

Rally All Labor In Fight Against N. Y. Injunctions

(Special to The Daily Worker)

NEW YORK CITY, Sept. 17.—The new Madison Square Garden will revive the memory of notable labor demonstrations held in the old structure now gone when every labor organization in Greater New York will participate next Tuesday at 5:30 p. m. in a mass meeting called by 40,000 striking cloakmakers in protest against the temporary injunction issued to cloak manufacturers by Supreme Court Justice Charles L. Guy.

While individual pickets are disregarding service of these injunctions on the picket line in the garment zone as an abrogation of their constitutional guarantees of peaceful assemblage, labor leaders in the city are priming themselves for a contest both in the courts and on the picket line with their traditional enemy—injunction against peaceful picketing.

Current Events

By T. J. O'FLAHERTY

THE league of nations, organized ostensibly to enforce peace, is the theater of a struggle between England and France for control. The league can be of use to the winner in the diplomatic war that is being waged between the two countries. All this jockeying for permanent seats and non-permanent seats on the council has to do with this rivalry between the former allies.

WITH Poland, Roumania, Belgium and Czechoslovakia on the council, France can outvote England. But England, no doubt, will drag in some other puppets and the game will continue until diplomacy can no longer solve the problem and England will find some convenient slogan to give the world as her reason for waging war against France.

THE Journal of Commerce of New York, considered the leading business newspaper in the United States, has published a special edition on the Soviet Union, with the object of arousing public opinion in favor of recognition of the U. S. S. R. by the United States. The Journal of Commerce has turned out an excellent piece of work. There are articles by prominent individuals in the Soviet Union, in Germany, France, England and the United States. All agree that the opportunities for extending American business in Russia are great. Maps are printed showing the various kinds of mineral wealth with which the soil abounds, and where those minerals are located.

THE Journal of Commerce makes it quite clear that Communism is just as repugnant to its capitalist soul as it is to William Green. But much capital is lying idle in the United States and it is looking for a job. A dollar in profit from Russia is just as welcome to the American investor as a dollar from Italy. The U. S. S. R. has no use for capitalism and is building up a socialist economy on the ruins of capitalism. Our American capitalists, those who favor recognition, believe that the sooner the Soviet Union's industries are developed the sooner will Communism be relegated to the limbo of history. The Soviet government does not think so. Neither does THE DAILY WORKER.

IN all probability another year or so will see the United States well on the way to recognition of the Soviet Union. When such an influential paper as the Journal of Commerce openly espouses such a move something is liable to happen. Nothing succeeds like success. The very people who were demanding unending war on the Workers' Republic a few years ago are now spending thousands of dollars in a campaign for recognition.

QUEEN MARIE of the bankrupt government of Roumania is sailing for the United States on the giant liner Leviathan on October 12. We are in (Continued on page 2.)

TUMULTY AND CORBISHLEY HEARTILY RECEIVED BY HARRISBURG, ILL., MINERS

(Special to The Daily Worker)

HARRISBURG, Ill., Sept. 17.— Joseph Tumulty, candidate for president of the Illinois Mine Workers' Union and Henry Corbishley, well-known as the chief defendant of the famous Zeigler frame-up case spoke to an enthusiastic audience of miners in the court house here last night.

The workers evinced much interest in Tumulty's statements of policy and generally agreed, in a discussion that followed, that the organization would have to make a change from "Farringtonism" or it cannot survive.

STATE'S CASE SHOWS UP WEAK IN SACCO TRIAL

Prosecution Fails to Shake Defense

BULLETIN

DEDHAM, Mass., Sept. 17.— Motion for a new trial for Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti, convicted slayers, will be under advisement for several weeks.

Judge Webster Thayer, sitting today in Norfolk County superior court, so announced at the conclusion of the rebuttal argument by defense counsel.

By ESTHER LOWELL

(Federated Press Staff Correspondent) BOSTON, Sept. 17.— The prosecution in the Sacco-Vanzetti case today opened up by attacking the credibility of Celestino Madeiros, whose confession declares that neither of the two Italian workers are guilty of the murder charged against them. Assistant District Attorney Dudley Ranney said that it was common for criminals to confess crimes of others, citing the Kelly case in Massachusetts.

Ranney charged that Sacco had lacked diligence by destroying the early notes of Madeiros concerning the Braintree crime. He stated that both Sacco and Vanzetti lacked diligence by not filing the affidavit of the spy Ruzumait when former defense counsel Fred Moore obtained it four years ago, and also for apparently concealing the Moller testimony implicating Joe Morelli three years ago.

Thompson Punctures Argument Defense Counsel William Thompson had argued that these documents were meaningless when secured without the light of the Madeiros confession.

Ranney attacked the introduction of evidence of spies being active against Sacco and Vanzetti as irrelevant. "Altho it may be called an extreme method," he said, "police intimidation is not unusual." He attacked former Federal Agents Wey and Lethbrum for violating secrecy, the watchword of detectives, implying a "breach of loyalty." Ranney continues tomorrow.

Thompson, in closing, hit at Judge Thayer's acceptance of the theory of consciousness of guilt in charging the Sacco-Vanzetti jury. He asked for the same test for the Morelli when cornered, as the Jacob's affidavit shows.

"This case started in an atmosphere of persecution and intolerance," said Thompson. He attacked the notorious "Red raids" of 1920 and explained that the so-called "consciousness of guilt" of Sacco and Vanzetti was their fear of the fate that awaited them merely for being radicals.

Thompson again emphasized the unanswered testimony of federal agents who believed Sacco and Vanzetti to be innocent of the Braintree crime. He insisted that no ulterior purpose should be permitted to enter into the decision as to whether Sacco and Vanzetti were guilty or innocent.

Enough for New Trial. "The mere suppression of evidence by federal authorities is sufficient to grant a new trial," said Thompson.

He reiterated the fact of the world interest in the case and said the dealing with elementary questions of right or wrong was not a legal technicality. During the speaking, Judge Thayer was smiling sarcastically and seems to be more at ease since the state's case was begun.

MOTION PICTURE SHOWING PASSAIC STRIKE IS READY

PASSAIC, N. J., Sept. 17.—"The Passaic Strike," a motion picture of the heroic struggle of the 16,000 Passaic textile strikers for a union and a living wage, is now ready, and will be shown shortly in all of the leading labor centers of the country.

Nothing will so simply, graphically and vividly bring home the big strike and its lessons to the workingclass as will this gripping motion picture of strike events snapped as they occurred.

In this picture, the Passaic textile strikers are shown in action, facing with magnificent courage and superb fortitude the brutal attacks of the mill barons, braving police clubs and shot guns, fire hose in zero weather, gas bombs, and withstanding the starvation offensives and strikebreaking attempts of the bosses and their tools.

The huge mass meetings of strikers are shown, with the strike leaders and outside speakers addressing the strikers. Relief activities are depicted, the food stores, the picket line lunch counters, the Victory Playground for the strikers' children.

FILIPINO PROFESSOR, AN OSMENA FOLLOWER, OPPOSES INDEPENDENCE



JUAN MAXIMO DE NARAY, of the University of the Philippines is another of the so-called independence advocates who follow Sen. Osmena, suddenly stricken with a case of cold feet. The professor has announced himself in favor of a "round table conference" to compromise the question.

CHEER COOK AND SMITH IN LONDON

Excitement Reigns as Baldwin Dickers

(Special to The Daily Worker)

LONDON, Sept. 17.—Unusual scenes and tense excitement prevailed in Downing street today as Premier Baldwin made efforts to bring about negotiations for the settlement of the coal strike.

A huge crowd, aided by a uniformed band from Wales, assembled before 10 Downing street and welcomed the leaders of the striking miners, Herbert Smith and A. J. Cook, as they entered a conference with the premier.

As Cook and Smith entered by the front door, Evan Williams, representative of the operators, left by the rear door. Williams had been summoned into conference by the premier to discuss the possibility of the operators proceeding to negotiate district agreements for the settlement of the strike, these district agreements to be later given approval by the national body of miners. The Miners' Federation has recently opposed district agreements in previous negotiations.

After the conferences were under way the police dispersed the crowds in Downing street and Whitehall. Raid Workers' Literature. Flying squadrons from Scotland Yard made two raids during the night, seizing Communist literature dealing with the strike situation.

Additional terrorism of the Baldwin government to aid the mine owners break the strike is reported from Doncaster, where repeated brutal police charges against the mass picket line of 2,000 miners and their wives resulted in many miners injured and arrested.

The pickets were posted to stop the return to work of the so-called "safety men," some of whom are digging coal while posing as workers keeping the mines in repair. The police attacked the picket line, including the women, with clubs, when the miners sang the "Red Flag" and jeered the scabs. There was no violence but that used by the police.

N. Y. Window Cleaners May Strike October 1

NEW YORK, Sept. 17.—(FP)—New York window cleaners who balance like flies on the narrow copings of the windows of the tall apartment houses and office buildings object to risk their lives more than 44 hours a week. They threaten—thru the Window Cleaners' Protective Association—to strike October 1 unless the 44-hour week is granted, as well as a \$44 minimum wage. They also demand the elimination of the non-union men who have been making their appearances on jobs.

Employers organized in the Amalgamated Window Cleaning Employers' Association are complaining, not merely at the union's demands but at a successful co-operative window cleaning company, the Mineola Window Cleaning Co., that the union has promoted and which has been getting a lot of business away from them.

HARRY FISHWICK EXPOSED WITH F. FARRINGTON

Signed Names on Note for Peabody Boss

Harry Fishwick, president of the Illinois Miners' Union, by action of the district executive board after Farrington was deposed, is now a candidate to succeed himself for that office. State Senator William Sneed, of Herrin, has withdrawn from the contest and agreed to accept the position of vice-president so that the reactionary front may not be broken when the ballots are cast next December.

Sneed was the candidate of John L. Lewis against Farrington before the latter's contract with the Peabody Coal Company came to light. When Lewis "got the goods" on Farrington and forced his deposition as district president Fishwick announced his candidacy. Fishwick is a Farrington man.

Clean-Cut Issue.

As the situation stands now, there is a clean-cut issue between the reactionaries led by Fishwick and the progressives led by Joseph Tumulty of the Springfield sub-district. The exposure of Farrington in the role of retainer of the Peabody Coal Company puts the reactionaries on the defensive. So far none of them, outside of John L. Lewis, commented publicly on the matter. To all appearances they do not consider the sell-out a question that should interest the coal diggers of Illinois.

To Refresh Memories.

The reactionaries hope that the miners will forget all about Farrington in the coming campaign. But the coal diggers know that Fishwick and Sneed and Lewis and the whole bureaucratic district machine are tarred with the same Peabody brush and that Fishwick in particular was Farrington's loyal lieutenant in all the dirty work the deposed official was guilty of during his official life in the Illinois Miners' Union.

Some Telling Evidence.

Should Mr. Fishwick attempt to deny any connection with the Peabody Coal Company activities of Frank Farrington, THE DAILY WORKER is taking the trouble to call (Continued on page 2)

ILL. LABOR MAY APPEAL TO THE STATE ASSEMBLY

Pursues Legalism to Beat Injunctions

STREATOR, Ill., Sept. 17.—The reorganization of the once active Illinois state conference of printers was the principal business accomplished at today's session of the Illinois Federation of Labor here. This, and the adoption of resolution, occupied the entire day.

The printers' conference, made up of 52 different classes of printers' groups, was reorganized for the avowed purpose of securing equal and uniform wages for its members. William J. Hedger, Chicago, was elected president, Harry B. Schaudt, vice-president and W. R. Bean, Streator, secretary and treasurer.

Disobedience Beats Any "Recourse." The federation went on record as favorable recourse to the state general assembly if the state supreme court upholds the decision of Judge Denis E. Sullivan denying the constitutionality of the injunction and limitation laws.

It also adopted resolutions opposing "yellow dog" contracts by employers and favoring an increase of \$10 in the state auto license fees, the excess to be held as a compensation fund for persons injured in motor accidents. Such victims, according to the federation's program would receive \$4 per day while they are disabled and \$2 per day while receiving medical attention. Dependents of persons killed would receive a lump sum of \$5,500.

Tragic Love Suicide.

BEARDSTOWN, Ill., Sept. 17.—A clandestine love affair between the wife of a railroad engineer and the telegraph dispatcher who gave him his orders ended in tragedy here today when Mrs. Mary Young, mother of three children, shot and killed herself with a shot-gun as she got in her sweetheart's automobile.

Prisoners Repair Levee.

FORT MADISON, Iowa, Sept. 17.—Twenty-five prisoners from the state penitentiary here today were pressed into service in an effort to reinforce the levee along the Skunk River, eight miles north of here.

"Keep The Daily Worker"

Every Supporter of the Daily Must Subscribe Immediately to Meet the Crisis Our Paper Is Facing.

The supporters of THE DAILY WORKER are responding to the need of the \$50,000 "Keep the Daily Worker" fund. Subscriptions for the "Keep the Daily Worker" certificates are being received in every mail in a considerable number.

The \$50,000 "Keep the Daily Worker" fund is being raised to insure the publication of THE DAILY WORKER for another year. If this amount is raised during the next three month campaign THE DAILY WORKER will be on a sound footing. It will be able to clear off its pressing debts and prepare the ground for a subscription drive which will increase the number of its readers and supporters. This fund will insure to the revolutionary working class movement its daily English fighting organ to voice its program of class struggle.

The raising of this \$50,000 fund in the next three months can be accomplished. The past record of the supporters of THE DAILY WORKER shows that with an intensive campaign among the friends of THE DAILY WORKER, with organized support from the nuclei of the Workers (Communist) Party, with mass meetings, entertainments, celebrations such a fund to "KEEP THE DAILY WORKER" will be contributed.

The achieving of this goal will be easier this year than in the past because of the broader support which the Workers (Communist) Party has won in the past year thru such campaigns in the interest of the workers as the campaign for protection of the foreign-born workers, thru the successful furriers' strike in New York, thru its achievements in organization of the unorganized workers in the Passaic strike, which represents the biggest advance in the American labor movement in recent years.

We Must Meet the Immediate Crisis!

There is, however, an immediate crisis which THE DAILY WORKER must overcome. THE DAILY WORKER has now to meet the accumulated obligations of the past year with the added difficulties resulting from the low income of the summer months.

To meet this crisis, which is endangering THE DAILY WORKER, the readers of THE DAILY WORKER have been appealed to for immediate contributions to the "Keep the Daily Worker" fund. The organized campaign of the Workers (Communist) Party organizes this work some time to get under way. Help must be secured immediately thru the raising of \$10,000 thru individual contributions.

We ask the readers of THE DAILY WORKER to rally to its support and carry it thru the financial crisis represented by the need of this \$10,000. The money is needed to meet pressing obligations for our paper supply and plant payroll and accumulated debts. The raising of this \$10,000 in ten days will leave the road clear for the main campaign and make certain that the revolutionary working class movement will retain its fighting organ.

We urge every reader of THE DAILY WORKER to come to the aid of THE DAILY WORKER immediately by sending in a remittance for the "Keep the Daily Worker" certificates.

Many of our readers can subscribe \$10. There are some who can subscribe from \$25 to \$100. There are some thousands who can subscribe \$5 each AND EVERY READER WHO IS NOT IN THE ABOVE CATEGORIES CAN AT LEAST SEND \$1.

THE DAILY WORKER needs a real demonstration of solidarity and support to carry it thru the present crisis.

Such a demonstration will not only carry THE DAILY WORKER thru the present serious crisis. It will be a demonstration of the spirit of the revolutionary movement which will give a big impetus to every phase of the work of the movement.

We ask every reader of THE DAILY WORKER to help make this demonstration. Keep THE DAILY WORKER by helping it meet the crisis in its affairs. Give whole-hearted support to the campaign for the "Keep the Daily Worker" fund.

Send in a subscription and remittance for the "Keep the Daily Worker" certificates.

Send it immediately after reading this appeal. Make the subscription as large as you can.

Help make an impressive demonstration of solidarity and support of the revolutionary working class movement.

And— "Keep the Daily Worker!"

Central Committee, Workers (Communist) Party, C. E. RUTHENBERG, General Secretary.

Colorado Voters Fear Victor in Primary May Be Pillow Case Toter

DENVER, Colo., Sept. 17.—Has Charles W. Waterman, victor over U. S. Senator Rice W. Means, director of the Klan in Colorado, a nifty K. K. K. night shirt hidden away in his political wardrobe?

This is a question that is being seriously asked today after the first wave of rejoicing over the victory of the anti-Klan elements receded. Waterman and Means are both pillars of the G. O. P. In view of the fact that Waterman never opened his mouth against the Klan, voters who were induced to support him on the ground that he was a foe of Kluxism are wondering if they were not played for a bunch of suckers.

Canada's Conservative Government to Resign Monday; King Steps In

TORONTO, Ont., Sept. 17.—The conservative cabinet of Prime Minister Arthur Meighen has met and decided to resign Monday, giving over the government to the liberal MacKenzie King. The province of Ontario will hold a provincial election early in November.

Killed by Lightning. WOODBURN, Ore., Sept. 17.—Struck by a bolt of lightning as they were taking refuge from a storm beneath a tree, Edith Pokerny, 16, and her aunt, Stella Pokerny, 33, were instantly killed and Edith's two younger sisters were severely burned near here last night.

BRITISH TOILER ACCEPTS NANCY ASTOR'S DE FY

Goes to Live in U.S.S.R. with His Family

LONDON—(By Mail)—When Nancy Astor, tory M. P. issued her challenge to British believers in the Soviet regime to go to the U. S. S. R. and live there perhaps she expected there would be no one to accept. She was mistaken.

James Morton, a Scotchman, 48 years of age, an iron-moulder by trade, who has been living in Liverpool for years left for Leningrad with his wife and two children to work and live in the Soviet republic.

Nancy Paid For Fare. Lady Astor paid their traveling expenses as she promised.

Morton declared living conditions in Russia, granted that they could be as bad as they were pictured by enemies of the Workers' Republic, could not be any worse than what the average worker is up against in Great Britain.

Had Prospects of Job. "I can't speak the language, but I have prospects of a job," he told a reporter.

"Things may be thin over there. I don't know. But they'll have to be fearfully thin to be less than they have been for me here. I'm a skilled man—I served a seven years' apprenticeship, but all I can get is £3 2s. 6d. a week—sometimes—and think myself lucky to get it compared with other skilled workers in the engineering trades. Since 1921 I have been out of work more than half the time. So I'm not afraid that things will be too bad for me to bear.

Complete Confidence. "I don't think any man could show a more complete confidence in the Soviet regime than I am showing now. I'm taking what I hold most precious—my wife and my two young children, a boy aged eight and a girl a year older—and I am certain my trust won't be misplaced. If ever I want west I'd rather leave them in the hands of our Russian comrades than in the hands of the Liverpool board of guardians.

Knows Something of Conditions. "I have been secretary of the 'Hands of Russia' and the Russian relief committees in Liverpool, so I know something of conditions in Russia. I'm not going with a money-grabbing aim. A workers' State in the stage of transition can't be a milk-and-honey land. It has to suffer for the sins of its capitalist predecessors. But I want to be there in that period of transition. I want to stand shoulder to shoulder with our Russian comrades in their struggle. I like to think that I shall be a sort of ambassador."

Mr. Morton and his family left London on board the Gerzen, of the Russian State Merchant and Passenger Service.

Send The DAILY WORKER for one month to your shop-mate.

Bishop Brown's New Book



"MY HERESIES"

An autobiography of Bishop Brown. Just Received in Attractive Clothbound Edition \$2.00

To those who work hard for their money, I will save 50 per cent on their dental work.

DR. M. RASNICK DENTIST 2050 Center Ave., Cor. Errin St. PITTSBURGH, PA.

GOING TO CALIFORNIA?

Room for three passengers to San Francisco by auto. To leave soon from Chicago. Expense light. Address P. B. Cowdery, c/o Daily Worker.

Scores Die, Millions in Property Destroyed As Swollen Rivers Flood Northern Japan



Northern Japan suffers floods which cause the death of scores, injuries to many more and the destruction of millions in property. Photo shows Yamagata in the midst of the flood caused by the unprecedented rising of the river Mogami.

LITHUANIAN WORKERS OF CHICAGO ESTABLISH "VILNIS" AS A DAILY

By VICTOR A. ZOKAITIS.

Today is a red-letter day for Lithuanian Communists. Today "Vilnis" (Surge) appears as a daily. With the appearance of the daily "Vilnis" the Lithuanian Communists will now have two daily mouthpieces in this country. "Laisve" (Freedom) has been a daily for many years. It has carried on excellent work in the eastern part of this country rallying Lithuanian workers for a fight against their exploiters. It has gained in influence as the influence of the Lithuanian clericals, nationalists and social-democrats has waned.

Combats Clericals And Reformists. The need for a daily similar to "Laisve" has been felt for many years in Chicago. Here the social-democrats have their daily "Naujienos," and the clericals their daily "Draugas" (Friend) By the time "Laisve" reached Chicago it was several days old. Many Lithuanian workers have not learned to read the English language. They must depend upon the daily Lithuanian papers for their news. They seek to get the paper with the latest news. The circulation of "Laisve" therefore could not grow beyond the small circle of party members and sympathizers because of this fact.

The need of a paper to combat the lies of both the social-democrat and the clerical press in Chicago forced the Lithuanian comrades to issue the weekly "Zarijas" (Ember) immediately after the left wing split in the Lithuanian socialist federation. This publication was short-lived. The persecution which followed the Palmer red raids forced it to cease publication.

A Daily Needed.

April, 1920, the weekly "Vilnis" (Surge) was issued. The Lithuanian socialists, about this time, began to run full-page ads advertising all kinds of fake promotion schemes. Hundreds of thousands of dollars were saved by many Lithuanian workers were carried away in these fake schemes. "Vilnis" took an active part in the exposure of these schemes. Its influence began to grow greater and greater among the workers.

In September 1921 "Vilnis" appeared as a semi-weekly. At first it seemed as if it would be possible to carry on the fight with this semi-weekly. Later events proved that nothing less than a daily would be needed to entirely destroy the influence of these anti-working class elements.

Fruit of Six Months' Work. Agitation for a daily "Vilnis" began. Many comrades feared to take the step. As time went on the need for a daily grew so strong that these comrades were forced by the circumstances they found themselves in to come forward and agitate for a daily. The daily "Vilnis" now appears after an intense six months' campaign. With the appearance of the daily "Vilnis" not only should it be a day of rejoicing for the Lithuanian Communists but it should be a day of rejoicing for workers of other languages.

Co-operatives Handle Mongolian Trade; U. S. and British Shut Out

MOSCOW, Sept. 17.—Nikiforov, representative in Mongolia for the Soviet Union, reports to the official Tass News Agency that trade in Mongolia is almost wholly in the hands of the native co-operators. It amounts to about \$20,000,000 annual turnover and is based chiefly on the cattle breeding industry.

American and British imports have almost ceased in the past three years, but Chinese capital represents about half of the total commercial investment. The Mongolian bank has reorganized the finances of the country and established a budget. Manufacturers are now being introduced under Russian guidance.

A subscription to The DAILY WORKER for one month to the members of your union is a good way. Try it.

BANDITS KILL RICH RETIRED U. S. MERCHANT

Kidnaping Plot to Discredit Calles

MEXICO CITY, Sept. 17.—Jacob Rosenthal, retired American merchant of Woodmere N. Y., who was kidnaped by Mexican bandits on Sunday, has been stabbed to death, according to official dispatches received here today.

Clashed With Troops. The killing of Rosenthal came when the bandits clashed with federal troops near Cuernavaca, the reports said.

The police and military had located the bandits and were closing in on them. The bandits sent out a demand for \$10,000 for ransom of Rosenthal and the police resorted to a ruse, pretending to send the money to a rendezvous for Rosenthal's delivery. When the bandits arrived with Rosenthal, there was an attempt by the police to rescue him and a battle ensued. While the fighting was in progress Rosenthal was stabbed by the bandits.

Plot to Discredit Calles. Two of the bandits were captured but the remainder escaped and troops and police are hot on their trail.

Rosenthal's body has been recovered. Rosenthal was kidnaped Sunday while motoring to Mexico City from Cuernavaca, where he had been spending the week-end. In some quarters it has been alleged that the kidnaping was part of a plot to discredit the Calles government with the United States.

French Force Turks to Turn Over Lotus Case to World Court

PARIS, Sept. 17.—The "Lotus affair" has been submitted to the world court by Turkey for its adjudication. Lieutenant Desmons of the ship Lotus, held by Turkey on charges of manslaughter, has been released.

The case arose when the French steamer Lotus in Greek waters off Mytilene ran down a Turkish coaster, the Bozkurt, drowning eight Turks. The French denied jurisdiction to Turkish courts, but Desmons was held as the second officer of the Lotus in command of the bridge at the time.

Premier Poincare practically had given the Turks an ultimatum, when Turkey gave in and turned over the affair to the world court. The French contend the affair took place on the high sea and should not be the subject of Turkish jurisdiction. Turkey is not a member of the league or the court.

Get a copy of the American Worker Correspondent. It's only 5 cents.



TONIGHT

The next, eleventh issue of Prolet-Tribune, the living newspaper issued by the worker correspondents of the Novy Mir, will be out next Saturday, September 18, at the Workers' House, 1902 W. Division St. It is the first indoor issue after the summer season.

All who understand the Russian language are invited. Admission is only 25 cents. Beginning at 8 p. m.

FRANCE WARNS FASCIST RULE NOT TO MEDDLE

Right of Asylum for Refugees Upheld

PARIS, Sept. 17.—Premier Poincare has called in the Italian ambassador, Signor Avezzana, and told him plainly that France will regard any further officially inspired criticism of French hospitality of foreign political refugees as an unfriendly act of an extreme flagrancy.

Aimed at Mussolini. This is aimed directly at Mussolini's Rome speech, in which he attacked France for giving political refuge to Italians who have fled from the fascist terror of Mussolini's regime.

In addition, M. Roger, French charge d'affaires in Rome, has protested to the general secretary of the fascist party, Bordonaco, against fascist demonstrations hostile to France.

Fascists Threaten France. Coincident with this, however, the fascist party executive has issued a statement viciously attacking France and threatening reprisal.

"The land of France," says the statement, "for whose safety some of our 500,000 war dead fell, has been for years the most hospitable land for all those hatching in their perfidious hearts hatred against Italy. All this cannot longer be tolerated."

France is warned to change her conduct or the fascists "will know how to act."

Dispatches from Rome give the names published by the fascist government of a list of political refugees who have sought safety abroad from the fascist terror, most of them living in France. It is announced that action is taken to deprive these refugees of their Italian citizenship. Among them are Cesare Rossi, Carlo Bazzi, Giuseppe Grimaldi and Massimo Roca.

Martial Law at Trieste. That the Italian people are restless under the fascist dictatorship and there exists division in authority is indicated by news leaking thru the censor to Vienna sources, telling of martial law being declared at Trieste following a pitched battle between fascists and the regular police.

RECIPROCITY IN TRADE EXPECTED WITH CANADIANS

Liberal-Progressive Coalition in View

TORONTO, Ont., Sept. 17.—With the 119 liberal party candidates elected, together with eight progressives, 11 united farmers' alliance men, three laborites and two independents, which are general allies of the liberals on the tariff question, it is expected that MacKenzie King, liberal leader, will have about 50 majority over the 91 conservative members of the new Canadian parliament.

The tariff issue was the leading question. Premier Meighan of the Conservatives standing for a high tariff against imports from the United States, went down to defeat even in his own constituency and is expected to retire from public life.

MacKenzie King of the liberals stands for a low tariff policy, and as against the conservatives on this issue can get the support of the western progressives, some of whom are for complete free trade and all even stronger than the liberals for low tariff.

It is expected the Meighan cabinet will assemble and resign, leaving the way open for MacKenzie King to form a coalition liberal-progressive cabinet.

League of Nations in Talk of Disarmament; But Not One Disarms

GENEVA, Sept. 17.—The "Third Committee," which is dealing with disarmament matters in a painfully slow fashion, has taken up the matter of limiting the private manufacture of arms. France and England surprised the committee by saying that a general disarmament conference could be called before autumn of next year.

Such "haste" astonished the committee, which pointed out that the armament experts, including those of the United States, have been working for several months without arriving at any agreement on even the definition of armament.

Mr. Boncour of France held out that the matter of private manufacture could be taken up at a general conference, which need not wait until a year from now, and a compromise was reached that if a general disarmament conference could be held before the eighth league assembly, private manufacturers would be dealt with there, but if not the question would be taken up at a special conference.

Count Bernstorff of Germany warned against too many disarmament conferences.

The budget for the league's next year's expenses, including those of the world court, was discussed. It runs up to \$5,000,000.



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VII

The first rain of the season was falling, and Bunny got in fairly late and found that Eunice was at home, and had not carried out her threat to get another lover. No, she was trying an experiment she had read about in a book of her mother's, a thing called "mental telepathy," you sat and shut your eyes and "concentrated," "willing" that somebody should do something, and then they would do it, and the "new thought" doctrine would be vindicated. Eunice was trying it, and when she heard Bunny's step on the veranda, she sprang up with a little shriek of delight and rushed into his arms, and while she smothered him with kisses she told him about this marvellous triumph of experimental psychology. "Oh, Bunny, I just knew you couldn't be so cruel to me! I knew you'd come, because I'm all alone, Mamma has gone to raise money for the Serbian orphans. Oh, Bunny, come on!"—and she started to draw him toward the stairs.

Bunny didn't think that was quite the thing, and tried to hold back, but she smothered his protest in kisses. "You silly boy, are we going out and park in the rain? Or do you want to go to a hotel here in town, where everybody knows us?"

"But, your mother, Eunice—"

"Mother, bunk!" said Eunice. "Mother has a lover and I know it, and she knows I know it. If she don't know about you and me, it's time she was making a guess. So you come up to my room."

"But how'll I get out, Eunice?"

"You'll get out when I let you out, and maybe it'll be morning, and you'll be treated with decent hospitality."

"But Eunice, I never heard of such a thing!"

"Bunny, you talk like your grandmother!"

"But what about the servants, dear?"

"Servants, hell!" said Eunice. "You can run your home to please the servants, but that's not our way—at least not tonight!"

And to save Bunny any embarrassment, she kept him in her room in the morning while she broke the news to her mother; and if there were any mental agonies Bunny never knew it, because the patroness of the Serbian orphans breakfasted in bed, reading in the morning paper the account of her fashionable philanthropies.

After that, the ice was broken—as the French have observed, it is the first step that counts, though it is doubtful if any parent in old-fashioned France has been compelled to take quite so long a step as this. The rainy season continued, making outdoor petting parties uncomfortable, so whenever he was commanded, Bunny would stay in Eunice's home, and it was all quite domestic and regular according to advanced modern standards. In fact, there was only one small detail left, and Bunny suggested that: "Eunice, why shouldn't we go and get married, and have it over with?"

He was surprised by the vehemence of the girl's reaction. "Oh, Bunny, we're having such a happy time, and why do you want to ruin it?"

"But why would that ruin it?"

"All married people are miserable. I know, because I've watched them. Mamma and Papa would give a million dollars—well, maybe not that much, but certainly a couple of hundred thousand, if they could get loose without having to go through all the fuss in the courts, and the horrid things the newspapers would publish, and their pictures and all."

"But we won't have to do that, dear."

"How do you know we mightn't? If we got married, you'd think you had a right to me, and then you wouldn't do what I say anymore, and I wouldn't be happy. Oh, let's do our own way, and not what other people try to make us. All my life other people have been making me do things, and I've been fighting them—even you, Bunny-bear." She had a score of such appellatives for him, because, as you can understand, his name was adapted to petting-party uses; they were dancing a new contrivance known as the Bunny-hug, and he heard a lot about that.

You went about in this prosperous and fashionable society, and on the surface everything was decorous and proper, fitting the marital formulas laid down in the laws and preached in the churches. But when you got under the surface—anywhere, high or low—what you found was that human beings, finding themselves unhappy, had come to private understandings. Husbands and wives set one another free, they made exchanges of partners, they brought friends into their homes, who were in reality substitute husbands or wives; there were companions and secretaries and governesses and cousins who played such roles—and when the children found it out, they were in position to put pressure on their parents, a kind of informal family blackmail, good for motor-cars and fur-coats and strings of pearls, and most precious of all, the right to have your own way.

(To be continued.)

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WHAT AND HOW TO READ

By V. F. CALVERTON.

IN contemporary American literature there are few dramas and fewer novels that deal with the class struggle in a definite or direct fashion. All of them, however, reveal its influence in both style and substance.

The cry attributed to Chaulipain, "I am neither bourgeois nor proletarian. I am an artist," no longer arrests, since we know that art is dependent as much upon social life for its conceptions as is politics or philosophy, and the artist, therefore, is neither free of social compulsion nor aloof from social struggles. It is because art seems so removed into a blue-mist world of illusion that the connection between its substance and that of the social world is so seldom detected.

In the novels of the nineteenth century the virtues and ambitions of the bourgeoisie were extolled. Toward the end of the century proletarian sentimentality began to multiply. With the 20th century a distinct anti-bourgeois trend had developed in art.

Theodore Dreiser is an expression of that anti-bourgeois trend. Dreiser is no proletarian. He is neither class-conscious nor class-inspired. Although his heroes very often represent the period of individualistic development and achievement that belong to the early days of capitalism, Dreiser's whole attitude toward the ethics of the bourgeoisie is one of disgust and devaluation. The smugness of bourgeois virtue he scorns. The religiosity of the Victorian bourgeoisie he ridicules with callous gesture. The money-madness of our civilization he records with weary contempt. In the optimism of the 19th century bourgeois—

"The snail's on the thorn,
The bird's on the wing,
God's in his heaven,
All's well with the world."

Dreiser represents the spirit of social decadence. Futility is his dominant note. Faith has fled. Social reconstruction appears but a myth. He has no hope, no aim—only an unreluctant resignation to futility. The proletariat means nothing more to him than the bourgeoisie. Men as a whole do not awaken in him the promise of prophecy. Progress is a delusion.

Yet in his very contempt for man Dreiser paints life in patterns that have social significance. That is why one should read "An American Tragedy," which is his latest and best novel, and which is the most effective literary achievement of a contemporary American.

"An American Tragedy" does not deal with the life of the proletariat, although its hero is never more than a minor foreman in a collar factory. Its tragedy is one of sex and social aspiration. Clyde Griffiths, the son of a religious parents, after an automobile catastrophe that drove him from his home town, finally finds work and a mistress in his uncle's establishment. Pregnancy converted his mistress from a source of pleasure into an organ of pain. His aim to marry Sondra, a girl in rich society, is endangered by the pregnancy of his mistress, who threatens to disclose their liaison. Clyde, driven by ambition, arranges a scene for the murder of his mistress, loses his courage at the crucial moment, but finally allows Roberta to drown when their boat is capsized. He is tried, convicted and electrocuted.

The story is simple, and aside from its sex candor is not peculiarly modern in spirit or peculiarly original in structure. Its protagonist is a character of weak, irresponsible type, whose aspirations are devoted neither to the promise and passion of the poetic life nor to the elusive task of reshaping an unjust and joyless world. Its substance is not new and its situations, taken in outline, savor of the melodramatic. On its face, it promises little to poet or prophet.

It was Voltaire, however, who wrote in his preface to Herod and Marianne that—

expression of them that the man of genius is easily discerned from the imitator, and which in the process of interpretation acquires artistic power.

If one is anxious to see American literature grow out of its adolescence into maturity, one cannot ignore Dreiser's "An American Tragedy." Dreiser is a transitional novelist. His contempt for the bourgeoisie stands out in sharp contrast to the adoration of the bourgeoisie which characterized the novels of William Dean Howells, the leading American fictionist of the last half of the 19th and the first part of the 20th century. From this transitional literature will eventually spring a genuine proletarian literature—already palpitating in embryo—which will combine hatred of the bourgeoisie with appreciation of the proletariat.

"An American Tragedy" is not written in an arresting style that detains the reader by its rhythm or pure euphony of phrase. Like all of Dreiser's novels, it is written in a halting, circumlocutory, obese prose. In places, however, Dreiser has outwitted himself and actually achieved the elegant. The addition and multiplication of phrases and parentheses, nevertheless, gives a formidable solidity to the book that a more finished, freer stylist would have been unable to create. As in the novels of Zola, the indefatigable collection of detail, the slow, steady accretion of incidents—

Send us the name and address of a progressive worker to whom we can send a sample copy of THE DAILY WORKER.

ASH! TIMES ARE CHANGING, VOY? YES, WE CAN USE YOU NOW AGAINST RUSSIA

GERMANY ADMITTED INTO LEAGUE OF NATIONS TO STRENGTHEN IMPERIALIST ALLIANCE

WHAT GOOD WILL IT DO YOU? YOU HAV'N'T A LABOR PARTY IN N.Y. FOR REPRESENTING THE U.S. GOVERNMENT

MASS MEETING OF 9,000 PASSIVE STRIKERS PRESENT TESTIMONIAL OF GRATITUDE & CONFERENCE TO ALBERT WEISBERG WHO WAS FORGED OUT OF STRIKE LEADERSHIP BY REACTIONARY UNION OFFICIALS & TEXILE BOSSSES BECAUSE HE IS COMMUNIST

NO WE WANT UNITY AND INDEPENDENCE OF THE ENTIRE PHILIPPINES!

MILITANT TRADE UNIONISTS MUST PRESS THIS DEMAND AT THE COMING A.F.L. CONVENTION

ORGANIZE THE UNORGANIZED

AMERICAN CAPITALISTS WANT TO SEPARATE THE NEGRO FROM PHILIPPINES

THE FAT BOYS

CAL REPRUDATED AGAIN

TRASTE OF HIS OWN MEDICINE!

THANKS I'M FOR YOU, SON

BAKON BILL

WISCONSIN POLITICAL FENCE

YES, WE CAN USE YOU NOW AGAINST RUSSIA

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1926

American Capital Conquering Poland

By B. K. GEBERT.

ENGLAND won a victory in Poland against France, when Pilsudski thru a bloody uprising abolished the government of Wojciechowski. Pilsudski is England's man. Pilsudski is proving to be worthy of England's support and its faith in him. Pilsudski is busy preparing for war against the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics and for this Pilsudski is getting further support from England. England is ordering coal will be shipped from Poland to England to help break the strike of the British miners and help Pilsudski to stabilize the country to some extent.

Thanks to big orders from England, the Polish miners are working overtime. The bosses are forcing the miners to work 16 and 20 hours a day.

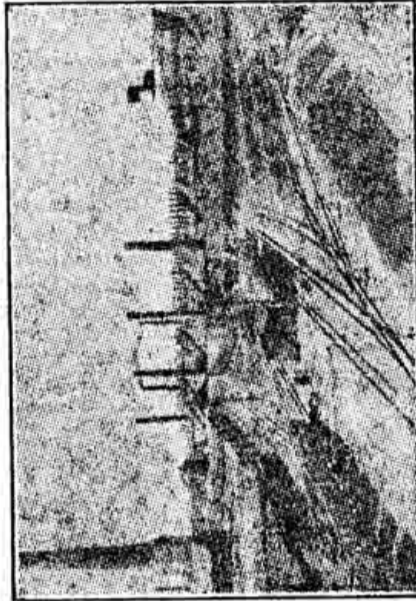
Every attempt of the workers to stop this exploitation and to organize relief for the British miners is met with an iron fist. All literature concerning the British strike is confiscated. The workers' delegates' conference in the Zaglemie Dombrowskie coal region, which met to discuss the problem of how to help their British brothers, was broken up by the armed forces of Pilsudski's government. It is not necessary to mention that the yellow socialists are working in this matter hand in hand with the government, and some of their papers are saying openly that the British strike is permitting Polish industry to gain its place under the sun.

But Poland is not a colony of England today. American capital is busy there getting what is worth getting. Poland is only second to America in the production of zinc. By agreement with Pilsudski's government W. A. Harriman & Co. got absolute control of the Giesche mines in Upper Silesia. The Giesche establishment was valued before the war at \$100,000,000. There are about 30,000 workers working normally in this establishment. After the war part of the establishment was left in Germany, part was given to Poland. Today it is united under the American dollar.

For this huge concession Harriman paid the Polish government \$10,000,000. As the Communist deputy, Varski, said once in the Sejm (parliament), "Poland is for sale, but the price is high yet. So international capital will wait patiently till it can buy Poland cheaper." Pilsudski is selling the country cheaper than the former government. Pilsudski needs money badly for war preparations.

But this is not the whole American capital invested in Poland. The Vacuum Oil Co. invested some \$6,000,000 in oil industries in Galicia. The Radio Corporation of America has built in Warsaw a powerful radio station. The International Match Co., for granting the government a loan of \$5,000,000 gets a monopoly on matches. Ulen & Co. of New York are making a contract for municipal improvements in four towns for \$10,000,000, the is coming to an end.

Dr. Edwina W. Kemmerer and His Commission of Experts Arrive in Warsaw



Gieseche Zinc Works in Polish Silesia Lately Taken Over by American Capital.

money to be loaned by American capitalists. Dillon, Read & Co., banking firm of New York, loaned the Polish government \$35,000,000.

Baldwin Locomotive Works are also doing good business with Poland. Yes, "the republic of Poland" is for sale. The buyers are English and American capitalists and others.

The ruling class is selling its economic independence. It is selling the workers and peasants to international capital, seeing clearly that their rule is coming to an end.



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The Real Need of the Hour

Organize the unorganized is the need and the demand of the hour.

Why should the steel industry continue to be unorganized when it has been proven convincingly and beyond the shadow of a doubt that successful organization is possible?

Remember the experiences of the great steel strike.

Why should the automobile workers remain organized when in every place where they make automobiles the workers demand organization?

Or is it better for the American labor movement that these workers remain helpless slaves of the "enlightened" Henry Ford and his ilk?

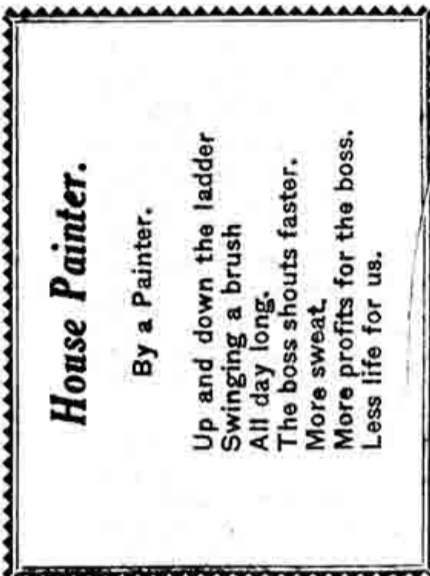
And while we are in the process of asking questions, we will ask a couple more—

Why are the textile workers unorganized?

On the basis of what mysterious reasoning does the American Federation of Labor boycott the organization of the rubber industry? Why should Firestone and the other rubber barons be helped by the labor movement to exploit and oppress the workers?

Organize the unorganized—this must be the message of the trade unionists of America to the forthcoming convention of the A. F. of L.

Alex Bittelman.



House Painter.

By a Painter.

Up and down the ladder
Swinging a brush
All day long.
The boss shouts faster.
More sweat.
More profits for the boss.
Less life for us.

History of the Catholic Church in Mexico

By MANUEL GOMEZ.
CHAPTER IV.
Conclusion.

BRIEF the our study of the history of the Catholic Church in Mexico has been, the conclusions to be drawn from it are inescapable.

The social basis of the church has been medievalism, penance and domination by a priestly and feudal hierarchy. As an integral part of this social order in the past the church piled up great wealth for itself, while it sought to maintain its authority by inquisitorial methods and by keeping the masses of the people in abysmal ignorance.



By Yore

As a religious institution the church is a purveyor of fibrous superstition for the mental enslavement of the masses. But we have seen that it is riddled with the spirit of the Roman Catholic Church in Mexico or anywhere else as a religious institution. The critical organization seeks to pervert every phase of economic and political life. Defenses of church privileges on the grounds of religious freedom are therefore entirely specious—even if the mere mention of tolerance by the institution were not in doubt.

As a political institution the church is a pillar of reaction. It has been exposed as a defender of feudal and semi-feudal privileges, an irreconcilable enemy of Mexican progress, an accomplice of the imperialist designs of foreign capital.

The Record of History.

From the foregoing chapters the reader will have noted that the history of the Mexican people since the Spanish conquest records three great forward movements:

- (1) The struggle for national independence (1810-21);
- (2) The great pro-capitalist reform movement led by Benito Juarez, culminating in the reform laws, the Constitution of 1857 and the long-drawn-out combat with Maximilian's foreign-imperialist empire; (3) the Mexican revolution which began in 1910, overthrowing the military aristocratic dictatorship of Porfirio Diaz, sweeping aside Victoriano Huerta, gradually incorporating the diverse demands of bourgeois democrats, hand-hungry Indian peasants and organized industrial workers in a battle against native aristocracy and foreign imperialism.

What the role of Mexican Catholicism has been in each of these historic upheavals has been made clear to us. In no one of them has the church played a part of which it dares to boast today.

A consistent foe of progress, the church cannot lay claim to a share in a single of the great liberating traditions cherished by modern Mexico.

This is a terrible indictment of any institution. The history of the Mexican people as a whole supplies the best testimony for judging the history of the Catholic Church in Mexico.

Why? Is the Church Today? But the last word of history has not yet been written. At the present time

A PEAK EACH WEEK AT MOTION PICTURES

AS I write I am still under the spell of this film. One feature after another crowds my mind to beg to be mentioned, to break the space limitations of a scant two columns. A brief few words pay no full justice to "Variety"; they are but the chirp of an humble critic to add to the deluge of deserved praise it is receiving.

The story is simple. A beautiful little creature comes into the life of "Boss" Holler, a full-blooded Hanaburg carnival performer. He deserts wife and child, and with a great impetuous attack, they form a trio that becomes a theatrical success. "The Great Marnell," with whom they have joined forces, wins the girl away from "Boss" just that and no more.

The pictorial narrative is everything. No unnecessary scenes or sets mar the film. Every picture, every dash is trimmed to center full attention on the story itself. It grips you from the beginning and you follow it thru its full development until the crashing end. It rolls up to this point like a rolling snowball, until it hits a wall—and the spell is broken.

The picture is German made. The direction of Dupont is the work of an artist. Emil Jannings, he who played the King in "Passion," that splendid picture that brought Pola Negri to America and success, plays the part of "Boss." It is a brilliant characterization. This truly fine actor is coming to America this fall and American pictures are going to be the better for it—if the producers will only give him an opportunity. And then there is Lya De Putti. This girl is already in American films. She's here, but she will never be given another such magnificent chance. Her work in the picture, the directing, scenic, photographic, and the capital performance of "Variety," are all on a par with the great acting of Emil Jannings. Together they make "Variety" pictorial art. It is seldom our good fortune to see.



Lya De Putti

In The Paramount Picture "Variety"

A DOZEN IN BRIEF
"MOANA"—Yes!
"THE ROAD TO MANDALAY"—
"HARE NOELUM"—No! No!
"IN THE NEST ROOM"—Ah,
"MANTAP"—So-so.
"SENOR DAREDEVIL"—Stay away.
"THE BOHEMIAN"—Phel (Congress)
"A BOHEMIAN"—Phel (Congress)
"THE BOHEMIAN"—Phel (Congress)
"THE AMATEUR GENTLEMAN"—Stay at home and do some reading.
"BATTLES"—Only Chicago theater are listed. Pictures of current week changed Monday.

THE THEATER

YOU are thrown into absolute darkness. The scene is in the street. Then the curtain goes up on a scene that will thrill your aching, boss-ridden bones to their very marrow. A sea of hands—just hands, cramped, abused hands of labor—are the only things you see in a stream of light, and the rest is lost in a gradual dimness that fades into black.

This is the first scene of "The Song of the Flame," showing at the Apollo Theater in Chicago, so beautifully un-expected in a "romantic opera." It is Russia—March of 1917. And the next scene is "October." An agitator is in the street—you can feel something big moving in the air. At this moment you hope and wonder—is this—the American stage. Don't worry, you won't be disappointed. The theme is too big for the authors and the producers. It depicts a vast thing just an opera that is worth seeing. It is true, but only because it has some good music composed for a moment's last sight of it.

Its social viewpoint is a hedge-podge. In the first act, "the flame" tells us she is against the car and the government, but also against the Communist. "Variety" is against all government that preaches class hatred.

So the bourgeoisie is pictured as a czar, a Bolshevik communist as a crook (but without whiskers for a change), and the flame as a savior of the "people of Russia." You'll recognize "the people of Russia" as our old friend "the public."

But the singing is something else again. A Russian art choir of some fifty voices is magnificent. All the old Russian folk songs you've heard are made beautiful by these people. You will forget the social aspects of

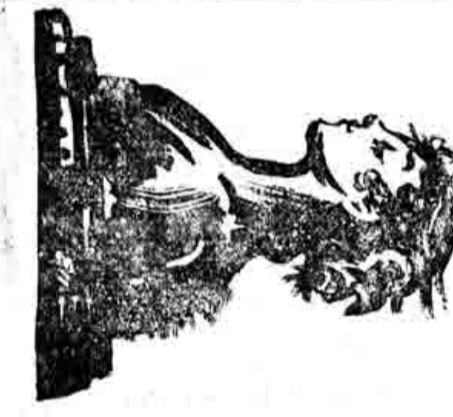
the play, you will forgive the comedy (if you're big-hearted), you will overlook even the symbolic last scene, the scene that will thrill your aching, boss-ridden bones to their very marrow. A sea of hands—just hands, cramped, abused hands of labor—are the only things you see in a stream of light, and the rest is lost in a gradual dimness that fades into black.

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The Theater Season In Moscow--1925-1926

By Ruth Epperson Kennell.



The State Ballet Costume Design

October revolution. The characters are everyday types of villagers, so real that they seem all unaware, to mood for the chief engineer of the village factory, who has more than one made unsuccessful advances to her, and abandons herself to his kisses. In this compromising situation, the deserted husband finds her, and, mad with grief and jealousy, he appears to the half-insane old prophet to do that which he is too weak to do himself. The scene ends with the murder of the engineer in the fading darkness of the lonely road.

Verevka has undertaken to look after the house of a neighbor who has been called to the bedside of her wounded husband. Pavel drops in to talk with Verevka about taking care of his motherless children. Pavel is a heavy, dependable type, so natural that he seems quite accidentally to have dropped into the play. Verevka, having learned something of men, tells him that she does not want to be his servant and mistress. He answers that he is free human being who has a right to earn her living and love whom she chooses. They are both young, and if they should want one another, well and good, but that has nothing to do with her work.

The last scene takes place some months later in the house of Pavel. Verevka enters carrying a bundle. She has been in prison and gave birth to her baby in the hospital. One of the Bolshevik girls comes in with three courtyards. Verevka begs the men to undertake a dangerous mission to Pavel in the woods. They turn away in fear, but her scorn overwhelms them and at last they agree. When they have gone, she lifts the baby, her face radiant with tenderness. But outside we see her friend creeping to the window. In a hoarse voice she warns Verevka to leave at once. Verevka hands the bundle to the old nurse and runs out. On her bed on top of the stove, the old woman, her head lifted in an attitude of tense waiting, begins crooning a lullaby. Almost as one two young soldiers had by the window and the knick enters the yard and bang at the door. The crooning stops sharply. Finding no trace of Verevka in the room, they hold a conference.

"Wait," says the sleek knick, stroking his beard, "she will come back. The baby must have its milk."

When they have gone, the old woman blows out the lamp and the place is in utter darkness. The crooning begins again. Gradually the light of morning comes. The two soldiers can be distinguished sitting against a tree. At last, in the growing light, the figure of Verevka approaches, moving steadily toward the door. She is seized, she frees herself, turns and runs—into the arms of the old soldier. A brief struggle and she falls. The two soldiers creep away, clinging in terror to one another. A faint chorus of boys and girls returns from some festival dies away.



"Uraturat" as produced by Moscow Art Theater, First Studio

The prophet, his huge figure clothed in white linen, takes a hitched labor and lies down. The others take lighted tapers and begin chanting. The villagers draw nearer to watch the window and door.

At this point there comes a long illumination, during which the audience, as is the European custom, gravely prostrates themselves in prayer. In the darkness, the audience is "YEPE" in character, for in spite of fifty percent reductions to trade unions, a great many workers cannot afford to come.

While we have been prostrating, drinking tea in the lapeterted dining hall and eating apples, the people in our drama have been waiting for the prophet to die. The curtain parts on the weary watchers. Candles are being kindled to splinter, and fired heads to droop. The skeptical young people, among them Verevka, begin shouting tribal remarks. Suddenly, rising in a play of today whose realism hurts, "Verevka," which, from the point of view of conventional drama, is the best play of the season.

"Verevka" has been dramatized from the novel by Lydia Stralin. The scene of the story is a village in the period previous to and just after the

approval she springs up indignantly. Left alone by her companions, she reads a little book, she is just in the mood for the chief engineer of the village factory, who has more than one made unsuccessful advances to her, and abandons herself to his kisses. In this compromising situation, the deserted husband finds her, and, mad with grief and jealousy, he appears to the half-insane old prophet to do that which he is too weak to do himself. The scene ends with the murder of the engineer in the fading darkness of the lonely road.

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The last scene takes place some months later in the house of Pavel. Verevka enters carrying a bundle. She has been in prison and gave birth to her baby in the hospital. One of the Bolshevik girls comes in with three courtyards. Verevka begs the men to undertake a dangerous mission to Pavel in the woods. They turn away in fear, but her scorn overwhelms them and at last they agree. When they have gone, she lifts the baby, her face radiant with tenderness. But outside we see her friend creeping to the window. In a hoarse voice she warns Verevka to leave at once. Verevka hands the bundle to the old nurse and runs out. On her bed on top of the stove, the old woman, her head lifted in an attitude of tense waiting, begins crooning a lullaby. Almost as one two young soldiers had by the window and the knick enters the yard and bang at the door. The crooning stops sharply. Finding no trace of Verevka in the room, they hold a conference.

"Wait," says the sleek knick, stroking his beard, "she will come back. The baby must have its milk."

When they have gone, the old woman blows out the lamp and the place is in utter darkness. The crooning begins again. Gradually the light of morning comes. The two soldiers can be distinguished sitting against a tree. At last, in the growing light, the figure of Verevka approaches, moving steadily toward the door. She is seized, she frees herself, turns and runs—into the arms of the old soldier. A brief struggle and she falls. The two soldiers creep away, clinging in terror to one another. A faint chorus of boys and girls returns from some festival dies away.

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C. S. STANISLAVSKY
Co-director, Moscow Art Theater

YOUNG PROLETAIRE

A Fable

By MICHAEL GOLD

Scenes From the Hell of Europe

By HENRI BARBUSSE.

II

YOUNG Proletaire was born somewhere, but he took a long country, he is the world's adventurer. He speaks the living languages of east and west. He has a nose sharp as a hawk, a laughing, fighting young giant. Dangerous and magnetic, with red hair like a bonfire, blue eyes like bayonets, and a chest like the bulge of a mountain.

Hands like machines. Precise and hard. His wonderful hands can create anything man needs. He knows all the trades.

His workshop: he digs coal, scoops foundations, digs up vast treasures like songs, poetry, a fountain. He plays with rivers of white-hot steel. He fashions nails, screws, washers, aeroplanes, models locomotives. What, green and gold he paints over miles of prairie. Firm grace of his Panama Canal. Tosses thunderbolts thru the air, is electrician and radio man. Hammer out new music and is actor in huge plays.

Working artist, worker—is everything.

Artists, scientists are crazy about him—father of bold, exuberant, sun-tanned children. Healthy as a wild Mustang—and a lover thrilling as a ride on a Conroy Island roller coaster. Even nice ladies forget pale Phil Beta Kappa husbands when he's around.

For he's no slave but the world's immortal wild young adventurer. Hurrah for life! He knows how to make up his mind.

2. FIGHTS PAUL BUNYAN.

PAUL BUNYAN, a middle-aged American giant, was foreman over the workers of America. He had been a worker himself for long years, but had then corrupted by a mean little Miser who owned the black magic, the fields and factories of America. This ogre gave Bunyan a Ford car, a house, a pretty lawn and a white collar, and thus corrupted him. Paul Bunyan handed the Miser his soul for these things. He was converted from a man into a merciless go-getter and driver, a scoundrel with a scab soul.

Young Proletaire was sprayed lazily one noon the length of the high palisades, dreaming over New York, that giant's best dream. Paul Bunyan suddenly was above him, kicking at his face with hobnail boots, and snarling: "Now I found you, yeh agitator! Get the hell back to the country you come from, 'im boss here!"

Young Proletaire was taken by surprise. He sprang to his feet.

"I'm a worker. So are you. Why do you fight for the Miser?" Young Proletaire said clearly.

"I hate your guts—don't argue, fight," he shouted. "You are the guy who makes rebels and slackers. America isn't big enough for both of us."

So they fought. The battle thundered over mountains and down valleys for a bloody year. Cakes were dried up, railroads twisted to rusty junk, cities smashed to splinters like teacups. Blood died in rivers down the smooth auto roads. Farms dried and were scattered like old dead work horses. Factories were emptied, and rats and spiders haunted them, as they were feudal castles.

A terrible time it was: worse than a Wall Street panic year, but not quite as bad as one of the Miser's frequent international wars. Revolution.

The end came in Seattle. Paul Bunyan was kicked, lay exhausted in the dirt. Young Proletaire loomed over him, bloody and alert. Decided to finish Bunyan forever. An old lady remembered. Wanted another chance even the man-driven.

"Innocent," pronounced Young Proletaire clearly. "and he himself said there wasn't room enough for both of us in America."

He finished the job. Old lady went back filled with ethical sorrow to rocking chair and passy-cats and Hindu poetry. Young Proletaire dived from a mountain into the Pacific and splashed about joyfully. In a month he was healed and ready again for work and play. Hurrah for life!

3. CLOSES THE HOT AIR FACTORY.

THERE was a factory of hot air, run by lawyers. The seat of government, manufactured the "laws." No one respected it, but all deemed it necessary.

The Miser owned all the lawyers, bought them with Packards. To him their hot air was necessary—a screen between his throne and the workers, who believed in democracy.

Young Proletaire watched the lawyers at work. "Lies!" he muttered. "Hot air grows no wheat. No no railroads, writes no poems!"

He hated hot air, had always loved the cold clean electric air of truth.

How to govern the fields, factories, mines and theaters of America? He called to him miners, farmers, machinists, artists, engineers and other workers.

"No!" the lawyers gorm you with hot air," he asked. "So the lawyers were shipped on the Buford to the North Pole to harvest the next summer's ice-crop. Use-hat at last. North Pole is no place for hot air, which is why it was chosen.

The workers governed themselves. Things really went much better. There was no one to confuse them at their creative tasks. Truth became the fashion. This was his first achievement.

4. WRESTLES WITH A SPIRIT.

YOUNG Proletaire was solving the Bad Lands of Wyoming with garden cities and workers' com-

munes. A huge epic. One day, nearby, he took a ramble thru Montana, Idaho, Nevada, and other great places nearby. A refreshing holiday, but when he returned to camp, a strange picture met his eye.

Work had stopped and the men and women were lying on the ground, disheveled and mauling. Some felled in ill health animals, others foisted insane laughter; some wept; others were quiet as corpses.

"What's wrong?" Young Proletaire asked.

"That's where you belong," Young Proletaire shouted, shaking his fist after the old sounder. "Do your dirty work there for another fifty years, till I've time to clean up that part of the dynamic world."

The camp went back to work, with only a slight hangover. Washing his people toiling and anuring in the sun, Young Proletaire knew these oracles of peasant man might occur again.

"But their children! Their children! born in the sunshine of the free commune; they will not succumb!" the young giant muttered in his will, and his words were like a peon of victory, and they were like a firm prayer.

5. MAN AND WOMAN.

HE met a man and a woman bitterly fighting before a house. They were middle-aged, exhausted and life and they owned a swarm of children, nervous and unhappy.

Young Proletaire stopped and asked:

"How long have you two been fighting?"

"Twenty-five years," the woman screamed, "and don't you dare interfere. Marriage is a holy bond. And if we were divorced what would become of the children?"

Young Proletaire whistled and the children ran after him gladly. They followed him to a children's community where they were treated like free scientists and poets, and not like slaves of home.

"Then the carefree young giant went back and broke up the home.

"Threescore and evil," he said briefly.

"Makes scolders of men and women—arrow, stupid. Must release them into the world.

"Based on private property. Father necessary to support child-bearing woman, and educate the children. Community now does this better. No more private worry!"

"Home hurts children. Breeds inferiority—breeds fear. Responsibility stupid delusions of the parents; no children belong to the world—not to parents.

"Parents not trained. Better leave children to gentle, sick slave father.

"No more gratitude to silly parents. No more this with past—all clear ahead. Fly, young eagles!

"What function has home? Community runs better schools, kitchens, hospitals, workshops, handiworks, bouzou, art centers, centers of understanding, etc., etc. What function remains?"

"Useless and evil—based on private property and egoism—must go."

This is another achievement.

6. IS AN AMUSING ORATOR.

A BUNCH of elderly scared artists had run away from the new America and were living in a cave. Here they spent the gloomy days painting and writing. Each respected the other and wrote and painted only for himself.

They worked mostly a rehash of the contents of old museums and libraries. They served on one thing: all hated machinery and yearned for the past.

A few craved the middle ages, injunction, guilds and handicraft pottery. A few the happy days of Daniel Boone in America; not a new social world, but Indians to fight. No toilet brushes, typewriters. The simple simple life. Quiet. Art. So they lived in a cave and hated each other.

Young Proletaire thought he would scold them. Teach them to accept change. To be young, dynamic and brave. He dragged them blinking from cave and into the world sunlight.

He was a doctor and made them an exclaim.

"Follow workers, are you happy? No. Has your work improved since you fled the New America, and took to a cave? No, it has become progressively rotten. Why do you fear the machines? Their noise? The ugly environment they create for themselves? The heavy hours have set up? Yes, but all that is part of our four hours work a day now. In factories built by engineers, doctors and engineers. The nation owns the machines now. No more wage slavery, cleanness, advertisement, commercialism. All that was part of the machine—gone out.

"The machines give us leisure. They are our slaves now. And they give us creative joy. They are truth in action. Their evil lines are the new sculpture. Their rhythms are in the new man's music. Precision, mathematics, world law.

"Have destroyed bunk. In art and science, false and phony rhetoric, metaphysics.

"No, they have not killed Art. Only weak art, faded art. Art will always live. Needs no protective tariff, machinery, world law.

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