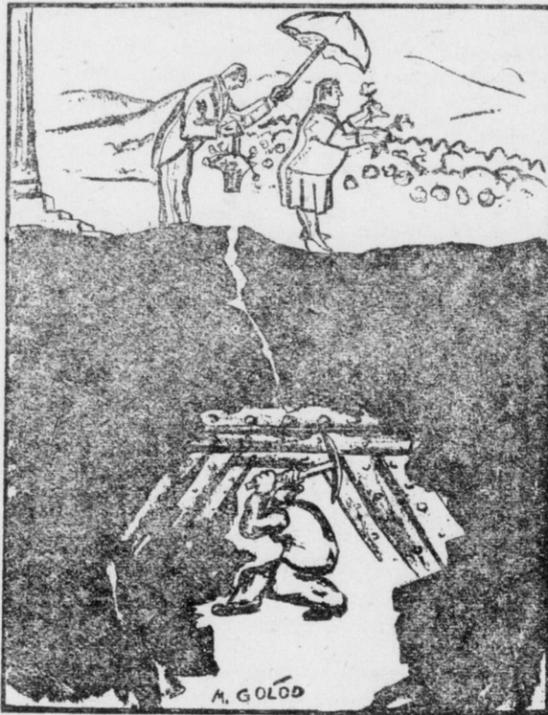
It was the fashion when the Communist Party of Great Britain was being set up some seven years ago, this month, to talk of being realists and to extol the virtues of practice over theory, and there was some justification for that fashion at that time. The socialist movement was passing through a critical period. Thrones and governments were in the dust, or in the balance. The test upon the socialists had to be clear, simple and straightforward. The test then was, for or against revolutionary action symbolized in the Russian revolution; Bolshevism or bourgeois democracy and constitutionalism.

But adhesion to the Soviet Republic and the revolution brought more to the ranks of Communism than those genuine proletarians who had no use either for the bourgeois democracy or its supporters, who were leading the workers' movement. A goodly number of sentimentalists, careerists and phrasemongers were caught up in the tide towards Communism, chiefly from the side of the intellectuals. We could name a number of these who have passed through the ranks of our Party, each of whom can be placed in one or the other of the above categories. In all of these cases (it is not necessary to give names) we had a great deal of lip-service to Communism, but no understanding of Communist theory.

It is a curious fact that the vilest slanderers of the Communist Party are the renegades. How often do we hear reproaches hurled at our members for their "ignorance and stupidity"? How often do we hear the Party leadership traduced and the insinuations made that the Communist Party would be all right if it wasn't for its leaders? Meaning by that, we suppose, if the leaders were made up of amiable fellows with whom they would never be called upon to have theoretical quarrels, there would be room for them. The fact is that all these ex-Communists have been tested at the bar of theory and found wanting. That, however, does not excuse our members from removing all grounds for the stigma of "ignorance and stupidity." The way to do that is to cultivate self-study, hard thinking, and more theory.

A useful contribution to the material for theoretical thinking is being added to the library of Marxist literature issued by Martin Lawrence, in the translation into English of Bukharin's "Economic Theory of the Leisure Class." This book, the author tells us, was completed in 1914, and after an adventurous career, occasioned by the war, the MS. found its way to Moscow, to be published in February, 1919. It is a trenchant and logical criticism of the famous Bohm Bawerk, the Austrian economist, who was peddled about so much in this country a decade ago by the I. L. P. and anti-Marxists, as the destroyer of the Marxist system. Our readers who remember this period will be interested to learn that, even while we in this country, and, in our own way, were defending Marx against Bohm Bawerk, Bukharin was sitting in the class room of the University of Vienna copiously noting the fallacies of this same professor—notes that were to expose the futility of the professor's apology for the rentier class, and to provide our proletarian movement with a first-class theoretical defense against the would-be destroyers of Marxism.

By THOS. BELL (London)



Some idea of the scope of this book may be gathered from what Bukharin himself tells us. While in Vienna he went through the library scrupulously noting the standard economists. Imprisoned just before the war, he was subsequently deported, and went to Switzerland. At Lausanne, he studied the Anglo-American economists. We next find him in Stockholm in the Royal Library and, on his arrest and deportation to Norway, he continued his studies in the Nobel Institute, Christiania. Subsequently, we find him studying in the New York Public Library, U. S. A. The result is 34 pages of this book, comprising 158 notes alone, a veritable mine of information in themselves.

In the author's preface, he makes an observation, as we think of timely importance for "British" Marxists. Hitherto, there have been two types of criticism by Marxists, either exclusively sociological, or excessively methodological. "Marxists," says Bukharin, "must give an exhaustive criticism of the latest theories, not only methodological but sociological, and a criticism of the entire system pursued to its furthest ramifications." And, regarding, as the author does, the Austrian school as the most powerful opponent of Marxism, he applied this rule to Bohm Bawerk as the representative type of this school, demolishing his entire system with that ruthless logic associated with the name of Bukharin.

"The Economic Theory of the Leisure Class" comprises an introduction, five chapters, and a conclusion with a critical article on Tugan-Baranovsky's Theory of Value, as well as an appendix, notes and index. In his introduction, the fundamental tenets of Marx are vindicated, i.e., the facts of concentration in capital, the syndicates, trusts, banking organizations, and their penetration into industry. Two tendencies are in opposition to Marxism; one, the historical school and the other, the abstract school. Faced with competition from England, the German bourgeoisie demanded protection for its national industries, and the German protective tariff movement became the cradle of the historical school. This school was a reaction to the cosmopolitanism of the classical economy. Being negative towards abstract theory it landed into a narrow-minded empiricism, reminding us of some types of "theorists" here in England, who spend their time collecting concrete data, while leaving the "laws" till later. From the historical school we get a history of prices, of wages, credit, money, but no theory of wages, no theory of prices.

Karl Menger, as father of the Austrian school (though Bohm Bawerk was its most outstanding representative) waged war on the historical school. After carrying off some victories, Menger turned on Marxism. In essence, the new "abstract" method is in complete opposition to Marxism. It is the bourgeoisie on its last legs. With the development of capitalism there appears the rentier class of mere coupon clippers, owners of gilt-edged securities. This section of the bourgeoisie is not a true class. It is only a parasitical group, playing no creative part in industry. It knows no social life. All social bonds to it are loosened. It has no interest in social welfare generally. Its one obsession is fear for the proletarian revolution.

In contrast with this rentier or leisure class, the proletariat are held captive in huge cities. It readily acquires and develops a collectivist psychology, with keen sense of social bonds and social welfare. The proletarian class has no fear of social catastrophe,

since it knows it must destroy, and clear away the refuse of capitalism before it can build. Thus, we see the difference between the Austrian school, and Marxism as a social psychological contrast.

Having explained this contrast, the author goes on to analyze it from the standpoint of logic, with a treatise on objectivism and subjectivism in political economy. Since Marxism deals with the causal chain linking up social phenomena, and sees a social process independent of individual motives, it is objective. On the other hand, since the labor theory of value of the classical school, particularly Adam Smith, is based on an individual estimate of commodities, corresponding to the quantity and quality of labor used, it is a subjective theory.

The method of Marx is not to start with individual motives. As buyers and sellers, individuals go to the market, the product dominating the creator. No doubt, there is a connection between individual and social wills, but Marx's method is to examine and ascertain the law of the relations of this social phenomenon. The method of the Austrian school is to abstract the historical and organic methods, and start from the "atom." Thus we get, as illustrations, "a man in a desert," "an individual in a primeval forest," and other variations of the "Robinson Crusoe" legends, forgetful that the economic motives and categories associated with the illustrations, come from a definite social relationship. It is as if we were to speak of dukes, earls and lords in primitive ancient society, to endow these terms as being eternal.

Modern political economy can only have as its object a commodity society, i.e., a capitalist society. In this society the individual will and purpose are relegated to the background, as opposed to objective social phenomena. Only in a socialist society will the blind social element yield to a conscious calculation by the community. Relations between men being simple and clear the fetishism attached to the present relations among men will disappear.

The unhistorical and subjective method of the Bohm Bawerks is particularly revealed in their definition of capital, where the stone of the ape and the club of the savage are classified as the germ of capital. In contrast with Marxism which defines capital in accordance with its historic use, viz., a means of producing wealth with a view to profit, the Austrian school limits capital to being merely a means of producing more wealth, i.e., as universal for all time.

Yet another fundamental trait of the Austrian school is the emphasis laid upon consumption, and the consumer. Whereas the classical school approached the economic problems from the standpoint of the producer, individualism finds its parallel in this subjective-psychological method of the "Robinson Crusoes" of the Austrian school. Its ideology is the elimination of the bourgeoisie from the process of production.

Passing to the newer Anglo-American school, represented by Bates-Clark, Bukharin shows us it is not difficult to find the ideological basis of this school. This basis is to be found in the process of the transformation of industrial capitalism to militant imperialism, and where the less individualistic become trained in organization of entrepreneurs. The method of investigation is social-organic. The American school, the author warns us, though the product of a progressive bourgeoisie, is nevertheless a declining one.

It is interesting to note that this theory of marginal utility was put forward mathematically by a German, Herman Gossen, as far back as 1854. Indeed, many of the theses ascribed to the Austrian and Jevonian school are to be found in Gossen's work. This the English Professor Jevons acknowledges. But the international rentier found his learned spokesman in Bohm Bawerk. In Bohm Bawerk's theories he found a pseudo-scientific weapon, not so much in the struggle against the elemental forces of capitalist evolution, as a weapon against the ever-menacing workers' movement.

We think we have said enough, however, to arouse the interest and curiosity of the reader, to procure this most important book. From the marginal utility theory of value to the theories of profit enmeshed in statistical formula, Bukharin pursues the fallacies of these apologists of capitalism with irresistible logic, revealing their theoretical work to be a "barren desert."

In his introduction, the author says, "It may appear unusual that I should publish this book at a moment when civil war is rampant in Europe. Marxists, however, have never accepted any obligation to discontinue their theoretical work even at periods of the most violent class struggle, so long as any physical possibility for the performance of such work was at hand. . . . A criticism of the capitalist system is of the utmost importance for a proper understanding of the events of the present period."

This understanding, the British workers need now more than ever. This book of Bukharin's will prove an indispensable help.

"The Economic Theory of the Leisure Class," by N. Bukharin is issued by the International Publishers, New York, and can be secured also from the Daily Worker Publishing Co., \$2.50.

The Fourth Tower (A Story)

(Translated from the Russian of G. Ustinov
By VERA and VIOLET MITKOVSKY.)

YOU say that your epoch is heroic, that our time has passed, that we are no longer capable, are worn out, that our time was not, after all, interesting; but I will tell you, young people, that every epoch was heroic, people always knew how to die stoically, not only for an idea, but sometimes just like that. If it wouldn't bore you, I can tell you of just such an episode.

By trade I am a painter, and can even make pictures. Of course one must know how to make pictures, there are even places, they say, where that trade is taught, but I, with my fifty years, what had I to do with places of learning? It was in 1905, that year of liberty, when our party group appealed to me.

"Michael Vanitch, please paint the party slogans on a red banner, but make the letters in gilt, please."

Of course I did my best. On the black banner I painted in Slavonic letters, in silver, "Eternal Memory to Those who Fell in Freedom's Cause." On the red one, I painted in gilt, "Long Live the Democratic Republic, Long Live the Social Democratic Labor Party of Russia, Proletariat of all Countries Unite!" The Bolsheviks in those days, don't let it peeve you, my young people, were all for the democratic republic. With these banners, we all went out to make a demonstration against the Black Hundreds. We were about thirty, with sticks and pikes and revolvers, that wouldn't shoot a cat—to say nothing of a man, especially if his coat were lined. Well, we marched about with the red and black banners and once the Black Hundreds surrounded us and nearly threw all our fine fellows over a precipice. They had about three thousand and we, as I said before, were about thirty. Well, we came out of it with honors; some forged ahead, while the others raised their sticks like spears, and the Black Hundreds were frightened. They divided and let us march through. That same day we hid the banners in a safe place and soon the police began to catch us—raid after raid, arrest after arrest. They came to me too, turned everything upside down, even chopped up the potatoes in the cellar with their swords. Then they pulled off the rag mats which my wife had spread, to rip up the floor, I suppose, and jumped with satisfaction. The banners, my young people, I had painted in my cottage, on the bare floor, and the paint soaked right through the satin and stuck to the boards. "Long Live the Democratic Republic", was painted in gilt, lengthwise across the floor, and crosswise, in large silver letters, "Eternal Memory to Those who Fell in Freedom's Cause".

"Here," said the sheriff joyfully, "this is the headquarters of the most important socialists. There it is, word for word like the banners. What more can we want? The governor will praise us. Come on, now, get ready!"

Well, I got ready and we went, for such a long time as makes me sick to think of. The trial was eight months later and then I was sentenced to four years and sent to the first annex of the provincial prison.

From the investigation cell I was transferred to the common one, where I received better treatment. This gladdened me, like a breath of freedom. The others in the common cell were all fine fellows, sociable and educated. They started working on me at once. There I first learnt Marx's theory and Frederick Engels', as much of course, as I could, with my brain. We had all kinds of arguments, almost fights sometimes, especially with the Social Revolutionists. The mensheviks usually replied

with sneakiness and silence. The bolsheviks would get them into a corner and they would just stand there, neither yes nor no, or with a contemptuous smile say, "O, they are all demagogues, idiots, boneheads" and so on. But such irresponsible declarations didn't affect the bolsheviks. However, I didn't get much time to learn political sciences as the governor of the prison found out that I was a qualified painter and in addition, could make pictures, so he sent me out to work—to decorate his house with painted designs. I did it well; he praised me but didn't pay anything. He showed off to visitors, boasting what sort of convicts he had, regular painters and artists. Now, at that time I got a money order for five roubles, I didn't know from whom and was dreadfully astonished. My wife, I thought, or the party had sent it. "Well," I thought, "let's have a celebration. I'll treat the whole cell," and so I wrote a note of hand and a large order and sent them to the governor.

But it turned out differently —
In the evening, that same day, they brought the order — biscuits, tobacco, tea, sugar, and even sausage. Here it entered my mind to look at the back of my money order. I looked and almost fell over! The money order wasn't for me at all. Everything was right, my full name given and family, but the feminine signature and handwriting was not right. My wife's name is Katerina and the one signed was Avdotia and there were all kinds of tender words there and talk of affairs not corresponding to mine at all. Well, we gathered up the whole order, packed it and sent it back to the prison office.

"Received this by mistake, beg you to find the rightful owner and give him the whole order. We enclose the stub of the money order."

We sent the order away, talked a little, saying that I was in too much of a hurry to make the order—perhaps the owner didn't want those things at all—and then forgot all about it. Life is full of mistakes.

As soon as we finished forgetting about it, the governor's assistant, Storky he was nicknamed, burst into the cell. He was long and spare, with a yellowish color and a long thin beard, cruel as the devil and considered all the convicts his slaves, worse than cattle. Well, he burst into the cell and rushed straight at me.

"What's this, you son of a gun, cheating, are you? What right have you to take other people's money?"

"I didn't take anything, sir, it was a mistake."

"Silence! I will flog such scoundrels . . ."

My head swam around and my face burned. I said to him, hoarsely,

"I am unarmed and can't kill you, dog, so take this," and I spat right into his face.

Storky dived into his pocket and pulled out a gun, waved it in my face, but didn't shoot — he was a great coward—poked about with it, stuttered and spluttered and flew out, with my spittle in his thin beard.

In an hour, the lock rattled again, the jailer came in and said to me,

"Come on, you're wanted in the office."

Well, to the office I went, the warden behind me and after him the convoy. The political cell hums with indignation:

"Don't flinch, Michael Vanitch, we'll stick up for you, declare a hunger strike, start a fuss, call the attorney—don't flinch."

And I don't flinch. I am desperate and burning with indignation.

The governor is sitting in his office, bent over some papers. He did not even stir when I entered.

We stand, I just inside the room, the warden in the doorway. We stand ten minutes, fifteen. The governor keeps on sorting his papers and doesn't even raise his head.

I clear my throat. It is tiresome to stand still. The governor starts on a new packet of papers. I clear my throat again. The governor pretends he has no time to spend on bagatelles while important work remains unfinished, so we stand there for another fifteen minutes. I clear my throat, cough, even blow my nose five times, but the governor is absorbed in his papers.

Then he raised his eyes to me. "Well," he said reproachfully, "what have you done now you numbskull?"

He shrugged his shoulders helplessly and sank back into his work.

"I can't save you," he said without taking his eyes off his papers.

"I haven't asked you to do so, sir."

Silence. In about five minutes the governor made a gesture with his hands as if he wanted the guard to leave. The guard went out and we keep still again, I by the door and the governor at his papers.

"Well," he repeated, "do you know that if the matter should come to trial that—" and he passed his fingers across his neck very expressively.

"Oh well," I said, "first he calls me a scoundrel and now you want to hang me."

The governor covered his face with a paper, as if reading it very carefully. Then he suddenly threw it down on the table and said,

"Storky will never forgive you and I can't make him. I will punish you myself and he, as my subordinate, may consent."

I stand still near the door and the governor stares out the window and chews his pencil. Suddenly he turns to me.

"Do you want to go to the fourth tower for six months? If not, it's the trial."

The fourth tower! It hangs as a curse over the whole prison, the prison which is a curse in itself.

"Allow me to think, sir," I answer, "I will give you my answer in an hour."

"All right."

It was not in vain then, that I had decorated his house for nothing. I see he is sticking up for me, wants to repay me. Well, I think, life is good enough pay, I may accept it, but I had better consult my comrades first.

I returned to my cell and told everything. The whole cell darkened and fell into silence as if there were not forty men there, but dark night in a still forest.

Who are the condemned locked in the fatal fourth tower? What murderers and cut-throats? Can a peaceful man in trouble live with them?

At last someone said firmly and decisively;

"Go!"

And the whole cell, which had almost stopped breathing for a few minutes, drew in its breath just as firmly and decisively as the one who assigned me to the accursed tower.

And so, my young people, I got ready and went. I am not so easily frightened, but while I walked through the endless gloomy corridors, smelling of dampness and, perhaps, of blood, I thought many things. And when the locks rang and the bolt scraped, I felt as though it were the scraping of my skin as it was torn off my back. Then the door squeaked like a knife across my heart, I and my baggage, that is my bedding, were pushed into a half-lighted cell, large, smelling of dinginess and emptiness. I sat down on a bare bunk, threw my luggage on it and looked—where are those who are doomed to the agony of waiting for death? Suddenly from a dark corner I hear a deep voice,

"Hello, there, friend! Can't say we are well met. What for?"

A short, strongly-built man, in a convicts' smock and woman's stockings, red striped with blue, came up to the bunk and gave me his hand. He was red and hairy and, judging by their strength, his hands were those of either a peasant or a laborer. No one else can have such hands.

"Hello," I answer and press his hand.

At the same time a little figure comes from another corner, a tall thin sort of figure, stretches out his hand and says in a thin voice, like a girl's, "Hello, comrade."

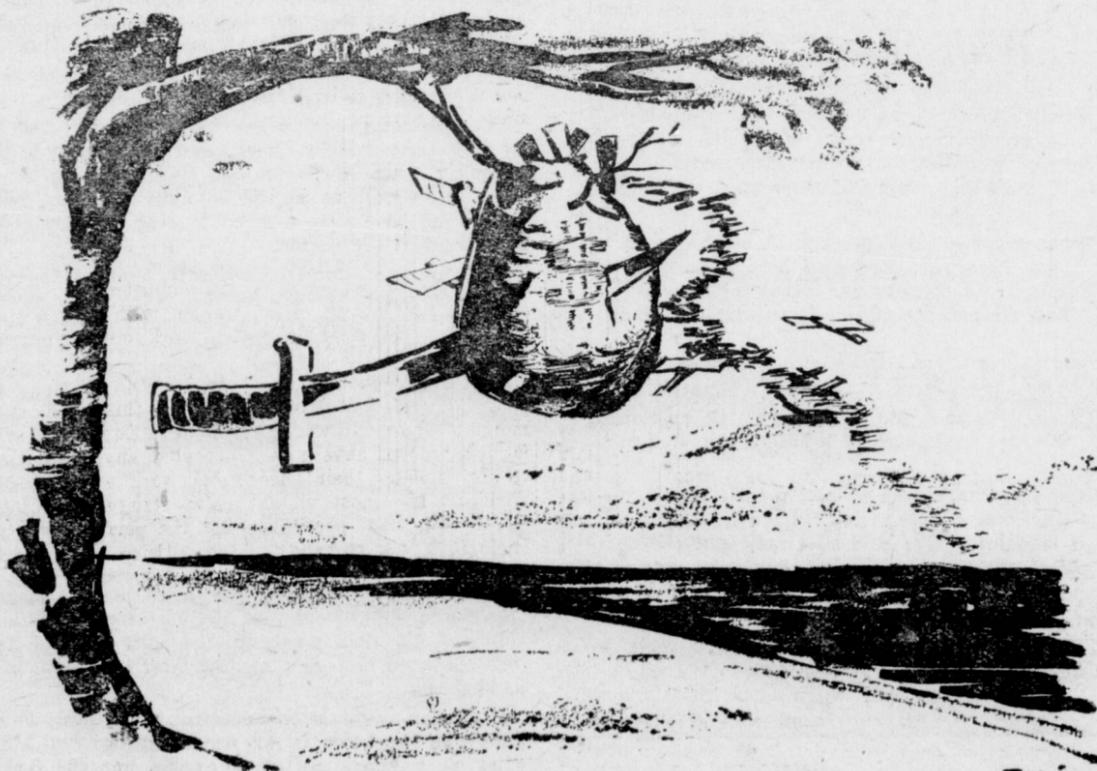
Here, I remember, I could not help smiling. Such a youngster, with fair hair smoothly combed, such a thin girlish face and—the convict's clothes which hang on him like a woman's smock on a scarecrow.

"Hello, comrade," I say to him and, of course, squeeze his hand gently. A gentle man must have corresponding treatment.

I press the little hand and wonder, "Now, who will come out of the third corner?" But no one else appeared. These two were the incorrigible criminals who had committed unpardonable offences against unfortunate humanity, whom the crown prosecutor, that vigilant watch dog of society, was to destroy by means of strangulation.

Well, day after day passed, friendly-like, as always among the unfortunate. The older, the red one, was by surname Marin and the other, who looked like a girl, was called Aloshenka. And here I admit, though it was not a nice thing, I became

(Continued On Page Six.)



THE HORNET'S NEST.

THE FOURTH TOWER

(Continued From Page Five).

more curious every day. For what crimes were these two people, so different, the direct opposites, one might say, to be led to the same death? I could not ask, somehow; the unfortunate are always supersensitive and most secretive. I drew close to them, closer perhaps, than I had been with those who argued political wisdom in the common cell, but who can coolly remind a dear one that death awaits him?

Aloshenka made figures from bread and drew a chess board on the boards of the bunk and taught me to play that wise game; we sat long days at it, he—awaiting death, and I—suffering for them both. The tireless Marin, in the red stockings striped with blue and the torn convict's shoes, danced about the cell exactly till two o'clock making endless circles about the table which stood in the centre. Two o'clock in the morning—it is a fearful hour, when from the tower they take a living man and lead him away to be hanged. And so Marin dances about the table, singing a sorrowful prisoner's song, usually the same one.

"I stand on the keecha,
Keecha so high,
Take a look at freedom,
Freedom nowhere nigh;
Weep no more, Marusia,
For mine shall you be,
When I'm free Marusia
You shall marry me.

He is about forty-five and so strong that, it seems, if you harness him to a plow and yell loudly, it will cut a deep furrow.

As soon as two o'clock comes, we at once lie down to sleep. Marin sleeps a deep, calm sleep—till tomorrow; and Aloshenka and I talk for an hour or so of his mother, of his little sister, Tanechka, who had passed with honors into the sixth grade of the gymnasium; Aloshenka had already been in the seventh year. He was sad because it was harder for Tanechka now that he no longer helped her with her studies when they came home from school.

And Aloshenka also talked of his sister's friend, of dark-haired Dunia, or Deena, as he tenderly called her, who had large, deep dark eyes and thick dark braids, a white neck and a delicate, somewhat olive-tinted face. Of her he spoke willingly and long, told how they walked on a high rock by the Volga, delighting in the many-colored lights of the ships, listening to the music of the ship's whistles. And Aloshenka also told how on some holiday they gathered in the fields, about fifteen of them, all young, Dunia or Deena, the same with the thick black braids, his little sister, Tanechka, gymnasium students and even one university student who was a relative. They stayed there till dark, playing, chasing about. In the games Aloshenka's cap was knocked off, the cap with his school emblem. Off went the cap like a ball, into the ravine. They searched for it, but what's the use; it was spring and in spring the nights are dark. They did not find the cap and Aloshenka went home with nothing on his head.

Then of all the luck—The same night and in that same ravine, expropriators had either been sharing or just unpacking the money taken from some government wineshop. The police found some wrapping paper, other scraps of paper and, a short distance away—Aloshenka's cap. And by this cap within a week they traced Aloshenka. He was accused of participating in the expropriation and the court found the evidence sufficient—a court martial does not trust witnesses overmuch—and so, just because of that cap, the damned prosecutor demanded that Aloshenka be condemned—to death by hanging—

"Mamma has gone to St. Petersburg," says Aloshenka, "she is sure to get a pardon for me. We have friends there."

"Of course she will get it," say Marin and I. "Don't fret, Aloshenka."

"I don't fret—"

"Let's have another game."

"All right."

And we play. He plays absent-mindedly and though I could understand this wise game, this same chess, I give in to him, losing all the time.

"You do that on purpose," he says.

I put on a hurt, even angry look.

"Try to beat you! You've played thousands of times and I am only learning. You just wait till we are free. I'll come over then and we'll play a real game of chess."

"Be sure to come."

And for the hundredth time he tells me his address.

It is often so with people; one tells something of himself, speaks frankly, and then another wants to tell his secrets. Marin came and sat beside us on the bunks; we pushed away the chessmen on seeing his sad, thoughtful face. We understood and prepared to listen to his death-bed confession.

Marin's collar was unfastened, showing his strong

broad chest, covered with red hair and in this guise he looked like a robber.

His voice was somewhat hoarse, his eyes had a dry heavy look—I have seen such eyes in large animals locked in cages.

He was a peasant from the village Marashkina. It seems there was some church holiday and there had been some drinking. The vodka was gone, they wanted more, and there was no money. They decided, he and his brother-in-law, to scare a certain old woman of their village and then ask her for a rouble for vodka. They smeared their faces with soot, took an ancient revolver which could no longer shoot, and went off. The night was dark, the old woman lived alone. They knocked. She was still awake. She came down the stairs with a candle, opened the door—she had recognized their voices—and when she saw their smeared faces, she only stopped to scream before she plumped down with heart failure. As luck would have it, the police sergeant was also coming to see her, probably to make a loan too. He heard the scream, rushed up. There they were, no place to hide, faces blackened, a gun in their hands—an apparent case of expropriation. He assumed his official dignity, locked them up and later sent them to the provincial capital and there—the court martial. Painted faces, a revolver, a dead hag—what other evidence did they need? And so, my young people, another death by hanging.

We live together for four months. Marin had been awaiting death for six and Aloshenka—almost that. It is hard on Aloshenka, he gets tired of evenings, maybe the nerves grow numb or the heart is turning to stone but he began to fall asleep early in the evening. It is not midnight yet and his eyes begin to close and his head nods over the chessboard, he makes false moves. Every evening Marin dances about the table, chanting his song, and what should I do? I lie on my hard bed and think that there are no paints in the world to draw the depths of agony felt by a strong man who waits whole weeks and long months for an inevitable and violent death.

And so, one night, near two, when Marin was dancing about the table and quietly singing his sad little song and Aloshenka was sleeping, we heard the squeak of the lower door leading into the tower, the clash of footsteps on the stairs, the squeak of the second door and at last, at our own door, the clatter of the lock and the scraping of the bolt—

Four armed men came in. And as soon as they had come in Marin went toward them, as though to give himself to them quickly, if only they would not touch Aloshenka. But they had come for him, for Marin. And Marin, with a chalky face, laid his finger to his lips, that they should make no noise, should take him quietly and not wake Aloshenka—quietly, on tiptoe, he came up to me, embraced me warmly, gave me a warm kiss, threw a farewell glance about the cell, bowed toward Aloshenka and—

Do I remember anything of the night I spent over the sleeping Aloshenka? I remember only the morning, remember only his awakening. Would it not have been better had he never wakened? He awoke as though someone had set a spark to him, jumped up, sat down on the bunk and gazed long at the place where Marin always slept. Then he fell

Wall Street After Six

Here stillness reigns where once the babble broke
Of greedy tongues and bankers sat at ease
Surveying profits far from grime and smoke
Of mills and mines and ships upon the seas.

Whence comes these profits. A belated clerk
Goes homeward now and here a painted drab
Steals by to rendezvous. Scrubwomen work
Far through the night. Here wends a lonely cab.

And here I ponder on the broken hearts
Of small investors and the bloody fray
Of empires built and shattered on these marts,
Of wars made here, of murders day by day.

Mad street! You are at rest a little while
Ere comes another day with cries and noise
Of frenzied trade. And so I only smile
And think of how some day your eager voice

Shall die when workers come into their right
And profits have an end and man shall dream
No more of wealth. I leave you to the night
And that great day when labor rules supreme!

—HENRY REICH, JR.

on his straw pillow and sobbed. And in his grief I heard only one complaint.

"It—it was not—fair—how could he go—without saying goodbye—to me?"

Then Aloshenka grew silent and was silent a long time, for whole weeks and even stopped playing chess. He did not sleep whole nights. Marin's execution must have reminded him of his own fate, just as horrible and merciless. He had been here seven months already, awaiting death, and it was near six months that I had been bearing my punishment for resenting an insult.

And so one day a jailer comes to the cell, looks for me in the gloom with his eyes.

"The governor wants to see you in the office."

I go. Our footsteps echo hollowly in the grey and empty corridors, the rusty door-hinges squeak protestingly. In the office, as the other time, the gloomy governor sits bent over a heap of papers and makes me wait just as long by the door. Then he says sternly:

"Well, now you have served your punishment. You may return to the common cell."

He lifts his head and looks at me as attentively as though he wanted to ask me something important—and could not.

And here I felt that he was a man.

"I can't, sir," I say, "leave me where I am."

The governor moved in his chair as though he were going to spring up, then his head sank as though he were bowing and he moved his hand slightly as though to say, "Very well. Go."

And again I was with Aloshenka who, I may say, met me with eyes as expectant as if he had been awaiting not me but his pardon. And when he understood that I was not to leave him, became talkative again, and then and there we sat down to our chess.

I stay there with Aloshenka another month and another; no one else was brought in, thank God. Most of the time we talk about how hard it must be for his mother to do so much in St. Petersburg because she has not enough money to bribe the necessary people. Aloshenka's father had been a doctor, of small practice I suppose, and did not earn much, most of his patient being poor laborers and clerks.

"Well, somehow or other," I say, "she is sure to get a pardon."

And he, to reassure not himself but me, assents with a tired smile.

"She is sure to get it. My little mother is very insistent. She'll go to the minister himself."

She may be insistent but now Aloshenka did not go to sleep till almost three. And often I noticed that he pretended to be asleep to quiet me and I too would pretend to sleep. We were not allowed to put the lights out for the night and we usually slept together, face to face, in one bunk, and so I open one eye to see if Aloshenka is sleeping and there is one of his eyes slightly opened. He is watching me too. Once, when we caught each other at our trick, all at once it seemed so funny that we did not sleep till morning, even sat down to chess and played right up to roll call and then began breakfast. And so we didn't sleep all night. But all this was nothing. From that very night there began in both of us that disease they call insomnia. We could not have slept if our eyes were sewn up. Great God, we grew thin in one week, like living skeletons, eat we could not, our noses grew sharp, eyes like coal, became delirious, we began to see all sorts of nasty visions, like sometimes we would hear them coming and could even hear the doors squeaking, the locks clashing, hear the rattle of locks, voices, Aloshenka's name called, and once we both heard clearly,

"We might as well hang Michael Vanitch too."

Yes, things began to go wrong with us. And so, at this same unlucky time, about two o'clock in the morning, when Aloshenka and I were playing chess, playing so that he moved both his men and mine and I too, the game seemed to drag, neither could win—and so they came.

They came. . . came with the strait jacket, thought he would resist because he was young, only seventeen, was not prepared to die, perhaps—well, and so they decided to prepare him themselves. But he was ready, and I, I might say, with him. . . I can't remember it all. And the strangest part was he went to death gladly, he saw in it the end of his sufferings and, perhaps, wished to rid me of mine. . . even the jailers were surprised. Only he lingered a moment on my breast, and his face was so white and his blue eyes burned with a flame I had never seen before, the eyes which now looked black, deep and bottomless.

He did not cry. Kissing me thrice, like at Easter, Aloshenka slipped out into the corridor, the jailers followed, the door slammed, the bolts scraped, the lock clattered and—two months later I came to in a padded cell.

. . . The night is so beautiful, everything is so happy, in the Volga is not water, but the real blue, what we painters call ultra-marine—and the lights glow so brightly, red and blue and yellow.

The COMRADE

Edited by the Young
A Page for Workers'



Young SECTION

Pioneers of America
and Farmers' Children

THAT'S THE SPIRIT

Workers' children should be always ready to help the workers when they fight against the bosses. That's what the Young Pioneers said and did when the workers of Passaic were striking against their bosses. They went on the picket line; they collected money for food for the strikers and their children. They did everything they could to help the workers win.

Now we hear how the workers' children of Galatin, Pa., have helped the miners who are striking against the Pittsburgh Coal Company. The bosses had hired some scabs. The workers' children decided that the best way to show that they were with the strikers was to refuse to go to school with scab children. So this week, as soon as the scab children walked into school, all the workers' children who are with the strikers walked out.

That's the true Pioneer spirit—always ready to help the workers. Don't you want to be always ready for the cause of the working class? Join the Young Pioneers of America and fight together with the workers and their children against the bosses in the school, factory, field, or mine. Write to us and we will tell you how to join.

Our Letter Box

We'll Fix Those Capitalists

Dear Comrades: While at recess my boy friend and I made out we were playing soldiers. We took a vote. We choose a boy on the capitalists' side and a boy on some other countries' side. We did not know what side it would be. So my boy friend said it should be the Communists' side, for he is a miner's son and his father told him about it. So he chose me, and, of course, the others would not be on our side. The other boys said, "Now fight." But we would not. We said, "You ought to win for you have all the boys in our room and we have only two." Then they piled on us for saying that. We two will fix those little bums, and the workers will fix the big bums.—LEE PACKER.

U. S. Should Withdraw Her Battleships

Dear Comrades: I think that the United States should be ashamed of herself and withdraw her battleships and sailors, and leave the people or help the people to fight for their freedom in China, or Nicaragua. But no, United States won't do that because she is a capitalist country and has a bosses' government.—ANNA VOGONIS.

YOUNG COMRADE SUB

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THIS WEEK'S PUZZLE No. 32

This week's puzzle is an addition and subtraction puzzle. The answer is some one we all hate. Let's see you do it!

BANK + POLICE + SHOPS + SAY — COAL
— PAY — HELP — SKIN = ?

Send all answers to the Daily Worker Young Comrade Corner, 33 First St., N. Y. C., stating your name, address, age and number of puzzle.

Answers to Last Week's Puzzle

The answer to last week's puzzle No. 31 is: BUILD A MONUMENT TO THE MEMORY OF SACCO AND VANZETTI BY JOINING THE YOUNG PIONEERS. The following had the correct answer:

Mae Malyk, New York City; Edmund Nudelman, New York City; Jack Rosen, New York City; Anna Galaga, New York City; Lillian Zager, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mae Feurer, New York City; Madeline Finkel, New York City.

More Answers to Puzzle No. 30

Grace Zelnick, New York City; Ethel Menuch, Detroit, Mich.; Leo Wolin, Chicago, Ill.; James Mishkis, Chicago, Ill.; Mildred Silver, Chicago, Ill.; Sylvia Horinstein, Detroit, Mich.; Dorothy Kirin, New York City; Morris Gusman, Detroit, Mich.; Milton Relin, Los Angeles, Cal.; Lillian Zager, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Anna Tuhy, Chicago, Ill.; Mae Malyk, New York City; Luz Vilarino, Inglewood, Cal.; Liberta Vilarino, Inglewood, Cal.; Emma Sechooler, Chicago, Ill.

Pioneers Teach Teachers

Dear Comrades: A month ago we took up Russia in our public school. It was for our geography lesson. There are five Pioneers in school. Another comrade and I stood up and told the teacher we could tell the class something about Russia. I told them why the revolution was started in Russia, and what kind of government they have there. My teacher said that the U. S. would not need a revolution like that because our government is very good to the people. She also said, "I don't think we would have such a revolution here. But, if we do, it won't come for another hundred years." Then we began to speak about capital and labor in the U. S. My teacher said, "Everyone except the government workers, like the police, are paid enough." I said, "That many people are willing to work but they can't find work. Besides, they are not paid enough for their work." My teacher said, "It is a lie." Well, comrades, my teacher, that other comrade and I had a discussion. Finally at the end of our period my teacher said to me, "We didn't study any geography about Russia today only history." The next day when my principal came in my teacher told her that there were some Bolsheviks in the class. The principal called me out and spoke to me. She said that I must love my country and all that bunk. As I live in the Co-operative House near Bronx Park she asked all the children living there if they belonged to a club and what it was for. Anyway now she leaves us alone. But, we have to watch out how we speak in school. If all of you would think about it you would see the lies that are put into your head in school.—RUTH YOUKELSON.

Com. Rizak Makes a Correction

In my article "The Thirteenth International Youth Day" (New Magazine Section of The DAILY WORKER, Sept. 10, 1927) I stated the following:

"The reply of the working class youth to these vile attempts of Washington to militarize the youth must be this: we refuse to enter the Citizen's Military Training Camps because we refuse to go into the coming war. We will not shoot our brother workers, we have given enough lives, to the capitalist class. The only war we shall go into will be the war against you—the class war."

Such a formulation can lead to a wrong conception and more than that it smacks of pacifism. The Leninist conception is to fight the imperialist war before and after the war is declared. When the war is declared and the mobilization commences it is the purest kind of pacifist sophistry to issue the slogan of boycott the war. On the contrary during this period we will enter the war with the aim of turning the imperialist war into a civil war, in other words, for the defeat of our own bourgeoisie. We are not opposed to all wars. If the imperialist efforts to throttle the Soviet Union blossoms into war, we are in favor of the war of the Soviet Union for the preservation of the revolution. We are in favor of the war of the colonial masses against their imperialist oppressors. We are certainly in favor of a proletariat which has learned to use arms against its real enemy.—I. RIZAK.



THE REAL AMERICAN LEGION

(Continued from Page One)

a razor, and hanged and rehanged until his head was nearly torn from his body. Also his corpse was mistreated after death. The Legion is guilty.

The malice of the Legion and its lumber company officials followed the rest of the captured workers into the court room at Montesano where they stood trial for the death of Grimm. It reached out with deeds of violence into all the lumber camps around and terrorized the neighborhood. It arrested in his home Eugene Barnett, a man who had no connection

with the defense of the I. W. W. hall in Centralia, and framed him with the rest. He was an able organizer of lumber workers, somewhat prominent.

Seven workers were convicted of murder in the second degree, even intimidation of the jury could not force them to make it first degree, and one, Loren Roberts, was adjudged insane, but placed in the state penitentiary with the rest, where he still stays. The jury asked for mercy, the judge gave none—25 to 40 years was his sentence. The men are still in prison—the Legion has erected a monument to itself in honor of the raiders, in Centralia.

Nine of the jurors have signed affidavits that they do not believe the workers had a fair trial. Some of them admit that the jury was intimidated by the Legion. Everybody knows that the Legionnaires in uniform established themselves in large numbers in Montesano, crowded the court room, and loudly and publicly demanded death for the workers on trial, and for all who should falter in their "duty" to persecute the I. W. W.

This is the real American Legion, as it shows itself in its deeds.

DRAMA

The Ohio Gang in Drama

President Harding and His Merry Cronies Exposed in "Revelry"

Samuel Hopkins Adams, the author, sent a well-aimed torpedo into the bowels of the good ship Patriotism when he exposed the doings behind the scenes in the Harding administration, in his sensational novel "Revelry," now appearing on the boards of the Masque theatre, after passing thru the dramatical fingers of Maurine Watkins, author of "Chicago." The ship did not sink, the



Berton Churchill

The play lacks the grip and pull of the book, chiefly because the role of Willis Markham, the president, as played by Berton Churchill, leaves the audience emotionally neutral. Markham might pass for a well-groomed chief butler as played by Churchill but hardly as the boon companions of the gambling, grafting, hard drinking, prohibition-enforcing, members of the "Ohio gang" that looted at will during the Harding regime. Indeed, outside of the president's prowess in front of the bottle and his rather anaemic clandestine love affair with Edith Westervelt, Willis Markham, seemed to be fit only for the role of "The Perfect Sap." Berton Churchill looks too intelligent to do justice to his role and perhaps lacks the dramatic genius to lose himself in the character he essayed to portray.

Despite its histrionic shortcomings and the indifferent acting of most of the players, "Revelry" is strong meat for readers of the Daily Worker. During its short-lived existence in Philadelphia it gave the bourgeois quakers a colic in their political midriffs. They would have it locked up in a warehouse by court order. The Gotham bourgeois would annihilate it by the gas attacks of their critics—a deadlier method.

The curtain rises on a poker game in the Crow's Nest, a snug hangout where the chips flew and the glasses clinked merrily. Gandy, the garrulous and nervous secretary of the interior was there, and it did not require a close acquaintance with political personalities of the last decade to mark this fellow down as A. B. Fall.

Dan Lurcock, the boss of the gang and the "inventor" of the president, is there. Hard-headed, red-faced and unscrupulous, he can carry his Scotch and direct the operations of the gang without a lurch in his gate or a twitch of his nerves. Harding—beg pardon, Markham—arrives to join the party. Other patriotic thieves are present. Jeff Sims keeps the glasses replenished. Markham loaded to the scuppers decides to take a little walk in quest of adventure. He declines the offer of his companions to accompany him. He dodges his secret service bodyguard and in the next scene we find him mudstained and dishevelled, with hands pointed to the roof in front of a revolver in the home of Edith Westervelt, the handsome though rather frigid-looking woman who is tired of life and is nursing a cute little bottle of poison, which Willis Markham confiscates for her own protection after becoming enamoured of her.

This love affair never amounted to anything. It is nothing like the "President's Daughter" with Nan Britton, playing opposite. But Edith Westervelt appears to be more animated mentally than sexually while the reverse seems to be true of one of the other women in the president's life.

MARK LOEBELL



Who will have an important role in "Lovers and Enemies," by Artyzabosheff, which opens Tuesday afternoon at the Little Theatre for a series of special matinees.

Charlie Madrigal, assistant to the secretary of the interior and one of the president's pets, makes love to the president's niece for business reasons and to two other good-looking girls for pleasure. The husband of one of the latter, Duke Forrest, discovers the liason and after imbibing a few hookers of booze proceeds to blow the love-thief off the map in the Crow's Nest during a poker game. For disturbing the game and threatening to expose the players, Duke is promptly murdered in the bathroom.

The threatened storm now breaks in all its fury. Senator Welling—Burton K. Wheeler in real life—is blowing off the lid in the senate. A. B. Fall's purchase of a ranch for which he made an initial payment of \$90,000 is ferreted out. Charlie Madrigal is caught with the goods. Three members of the cabinet threaten to resign. Dan Lurcock has his hands full fixing, fixing, fixing. The department of justice is on a twenty-four-hour-day schedule framing Senator Welling and his aides. Fall is frantic and begging for succor. Harding still believes in his friends. He will stick by them. He is drinking heavily, anon making patriotic speeches from the white house porch while members of the gang listen cynically from the privacy of the cabinet meeting room, to the "chief's" patriotic perorations on home and country and flag. The protector of the family, the foundation of modern civilization, retires from the plaudits of his admirers to enjoy a few illicit moments with Edith Westervelt in the cabinet room where national policies are formally adopted after being determined over the Scotch and poker chips in the Crow's nest.

All thru the drama the president is represented as the trusting, big-hearted victim of the gang of thieves that surrounded him. Despite the warnings of friends and the advice of his clandestine sweetheart he signs a statement written by Lurcock which exonerates Gandy (Fall). Shortly afterwards in the Crow's Nest he comes into possession of proof that his pet Charlie Madrigal is a crook who robbed the "people" of \$90,000. Here Markham becomes animated and lays violent hands on Madrigal. The latter is forced by Lurcock to confess but not before he arranges with one of his sweethearts to make copies of his evidence on his pals which gets into Senator Welling's hands. Irene Homer, who plays the part of Zoe Farley, is the Roxie Stinson of Teapot Dome days. She gets her \$40,000 from Lurcock and suc-

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GRAND
STREET
FOLLIES

cessfully double-crosses the crooks after she learns that her sweetheart Charlie Madrigal was bumped off on his way to prison. "Shot while trying to escape" was the alibi.

The boys are drinking and playing in the Crow's Nest. The web of scandal is enmeshing Willis Markham. He is caught without an umbrella in an oil geyser. He is in debt, and his big-hearted pals want to let him in on a good thing. He lost heavily in a Barclay Oil gamble and is \$100,000 "in red" on a broker's books. His friends would make it possible for him to recoup his losses. And it would be from oil. Of course Willis Markham, the soul of honor, trusted his friends and did not ask any awkward questions! But Senator Welling did.

Dan Lurcock had a stiff job trying to pep up the poker game in the Crow's Nest. Jeff Smith did his duty with the bottle. But it would not work. Gandy was in a state of terror. Markham was silent. The game broke up. Markham decided to stay in the Crow's Nest for the night. Lurcock would have a bed made ready for him. When the gang leaves Markham takes the little bottle he confiscated in Edith Westervelt's home and swallows its contents. He dies quietly on a sofa.

Lurcock did not lose his nerve. He dictated the message that explained the president's death to the nation. Accidental! And the curtain falls on "Revelry."

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AUSTIN LESTRA LAMONTE VOGT

Peggy Conway last seen in "Hit the Deck" has been engaged by L. Lawrence Weber to play the leading feminine role opposite Ralph Morgan in "Romancing 'Round," which opens at the Little Theatre September 26th. Theodore Westman, Beatrice Blinn, Fleming Ward, C. T. Davis and Charles Ritchie are other players.

George C. Tyler will present Glenn Hunter in a new play, "Behold This Dreamer." Thomas Wise, Sylvia Field, Dodson Mitchell, James Seeley and Patricia Hern are also in the cast.

The New Plays

MONDAY.

"THE TRIAL OF MARY DUGAN," a new melodrama by Bayard Veiller, will be presented by S. H. Woods at the National Theatre Monday night, with the leading roles enacted by Ann Harding and Rex Cherryman. Others in the cast include Arthur Hohl, Cyril Keightley, Mable Maddern, Robert Cummings, Anna Kostant, John Sharkey, Dennie Moore and Leona Maricle.

"FOUR WALLS," a new play by George Abbott and Dana Burnet, with Muni Wisenfreund and Clara Langsner in the chief roles, will open Monday night at the John Golden Theatre, presented by John Golden.

"ENCHANTED ISLE," an operetta by Ida Hoyt, will open Monday night at the Lyric Theatre. Greek Evans, Kathryn Reece, Hansford Wilson, Basil Ruysdael, Margo Waldron, George E. Mack and Madeline Gray are in the cast.

TUESDAY.

"LOVERS AND ENEMIES," by Artyzabosheff, will be presented by The Grand Street Players for a series of special matinees on Tuesdays and Thursdays, beginning Tuesday at the Little Theatre. The cast includes: Leo Bulgakov, Albert Carroll, Eva Condon, Otto Hulcius, Lily Lubell, Marc Loebell, Esther Mitchell, John F. Roche, Joanna Roos, and Paula Trueman.

"THE COMMAND TO LOVE," a comedy from the German of Rudolph Lothar and Fritz Gottwald, adapted by Herman Bernstein and Brian Marlow, will open Tuesday at the Longacre Theatre. Brady and Winan in association with John Tuerk are the producers. Mary Nash, Basil Rathbone, Violet Kemble Cooper and Henry Stephenson are the featured players.

THURSDAY

"CREOLES," by Samuel Shipman and Kenneth Perkins will have its delayed premiere at the Klaw Theatre Thursday night, presented by Richard Herndon. The leading roles will be played by Helen Chandler, Princess Matchabelli, Natacha Rambova, George Nash and Allan Dinehart.