

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
One Year.....\$2.00
Six Months.....\$1.25
Three Months......75

The New Leader

A Weekly Newspaper
Devoted to the Interest
of the Socialist and La-
bor Movement.

Vol. II, No. 10.

Twelve Pages

SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1925

Entered as Second Class Matter, January
19, 1924, at the Post Office at New York,
New York, under act of March 3, 1879.

Price 5 Cents

Power Trust Uses United States Funds To Attack Government Ownership

68TH CONGRESS PASSES AWAY UNWEPT

Futility of Progressives Hang-
ing to Old Parties Is Vivid-
ly Portrayed

By Marx Lewis

WASHINGTON.—On Wednes-
day, shortly before noon, the 68th
Congress passed away. To those
who watched it convene a year ago
last December, with a strong con-
tingent of progressive-minded mem-
bers in both houses, amid high hopes
that the relief that workers and
farmers have sought for years would
be granted, or at least considered,
the passing of the 68th Congress
will arouse nothing more than the
bitterness created by the disappoint-
ment of every hope that was placed
in it. It lived long enough to dis-
appoint its friends and satisfy its
enemies.

When Congress convened 14
months ago, the Progressive group
held what they proudly referred to
as the balance of power. What is
more, they meant to make use of
the strategic position in which the
previous elections had placed them.
They nominated their own candi-
date for Speaker; they held a con-
ference and mapped out a legislative
program; they fought the old guard
to a standstill in the speakership
contest, and gave up only when they
were assured that their principal
demand—the liberalization of the
rules of the House—would be con-
sidered and voted upon.

Several weeks later, they suc-
ceeded in realizing their legislative
ambitions: the rules of the House
were liberalized by permitting the
bringing out from committee a bill
which the committee desired to pre-
vent a vote on. Instead of the Pro-
gressive demand that 100 members
desiring a bill considered should be
permitted to recall it from the com-
mittee, the House provided that 150
must make the demand. Except for
this modification, to which the
House—in which the Progressives
held the balance of power—agreed,
the Progressives achieved the pur-
pose for which they fought in the
Speakership contest.

A Barren Session

What soon developed was evi-
dent to all students of parliamentary
practice from the outset—that it
would be as easy to get a bill
through the House without a lib-
eralization of the rules as with it—
that to get 150 people is to get close
to a majority, and with a majority,
or anything close enough to it, the
old rules were good enough.

The result of it all, from the point
of view of practical accomplish-
ments, is that the 68th Congress
did no more than any of its prede-
cessors to alleviate the distress of
the toiling millions. A cursory ex-
amination of the record of the 68th
Congress amply bears this out.

The Howell-Barkley bill, on
which the railroad brotherhoods
concentrated, for which they pro-
fessed a devotion to progressive
ideals, and in the furtherance of
which they helped unite all progres-
sive groups, failed of passage. In
spite of the change in the rules, the
bill never succeeded in reaching a
vote in the House. Instead of dying
in committee, the bill died on the
calendar.

No other legislation beneficial to
Labor was acted upon. The Com-
mittee on Labor, never very active,
was less active in this session than
in those which preceded it. The
House went to an extreme and en-
acted a stringent deportation act,
which, fortunately, was caught in
the legislative jam in the Senate,
and died with the session.

The Child Labor Amendment

The one measure that this Con-
gress can claim credit for, is the
proposed child labor amendment.
There is, however, a growing sus-
picion that the amendment was so
framed as to invite disaster. By
placing the age limit on which Con-
gress could legislate with respect to
child labor at eighteen, the proposal
was considerably weakened, fur-
nishing the enemies one of the most
potent arguments against the ratifi-
(Continued on Page 3)

Water-power interests, intent on winning Muscle Shoals for their private exploitation, have resorted to besmirching Ontario's success with Government-owned power plants.

And they are making the U. S. Government foot the bill of their propaganda! More than that, the prestige of a Government institution—the Smithsonian Institute, whose board of regents is headed by Chief Justice Taft, is also being used!

The Administration has not objected to this sinister scheme. Quick to reply, Ontario authorities state that the Smithsonian report contains "false information designed to be injurious to the general welfare of the people of a friendly nation."

That this astonishing attempt to use the name of the U. S. Government to belittle the accomplishments of a friendly foreign nation is resented is shown in this paragraph from the reply to the Smithsonian pamphlet: "If the United States public funds can be made available for such purposes as those for which they have been used . . . there exists a condition of affairs respecting which the public at large in both the United States and the Dominion of Canada should take full cognizance."

By Judson King

On January 15, the Smith-
sonian Institution published a
pamphlet which was in the main
an attack upon the publicly-
owned Hydro-Electric System of
Ontario. It was written by Sam-
uel S. Wyer, a private consulting
gas engineer of Columbus, Ohio,
whose title was given only as
"Associate in Mineral Technol-
ogy, U. S. National Museum."

Dr. Walcott, secretary of the
Smithsonian Institute, in a preface,
gave endorsement to Wyer's find-
ings, which, in effect, were: That
public ownership in Ontario was not
the success claimed; that the true
financial status of Ontario Hydro
is concealed under tricky bookkeep-
ing; that it has charged its custom-
ers \$19,000,000 less than the actual
cost of the current produced; that
future customers or taxpayers must
make up this deficit; that what the
people save on low rates they pay
in taxes, etc.

It was obvious that this pamphlet
would be used by the power inter-
ests for propaganda purposes in the
Muscle Shoals fight. In addition to
numerous misstatements of fact, it
contains statements reflecting upon
the public honesty and good faith
of the Hydro-Electric Power Com-
mission, of which Sir Adam Beck
is chairman, and all the members of
which are officials of the Ontario
Government. It is astonishing that
such imputations should be set forth
in a publication issued by an in-
stitution of the U. S. Federal Govern-
ment, at the head of whose Board
of Regents stands the name of Wil-
liam H. Taft, Chief Justice of the
United States Supreme Court, and
"the Establishment" of which con-
tains the names of President Calvin
Coolidge and all of his Cabinet.

Sir Adam in Reply.

Sir Adam Beck has just made a
vigorous rejoinder to the Smith-
sonian pamphlet, entitled "Misstate-
ments and Misrepresentations De-
rogatory to the Hydro-Electric
Power Commission of Ontario con-
tained in a Report Published by the
Smithsonian Institute . . . Exam-
ined and Refuted," in which he
charges that Wyer's statement con-
tains "false information designed
to be injurious to the general wel-
fare of the people of a friendly na-
tion."

Hon. G. W. Ferguson, Premier of
Ontario, in answer to a query from
this writer, has branded an alleged
explanation made by Mr. Wyer to
Secretary Walcott and others as to
the chief source of his information
as "so extraordinary and so un-
founded that it is difficult to treat
it seriously."

But so serious is Sir Adam Beck
in his resentment that his counter-
attack is almost tantamount to a
challenge that this episode be made
an international incident. He says:

"If the United States public
funds can be made available for
such purposes as those for which
they have been used by Mr. Wyer
with the concurrence of his chief,
Dr. Walcott . . . there ex-
ists a condition of affairs respect-
ing which the public at large in
both the United States and the Do-
minion of Canada should take full
cognizance."

What the Situation Is.

Premier Ferguson's flat denial
would seem to raise the question of
the veracity either of Mr. Wyer or
of Mr. W. D. Gregory, chairman of
the commission which investigated
Hydro. The situation stands in this
wise:

Ever since the appearance of the
Smithsonian pamphlet, the question
has been raised, "Where did Wyer
get his facts?" He gave no refer-
ence or documentation, apparently
relying upon the fair reputation of
the Smithsonian as a guarantee of
his veracity and disinterestedness.

(Continued on Page 8)

Will the Administration Answer—

FIRST: Sir Adam Beck's charge that the Smithsonian In-
stitution has circulated false and derogatory propaganda concerning
the Hydro-Electric Power System of Ontario, a public institution
of a friendly neighboring country?

SECOND: Premier Ferguson's emphatic denial of Engineer
Wyer's alleged statement to Dr. Charles D. Walcott, Secretary of the
Smithsonian, and to others, that Sir Adam Beck suppressed a re-
port of a Royal Investigating Commission, which report was after-
wards mysteriously burned?

THIRD: The clear implication that the name and funds
of the United States Government have been used in an at-
tack on Government ownership to further the interests of
American capitalists interested in exploitation of water-power
for their personal gain.

UNIONS WAR ON BIG PARADE FOR BREAD TRUST

N. Y. Labor Pledges Drive
on Non-Union Made Bread

One hundred and forty-six Labor
organizations in New York City have
pledged themselves to drive non-
union made bread out from the
homes of the workers of New York.
This and many other decisions
were reached at a conference held
last Sunday, March 1, at the Broad-
way Central Hotel. M. Abramson
of the Umbrella Workers' Union
was chosen chairman after a brief
and splendid opening address by
Max Pine. Addresses were made by
Hugh Frayne, bringing a personal
greeting from William Green, pres-
ident of the A. F. of L.; B. Charney
Vladeck, Abraham Shiplacoff and
J. Goldstein, general organizer of
the Bakery Workers.

A committee of fifty was elected
to carry on the work of pushing the
union label of the Bakery and Con-
fectionery Workers' International
Union and to devise ways and means
of compelling the Bread Trust to
employ union labor.

Renews Fight for Ford and Suhr

It is more than eleven years since
Herman Suhr and Richard Ford
were given life sentences in Cali-
fornia because of the riots in the
hop fields of that State. Petitions
are being circulated in all parts of
the State for the release of these
men and a delegation will present
these petitions to the Governor.
Ford has applied for a pardon and
his case will come before the parole
board in May. It is expected that
the parole will be granted. An in-
vestigation of the riot by a repre-
sentative of the State was followed
by a report which showed that the
trouble was the logical consequence
of abominable conditions that pre-
vailed in the hop fields.

Ahead of Us—

In The New Leader Next Week and After

ZECHARIAH CHAFFEE, JR.: Propaganda and Corruption of Pub-
lic Opinion. The Eminent Harvard
Professor on the Evils of Govern-
ment Propaganda.

UPTON SINCLAIR: Who Owns the Artists? Another Chapter
from Sinclair's latest Book, "Mam-
monart."

JUDSON KING: Senator Wadsworth Versus Americanism. The
Latest Assault on Constitutional
Liberties Analyzed.

ROBERTO HABERMAN: Plans and Progress in Mexico.

THERESA WOLFSON: The Garment Workers' History. A Re-
view of Dr. Louis Levine's Im-
portant Book.

NORMAN THOMAS: Are You as Well Off as Your Father?

McALISTER COLEMAN: A Bourgeois Bed-Time Story.

JAMES ONEAL: The Chicago Conventions and After.

ART YOUNG: God's House, a Cartoon.

In Addition to The New Leader's Distinctive Permanent
Features, S. A. DE WITT'S "Chatter-Box"; JOSEPH T.
SHIPLEY on the Drama; Reviews of Vital Books; a Page
of incisive Editorials; Authoritative News of Socialist
Activities here and abroad.

By Dr. Harry W. Laidler

The attack on Ontario's
Government-owned power-plant
was well manoeuvred. It was
given columns of space in
most of our best newspapers.
It brought forth a refutation
from Sir Adam Beck, Chairman
of the Ontario Hydro-Electric
Power Commission. That refu-
tation was not kept under a
bushel. But, outside of the lib-
eral weeklies, little if any pub-
licity was given to the categori-
cal denial of Mr. Wyer's
charges.

What are these charges? What
are the answers advanced? They
are substantially as follows:

1 Ontario's publicly-owned elec-
tric light utilities, claims Mr.
Wyer, are free from taxation. Thus,
while electrical consumers get
cheaper light, the taxpayers are the
losers.

Sir Adam replies to this charge
thus: "Mr. Wyer affirms what is
absolutely false. The Hydro-Elec-
tric Power Commission pays taxes
both to municipalities and to the
Provincial Government, to the ex-
tent of hundreds of thousands of
dollars annually, not only on land
which it occupies, but in connection
with other properties which it op-
erates."

In addition, the chairman con-
tinues, the Commission has paid
millions of dollars in customs duties
to the Government of Canada, both
directly and indirectly, on materials
and equipment which must be im-
ported into the United States and
other countries—"a charge for
which there is no similar expense
of comparable magnitude in the
construction and operation of United
States utilities."

The Canadian taxpayers, com-
pared with those of the United
States, are not losers. They enjoy
a decided advantage. In the United
States, the taxpayers must pay tribute
to private corporations for street
lighting, for pumping in connec-
tion with water-works, for other
municipal services. In Canada,
these services are supplied at cost
and the savings to the taxpayers
have been estimated at \$1,000,000
annually.

Thus charge number 1, though
coming from a source so high as
that of an "Associate in Mineral
Technology," and an expert in nat-
ural gas, falls completely to the
ground.

2. But wait. Mr. Wyer hurls
another bolt. Domestic con-
sumers, he maintains, are given
lower rates than the true costs war-
rant, in an effort to catch votes.
That is why the householders of
Ontario enjoy such low charges.
But those who purchase power in
industrial establishments are the
real sufferers. They have to bear
the burden. Mr. Wyer's heart goes
out to them.

The Chairman of the Ontario
Commission, however, rejoins to this
also with a complete denial and asks
for proof—proof which Mr. Wyer
fails to present in his chapter on
Ontario.

The rate schedules are adjusted,
Sir Adam maintains, to reflect the
difference in the cost of supplying
householders, on the one hand, and
is required to keep its detailed re-
cords in such a form that the actual
cost of each service can be discov-
ered. These records are analyzed
annually, and rates adjusted on the
basis of costs. Each service pays
its way. That is more than can be
said of the private companies in the
United States. Many of the com-
panies in the States are intimately
connected with the big industries in
their respective communities and
show continual favoritism to those
plants, making the residential dis-
trict pay abnormally high. The Com-
mission cites instances when the
rates for householders are over ten
(Continued on page 8.)

N. Y. SOCIALISTS GET CALL TO ACTION

Secretary Merrill in Ringing
Call to Members—"Or-
ganize Party" Is Slogan.

Returning to his office after at-
tending the two national conferences
at Chicago, Herbert M. Merrill, State
Secretary of the Socialist Party of
New York State, has sent a ring-
ing letter to the local organizations and
members in the State. The keynote
of this statement is "Organize the
Socialist Party."

In this call to the party members
Merrill says:

Dear Comrades:

"Your Party has kept faith with you
and with the Socialist movement. It
declined to surrender its identity and
commit suicide at Chicago. It stood
squarely for an American Labor Party,
a working-class party, and refused to
participate in any wishy-washy, fly-by-
night 'progressive' liberal party with-
out philosophy or definite principles."

"The determination of the railroad
brotherhoods not to go along with a
new third party at this time doomed
the C. P. P. A. convention to failure,
and that convention was adjourned on
the afternoon of Feb. 21 with the un-
derstanding that delegates interested
in a new party should reassemble in
the evening. Those who remained with
but few exceptions were neither repre-
sentatives of the producing classes nor
in sympathy with themselves as to the
kind of party to be organized."

The delegates of your Party, Com-
rades, under the inspiring leadership
of Morris Hillquit and Eugene V. Debs,
fought every inch of the way for a
party organized along the lines of the
British Labor Party, a party composed
of groups such as international unions
of organized Labor, farmers' organiza-
tions and Socialist Parties, but alleged
"progressive" delegates, dominated by
the Committee of 48 or by La Follette
Republicans, were just as insistent on
geographical representation only and
individual membership in the new party
to be formed. The evening session of
Feb. 21 finally terminated in the ap-
pointment of a committee by the chair
(Wm. H. Johnston) to bring in a plan
of organization to the convention next
morning. However, on the morning of
the 22nd two reports were submitted:
one, the majority report providing for
State autonomy on the method of or-
ganization, and the other, the minority
report embodying the idea of a Labor
party with group representation and
membership. Naturally the majority
report, so-called, was utterly unaccept-
able to your Party and could not be
entertained for a moment, although ap-
proved by the majority of the delegates
of this rump convention when the vote
was taken by show of hands. Hence
the National Convention of the So-
cialist Party, convened at Douglass
Park Auditorium, Feb. 23, had no choice
but to repudiate the action of the al-
leged "progressive" convention, and to
withdraw from further participation in
the C. P. P. A. until such time as the
railway brotherhoods feels disposed for
working class independent political
action.

"Locals and comrades will be fully
apprised by our National Office of the
action of the National Convention of
our Party. Your delegates to the C. P.
P. A. were fully conscious of your in-
terest. Suffice to say that the bour-
geois liberal party formed at Chicago
will meet the fate of its predecessors.
The slogan from now on is ORGANIZE
THE SOCIALIST PARTY."

Fight Amendment to Compensation Act

Steps to kill the Miller-Trueman
silicosis amendment to the occupa-
tional disease section of the New
York Compensation Law are being
taken by organized Labor on the
grounds that the bill "is a joker in-
tended to nullify workmen's com-
pensation," it was announced by
John Coughlin, secretary of the
Central Trades and Labor Council
of Greater New York. According to
Coughlin, the proposed measure
"introduces a scheme which has no
precedent in the history of American
compensation legislation and is a
serious danger to the rights and in-
terests of Labor." The Machinists'
Union, which is barred by the Mil-
ler-Trueman bill from compensation
for silicosis, a lung disease caused
by breathing silica dust, has issued
a call to its members "to protest in
Albany against the discrimination
to which it is subjected," Coughlin
declared.

WHILE THE BELLS TOLLED A REQUIEM

By JAMES ONEAL

For one entire day bells tolled a requiem over 12 of the 51 miners whose lives were snuffed out in the City Mine near Sullivan, Indiana, two weeks ago. "Blessed be the dead that the rain raineth on." All day a drizzling rain fell. White-faced women, sobbing children, and solemn men poured into and out of homes and churches to bury the mutilated and burnt bodies, many identified only by the remnant of a garment worn or a trinket the victim possessed.

Leaving Terre Haute on the Thursday following the "accident," I sat behind a fat lawyer in the smoking compartment of the inter-urban car on the way to Sullivan. I recognized him as one of the political machine that had governed Terre Haute for several decades. That machine allied with the big dives of the red light district, the gambling halls and "flop houses," the rotting lower layers of a degenerate proletariat that clubbed decent citizens in elections, placed mayors and judges in office, and that gave Terre Haute a notoriety that the City of Gary, rotten as it is, could not duplicate.

"Some accident," said the lawyer to a well-dressed chap, evidently a salesman. "Now the trouble with these miners is that they ain't willing to take another job when they are out of work. They'd rather see their children work while they sit 'round home."

The salesman nodded approval and the fat one continued: "I know lots of miners are that way. Fact is, they ain't consistent." The salesman became vocal. "There won't be a time," he ventured, "when you can put all men in a union. You can't do it as they ain't all alike." To which solemn observation the fat one responded with: "Well, our chamber of commerce has declared for the open shop."

"Couldn't do anything else," was the rejoinder of the salesman.

The Widow Eller

Turning with disgust from these ghoulies, I remembered the statement of Martha Jane Eller, widow of James Eller, a miner killed by the explosion. "Jim" always said the place would go up in smoke," said the grief-stricken woman. "Oh, if

Jim had just lived long enough to see our new baby."

James Eller will never see his unborn child destined to be the sixth of the Eller family, the oldest ten and the youngest four. "Jim often said," she continued, "that the mine was a trap and joked with his brother-in-law, John Clark, shot-firer in the City Mine, that John would be carried out some of these days. Jim always said he would quit that place if he wasn't in debt so much."

I could not avoid comparing the economic distress and the general background of the Eller family with the fat lawyer graffer and the men he helped to send to Indianapolis to make laws for the citizens of Indiana. Her mate was dead. The fat one lived to sneer at the living and the dead miners who contributed to the ease of his worthless life.

I arrived in Sullivan and soon learned that the sole survivor of the disaster was recovering at the city hospital. Although it was against the rules of the institution to permit visitors to enter at the hour I arrived, I persuaded the woman attendant to let me see and talk with Elmer Davidson, the survivor.

The Sole Survivor

A stocky, muscular young miner with a pleasant face, his head was bound in a bandage. The right eye was black with a bruise and the cheek bore a long gash which had been sewed up. His body had also been badly bruised.

Without any emotion and as though he was recording a normal occurrence in his life, Davidson told me his impression of the disaster. The mine had been inspected before

the men descended the shaft. "What is your opinion of mine inspection in this State?" I asked.

"It is generally careless," he answered. "The laws are all right, in my opinion, if they were properly enforced."

It is an old story and I again thought of the fat lawyer and the men his dirty political machine sent to the Legislature. Remember that this disaster spread its desolation over fifty square miles. Sullivan is twenty-six miles south of Terre Haute, yet the latter city was the home of three of the dead and West Terre Haute was the home of five more. There is an intimate relation between these dead men and the politics of the grafting attorney of Terre Haute.

"Death-proof Davidson." This is the name the survivor had earned because of the numerous accidents he had been in. "We heard a squeaking noise," said Davidson, "and the mine boss started to investigate. He was gone about ten minutes when a crash came followed by a tremendous jar. I was knocked down with rock and dirt falling upon me. I was covered up and it seemed that I drifted into a dream."

Facing Death Underground I was curious to know how it happened that of all the men in the mine he alone was not killed in that terrific blast that blew men against walls, crushed them like egg shells and burnt many beyond recognition. "The empties saved me," he answered and proceeded to explain that empty mine cars stood between him and the blast. They broke its force, careened over, piled upon him, but fortunately his face was not buried. He was pocketed in by the debris and this also protected him to some extent from gases.

"First thing I knew when I came out of the dream," he said, "three men were carrying me up the winding stairs 297 feet to the top. I knew just enough to hold on to them till we reached the top. Then I was brought to the hospital."

Had he been in any other accidents? I asked. A few "minor" ones, he answered. I asked him to tell me of one. On one occasion a boulder weighing 600 pounds struck him on the head, broke his jaw and knocked out eleven teeth. I gasped in astonishment, asking him why he considered this a "minor" accident. His answer was because he was able to return to the mine in seventeen days!

Davidson estimates the number of women left widows at forty and the children left fatherless at over eighty. Just before leaving him he affirmed his intention of returning to the mine within a week. With him, as with most miners, this daily gamble with death is a part of the normal routine of the miner's life.

Meantime the Red Cross in a hundred Indiana cities are raising funds to pay the last installments on the homes of those miners who were buying or to provide for the wants of widows and their children who have no immediate resources. Only a few mines are working, which accounts for miners coming from a wide area to the City Mine for a few days' work. Terre Haute has three soup-houses that are feeding the unemployed, the miners being the worst sufferers. Miners are known to take their families to these soup-houses to be fed.

Smashing the Unions The trade unions have been hard hit by the organized Babbitts in this section. The Chamber of Commerce of Terre Haute contributed to the relief fund and at the same time declared war on the trade unions by declaring for the "open shop."

The Central Labor Union has also been affiliated with the Chamber of Commerce and during the unspeakable alliance the carpenters' union has been utterly destroyed, nearly every other union has been weakened and unionism has but one-tenth of the influence it exerted twenty years ago.

Heaped upon the unemployment problem for the miners is the invasion of the union mine fields of Indiana by the scab coal of Kentucky. It is slowly undermining the Indiana market, it is slowly crushing the union, and only the most devoted generalship of the miners will enable them to avert falling back into the slavery of nearly forty years ago.

What hope is there for unionism, the miners and the general labor movement in this section of American Babbitts? Politically, the prospect has not been bright. It is an amazing fact that for more than twenty years a Senatorial district in Terre Haute has sent mine owners to the Legislature! Socialist miners have often been nominated, yet the miners and other union men have elected these mine owners.

City Mine disaster, has defeated Hessler for President of District 11. Lawton's vote is reported as 2,500 more than the vote Hessler received.

While the bells toll a requiem for funeral hymns over the blackened remains of toilers of the mines, while the grafting lawyer grows cynical and the organized Babbitts fight organization of the workers, this election of Lawton is the first ray of light that has penetrated the drab "civilization" of this region of Indiana.

Monuments to the rule of American Babbitts stare at one in Terre Haute, the heart of this region. The dives of an earlier day have been scattered all over the city. The rookeries and dirty shanties that house human beings in squalor and

dirt abound. Even the more "respectable" parts of the city exhibit hideous frame dwellings in which the pride of living has been extinguished. Paint is a drug on the market. A black pall of smoke taints the city, infects the lungs, and smother whatever lingering conception of the City Beautiful might.

During this same period every president of District 11 of the miners except one has also ended his service by accepting a soft political job from one of the old parties. John Hessler, the present incumbent, was one of the most active Socialists in the State twenty years ago. He has drifted so far from his former ideals that last November he supported the strike-breaker, Calvin Coolidge, for President. Rumor has it that a nice political job is awaiting him for the service he has rendered the party of Coolidge. Thousands of miners are today facing stark want while Hessler's favorite sits in the White House.

One Ray of Light

One encouraging item may be gleaned from this paradise of Kluxers, Rotarians, mine massacres, open shoppers, grafters and short rations for the workers. Tyler G. Lawton, once Socialist Mayor of Bicknell, not so many miles away from the be struggling to survive. It is doubtful whether any other city of the same size has the same number of grafters, kept men, dopesters, alcohol-guzzlers and fourth-rate lawyers. It took two trains some years ago to transport one single batch of politicians to Leavenworth who had been convicted of election frauds.

This is the "civilization" of this section of Indiana while the bells toll a requiem for the toilers murdered in near-by mines. How many more the future has on its death-list before this vulgar thing gives way to culture and enlightenment no man can foretell.

Oppressed Minorities Win Defenders in New Committee for Political Prisoners

An effort to organize relief for political prisoners in all countries and to conduct international work for their release is announced by a newly formed committee known as the International Committee for Political Prisoners, with headquarters in New York City.

The committee is made up of representatives of minorities from each of the countries with political prisoners, together with American liberals interested in furnishing relief and protesting against imprisonment for political views.

Complete information concerning the number and condition of political prisoners throughout the world, and the international channels through which relief can be given, is being gathered by the committee. Public meetings to organize the work are being planned for leading cities, with the first meeting in Town Hall, New York City, March 9.

The offices of the committee are in charge of Eleonore Von Eltz, formerly connected with the Foreign Language Information Service, and Roger N. Baldwin, temporary chairman. Among those representing minorities attacked for their political views are Girolamo Valentini, secretary of the Italian Socialist Federation, and Arturo Giovannitti; Emil Lengyel, journalist, for Hungary; Pedro Esteve, editor of "Cultura Obrera," for Spain; Henry Alsberg and B. Charney Vlodeck, for Russia.

The announcement of the new committee, issued by Roger N. Baldwin, says:

"This new work has been necessary by the repeated appeals to friends of civil liberty to help the victims of political persecution in Europe. Those appeals naturally center in New York where there are so many friends of these political prisoners abroad, who already have sent them considerable relief. The committee will help all persons jailed for their political views in all countries without emphasis on any particular country. We will cooperate with other agencies helping such prisoners anywhere. We will not aid those who we believe have taken part in political acts of violence.

"It is now generally understood that there are more persons held in prison or exiled from their countries for political views than at any time in history. Rough estimates put the total number in prison today at 40,000 with exiles probably ten times that number."

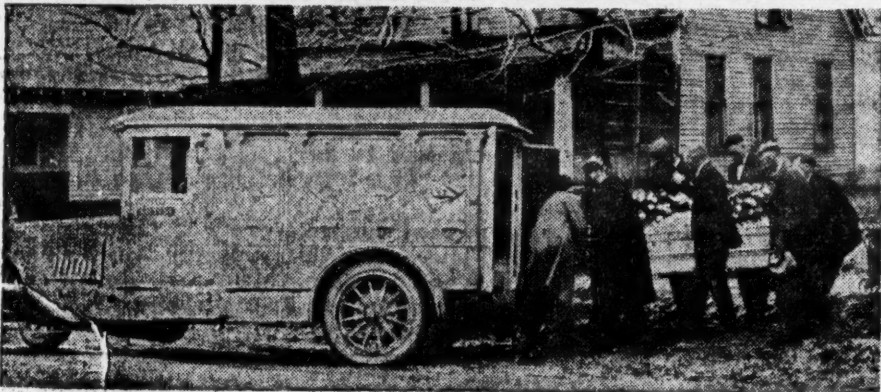
Among the New York City members of the committee are Norman Hapgood, John Haynes Holmes, Henry Alsberg, Lewis Gannett, Anna N. Davis, Arthur Garfield Hays, M. Eleanor Fitzgerald, David Mitrany, Sydney Hillman, F. Ernest Johnson, Paul Jones, Oswald Garrison Villard, B. C. Vlodeck and Robert Morris Lovett.

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Above, silent crowds in front of two undertaking parlors at Sullivan, Indiana, where bodies of 51 miners, killed in the mine explosion, were taken for identification. Below, scene at the funeral of Robert Freeman, a loader, one of the victims.

Lectures

The Community Forum
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Sunday Mar. 8—8 P. M.

MRS. MARGARET SANGER
"The Need of Birth Control in America"

11 A. M.—The Community Church

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES
"Shall the Theatres Be Closed?"

Special—10 A. M.
DR. HARVEY DEE BROWN
"Psychoanalysis"

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Friday, March 6

EVERETT DEAN MARTIN
(The Great Mass Movements of History)
"The Psychology of Hero Worship"

Sunday, March 8

DR. NATHAN KRASS
"Democracy—Its Fineness and Its Fallacies"

Tuesday, March 10

DR. E. G. SPAULDING
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"India in Ferment"

7:15 P. M.—American International
Church, 239 East 14th Street

EDMUND B. CHAFFEE
"What is the Matter with the World?"

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HUMANITY'S SIDE ON OPIUM

By WILLIAM K. McKIBBEN

Executive Secretary White Cross International Anti-Narcotics Society

IT will not be questioned that the commercial side of the opium problem has been from the first the controlling and, indeed, the sole consideration. It was that eminent empire builder, Warren Hastings, who reported to the home government that opium was a thing so pernicious that every means must be taken to withhold it from their own people and that it should be reserved for purposes of commerce only.

Poppy Forced on China

The first movement of this mercantile policy forced the poison upon the Chinese nation, literally at the cannon's mouth. In a heroic but futile effort to keep the drug out the Chinese fought with such arms and weapons as they had until resistance was no longer possible. In 1856 China gave up and signed the Treaty of Tientsin. Thus began the opium debauch, more ruinous to China than war, flood and famine.

Yet China never ceased to cry out against her ruin. In 1906, when our American sanitary engineers were successfully clearing up the opium traffic in the Philippines, China began to think the day of her redemption also was at hand. Previously she had said that since the foreign devils (they gave us that pet name) forced the foreign dirt upon us, let us at least raise our own opium and save our money. They accordingly offered to pull up their poppy crops and shut up their opium dens if Great Britain would cease bringing the drug in from India. This was agreed to. China pulled up or ploughed under her most lucrative crop on 2,000,000 acres of land, closed up 50,000 opium dens, and old smokers stacked their pipes in piles as high as the houses and burned them as a voluntary thank-offering to heaven.

America Alone Against It

While this reform, the most heroic recorded in history, was being enacted, the British colonies in and about China continued to license their opium dens, and under other flags than the British likewise, although never the American. A gifted Chinese woman going back to her own people as a physician told me how as a schoolgirl going from her parents' home in the British settlement in Shanghai to her school in the Chinese section, on the British side of the line, every other shop was an opium den, but on reaching the Chinese quarter one morning she encountered a Chinese firing squad executing two Chinese guilty of opium selling.

Such an incident is deplorable, but it is unavoidable, since these dens continue to this day and every suggestion of curbing their activities is met with the reply that it is none of our business. Your correspondent suggests that the consumption of drugs might conceivably be so great as to become an outrage to the international sense of decency. If these opium dens do not outrage international decency, what could possibly offend it?

China Won Admiration

China carried through to triumphant completion her program for extirpation of the poppy, compelling the admiration even of the

opium nations. For a time China was free, but note the tragedy that followed. Western manufacturers, Americans among them, now bought up the opium, particularly that from Persia and Turkey, and condensed it into morphine, ten times worse than opium, and forced this upon the Chinese people—thirty tons, perhaps forty tons, a year, in violation of solemn national pledges, so that China became like the man in the Bible, out of whom the devil was cast, but he went out and brought back seven other devils worse than himself, and the last state of that man was worse than the first.

While it is true that no more Indian opium is shipped to China, that is, to the Chinese mainland, the product of hundreds of thousands of acres of Indian poppies continues to be exported to the British Oriental colonies, where the population is principally Chinese. There it is officially sold through the licensed dens. The motive is revenue only. These dens have for a

hundred years been the Colonial financial cornerstone.

Not Dens But "Divans"

The average per cent. of the revenues from opium figures up twenty-seven and a fraction. Far from apology, the British representatives in the Geneva Conference proposed that these shops, previously officially designated as "dens," should now be styled "divans," and that women and children be excluded. Whereupon the gifted Chinese representative supported the motion, adding that men likewise should be kept out. In summing up the results of the conference, Mr. Sze improved upon Bret Harte's famous lines by quoting: "Which I rise to remark, that for tricks that are vain, and for ways that are dark, this opium conference is peculiar."

Japan presented a successful plan whereby actual confirmed smokers in Formosa were supplied by the Government at cost with such small amounts of opium as were considered indispensable. The result has been a rapid diminution in the amounts consumed, with promise of ultimate complete cessation. The excuse put forward for not adopting such a plan was smuggling, because China, helpless under civil strife, had resumed the cultivation of opium and would smuggle it in anyhow. Since the Japanese are not seriously troubled by smuggling, are we to understand that British Colonial administration is less efficient than Japanese? Would it not be more in keeping with the British reputation to avow revenue as the real object of the traffic?

Money Blocks Reform

Why not plainly say, as the London Times lately said, that while the evil is deplored how can its removal be expected with so much revenue dependent thereon? Would not this be more decent than to corrupt China and then deplore her lack of virtue?

Narcotics are a menace from which no one nation can save itself. Sir John Jordan, former British Ambassador to Peking, said as long as the drugs are produced they will find their consumers. Historically, narcotics came first from India to China, and from China were brought to underground San Francisco, and from there spread all over the United States, incidentally Australia likewise, and soon the whole world was addicted to the pipe or to morphine, still worse. The whole world must be saved or else all go to the devil altogether. Americans will not believe that the British conscience will much longer rest easy under the shame with which she is clothed by her Indian officials, making her leader in a bloc of opium nations which seeks to perpetuate for all time a form of human servitude beside which African slavery was mild and beneficent.

Charles Solomon and Edward Dobson Debate Socialism on Friday

Charles Solomon, former member of the New York Legislature and one of the ablest exponents of Socialism, will meet Edward Dobson, editor of the Brooklyn Standard Union, in debate on Socialism Friday night, March 6, at the New Era Club, 274 East Broadway.

Emanuel Switkes Elected Secretary of N. Y. Yipsels

Emanuel Switkes has been elected executive secretary by the Greater New York Young People's Socialist League. Anita Merkin has been chosen organizer and Louis Dickstein financial secretary. Elected on a referendum vote, the new officers will serve all through 1925. Switkes will succeed Morris Novik, who held the position of secretary since the re-organization of the League in 1919.

DOCK BUILDERS' UNION WINS WAGE INCREASE

The Dock and Pier Builders of Greater New York have gained an increase in wages which will take effect March 16, when the new agreement, to run for a year, starts. The scale of wages under the old agreement was \$9 a day. The new one calls for an increase of 75 cents a day after the first three months, which will bring the new scale to \$10.50 a day. The new agreement also calls for a 44-hour week and double time for all overtime. The New York Contracting Dock Builders and all independent firms have already signed up with the union.

In a statement issued by Charles Johnson, Jr., president of the union, which is a local of the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America, he points out that the victory represented by the new agreement was gained despite slack conditions in the trade. Johnson also declared the new increase brings the scale of wages to a point where it is 50 per cent higher than the 1922 rate. In the negotiations, the union was represented by President Johnson, Edward M. Olsen, secretary, Ray Clark and Ludwig Benson, business agents, John Halkett, president of the N. Y. Building Trade Council, and Thomas Querin, of the national brotherhood.

Barbers To Dance This Sunday Evening

The latest developments in the tontorial art will be on exhibition this Sunday night at the Lenox Assembly Rooms, East 2nd street and Avenue B, when the Journeymen Barbers' Union of New York, Local 752, will hold its second annual dance. An excellent program has been arranged and all friends and trade unionists are urged to attend.

68th Congress Passes

(Continued from Page 1.)

fication of the amendment. Be that as it may, the submission of the amendment was a step forward—the one step that was worth while, and yet one that would have been taken—had, in fact, been taken on two previous occasions when child labor laws were enacted—without a progressive group holding the balance of power.

It would be useless to enumerate the unsatisfactory bills that were either passed by the House or by both the Senate and the House. Such an enumeration would require an analysis of the measures in question—an analysis which could not be undertaken in this review of the session's work.

There was one negative attainment to which Congress is entitled to credit. It failed to enact the Underwood bill for private ownership and operation of Muscle Shoals. Passed by both Houses, it died in conference, largely due to the valiant fight which Senator Norris made to defeat it.

Futile Balance of Power

It is, perhaps, in the Muscle Shoals matter that the futility of depending on a balance of power, so far as getting meritorious legislation is concerned, was best revealed. On the fundamental ques-

tion of turning over to private enterprise the development of one of the most vital of the nation's resources, party lines disappeared. A Democratic Senator introduced a Republican President's plan, and Republicans and Democrats alike united in proclaiming the virtues of private over public enterprise. The balance became the hopeless minority.

The inability of the Progressives to obtain desirable legislation as a result of the balance of power was evident from the beginning, but any minority would have been in the same position so far as practical achievements are concerned, with this vital difference, however: a minority, whether it held the balance of power or not, could have been a tremendous educational force in awakening the people to the difference between the reactionaries and themselves, and it would have been such a force and factor had the Progressive group come out clearly and unequivocally for a program of real remedial legislation.

This it failed to do except for the program mapped out at the beginning of the session, and which was completely lost sight of in a few weeks. Not only did it fail to map out a comprehensive plan, and adhere to it, but when it was sought to place them on record in favor of the things they professed to favor—things that were incorporated in their own platform—they hedged and hawed and dodged. So that the failure of the Progressives was as disastrous with respect to the educational work that they might have done as it was with respect to their practical accomplishments. The people of the nation are no wiser as to where the Progressives stand than they were before the group was formed, unless they have gained such knowledge from the political campaign, and that, also, is questionable. This is one of the lessons which the 68th Congress conveys so far as the failure of the Progressives is concerned.

Corrupt and Reactionary

There is no new lesson that can be derived from the work of the reactionaries. They have served as valiantly and as unselfishly the interests which the two old parties represent as the reactionaries in previous Congresses. To this there may be just one exception: the taxation program. The bill eventually enacted was not as bad as that proposed by Coolidge and Mellon. This was due to the collaboration of the Progressives and the Democrats. That was partly the result of the desire of the Democrats to serve the lower strata of the capitalist class, who are alone the beneficiaries of the improved income provisions of the tax bill. The large majority of the people are not affected by it one way or the other, since they do not earn enough to pay an income tax.

Next to the colorless sessions which constituted the life of the 68th Congress, and the failure of the Progressives to take advantage of their position to advance the interests of the plain people, there is just one other thing for which this Congress will be remembered, and that is the innumerable cases of corruption which as found to exist in both camps and over several administrations, Democratic and Republican. But if this was unprecedented, it was only because of its dimensions. It was not unprecedented in disclosing the corrupt alliance of the old parties with big business.



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7 East 15th Street

-:- Ogi, the Son of Og -:-

(Chapter I of Mammonart)

By UPTON SINCLAIR

-:-

ONE evening in the year minus 98,076—that is, 100,000 years ago—Ogi, the son of Og, sat in front of a blazing fire in the cave, licking his greasy lips and wiping his greasy fingers upon the thick brown hair of his chest. The grease on Ogi's lips and fingers had come from a chunk out of an aurochs, which Ogi had roasted on a sharpened stick before the fire.

The tribe had been hunting that day, and Ogi himself had driven the spear through the eye of the great creature. Being young, he was a hero; and now he had a hero's share of meat in him, and sat before the fire, sleepy-eyed, re-tracing in dull, slow reverie the incidents of the hunt.

In his hand was the toasting stick, and he toyed with it, making marks upon the ground. Presently, half involuntarily, there came a pattern into these marks: a long mark—that was how the body of the aurochs went; two marks in front, the forelegs of the aurochs; two marks in back, the hind legs; a big scratch in front, the head. And suddenly Ogi found a thrill running over him. There was the great beast before him, brought magically back to life by markings in the dirt. Ogi had made the first picture!

But then terror seized him. He lived in a world of terror, and always had to act before he dared to think. Hastily he scratched over the dirt, until every trace of the magic beast was gone. He gazed behind him, expecting to see the spirit of the aurochs, summoned into the cave by this fearful new magic. He glanced at the other members of his tribe, crouching sleepily about the fire, to see if they had noticed his daring venture.

But nothing evil happened; the meat in Ogi's stomach did not develop bad spirits that summer night, neither did the lightning poke him with its dagger, nor a tree-limb crash upon his head. Therefore, next evening a temptation came upon him; he remembered his marks, and ventured to bring back his magic aurochs, and sit before the fire and watch him toss his head and snort at his enemies. As time passed Ogi did a thing yet bolder; he made a straight up-and-down mark, with two prongs underneath, and a round circle on top; Ogi himself, a double Ogi; with his long spear stopping the monster's charge!

Ogi Not Harmed

Even that did not prove bad magic; Ogi did not sicken, no lightning-daggers or tree-branches struck him. With practice, another idea came; he indicated the body of the aurochs by two marks, one above and one below, where the creature vanished into space. Between these were other scratches indicating a shaggy coat; and in the head a round spot, with a black hole punched deep by the toasting stick—the eye of the monster, glaring balefully at Ogi, and filling him



SENSIBLE MINISTER
He preaches that the rewards of Labor shall be reaped in heaven.



CRAZY MINISTER
He demands that Labor shall be rewarded on earth.



with such thrills as had never before passed along the nerves of a living organism.

Of course such big magic could not long remain a secret. Ogi was irresistibly driven to show his home-made aurochs to the tribe, and there was a tremendous commotion. It was a miracle, all made clear by their grunting; they knew the monster instantly—an aurochs, and nothing else! They cried out with delight at the cleverness of the representation.

(And 99,966 years later, when the writer was a little boy, he used to see, in a certain home of wealth which he visited, three pictures hanging in the dining-room, and appealing to gastronomic emotions. One picture represented several peaches on a platter, another represented half a dozen fish on a string, the third showed two partridges hanging by their necks. The members of the tribe of Ogi, now

called the Merchants and Manufacturers' Association of Baltimore, would gather at supper parties and marvel at this big magic. Here were works of art, and all knew they were works of art, and knew exactly why; they would say of the fish: "You can see the very shine of the scales!" Of the peaches: "You can rub the fuzz off them!" Of the birds: "You can bury your hands in the feathers!"

But when the first thrills had passed, the dwellers in the cave with Ogi fell victims to panic. An aurochs was a fearful and destructive beast; it was hard enough to have to kill him for food—but now to bring back his angry spirit was tempting fate. In the Holy Mountain fronting the cave dwelt the Great Hunter, who made all aurochs, and would be jealous of usurpers. The Witch Doctor of the tribe, who visited the Great Hun-

ter and made spells for good luck—he was the proper person to make magic, and not an upstart boy. So the Witch Doctor trampled out the drawing of Ogi, and the Old Man of the tribe, who made the laws, drove him out from the cave, and into the night where the sabretoothed tiger roamed.

The Ten Commandments

(And last winter the writer stood one night at 43rd street and Broadway, a busy corner of New York, and across the front of a building a whole block long he beheld great letters of violet fire, spelling three words: THE TEN COMMANDMENTS. He entered the building, and there upon a silver screen he saw a flash of lightning, followed by a burst of clouds and a terrifying clatter of stage thunder, and out of the lightning and clouds and thunder was unrolled before his eyes the Second Commandment: Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth.)

Ogi found a cave of his own, and escaped the sabretooth tiger. And not all the furies of the Witch Doctor, nor even the Ten Commandments of the Great Hunter, could take from his mind the memory of those delicious thrills which had stolen over him when he made the magic aurochs in the dirt. Being now alone, he had time for magic, and he got red stones and covered the walls of his cave with pictured beasts of many sorts. And presently came young men from the tribe, and beholding what he had done, they took to visiting him in secret to share the forbidden thrills.

(And on Main Street in our Great City, I can take you to a cave with letters of fire over the top, called an "arcade," and you may go in, and find the magic of Ogi hidden in little boxes, into which you drop a token made of copper, and see what is to be seen. One part of this cave is labeled, **For Men Only**. I have never been into this part, and therefore do not know what magic the descendants of Ogi have there hidden; but it is interesting to know that a nerve channel, once established in a living organism, can be handed down through generations to the number of 3,333.)

Now in the course of time it happened that there was war in the tribe between the Old Man and the Next Oldest Man; and also between the Old Witch Doctor and the Next Doctor. The rebels, having learned about the magic of Ogi, desired to make use of it. There was a secret meeting, at which the rebel Witch Doctor declared that he had had an interview with the Great Hunter on the Holy Mountain, and the Great Hunter himself had given Ogi power to make the magic aurochs, and to kill them in magic hunts. In other words, said the Witch Doctor, Ogi was an Inspired Artist; and if he and his friends would help the new party into power, Ogi would become Court Painter, and his scratches would be raised to the status of Ritual. Needless to say, Ogi was delighted at that, and likewise his friends, some of whom had learned to make scratches almost as good as Ogi's, and who desired now to become Inspired Artists, and to decorate the cave walls and weapons of the tribe.

The Rebel Witch Doctor

But one provision must be made clear, said the rebel Witch Doctor; Ogi and his friends must understand that they were to glorify the magic of this particular Witch Doctor. When they portrayed hunting, they must make it plain that it was the new Old Man who was head of the hunt; they must make him wonderful and fearful to the tribe. Ogi and his pupils answered that so long as they were permitted to make drawings of aurochs and of hunters, it made not the slightest difference what aurochs and what hunters they portrayed. Art was a thing entirely aloof from politics and propaganda. And so the bargain was settled; the banner of insurrection was raised, and the new Old Man became head of the tribe, and the new Witch Doctor set up his magic behind the aurochs-skin

curtains in the far end of the cave; and Ogi made many pictures of both of them.

(And I have walked through the palaces of kings, and through temples and cathedrals in many lands, and have seen long rows of portraits of the Old Men of many tribes, clad in robes of gorgeous colors, and wearing upon their heads crowns of gold and flashing jewels; they were called kings and emperors and dukes and earls and princes and captains of industry and presidents of chambers of commerce. I have seen also the portraits and statues of Witch Doctors of many varieties of magic; they were called popes and priests and cardinals and abbots and college presidents and doctors of divinity. And always the paintings were called Old Masters.)

So Ogi became Court Painter and painted the exploits of his tribe. And when the tribe went out to battle with other tribes, Ogi made pictures to show the transcendent beauty of his tribe, and the unloveliness of the tribe they were to destroy.

(And when my tribe went out to battle, its highly paid magazine illustrators made pictures of noble-faced maidens shouting war-cries, and it was called a Liberty Bond Campaign. And the story-tellers of my tribe became martial, and called themselves Vigilantes.)

Ogi's Technique

Now Ogi thrived greatly, developing his technique, so that he could show all kinds of beasts and men. The fame of his magic spread, and other tribes came to visit the caves and to marvel at his skill, and to gaze reverently upon the Inspired Artist.

(And in a certain hotel restaurant in New York I was admitted behind the magic red cord which separates the great from the unheeded, and sitting at a table my companion enlightened me with discreet nods and whispers, saying: "That is Heywood Brown; and next to him is Rita Weiman; and that's Mencken just coming in; and that round little man in the brown suit and the big spectacles is Hergesheimer.")

The fame of Ogi, and the magic of which he was master, brought thrills to the young women of the tribe, and they cast themselves at his feet, and so his talent was not lost to future generations.

(And in the galleries of Europe I gazed upon miles of madonnas—madonnas mournful and madonnas smiling, madonnas with wavy golden hair and madonnas with straight black hair—but never a madonna that was not plump, manicured and polished and robed in silks and satins, as became the mistresses of court painters and of popes and cardinals and abbots able to pay for publicity.)

Ogi's Grandsons

The sons and grandsons of Ogi cultivated his magic, and found new ways to intensify the thrills of art. They learned to make clay figures, and to carve the Old Men of the tribe and the Witch Doctors out of wood and stone.

(And just before the war, being in Berlin, I was taken by a friend for a drive down the Sieges Allee, between rows of white marble monsters in halberd and helm and cowl and royal robes, brandishing sceptres and mitres, battle-axes and two-bladed swords. Being myself a barbarian, I ventured to titter at this spectacle; whereupon my friend turned pale, and put his fingers upon my lips, indicating the driver of the hack, and whispering how more than once it had happened that presumptuous barbarians who tittered at the Old Men of the Hohenzollern tribe had been driven by a loyal hackman straight to the police station and to jail.)

Likewise the sons of Ogi learned to make noises in imitation of the songs of birds, and so they were able to bring back the thrills of first love. They learned to imitate the rolling of thunder, and the clash of clubs and spears in battle fury, and so they were able to renew the glory of the hunt and the slaughter.

(And in the year 1870 the Khedive of Egypt offered a prize of £10,000 to that descendant of Ogi who should make the most powerful magic out of his ancestral slaughterings; and now, throughout all civilization, the masters of the machines of slaughter put on their honorific raiment, and escort their pudgy wives, bedecked with jewels, to performances of their favorite grand opera, "Aida.")

Inspiring Anti-Reds

Likewise the descendants of Ogi learned to enact their adventures in imitation hunts. Inspired by music, they would dance about the camp-fire, thrusting their weapons into a magic aurochs, shouting when they saw him fall, and licking their chops at the taste of imaginary flesh.

(And in 30,000 "movie" houses throughout the United States the tribes now gather to woo and win magic darlings of luxury, and lick their chops over the acquirement of imaginary millions; also to shudder at wicked Russian Bolsheviks with bristling beards, at villainous "Red" agitators with twisted faces,

and at such other spectacles as the Old Men and the Witch Doctors prepare for them, according to instructions from the Great Hunter on the Holy Mountain.)

Three thousand, three hundred and thirty-three generations have passed, and in every generation the descendants of Ogi have had to face the problem of their relationship to the Old Men and the Witch Doctors. Ogi himself was a hunter, who slew his aurochs with his own hand, and butchered and cooked his meat before he ate it. But now it has been long since any descendant of Ogi has driven a spear through the eye of a charging aurochs. They have become specialists in the imaginary; their hands adjusted, not to spears and stone hatchets, but to brushes and pencils, fountain-pens and typewriter keys. So, when they are cast out from the tribe they can no longer face the sabretoothed tiger and find meat for themselves and their beautiful women; so, more than ever, the grip of the Old Men and the Witch Doctors grows tight upon them. More than ever it is required that their pictures and stories shall deal with things of which the Old Men and the Witch Doctors approve; more than ever they are called upon to honor and praise the customs of their tribe, as against the customs of all other tribes of men or angels.

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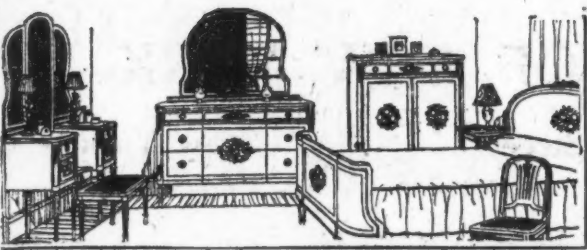
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:-: BOLSHEVISM UP A BLIND ALLEY :-:

By R. R. ABRAMOWICH

RUSSIA finds itself in a blind alley. The economic betterment, which set in with the introduction of the "New Economic Policy," i. e., the abandonment of the original Communist program in 1921, reached its highest fruition in 1923-24. Since then, economic progress has been very slow. The industries hover around forty to forty-five per cent and transportation, thirty to thirty-five per cent of prewar production.

Further economic growth requires: In industry (1) a large influx of foreign capital; (2) the full unfolding of the internal creative forces of Russia, and, of course, far-going restriction of the area of nationalized industry; (3) a radical improvement of the bureaucratic machine which leads and manages State industry and trade.

In agriculture (1) complete repeal of all pseudo-Communist measures which are still binding the economic freedom of the peasants; (2) create in the villages an earnest and well-working administration instead of the corrupt machine existing now under the false name of "Soviets," i. e., to give democratic self-government to the peasants.

Neither is possible even in limited measure under the system of terroristic dictatorship now prevailing in Russia.

Persecutions and Terror

The reign of terror, the complete absence of the right of self-expression and initiative, hangs like a heavy leaden weight over the whole life of Russia.

The sanguinary machinery of the Bolshevik dictatorship was created in the period of civil war for the purpose of realizing full communism in Russia and a social revolution over the whole world.

Now, the Bolsheviks themselves do not believe any more in the possibility of communism in Russia. We have also no world revolution and no civil war. But the terror machinery is still existing. At this time the monarchist and reactionary elements in Russia are altogether negligible. Hence the whole force of Bolshevik terror is directed against the Socialists. The Socialist parties are proscribed and lead an illegal existence as under the days of the Czar. Their papers are printed in underground printing shops. Socialists and persons suspected of Socialist sympathies, workers, peasants and intellectuals, fill the prisons and places of exile in Russia. Hardly a week passes without receipt of information about new cruelties and horrors practiced against the political prisoners in the jails and concentration

camps and of ever recurring hunger strikes among the prisoners.

What the Socialists Want

The Russian Socialists, and particularly my party, do not oppose Bolshevism because it is too Socialist for them, but, on the contrary, because in spite of its radical phraseology, it is reactionary and injurious to the interests of the working classes.

We hold that the revolution in Russia was not and from the nature of things could not have been a Socialist revolution. Its fundamental task, as that of the Great French Revolution of 1789, was the overthrow of the feudal-aristocratic monarchy and the carrying out of the agrarian revolution in the interests of 100,000,000 peasants. This task has been accomplished. The civil war is over. What Russia needs at this time is not a policy of destruction, but a program of constructive democracy, which in spite of all its shortcomings, represents for Russia the greatest progress and a necessary phase of development. Political freedom is at this time as necessary to Russia and especially to the Russian workers as air to breathe.

We Russian Socialists, however, do not strive for a violent over-

throw of the Soviet Government. On the contrary, we are anxious to avoid new chaos and civil strife. Our aim is to bring about the necessary reforms as peacefully as possible, principally through political pressure of the working population.

That is why the Socialists of all shades, including those of Georgia, are ready to accept the status of a legal opposition, with the freedom of press, speech and assembly, within the framework of the Soviet System.

The Recognition of Russia

From this point of view our party consistently advocates the recognition of Soviet Russia by the foreign powers. We always opposed the intervention of foreign Governments in our country, and according juridical recognition means in effect the abandonment of the policy of intervention in the internal affairs of Russia.

Diplomatic recognition does not imply a moral sanction of the recognized Government. If it did the democratic countries of the world could not consistently continue to recognize the Mussolini Government of Italy or the Horthy regime of Hungary. Nor is the recognition of Soviet Russia by any for-

ign country a revolutionary or counter-revolutionary act. It is purely a commercial question and for the good of Russia's future as well as for the peace and prosperity of the world, Russia must be drawn into international commerce as fully and speedily as possible.

What Foreign Socialists Can Do for Russia

American Socialists who sympathize with the cause of the Russian revolution and are interested in the social progress of that great country can best help her by supporting the program above outlined. As it is, many American progressives and non-Communist radicals impede the progress of democratic development in Russia by mistaken tactics.

They advocate the recognition of Soviet Russia by the American Government, which is perfectly proper for the reasons above mentioned. But they go far beyond it and not only refrain from all public criticism of the Soviet Government but justify and sanction its policy of terror. This attitude only serves to perpetuate the Bolshevik autocracy and to hamper and delay the process of democratization of the Soviet Government.

The Bolshevik Government of Russia pays greater attention to

foreign-public opinion and particularly to American public opinion than is generally believed.

A strong and unanimous protest of the progressive elements of the United States against the Russian reign of terror and a public condemnation of the barbarous methods of persecution of Socialists, workers, peasants and intellectuals, would at this time have not only a moral effect, but, I believe, definite practical results.

At a time when the Bolshevik Government finds it safe to extend amnesty to the counter-revolutionists who fought the Soviet Government with arms in the ranks of the Denikin and Wrangel armies there is surely no excuse for the jailing, exiling and torturing of thousands of Socialists who in 1919 and 1920 fought with the Bolsheviks against the counter-revolutionary forces of Denikin, Wrangel and Kolchak.

General amnesty for all political prisoners, including the Socialists, and complete abandonment of the system of terror, this is the minimum program upon which American progressives should insist while demanding the recognition of Soviet Russia by the Government of the United States.

Gertrude Reilly Dead

Socialists all over the country will be grieved to learn of the sudden death of Comrade Gertrude Reilly, beloved wife of James M. Reilly, of Newark, N. J., one of the most active members of the party in New Jersey, formerly a resident of Hudson County.

Comrade Gertrude Reilly died suddenly of heart disease last Saturday and was cremated on Monday at the Union Hill Crematorium. The funeral was attended by a large number of comrades and friends. Comrade R. Victor, an old friend of the family, who 18 years ago while Justice of the Peace united them in marriage, delivered an inspiring funeral oration, depicting the work and devotion of our departed Comrade in the cause of Socialism. The "Socialist Liedertafel" of Jersey City sang "Still Rests Your Heart," while Comrade H. Schultz recited a poem, after which the body was given to the flames amidst the tunes of the Workers' Marseillaise.

In addition to her husband, Comrade Gertrude Reilly is survived by two sons, 6 and 14 years old, and Charles and Ferdinand Ufert, brothers.

Bakery Workers Strike Against Brooklyn Boss

The Bakery and Confectionery Workers' Union, Local 3, has declared a strike against the establishment of Louis Kellerman, at 1399 Gates avenue, Brooklyn.

The strike has been called as a result of a lock-out which this boss has made against the workers.

The Union appeals to the public for their moral support in this strike by patronizing only union label stores.

On The International Front

"Workers of the World, Unite! You have nothing to lose but your chains and a world to gain."

ARGENTINA

Convention Sets Minimum Demands

At the fifth extraordinary convention of the Socialist Party of Argentina, held in Cordoba January 4-6, the some hundred delegates adopted a "minimum program" calling for the nationalization of mines and oil deposits, legislation authorizing the expropriation of real estate by the nation, provinces and municipalities, re-establishment of sound money, promotion of genuine co-operatives, restriction and ultimate abolition of the use of alcoholic drinks and tobacco, establishment of the eight-hour working day and much other labor legislation, equal suffrage, citizenship for foreigners after two years' residence, abolition of the Senate, direct election of the President and suppression of his veto right, popular election of the judges of the Supreme Court for a limited term and abolition of their right to declare legislation unconstitutional, reduction of military service to three months and its eventual abolition, prohibition of the use of the army in labor disputes, municipalization of public utilities and complete separation of Church and State including the suppression of all special rights now enjoyed by the clergy.

Of these demands, which are only a few of those in the minimum program, the one insisting upon the separation of Church and State is especially timely in view of the row between the Vatican and the Argentine Government over the question of their joint rights in the naming of the Bishop of Buenos Aires, which has led to the practical severance of diplomatic relations between Argentina and the Holy See and to much talk of wiping out the Concordat, a hold-over from the days of Spanish rule. The Socialists are naturally doing their bit toward bringing about a clean break with Rome and forcing the Church to stand on its own feet without the State subvention, which last year totaled 1,078,067 pesos (at about 40 cents apiece) and this year will be 1,358,839, if Dr. Gallardo, the pro-Clerical Minister of Cults and Foreign Affairs, has his way.

The spirit of the convention, which was opened by Gonzales Masada, national secretary, and attended by the Socialist Deputies, the National Executive Committee and many Socialist members of provincial and local legislative bodies, was excellent and the general interest displayed throughout the country in the Socialist program seems to indicate a great revival of propaganda and campaign activities.

URUGUAY

Socialists Abstain From Voting

In order to husband their forces for the general election of members of Parliament, due next November, the Socialists of Uruguay, at a special gathering called by the National Executive Committee in Montevideo in January, resolved to take no part in the election of three members of the National Commission of Administration, scheduled for Feb. 8, and which, according to press dispatches, resulted in a victory for the Government party. It was pointed out at the meeting that as the National Commission was not a legislative but an administrative body, something like the Cabinets of other Governments, and there no chance of electing a Socialist Com-

missioner at present, it would be better to abstain and prepare for a lively campaign for members of Parliament, with good prospects of winning some seats. The Communists also did not participate in the election of Feb. 8.

GERMANY

Party Press Service Growing

So rapidly has the Social Democratic Press Service, the outgrowth of the Socialist Parliamentary News Service, begun shortly after the end of the World War by a few devoted and hard-worked Socialist Deputies for the purpose of making it possible for the numerous Socialist papers of Germany to keep their readers informed as to what was going on in the Reichstag and legislative circles in general, grown during the last few months that it has had to move out of the office of the Berlin Vorwaerts into a home of its own, recently bought by the party at 7-8 Belle-Alliance Platz. The central office of the Social Democratic Press Service in Berlin occupies seven large rooms and is equipped with every modern device for news gathering and transmission, including a radio broadcasting outfit. It has an efficient staff of editors, headed by Erich Alfringhaus, one of the pioneer workers in the service. The Press Service has its own correspondents in every important city of Germany, in all European capitals and in New York. News by wire, wireless and mail pours into the Berlin office in a never-ending stream, to be classified and distributed to the Socialist papers of the republic, to a large extent by radio. The man at the wireless phone is constantly hurling verbal information into the broadcaster to be picked up many miles away by editorial stenographers and transformed into printed reports. And the radio operators in Berlin are constantly on the qui vive for wireless news floating in the air from all parts of the world, much of which can be utilized in the Socialist Press Service. The Socialist service has become so efficient that the chains of dependence upon semi-official and bourgeois news agencies have been broken and many of the big Socialist dailies merely use them as supplementary to the party agency.

Karl Hermann Vindicated

At a time when the press of the world has been devoting much space to accounts of financial scandals in Germany, in some cases involving Socialists, comes news of the vindication by the Court of Assizes in Weimar of Karl Hermann, ex-Minister of the Interior in Thuringia. Comrade Hermann, who held his post under the Labor regime in Thuringia in 1923 until it was practically stamped out by the iron heel of the German Regular Army at the behest of the bourgeois interests of that State, had been accused of falsifying official records for the purpose of getting jobs for Socialists after the time for appointments had expired. He was arrested on Jan. 2, 1924, much was made of his alleged grafting, and the defeat of the Socialists in the Diet election of February was largely due to this incident. After his conviction by the lower court on July 7, which fined him 1,000 marks (worth 23.8 cents each), Comrade Hermann appealed and on Jan. 23 he was acquitted. It was brought out during the trial that the signing of official documents rather belatedly was a common practice in Germany and that

there were no grounds for suspecting Hermann of grafting.

AUSTRIA

Yipsels Honor Franz Liszt

Determined to redeem their little village from the disgrace of having allowed the house where the great pianist and composer, Franz Liszt, was born on Oct. 22, 1811, to fall into partial decay, together with the organ of the village church upon which the artist played as a child, the Young Socialists' organization in Raidling, in the Burgenland province of Austria, backed up by the provincial Yipsel body and the local Socialist Party group, has vowed to restore the house and its contents to its original condition, as far as possible, and to guard it as a spot hallowed in the history of art. In reporting the decision of the Young Socialists, which was reached at a recent provincial convention held in Raidling, a writer in the Arbeiter-Zeitung points out that only through the efforts of the Socialist Mayor were the church authorities finally forced to release a bequest to the community left by Liszt for the purpose of building a new church and which they had accepted following his death in Bayreuth in 1886 without carrying out his wishes. The Socialist Mayor had the fund used to build a neat little Gothic Liszt memorial church.

Arbeiter-Zeitung 30 Years Old

The thirtieth birthday of the Vienna Arbeiter-Zeitung on New Year's was made the occasion of a great celebration by the Austrian Socialists, who are justly proud of their great daily. In the 80-page birthday edition of 140,000 copies there were special articles by nearly every European Socialist of prominence, most of whom drew attention to the fact that Frederick Austerlitz, the editor-in-chief, had held that job from the paper's very beginning.

AUSTRALIA

New Daily Paper

A new daily has been added to the list of Labor papers. The Sydney "Labour Daily" has only been in existence a very short time, but it already boasts a circulation of 80,000. Ever since the war Australian Labor has been planning for

its daily press, raising money needed for the big undertaking and gathering the staff.

Melbourne, the capital of Victoria, is also to have a Labor daily and hopes are expressed that, in course of time, every State in Australia will have its own journal.

ENGLAND

A series of reports presented at the last meeting of the National Council of the Independent Labor Party (England) show very satisfactory progress in organization and propaganda. The party now has over 1,000 branches, whereas a year ago there were not more than 717. Last year they started to found Socialist Youth Guilds in which there are today 4,000 members. Special Women's Groups are also being instituted and so far there are 58 in existence. The party paper, the New Leader, has a circulation far exceeding that of any other Socialist or liberal weekly and is constantly increasing its sales. Its circulation exceeds that of the six best known English political weeklies combined.

The I. L. P. has a well-organized Information Committee, which supplies all the material for propaganda and sounds out weekly instructions in the form of notes and statistics for the use of public speakers. The circulation of these Weekly Speakers' Notes now exceeds 2,000.

At the moment the party is engaged in a very successful campaign in the rural districts. In London, thanks to the support of a theatrical manager, who allows the party to use his theatre free of cost, a new venture has been undertaken in the form of "Sunday Evenings for the People." Under the motto of "Bread and Beauty," art and political propaganda are thus put within the reach of the masses. The venture has been exceptionally lucky, the attractive power of the performances being so strong that hundreds must unfortunately be turned away each Sunday evening for lack of space.

Every year the party runs one or more summer schools. This year the school will be at Easton Lodge, the Countess of Warwick having placed her estate at the disposal of the party for the month of August. The annual conference of the I. L. P. will be held, as usual, at Easter and this time it will be at Gloucester.

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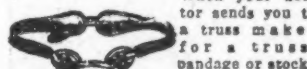
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A WEEK IN WEST VIRGINIA

By McALISTER COLEMAN

SATURDAY

PERCY TETLOW, who took over the presidency of District 17 United Mine Workers of America, when the old administration petitioned the International Union to carry on the organizing work in West Virginia last summer, is a lean man, quiet spoken, with a good business head on his shoulders and an air of convincing authority about him. I found him in the little two-story building that houses the union headquarters just around from the post-office at Charleston. I told him that I had been sent down by a joint committee of the League for Industrial Democracy and the American Civil Liberties Union to look into the need for relief for his striking miners and find out how it went with civil liberties in West Virginia. He smiled slightly when I mentioned "civil liberties." When you have seen the local papers whose silence in regard to the industrial warfare that is raging on their doorsteps fairly thunders, when you hear of some of the things that happen to union organizers in their attempt to invade non-union fields, when you note the complete indifference of social and charitable agencies to the continuous abuse of constitutional rights and the consequent suffering among the families of evicted miners, you can't blame Tetlow for smiling.

Will C. Thompson, secretary-treasurer of the district, fairly explodes with rage when you mention "civil liberties." "Civil liberties in West Virginia! There ain't no such animal." That is expressive of the union attitude. The leaders have frankly given up all hope of presenting their case to the public through the medium of the local press. Organizers who have headquarters for non-union fields jest grimly about the probable fate that awaits them at the hands of deputy sheriffs. They tell you that it is as much as your life is worth to go into Logan, Mingo, or McDowell counties where Sheriff Don Chafin's interdicts against public meetings still hold good.

Union officials tell you that they are providing relief to twenty thousand persons, evicted miners and their families. They are sending to the heads of local relief committees rations enough for bare existence and shelter in the shape of tents and lean-tos. In some instances they have been doing this for almost three years, for you must understand that strikes and lock-outs in the West Virginia coal fields are overlapping. Some of the union men whose operators would not sign the contracts called for by the 1922 agreement are living out on wind-swept hills side by side with those who would not go back to work at a 38 per cent reduction last April and still others who joined the union when an organizing campaign got under way last November.

See Menace to Union

In all about 22,000 union miners are idle in West Virginia today, while some 50,000 to 60,000 non-union men are at work. In some instances operators are selling their coal at cost or less in order to keep their mines open. In other in-



Evicted Miners, Victims of Company-Owned Homes

stances production and demand are normal. Much of this non-union coal comes from below the Ohio river through unionized territory to the north where it undersells coal mined under union conditions. Unemployment is rife in the central competitive fields, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio and Pennsylvania. Union operators who pay \$7.50 a day for day men cannot compete with a scale of \$3.50 or less. If organization work in West Virginia is checked, if the men are driven back to work at the 1918 scale, the future of the United Mine Workers, the strongest unit of organized labor in the country, is menaced.

That is why union headquarters at Charleston is being watched by organized labor the country over. That is why the International Union is pouring thousands of dollars every month into relief work in West Virginia. Labor's fighting front in America today lies along the Kanawha Valley, in the camps on Cabin and Kelly Creek and on the mountainsides beyond Charleston where every day recruits are taking the union obligation and being promptly evicted from the company houses. Up and down the swollen creekbeds, trucks bearing tents and rations from headquarters race to provide food and shelter for these new converts to unionism. If they will stand fast in the valley as their fellow-workers to the north are standing, then the dangerous and difficult task of organizing Logan and the other non-union territories can be undertaken from a strategic base. "Go to Eskdale on Cabin Creek tomorrow," advises a union organizer, "there'll be a parade and some talking and you can see what kind of folks are joining up."

SUNDAY

Through long experience on these roads the automobile that takes you from Cabin Creek Junction up to Eskdale has acquired invaluable motor-boat characteristics. For a

third of the way at least road-bed and creek-bed merge in a boiling yellow torrent whipped up by the steady downpour of rain, so that the front wheels throw off waves that would do credit to a racing craft.

At Eskdale, miners huddled under the eaves of the little store tell you that a parade of union men is coming down from Dakota six miles up the valley. You drive on to meet the marchers and presently hear the notes of a French horn gurgling through the downpour. "It ain't going to rain no more."

Lanky, broad-shouldered men in hip-boots are slipping and sliding along the road. Ahead is a huge man with an American flag furled limply around a six-foot pole. Back of him comes the man with the horn. He stops to unload cupfuls of water from the instrument and then continues his musical weather prediction. Then come men with rain-soaked signs stuck on poles, "We don't like the American plan." "We won't work at a 38 per cent wage cut."

On past the homes of non-union workers swings the little parade. The hills that hang sheer above the road echo the notes of the horn. Men shuffle curiously to the front porches of the company houses and survey the marchers with inscrutable eyes. An Italian cups his mouth and shouts with full-lunged enthusiasm, "Meeting today at Eskdale. All come. Good speaking. Black and white speakers."

Six miles down to Eskdale through the rain and six miles back after standing in an abandoned store and listening to the speeches of the organizers from Charleston.

Evicted in Rain

"I was supposed to get \$60 last pay," says one of them, "and all I got was \$11 in cash. The rest went to the company store, the company doctor and for 'personal protection.' That means to pay these dickies that the company hires to keep out union organizers."

A deep purple darkness has settled down as the homeward bound parade is organized. Off they go with the ironic horn still optimistic. Every Sunday you can see just such parades marching and counter-marching all through the valley. The rank and file love them and the leaders realize very well their enormous psychological value.

MONDAY

At six this morning a crash of broken glass and the whistle of a

million fiends. Rain is whooping in through the smashed window of the hotel at Charleston. On the streets men are bending to the force of the storm. You get union headquarters on the phone.

"They wouldn't evict anyone in weather like this, would they?"

"Just the weather they like best. We're sending a truck-load of tents up to Mammoth this morning. Want to go along?"

No matter what your economic opinions, Mammoth makes you mad.



Miners' Family and Their Tent Home in West Virginia

Deputy sheriffs armed with eviction notices and revolvers have been "setting out" union miners and their families since dawn. Women and little children are wandering about in the mud seeking any sort of shelter. The men are trying to erect tents in the teeth of the gale. Wagons piled high with household goods slew about so that every now and then something precious to someone is knocked off into the creek, a child's toy, a phonograph, an elaborately framed crayon. Over here next to the plot of ground owned by the union is the little Baptist church where the smallest children are being tucked away in cribs hastily constructed out of pews and mattresses. Some of the women are making dinner on a cook-stove brought in from the wet. Others are quieting the frightened youngsters. Seventy-year-old Will Woodsum, who went to work at the face of the coal when he was ten years old and who was born within a stone's throw of the Canadian army tent that has been assigned him by

the union organizer, tells you that neither he nor his sons will ever go back to work at the 1918 scale. "Our women wouldn't ever speak to us if we did," says he with a grin. Everything that he has accumulated in the course of a long life is piled in the middle of the 14x8 foot tent. Through a bullet-hole in the side, shot into the tent by German machine gunners during the war, a trickle of rain is making a pool atop the Woodsum bureau. He stops the leak and shows you with pride the lines of the piece which he made himself.

TUESDAY

In the Supreme Court at Charleston they are wrangling over prohibiting the injunction which Attorney General England obtained last November against Don Chafin, sheriff of Logan, the county court of Logan and each member thereof, about two hundred deputy sheriffs and a number of coal companies. The object of the injunction is to prevent the appointment and service of deputy sheriffs as private mine guards and to restrain the coal companies from paying them and Chafin "large sums of money for their appointment."

When the Attorney General is through, his young assistant makes an eloquent plea for the upholding of constitutional liberties. The coal companies' attorneys bring technical arguments against upholding the injunction and say that if the deputies are withdrawn there will be another "armed march" of the miners against Logan. The justices reserve decision, but listen with interest to these arguments not often heard in West Virginia courts. Behind the scenes political forces are moving. At the last election Attor-

ney General England was warned not to come to Logan, his birthplace, to speak for the Republican ticket. He didn't. His law partner ran on the Republican ticket against Don Chafin's nominee for county prosecutor and is now contesting the election. Citizens of Logan have long petitioned state authorities to do something to curb the Don's power and slowly the machinery is coming into action. All this is to the union's good. It looks as though the union-baiting sheriff were finally on the run.

WEDNESDAY

Logan, a town of electrically-lighted, paved streets with modern stores, churches, some pretentious apartment houses and a court-house and jail, lies at the bottom of a pocket between coal-fat hills. On the train coming down from Huntington all strangers are closely scrutinized by slant-eyed detectives on the lookout for union organizers. At the hotel, curious heads bob over your shoulder as you register. When you go out after supper you are closely attended.

THURSDAY

Here are the non-union camps, frequently held up as model by writers for the operators' press. Certainly the houses are as good as any I have seen in union fields. They have little garden plots about them and seem well-built. Furthermore, there has been some attempt at starting community life, dance-halls and even a tennis-court. Also the company stores are attractive. Physically, every prospect pleases. It's when you come across a guard with a Winchester at his knee sunning himself in front of one of these stores; it's when you make a hasty comparison of the prices charged the non-union workers there (in many cases 30 per cent higher than Charleston prices) that you are given to think.

Women Staunch as Men.

From such neutral sources as you can find you gather that the community as a whole is sick unto death of all this guard business, is willing to give union organizers a chance to see, if by peaceful persuasion they can add to their ranks in Logan.

FRIDAY

A clear, cold day with a chance to get some pictures at the Crown Hill colony near Charleston where they have been out in tents, some of them for three years.

Here's five-year-old Louise Bryant proudly holding up a wriggling puppy and eighty-year-old Luther Griggs who is going blind after

seventy years of coal digging, both good union folks helping each other to bear the monotony of the years under canvas. Louise and most of her playmates are in sad need of shoes. Griggs could do with a stout coat.

"What do you women do?"

"Well, you see, we have to watch the kids more carefully living out like this; they're liable to get wild and out of hand. And then there's lots of figuring to be done to make the union rations last through the two weeks and by night time we're all pretty well tucked out. We get together sometimes and have quilting parties or someone reads out loud one of these story book magazines. There's movies down the road about five miles, but we ain't got no money for such. Let me tell you, Mister, keeping house in an army tent ain't no soft job."

"Do you want your husband to go back?"

"And go scabbing? Say, if I ever cotched him doing that I'd stomp him clear through the floor of this tent."

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MARTIN LAWLER, Secretary

Power Trust Attacks Government Ownership

By JUDSON KING

(Continued from Page 1)

I quote from a typewritten statement by a reliable Washington newspaper man who interviewed Dr. Walcott and Mr. C. W. Mitman, curator of the Division of Mineral Technology of the Smithsonian, and others, concerning this pamphlet:

"Dr. Walcott stated that he understood Mr. Wyer had access to the books of the Hydro-Electric Commission of Ontario, but that he secured most of his information from an unpublished report of a Royal Commission. I asked him if he referred to the Report of the Gregory Commission. He said he was not sure of the name; that he had not examined the Report; but that he presumed that that was the report in question."

"Mr. Mitman admitted that the section of Mr. Wyer's pamphlet dealing with the Ontario situation might be considered propaganda, but he was confident that Mr. Wyer had obtained his facts from the Gregory Report; that it was this report that was the basis of the Hydro Commission. He stated that he understood from Mr. Wyer that the Report of the Royal Commission had been suppressed in this way, and that the only available copy of that Report had in some mysterious way been burned; but that unknown to Sir Adam Beck, Mr. Gregory had kept a carbon copy of the Report; that it was this carbon to which Mr. Wyer had access, together with the books of the Hydro Commission; and that he had been furnished most of his information by Mr. Gregory."

"From Mr. Paul Clapp, who is acting in the capacity of Secretary for Mr. Hoover as Chairman of the Northeastern Superpower Committee, it was ascertained that from conversation with Mr. Wyer, Clapp was led to understand that Wyer obtained his facts and figures from a report of some 'Royal Commission' which was appointed to investigate the Hydro-Electric Commission of Ontario. He understood that this 'Royal Commission' found so many facts which were damaging to the Hydro-Electric Power Commission of Ontario, that had the people of Canada been given these facts, it would have changed Canadian opinion regarding Hydro. However, 'Sir Adam Beck was powerful enough to have this report of the Royal Commission suppressed and it has never been published.' Mr. Clapp understood from Mr. Wyer that Wyer had spent considerable time in Ontario carrying on his investigation and in some way gained access to this suppressed report."

Note sharply the fact that Mr. Wyer does not mention the Gregory Report in his pamphlet. The above is what public officials say he told them as to the chief source of his information, and it is presumable that this is the story which is going the rounds of official Washington where this subject is discussed.

Premier Ferguson's Statement.

Having in my files a copy of the Toronto Globe of March 14, 1924, which contains an 8-column summary of the Gregory Commission Report, starting with a 4-column scare-head on the front page, I was aware of the absurdity, to say the least, of Mr. Wyer's tale; but, desiring an official statement from the highest possible authority outside the Ontario Commission, I wrote Premier Ferguson of Ontario concerning the matter and received from him the following reply:

Office of
The Prime Minister and President
of the Council, Ontario.
Toronto, February 10, 1925.

"My dear Sir: I am in receipt of your letter of February 2nd, referring to certain statements attributed to Mr. Wyer regarding the Hydro-Electric Power Commission of Ontario. The statement that the Report of the Gregory Commission was suppressed and burned is so extraordinary and so unfounded that it is difficult to treat it seriously. The fact is that the full report was submitted to the Legislative Assembly on the 13th March last, and was referred to the House Committee on Printing. This committee, in consideration of the great bulk of the report, decided to defer printing of the document. At the same time full copies of the report were given to the leaders of the different political parties in the House, and to the newspapers having representatives in the Press Gallery. Since its presentation a copy of the report has also been on file in this office, and has been open to inspection by anyone wishing to examine it. Where the examination could not be conveniently completed in this office, documents have been loaned for the purpose of inspection or copying extracts. There has therefore been the fullest opportunity for anyone interested to secure access to the report, and that same opportunity will be afforded in the future. I trust that these observations will be a sufficient answer to the inquiry you make."

"Yours sincerely,
(Signed)
G. W. Ferguson."

This so-called Royal Commission, known in Ontario as the Gregory Commission from its chairman, W. D. Gregory of Toronto, was in the majority hostile to Beck and to public ownership. After two years of investigation, at a cost of \$505,801, it made a report on March 13, 1924, which completely exonerated the Hydro managers. It, of course, made some criticisms of matters on which it differed from Beck and his associates on questions of public policy. But, unable to find any wrong-doing or trickiness, it declared the Hydro managers honest and the enterprise a great success. When brought before the Parliament the complete report was comprised in 100 volumes—no wonder it was not printed! It is a public document, however.

Smithsonian officials declare that

Wyer is not on their pay-roll; that he made his investigation at his own expense; that he arrived in Washington with his manuscript shortly after January 1, and that it was rushed through with unprecedented speed. No hint of this, however, is conveyed to the American public, which, like Sir Adam Beck, has no doubt assumed that the whole thing was paid for from public funds.

But it was found, upon investigation, that this particular pamphlet was printed at a private printing plant and paid for from the Institution's private endowment funds. But, how was Mr. Beck, or how is the American public, to distinguish this nice difference? It is not stated in the pamphlet, WHICH WAS SENT OUT UNDER GOVERNMENT FRANK AS AN OFFICIAL SMITHSONIAN DOCUMENT.

"The Nation's Business," official organ of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, in the February issue, has an article, "Facts the Senate Never Got," by Samuel S. Wyer,—"The True Story of Cheaper Electric Current Bills in Ontario and the Man Who Finally Pays the Bills." Wyer says:

"I went to Niagara to study for the Smithsonian Institution."

The editor, in a boxed introduction, calls attention to Senator Norris' use of Ontario Hydro data in the Muscle Shoals fight! Perish the thought that this "scientific investigation" had nothing to do with the political fight over Muscle Shoals!

Next: From Boston comes an 8x15 publicity "dope sheet" sent out January 21 by the "New England Bureau of Public Service Information," with a 3-column summary of Wyer's pamphlet. Next: From Chicago comes the same, identical dope sheet, issued on February 2, by the "Illinois Committee on Public Utility Information." Both of them say, "The publication is the result of an exhaustive study of Niagara's power possibilities, made by Samuel S. Wyer, associate in mineral technology, U. S. National Museum, and is one of the Smithsonian Institution's studies of natural resources."

The Boston sheet begins: "In an official publication to be issued within a few days by the Smithsonian Institution," etc. If the Smithsonian officials were not aware of the propaganda character of Wyer's pamphlet, the power trust publicity men were—and they had been tipped off in advance by somebody.

The Boston Herald of February 6 ran a 17-inch double column editorial based on this "official publication of the Smithsonian." Several New Englanders have sent me this editorial, evidently believing it. Yes, the publicity is working.

By DR. HARRY W. LAIDLER

(Continued from Page 1)

times as great as those charged for manufacturing plants! It is hardly possible, the Commission continues, that these rates have anything to do with differences in costs of the two kinds of services rendered. Ontario does not make industrial plants bear the burden shunned by domestic consumers, but domestic consumers in the good old United States do frequently have to pay the cost of power used by the big industrialists.

3. The third charge Mr. Wyer brings with a solemn wave of the hand: The electrical consumers have failed to pay the actual cost of the services they received, by more than \$19,000,000!

Sir Adam at this point becomes rather vigorous. Not only, replies he, is this absolutely untrue, but, despite the low charges made by the Commission, the latter has collected from its customers over \$7,000,000 more than the cost of upkeep, while the municipalities have put aside about \$15,500,000 more than costs. In fact total reserves of over \$40,000,000 over costs have been laid aside.

Then follows a careful examination of the items charged against "costs" by the Associate of Mineral Technology. There is an item of over \$1,000,000 expended as a subsidy to rural lines. Since 1920 the Province has borne one-half of the capital cost of rural lines that go to the thinly populated parts of the Province. This subsidy was undertaken by the Province as one of the ways of helping to make farm life less burdensome. It is in the same category as agricultural schools and experimental farms. It is not a legitimate part of "costs."

There is an item of more than \$2,000,000 under "General Expenses." Nor should this be put among costs. Much of this item consists of special appropriations of the Legislature for special jobs performed by the Commission, such as that of conducting a survey for the Province, a job that has nothing to do with the Commission's normal work of generating and distributing electricity.

The remaining items in the alleged

deficit consist of sums of money which Mr. Wyer thinks should be on hand if bonds are going to be met at maturity. Sir Adam Beck has several answers to this claim.

(a) Mr. Wyer has assumed that just as soon as money is borrowed to build a plant, a sum should be set aside toward the repayment of the capital, even though it might take some years to complete the plant and to begin to raise a revenue! Of course this view is preposterous.

(b) Mr. Wyer assumes that all bond issues must be paid as they mature, and that none can be refunded. Many bond issues were issues of plants taken over by the Commission. It is under no obligation to pay these issues at maturity.

(c) Mr. Wyer takes as his definition of "costs," a definition which does not regard sinking funds as a part of "cost," and yet over 80 per cent of the alleged deficit put forward by him consists of the very sinking fund for capital retirement which he elsewhere says are not costs at all. "The only possible explanation of this absurdity," says Sir Adam, "is that Mr. Wyer, the mineral technologist whom the Smithsonian Institution has delegated to investigate the financial soundness of the largest power organization in the world, does not even know enough of elementary finance to comprehend the fact that the sole purpose of the sinking fund is for capital retirement."

The Refutation continues: "The large corporate interests, which so bitterly resent the public receiving benefit DIRECTLY from their natural resources without paying toll to the private interests that have already corralled so much of the domain, have spared no effort to attack, by various means, the work of the Ontario municipalities in connection with their hydro-electrical undertaking. It is almost beyond comprehension that an institution like the Smithsonian, with such an honorable record, could have its executive head so influenced as to endorse and publish a report such as Mr. Wyer's—a report indeed which leaves nothing to be desired. If United States public funds can be

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made available for such purposes as those for which they have been used by Mr. Wyer, with the concurrence of his chief, Dr. Walcott—it is trusted, however, not with the full knowledge and concurrence of the honorable Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution—there exists a condition of affairs respecting which the public at large in both the United States and the Dominion of Canada should take full cognizance. Such a condition simply resolves itself into this: that public funds placed in the trusteeship of a Federal Government can be employed in an attempt to injure the cooperative efforts of people of another nation to avail themselves at the least possible cost of the benefits resulting from the development of a great natural resource which has become so necessary to the domestic, industrial and general economic life of the people of this continent."

It is hoped that all lovers of fair play will let their protest against this kind of propaganda be registered in no uncertain terms both with the authorities in the Smithsonian Institution and with the Government officials. This latest attack will in the end prove a boomerang against those who have encouraged it.

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The Realm of Books

Gas

A Review by RAYMOND FULLER

GAS—A PLAY IN FIVE ACTS.
By Georg Kaiser. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. 1924.

THIS is an important and stirring play for all interested in new social orders to read—and see.

When you read it you will inevitably class it with "R. U. R.," "From Morn to Midnight," "Masse Mensch," "Machinery," etc. There is undeniably a blood relation existing between them. They form a group. They could be listed as The Symbolic Tragedies of Capitalism. In striking symbolism they dramatize the social philosophy of their authors. These are dynamic plays, plays of becoming, plays that look ahead centuries, plays that lead us along the high-road of tragedy—though they may not even pretend to reach a goal. Though they do not attempt to solve, yet they do shout fearful warnings.

They are Impressionistic. Impressionism in drama is like the "new mathematics" (based on generative calculus), like the "new geometry" (based on generative trigonometry), like the "new physics" (founded by Einstein), in that these deal with the creative; with function; with the tentative; the variable. Impressionism aims to take hold of the causative realities underlying events; with the spirit or soul, if you please, that produces the "phenomenon." Realism on the stage portrays results. It is objective, although it may reveal indeed a character's subjective processes. But Impressionism is mainly subjective, for, say the Impressionists, only by motivations, intuitions, convictions, deeper than the eye can see or the hand grasp, can we approach reality, essence, absolutism, élan vital—call it what name you will. And the writer of "Gas" is deeply interested in what underlies appearances.

These plays mentioned above and several others of their school seem to agree on the ultimate devastation to be wrought by the present industrial system; all lay emphasis on the human element to be rescued and glorified. The unthinking world may not claim it has not been warned.

"Gas" has been staged in Germany, and in Moscow by the Soviet City Theatre, and had its first English presentation at the famous Birmingham Repertory Theatre. Now it should come to America; it is entitled to be shown in New York, and we hope it will be, even though it appears to lack the thrust and the soul-stirring beauty of most of the others of its genus that have recently come out of Europe.

Saint Trimplerigg

TRIMBLERIGG. By Laurence Houman. New York: Albert and Charles Boni. \$2.50.

THIS is a satire upon the career of Lloyd George, placing him primarily in religion instead of politics. The poor politician is saddled with a visible halo at times, and becomes a suitable exhibit for a freak show. The analysis of his devious and wriggling activities is given with provoking accuracy, but in a way that rarely interests the reader who does not come to the book with an ample knowledge of the wind-vane Premier of England.

There is a lot about the oppressions of the natives in Africa, about the World War, and eventually about the Seventh Day Adventists. For it is in this sect which Trimplerigg finally joins, and at last indirectly names the day when the world is to come to an end. He wriggles out by explaining that this means a psychic and spiritual end; and as if by magic a new city, a New Jerusalem to house a million people, is erected in England. Then Big Finance blows up the power plants and sets the place on fire, and Trimplerigg barely escapes with his life at the end, from a mob eager to hang him.

But it is all done in a spirit of cleverness too heavy and symbolical to interest. The type used in the printing has annoying features, and such obvious typographical errors as "trial" for "tribal," "snyod" for "synod," and Trimplerigg for the hero's name, are fairly inexcusable. The religious setting of the satire is too remote from politics to permit an agreeable parallel; the whole is just uninteresting.

CLEMENT WOOD.

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Read "The Evolution of Public Ownership." Something that will make you think. The whole situation in few words, explaining the only hope of the workers. Something you should read once a month. Get the New Leader and New Earth Club. Send for and receive your copy by return mail. Address J. N. Young, Albion, Mich.

A Social History

A Review by JAMES ONEAL

SOCIAL STRUGGLES AND SOCIALIST FORERUNNERS. By M. Beer. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. \$2.00.

THIS is the third and last volume of a series devoted to a history of social struggles from antiquity down to the beginnings of modern capitalism. The first volume considered the earliest forms of the class struggle in Palestine, Greece and Rome, the Roman social critics and the communist aspects of Christianity. The second volume surveyed the social thought of the Middle Ages, the migration of nations and the influence of social struggles on their reorganization, the shift of society from a communist to a private property basis, a portrayal of the numerous heretical-social movements and the persecution of its leaders and advocates. The third volume before us takes up the theme with the close of the Middle Ages, reviews the peasant revolts, the national and heretical social struggles, the social upheaval in Germany in the sixteenth century, the age of Utopia-writing in England, Italy and France, and the writings of the social and middle-class critics and forerunners of Socialist philosophy.

M. Beer already has two excellent volumes to his credit, his notable "History of British Socialism," which won for him a place in the front ranks of British historians. These three volumes, appearing first in German, are now accessible to English readers. They form a continuous account of the struggles of the masses from early times, struggles in the main against class domination and generally inspired with equalitarian ideals. Throughout this long history of humanity one may observe the rising of the masses to challenge the power of ruling classes based upon private property. There is always the ideal of communism in the background. Not the Communism of the Russian Bolsheviks, but the communism of slaves and peasants who never forgot the communal organization of the ancient world with its equality of enjoyment and its absence of exploiting classes.

Time after time the ideal seized great masses. Time after time they rose to realize their claims. They often went down in frightful massacres. Leaders and advocates were subjected to frightful torture. Whole regions were devastated by fire and sword in the hope of utterly destroying the heretical and impious creeds. Often it seemed that the social ideal had been obliterated, but within a decade or two it would again seize great sections of workers and peasants, only to have the tragedy repeated again. Generally assuming a religious guise, the author shows that early Christianity itself was largely one of communist ideals that appealed to the wretched and the disinherited.

Practically every one of these social struggles had its philosopher and literary founder or interpreter. Heretical priests are often found raising the banner of revolt and, when defeated, the crime of offending that Holy of Holies, private property, added to apostasy to a ruling church, made it certain that such leaders would suffer lingering tortures as a warning to others.

What impresses the reader of the three volumes is the fact that what we are justified in calling the Socialist ideal has never been crushed. This ideal of the liberation of the lowly from class domination has been handed down over the centuries from an early period to the workers of today. Persecution, imprisonment, massacre and death have never been able to blot it out. In its modern form it is the Socialist movement that has won the allegiance of hundreds of millions of workers in the modern nations. That it is deathless, that it will eventually triumph, is the conviction enforced by reading this record of centuries of the class struggle.

The final volume is in some respects the most interesting for the Socialist, because of its history of the sects and risings, theories and literature, that preceded the bourgeois epoch. An introductory chapter shows the disintegration of feudal society with the increase of merchant capital and trade. The contrast between the old society and the new one that was to strangle the old is admirably presented in the following words:

"The new economy required the mass of the population to have freedom of movement; freedom to buy and to sell, freedom to turn to any kind of trade, or to hire themselves to any kind of employer; feudalism was based on attachment, or temporary exchange of land or military protection for services; it tied the great mass of the population—the peasantry—to the soil, deprived it of freedom of movement, imposed on it onerous services which hardly allowed it to buy and consume the commodities produced in the towns. The feudal system thus prevented the flow of workers to the towns, and further,

it considerably restricted the demand for urban commodities. Those who were concerned with the interests of the urban labor and commodity markets were, under these circumstances, obliged to fight feudalism. . . . Agriculture created the village, whilst the town was the result of trading and industrial activity."

It was in this social and economic background that the theories and movements of the immediate pre-capitalist era gestated. It also included the Reformation, that movement of ecclesiastical politicians who masked the appetites of the new and rising capitalist class with the holy fervor of religious cant. In short, the Middle Ages was liquidated "amid protracted and violent struggles for religious, social and national political objects." So that "the outcome of the religious struggles was the Reformation; the social struggles took the form of the peasant wars; the national struggles aimed at breaking away from the universal Church, or were characterized by foreign wars."

Naturally, the writings of John Wycliffe, John Ball, William Shakespeare, John Huss, Francis Bacon, Sir Thomas More, Thomas Campanella, Rousseau and the French utopians come under review in so far as they bore any relation to the social struggles of the period. The result is a very suggestive and valuable contribution to a general social history of the people of Europe.

The only criticism to be made of these volumes is that each tries to include so much that each movement passes in swift review before the reader and it is gone almost in a flash. In each case the outline is vivid, so vivid that we wish the author had gone more into detail even though a larger work would be the result. In any event the three volumes are worthy of a place on the shelves of those who are interested in the social history of mankind.

B'way Translations

A Review by MAUDE DAVIS WALKER

A BOOK OF CHARACTERS FROM THEOPHASTUS. By Joseph Hall, Sir Thomas Overbury and other English authors; Jean de la Bruyere, Vanvenargues and other French authors. Compiled and translated by Richard Aldington. Broadway Translations. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$5.00.

SIMPLICISSIMUS, THE VAGABOND, from the German. Translated by A. T. S. Goodrich. Broadway Translations. E. P. Dutton & Co., \$5.00.

A WORD of praise is due the publishers of the Broadway Translations. These rather robust and human examples of classic and medieval literature have not been accessible to the average reader, but have, for the most part, reached only the scholar and the collector. The series covers a wide area of time, ranging from the Greek authors to the Chronicles of a Russian Family.

In "Characters," there are "collections of descriptive notices of characteristic types and fashions." Character-writing, like most literary forms (according to the Introduction), was invented in ancient Greece. In modern times it flourished in the 17th century, and to a less extent in the 18th century. Later it was absorbed in the essay, short story and novel. Character-form is a sort of prose sonnet limited to one range of subjects. We are told that "Richard Horwood, well near eighty years old; he will bite a sixpenny nail asunder with his teeth, and a bawdy drunkard." So much for a thumbnail portrait!

In "Simplicissimus, the Vagabond," is a real storehouse of folk lore as well as a picture of Germany emerging from the Thirty Years' War. This book is a unique contribution to contemporary sociological history. The leading character, Simplicius, starts life as an ignorant peasant lad. He joins a hermit with whom he had lived for two years. As the story develops, a veritable rogue is unfolded. Indeed, "Simplicissimus" might be called one of the forebears of the long list of rogue novels which have come down to us since that time. It is a most fascinating story.

All Books Reviewed on this page, and every other book obtainable at the
RAND BOOK STORE
7 EAST 15th STREET
New York City

The Sphinx-Riddle

WHAT IS MAN? By J. Arthur Thompson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1924.

"THE aim of this book," states the author's Preface, "is to serve as an introduction to an all-around study of Man as Organism and Social Person." It is written by a "biologist who does not regard the fundamental biological facts as supreme"—so he says further. This last remark is a bit cryptic; the only clue one gets from the context lies in the facts that the book's subject-matter was given in ten lectures before the United Free Church College in Aberdeen. He was invited by the church authorities to give them, having twice before given a related set of lectures. This is ominous.

The book soon resolves itself into a restrained defense of civilization's "fundamental" social institutions: family, monogamy, church, sex-mores. "There is another right-of-way towards truth through feeling and through obedience," thus concludes the Preface. Implying that Science is not the best route. What is Man? is Science's question; Why is Man? is Religion's. He warns the two schools apart again and again. Render unto Science the things that are Science's he says to the Church. Then turns and bids Science stick to its own last.

Dr. Thompson is an optimist, dutifully so—a biologic Browning. He soothes the tortured feelings of hearers who imagine themselves "descended from monkeys"; and those also who conceive of the race as having evolved from "brutish beasts." At great length he maintains neither is true. He tiptoes and coughs deprecatingly behind his hand when inadvertently his scents almost run him square into such words as "socialistic" or "communal." He will not offend, no, not anyone. The encouragement which he whispers many times through his pages is: "In every age, in every way, men are growing better and better," sometimes despite "facts" to the contrary. Or, rather, Dr. Thompson's biologic-scientific facts are not to be allowed to hold their own with certain moral or spiritual "facts" which to him are more significant "progress."

His last chapter, "What Is Man Not?" is rather ringing, and the best reading in the book. Here, as a Robert Browning of science, he bids men fare on, fight 'er. The bulk of the lectures, however, are not easily readable. How they could have been followed as lectures by a popular audience (if it were that) is puzzling, so compact is his style, and so frequently does he use words of strict scientific meaning. Within the lectures blossom the gardens of his wide reading and familiarity with the facts and trends of modern science. But how he rushes over the ground! It is too bad that this volume is too technical and too popular to be of scientific moment. Exactly, in his Preface words again, "the subject of each chapter deserves a book." Rather than being at all exhaustive or critical, the aim of the lectures, and therefore of the book, is to start trails of thinking and courses of reading going amongst his readers. It is provocative, delineative, provided with a splendid bibliography. It is "popular" only to those who have been rather familiar with the biologic advances of a few years ago and who wish to "read up" and get abreast of the times.

Dr. Thompson is professor of natural history of Aberdeen, and was editor of The Outline of Science. He knows his subject, and makes us see Man, the Animal, much more sharply than Man, the Psycho-Physiological Riddle—which, we take it, is the real riddle of the Sphinx. This book's title must not lead us to expect that he interrogates that ancient worthy at all.

Brief Reviews

Literature

THIS SORRY SCHEME. By Bruce Marshall. N. Y.: Harcourt, Brace & Co.

THOSE BARREN LEAVES. By Aldous Huxley. N. Y.: Doran.

THE LONG GREEN GAZE. A Crossword Puzzle Mystery. By Vincent Fuller. N. Y.: Huebsch.

THE CHILD OF PLEASURE. By Gabriele D'Annunzio. The Modern Library. N. Y.: Boni & Liveright.

HAFM. By M. Sempere. N. Y.: J. J. Little & Ives Co.

ANTHOLOGIE DEUTSCH-AMERIKANISCHER DICHTUNG. N. Y.: Association for Culture.

LUCIENNE. By Jules Remains. Translated by Waldo Frank. N. Y.: Boni & Liveright.

Social Science

SUN YAT SEN AND THE CHINESE REPUBLIC. By Paul Lineberger. N. Y.: Century.

THE SHADOW OF THE GLOOMY EAST. By Ferdinand A. Ossendowski. N. Y.: Dutton.

INDUSTRIAL OWNERSHIP. By Robert S. Brookings. N. Y.: Macmillan.

THE HISTORY OF AMERICAN IDEALISM. By Gustav Myers. N. Y.: Boni & Liveright.

Miscellaneous

SEVENTY YEARS OF LIFE AND LABOR. By Samuel Gompers. 2 vols. N. Y.: Dutton.

Rand School Activities

Prof. Edward M. Earle, professor of history at Columbia University, will lecture in the Rand School Auditorium on the subject, "Imperialism and Nationalism: Twin Menaces," on Saturday afternoon, March 7, at 3:30 p. m. At 1:30 p. m., Ex-Congressman Meyer London will give the last lecture in his course on "Russia, the Old and the New."

On Monday, March 9, at 8:30 p. m., Mr. Joseph Jablonowicz will give the second lecture in his course on "The Drama of Social Conflict." On Wednesday evening, March 11, at 8:30 p. m., Mr. August Claessens will lecture on "The Home, Present and Future," in his course on Sex and Society; while Mr. Clement Wood will discuss "The Martyr in Fiction" in his course on Contemporary Fiction.

On Thursday evening, March 12, at 8:30 p. m., Dr. Walter N. Polakov will give the last lecture in his course on "Managing Industry for Production."

On Saturday, March 14, at 1:30 p. m., Scott Nearing will resume his class in Current History in the Debs' Auditorium. On the same day, at 11:00 a. m., he is beginning a 12-lecture course in "Applied Sociology." At 3:30 p. m., on March 14, Prof. Ferdinand Varrelman will give an illustrated lecture on the "Evolution of the Earth."

Interest Grows in Debate

Interest is being expressed on all sides in the Rodgers-Nearing debate on March 15. Admiral Rodgers writes from Washington: "So far as I am concerned, the debate is an opportunity to point out that the world is jealous of the riches and prosperity of the United States, and looks for a chance to profit at our expense."

Scott Nearing is now on a tour through Western Canada, where he is speaking under the auspices of the Independent Labor Party, and western United States, speaking for the Seattle Labor College, Los Angeles Civil Liberties Union, Denver Labor College, Machinists' Union of Detroit, as well as many forums, colleges and labor organizations in the Middle and Far West. He will return to New York on March 14 for the debate with Admiral Rodgers, which will be held in Town Hall, 115 West 43rd street. The subject of the debate is, "Resolved: That Military Preparedness Is Necessary for the General Welfare of the People of the United States." Tickets are now on sale at the Rand School, 7 East 15th street.

Notes on Books

March 18, Harpers will publish "The Creative Spirit," by Rolfe Walter Brown, in which the author discusses those forces in American life which, in his opinion, are stifling the creative spirit; and "Beginning the Child's Education," by Ella Frances Leno.

Robert M. McBride and Co. will publish this spring the "Letters of Rosa Luxemburg to Karl and Luise Kautsky," edited by Luise Kautsky and translated by Louis P. Lochner. The same house announces a series of monographs on the lives of the outstanding figures in contemporary American literature. The first volumes to be published are: "James Branch Cabell," by Carl Van Doren; "Edith Wharton," by Robert Morris Lovett; "Theodore Dreiser," by Burton Roscoe, and "Edwin Arlington Robinson," by Ben Ray Redman.

For March publication the Duttons announce an American anthology of branches of the Labor movement.

"Poems for Youth," compiled by William Rose Benet, who has contributed also biographical notes and an introduction.

For the first time in the history of the American Labor Movement, the personal histories of its leaders have been collected in book form, in the "American Labor Who's Who," to be brought out in March by the Harford Press, New York. The book will contain more than 1,800 concise biographies, including a special section with over 200 of the most prominent European Labor men and women. The field covered includes trade unionism, Labor politics, Labor journalism, workers' education, and co-operation. Officials of practically every organized Labor group in the country have assisted in making the information as full and accurate as possible. Two indexes, one according to State and city and one according to occupation and organization, add to the usefulness of the nearly 400-page volume.

Arrangements will be made for a special price for the book within all

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Hail!

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(ORGANIZED OCTOBER 19, 1884)

--- D R A M A ---

How to Watch a Play

By JOSEPH T. SHIPLEY

THE comments of certain dramatic critics, whose business engagements have brought them into contact with expressionism on the stage, make it evident that frequently an artist fails because the public does not know how to contemplate, how to receive, a work of art. This inability is frequently recognized—and persisted in—with regard to music: despite the musicians' protests that we should hear "fluid form," harmonious blending of tonal concord, we continue to discern in the phrases of the composer the thunderstorms or the waterfall, or indeed the plaint of a dying love or the joy of love's conquest. In pursuit of our concrete interpretation, the Etudes and Preludes that Chopin numbered we call "Butterfly" or "Raindrop"; we throw a "Moonlight" over the sonata. Later composers (beginning indeed with Beethoven himself, and with Berlioz), playing upon or ensnared by this tendency toward "program music," try to tell stories or paint pictures in their scores, indicating their design by such titles as "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," "Gardens in the Rain"—or by appending a story on the page. All of this, the esthetician avers, is an obscuration of the immaterial in art.

In painting we are most prepared to heed the strictures against consideration of the accidental elements in art. We have grasped the significance of Kant's comment: "The beauty of an arabesque is pure, that of a man, a horse, or a portrait, is conditioned by our conception of its ideal, function, or original." Few persons today, looking at a painting of a battlefield, have their appreciation of the picture discolored with any pity for the maimed soldier lying in the foreground. Let the picture be a motion picture, however, and its aim will probably be to stir just that personal sentiment, disturbing though this may be to any reception of the work as art. This prostitution of the flag and the family is satirized in the hallowed silence that overcomes the soldiers of "Processional," when they see the photograph

of the mother of the man they have been mauling. For in the theatre this emotional appeal comes too readily to the fore, diverting the attention that the play should hold, and lavishing success upon maudlin melodrama and saccharine comedy. We have no pictures on the stage, but actual persons, living, talking, doing; they catch and hold our interest as personalities; we become concerned for their desires and destinies—and we often wander with them off the road the author has laid for us. There are times, of course, when the character's path is the author's; but frequently the person who waylays our interest is a log over which we stumble in the forest the author explores.

In expressionistic drama the need for an unclouded esthetic approach is urgent; the "irritation" many critics felt with "Processional" rises from just this surcharge of personal sentiment. Sadie Cohen is presented to us, a jarring, joyous maid who asks but love from life; we watch her move toward an increasingly imminent awakening. We, perhaps, become concerned, anxious; we fear for Sadie. Then, with the feeling of a pious reverend suddenly buffeted on the jaw, we discover that the author cares not a whit for Sadie—in the way that we do. Is not our irritation justified?—save that we have failed to see that Sadie and her fate form only one aspect of a larger problem, upon which the drama is intent. Beyond the many details and persons is a social confusion that the playwright considers with irony: in the episodes of his plot, and the final verdict—"Everything is bunk!"—and with pity: in Sadie's determination to bear her child for the future. Great art, we are told, demands great audience: clear-eyed beholders that see neither a misty amorphous forest nor a host of separate trees, but recognize that each unit is also a part of the greater organic unity, which is the work of art. As Rodin, expressionist in marble, observed: "The ignorant sees only the details of things; the synthesis, which alone is eloquent, escapes them."

"Sky High"

Willie Howard and
Dancing Hit of Musical
Shows at Shubert Thea.

Willie Howard, no end of dazzling, graceful dancing, and a sure-fire song hit—you will hear it soon enough—that's "Sky High," imported from Berlin and London and now presented by the Shuberts at the Shubert Theatre.

One can't quite understand why the Shuberts had to go all that distance to give Willie Howard a chance to be funny. For outside of Howard and the inspired dancing, "Sky High" has little that is not the regular stock of musical comedy. The book is not much to speak of, the wizzes and wise-cracks will amuse only the highly indulgent, and the cast as a rule is not above ordinary.

Yet, there is enough in Willie Howard's Trojan efforts and in the spirited dancing to afford a fairly entertaining evening. The audience seemed to particularly like the Six Little Dippers and Vannessi. Ann Milburn and Florenz Ames also were pleasing. Joyce Barbour is not favored with an unusual voice and little of anything else distinctive.

The real hit of the show, which, may serve in itself to carry it along, is "Let It Rain," which Willie Howard sings in an infectious manner. It is so well liked, four and five encores are needed to assuage the aroused enthusiasms of his audiences.

Bernard Shaws', "Mrs.
Warren's Profession," at
the Yiddish Art Theatre



G. Bernard Shaw.

to compare the work of this excellent organization with the Actors' Theatre cast in "Candida."

THE NEW PLAYS

MONDAY

"PUPPETS," a new melodrama by Frances Lightner, will be presented by Brock Pemberton at the Selwyn Theatre on Monday evening. The cast includes, C. Henry Gordon, Ralph J. Lacke, Dwight Frye, Fredric March, Miriam Hopkins, Michelle Burani, Chas. D. Brown, Frank McDonald, Elizabeth Taylor and Alexis M. Polianov.

"THE HANDY MAN," a new comedy by Fred Wall and Ralph Murphy, will open on Monday night at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre, presented by Sam Comly, Inc. Tim Murphy heads the cast. Others in the company include Margaret Casack, Charles Abbe, Grace Reals, Eugene Lockhart and Robert Midlemass.

"IN THE NEAR FUTURE," a new drama by Abraham Goldknopf, will be put on for special matinees at Wallack's Theatre beginning Tuesday, and repeated Thursday and Friday afternoons. ZIEGFELD'S NEW FOLLIES will be on view Monday night at the New Amsterdam Theatre. Much of the comedy features of J. R. MacAvoy's "Comic Supplement" will be in the new show. Will Rogers, W. C. Fields, and Ray Dooley are the headliners.

TUESDAY

"THE FALL GUY," a comedy of New York life by James Gleason and George Abbott, will be presented by the Messrs. Shubert, in association with George B. McLellan, Tuesday night at the Eltinge Theatre. Ernest Truex plays the leading role. Others in the cast include Beatrice Noyer, Ralph Sipperly, Dorothy Paterson, Hartley Power, Joseph King, Joseph R. Garry, Joseph Baird and Robert Lothian.



JUNE WALKER
in "Processional," John Howard
Lawson's realistic Jazz drama of
American Industrial life. The
Theatre Guild is transferring the
play to the 49th Street Theatre
Monday night.

"The Wild Duck"

Actors' Theatre Achieves
Significant Presentation
At 48th St. Theatre

The Actors' Theatre, under the direction of Dudley Digges—who is establishing himself as one of our soundest directors—has achieved another presentation of significance and beauty, in Ibsen's "The Wild Duck." Helen Chandler as Hedvig holds herself subdued to more proper proportions than did the moody Nazimova, who tried to center the interest of the audience upon herself, and in herself the gloomy brooding of the Northlands. Miss Chandler therefore succeeds in more subtly conveying the spiritual wondering of Hedvig, and the father-love that so often comes with adolescence, that leads to her untimely death.

Of the others in the company, Blanche Yurka stands out by her very self-effacement, as the practical Gina taking life as it comes, working for, putting up with, her husband who lives on idle dreams. Cecil Yapp as Old Ekdal makes his part vibrant with reality, catching to its last quaver the spirit of the broken old man. Warburton Gamble as Hjalmar Ekdal seemed at times slightly overdrawn, but revealed fully the shallow mockery that underlies the "ideals" of the son, whose deceit is the more pitiful in that the only one deceived is himself. Himself and Gregers Werle, whom Tom Powers handles effectively, the idealist whose lofty purpose blinds him to the lower facts of life. The remainder of the cast admirably supplements the work of the principals, and makes the whole another of the excellent presentations we have come to expect of the Actors' Theatre.

Of "The Wild Duck" itself there is little need to speak. Although Ibsen's later excess of symbolism begins to manifest itself, it does not mar the portrayal of these several persons so clearly revealed. We are again impressed with the fact that an artist who sees clearly and feels deeply needed no Freud to reveal the unconscious protecting gloom men smooth upon the motives of their actions, to lay bare their souls in truth and poignant beauty. J. T. S.

Vaudeville Theatres

MOSS' BROADWAY

Moss' Broadway Theatre, beginning Monday, will have, "A Thief in Paradise," a new photodrama, starring Doris Kenyon, Ronald Colman and Aileen Pringle.

"A Thief in Paradise" is a moving drama of love and adventure in the South Sea Islands and in San Francisco and Del Monte, California. Claude Gillingwater, Alec Francis and John Patrick head the supporting cast.

The Keith vaudeville will include Chain and Archer; East and Dumke; Thomas Drake and Company; Willie Jones; Florence Ziehl and Girls, and other acts.

REGENT

Monday to Wednesday—Vera Gordon and Company in "America"; Artie Mehlinger, others; Irene Rich and Matt Moore in "A Lost Lady."

Thursday to Sunday—Clayton and Lennie in "A Sundae in London"; Robbins' Baltimoreans, other acts. "Locked Doors," with Betty Compson and Theodore Roberts.

FRANKLIN

Monday to Wednesday—Kramer and Boyle; Cameo Ramblers, others. "A Lost Lady," with Irene Rich and Matt Moore.

Thursday to Sunday—Paul Zimm and Band; Artie Mehlinger, other acts. William De Mille's "Locked Doors," with Betty Compson and Robert Edison.



DORIS KENYON
will be seen on the screen at
Moss' Broadway in "A Thief in
Paradise," beginning Monday.

--- T H E A T R E S ---

America's Foremost Theatres and Hits, Direction of Lee & J. J. Shubert.

WINTER GARDEN
Evenings at 8:30.
Mat. SATURDAY ONLY

THE WORLD'S GREATEST
ENTERTAINER



AL JOLSON
"Big Boy"
A JOLSON TRIUMPH

CASINO 39th Street and Broadway
Evenings at 8:30.

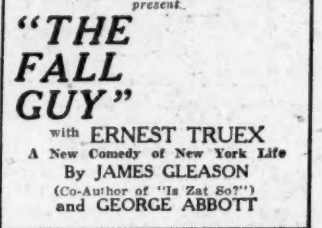
Matinees:
WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY
SPRING EDITION NEW FEATURES



ARTISTS AND MODELS
of 1924
50 Models from the Studios and a GREAT CAST

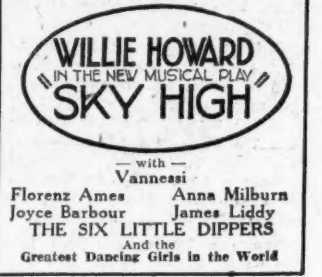
ELTINGE THEA., 42d W. of Bway.
Eves. 8:30. Mts. Wed. & Sat.

OPENING
TUESDAY NIGHT
The MESSRS. SHUBERT
(In Association with George B. McLellan)
Present.



"THE FALL GUY"
with ERNEST TRUEX
A New Comedy of New York Life
By JAMES GLEASON
(Co-Author of "Is Zat So?")
and GEORGE ABBOTT

SHUBERT THEA., 44th W. of Bway.
Eves. 8:30. Mts. Wed. & Sat.
"If it does not whirl itself into one
of the top-toppers of the oncoming
spring and summer season we
shall miss an honest guess."
—E. W. Osborn, Eve. World.



WILLIE HOWARD
"IN THE NEW MUSICAL PLAY"
"SKY HIGH"

with Vannessi
Florenz Ames Anna Milburn
Joyce Barbour James Liddy
THE SIX LITTLE DIPPERS
And the
Greatest Dancing Girls in the World

ACTORS' THEATRE
PRODUCTIONS
"THE WILD DUCK"
Ibsen's great play with
Actors' Theatre cast.
Matinees Wed. and Sat. at
2:30. Eves. 8:30.

LAURETTE TAYLOR
In "Pierrot the Prodi-
gal" with Actors' Theatre
cast for special Tuesday
and Friday matinees at
48th Street Theatre.
George Copeland, concert
pianist.

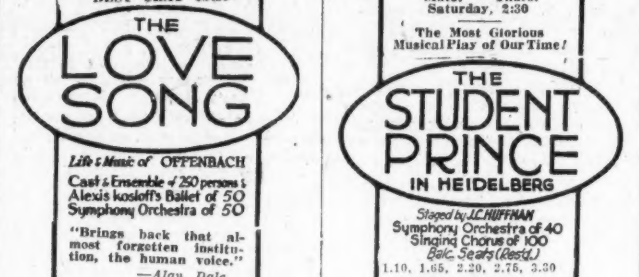
SHAW'S "CANDIDA"

Comedy masterpiece
moves to the Ambassador
Theatre, W. 49th St., Mon-
day Night, with Actors'
Theatre cast. Mats. Wed.
and Sat., 2:35. Eves. at
8:35.

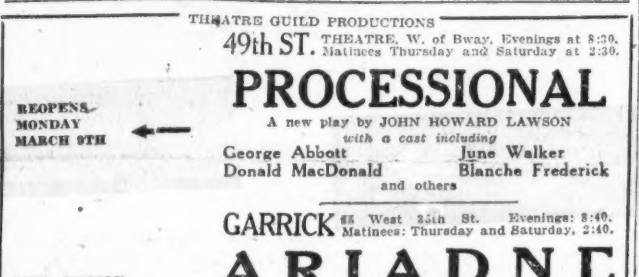
SUNDAY NIGHT—WINTER GARDEN
ALWAYS THE BEST SUNDAY ENTERTAINMENT IN N. Y.
BIG BILL OF ALL-FEATURE ACTS
SMOKING PERMITTED IN ALL PARTS OF THE HOUSE



DORIS KEANE
"STARLIGHT"
A New Comedy by GLADYS UNGER
BROADHURST THEATRE.
Eves. 8:30. Mats. Thurs. & Sat., 2:30.



LOVE SONG
Life's Music of OFFENBACH
Cast's Ensemble of 250 persons
Alexis Kosloff's Ballet of 50
Symphony Orchestra of 50
"Brings back that al-
most forgotten in-
stitution, the human voice."
—Atlas Date.



STUDENT PRINCE
IN HEIDELBERG
The Most Glorious
Musical Play of Our Time!
Staged by L. CHAFFIN
Symphony Orchestra of 40
Singing Chorus of 100
Sole Seats (Best)
1.10, 1.45, 2.20, 2.75, 3.50

THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS
49th ST. THEATRE, W. of Bway. Evenings at 8:30.
Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:30.

PROCESSIONAL
A new play by JOHN HOWARD LAWSON
with a cast including
George Abbott June Walker
Donald MacDonald Blanche Frederick
and others

GARRICK 65 West 55th St. Evenings: 8:40.
Matinees: Thursday and Saturday, 2:40.

ARIADNE
By A. A. MILNE
with —
LAURA HOPE CREWS
LEE RAKER FRIEDA INESCORT
HARRY MESTAYER ORLANDO DALY
CATHERINE PROCTOR ARMINA MARSHALL

KLAW Thea. 45th St., W. of Bway. Eves. at 8:30.
Matinees: Wed. and Sat. 2:30.

THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED
A COMEDY BY SIDNEY HOWARD
With a Cast Including
RICHARD BENNETT PAULINE LORD

BOOTH West 45th Street. Evenings at 8:30.
Matinees: Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

THE GUARDSMAN
A COMEDY BY FRANZ MOLNAR
with LYNN FONTANNE
ALFRED LUNT and DUDLEY DIGGES

HOW CAN YOU GO
ON LIVING WITHOUT
AIR
FOR THREE YEARS
REPUBLIC THEA-W 42nd St-Eves 8:30
MATS WED. & SAT. 2:30

John Golden presents
Frank Craven staged
Anne Morrison and
Patterson McNutt
wrote
"PIGS"
They did a great job!
Ask Anybody—
—at the LITTLE

Broadway Briefs.
The Theatre Guild production of
"Processional," after a week's lay-off—
being edged out of the Garrick and
then again at the Comedy—reopens at
the 49th Street Theatre, Monday night.
John Howard Lawson's play caused
much discussion—and the contest is
still on.

Earl Carroll is casting two new com-
panies for "The Rat" in addition to
the cast now appearing at the Colonial
Theatre. A Chicago company probably
will be headed by Ivor Novello, who
played the title role of "The Rat" at
the Garrick Theatre, London. The third
company will be sent to the Pacific
coast.

A. H. Woods will produce "The Green
Hat," adapted by Michael Arlen from
his novel, late in March. Rehearsals
began Monday with Katherine Cornell
in the leading role.

This Sunday night's Winter Garden
concert will be given for the benefit
of the Young Folks' League for Aid
to Hebrew Infants.

Chanin's Just W. of
46th St. Thea. Eves. at 8:30.
Mats. WED. & SAT.
Broadway's Newest and Most Beautiful
Playhouse
Direction MESSRS. SHUBERT



IS ZAT SO?
with the
BEST COMEDIAN
IN TOWN
Leading Comedy Hit!

THE BIG NOISE
OF NEW YORK!
H.B. WARNER
IN
"SILENCE"

NATIONAL
THEATRE
41st W. of Bway Eves 8:30
MATINEES WED. & SAT. 2:30

A benefit performance of "China
Rose," for Temple Bnai Israel, will
be given at Wallack's Theatre on Tues-
day night. The Adelphi Chapter, No.
79, Eastern Star, has the house Wed-
nesday night.



CLAIRE WINDSOR
in Hobart Henley's production,
"The Denial," a new film coming
to the Capitol Theatre Sunday.

THEATRES

THE
Neighborhood Playhouse
466 Grand St. Tel. Dry Dock 7616
Last Week

James Joyce's Only Play
"EXILES"
A study of the intellectual face to face with his own emotional and spiritual inconsistencies.
—Gilbert Gabriel in Tel. Mail.
"IT IS NOT A PLAY TO MISS."
Every Eve. 8:30 (Except Mon.) Mat. Sat. 2:30. Urch. \$1.50. Balcony, \$1.75.

"HILARITY REIGNS in WHITE COLLARS"
"Has both artistry and vigor and is acted to the hilt."—N. Y. Times.
CORT THEATRE WEST 48 ST.
Eves. 8:30. Mat. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

WALLACK'S THEATRE, WEST 43D ST. TEL. CHICK. 0092.
EVENINGS: 8:30. MATS: WED. and SAT.
CHINA ROSE
A RIOT OF MIRTH, MELODY AND COLOR
SEATS 8 WEEKS IN ADVANCE

WALLACK'S THEATRE, W. 42nd St. TEL. CHICKERING 0092.
Mats. Only—Tues., Mar. 10; Thurs., Mar. 12; Fri., Mar. 13
First Presentation of the Comedy-Drama
IN THE NEAR FUTURE
An Entirely Different Play
By ABRAHAM GOLDKNOFF
A Distinctive Cast and Novel Effect

EARL CARROLL presents
COLONIAL THEATRE, W. 42nd St. TEL. CHICKERING 0092.
EVENINGS: 8:30. MATS: WED. and SAT. 2:30
THE RAT
A THRILLING LOVE STORY BY CONSTANCE COLLIER and IVOR NOVELLO

EUGENE O'NEILL'S GREATEST PLAY
DESIRE UNDER THE ELMS
WITH WALTER HUSTON
EARL CARROLL THEATRE 7th Ave. 50 St. Eves. 8:30
Mats. Next Week: Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday.

CAPITOL THEATRE, BROADWAY AT 51st ST.
World's Largest and Foremost Motion Picture Palace—Edw. Bowes, Mgr. Dir.
BEGINNING SUNDAY
ROBERT HENLEY'S Production
"THE DENIAL"
Featuring CLAUDE WINSTON, BERT ROACH and WILLIAM HAINES
SPECIAL ENGAGEMENT OF Mr. Charles Wakefield Cadman who will conduct a "CADMAN CYCLE"
Famous CAPITOL Program
CAPITOL GRAND ORCHESTRA
BALLET CORPS and ENSEMBLE
Presentations by ROTHAFEL ("ROXY")

5TH WEEK!
"One of the Outstanding Successes of the Time."
QUINN MARTIN, New York World.
"The Audience Shook and Shrieked with Laughter."
MORRIS HALL, New York Times.
B.S. MOSS' COLONY THEATRE, 25 ST. CONTINUOUSLY
EVENINGS: 8:30. MATS: SAT. 2:30. SUNDAY 1:30.
"CHARLEY'S AUNT"
Produced by CHURCHILL
The WORLD'S FUNNIEST MOTION PICTURE

YIDDISH ART THEATRE
37th STREET & MADISON AVE.
Four Special Performances
MAURICE SWARTZ
— IN —
"Mrs. Warren's Profession"
By George Bernard Shaw
FRIDAY & SATURDAY EVENING and SUNDAY MATINEE & EVENING

THEATER CLUB BENEFIT
Ibsen's Drama
THE WILD DUCK
Tuesday Evening, March 17th
AT 8:30 P.M.
48th St. Theater
East of Broadway
Remember that tickets purchased through the Grand School branch of the Club benefit the Club.

Raymond Hitchcock, in "The Sap," at the Bronx Opera House
Beginning Monday evening, Raymond Hitchcock comes to the Bronx Opera House, with his Apollo Theatre production "The Sap," which was written by A. Grew. His support includes Miriam Sears, Doris Eaton, Genevieve Frizzelle, Averell Harris, Norvell Keedwell, and Russell Johnson.
"Meet the Wife," with Mary Boland, will be the following attraction.

DRAMA

The White Collar Brigade

"White Collars," An Interesting Play of the American Middle Class, Amuses at the Cort Theatre

Much truth and many fallacies are brought out in "White Collars," a comedy of American middle class life, by Edith Ellis, at the Cort Theatre. Miss Ellis created the play from a story by Edgar Franklin.

The story follows the love affair of Joan Thayer, a stenographer, and her multi-millionaire boss, William Van Luyn—who can trace his ancestry back to the Mayflower. The young lady accepts his proposal, but will not marry him until he agrees to meet the family. Here we face the economic question in the home of this middle-class family of the "White Collar Brigade." The millionaire lover meets the father, a man past fifty, who has given twenty years to his employer and is still an underpaid bookkeeper; the younger sister, a stenographer at eighteen per; a brother whose backbone is already broken for fear of losing his job; and Cousin Henry.

It is Cousin Henry who furnishes the "truth and fallacies" we mention above. He is a young man who senses that something is wrong with the economic condition of his people. He continually fulminates against the organized worker on one side and the millionaire employer on the other—"between these two the big middle class is being crushed" and being ground down to the level of the beast. Cousin Henry is also responsible for many of the amusing situations in the play—some of them screamingly funny. In our Socialist organization we have many Cousin Henrys who can talk of many things, but are rarely informed. If the millionaire employer wins out in his arguments—and also wins the girl—it is due in part to the same Cousin Henry. It is not necessary to give the complete story. We want you to see it and spend an evening of thoughtful entertainment and laugh until your sides ache.

Frank Egan, the producer, has chosen a cast which makes the play alive. Mona Kingsley gives a sympathetic performance of the sweetheart. John Marston, as her lover, plays the manly chap—anxious to learn "how the other lives"—with sincerity. Cousin Henry, played by Clark Siverall, is a real live wire, giving a remarkable performance. Frederick Burton and Frances Underwood as the father and mother are true to life, and the younger sister, in the hands of Rea Martin, is a typical product of the middle-class. The other parts are well handled.

"White Collars" has been playing some sixty weeks on the coast; also in Chicago. We think that the run here will be a long one. It is worth a visit.



MIRIAM HOPKINS

plays a leading role in Brock Pemberton's production, "Puppets," a new melodrama by Frances Lightner, opening Monday night at the Selwyn.

Broadway Briefs

Walter Hampden sailed for Italy Tuesday, to be gone until June. He will be seen next season in a dramatization of Browning's "The Ring and the Book."

Anne Nichols' "Abie's Irish Rose" closed its third week at the Wicking. Syracuse, with \$42,000, for the period. It opens its fourth week Monday with no sign of a let-up. Some money-maker!

The next theatre club benefit will be held Tuesday evening, March 17, at the 48th Street Theatre, where Ibsen's "The Wild Duck" is being given with a notable cast.

"Weeds," a new play by John B. Hymer and LeRoy Clemens, will be produced in Atlantic City Monday night by Samuel Wallach, and then comes to New York the following week.

"Marriage License," a play by Maurice Marks, has been bought by A. H. Woods.

"Loggerheads" has been taken over by Sam. H. Harris, who will bring the play to the Gaiety Theatre on March 16.

MUSIC

Revival of Stravinsky's "Petrushka" at the Metropolitan Opera

Stravinsky's opera ballet "Petrushka" will have its promised revival Friday night of next week at the Metropolitan Opera House followed by "Pagliacci." Maestro Serafin will direct the former work which will be enacted by Mmes. Galli, Rudolph, De Lepore, Ogden and Roggie and Messrs. Bolm, Bonfiglio, Bartik and Agini. "Pagliacci" will be sung by Bori and Johnson.

Other Operas next week: "Giovanni Gallus," Monday, with Mueller-Bonetti and Lauri-Volpi; Danise; "Siegfried," Wednesday afternoon, with Larsen-Todsen, Telva; and Taucher, Schorr; "Bohème," Wednesday evening, with Bori, Hunter and Martinelli; Scotti; "Andra, Chenier," Thursday evening, with Rethberg, Howard and Lauri-Volpi; DeLuca; "Aida," Saturday matinee, with Rethberg, Gordon and Martinelli; DeLuca; "Tristan and Isolde," Saturday night, with Larson-Todsen, Branzell and Taucher, Schorr. Sunday night's Opera Concert will include "Cavalleria Rusticana," Introduction; Prayer and Ballade, from "L'Africana," Aria, from "Tannhauser," the Finale of Act II, from "Madame Butterfly."

Music Notes
Mischa Levitzki gives his piano recital in Carnegie Hall, on Saturday evening, March 14. The program consists of the Beethoven Sonata, Op. 101; the Schumann Symphonic Etudes, a Chopin group; and a group of Grieg, Godovsky and Moszkowsky.

Hyman Rovinsky, pianist, will give a recital at Aeolian Hall, next Tuesday afternoon.

Teddie Gerard appearing in "The Rat," will give a recital in Town Hall, on Sunday evening, March 22.



RUTH ST. DENIS
returns to the city for her dances recital with Ted Shawn and the Denishawn Dancers Tuesday evening, March 17, at Carnegie Hall.

With the Orchestras

NEW YORK SYMPHONY

This Sunday afternoon, the New York Symphony, Bruno Walter conducting, and Paul Kochanski and Felix Salmond, as soloists, will offer the following program: Symphony in B Flat Major, Joh. Christian Bach; Double Concerto for Violin and Violoncello, Brahms; Symphonic Poem, "Don Quixote," Strauss. Next Thursday afternoon and Friday evening at Carnegie Hall, with Dusan Giannini, as soloist: Overture, "Oberon," Weber; air from "Oberon," "Ocean, Thou Mighty Monster," Webster; Fantastic Apparitions of a Theme, by Berlioz-Braunfels; Plus grand dans son obscurité pour "Reine de Saba," Gounod; Symphonic Poem, "Ultava," Smetana.

PHILHARMONIC

Tomorrow afternoon at Carnegie Hall, the Philharmonic, under Mr. Mengelberg, will present a program consisting of Schubert's overture to "Rosamunde," "Ein Heldenleben," and the Beethoven violin concerto, played by Erna Rubinstein. The Philharmonic Spring tour, beginning Monday, all concerts conducted by Mr. Mengelberg, includes concerts in Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore, Wheeling, W. Va., and two concerts in Pittsburgh. The orchestra returns for the Metropolitan Opera House concert, Sunday afternoon, March 15.

The Polish National Orchestra, under the direction of Stanislaw Namyloski, will give a second concert Sunday afternoon, at the Metropolitan Opera House.

Julia Culp will give a song recital in Town Hall, Tuesday evening. Maria Ivogun, Viennese coloratura, will give her only song recital of the season in New York this season on Saturday afternoon, March 7, in Carnegie Hall.

Ruth St. Denis, Ted Shawn and the Denishawn dancers, will give their first performance this season in Carnegie Hall, Tuesday evening, March 17, presenting a program of dances and ballets.

The I. L. G. W. U. chorus, consisting of one hundred voices under the direction of Mr. Leo Low, will give its Spring Concert in Town Hall, on Saturday evening, March 21. The chorus will be assisted by two soloists.

Willem Van Hoogstraten sailed for Europe on the "Leviathan," to fill a number of engagements as guest conductor in Germany. He will return this summer to conduct the first three and the last two weeks of the Stadium Concerts.

Jascha Helfetz will give his third violin recital on Sunday afternoon, March 15, in Carnegie Hall.

Socialists and Humane Societies

By EDWARD CARPENTER

I HAVE often observed that Socialists and their journals deride the efforts that are made to protect animals from the cruelty and tyranny of man. According to them, these efforts divert the attention of the public from the much greater and more important suffering of human beings, due to the cruelty of those in power, and thus retard the day of social redemption.

Let me raise some objections to this conclusion.

It is undeniable that rich people, who live in abundance and luxury on high dividends or on rents, are frequently very indifferent to the sufferings and privations of the poor, while they eagerly listen to and become enthusiastic over crusades got up to prevent horses being cruelly beaten by their drivers, dogs and cats being vivisected by professors of physiology, and wild animals being killed merely for sport. And I agree that there is in this a certain hypocrisy peculiar to people who prefer to criticize the conduct of others rather than examine their own.

At the same time one must recognize that these cases are the exception and not the rule, and that, anyhow, it would be an error for Socialists to attempt in any way to obstruct this movement in favor of animals, because all efforts to diminish injustice and tyranny in all forms are useful and serve to elevate humanity and to promote good feeling in other social directions. So that, even though it may seem that the protection of animals takes away some sympathy from humans, this is only a temporary effect.

Socialists should show themselves to be what they really are, i. e., the most humane and generous of the inhabitants of this earth. They already constitute the only great party which is today opposed to war, and which extends the hand of brotherhood from one nation to another throughout the world; the only party that combats the division of men into classes, and the only political party that takes to heart the cause of the unemployed, the aged, and children.

Why, then, should they not include in this great bond of love also the animals, who have not the gift of speech wherewith to defend themselves?

Certainly it is not necessary that Socialists, as a political party, should dedicate their time and energies to this cause; but I believe that they ought to recognize that those who do so, whether by opposing cruelty to animals, or by being anti-vivisectionists, or even vegetarians, aim at an object quite as noble as their own.

As Socialists, we may undoubtedly point out to animal lovers that they must not, in their enthusiasm for the beasts, neglect the rights of oppressed men. Nay, we must show them that the same feelings that make them support societies for the

protection of animals ought logically to make them support Socialism too, a result which will certainly come about when everybody understands the real meaning of this word.

But I believe that one must not in any way deride the work of the societies for the protection of animals, because that would mean first of all obstructing a good work; and secondly, sowing discord and driving away from us men and women who might later easily become our active allies and warm-hearted co-operators.

GARMENT WORKERS WILL ORGANIZE SOUTH RIVER, N. J. OPEN SHOP TOWN

As a result of the exposure in The New Leader of the industrial oligarchy set up in South River, New Jersey, by the local Chamber of Commerce, Labor is about to start a drive to organize the town. The first union to take up the matter is the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union. Jacob Halpern, vice-president of the International, and the head of the organization department, has made the following announcement:

"South River's loud boasts of a wide open non-union town may win that town some attention it has not expected. According to The New Leader, whose notable enterprise first revealed the deplorable conditions existing in South River, countless union organizers have been run out of town without the slightest regard to their constitutional rights.

"The organization department of the International is now considering an organization campaign among the garment workers in that city. If we encounter any opposition of the kind the Chamber of Commerce has been accustomed to hand out to union organizers, they will find themselves in a very sorry position."

Lawton Heads

Miners, District 11

Tyler G. Lawton has defeated John Hessler for president of District 11 of the United Mine Workers of Indiana. Lawton was elected Mayor of Bicknell, a city in the southern coal fields of Indiana, in 1914 and served in this office for four years. He was elected to this office as the candidate of the Socialist Party, but before the end of his term the local party organization was destroyed by the reaction. Although Lawton received 2,500 more votes than Hessler, the charge is being made that envelopes with sealed ballots had been opened and it is hinted that Lawton's friends are responsible. Lawton has answered that he does not want the office unless it comes to him clean and that the ballots had passed through the hands of Hessler's friends, who alone are responsible for any discrepancies, if any occurred.

MUSIC AND CONCERTS

N. Y. SYMPHONY

BRUNO WALTER

GUEST CONDUCTOR
Carnegie Hall Thurs. Aft. Mar. 12, at 8
Fri. Eve., Mar. 13, at 8:30

SOLOIST DUŠOLINA GIANNINI

(Her Last N. Y. Appearance This Season)
Weber, Gounod, Smetana and Brahms' Fantastic Apparitions on a Theme by Berlioz (first time in New York).
GEO. ENGLDES, Mgr. (Steinway Piano.)

CARNegie 3 Performances Only

Tuesday Evening, March 17
Tuesday Matinee and Evening, March 18

RUTH ST. DENIS

With TED SHAWN AND THE DENISHAWN DANCERS

ENTIRELY NEW PROGRAM

Mgt. DAN'L MATYER (Steinway Piano.)

CARNegie HALL SAT. EVE. AT 8:30. MARCH 14

LAST PIANO RECITAL THIS SEASON

LEVITZKI

Mgt. DANIEL MATYER (Steinway Piano.)

At the Cinemas

BROADWAY—"A Thief in Paradise," with Aileen Pringle, Ronald Colman and Doris Kenyon.
CAMEO—"Barriers Burned Away," with Frank Mayo, Wanda Hawley and Mabel Ballin.
CAPITOL—"The Denial," by Lewis Beach, with Claire Windsor, Bert Roach and William Haines.
Syd Chaplin. Fifth week.
COLONY—"Charley's Aunt," with Syd Chaplin.
RIALTO—"The Thundering Herd," by Zane Grey, with William Howard, Lois Wilson and Jack Holt.
RIVOLI—"The Goose Hangs High," from Lewis Beach's play, with Esther Ralston, Constance Bennett and Myrtle Stedman.

THE NEW LEADER

A Weekly Newspaper Devoted to the Interests of the Socialist and Labor Movement
Published Every Saturday by the New Leader Publishing Association
PEOPLE'S HOUSE, 7 EAST 15TH STREET
New York City
Telephone, Stuyvesant 6885

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| To Foreign Countries | |
| One Year | \$3.00 |
| Six Months | 1.50 |
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Saturday, March 7, 1925

EMPEROR MAMMON

MORE and more it is becoming clear to the world that the great "republic" of the United States has grown to be an Empire more imperious than England, more greedy than ancient Rome. At first only those few who watched with discerning eyes and spoke with uncowed phrases saw and dared state the fact; these men it was easy to dismiss as radicals or foreign agitators. An American Empire? Treason! It is easier to close one's eyes and open one's mouth shouting, "Treason," than to open one's mind to see how democratic ideals are betrayed.

But foreign countries were not slow to recognize the spread of imperialism in the United States. Our immediate neighbors, sheltered by our precious, kindly Monroe Doctrine, were easy prey for American capitalists. A Canadian paper said in 1900, that Spanish-America went "out of the frying-pan of Spain into the fire of Wall Street." Now intelligent men throughout the world accept the American Empire as a matter of fact. One of the leaders of the Youth Movement in England, now on the Continent carrying along the struggle of youth to save Europe from old decayed ideas—a struggle that has enlisted the greatest minds of the age—writes to America of their "vast work, that will either save European sovereignty and independence or collapse with the latter before Russian or American domination." At one extreme, the blindness of a struggling people; at the other, the cunning of a grasping Empire.

But the most fatal step in cementing the imperial policy on the people of this country is its official recognition at home. The Regents of the University of the State of New York, on the high school examination in American history, included the following question:

State the chief steps in the growth of the United States as an empire outside the mainland of North America. Explain how we gained control of one of the parts of our empire.

The frank acceptance of the term Empire, this official application of the word—as stating a fact, a natural and satisfying fact—indicates the degree to which former ideals have disappeared from among us. In a country where industrial and social equality and freedom do not exist, political freedom cannot be more than a formal fiction, a mouthing of phrases to save the mass of the people, to appease the discontented. Now, it seems, times are so degenerate that it is safe for the rulers to discard the fine pretending phrases and to speak openly of the American Empire.

What abject submission of spirit leaves these sycophants and admirers of empire in power? What hope is there for a Labor democracy when the directors of education in the largest State of the Union teach the idea of empire as the natural condition of these United States? Soon our national songs will be altered; school children will loudly sing "The American Empire Forever"; and we shall be loyal subjects, faithful defenders, stalwart conquerors, for Emperor Mammon.

TWO KINDS OF MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP

RECENTLY The New Leader ran an exclusive story regarding the administration of South River, N. J., a city which capitalists and bankers rule as their private property. Should an owner of an industrial plant learn that attempts are being made to organize the workers a message to the police department results in the deportation of the or-

ganizer. Water and electric light plants are owned by the city, the profits serving to reduce the taxes of the industrial masters.

This situation admirably demonstrates the Socialist position regarding municipal ownership. Socialists favor it, but they have always warned that when administered by agents of capitalistic parties it may easily serve the enemies of Labor.

South River furnishes the proof. The revenue from municipal plants largely goes into the pockets of bankers and capitalists because of reduction of taxes. The city is an oligarchy openly advertised as serving industrial exploitation and its rulers boast that the police department is at their service to crush all attempts at organization of the workers.

Socialist administration would reverse the policy in every respect. Instead of reducing taxes of the rich, it would collect the back taxes which they always owe. The surplus revenue from municipal plants would be used to pay decent wages and to encourage organization of trade unions. Labor organizers would be protected in their civil rights and trade unions would be permitted to function, as the local chamber of commerce now functions, without molestation.

Do we need representation through a party of the working class? South River gives a very forceful answer to this question.

LIBERTY 1776—1925

THE southern side of Union Square these days affords a suggestive contrast. The statue of Lincoln is almost buried under floral tributes, ranging from an open Bible in flowers to a wreath left by an ex-slave, from a decoration by the G. A. R. (Grand Army of the Republic) to one by the more ancient and honorable D. A. R. (Daughters of the American Revolution). At the other corner of the Square sits the Father of His Country, alone and neglected. One solitary wreath, as though flung by a humorist, makes a grotesque ruff around the elbow of his outstretched arm. Beyond this seeming mockery, only the birds of the Square contribute to his decoration, in this time when we "cherish his memory."

We can see certain reasons for the preference shown Abraham Lincoln, especially by the ex-slave and the G. A. R. But we are curious as to the motives underlying the neglect, by the dear Daughters of the American Revolution, of the man who helped create an excuse for their exclusive club's existence, who gave them a pretext for their proud pre-eminence.

The ladies whose ancestors fought in the Revolution, in the struggle for democracy, today hug to their patriotic, ardent bosoms the last dregs of the world's autocracy. Do they feel that revolution, while expected of the discontented rabble, is somehow beneath a gentleman? Are they showing their disapproval of the fact that George Washington, the landed gentleman and proprietor, mixed in these affairs, so far below him? That when he took up arms for independence he became, in a sense, a renegade from his class—and theirs? Have conditions reached such a pass that the descendants of the founders of the American Republic will do honor only to those who help maintain the integrity and the majesty of the American Empire?

Mr. Coolidge is still of the opinion that in running a Government in the interest of the owners of the United States economy requires that they should have this service as cheaply as it can be provided.

Vice-President Dawes on his way to Washington observed that he is now out of business, just to show that he still has a sense of humor.

Morel

"Death is nothing: death will not stop us. The Cause will go on."

—E. D. MOREL.

WHO knew the treason of the masters, knew
The plunder of the many by the few,
And, daring of heart, raised the people's cry
For justice, till the thunders touched the sky?
Who carried a dream the years will not dispel?

Morel.

We chant your elegy, O chieftain gone:
We mourn the eclipse of that great brow
Of dawn.
That lifted brow, fire-white with a sacred
passion
For justice, which, in God's good time,
shall fashion
The Comrade Order that you loved so well,
Morel.

Man of the Dawn, because you came our
way,
The night is less, and greater is the day.
Now let no soul lose courage and retreat
Since you fought on and found the battle
sweet,
Since you had faith no power could ever
quell,
Morel.

We heard your cry, great comrade, and
will hear
On every battle-line your quickening cheer.
Death? Death is nothing! Death can give
no pause:

It will go on and on, our deathless Cause:
And so my song is a psalm, not a knell,
Morel.
We go to our own kind, to our own place:
So you have joined the heroes of the race;
And as your soul's light rises on the dead,
We hear the joy-cry of the souls ahead.
Therefore we sound for you no funeral
bell,
Morel.

For in that better country where you are,
They greet you as you leave our battling
star.
We almost hear their salvos of applause:
"He comes," they cry, "the captain of our
Cause!"
So of your fame the hero heavens will tell,
Morel.

Farewell, great soul: you dared to take the
chance
In whirlwind where the steps of God advance.
Wherever there was danger you were there,
Flinging the people's banner to the air;
And now the watchers hail you, "Oh, done
well,
Morel!"

Paul Hanna

By JOSEPH E. COHEN

CLEAR and distinct are the outlines of the career of Paul Hanna, who all too young has been snatched from his round of especially able and unselfish service. His record reads like the best there is in the American newspaperman. But it is far more than that. It is the coming to full manhood of young America with all its intellect and talent.

This is the outstanding feature of him. You would search in vain for a tinkling of the flippant cynicism which is the sum total of the average sophisticated man of the press. You would find no trace of the contempt for better thought and feeling which argues greed of one kind or another to be the earmark of conduct. You would but meet him for the first time to be warmed by the fine ardor of idealism that was the token of his presence.

A newspaper man he was. But he drifted into the game as a station along the highway of adventure. He had swung across the country into the West; he had dropped in among the peons of Spanish slavery new won to freedom, and he drove into newspaper work to feel the pulse of American life. To the qualities of the journalist he provided the touch of blooded native.

He saw what was going on clean and straight. He wrote that way. He could not palliate. He set down what he knew. Even when he was the principal editorial writer of the Philadelphia Telegraph, day after day his efforts were crumpled into the waste basket. But he would not change a word, as he could not lightly change his ideas. He never compromised.

The managing editor made a confidant of Paul Hanna. They discussed the intimate things of the paper. They developed policy. They ventured into the social movement, although timidly. No one commanded such respect there as Paul Hanna. Even while they did not print his words, they listened, although they dared not heed.

THE BROTHERHOOD LEADERS

THOSE who were privileged to observe the proceedings at the Chicago Conference for Progressive Political Action were impressed by a striking similarity between the brotherhood leaders and the trade union leaders in England a quarter-century ago. The Webbs have acquainted us with the solid business type of leaders of those days, the leaders who were competent business executives but who were timid in the matter of political pioneering. It was many years before this type gave way to the informed leader who recognized the mission of the trade unions as having a wider field than the industrial sphere.

The leaders of these unions reflect a stage of union development almost three decades old. They are personally honest and sincere, but the new field of politics which conditions forced them in sheer desperation to enter is a strange and unexplored region. They have had no experience. Economic and political history is unknown to them. They are naturally thrown into the arms of the "progressives" in the old parties who have had political experience.

Moreover, they fear to give their political activities a distinct Labor character, being contented to merge these activities in a vague and indefinite "progressive" movement. This hesitation is partly due to the fact that they are also uncertain as to how far their members will go in the matter of political action. Faced with the proposal of organizing a Labor Party, it was only natural that they should refuse to accept it.

Just how long it will take a new type to develop is a matter of conjecture, but it is certain that this type will appear just as the present leaders were compelled a few years ago to repeat those clauses in the brotherhood constitutions which prohibited discussion of political questions. That action was a marked step in ad-

vance and the next one must inevitably be a willing alliance with other organizations to establish an American Labor party. This consummation will take years to realize and in the meantime the Socialist Party will carry the banner until others are ready to help bear it aloft.

TWO SOLDIERS OF LABOR

THE Socialist movement has suffered in the loss of two prominent figures, President Friedrich Ebert of Germany and Hjalmar Branting of Sweden. Ebert had to face tasks that few men in public power have had to face, tasks that must have broken a man of more robust physique than he. Facing a strangling peace treaty, intrigues of monarchists at the extreme Right and Bolsheviks at the extreme Left, a maze of political factions that made it almost impossible to form a government, and the rise of great corporations that constitute a State within a State, all this presented problems that might well test the powers of an exceptional man.

Ebert came from the ranks of the working class. Branting came from the intellectuals and early in his career cast his lot with the workers. A prominent figure in the International, an eloquent speaker and a propagandist of wonderful power, regarded by the masses with an affection that no other man in Sweden had enjoyed, called to head the Government twice and then forced to abandon his office because of failing health, Branting served the Socialist movement with ability and devotion that was recognized even by those who do not share his political philosophy.

These men have passed on, but the movement which they helped to build will carry on to the greater conquests that will finally liberate all mankind from the yoke of servitude.

By EDWIN MARKHAM

Where now is a man of the people to throw his weight

Against the secret treasuries of the State?
Who now is left to tell the truth to kings,
And strip them of their blood-red plunderings?

Who now is left to make the slaves rebel,
Morel?

What shall we do now that you have departed,
Gone from us, Comrade, you the hero-hearted?
What shall we do, for oft we saw your light

Gleam and then darken in the storm of fight;
And seeing, we snatched once more the flag that fell,
Morel.

Ah, we must seize the banner you let fall,
And plant it flying on the battle-wall.
And as we stand there on the danger-line,
Your fire of faith will on our spirits shine,
Your soul will help us hold the citadel,
Morel.

THE Chatter-Box.

Atlantic Ocean Anthology

Paul Wallace Hanna

Somewhere in that Heaven men day-dream;
There is a bench before a garden pool
Where sit a few white, finely chiseled souls
Who find their rest by gazing in
The placid water crystal, as if they see
All worldly dreams and purposes
Completed there.

You must have joined by now,
Their repose and their contemplation.

And well I see how graciously they moved
along
And make a space for you.
And well I feel, with them, how fond they
feel

After one glance upon your gentle face
And one answering gleam from your deep
eyes—

How fittingly you come to them
And their divine preoccupations.

You are looking now into the pool,
And there you find your high resolves
Hammering out your higher end—
The world you fashioned for the weak,
The disinherited—the mill gnomes,
The mine and mart navvies—
Your legions trampling down old temples
Of outlived tyrannies—outrotted gods—
The world in your hands like clay:
In your brain a sculpturing magic,
In your heart a child's fine, unadulterated
dream.

Is it for us to weep your going?
Is it for us to banner our days
With the sackcloth and ash of futility,
That such as you are taken in the noon
Of accomplishment?

Rather for us to mush on where you gave
relax
To our surviving brain and flesh,
To work out, until we are called to the
bench

Where you now sit and view in peace
The fulfillment of your dreams. . . .

For many weary days we have been hammering upon the portals of America's Elite Poetical Coterie for contributions from them to our prize-awarding Column. At last a voice has answered. Clement Wood has complimented both us and you, dear readers, with several thoroughbred entries, the first of which we publish below. And don't you please imagine he's going to win the prize just because his is a very splendid bit of work. We are putting him on scratch, so to speak and will give our younger and less published contri. plenty of handicap. However, be it said, Clement is some Nurni in the Versifier distance races.

Come

Come, in this locked and bitter weather;
We together can bid the sun
Burn through the gray and sodden morning,
And lift burning to his bright throne.
Come, that the stars may cease their
sorrow
Over the narrow path they tread;
Come, that the bleak hour may be ended,
Grown to a splendid joy instead;
Come, that the sweet buds without number,
Locked in slumber, may wake and foam,
Like laughter ringing and heaven singing:
Come, that the Spring may come.

Then we will mount through that sweet
weather,
Careless whether the draggled world
Drowns back to its tired sleeping,
Or stumbles weeping, to be hurled
Out of the heaven of rapture wholly;
For we slowly melt as one
Into the sky, like two birds swallowed
Within the haloed heart of the sun.
You, that my heart has long been seeking—
Sunrise breaking and throbbing drum—
And manna falling and Heaven calling:
Come, for I love you. Come!
Clement Wood.

Morning

I will write with the light of the feathery
moon
At the point of the morning star.
On the pages pink, with the dawn's bright
ink,
I will write of my heart's desire. . . .
Leon.

Some day, when the press of prosaic business relaxes, we shall indulge you and ourselves in a series of Contemporary Portraits of American Captains of Industry and Letters, in our own imitatively verbose and confusing manner. We mean to pick on such financial wizards as Vincent Astor, Jr., and the third grandson of Jay Gould, for their remarkable acquisitory powers in the money realm, and J. J. Corbett and Bernarr Macfadden for their literary scintillation in the firmament of American Bookdom.

Since to our unerring judgment Bernarr Macfadden is the most imposing product of the generation, we are preparing a brochure on him and his individuality that should sell on a par with the New York Graphic when the cross-word puzzles get beyond the stenographer girl's word reach. More announcements in regard to above will follow in later issues of The Leader.

News Item

Met S. John Block, prominent Socialist and Labor attorney, in the now famous Subway, yesterday, and he made pertinent request that we reprint our now immortal lyric entitled, "The Invisible Empire." Just as soon as contri. fail us and space permits, we shall indulge S. John Block et al

S. A. DE WITT