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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-Wites. 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 from Poland. In this month, 200,000 tons of 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.

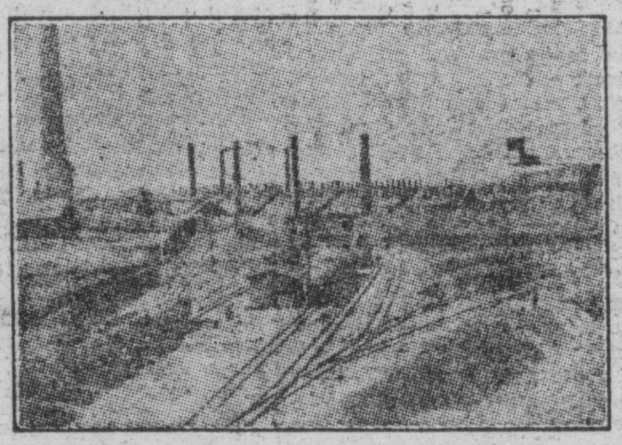
Thanks to big orders from England, the Polish miners are working overtime. The bosses are forcing the miners to work 16 and 20 hours a day.

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 Zaglembie 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 Gieshe mines in Upper Silesia. The Geishe 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.



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

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 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.

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

And when we consider this it will not surprise us that there is in Poland now a commission of "finance experts" headed by Prof. Kammerer, reforming Polish finances so that American capital will control the affairs of Poland. This is the Dawes plan of Poland in its worst form. The enslavement of Poland by American capital means a much harder struggle of the workers and peasants of Poland for their emancipation.

Together with American capital Poland is also getting Americanization. Independence day was celebrated in Poland in every large town. The capitalist press was praying to American capital as to the saviour of the country. Five million signatures were secured, mostly from school children, as proof of the loyalty of the Polish bourgeoisie to American capital. To the signatures was attached "a message of the people of Poland to the citizens of the great American union." It ends with the slogans:

"Long live the United States of America!"

"Long Live Liberty, Equality and Justice!"

What a joke. Liberty and justice in Poland. Strange words to hear in Poland, where there are more than 6,000 political prisoners in jails for crimes no other than participation in workers' organizations and in the fight for freedom.

Liberty and justice, where workers are shot on the streets when they dare to come to demonstrate their demands, where many are executed for their loyalty to their class, even without a trial.

Liberty and justice, where over 40 per cent of national minorities have not even the right to have school in their own language.

Equality in Poland, where millions of workers and peasants are actually starving, the ruling class robbing them of the last possession for taxes so that the government can keep a huge army ready to make a war on the workers and peasants or on Poland's neighbors.

Yes, Pilsudski's Poland is worthy of American support from the capitalist point of view. It is up to American labor to show that it is with the Poland of the workers and peasants in their dark days of Pilsudski's white terror government, against whom is rising a new wave of struggle which will not subside until the final victory is achieved.

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 like?

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.

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.

History of the Catholic Church in Mexico

By MANUEL GOMEZ.

CHAPTER IV.

Conclusion.

BRIEF tho 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, peonage and domination by a bloated and futile land-owning aristocracy. 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 Voze

As a religious institution the church is a purveyor of gibbering superstition for the mental enslavement of the masses. But we have seen that it is ridiculous to speak of the Roman catholic church in Mexico or anywhere else as a religious institution. The clerical organization seeks to permeate every phase of economic and political life. Defense of church privileges on the grounds of "religious toleration" is therefore entirely specious—even if the mere mention of toleration by the institution responsible for the holy inquisition were not in doubtful taste.

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 procapitalist 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-implanted 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, land-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 not 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 touchstone for judging the history of the catholic church in Mexico.

Where Is the Church Today?

But the last word of history has not yet been written. At the present time Mexico is living thru one of the proudest periods of her development. Mexico has not yet a workers' and peasants' government, but the peasants are still armed in great numbers and the agrarian revolution is still going forward, while the working class, 75 per cent organized in trade unions, occupies a strategic position in the life of the nation. President Calles, a petty-bourgeois, but a sincere national-revolutionary, is carrying out a policy based upon the principle of making Mexico economically as well as politically independent. His fear that the class-conscious workers may seize too many of the good things that he wishes to accumulate for petty Mexican capitalism has led him to make some ill-conceived compromises with Wall Street and Washington—which proves that petty-bourgeois leadership cannot be trusted to pilot the Mexican revolution to fruition. Nevertheless, his program indicates many points on which a constructive Mexican nationalism can base itself.

The Mexican nation has won the admiration of all Latin America, which looks to it as a leader against U. S aggression. Thruout Mexico, and thruout Latin America as well, there is a growing consciousness that Mexico may be able not only successfuliy to resist the encroachments of imperialism but to build for itself a sound, independent economic foundation in the process, and at the same time to lead Latin America along the path of unified resistance to the lords of Wall Street.

Mexican catholicism has no part in all this. As usual, it stands in open opposition to what is plainly the only program on which a truly independent Mexican nationalism can be embodied.

The Present Conflict.

The present conflict between the Calles government and the catholic hierarchy is not a religious struggle, but a struggle between the revolution and reaction. The fight to nullify the national-revolutionary constitution of 1917 has been going on for a long time. It was first waged around the anti-foreign and agrarian provisions of article 27; then it shifted for a time to article 123 (containing labor provisions); it was again concentrated on article 27 when the new oil and land laws were adopted in the spring of this year.

That the general reactionary attack is now concentrated on the anti-clerical provisions of the constitution follows as a matter of course. Since the debacle of Adolfo de la Huerta's attempted counter-revolution, the church is the only important organized reactionary force in Mexico.

On August 1 the anti-clerical provisions of the constitution were to go into effect. The provisions to which the church took particular exception were those prohibiting the church from holding property, requiring the civil registration of all priests, secularizing primary education, and denying to ecclesiastical publications the right to invade the field of politics. Against the provision for registration the clergy declared a general strike. With the advice of Rome, an interdict was laid upon the country. All church functions requiring the participation of a priest were discontinued. Twenty-five thousand priests announced themselves in open rebellion against the revolution.

Behind the church was the reaction. Wealthy Mexican aristocrats organized themselves into the League for Religious Defense and declared a boycott on luxuries, the announced purpose being to paralyze all economic life and thus bring the government to its knees.

However, the rebellion has already been clearly defeated. Its one chance of success was to split the revolutionary forces and pave the way for intervention by U. S. imperialism. This failed. All that was accomplished was to accentuate the reactionary basis of church support.

(This final chapter of The History of the Catholic Church in Mexico will be concluded next week.)

A PEEK EACH WEEK AT MOTION PICTURES

"VARIETY."

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" Huller, a full-chested Hamburg carnival performer. He deserts wife and child, and with a great trapeze artist, they form a trio that becomes a theatrical success. "The Great Martinelli," 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 flash is trimmed to center full attention on the story itself. It grips you from the beginning and you follow it thru it's full development until the crashing end. It rolls up to this point with force and conviction, ever larger 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 medium to act in. Her work in the picture, the directing, scenario, photography—and the capable performance of Ward, an English actor, are all complimentary to the great acting of Emil Jannings. Together they make "Variety" pictorial art it is seldom our good fortune to see.

Once before this column has brought attention to this film. Once again, on its arrival in Chicago (Roosevelt Theater), we repeat, see "Variety." It is such rare film-art as this that gives us a glimpse of what a great art some day the motion picture will become. —W. C.

LYA DE PUTTI

In The Paramount Picture "Variety"

A DOZEN IN BRIEF

"MOANA"—Yes!
"THE ROAD TO MANDALAY" — No!
"MARE NOSTRUM"—No! No!
"UP IN MABEL'S ROOM" — Ah, Well . . . .
"MANTRAP"—So-so.
"SENOR DAREDEVIL"—Stay away.
"THE SON OF THE SHIEK"—Valentino (Harding)
"LA BOHEME"—Fine! (Congress)
"THE BAT"—Spooky
"TIN GODS"—Renee Adoree is always worth seeing (Belmont)
"THE AMATEUR GENTLEMAN" —Well photographed.
"BATTLING BUTLER"— Stay at home and do some reading.

NOTE: Only Chicago theaters showing a program for one week are listed. Pictures of current week changed Monday.

- THE THEATER -

"THE SONG OF THE FLAME."

YOU are thrown into absolute darkness. A strange song is in the air. 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, gnarled, 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 unexpected in a "romantic opera" it will thrill you as few things can. It is Russia—March of 1917. And the next scene is "October." An agitator is in the street—the people are moving, moving—you can feel something big in the air. At this moment you hope and you wonder—is this—can this be—? But no, it's the American stage. Don't worry, you won't be disappointed. The theme is too big for the authors and the producers. It degenerates into just an operetta that is worth seeing, it is true, but only because it has some good music, costumes and scenery. The big thing you feel for a moment is lost sight of.

Its social viewpoint is a hodge-podge. In the first act "the flame" tells us she is against the czar and nobility, but also against the Communist government—"against all government that preaches class hatred." So the bourgeoisie is pictured as degenerate, a Bolshevik commissar 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, tho you will find it hard to do this—and you will wink an eye at most of it because you will have heard that choir and will have felt that this at least was alone worth the price of admission.

The music is splendid. It carries you along and follows you home. You will hum "The Song of the Flame" and "the Cossack Love Song" and whistle stray snatches of other tunes that tantalizingly stay with you. Joseph Urban made the scenery a pretty background for striking costume display. Tessa Kosta plays the flame—she sings well. Guy Robertson is the romantic lover of the matinee type. You've seen the kind before.

If you are provoked by stupidity don't go. The authors are full of it. But if you can bear part of it patiently you will be rewarded with good song and music—and despite the authors you will feel moving masses, something big, something that someday, someone of "our" artists will bring to us workers and we will gladly acknowledge as "our own." W. C.

Ethyl Is Back - - -

By N. SPARKS

So now that we know that lead means "lead drop," "lead colic," paralysis, sterility, convulsions, insanity and death, let us proceed to the surgeon-general's conference called to examine the harmful effects of tetraethyl and see what attempts have been made to protect the workers and the public against tetraethyl lead.

The conference is made up of representatives of Standard Oil, General Motors, the Ethyl Gasoline Corporation and professors and physicians retained by them, a few public health authorities, some individual professors who have helped the campaign against tetraethyl, and a representative of the A. F. of L. and two from the Workers' Health Bureau. The conference is opened by the secretary of the interior and the chair is taken by the surgeon-general. The delegates are welcomed, thanked, congratulated and told not to be apprehensive of the outcome. The cabinet officer and the surgeon-general address the delegates rather diffidently. They are aware of the immense difference in rank between themselves—mere government officers—and these representatives of mighty corporations. The chairman regrets that there are too many delegates for them all to "get together around one table." He begins by informing them that there aren't any laws under which the government could control the manufacture and sale of ethyl gasoline anyway. The whole tone of the conference is extremely cordial. Everyone modestly prefaces his statements with "I suggest" or "I submit." Only occasionally a Standard Oil delegate "insists" or "declares." Occasionally the weak and dilute humor common at scientific gatherings floats out over the meeting.

But the first thing we must notice is the explicit statement by the surgeon-general that the conference was called to consider the possible hazard to the public involved in the distribution and sale of ethyl gasoline. In other words, the conference is not in the least concerned with the hazard to the workers involved in the manufacture. And it may pay us to remember that whatever findings this conference reached do not apply to the dangers to the workers involved in the manufacture.

From time to time the fact is reiterated that the conference is not considering the hazards involved in manufacture. Just how little anyone is considering it may be seen from the statement of Mr. Frank Howard of the Standard Oil Co. of New Jersey. In his eagerness to show how safe it is to handle ethyl gasoline he oversteps himself and lets the cat out of the bag (from the stenographic report): **"It has been handled without any precautions at all, without anything more than the most obvious precautions,** until the unfortunate accident which happened in our pilot manufacturing plant last November. **That was a manufacturing hazard, and is not a point of discussion here."**

Other representatives of the corporations speak on the indispensability of tetraethyl lead, of the tremendous industrial advance involved in ethyl gasoline. Then Dr. Kehoe of the Cincinnati College of Medicine, retained by the Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, recounts lengthy experiments which he has performed, all of which prove that ethyl gasoline is quite harmless to the public.

However, the corporations are far from having a walkover. Some of the independent scientists who are there at their own expense proceed to give the corporation representatives several bad half-hours. Chief among them is Yandell Henderson, professor of physiological chemistry at Yale. Prof. Henderson is apparently a man with a conscience. Certainly he is a man of broad knowledge and experience in his line. He identified and fought the occupational disease of mercury poisoning among the Danbury hatters. During the war he was in charge of important work for the government on poison gas and gas masks. And thus knowing something about poison gases, he was one of the lead-

By Jerger

ers in the campaign against ethyl gasoline. He talks with refreshing frankness:

"I find that the industrial people, men engaged in industry, chemists, take it as a matter of course that a little thing like industrial poisoning should not be allowed to stand in the way of great industrial advance."

He then takes Dr. Kehoe's long argument and proceeds to smash it to splinters. First: Dr. Kehoe attempts to explain away certain unfavorable results by showing that the dust in his experimental chamber contained **10 per cent lead.** This, far from being a defense, is a most severe indictment, for it shows what would be the conditions in a garage where ethyl gasoline is used. Second: It is admitted that lead is absorbed from ethyl gasoline thru the skin. What is going to happen in garages and among garage workers where gasoline is splashed around considerably? Third: The case of the Columbia experimenters. Two professors at Columbia University were carrying on an investigation of ethyl gasoline. Despite the fact that they were fully aware of the danger, and in spite of a technique involving fastidious care, two of the experimenters were found to have absorbed lead and were forced to discontinue their work. Fourth: The fact that some of the animals in Dr. Kehoe's experiments showed no symptoms of lean poisoning proves nothing, as lead is cumulative.

Prof. Henderson continues with a tremendously important statement: "Do not forget that lead is cumulative. **Lead poisoning is almost comparable in extent to tuberculosis as a disease in the body politic."** There are tens of thousands of people who have lead in their bodies but not yet enough to give them lead poisoning. Add to this an extra dose in the form of dust lying around the streets from automobile exhausts and you will push thousands of them over the brink into lead poisoning.

So far 11 to 15 men have been killed, between 50 and 100 poisoned more or less severely. Why are the figures so vague? **"We have not heard of all the cases, and I do not know just what inference to draw from that."** Prof. Henderson reads a letter from a man describing how he worked in a blending station in Whiting, Ind., unwarned of any danger, filling tanks with the pure tetraethyl lead, getting his arms soaked in it, and contracting lead poisoning. But Dr. Kehoe has a ready answer for that. "Oh, yes," says the doctor blithely, "we know of that case. **But we had one of our own physicians examine the man. He didn't have lead poisoning. He had neurasthenia."**

After that we had better stop to catch our breath. For ourselves we believe the man had whooping-cough.

Prof. Henderson informs the conference that the fact that few cases of lead poisoning were reported where ethyl gasoline was used proves nothing as "999 ordinary practicing physicians out of a thousand would fail to recognize lead poisoning when the lead is inhaled." He then delivers a parting shot. "On March 13, 1922, I . . . and others were asked by the company to make an investigation. . . . **I intimated I was willing provided we could do it freely, without any dictation, and simply to find the facts. The investigation was not made."**

Miss Burnham of the Workers' Health Bureau estimates that, roughly, 770,000 workers, not reckoning those engaged in its manufacture, would be exposed to the danger of lead poisoning if the use of ethyl gasoline becomes general. She wants to know why there is no authoritative list of the actual deaths and injuries. It seems the conference admits 11 killed and 149 injured. Amidst all these claims and counterclaims she wants to know what happened to the poisoned men after they were laid off or discharged. Were they re-employed in other industries or did they remain permanently injured?

However, these are trifles. The conference passes a resolution calling for an investigation by a small committee to be chosen by the surgeon-general, and adjourns.

The conference was in May, 1925, and in January, 1926, the investigating committee made its report. The report vindicated ethyl gasoline. And yet, as we read the report itself, it seems to be far less of a vindication than we had thought after seeing the headlines in the papers. In fact, it seems as if the gentlemen comprising the committee are exceedingly cautious about attaching their names to any definite statement that ethyl gasoline is safe in use. We read: "In conclusion we beg to say that we are conscious of the fact that the conclusions to which we have come in this report, altho based upon most careful conscientious investigations, are subject to the criticism that they have been derived from the study of a relatively small number of individuals who were exposed to the effects of the ethyl gasoline for a period of time relatively brief when we consider the possibilities in connection with lead poisoning. A more extensive study was not possible on account of the limited time. **It remains possible that if the use of leaded gasoline becomes widespread conditions may arise very different from those studied by us, which would render its use more of a hazard than would appear to be the case from this investigation.** Longer experience may show that even such slight storage of lead as was observed in these studies may lead eventually in susceptible individuals to recognizable lead poisoning or to chronic degenerative diseases of a less obvious character.

"Your committee begs to report that in their opinion there are at present no good grounds for prohibiting the use of ethyl gasoline of the composition specified, **provided its distribution and use are controlled by proper regulations."**

And now the joker! Quick! A list of regulations are drawn up which are recommended to the several states. Somewhat similar to the way regulations against lynching and child labor are recommended to the several states.

However, altho this report is a half-hearted vindication, it is nevertheless a vindication. Was it based on an impartial investigation? Let us consult the technical journals.

An editorial from Chemical and Metallurgical Engineering: "Early resumption of the national distribution of ethyl gasoline as a result of the favorable outcome of the surgeon-general's investigation will be welcomed by more than one of the chemical engineering industries. . . . **The raw material required in this synthesis . . . and other ingredients in the anti-knock compound held an interest for many branches of chemical industry."**

An engagingly frank note in the Journal of Industrial and Engineering chemistry: **"Too often the enthusiasm of the manufacturer leads him to minimize the hazards both to the employe and the public and his investigations are not as thorough as could be wished.** Then, too, in contrast with the present case" (of course, in contrast with the present case) "an emergency may arise and pressure be brought to bear upon him before he discontinues manufacture."

And now, having seen how dangerous ethyl gasoline is, let us attack the whole fraud about its indispensability. Are there, as the Ethyl Gasoline Corporation would like to maintain, no other substances which eliminate the knock? There are several. Each has its own advantages and disadvantages.

First: A mixture of 60 per cent benzol and 40 per cent gasoline produces absolutely no knock. So effective is this mixture that it is taken as a standard in discussing anti-knock properties. "Mitchell's gas" is an example of a benzol blend. The disadvantage is that there is no present possibility of producing benzol in anywhere near sufficient quantities to take care of all the gasoline used.

Second: Gasoline produced by the process know as "cracking"—so-called "cracked gasoline"—has natural anti-knock qualities, due to the fact that it contains oils of the benzol type. It is claimed, however, that cracked gasoline does not increase in efficiency with higher compression.

Third: The Gulf Refining Company, the Sun Oil Company, the Texas Company are all selling gasolines of unspecified composition which they claim are anti-knock. Their claims as to the efficacy of their fuels are just as much (or as little) worthy of belief as the claims of the louder-mouthed Standard Oil.

One thing is certain, that in a couple of decades the attempt of the Ethyl Gasoline Corporation to manufacture and distribute for general use such a fatal substance as tetraethyl lead will be recognized as one of the most colossal pieces of impudence and stupidity in the whole history of chemical industry.

But for the present "Ethyl is back!" And unless the workers who have to handle it take drastic action there will be increasing lists of victims of this "great industrial advance."

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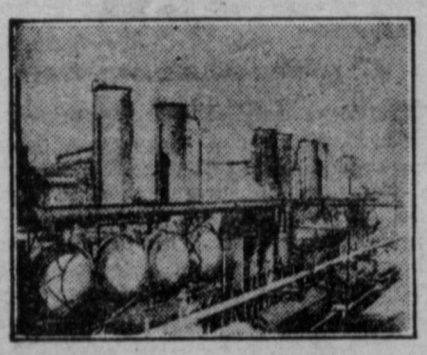
*First part of this article appeared in the Sept. 11 issue of this magazine.



YOUNG PROLETAIRE

YOUNG Proletaire was born somewhere, but belongs to no country, he is the world's adventurer. He speaks the living languages of east and west.

Hard as nails, shaggy as bark, 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.

He works; he digs coal, scoops foundations, flings up vast skyscrapers like songs roared by a drunkard: He plays with rivers of white-hot steel. He fashions subways, sculptures aeroplanes, models locomotives. Wheat, green and gold he paints over miles of prairie canvas. Firm grace of his Panama Canal. Tosses thunderbolts thru the air, is electrician and radio man. Hammers out new music and is actor in huge plays. Artist, scientist, worker—is everything.

Working girls 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 Coney Island roller coaster. Even nice ladies forget pale Phi Betta 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 been corrupted by a mean little Miser who owned, thru 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 scissor-bill with a scab soul.

Young Proletaire was sprawled 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 hob-nailed boots, and snarling: "Now I found yeh, yeh agitator! Get the hell back to the country you come from, I'm 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.

Paul Bunyan went raging mad.

"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. Lakes were dried up; railroads twisted to rusty junk; cities smashed to splinters like teacups. Blood gushed in rivers down the smooth auto roads. Farms died and were deserted like old dead work horses. Factories were smitten, and rats and spiders haunted them, as tho 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 licked, lay exhausted in the dirt. Young Proletaire loomed over him, bloody and alert. Decided to finish Bunyan forever. An old lady remonstrated. Wanted another chance given the man-driver.

"Incurable," 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 pussy-cats and Hindu poetry. Young Proletaire dived from a mountain into the Pacific and splashed about lustily, let the good sun and water heal his many wounds. 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.

"Useless!" he muttered. "Hot air grows no wheat, runs 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.

"Shall the lawyers govern you with hot air," he asked.

"No!" they shouted, "we can govern ourselves."

So the lawyers were shipped on the Buford to the North Pole to harvest the next summer's ice-crop. Useful 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 sowing the Bad Lands of Wyoming with garden cities and workers' communes. A huge epic. One day, weary, he took a ramble thru Montana, Idaho, Nevada, and other great places nearby. A refreshing holiday, but when he returned to camp, a strang picture met his eye.

Work had stopped and the men and women were lying on the ground, dishevelled and maudlin. Some rolled in filth like animals; others roared insane laughters; some wept; others were quiet as corpses.

"What's wrong?" Young Proletaire asked.

A woman lifted a tragic, tear-blown face.

"We are slaves," she moaned, "born to slavery. We want a master. Responsibility is horrible."

"I'm afraid," another shrieked. "We are too daring, we are going too fast. Something terrible will happen."

"We are defeated," the eerie chorus arose.

"Let us go back to democracy. Let us find, instead of our old corrupt rulers, a few honest hot-airists and misers. Then all will be well again.'

Young Proletaire guessed what had happened. The Spirit of the Past, bootlegger of wood alcohol and poisonous ideas, had sneaked into camp. Young Proletaire kicked some of the grovelling pessimists upright and made them tell him where the Spirit was hiding. They told. He found the Spirit and wrestled with him, while the camp watched. The old man was a tough, wily, expert battler, knew a thousand tricks. But the young giant had youth and steel. Proletaire won after a severe bout.

And he smashed the barrels of rotgut in the bootlegger's closed car, and kicked the Spirit clean over the Rockies into the interior of Tibet, to land in a monastery of Lamas droning over their beads.

"That's where you belong," Young Proletaire shouted, shaking his fist after the old scoundrel. "Do your dirty

By Fred Ellis

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. Watching his people toiling and singing in the sun, Young Proletaire knew these orgies of pessimism 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 fist, and his words were like a paeon of victory, and they were like a grim prayer.

5. MAN AND WOMAN.

HE met a man and a woman bitterly fighting before a Home. They were middle-aged, exhausted by 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. Matrimony 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 commune where they were treated like free scientists and poets, and not like slaves of Home.

Then the careless young giant went back and broke up the Home.

"Unnecessary and evil," he said briefly.

"Makes egotists of men and women—narrow, 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 worrying.

"Home hurts children. Breeds inferiority—breeds fear. Reproduces stupid delusions of the parents; no progress possible.

"Children belong to the world—not to parents.

"Parents not trained. Better leave children to genius teachers who love the job—not sick prisoned mother and sick slave father.

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

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

"Is useless and evil—based on private property and egotism—must go."

This is another achievement.

A Fable By

6. IS AN AMUSING ORATOR.

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

Their work was mostly a rehash of the contents of old museums and libraries. They agreed on one thing: all hated machinery and yearned for the past.

But some wanted Greece, others India, others Africa. A few craved the middle ages, inquisition, guilds and handmade pottery. A few the happy days of Daniel Boone in America: not a new social world, but Indians to fight. No toilets, bath-tubs, typewriters. The simple simple life. Quiet. Art. So they lived in a cave and hated each other.

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

He was a doctor and made them an oration.

"Fellow-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 noises? The ugly environment they create for themselves? The slavery they have set up? Yes, but all that is past. Only four hours work a day now, in factories built by sculptors, doctors and engineers. The nation owns the machines now. No more wage slavery, cheapness, adulteration, commercialism. All that was part of the miser's America—not ours.

"The machines give us leisure. They are our slaves now. And they give us creative joy.

"Yes, we have joy of the machines. They are truth in action. Their swift 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, have killed rhetoric, metaphysics.

"No, they have not killed Art. Only weak art, false art. Art will always live. Needs no protective tariff, gentlemen.

"Introspective art has died, you say? Noble study of the umbilical? Good. We will now study the world.

"Machines move like the planets, with grand and awful precision. And we are the gods who set them moving.

"They have given us a thousand fingers, eyes, ears and senses.

"Our thought moves at a ratio of 25 to 1 over the old humanity. Earth diggers behind a plow plodded in thought at four miles an hour. Our minds move with aeroplane wings, 100 miles an hour. Speed.

"The ecstacy of speed is better than the ecstacy of fear grovelling before a god. Is not a lie, but physics. Is healthy. Is controlled by man. Needs no dogma or priests or inquisition. Machine-speed.

"Machines are the death of child-magic. But are the birth of man-magic.

"Machines are the will of man. He is master of life.

"Machines make man social. An individual cannot create a dynamo.

"Machines unnatural, you say? But what is natural? Only rocks, trees, fleas and germs? Is not man's thought natural. Machines are thought expressed in steel.

"What have you to offer the worker in place of the machines?

"Serfdom to priests and feudal landlords. Wattled huts.

"What have you to offer the artist in place of the machines?

"Roses and nightingales in libraries. Quiet cultured decay. Museums. Oscar Wilde and art for at's sake. Despair. Little complaints. Hand-woven neckties. Lurid ego-retchings. Parisian post cards of naked ladies. Peter Pan. Village morbidity. Inbreeding. Acadamic cowardice. The Oxford manner. Tom Jones, the picaresque. O, the picaresque! The spiritual! The soul! The vacuum!

"And love—in three jealous acts in a bedroom, with a shooting or happy clinch at final curtain. This is your art. Stupid. Smells of the cave.

"Machines take man out of the bedrooms and villages, into immense arenas known as factories and revolutions. Better than boudoirs and monasteries. Heroic.

"Machines have come to stay. We love them heroically, as men once loved the Thunder-God.

"Accept the machines or continue in your damp, d- mal subjective cave. . . ."

The writers and painters chose to remain in their cave. They were old; it was an effort to pull one's life about one's ears, and build anew. New thoughts are agony at first, like a boy's puberty.

But millions of better artists were being born among the workers each year. So Young Proletaire did not lack for art.

7. THE HOUND OF HEAVEN.

SOMEONE warned Young Proletaire of a rumor.

"You have persecuted god, changed his temples into gymnasiums and movie houses. Therefore, in his infinite mercy, he is planning to shatter you with his infinite and divine revenge."

Young Proletaire picked his teeth with a fir-tree.

"There is no god," he said easily, "there is Man."

"But how do you explain the world?" it was stuttered.

"The world was not meant to be explained, but to be changed by man," answered the young giant with a

MICHAEL GOLD

smile, who always enjoyed a little metaphysics after lunch.

"Bu—but—but—"

"No buts please."

"If in the future—?"

"Let tomorrow make its own discoveries," he answered tolerantly.

"And you do not fear god?"

"No, how can one fear primitive science? A thought in the brain? What, would you have me turn masochist?"

8. THE REVOLT OF THE INDIVIDUALISTS.

THERE were individualists in the New America. Some were cured and happy, but many were still vain, pompous, jealous. Anxious for medals and special rewards. Afflicted with the obsession of the elder world that each man was the center of life, and caused the sun to rise and set.

They did not believe in organization, but one day they came together to organize a revolt.

"I used to be a great writer of novels," one wept, and ten thousand intellectuals read my books, and I received honor and royalties. Now a million people read my books, and I receive, not royalties, but a worker's wage. awful."

"I was a shopkeeper, a free man. I was free to buy and sell, to cheat and be cheated," said another. "But I'm a slave now—can't make any money—must work with others.'

"I was a technician. If it were not for me the factories could not run. I was the enemy of the workers—their master. Now I am their fellow-worker and must pretend to be their friend."

"I worked my way up from the bottom and became a millionaire. Now there no millionaires."

"I was a superman," wailed still another, "and they took my income and forced me to work like everyone else."

And so on and so on. The complaints were as bitter and numerous as there were individuals at the meeting. All agreed on one point, however—that each man created his own life by his own efforts, and was entitled to his special success. And they sent a delegation to Young Proletaire and demanded a return to individualism.

"We do not believe in your social order," they said. "This is a hive, an army, a mechanism that crushes our souls. We are free men. Give us back our little shops, our incomes, our royalties and medals and rank, our god-given right to feel better than others. We want freedom."

"Certainly," said Young Proletaire with a smile.

He had them shipped off to the Rocky Mountains, where each was given a private farm a hundred miles from his neighbor? There they were free to run stores for themselves, to write novels, teach their children, grub their own food, dig irrigation ditches, study languages, make laboratory experiments, discuss philosophy, fell trees, build subways, acquire new libraries and earn a million dollars. Freedom. Individualism. But they did not enjoy it. They were free now. Lonesome Impotent. They trooped back in a week and asked to be restored to their old jobs.

"Science is social. It depends on numberless experiments by centuries of unknown workers."

"Art is social. It is the growth of multitudes of minds since the primitive."

"Language is social."

"All thought is social."

"All economic effort is social. A million dollars is created by a community—not a man."

"And so on and so on," Young Proletaire repeated with a bored expression to them, for this was old stuff and only these hoary anachronisms hadn't heard of it. And that ended that.

8. MANY EXPERIMENTS.

MANY experiments were tried under the leadership of Young Proletaire. Everything seemed possible of accomplishment in the New America; there was a naive optimism abroad, a belief in miracles. And thus many miracles did constantly take place.

"Let us change the course of the Gulf Stream, and spread eternal spring over America," a worker would suggest to Young Proletaire.

The leader did not command that the man be thrust into a mad house, as was always happening under Coolidge.

"A good idea. Have you a plan?" he would say, instead. If there was a fair plan, the nation tried such experiments.

Men grew afraid not of experimenting, but of standing still. Once it had been said human nature could not be changed, but now it was changing rapidly. It was found to be as controlable as the nature of horses or dogs. Environment was the clue—and the community now controlled environment.

Young Proletaire established thousands of Behaviorist laboratory communes where the human nature of children was constantly changed and bettered thru training. Thus a race of supermen was being formed.

Once there had been an army. Many sincere people believed murder was part of man's heritage. But Young Proletaire abolished the army—armies only protected private property and there was no more private property, he said.

After the army was abolished, life went on as before, and even liberals were convinced murder was not necessary.

Fighting went on—but in the realm of ideas, and it sharpened the mind and will of the fighters.

Young Proletaire rebuilt New York, Chicago, Pittsburgh—all the ugly chaotic man-slaying American cities. Yes, he made of them throbbing, beautiful communities—huge works of social art—planned effort of the mass-artist.

There was no money to be made out of these things, so no one obstructed, all had something to gain.

A curious wave of health set in, there was much less disease, because no one worried over old age or poverty. Workers were always provided for, the future was certain. There were no savings banks, but neither were there pauper homes.

Everyone belonged. Everyone had some useful job. It was queer, but people grew friendlier, the world was an enemy no longer, but exactly like one's own house. Men were like a family. Yes, this was health.

No one whimpered. All created. There were endless adventures each year, and enough hard work. And America was thankful Young Proletaire had come, tho at first most had feared him because new thought is an agony.

At first they called him a mad dog, but then later they called him the Messiah. As in Russia, so here too, the human race grew by a few inches. Great deeds were done and there was no money.

This is the end of my fable.

Scenes From the Hell of Europe

II.

By HENRI BARBUSSE.

ONE could not undertake with any pretense of completeness, the narration of the martyrdom undergone by the prisoners of Bulgaria, of Roumania, of Jugo-Slavia.

In Roumania there is a special prison for political prisoners. It is the central prison of Doftana. It consists entirely of dungeons. The beds are screwed to the walls. During the day they are raised up and the prisoners are compelled to stand up. The food is vile and the "inmates" suffer from hunger. The prison possesses a special section, Section N, called the torture-section. Hundreds and thousands of workers and peasants are tormented there. The inmates of this section are chained hand and foot and are submitted three times a week to the "black fast" (dry bread and water).

Shut up in veritable sacks of stone, called "guerlos," constructed out of a single block of fortified concrete, the prisoners await death which will liberate them from the vermin and from suffering. They are unable to stir and must sleep standing. It is a vertical coffin.

For the least infraction or error, for example, failure to salute, they lock them in casemates where they are obliged to remain seated on the cement and in water, hands and feet chained. Those who beseech for human treatment are noted down; they condemn them to one, two, five years of prison and they make them travel from jail to jail. They do not remain longer than a week in each prison and are always shut up in dungeons, chained hand and foot, without linen, in rags; thus they make a round of all Roumania.

At Doftana, there is a "Section H" where they put the "undisciplined" prisoners. There the dungeons are three meters by one meter (about nine and a half by four and a half feet—transl.), without air, without beds, without tables or chairs, without sanitary installations. No water for washing onesself, no linen for months. The food is unclean, and yet insufficient! (Thirty kilos of soup for two hundred prisoners). They give them unpeeled potatoes which they put into a bucket: they boil them, then they add salt water up to the top of the bucket (water which makes the body swell up and causes nephritus). The prisoners drink out of the same bowl, even the tubercular and syphilitic. They put such manacles on them that one can soon see the very obvious thinning of their wrists. They continually apply the cudgel to them. Beaten on the soles of their feet, the prisoners are unable to walk when they are sent back to their cells; their comrades are forbidden to support them.

One cannot endure this regime for more than several months. When one leaves there, one leaves it hebetated or epileptic, but usually one dies there. In six months, out of sixty-three prisoners put in Section H, only twelve remained alive. During the spring of 1923, there were thirty-eight deaths at Doftana, thirty-six of which were from Section H.

When the prisoners are ill, they let them die. As for example, Ivanuz, tubercular, at Jilava. To be sure, there is a doctor, but he never touches a prisoner. He contents himself with demanding jugs of wine from relatives for transferring the sick person to the sanitarium. I have seen a poor woman without any resources from whom the doctor had demanded 10,000 lei to have her husband transported to the hospital; she was unable to do it.

According to the regulations, one should not remain at Doftana more than six months. There are some who have been there for five years for "pacifist" or "syndicalist propaganda."

M. Tchernatz, director-general of prisons, has instituted compulsory labor for prisoners in order to draw profit from it. They work under the cudgel. Soldiers, with bayonets ten centimeters (about four inches—transl.) from their bodies, keep them from drinking or from relieving themselves as long as the work is unfinished.

Naturally, the prisoners try to commit suicide. But outside of the hunger strike, it is difficult for them. I have been told the story of one of them who tried to die by swalling tincture of iodine.

There are "rebellions" concocted by the management and the convict-guards. An epileptic having fallen upon a keeper in the course of a fit, they spread the rumor that he had wanted to kill him; and then followed a feast of reprisals.

The military fortress of Jilava had been transformed into a prison by the Germans when they occupied Bucharest. It is a living tomb. The prison, buried ten meters beneath the ground, is entirely of concrete. The regime is particularly severe. The "disciplined" are shut up for ten days in "cement sacks" where they cannot make a single move.

The prison of Vakarechta is the largest in Roumania. It was constructed for 2,000 persons; nevertheless, it actually confines no less than 3,000 entries. The disciplined are shut up in special dungeons of two meters and are obliged to remain standing there.

The regime of prisons and prisoners in other Balkan centers is identical with the Roumanian regime. To describe it would mean to recommence the descriptions which I have just given only changing the proper names.

Rights of defense? They do not exist. In Bulgaria, the lawyers are not allowed to converse in private with the prisoners whom they are defending. An official is present at the conversation.

Escaped Bulgarian prisoners who had succeeded in gaining the Turkish frontier have told us of the arbitrary manner in which they proceeded in their examinations: at times it was an ordinary corporal, an agent. In many cases, enormously long imprisonments before trial without examination. In Roumania there are innumerable cases like that of Ivanuz who was arrested for no special reason, solely for his opinions or because he was a supporter of the plebiscite in Bessarabia, serving four and a half months of prison before trial and dying there of tuberculosis; others have served years.

The Rumanian lawyer, Boujor, chained in a dungeon without a window, went insane. The Bulgarian, Asen Vaptzarov, having gone insane following the compression of his head by an instrument of torture, is let loose in his home. He kills his wife and child with an axe—and hangs himself.

They now have proof that the journalist, Herbst, had been burned alive in the central heating apparatus of the organization of National Safety at Sofia (the very building which had been confiscated from the large co-operative, Osvabojdenie), together with two former officers and another journalist; he offered a constant opposition to the government and had written an article in his journal, Vik, which has displeased the higher-ups.

Max Goldstein, condemned to life imprisonment at Bucharest, went on a hunger strike, his life in the dungeon being nothing more than a long torture. On the fortieth day, he agreed, after supplications by his family, to take food again, but the director of the prison gave the order that he should not be allowed to eat. He died ten days later. The same order was given in the Romanian prison of Doftana in regard to twenty-seven political prisoners who had begun, then suspended, a hunger strike. When the news was published, these twenty-seven prisoners had not eaten for three weeks. In many cities of old Roumania and of Transylvania, they proceeded to arrest the workers en masse who protested against the murder of Max Goldstein.

To render the fury of their executioners impotent, the prisoners have only this voluntary sacrifice, the hunger strike. The growing terrors of this carnal punishment, directed by the will, requiring during the first days an almost superhuman strength of spirit, have been minutely described. In this Roumanian prison of Jilava where there are prisoners who have been so furiously beaten that the blood came thru their clothes, statistics of the month of May, 1925, have established the fact that seventy prisoners had together completed 1,840 days of a hunger strike.

I am preciously treasuring a wretched bit of paper: a letter which the Roumanian political prisoners, informed, I do not know how, of my passing thru the country, succeeded in giving me to keep. The treatment which these men undergo surpasses all imagination, and they are only accused of delinquencies of opinion, and, as I have said, it is even sufficient for them to be suspected of "sympathizing" with the adversaries of the government.

Here are a few lines of this heart-rending appeal: "The tobacco passage" to the point of blood, with the help of knotted cudgels and bull pizzles, hair torn out, heads beaten against the wall, feet trampled upon to the point of fainting, all these things which you have read are little beside that which we have suffered at the hands of the Safety's police of . . . . (I have suppressed the name). Tied upright, with knees touching the chin, arms crossed over a peg, we were gagged, the heel of the executioners on our throats in order to keep us from crying out. This lasted for hours and whole days. When we fainted away, they drenched us with water in order to make us suffer martyrdom anew to the point of exhaustion after we had been revived. Husbands maltreated before their wives, parents before their children, were exposed to one another as examples. Some of us were lodged next to the torture chamber amidst the sound of blows, of cries, and of death-rattles."

JENNIE - - -

By ROSE PASTOR STOKES

—By Rose Pastor Stokes.

"JUST a rank and filer."

"Have you ever seen such a striker?"

"Come here, Jennie; let me introduce you to . . ."

That's how we met. Afterward we got acquainted.

Girls have a way of telling you things, if you're lucky. I was. That's how I happen to know about Jennie. And if the story I tell doesn't read the way I would normally tell it, it is because, somehow, it must be told the way Jennie would tell it. If it reads too quietly for you, get the point nevertheless, and don't quarrel with me.

* * * * *

JENNIE was going to write him. Not that she couldn't "happen" to meet him, maybe near his place of work, and try to say it to him. Only, in her excitement, she might say the wrong thing. Or say the right thing badly. Jennie knew her deficiences. Also she knew Sam's weaknesses. She mustn't bungle. Better write him.

She'd write on Sunday—the day on Long Island, with Yetta. Yetta had asked her out for the day. There she'd have time and quiet to write him a long letter—say all that should be said, clear away the misunderstanding. Sam would forgive her and again her sun would shine.

Jennie and Sam had quarreled. Over a senseless thing, a foolish trifle. They had seen Pola Negri in a picture and fell to quarreling over her quality as an actress. A stupid thing to quarrel over. If it had been over the labor movement . . . But over Pola!

Queer! and she'd always been so patient with him. Sam wasn't yet a left-winger—just on the way. So they'd argued a lot about those questions. But always without quarreling. And here, over a trifle, over a thing that didn't matter, she had to go and fly off the handle, call names.

Jennie was sure it never would have happened but for the day. A spring day. Something about a day like that always gets you. Guessed it was the kind of life you've got to live. If she and Sam had been married she thought it would have been different. Just the same she shouldn't have let that day get her, and over a thing like that. Or she should have apologized, right away. Instead of letting him go the way she did—him saying if that's the way she felt about it he guesses she didn't care to see him again. So won't trouble her any more.

She would have written him that very night. But she was tired. You know how. A show, Saturday night, on top of a hard week's work. Tired? She was that tired, thoughts of Sam couldn't keep her awake. Dropped right off. Slept like a log, that's how tired she was.

Next day Jennie didn't wake till eleven. By the time she'd made the bed, swept, dusted, took a bath, got breakfast, it was one. Then there were the things to wash. Some of them to iron. You know how it is with a Sunday. All the week's work to be done. If you don't do them things you have to let them wait till next Sunday, and next Sunday it might rain. Of course, if you've got plenty of things to wear, it don't matter. She? Well, she couldn't get along unless she washed. There was no other time. Monday? Monday night, fraction night. Tuesday night, union meeting. Wednesday night, that course economics. Thursday night, shop committee. Friday night, that course again. Saturday night, if there wasn't mass meeting, was the only night for a movie or a lecture, a show or a concert. You had to draw breath one night in the week.

No, Sunday was the only washday, clean-up day, day for chores—darning, mending; making the lean pay envelope look like it did a fat lot more for you than it really did.

For Jennie Sunday had become a little less drudge day because Sam called. Nearly a year of Sundays brought him. He never failed. But this Sunday Jennie was nervous, excited. Will he come? Jennie's married sister, with whom she lived, had gone off for the afternoon, taking her two children with her and leaving Jennie alone. Guess her sister understood. Jennie hustled. Doubting, hoping, pushing the hours. She dropped things, did things wrong, undid, and did things over again. Thinking, did he mean it? Wasn't he really coming any more?

Sam must have meant it, for he didn't come. Then Jennie sat down and cried. Like a baby. Just as if she'd never been steeled in struggle. All evening, thru tears, she hoped. Maybe he'll come yet. Then she fell away and slept.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday.

A week to drain you.

She tried to write during lunch time. Made several starts. It didn't work. She was too fagged to think. How her back ached! Jennie wondered why she stuck in the industry anyway. Once she left it. Took a job as an Italian girl—served Chianti in an Italian restaurant. It was a nice job, too. But you were so much by yourself. Cut off. You know how it is: Where a lot of workers work together in one place you don't feel lonely. You get organized. You feel alive. The world's full of workers—men, women, boys, girls.

Just the same, Jennie now wished that she'd kept on being an Italian girl, serving Chianti in an Italian restaurant. She'd have had time to write Sam.

Well, she must wait till Sunday. Out there on Long Island, with Yetta, she'll have the whole afternoon. Free—in a quiet, restful place.

* * * * *

CRAZY to have jumped all over him and him so good. He didn't see all she saw, but he was good as gold. And she'd been so different with him in everything else. Mother, sweetheart, teacher—so patient! She had misgivings—letting such a long time go by, making him think maybe she didn't care. But, never mind, he'll understand.

He might have taken to younger, prettier faces, more carefree girls. He wasn't yet thirty; she well past. But he never let her remember it, because he had a serious mind. Had she been sweet and twenty, not in the thoughtful thirties, maybe he wouldn't have cared at all for her. Years don't matter between two who belong together. And they belonged. And didn't Sam see it first. She was crazy to have called names! So mean, over nothing!

* * * * *

THURSDAY, then another workday, then a half-day, when you work like a steam engine till you get out of the shop. It's more than half a day, only the boss don't see it. Then you rush around looking for this, that and the other little thing you need—cheap! In the Five-and-Ten mostly. Darning cotton and such, maybe. Jennie got a fresh writing tablet and hurried home. To be free on Sunday. She had Sunday's chores to do. She didn't get thru till nine-thirty. Took a bath and dropped off to sleep the moment her head touched the pillow.

* * * * *

YETTA met Jennie at the little Long Island station, and a twenty-minute walk brought them to the "camp" a mile away.

"Camp" was a small stretch of field and a clump of four biggish trees, with a few scraggly sumachs at the far end. To this Yetta had added a table, a bench, an oil stove and a few cooking utensils. Just the same, it was heaven to a tired working girl. It took only a few minutes to look the whole place over.

* * * * *

JENNIE had thought that once she got "into the country" she'd sing, shout! She never opened her mouth. She was just too tired somehow. She and Yetta got the lunch. They puttered over the oil stove, one of them humming. But it wasn't Jennie.

After the few dishes were cleared away Yetta looked at Jennie for quite a while. Then, sticking a cushion into Jennie's arms, she said: "Here, kid, you go lie out there in the sunshine—or the shade. Anyhow, scoot. If I need ye, I'll call ye."

Jennie blessed Yetta in her heart, took the cushion and her writing tablet, went as far as the field went, dropped the cushion close to a sumach tree and sank down in the long grass.

At last, the hour for writing Sam!

Let's see, how should she begin? Her eyes stared up thru the sumach tree to the blue sky.

She'll tell him first what was really the matter with her—why she had flown off the handle. No, she couldn't do that! Maybe first she should say how sorry she is. She owes him that. Then she'll say . . .

She had thought it all out during the week. Now she couldn't remember. She gazed at the far clouds. They moved slowly. As if they, too, were tired. White, soft clouds . . . Heaps of dainty muslin waiting to be made up into nice underthings . . . Funny! thinking of underthings, the few things she did up last night had taken all the tuck out of her . . . Such a feeling . . . all in! The lunch, too. So logey! after eating she could sink. Shouldn't have taken it before writing that letter.

* * * * *

DELICIOUS air . . .

First she'll tell him . . .

Air like wine . . .

The shop, stifling. And such a din. Here, so still, so green! sumach tree . . . Like those in the Bronx, on the empty lot across the street . . . She might rest on her elbow, sit up, like this.

No. You're not so tired if you lie back. Better lie back.

Dear Sam: You know I love you. You know I didn't mean a word of what I said. Forgive me. I . . .

No, she must do better than that. Begin again . . .

Air, shade, sunlight . . . Hard to think. Arms like lead . . . Funny!

* * * * *

ONCE, twice, Yetta called across the field. No answer. Supper time. Jennie still slept. When Jennie opened her eyes there stood Yetta before her. Yetta was saying. Damn it all, a working girl's ideal Sunday! You'll catch that train if you're in luck!

* * * * *

AS it turned out Jennie never wrote that letter.

It happened that Sam left town that week—hitch-hiked it out to Pittsburgh, she'd heard. Jennie worked hard and spent her evenings much as she'd always done. But Jennie wasn't the same Jennie any more.

When the strike was called Jennie threw herself into it like an army. She led the pickets, she harried the strikebreakers, she mocked the policeman's club, she lashed the strike-shirkers with her tongue till they fell into line. She was always on the dot when strikers were called together. In the hall, outside. She said things to a judge, she went to jail for some days. She came out smiling. She inspired thousands. She learned to make speeches. No, she just spoke and put it across. She was in the strike like an army.

A rise in wages? Good. Better working conditions? Good. But two rest days in the week—Jennie went fighting mad for that!

No wonder they called her the Red Striker.

* * * * *

WAS the strike won? Yes.

Which industry? No fair telling.

If you knew maybe you'd recognize Jennie. Better not. And, by the way, her name isn't Jennie.

"Five-six-seven-eight!
Whom do we appreciate?
Jennie!"

Funny, how I find myself sticking that in.

Guess it's because I heard the crowd sing-songing it when I came into the strike meeting that day Jennie was introduced to me.

* * * * *

No rumor yet of Sam's return.

But here's hoping.

THE TINY WORKER

A Weekly.

Edited by Dorothy Red, Minneapolis.

Johnny Red, Assistant.

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HEY, YOU FELLOWS!

Nobody sent in any "Bunk in History" that the taechers gave you in school. Watsamatter? Do you believe George Washington never told a lie? Do you think the world war was against all wars? Well, what do you think?

Ghee, we got all kinds of letters and poems and stories and we are going to print most of them but where oh where did the Bunk in History go?

Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner
Eating a hunk of pie.
The reason the hunk
was so stale and punk
—Because he was a poor guy.—
—G. V.—Toledo, O.

Barnard Mazarov of New York sends us this one:

—

Frankie said to Jimmy: "Coolidge helps all the workers and even the Passaic strikers."

A STORY
By DOROTHY RED
Minneapolis, Minn.

Leo's father was a Rabbi in Russia, a peddler in this country. Leo was the smallest of five children. His oldest brother was a tailor and a good red union man.

Leo went to school and was the brightest in the class but the teacher always gave him bad marks because he would not believe some of the things she said. She said that Washington was better to the poor working man than Lincoln and that every child had the same chance to become president or a millionaire like Ford of Rockefeller.

On Decoration Day the children were told not to forget to bring an American flag. Leo came neatly dressed carrying a small red flag. The teacher, frightened, asked why he brought a red flag, instead of an American flag. Leo answered: "This red flag was the first American flag and it is the only flag that looked like the blood of all the people, white, yellow, black or copper.

Leo was sent home for punishment by the teacher but he marched home like a little American hero with his red flag.

Jimmy said: "Ghee, you still believe in fairy tales don't you?"

—

That's good Barney. Send us some more!

—

OH BOY!

Fred Long of Denver sent in:
THE BOSS

A boss I know
He's round and fat
His pants hang low
Just where he sat.

The boss grows fat
And fatter each day
His men at work
Get thin on their pay.

The men I know
Will grab their hat
Some day and kick
The boss where he sat.

—

Oh my, oh moy, now what do you think of Freddie's fresh little poem? Come again Freddie.

NEXT WEEK

Poems and stories and everything. Get next Saturday's issue.

The Theater Season In Moscow--1925-1926

By Ruth Epperson Kennell.

The State Ballet, Costume Design

BEING chiefly interested in finding something new in Moscow theaters, we shall not here consider the "Bolshoi," for in this great opera house of red and gold the ballet and opera continue much as in pre-revolutionary days. Kings and queens, fairies and mermaids appear in magnificent costumes in settings the grandeur of which leaves one breathless; huge choruses of townsfolk fill the stage with colors, swans sail in a blue background, ballet dancers float like clouds in their filmy skirts. The main difference now is that there are no kings and queens, lords and ladies in the audience.

And to those who thought that the old Moscow Art Theater was actually presenting a "revolutionary" play at the opening of the season, "Pugachevschina," the historic tragedy of the bandit leader, was disappointing. It has no revolutionary appeal and at the same time falls short of the classic standard of Stanislavsky's theater The play depicts a rising in Siberia 150 years ago, when Pugachev played the role of the legendary "Czar Peter" and was accepted by the oppressed people as their deliverer. Moskvin as Pugachev does not create a sympathetic character, and the play itself makes of him a weak adventurer. The fourth scene alone lives in the memory: the inhabitants of a village welcome the approach of Pugachev as their last hope, but in place of a deliverer, a detachment of czarist troops appears and in punishment for their rebellion one out of every three hundred inhabitants is executed. The setting—which follows the almost crude simplicity of the other scenes—the desolate village on the steppes, the poor huts, the crushed people, leaves an impression of the hopeless life of the Russian peasants before the revolution.

But in a little theater in the Arbat, the third studio of the Art Theater, we find the classic art of the past linking itself with the present. The splendor of what was formerly a palatial residence creates an appropriate environment for the versatile art of these gifted players. On one night they give you a fantastic fairy tale like "Princess Turadet," which holds all the childhood thrills in lovely princesses and charming princes, taking the audience into their confidence by changing their costumes and sets before your eyes; or perhaps they give you an old French melodrama like "Marion de Lorm," in which they play with such emotional intensity that you weep luxuriously—and then on the very next night you see them in a play of today whose realism hurts, "Verenea," which, from the point of view of conventional drama, is the best play of the season.

"Verenea" has been dramatized from the novel by Lydia Sifulina. The scene of the story is a village in the period previous to and just after the October revolution. The characters are everyday types of villagers, so real that they seem, all unawares, to have been transported from their village to the stage. Verenea is the type of village girl often found in Russia, strong, gracefully poised and independent, in her full, winsome face both fire and tenderness. And this splendid young creature is married to a weakling and is a domestic drudge for him and his harsh mother.

The first act ends with her rebellion and final departure from the squalid one-room home, from the whining husband and the nagging mother-in-law scolding her from her bed on top of the brick stove—out into the darkness of the village, where, afar off, can be heard a chorus of young voices singing.

A member of a fanatical religious sect has announced that God will summon him to die on a certain day. In the next scene we have a winding road with a fence, a piece of the thatched roof, steps and a section of the room of his log cottage. The other members are preparing his bed; against the wall stands his wooden coffin. Outside are gathered the villagers. The deacon standing before the roster announces importantly: "The death will now take place" and the prophet, his huge figure clothed in white linen, takes a lighted taper and lies down. The others take lighted tapers and begin chanting. The villagers draw nearer to watch thru window and door.

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

At this point there comes a long intermission, during which the audience, as is the European custom, gravely promenades thru the rooms of the mansion. The audience is "NEP" in character, for in spite of fifty per cent reductions to trade unions, a great many workers cannot afford to come.

While we have been promenading, drinking tea in the tapestried 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 beginning to splutter, and tired heads to droop. The skeptical young people, among them Verenea, begin shouting ribald remarks. Suddenly, raising himself, the prophet attacks the two kulaks nearby, drives the frightened watchers out, throws after them the stand, the ikon, and lastly the coffin, and then curses the God who betrayed him. The boys and girls, lifting the coffin on their shoulders, form a rakish procession, and the accordion breaks into a merry tune as they pass out of sight.

The fourth scene is a country cross-road. By the fence sits a crowd of young men and women singing. They have been drinking and are very hilarious. A slender youth in a red rubashka plays on his accordion the most sentimental of Russian village songs and, leaning amorously on one another, the boys and girls sing. Pavel, the Communist, comes down the steps at the cross-road and turns to look at Verenea, who is sitting against the shoulder of a strapping youth. At his stern words of disapproval she springs up indignantly. Left alone by her companions, defiant, a little drunk, she is just in the mood for the chief engineer of the village factory, who has more than once 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 appeals 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 gathering darkness of the lonely road.

Verenea 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 Verenea 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. Verenea, having learned something of men, tells him that she does not want to be his servant and mistress. He answers that he quite agrees with her—a woman is a 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 neighbor, returning that evening with news that her husband is dead, lifts her voice in a shrill lament which summons the villager. But Pavel, entering, bids them cease mourning for this victim of the czar's war—the czar has been dethroned! The mourners break up into excited groups, already divided into Bolsheviks and counter-revolutionists. As Pavel is leaving Verenea speaks to him: "I am coming to work for you tomorrow!"

Then we see the first elections after the revolution. A bare room with window and door at back and the village street visible at the side. Pavel is in charge of elections, and a Menshevik is election clerk. The villagers are hanging thru the open window, impatient for the balloting to begin. When the wooden ballot box is produced and the people are permitted to examine it, they approach it in fearful curiosity, tap it timidly and shake it, looking inside with a knowing air. It is then locked and that most solemn of Russian ceremonies—the application of the wax seal—is performed. The voting begins, the villagers entering one by one, thus giving us an opportunity to study the types singly. One old fellow in a high fur hat and dirty shuba, his expression childlike in spite of his grizzly beard, wants to show his ballot to the clerk. "No, it is secret!" shouts the horrified Menshevik. "But I already showed it to everyone outside," he answers. The act ends in a general fight out by the fence. A sleek kulak (rich peasant) makes some remarks which the Bolsheviks object to and Verenea challenges him. Enraged, the kulak attacks her and a battle ensues. At last, Pavel deserts his post. Dragging her inside, he tries to conceal his pride in her, while she, calmly arranging her hair and replacing her kerchief, looks pleased with herself.

The Big (Bolshoi) Theater, Moscow

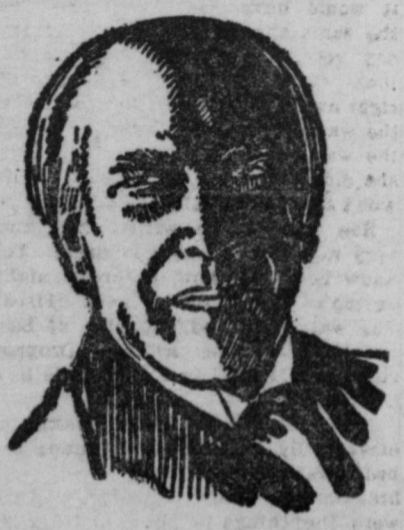
Verenea is sitting in Pavel's home. She is wearing a new holiday dress of white cotton with a pattern of small flowers. The widow, entering, starts to cross herself and, seeing no altar, spits instead. Her open hatred of the Bolsheviks exasperates Verenea to the point where she throws her neighbor out. Pavel, observing only this part of the controversy, comes in and scolds her for her violence. Verenea laughs and, sitting down beside him, tells him that she is expecting a baby. They begin laughing happily like two children. Then he seizes her and kisses her, swears and throws his hat on the floor with great fervor. A brief moment of happiness—and then to the serious business of life. He must go away at once; the whites are coming. With a stricken face she prepares his knapsack and then stands waiting for the simple farewell. At the door, turning once more to look at her, he lifts his hand and brings it down at his side in a gesture of suppressed grief..

The last scene takes place some months later in the house of Pavel. Verenea 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 comrades. Verenea 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 Verenea to leave at once. Verenea 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 at once two rough soldiers led by the Menshevik and the kulak enter the yard and bang at the door. The crooning stops sharply. Finding no trace of Verenea in the room, they hold a conference.

"Wait," says the sleek kulak, 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 Verenea approaches, moving stealthily toward the door, toward the baby waiting for its food. She is seized, she frees herself, turns and runs—into the arms of the other soldier. A brief struggle and she falls. The two soldiers creep away, clinging in terror to one another. A far-off chorus of boys and girls returning from some festival dies away.

Facade of Moscow Art Theater



C. S. STANISLAVSKY
Co-director Moscow Art Theater

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 Chaliapin, "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 compulsions 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 sentimentalists 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. Altho 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 detestation. 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—"

he sees only hollow rhetoric.

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, altho 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 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—

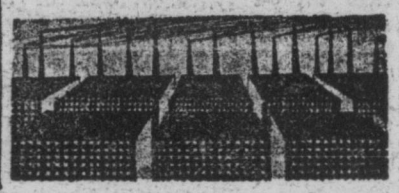
expression of them that the man of genius is easily discerned from the wit, and the poet from the scribbler."

And art is concerned fundamentally with the emotions and not the intel-

"When the passions are to be described, nearly the same ideas occur to everybody; but it is in the lect. Art is devoted to the projection of the passions in their relationship to their social origins, limitations and developments. And it is in Dreiser's description of the passions, his expression of them, his choice of observation to interpret them, that makes him a genius instead of a wit, that makes "An American Tragedy" a colossal creation instead of a mediocre melodrama.

"An American Tragedy" is not written in an arresting style that detains thru sheer joy of 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 outwritten 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, fragile stylist would have been unable to create. As in the novels of Zola, the indefatigable collection of detail, the slow, steady accretion of infinitesimals, lends to the narrative a realism that is almost photographically complete 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 transitionary novelist. His contempt for the bourgeoisie stands out in sharp contrast to the adoration of the bourgeoisie which characterized the novels of William Deans Howells, the leading American fictionist of the last half of the 19th and the first part of the 20th century. From this transitionary literature will eventually spring a genuine proletarian literature—already palpitating in embryo—which will combine hatred of the bourgeoisie with appreciation of the proletariat.



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

In the Next Issue

The Little Red School House, by Oliver Carlson. With photographs and illustrations.

Meditations of a Cherry Picker, by Pauline Schulman.

The Great American Labor Struggles of the 1880's, by Amy Schechter. Photostates of labor papers and events of that period.

The Confessions of an Agent Provocateur. A sensational document on the terroristic activities of the Pilsudsky government in Poland. Reproductions of paintings by Polish artists.

Textile Contrasts by Ramon Coffman. Ramon Coffman is the "Uncle Ray" of newspaper fame. He is the author of the "Childs' History of the World." His article in the next issue of this magazine is an intimate picture of life of the American textile workers.

Introducing Mr. H. C. Frayne, by Y. Zack. A clever little pen portrait of a typical labor fakir.

A Captain of Industry, by Max Schachtman. A review of the book "Men and Rubber," by Harvey S. Firestone.

A WEEK IN CARTOONS By M. P. Bales