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of the Socialist and
Labor Movement

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EUGENE V. DEBS PASSES AWAY

TIMELY TOPICS

BEFORE these words see the light of day it is all too probable that that great lover of mankind, our Comrade, our friend, our leader, Eugene V. Debs, will have joined the republic of the immortals. What we feel for him, what our sense of loss will be, I shall not now attempt to put in words. Whatever befalls, whether our great leader lives or dies, let us remember that the highest tribute we can pay him, a tribute he would most desire, is not the tribute of our tears or our praise, but of our deeds. It is for us to lift high the torches which we have kindled from his. It is for us to dedicate ourselves to the great cause of human emancipation, to which he has given the last full measure of devotion.

It might hearten Gene Debs could he know that feeling of the turning of the tide which has come upon many of us in this New York campaign. Our hall meetings are filled, our street meetings suffer, not from lack of audience, but of enough speakers. The young folks are doing some fine work of a Jimmy Higgins order. Apparently the masses of the workers are beginning once more to suspect the myth of Tammany Hall friendship for labor. Those of you who haven't done anything or given anything in this campaign are missing a real opportunity.

Some evidence of this encouraging state of affairs is found in the report of the Rand School. I am particularly pleased that the workers' training course especially intended for trade unionists is going so well. Fourteen different unions are represented in the class by forty-two trade union members. It is the purpose of the class to get down to brass tacks on trade union ideals and methods.

Nothing can be more important than this sort of practical study on the part of labor union men. Take the new slogan of a five-day week, for instance. It is a good slogan. Solid reasons for it have been given by that great open shop employer, Henry Ford. It is very doubtful, however, whether a genuine five-day 40-hour week can ever be maintained, save in exceptional industries like Ford's own, until it can be generally enforced in industry. Long hours for farmers and unskilled workers, and for all workers in such basic industries as steel, textiles, etc., inevitably threaten short hours in other lines. Obviously this five-day week program must be used as an incentive to organization, for only by far more extensive organization of the workers than now exists can it be generally maintained.

It is also going to be necessary to prove that with proper management a five-day week is perfectly consistent with necessary standards of production. Man produces to live. He does not live to produce. And any industry may easily pay too high a price for big production. Nevertheless, workers for the five-day week cannot utterly ignore the questions of production and efficiency.

Here they get surprising help from the most up-to-date industrial psychologists. Trade union leaders ought to be familiar with a short book, "Industrial Psychology," by Charles S. Meyers, a British expert. The book is published by W. W. Norton & Co., 70 Fifth Avenue, New York. The statistics he has amassed show that in many industries "the greatest hourly rate of output generally occurs during a 40-hour working week." In some cases the increase in the hourly rate of output is so great as to make the total output as much or more than it is in the longer working week. Mr. Meyers cites examples of cases where a brief rest period at frequent intervals during the working day increases output. He also exposes the fallacies of the older Taylor system type of efficiency and argues for a far more individualistic and psychologically sound approach to the problem of increasing the efficiency and easing the toil of the workers. Any trade unionist will realize how much work still remains to be done in this field. But I think that every trade unionist will have reason to feel grateful for what Mr. Meyers and experts like him are doing to humanize industry. Machinery has come to stay. Under any social order we must have efficiency in production. How can we use machinery and get efficiency without making men into Robots? Henry Ford

(Continued on page 6)

PARTY MOURNS LOSS

Statement of Secretary
Henry on Death of
Eugene V. Debs

(Special Despatch to The New Leader)

CHICAGO, Oct. 21.—William H. Henry, national secretary of the Socialist Party, who was in constant attendance at the bedside of Debs for several days, issued the following statement today on the death of the Socialist leader:

"Eugene V. Debs is dead. It is an international event. Millions mourn their incomparable loss. Millions are in tears of gratitude for a life time of heroic defense of the lowly. The fair visions, the dauntless courage, the lofty ideals, the unconquerable devotion of their fallen leader have been a steady inspiration for half a century to hosts of men and women who toil in all the lands.

"In the death of Eugene Victor Debs the Socialist Party of the United States has lost its most loved leader and comrade.

"Not only has the Socialist Party of this nation lost its most loved comrade, but the Socialist and labor movement of the entire world has lost the most loved and most fearless champion in world history.

"We mourn the loss of our champion. Our heart and hands go out to the family and to his million of comrades and friends. We shall ever cherish his inspiring name and be grateful for his heroic work.

"We bow our heads as we meditate on his great life of service to the cause of justice.

"With all our might we shall strive to bring about the complete emancipation of the working class for which our beloved comrade has given every ounce of effort and even his life.

"While his body has ceased to perform, his work will go on and will shine with increasing brightness with the passing of the years."

DEBS IS A CITIZEN WITH THE IMMORTALS, NORMAN THOMAS SAYS

Norman Thomas paid tribute to Debs, saying:

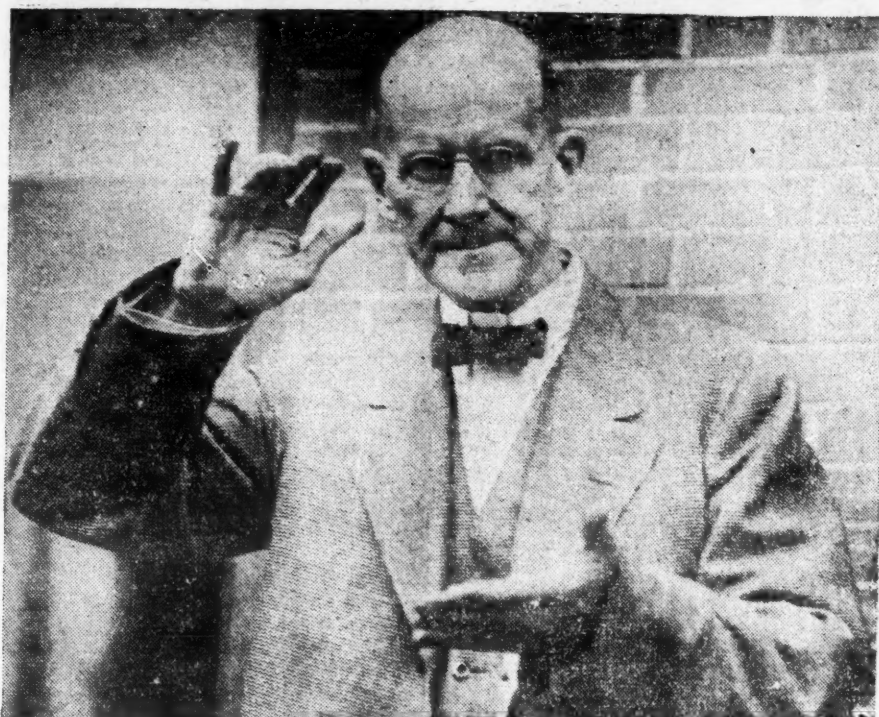
"No leader in our generation had so deep and true a hold of the affection of millions of men and women as Gene Debs. He had it because no leader so sincerely loved mankind.

"Eugene Victor Debs had great ability and much eloquence, yet he was greatest of all as a man. He died, to our shame, still deprived of the citizenship of the country he loved and served. Now his citizenship is in the republic of the immortals. He will be greatly missed by his party and the whole labor movement."

Tony Sender in Hackensack

The Socialists of Bergen County are looking forward to a good turnout next Thursday evening, October 27, when Tony Sender is scheduled to speak in the State Street School, Hackensack, N. J., on "Socialism and Labor Legislation in Germany."

Debs' Voice Is Silenced Forever



Eugene Debs in a Speaking Pose Taken Soon After His Release From the Federal Penitentiary in Atlanta, Georgia

N. Y. AUDIENCE IN TEARS

Judge Panken Breaks
News to Socialist
Meeting — Is Over-
come by Emotion

WITHIN an hour after the great heart of Eugene V. Debs had beat its last in a Chicago suburban sanitarium, the solemn news spread to every working class section of the nation.

A great campaign rally of the Socialist party was in progress in Public School 62, Manhattan.

Judge Jacob Panken, the candidate for Governor, an associate of two-score years with Debs in the Socialist movement, was speaking when the news was received.

It was evident that Judge Panken was laboring under great stress as he made ready to tell the audience that their great champion was no longer alive.

But a few months previous, the citizens of the same community had turned out to the number of 500,000 to howl their heads at the passing cortege of Meyer London, another great Socialist leader.

Now Panken was to tell them that Debs, the inspirator of London and others of the group of their local Socialist leaders, was also gone.

The announcement took the audience of 2,000 as though a bomb had been thrown in its midst.

There were open, unashamed sobs, while even the strongest could not remain with unaffected mien.

Tears were in the eyes of all men, women and children. Panken could continue his speech no longer, and was forced to conclude.

A TRIBUTE TO DEBS

By Morris Hillquit

IT IS difficult to think of Debs as dead. His whole being was inextricably with life. Through all the years of his struggles and suffering his frame was vibrant with flaming vitality. In spite of his advanced age and ill health he was to the last the impersonation of radiant youth in his mental alertness and never-flagging enthusiasm.

Eugene V. Debs was a rare character in the public life of America. There was not another man who was possessed of quite the same high degree of lofty idealism and he was living up to it so consistently and uncompromisingly.

He was a crusader and a fighter, but there was no hate in him. His most ardent fighting sprang from his deep and warm love for all that bears human countenance.

A pure type of early Christian at his best, he was strangely misplaced in our cold age of selfishness and greed. He was misunderstood, misrepresented and trailed at by the smug defenders of the established order and the beneficiaries of existing social injustice. But millions of people believed in him and all who came within the magic sphere of his personal contact loved him.

The long term imprisonment of this gentle apostle of peace and brotherhood which has undoubtedly hastened his end will forever remain an indelible blot on American justice and an abhorrent reminder of the war-crazed aberration of the American public's mind.

The country has lost one of its noblest sons.

The world without Gene Debs is a poorer and drearier place to live in. To the Socialist movement everywhere his memory will remain an eternal inspiration.

FUNERAL TO BE IN INDIANA

Public Services Will Be
Held in Debs' Home
Town Friday or Sat-
urday

TERRE HAUTE, Ind.—All classes of Terre Haute's citizens, Socialists and non-Socialists, alike, received the news of the passing of Eugene V. Debs in sorrow.

Funeral arrangements are being rushed. The funeral will take place either Friday or Saturday, probably on the latter day.

Word has been received from hundreds of men and women who were comrades with Debs in the Socialist and labor movement of their intention to be present.

Funeral services will be public, relatives of Debs have indicated in Chicago.

Following the services, the body will be taken to Indianapolis for cremation.

Socialists Have Tickets

In at Least 21 States

The Socialist Party to the middle of October has nominated more or less complete tickets in the following states: Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, West Virginia, Kentucky, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Missouri, Kansas, Texas, Montana, Utah, California, New Mexico, Colorado and Oklahoma. In the State of Washington the two capitalist parties have enacted legislation which makes it practically impossible for an opposition party to file a list of candidates. Citizens of that state must vote Republican or Democrat or be disfranchised.

SOCIALIST LEADER, BRAVE TO THE END, LOSES FIGHT TO LIVE FOR SOCIALISM

Family and Comrades Attend at Bedside of
World-Revered Spokesman of the Labor
Movement

CHICAGO.—Surrounded by his Socialist comrades and his immediate family, his last uttered thought a prayer of thanks for the part he was permitted to play in the Socialist movement, Eugene V. Debs passed away in the Lindlahr Sanitarium Wednesday evening.

For five days the shattered body of America's greatest Socialist leader fought a losing fight for life. The doctors marveled at his will to live.

Death was expected any moment beginning Saturday. It did not come until Wednesday.

In a coma all of those trying days, during which Comrades the world over anxiously waited news which they knew must be of a sorrowful nature, Debs could not speak. In one of his few lucid moments he uttered his last thoughts.

The deep-seated love he had won through his crusading life of 71 years wiped away the least fear of approaching death he may have had.

Smiling weakly at Mrs. Debs, he motioned for a piece of paper and pencil. In wavering, halting lines he traced the letters of Henry's "Invictus," which he had often told friends inspired him through his whole life.

This is what Debs wrote: "It matters not how straight the gate,

How charged with punishment the scroll,

I am the master of my fate.

I am the captain of my soul."

As he wrote the last words his pencil dropped from his fingers.

Messages of condolence began coming to the family almost as soon as the news of the leader's death was flashed over the country. Victor Berger, a fellow Socialist, eulogized him as "a great American."

Because of his advanced years and heart disease, which had persisted virtually throughout his life, he offered only slight physical resistance when a turn for the worse occurred. Several weeks ago kidney disease developed as an added complication.

With the Socialist leader at the end were his wife, Katherine; his brother, Theodore, and two sisters, Mrs. John Heintz of Terre Haute, Ind., and Mrs. C. O. Malloix of New York. At his bedside during his last moments also were Socialist party leaders, including William H. Henry, the national executive secretary.

Dr. H. O. Wiseman said Mr. Debs died peacefully, his strength gradually ebbing away. His death had been expected at any minute for the last three days.

Mrs. Louise H. Niblack, who had attended Mr. Debs almost continuously since Saturday, told physicians the patient apparently suffered no pain whatever during his last days.

Dr. Wiseman said death was due to chronic myocarditis, a heart affliction with which he had suffered for twenty-five years.

'Here Was a Man!'



Our Good-Bye to Comrade 'Gene Debs

SHOCKED, bereaved beyond any words to express their emotions, millions of men and women, in this and other countries, mourn the passing of Eugene V. Debs. When Debs passed on there passed the most loved and the most feared man in the United States. He was loved by those who understood his ideals of an emancipated world, and was feared by others for the same reason. Those who loved him are the workers; those who feared him are the masters of American life.

Debs was the most unique man of our time. Had he been willing to barter his gifts of eloquence and leadership; had he been willing to choose the easy road to place and power, there is no office within the gift of the American people that he could not have attained. He did not so choose. For that reason he is unique, a rare soul among the sordid pygmies who have attained fame without meriting it.

Eugene V. Debs was the most devoted and powerful crusader against ancient wrongs since the passing of Phillips and Garrison. It is significant that the once great art of oratory has withered and died in the last twenty-five years. The great orators are inspired by profound convictions. Noble speech does not come of insincerity or lack of ideas. It is the great gift of earnestness, sincerity, devotion, love of a cause.

Debs had all these. No other man prominent in our public life has had them these past twenty years. Forensic art for which this country was once noted perished after the reconstruction period. Debs was also unique in that noble, earnest, speech survived in him. Men might say that he was wrong. They might say that he was visionary. But no man who ever heard him ever said that he was not earnest, profoundly sincere, intensely devoted to what he believed to be the truth. There is not one man in the bourgeois parties today of whom this can be said.

But Debs was more than this. He was the most lovable human being. No man or woman could hate Debs. His affections knew no barriers of race, creed, color or nationality. The wretched, the outcast, the jobless, the hungry, the wretched, found in Debs a great comfort. Debs was all sympathy. Suffering hurt him. No unfortunate left his presence unrelieved. He lived a life of service to his fellows. Others might talk of a noble ethical standard. Debs lived it.

Needless to say this great and noble soul went to an American prison. Why not? What need has official America of a man of convictions, of sincerity, of sacrifice, of principle, of noble integrity? So Debs trod the thorny path that has been the fate of liberators in every age. He trod it willingly, gladly. He

knew that the Canton speech meant the end of his personal freedom. He paid the price gladly.

When the news arrived of John Brown's raid on Harpers Ferry Wendell Phillips spoke in Henry Ward Beecher's church in Brooklyn. He appealed "to the American people fifty years hence, when the light of civilization has had more time to penetrate, when self-interest has been rebuked by the world rising and giving its verdict on these great questions, when it is not a small band of Abolitionists, but the civilization of the twentieth century."

That judgment has been given and John Brown lives in the affections of those who are civilized. Men and women are broken-hearted today in the knowledge that Eugene V. Debs has gone to sleep. How shall we live to be worthy of this Friend, Comrade and Liberator? By seizing the standard that has fallen from his hands and carrying it forward till the judgment of the next few decades will have carried it to victory. Above all, to be in deadly earnest, to give all that we have, that the ideals of Eugene V. Debs may be realized in all the institutions of society.

Good bye, 'Gene. We shall never forget you. Something of us sleeps with you. We are lonesome. Yet you will always be with us, inspiring our work for the Great Cause.

Debs' Life-The Story of the Greatest Modern American

This biography will be part of a forthcoming book on American Pioneers for Freedom which McAlister Coleman is now writing for Pioneer Youth.

By McAlister Coleman

I WAS riding in a Pullman train one day with a travelling salesman when a porter put his head through the curtains in the smoking compartment and shouted: "Terre Haute, Indiana." The salesman tilted his cigar and looked out over the bleak line of frame and brick houses marching away from the railroad yard.

"Nice little town," he remarked. "I used to sell socks there."

To me Terre Haute meant but one thing—that it was the home of Eugene Victor Debs, one of the greatest of all the American pioneers of freedom—so I asked him:

"Did you ever meet Debs there?"

He pondered for a moment over the name, and finally said:

"Debs? I don't believe I ever ran into him. What line does he sell?"

For seventy crowded years Debs has been selling a line for which there is no money equivalent, a line that might be branded, "Love and Liberty," for these are the two words that come instantly into the mind of any man who has ever had contact with that great spirit. It is difficult to write about Eugene V. Debs without allowing a bit of sentiment to get between the lines. And nowadays sentiment is supposed to be old-fashioned. But just how to put down in cold black and white the warmth of affection that this man has kindled in the breasts of millions who have never even seen him face to face remains a problem. When Debs was in prison during the war I spoke about him to a hard-boiled sergeant in my regiment who had been a bricklayer in peace times, but who was not a Socialist and who had never seen Debs. Sudden tears came into his eyes. "There's a real man," he said. "I wish I had him for a friend." Coal miners in West Virginia, fishermen "out of Gloucester," cow-punchers in Wyoming, steel riveters on New York skyscrapers, men and women everywhere who have in them the least bit of human sentiment, have time and again echoed the lines of James Whitcomb Riley, the Hoosier poet, who wrote:

Most Loved Man Today

"Go, search the earth from end to end,
And where's a better all-around friend
Than Eugene Debs?—a man that
stands

And jest holds out in his two hands
As warm a heart as ever beat
Betwixt here and the Mercy Seat!"

Beloved as no other man in the American Labor Movement, with the beautiful gift for making and keeping loyal friends, there is a side to Eugene Victor Debs that glows as fiercely as any hearth furnace and flashes as a cutting sword. It is this side that he shows when he strikes out against oppression, against the crime of war, against the enslavement of man by man. And because of his fierce refusal to say "yes" to any of these injustices, all his life long Debs has been hated and reviled by that little group of greedy men and their hangers-on, who are the real rulers of America.

He was born on November 5, 1855, in Terre Haute. He was one of ten children born to Jean Daniel Debs and Marguerite Bettlich Debs, both natives of the French part of Alsace. His father came to this country on a sailing ship which arrived at New York in 1849. In that city he met and married Debs' mother. The Debs family lived in a little frame house in Terre Haute in a working-class district. The house was not well furnished with anything except books. Of these there seems to have been a plenty. Jean Debs had a well-equipped library of French history and the classics, and little Gene used to spend hours poring over Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables," which he remembers as having made a tremendous impression on his youthful mind. The character of Jean Val Jean came alive for him from Hugo's pen and the struggle of man with his fellow man and with his surroundings, as depicted in that book, gave Eugene Debs a viewpoint on life and a sympathy with suffering that is unique. There was poverty in the Debs home, where there were so many children to support and, at the age of 14, it was necessary for Eugene to look for work. He found it in the shops of the railroads that came into Terre Haute, and finally became locomotive fireman on the Terre Haute

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MEXICAN MUSICAL PROGRAM



Through the jail bars of Atlanta, Debs' great heart beat for the laboring men and women and he reached out his arms to them as though he would shelter them from the lords and masters who oppressed them.

Drawn by Boardman Robinson

and Indianapolis Railway Company, now a part of the Pennsylvania Railroad. He worked at night, at first receiving a dollar a day. Later on, as a fireman, he was paid on a mileage basis. He took time that should have been devoted to sleep to reading everything that came to hand. He was aware of the defects of his schooling and from his earnings he bought an encyclopedia on the installment plan, a volume a month, and began to read and study history and biography, and to improve his grammar and English composition. Especially was he stirred by the revolutionary history of the United States and France. He has told David Karsner, his biographer, that it was Thomas Paine who was his special hero. He liked to get away in his room and recite Patrick Henry's revolutionary speech and in a boyish voice shout out Robert Emmet's famous oration. Between his mother and himself there was a deep and abiding love that was to make tender his relations with all humanity; a love, no

doubt, that translated into larger terms, is reflected in Gene Debs' tremendous sensitiveness to suffering and unusual capacity for sympathy.

It was with great foreboding that his mother used to stand on the stoop of their home in the Terre Haute side street and watch the youngest striding off to work with his railroad lantern swinging at his side. She knew that he was going into the face of danger and she hated to think of her "Gene" riding across the prairies through the night. It was because of his insistence, perhaps, that he accepted a position as clerk in a grocery firm. He spent five years clerking but always in the back of his mind was the thought of his railroad days and the contacts that he made as a fireman. Even then he was concerned with the conditions of labor on the railroads. It may have been at this time that he came upon the idea of bringing all the railroad workers together in one big union. Debs saw that while there were a number of strong organizations among the railroad workers, these so-called "craft organizations" had the great weakness of being scattered and sometimes hostile to one another's interests. It was easy for the powerful railroad corporations to set one group against another. Divided, the various unions would fail. Debs thought that if they were united they would stand. At all events, the youth saw that his place was not clerking in a store, but serving the organized labor movement to the very best of his ability. He went about among his former friends in the railroad yards, and on the evening of February 27, 1875, he was the principal figure in the organization of the

local Terre Haute Lodge of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen. His ability was instantly recognized and he was quickly elected secretary of the local. Never did an organization have a more devoted servant. Debs is proud of the fact and puts it into his biography in "The American Laborer's Who" that "in spite of other business, he never missed a meeting of the local in ten years." In Karsner's book Debs tells of those early days as follows:

"My first step was thus taken in organizing labor and a new influence fired my ambition and changed the whole current of my career. I was filled with enthusiasm and my blood fairly leaped in my veins. Day and night I worked for the brotherhood. To see its watchfires glow and observe the increase of its sturdy members were the sunshine and shower of my life. To attend the 'meeting' was my supreme joy, and for ten years I was not once absent when the faithful assembled.

"With all the fire of youth I entered upon the crusade, which seemed to me a fair fight with possibilities. For organizations had the great weakness of being scattered and sometimes hostile to one another's interests. It was easy for the powerful railroad corporations to set one group against another. Divided, the various unions would fail. Debs thought that if they were united they would stand. At all events, the youth saw that his place was not clerking in a store, but serving the organized labor movement to the very best of his ability. He went about among his former friends in the railroad yards, and on the evening of February 27, 1875, he was the principal figure in the organization of the

out off a train, sometimes passenger, more often freight, while attempting to deadhead over the division, were all in the program and served to whet the appetite to conquer.

"One night in midwinter at Elmira, N. Y., a conductor on the Erie kindly dropped me off in a snowbank, and as I clambered to the top I ran into the arms of a policeman, who heard my story and on the spot became my friend.

"I rode on the engines over mountain and plain, slept in the cabooses and bunks, and was fed from their galleys by the swarthy stokers, who still nestle close to my heart, and will untill it is cold and still.

"... And so I was spurred on in the work of organizing; not the fireman merely, but the brakemen, switchmen, telegraphers, shop men, track hands—all of them, in fact; and as I had now become known as an organizer, the calls came from all sides, and there are but few trades I have not helped to organize, and less still in those strikes I have not at some time had a hand."

He helped organize the Switchmen's Mutual Aid Association, the Brotherhood of Railway Brakemen, now the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen, the Brotherhood of Railway Carmen, and the Order of Railway Telegraphers. His outstanding ability is evidenced by the fact that when Debs took charge of the affairs of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen the Order had only 60 lodges and a \$5,000 debt. Within a short time Debs added 226 lodges and wiped out the debt. Soon he was made treasurer of the Brotherhood and everywhere rec-

and he was elected in 1885. By this time his horizons had immensely widened. He had come into touch with such other pioneers as Wendell Phillips, Robert G. Ingersoll and Susan B. Anthony, one of the most courageous fighters for woman's suffrage in the country. Of Phillips, Debs said:

"Wendell Phillips was a perfect aristocrat; a royal man who instantly challenged respect and admiration. Wendell Phillips was treated as if he had been the worst felon on earth. They went to his house to mob him, and why? Because he protested against sending a fugitive negro back into the hell of slavery."

Gene was the moving spirit among such progressives as Terre Haute could boast at the time. They had formed the Occidental Literary Club and they invited the leading liberals and radicals of the day to come and speak to them. It was thus that Debs came to meet Susan B. Anthony. He had asked her to address the club and of that incident he says that he and a few friends met Miss Anthony at the railroad station and walked with her to a hotel. He wrote:

Growing in Mutual Stature

"I can still see the aversion so unfeelingly expressed for this magnificent woman. Even my friends were disgusted with me for piloting such an 'undesirable citizen' into the community. As we walked along the street, I was painfully aware that Miss Anthony was an object of derision and contempt, and in my heart I resented it and later I had often to defend my position, which, of course, I was ready to do."

There is an illuminating sidelight on the sort of opposition that the early suffragists had constantly to endure. It must not be forgotten that next to agitating against injustices to the workers, agitating on behalf of votes for women was in those early days a very dangerous occupation.

As the young Debs grew in mental stature, so his opportunities for service to the labor movement grew. From all sides requests poured in on him to organize new groups of workers. He responded to all of them but his early conviction that the organization by craft alone was not enough was steadily strengthened. He determined to make real his dream of one big railroad union. He went before the convention of his brotherhood in 1892 to hand in his resignation. At that time he was receiving \$4,000 a year. The convention unanimously refused to accept his resignation and he was pressed to stay with the brotherhood. He insisted, however, that he must go on to a bigger work. He said that he wanted to give all his time and energy to the building up of an organization that would include all the railroad workers. The convention reluctantly took him at his word and accepted his resignation, voting to give him, as a mark of appreciation, \$2,000 for a trip to Europe. This, characteristically enough, he declined to accept.

So this long, gaunt, young pioneer left his \$4,000 a year job to start on a gallant attempt to draw all the railroad men into one organization to be called the American Railway Union. In June, 1893, Debs and his labor friends, organized the American Railway Union at Chicago. Debs' salary was to be \$75 a month. As a matter of fact, during the last two years of

(Continued on page 6)

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:: Some Personal Glimpses of Debs ::

By Wm. M. Feigenbaum

THE light has gone out of many lives with the passing of Eugene V. Debs. Heads are bowed, eyes are brimming with tears, voices break with emotion wherever men and women gather and talk about the noble soul that has just left us.

It is hard to think of the world without Debs; it will be a long time before a full realization of our loss. For fifty years and more Debs has given everything in him to the labor movement. For 31 years every breath he has drawn has been for the Socialist movement. Whole generations of Socialists have grown up under Debs' leadership and who never knew any other leadership than his. It is bitterly, cruelly hard to realize that he is gone. It is cruelly hard for me to write, crushed as I am by the loss of one whom I loved as an older brother, whom I followed as a leader, admired as a thinker and worshipped as an inspiration.

Debs was the sweetest and noblest soul I have ever known. And I know that his greatness was not a mantle put on for show, but as real and genuine as the man himself. In private life his real greatness came out, among his friends and comrades before whom it was not necessary to be on parade. And those who knew him well know that his amazing beauty of character, his gentleness, his love for all mankind were real, were part of him; that the deep brooding eyes, the sad, sad smile were pictures of the inner soul of the man, one of the greatest that our movement and our country has produced.

When Debs spoke in public he spoke exactly as he felt in private. Scores of times I heard him say, "I am not a grand old man. A grand man is never old. An old man cannot be grand. The wrinkles are all outside. There are none on my heart." I know that he felt that way. I know that that was not bluff and bombast, as such a speech might be on the lips of one less sincere than he.

A few months ago I saw a headline over a newspaper picture that read, "Debs learning the Charleston." The "Debs" referred to, of course, were young girls, debutantes. But the caption amused me, and I sent it to "Gene." "You ought to be ashamed of yourself," I wrote, "at your age, too." Debs was hugely tickled.

"A young fellow like me," he wrote me, "wouldn't do anything so quiet and staid as the Charleston. Give me something really lively, and I'll do it." When he said that he was young at heart he meant every word of what he said.

"I am as chipper as a young goat on a tin roof," he used to say. Why a goat and why tin roof I never found out, but that was his story and he stuck to it.

Debs' greatest characteristic was his nobility of character. He was a glorious orator, a very excellent writer, a remarkable trade union organizer. But above all, his other qualities towered character. From his very earliest life he placed principle above self, and he served his principles regardless of the rewards they won for him, which were hatred, denunciation, savage persecution and finally a cruel and unjust prison term that undermined his health and ultimately ended his life.

I am not here telling the story of Debs' life. I am too overwhelmed by sorrow, too broken with grief to arrange a formal biographical sketch. That may come later. That is done in another column by Comrade McAlister Coleman. At this moment I have time and room only for one instance of his courage and his manliness, for incidents that show the manner of a man he was. Even as a boy, when woman suffrage was the howling joke of the country, when a suffragist was lampooned and jeered at and made the butt of coarse and brutal ridicule, Debs not only espoused suffrage but also he invited Elizabeth Cady Stanton, the great pioneer suffragist, to his

Debs' First Jail



The Interior of the Workroom of Woodstock Prison, Where Debs First Served Time for His Devotion to the Struggle of the Workers. X Marks the Great Leader of the 1894 Pullman Strike

town and sponsored her meeting. For a youth who at that time was looking towards a political career that act took superb courage.

In 1918 Debs made a speech at Canton, Ohio, in which he took the Socialist position in opposition to the war. It is known that for a long time the authorities were wondering what to do with the troublesome fellow. To jail him would mean to arouse the bitterest opposition. He couldn't be gagged; to allow him to talk would encourage others to talk, and the government wanted to maintain the fiction of a united nation in the prosecution of the war.

It was in June that some amateur "patriot" took in a Debs meeting, took down his speech stenographically and reported to the authorities. That was something that the law officers of the country couldn't ignore when it was called to their attention, and Debs was indicted, tried, sentenced and jailed. The appeals took until the spring of 1919 and on April 13 the steel doors of Moundsville prison, West Virginia, clanged behind him. That was the time that the "revolutionists," those who found the Socialist party too tame for them, were working hand in hand with agents provocateurs, spies and stool pigeons in a deliberate attempt to destroy the party. That was the time that unity, solidarity, comradeship were most needed. That was the time that the deliberate splitting of the party by the madmen who spoke in the name of the "revolution" gave the authorities courage to feel that they with the party so disrupted and busy with its dissensions there could be no effective protest against the jailing of Debs. And so it was.

It was in May, 1920, that I first visited him in jail, the Atlanta penitentiary, to which he had been moved. I was with the committee that notified him of his nomination for president and I felt that we were going to a funeral when we stepped into the face of the warden. But if we felt the face of the warden, he bounded into the office, embraced each one of us and had a word of gentle affection for each of us, laughed, joked, sang—it was as if we were having a party in jail.

It was a strange sight. Debs and his campaign committee meeting in jail. We sat through five sessions and took up the plans of the campaign. My task was to have charge of the publicity and it was one of the best assignments I have ever had. Debs was a good man to work with. His writings were brilliant, lucid, clear, sparkling. He bubbled with humor. His messages, which I was to send out to the country, were clear, cogent, to the point. They made good copy.

I could fill up whole books with stories of Debs' courage, his cheerfulness, his manliness in prison and under other trying circumstances. I could tell of his remarkable influence in the prison. I heard the brutal guards who treat the convicts like

battle, respectfully and reverently address their best known charge as "Mr. Debs." I heard him beg as a personal favor for a can of tobacco—"for one of the boys here in prison." I saw the respect, the admiration, the love that his keepers, his warden, his fellow convicts held him in. I heard the officials say that he was a great moral influence in that nest of thieves, dope peddlers, murderers, and other scum of the earth.

Debs meant it with every fiber of his being when he said, "While there is a lower class I am of it. While there is a soul in prison I am not free." He meant it when he said that he was not a leader. "If I could read the worstest of the wilderness," he said, "somebody else could lead them back again. There is nothing that I can do for you for yourselves." That sums up the whole philosophy of his life.

I remember when Debs was in prison a man who has since gone with the Communists who had come with us tried to get him tangled up in a discussion on the questions that were tearing the Socialist party to tatters. "I am a Socialist," said Debs with simple, manly dignity. "I am not a Communist. I have been a Socialist since the founding of our party. I see no reason for me to be anything else now. If the Socialist party were to accept the terms laid down by Lenin it would ruin our party. We can have nothing to do with him."

It was in prison that Debs' health broke down. For several months he was confined in the steaming Southern City fourteen hours a day in a narrow cell. His heart gave out, and the authorities were afraid that their distinguished prisoner would die on their hands. They had to give him digitalis to stimulate the action of his heart. He has never been the same man since. But when in prison he was given a document to sign as a preliminary to being released he refused. It was a pledge that he would promise to obey the law if he were released. He said that he had broken no law; that he was no law-breaker, and that to promise to obey the law in the future was to admit that he had broken the law in the past. "And that I did not do," he said. And he did not sign.

It is interesting to note that the man who was so eager to have Debs promise to obey the law was Harry M. Daugherty, then attorney general. He played strange tricks on us.

It was that prison term that was Debs' death warrant. He never recovered from it. But he never complained. He never asked for treatment different from the other prisoners.

It is hard to write this. My mind ranges over the years I have known Debs and admired him and loved him. My mind dwells upon the glorious speeches I have heard him make, his in the prison. I heard the brutal guards who treat the convicts like

again in my mind the cheering throng that greeted him when I first heard him, nearly a quarter of a century ago, and to whom he responded with his quiet, sad smile. I hear again his voice as he flung his challenge to the world when he told how he left prison. "I left my citizenship in Atlanta, but I brought my self-respect with me. I am no more a citizen of the United States. I am a citizen of the world."

He has gone. But there are millions whose lives are better for his having lived. We will choke back our tears and hold our heads high for having known him.

"His life was gentle, and the elements so mixed in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, This was a Man!"

Our good-bye will be like that breathed to Hamlet by his friend.

"New cracks a noble heart. Good night, sweet soul, and songs of comrades sing thee to thy rest."

SYRACUSE COURT HOUSE JAMMED TO THE DOORS TO HEAR JUDGE PANKEN

By a New Leader Correspondent

Syracuse.—For the first time in almost a decade Syracuse packed the courthouse here last week to hear a Socialist address. The response to a meeting called to hear Judge Jacob Panken, Socialist candidate for Governor, exceeded the expectations of the most hopeful Socialists. The hall was actually jammed to the doors.

"If our comrades in nearby towns realized how only a few notices in the local papers will fill up any hall to hear a Socialist speech these days, we could have the best meetings we've ever had," said Abe Kleinman, one of the comrades who helped arrange the Syracuse meeting.

How the police are being used to serve the interests of the employers is clearly shown by the following statement made in a bulletin of the Paper Box Manufacturers' Association: "The police week is becoming more and more effective daily. The

N. Y. BOX MAKERS' RANKS HOLD FAST

Attempt to Frame Up Caiola, Strike Leader, Is Defeated

By Roland A. Gibson

FOUR thousand paper box makers have been on strike in New York City for two weeks. The struggle has been characterized by the usual police intimidation and employers' frame-ups, but the ranks of the strikers are stronger today than when the strike began and each day brings the settlement of more open shops.

When the general strike was announced to begin October 5, the three employers' associations having jurisdiction over different branches of the paper box industry got worried. They decided to merge into one association for the duration of the strike and put forth a united and determined effort to crush the union. The Paper Box Manufacturers' Association was the result.

The officers of the union have every reason to believe that this association was responsible for anonymous leaflets issued to strikers last week. The leaflets purported to come from dissatisfied union workers and criticized the leaders of the strike. Anyone who has attended the strike meetings knows that the strike is being intelligently and militantly conducted, which is a very logical reason for the employers' resorting to such tactics.

Caiola Spikes Charges

Fred Caiola, manager of the union, spiked the false charges printed in the leaflet at a big mass meeting of the workers in the Church of All Nations on October 13. Caiola pointed to the anonymity of the circulars as proof of their falsehood. "Why didn't they have the nerve to sign them?" he asked. He declared that one manufacturer on Wooster street had been seen distributing the circulars in person.

William Pickens, field secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, said at the same meeting that this was the "usual thing" in time of strike. "I see one group of workers against another," he said, "is the motto of the employers, he said. 'That's what they've done with us colored workers, but now both white and colored workers are coming to realize that only through solidarity can the interests of both be advanced.'"

Mr. Pickens praised the union for admitting Negroes into the union without discrimination and declared that "the cement of labor is better than any consideration of race or language." The union also holds the Manufacturers' Association responsible for framing up the arrest of Manager Caiola during the big Cooper Union meeting last Saturday. Three detectives came there and in formed Caiola that he was charged with burglary and must go with them to the Mercer street police station. When he reached there he was released on condition that he would report Monday noon with Al Greenberg, president of the union, and Joseph Diminlo, delegate to be identified by Mr. Kramer, one of the bosses of Kramer and Klee, 25 East Houston street, who said he saw the men enter his factory Sunday October 10, and break up boxes.

Monday the officers reported. Kramer and his son were there. They said Greenberg was the man they wanted, but failed to identify him, although he was there with Caiola. The fact that Kramer could not identify the man who he said worked for him and had broken into his shop causes the union to believe that the Manufacturers' Association tipped him off to "get" the officials of the union. They waited until Saturday to pull off the stunt in the hope of demoralizing the strikers just before the Monday morning picketing. The exact opposite happened. Organizer Capraro, chairman of the meeting, and Albert Weiskopf, speaker, turned the arrest into a powerful means of arousing the workers' solidarity and determination. The upshot of the affair was that the police released the three "suspects" unconditionally Monday noon.

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GRAND SYMPOSIUM

BRILLIANT SPEAKERS, INTERESTING SUBJECT
CENTRAL OPERA HOUSE
67th St. and Third Ave.

October 25th, 8:15 P. M.
THE BRITISH MINERS' STRIKE
And Its Relation to the World Labor Movement
SPEAKERS:
Bishop WILLIAM MONTGOMERY BROWN
ROBERT WOLFE, Director Workers' School
ROGER BALDWIN, Director Civil Liberties Union
LEWIS S. GANNETT, Associate Editor of the Nation
ADMISSION 50c
Auspices International Workers' Aid

EUGENE V. DEBS

BROTHER,
Who lie now in the palm of death
Which, as I write, may quietly have closed
And made your body dust—that in its days
Flowers and furnaces will borrow, and greedy men
Live through, until death scatter it once more
And reassembles—Brother, who now find sleep
And rest for labor done. . . . Not done? And more
The pain of going while the work begun
Years for completion? Brother, all is well.
The work you had to do was to be you,
To be yourself and give yourself in love.
To point the way and breathe the quiet trust
That grows in followers restless. Moses knew
Such pain and longing as your heart has held;
Yet those who came unto the Promised Land
Breathed Moses' living fire. Your brother Jesus
Died even as you, he on the uphill cross,
You broken through prison and the weary years—
Both living on in love. His work is done
Who harvests love on earth. . . . Not love alone?
For blind love breaks itself; where it would be
Most helpful, brings most hurt. Love that is fruit
And water and sun, must feed and spring from earth of thought.
This world you knew, what place for thought
Remains within its turmoil? Where the passions
Of men beat one another down, and power is claimed
By urgent lusts that in their satisfaction
Behold themselves annointed, and can see
No need beyond. When each distorted spirit
Knows it is right, and justifies its ways—
What room for quiet thought to make men see
The shifting sand whereon they build their hopes
And all the land's prosperity; the wrong
Millions must suffer that a few enjoy?
Love is a light bestowed when the mind
Cannot reach out to take all humankind
And know each burdened woman and toiling man
Is bound in one embracing human-span
That falls or lifts together. Brother, you—
Bringing us love informed with an idea—
You have fashioned the plough-share which we now must hold
Until the rock soil be rich with love.
Dying, informed and with love the idea,
You live more truly than the bloated men
Whose bowels attest they own the stony world.
Who, never waking to the common call
Of misery, and human brotherhood,
Shall never know that they have walked in death
Throughout their days. Their hell is that they are.
Your heaven, brother, that you. . . . And ours, to share.

JOSEPH T. SHIPLEY.

usual number of wagons are working in and out of the 'hotbed section' with the proper police protection (a 'cop' for every chauffeur) and more plants are operating as open shops with part forces."

The demands of the union are very modest when compared with the conditions which other unions have obtained for their workers in recent agreements. A 44-hour week, time and a half for overtime, double time for Sunday work (which is contrary to state law, incidentally), a minimum scale of wages and \$3 increase in the weekly rate and recognition of the union—these are the demands which the employers refuse to grant.

Conditions in the paper box industry

are worse in New York than in most other industries. In the non-union shops, in Brooklyn particularly, girls work from 8 a. m. to 7 p. m. for \$9 and \$10 a week, with only a half-hour for lunch. The minimum wage in the union shops is \$13 and an 8-hour day prevails. The employers have been tempting their workers since the strike with offers of \$15 and \$20 a week. Some have fallen for the bluff, but more and more are acceding to the offers of the union pickets instead. About 15 shops have already settled with the union on its terms, the majority formerly operating open shop. The industry is less than half organized in the city, and the union is out to organize the other half.

Let's See Your Tongue!

If you don't feel so well today, if you lack energy and ambition, if you are tired and lazy and feel as if you would like to run away from yourself, just take a mirror and look at your tongue. If your tongue is white and coated, it is a sure sign that your liver and bowels are not in perfect order and must be regulated at once.

EX-LAX

The Sweet Chocolate Laxative will, within a few hours, cleanse your system, evacuate your bowels, regulate your liver, and restore your ambition and vitality. Get a 10-cent box at once and be convinced.

More than half your feet are under the gum. Here is a bite of food and the soft substances from tooth paste and powder. Here too are surprise devices.

Superior to Pastes and Powders!

Because it is liquid, free of grit and solid substances AMEGIN, the dread enemy of PYORRHEA, penetrates the gum tissue, soaks into the deep places, destroys germs, cleans the gum tissue.
AMEGIN, a SAFE dentifrice, is the oral prophylactic medication recommended by leading dentists. It will keep your teeth white, your breath sweet and make sensitive, bleeding gums firm and healthy. It also keeps your tooth brush sanitary. AMEGIN is pleasant to use, refreshing, exhilarating. No solid matter to get under gums. Get the AMEGIN habit and know the joy of a healthy mouth and a germ free tooth brush.

AMEGIN
Pronounce it AMMA-JIN
PYORRHEA LIQUID
It Heals as It Cleanses!
Ask Your Druggist About Amegin!
Product of Kavita Laboratories, New York.

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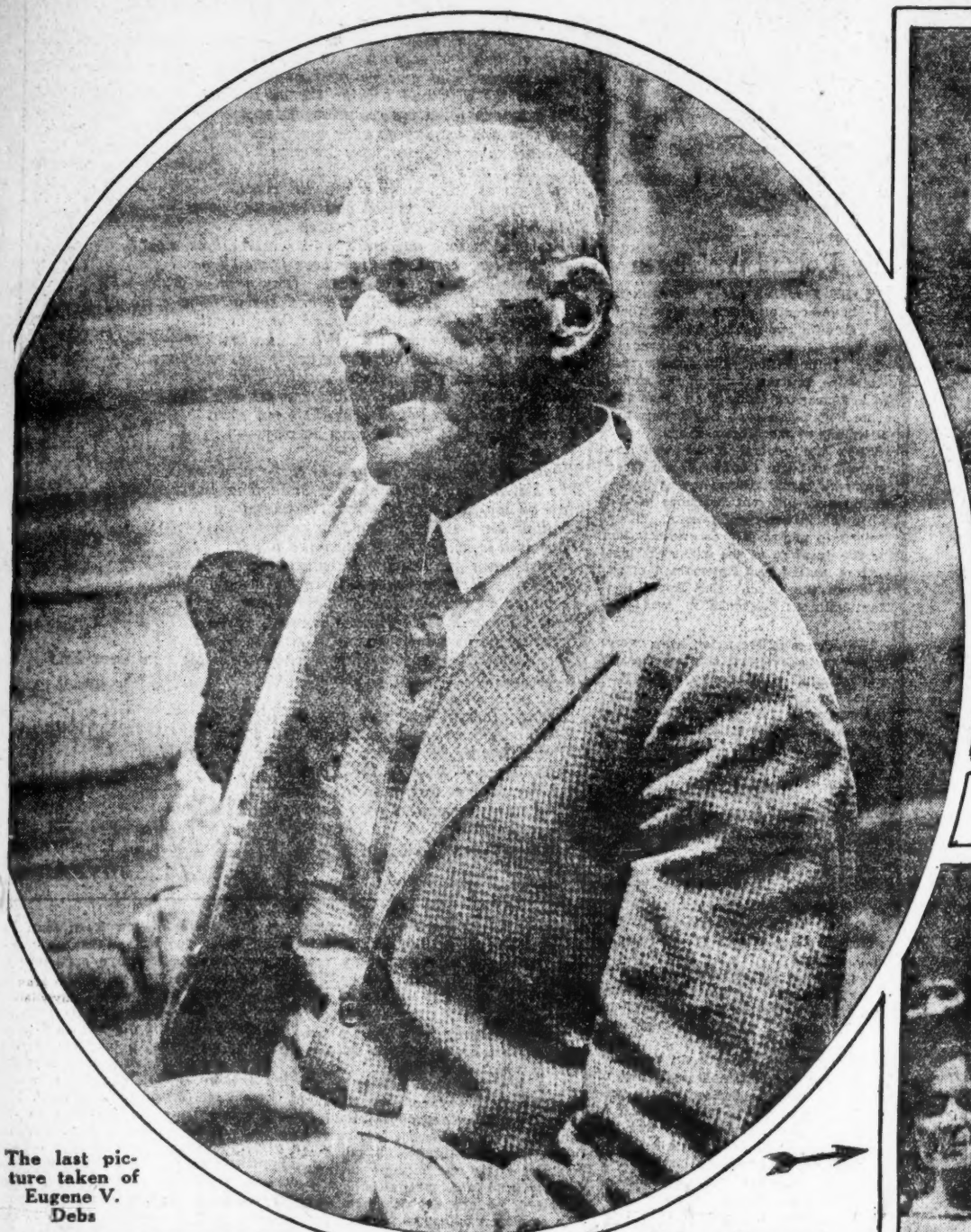
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DON'T SPECULATE WHEN YOU
BUY A HAT
McCann, 210 Bowery
HAR THE GOODS

Eugene Debs As His Fellow Workers Saw Him



The last picture taken of Eugene V. Debs



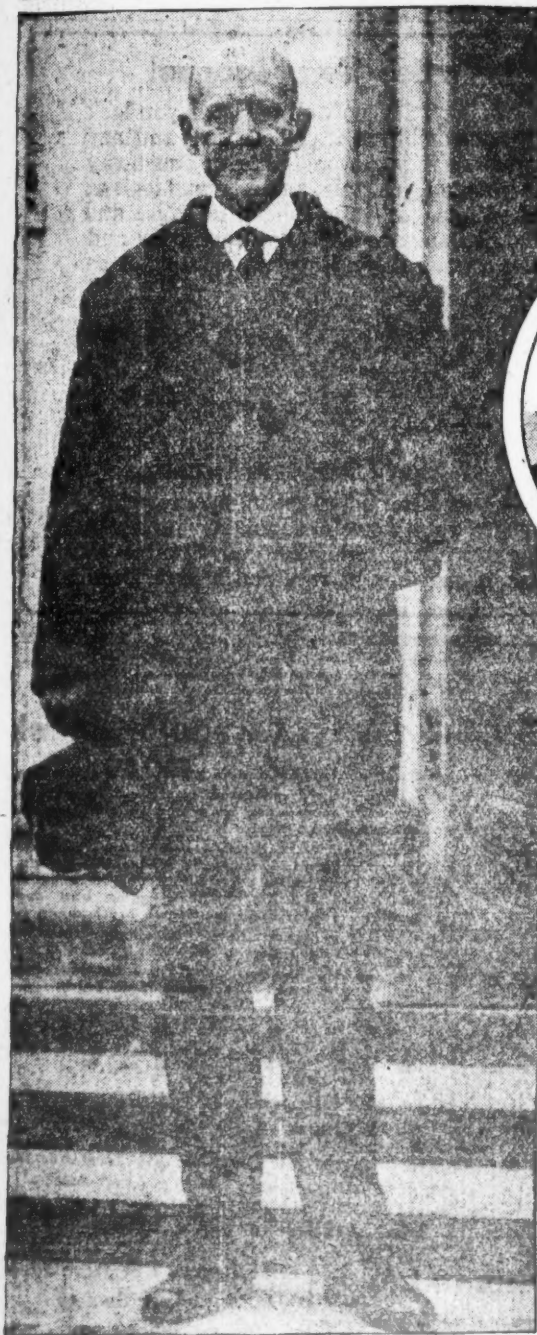
Debs in prison garb—that was in 1920, when Seymour Stedman (center) and James Oneal (right) came to tender him the Socialist nomination for President of the United States.



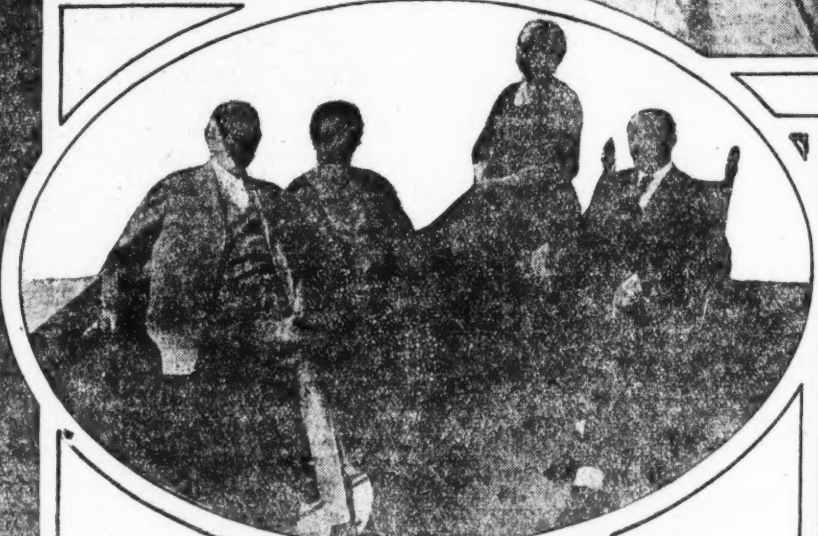
Debs smiling among a group of working girls and delegates at the Cap Makers' convention two years ago.



Debs 30 years ago.



Debs and his family at the porch of their house in Terre Haute, Ind.



Debs as an Editor—Eugene V. Debs was the Editor-in-Chief of the Socialist weekly, "The American Appeal." He is shown reading proof.

Comrade and Mrs. Eugene V. Debs—a picture taken when they returned from Bermuda last Spring



Debs as he appeared when he was called from the Atlanta Penitentiary to see President Harding. His clothes were given to him at the prison.

A PAGE OF EXCLUSIVE FEATURES

In the Good Old Times

THE unions are honeycombed with graft; reeking with corruption, and full of rotten politics; and the leaders a bunch of fakirs, crooks and traitors. So let's go back to the good old times when there were neither labor unions nor labor leaders and all men were noble and all women beautiful.

And then just when I was about to gird my loins for the great back-track to the millennium that was. I happened to pick up the "Life of Lincoln" by my old friend, Carl Sandburg, and there I found the following joy killer:

In 1831, when Lincoln was about to go into the practice of law, the textile factories were commencing to operate in the east.

At that time there were no factory laws, there was no public inspection or inspectors which are so hated by our conservative politicians. There was no minimum wage, no child labor act, no health standard or rules or other radical legislation "unfriendly to business."

There were few labor unions. Strikers in New York state were indicted for "conspiracy to raise wages." They were found guilty and fined \$1.00.

"Farmers' daughters filled the cotton mills in Lowell, Mass. They started to work at five o'clock in the morning and worked until seven o'clock in the evening with a half hour off for breakfast and 45 minutes off at noon for dinner. They spent fourteen hours a day at the factory."

"In other towns, bells rang at the break of day, the workers tumbled out of sleep, crept into their clothes and reported at the factory gates in fifteen minutes when the gates were closed. Later twenty-five minutes were allowed for breakfast and twenty-five minutes at noon for dinner. The gates would open at eight o'clock at night to let the workers go back to supper, play, amusement, recreation, education, strong drink, sleep or whatever they chose—until the ringing of the bell next morning at the break of day. The Hope factory in Rhode Island ran on this plan."

"In the Eagle Mill at Griswold, Conn., the workday lasted 15 hours and 10 minutes."

"At Paterson, N. J., women and children began the day's work at 4:30 in the morning."

"Overseers in some textile mills cracked cowhide whips over women and children."

At that time imprisonment for debt was the usual thing in America. Sandburg points out that there were 3,000 persons in jail for debt in Massachusetts, 3,000 in Maryland, 7,000 in Pennsylvania, and 10,000 in New York.

Well, imprisonment for debt wasn't so bad. The workers in Lincoln's day had no credit and every time a budding business Babbitt went to the debtors' prison it decreased competition by just that much! A dollar fine for conspiring to raise wages also could be lived down, but those hours of labor were surely something fierce.

Think of it, from five a. m. to seven p. m.—with twenty-five minutes for breakfast and forty-five minutes for "luncheon!" Wonder why the patriotic plumes of the Cradle of American Liberty, as Massachusetts is called, didn't feed their slaves through rubber tubes while standing at their machines and make them slumber on the tread mills so if one of them walked in his sleep he would make a few extra nickels for his boss, thus turning bad dreams into good dividends?

But then just about the time when these white slaves fought for the abolition of black slavery and the preservation of the only good union that ever was, the bad unions with their grafting leaders came along and spoiled it all.

Since then the hours of labor have steadily gone down so that by now most of us can eat breakfast and supper on the same day, thus avoiding the necessity of getting up before going to bed.

Now, it would have been very nice if this highly desirable result had been brought about by "good and virtuous people." But the sad truth is that all the "good and virtuous people" were on the other side of the union fence.

Far be it from me to say that there was not some educator, cleric, college professor or leader in thought in general, in those days who did not raise his voice in behalf of cruelly oppressed labor. But if there was such a white crow he has escaped the eagle eye of history. So it was left to the "rough-necks" and "disreputables" to pull the working slaves out of the industrial mire into which a ruthless exploitation had dragged them.

In return for their pains, the lowly champions of the lowly were dubbed Jacobins, Abolitionists, Free-Sollers and Free Lovers, just as later on they were decorated with the titles of anarchists, socialists, I. W. W., Bolsheviks.

It is safe to say that until the rise of Samuel Gompers there was no prominent labor unionist in this country who was not looked upon by "respectable society" as a person who was better dead or in jail than alive and free. In fact, thousands of these early emancipators were jailed, hundreds suffered violent deaths and innumerable ones led the lives of black-listed outcasts.

In the course of time "respectability" overtook even the labor movement. But with the rise in the social scale and the financial status of the unions another struggle developed within the unions which was almost as fierce as the struggle against employers had been in the early days. And this struggle demanded the same tough fiber on the part of the leaders as was required in the struggle between labor and capital.

Union politics is no whit worse than politics in general. The itch for power is strong among unionists as it is with other classes and anything is fair in war, love—and politics. The strong survive. The aged leader is horned off the pasture by the strong young bull, who, in the course of time, also finds his master.

A brutal sordid struggle. Yes, brutal and sordid as the struggle for existence in all animal life. But what is there to be done about it? It would, perhaps, be preferable to have a labor movement directed by poets, dreamers, philosophers, saints and scientists. These people, however, can not survive in the "labor game." Often rising into prominence during great labor disturbances, they soon vanish from the scene because they are too fine-strung for the work-day life of the unions.

So the field was left to the doughy warriors whose less sensitive souls could withstand the eternal hammering from within and without. At that, they did not do half bad.

Comparing the condition of American labor with the conditions prevailing when Lincoln entered public life, even their most severe critics must admit that there is a tremendous improvement and who will deny that the labor leader, good, bad or indifferent as he might have been, was largely responsible for that improvement?

Anyhow, I prefer winning with sinners to getting licked with saints. So there you are.

Adam Coidigger.

Syndicalism on State and Politics THE HISTORY OF SOCIALIST THOUGHT

By HARRY W. LAIDLER

(Continued From Last Week)

THE syndicalists object to the state as such, whether monarchical or republican. They regard all states as many Marxians regard them, as instruments of class rule. Workers thus cannot succeed unless they destroy the power of the state. The struggle for the overthrow of the state must be carried on directly by the workers themselves. This excludes the participation of syndicates in politics. The parliamentary system cannot be trusted to emancipate labor from the wage system. It is particularly suited for manipulation by the bourgeoisie and has even a corrupting influence on the representatives of labor parties, whose policy "degenerates into bargaining, compromising and collaboration with the bourgeois political parties," thus weakening the class struggle.

Opposition to Democracy

The workers, therefore, claim the syndicalists, if not hostile to working class political parties, should remain indifferent to them. They should force the state to yield to the will of the workers through external pressure on public authorities. They should agitate in the press, through public meetings, parades and other forms of demonstration. Only reforms gained and upheld through force are real. All others are dead letters and tend to deceive the workers. An analysis of democratic reforms, the syndicalists assert, will show that those of value have been wrested by force. Too many reforms granted by legislators are devised to weaken the revolutionary movement by developing class harmony. The doctrine of class harmony blinds the worker to the real facts of inequality and of class-distinctions which are the very foundations of existing society.

Anti-Patriotic

In attacking the state, the syndicalists attack the idea of patriotism. "Our country," they maintain, has no meaning for the workers. The workingman's country is where he works. He has no fatherland in the real sense of that term. "Ties of tradition, of a common intellectual and moral heritage do not exist for him." The only real ties are economic interests which bind him to the workers of the world, and by the same token, separate him from the

capitalists. International solidarity and anti-patriotism are necessary corollaries of the class struggle.

The capitalist state does not rely on sweet reason alone in its task of keeping the workers in their place. It relies on force—the force of the judiciary, the police, the military. The military are the most effective force. They should be reached by the workers. A strong propaganda should be started among the army and navy in the workers' behalf, and a general anti-militarism campaign should be conducted. The soldiers should be urged not to use their arms against the workers in case of strikes, and to refuse to bear arms in time of war. Syndicalists also should refuse to take part in international warfare.

Reforms Wrought by Direct Action

It might be said that direct action which forces improved conditions from the state and the employing class tends to take the edge off of the revolutionary spirit of the workers. This, however, is not the case, according to the syndicalists, as such reforms do not fundamentally alter conditions, but do fortify the workers in their preparation for the final struggle. "Every successful strike, every effective boycott, every manifestation of the workmen's will and power is a blow directed against the existing order; every gain in wages, every shortening of hours of work, every improvement in the general conditions of employment is one more position of importance occupied on the march to the decisive battle, the general strike, which will be the final act of emancipation."

The General Strike

The general strike, the syndicalists declare, is the weapon that can be depended upon to abolish classes and bring about the new order. It will not come from the clouds, but will be the logical outcome of the syndicalist movement gradually prepared for by the daily struggles of the workers. It might fail today, but today's failure is a preparation for tomorrow's success.

Structure of Syndicalist Society

Following the syndical revolution, what? Shortly after the congress of the Confederation in 1901, a questionnaire was sent to the locals of the syndicates throughout the country, asking

the members of the organization to give their conception regarding the structure of the syndicalist order. The reports received differed in detail. In general they agreed that the syndicate should constitute the cell of the new society. The syndicate under syndicalism, they maintained, will group the workers of one and the same trade, who will control the means of production. No one syndicate, however, will be the exclusive owner of any portion of collective property. It will merely use such property with the consent of society. The syndicate will be connected with the remainder of society through membership in the Bourse du Travail and the General Confederation of Labor. The relations of the local syndicates with the national federations of their respective trades will be technical and special, and the role of the national trade union will not be a great one. "With the General Confederation relations will be indirect and mainly by mediation of the Bourse du Travail. Relations with the latter will be of permanent importance, as the Bourse du Travail will be the center of economic activity."

The Bourse du Travail

The Bourse du Travail, or the city trade union council, "will concentrate all local interests and serve as a connecting link between the locality and the rest of the world. In its capacity as local center it will collect all the statistical data necessary for the regular flow of economic life. It will keep itself informed on the necessities of the locality and on its resources, and will provide for the proper distribution of products; as intermediary between the locality and the rest of the country, it will facilitate the exchange of products between locality and locality and will provide for the introduction of raw material from the outside." It will thus in a word combine the organization of local and industrial autonomy. "It will destroy the centralized political system of the present state and will counter-balance the centralizing tendencies of industry."

The General Confederation will take charge only of such national services as railways. Its function will consist chiefly in furnishing general information and in exerting a controlling in-

fluence. It will also serve as an intermediary in international relations.

Disappearance of State

Under syndicalism the political state as we know it will disappear. It is true that there will be local and national organizations which might be designated states. Syndicalists, however, maintain that a state presupposes an organization in which a delegated minority centralizes in its own hands the power of legislation over all matters. "The essential character of the state is to impose its rule from without. The legislative assemblies of the present state decide upon questions which are entirely foreign to them, with which they have no real connection in life, and which they do not understand. The rules they prescribe, the discipline they impose, come as an external agency to intervene with the processes of social life. The state is, therefore, arbitrary and oppressive in its very nature."

The syndicalists, on the other hand, maintain that the discipline they exact is that from within, decided upon by those whose duty it is to carry on the processes. "The syndicates, the delegates of the syndicates to the Bourse du Travail, and so on, only can properly deal with their respective problems. The rules they would impose would follow from a knowledge of the conditions of their social functions and would be, so to speak, a 'natural' discipline made inevitable by the conditions themselves."

Furthermore, many of the functions of the existing state would be found unnecessary under a co-operative system. The necessary local functions could be carried on by the Bourse du Travail.

However, most modern syndicalists have given little attention to the problem of the future state, maintaining that the necessary forms can be worked out by labor when necessity arises. The main need, they maintain, is that of preparing the workers for the change. Where they still seek to picture their future society, they tend to give to the national labor organizations greater power, and deprive the local bourses of some of the functions formerly allotted to them.

(To be continued next week)

Roumanian Runners And Others

SPEAKING of Roumanians we were all set to deliver a speech in Union Square the day the queen came to town, telling a fascinated citizenry what a low opinion we have of Roumanians.

It may be just as well that the meeting was called off on account of wet grounds. Our speech might have led to international complications and goodness knows there are enough of them as it is. Besides we are not quite sure how you pronounce the name of the prime minister of Roumania and it's hard to get sore in public at a guy whose name you can't say.

But if we have to have a war with anybody, from what we have heard about the Roumanian army, it shouldn't be much of a war at that. Our military adviser, who was head of an orchid squad in Washington during the late war and who knows all about covert charges and other martial matters, tells us that the Roumanian army is not so hot. He says that it is only courtesy to call it a standing army. He says that they know so little about standing that there is no command for "halt" in the Roumanian manual. They just run and then run some more. The appropriation for running shoes for the army is one of the largest items of the national budget. Whenever the Germans got bored during the war they used to come over and capture three or four divisions of the Roumanian army. Then they would go on with their breakfast.

The queen has been writing pieces for the New York World telling why she wants to come to this country. She says that she wants to see Niagara Falls and Pittsburgh and Mayor Walker and other of our scenic wonders. We don't want to seem rude to queens but in our opinion this pure bologna is just the lady is over here to look at nature. They have still got a lot of hat in Europe. There's Mussolini and his trick lion if the lady is fond of freaks or she could always get an eyeful of alps without riding on a boat. No, no, Marie, we may look as simple as anything but by this time we have learned that the compelling motive for visits from royalty, English lecturers and so weiter can be set down in just one short little word and that word is c-a-s-h.

The more we read about this so-called political campaign, the less we understand it, which seems to put us in the big majority. One candidate for governor of New York State says that the burning issue is milk, and the other one says its water, but we suspect that its the same old issue, namely applesauce. To keep our hand in, we went over to the headquarters of a Democratic candidate for Congress and had a chat with the boys. There were practically no signs of either milk or water anywhere around the place. But there was lots of bustling around. The latest picture of the candidate had just arrived. It made us lament the passing of the Eden Musee. That picture would have scared even so many little boys, if they had hung it in a nice dark niche in a corner of the Chamber of Horrors. The candidate after much questioning finally broke down and admitted that he was for the "common people." For 'em all the way up to November 2 next, is what he really meant. He said that he had done much work among the morons of his district. It looked to us as though he had them all on his campaign committee. He came out and took a firm stand as being definitely opposed to manslaughter. He said that he favored prosperity provided it didn't become a monopoly of the Republican party. He was not quite clear about injunctions but said that if he found any among his constituents he would do what he could to stamp them out. He said that he would not conduct a back-biting campaign such as that low-down, cheating skunk of an opponent of his was doing. No sir, he was putting issues above personalities and he would carry the banner that was flung to the breeze by Alexander Jefferson or was it Thomas Van Buren? Anyhow he is conducting a very educational campaign and unless there is a fatal epidemic among the morons he will undoubtedly be elected.

Our black cat Isabel is likewise affected with profound indifference to this campaign. She went down to the corner the other night to hear a Republican spell-binder. She came back and reported that she wouldn't give a single whisker for all that she heard. She says that if they want to get her to the polls they will have to hold out something more attractive than bootleg milk. No wonder, remarks Isabel, that people are cold over this business of voting. Now if you could have some such issue as the elimination of college dogs, one of which has become quite annoying of late, Isabel and all her kittens would gladly spend a little while on election day marking up a ballot.

We are now on our way to a meeting of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters of which organization we are proud to be an honorary member. We always get a big kick out of these meetings. The men and women members of the union (we can't tell you just how many there are because the Pullman company would give a couple of sleeping cars to find out) have a real fighting spirit. Every time they have a meeting you come away with the impression that here is one labor group that knows what it wants and won't be happy until it gets it. They are not just confining themselves to hot-air speeches but are starting a real educational movement that will have its effects in raising the standards of the negro worker everywhere. Hats off to the Brotherhood, boys and girls, may they get everyone of their demands and then some.

Hold everything. Some day we are going to break out with that review of the two decker novel of H. G. Wells that we promised long ago. In the meantime you have our permission to go ahead and read the book. You can be sure you won't be wasting your time.

McAlister Coleman.

Song of Unity

They have tied the world in a tether,
They have banded over God with a fer;
While three men hold together
Their kingdoms are less by three.

We have done with the kisses that sting,
The thief's mouth red from the feast,
The blood on the hands of the king,
And the lie on the lips of the priest.

Will they tie the winds in a tether?
Put a bit in the jaws of the sea?
While three men hold together
Their kingdom is less by three.

While the shepherd sets wolves on his sheep,
And the emperor hatters his kine,
While Shame is a watchman asleep,
And Faith is a keeper of swine.

Let the wind shake our flag like a feather,
Like the plumes of the foam of the sea,
But while three men hold together,
Their kingdom is less by three.

—Swinburne.

GOVERNOR MINTURN A Labor Novel of the Northwest

By M. H. HEDGES

Chapter XVII A Road to Understanding

1

"If you touch me again, I'll scream."

Agatha had slipped from the bed, and stood trembling in the middle of the floor, her pretty feet bathed in a flood of summer-moonlight. She was quite hysterical.

"I didn't mean anything, honey. Don't be foolish. Come back to bed," Dan plead.

"I'll be damned if I will!" Her voice shook with rage and bitterness. Each word struck Dan with amazement. Her unwonted emotion tore masks from his eyes and he suddenly saw how she hated him.

"You're tired, dear," he told her, arising, and sitting on the side of the bed, his mind slowly adjusting itself to a fact that seemed incredible. She hated him. "You have worked yourself sick getting the house in order. You'll see things differently tomorrow."

"Your way, I suppose. I wish I could be as good and as wise as you are." Her voice was filled with cold mockery. Every word seemed to surge from some unfamiliar depth of her. They wounded him. Try as he could to battle against it, he began to grow hurt and angry too. It was growing harder each moment to speak calmly.

"Suit yourself. If you want to be a baby, it's no concern of mine." He tried to hold his voice to a conciliatory, matter-of-fact tone, and he rolled over into bed, as if the argument were closed.

"Yes, so long as the male is satisfied, everything's all right," she answered.

"Now look here, Agatha," he told her. "I'm not going to quarrel with you. If you want to sleep alone, say so, and I'll go to the other room, but keep your sneers to yourself."

"Who started it?"

"You did."

"You lie."

"My God! what's the matter with you?"

She laughed.

"I'm crazy, I guess. I was crazy in the first place when I contracted to be your mistress."

"Mistress?"

"Yes, mistress. That's what I am."

"Who's fault is it?"

"You admit it then?"

"I've begged you to have children."

"Do you think children would change your attitude toward me?"

"My attitude? I don't know what you mean."

"I hear you in Minneapolis," he replied coldly.

"Oh, you're horrid," she cried, struggling against tears.

"Honey!" He had sprung from the bed, and had thrown his arms protectively about her. "Don't."

"If you don't let me go, I'll leave this house this minute. If I have to go as I am," she said fiercely, flinging his arms away from her.

He turned helplessly. Now what should he say—do? What was it all about, anyway?

"You—you gutter snipe," she added witheringly, following up her shrill attack.

There was no mistaking her intention now. She was trying to slay their love. There were no barriers between them. Their hearts and souls were bare, fiercely confronting each other, antagonists, ready to destroy.

"At least, I'm not ashamed of my father," he answered.

"Nor of anything else. You can't know shame. If you had any pride about you, you wouldn't have married me for my money."

"So that's it, is it?" he demanded. He was deadly cool now. "Throw that up to me?"

There was no retreat for either after that. All the vials of wrath were uncovered. The suppressed class prejudice and hates of the years; the stored-up petty annoyances of a long relationship; the unreasoned resentments of an outwardly smooth friendship flared up to galvanize them into haters—killers.

"I might have known how it would turn out." There was a sob in her voice, and self-pity.

"Yes, it's turned out fine for me, I'll tell the world."

"You can say that, after all I have done for you?" she demanded. "I took you, made you, gave you wealth, station, fame, everything."

He laughed boisterously—cruelly. "Why, you dirty slut, did you do these things for me? Yes. And what have I done for you? I've sold myself, body and soul. I turned myself into a political renegade. Why, you dirty little devil, I killed my mother for you."

"Dan Minturn, if you don't take those words back, I'll—I'll kill you."

"Well, Aren't you as sensual as a whore? All you care about is fine clothes, rich food, fine houses, fine things. You don't want children. You won't have children. . . . All you wanted with me, I guess, was some one to sleep with."

"Stop, stop. Oh Dan, you are killing me. She flung herself down upon the floor, her head pillowed upon her arm, sobbing bitterly. "Oh-h." He saw the moonlight on her Auburn hair. Pity filled him. But he didn't move. He looked with dismay at the ruins of their marriage. In this mood

he had no illusions as to what these words had meant. They were through.

No love could survive that storm. Yet he loved her. God! How he loved her, loved her as she was, lying there in the cold light; loved her most when she was fighting him like a primitive woman, a feline thing. Yet he did not move. What should he do? He felt exhausted. He felt cleansed. He felt—all that poison was out of him at last.

Slowly he got to his feet. He began to dress.

"I'll send Easterly over tomorrow to make arrangements," he told her. He did not go on; it seemed unnecessary.

There was a moment of indecision, when each seemed to wait imploringly

upon the other; then he turned away.

He felt her arms clasping his knees. She said something he could not understand from beneath the heavy mass of hair that cascaded down across her face and breast. He stooped and lifted her into his arms, held her, and soothed her like a child.

"I just can't let you go, Danny," she murmured.

"There, there."

"Take me away from here, please. Far away from everything."

"Of course, I will, baby. We'll go tomorrow, tonight, anytime."

He lifted her into bed, tucked her in, and left her like a tired child, her head pillowed on her outstretched arm.

(To Be Continued Next Week)

RAIL BOARD HAS PORTERS' CASE

Randolph Asks Intervention to Secure the Demands of Pullman Workers

INVOKING the aid of the Railway Mediation Board, the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters has begun an intensive campaign to force recognition from the Pullman company, which has ignored the repeated requests of the Brotherhood for a wage conference.

In a letter addressed to the Railway Mediation Board, A. Philip Randolph, general organizer of the Brotherhood, has requested the services of the board in securing a conference on wages and hours with the Pullman company, declaring that more than 5,000 porters or the 61 per cent. required by law belong to the organization. Although railway legislation makes it the duty of employers to meet their employees in a representative union when requested to do so, the Pullman company has refused even to acknowledge the letters of the Brotherhood requesting a conference, according to Brotherhood officials.

The Railway Mediation Board, to which the Brotherhood has applied for aid, was created by the Watson-Parker bill of last session of Congress, and received the support not only of the transportation Brotherhoods but of the Railway Executive Council, of which the Pullman company is a member. The bill provides that the two parties to a railway labor dispute shall meet each other before the board if either applies for a conference. If the two parties fail to agree, adjustment, mediation and arbitration boards may be set up to settle the dispute. One of the principal demands of the union is its recognition by the Pullman company as the authorized

representative of the men, supplanting the employe representation plan of the company. A conference before the board will compel that recognition.

The Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters was organized a year ago and has enlisted more than half the porters of the Pullman cars in its ranks. Its membership is nation wide, including porters from every railway center in the United States. The objects of the organization were outlined in a letter written to F. E. Carry, president of the Pullman company, on September 20, by Philip A. Randolph, organizer, and made public by him. They are, according to the letter, to "develop and employ initiative, intelligence and responsibility to the end of creating helpful and constructive co-operation for the building up and maintenance of a high standard of service as well as merit; the approval of yourself as the chief executive of our principal employer in the industry, the great public and those officials charged with the regulation of the transportation industry in the State and Nation, as well as amicably, efficiently and satisfactorily to adjust grievances that may arise from time to time between the Pullman company and the members of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters."

Roy Lancaster, secretary-treasurer of the union, which has its headquarters at 2311 Seventh avenue, New York, declared that the Pullman company had granted some of the demands of the men already, although it does not recognize the union.

"Although the Pullman company refuses to acknowledge our existence, the union has already forced important concessions in the hope, no doubt, of averting a strong organization," he said. "Shortly after the Brotherhood became active and its organizers had been discharged from company service because of their union activities, the company granted a wage increase of 3 per cent., an increase which the employe representation plan had been trying to secure without success before the organization of the Brotherhood. This increase is directly traceable to the demands of the Brotherhood. As a result of pay for 'doubling out' were also made.

Debs' Life-The Story of the Greatest Modern American

(Continued from page 2)

The American Railway Union's existence took no salary at all.

This new venture came at a time when over the entire labor movement in America there hung desolation and hopelessness. There had been a great financial panic in 1893, and thousands of workers were thrown out of employment by the closing of factories and wholesale bankruptcies. These despairing men were roaming up and down the country in little groups, seeking work in vain. Of a sudden, they found a leader. This was one Jacob Coxe, a man with little economic training or background, but with an ability to gather up the threads of the growing discontent. At the head of a number of unemployed workers, "General" Coxe, as his followers soon learned to call him, started a march on Washington as a protest to the national government against conditions in the labor market. All up and down the "jungles," as the camps where the unemployed gathered were called, word spread of the march of Coxe's army on the Capital. Soon the "General" found himself at the head of a remarkable assortment of humanity. There were young workers out of a job and looking for adventure, more substantial middle-aged men driven to desperation by their long search for employment, hoboes, plain tramps and all the hangers-on that such a picturesque crusade would naturally gather. The newspapers, of course, saw in Coxe's army another of their perennial "revolutions" and there was the wildest excitement as Coxe's men converged upon Washington. The climax was reached when Coxe and one or two of his lieutenants were arrested by the Washington police for walking on the grass in the park and the army drifted away.

Organizing The A. R. U.

Coxe's army had, to be sure, its humorous aspects, but it was indicative of a serious unrest. It was a forerunner of the Haymarket affair, the labor movement had laid dormant. Now it was awakening again. Foremost among those who were giving it new life and vigor was the energetic young Debs. The year after Coxe's march on Washington, the Great Northern Railroad announced a fresh cut in the wages of its men. Here was Debs' opportunity. The American Railway Union, of which he was the leading spirit, had done much quiet organization work among the employees of the road, and had built up a strong following.

In the meantime, there had been much quiet organization work by those prominent in the A. R. U., and although Debs himself was averse to having a strike called, the workers of the Pullman Palace Car Company, South Chicago, Illinois, were impatient that the new union lead them out on strike. The second A. R. U. strike was widespread and it attracted attention in all parts of the country. In his biographical note in "American Labor Who's Who," Debs has written: "Defeated in Pullman strike by Federal Courts, the regular troops and 3,600 deputy marshals." In the story of the life of John P. Altgeld, who was then Governor of Illinois, you can read how, against Altgeld's protests, President Grover Cleveland poured Federal troops into Chicago, with the result that the men were driven back to work. By this time the Pullman managers were thoroughly aroused and resolved to break up the A. R. U. with every weapon that they had. Debs and three other officers of the Union were indicted and arrested on July 17 for contempt of court, the charge against them being that they had ignored a restraining injunction. Neither President Debs nor his three colleagues would consent to have bail furnished for them and they were sent to Cook County Jail, denied jury trial at first and finally brought to trial in a case that was to become famous. Debs was brilliantly defended by the ever-dependable Clarence Darrow. On the witness stand, Gene testified that he had urged the workers to commit no violence of any sort. He said that he had made a thorough investigation of living conditions and wages in the so-called "model" town of Pullman and was satisfied that the men had justice on their side. During the trial an attempt was made to bring George

M. Pullman, head of the company, into court. But Mr. Pullman mysteriously disappeared. None of his secretaries could get in touch with him and suddenly the whole court proceedings came to an end when it was announced that one of the jurors was sick.

The case was never brought to trial again. Debs was released from jail on November 22, 1895. He took a train to Chicago where he was met by a great crowd of cheering workers who carried him on their shoulders through the streets. They then held a rousing mass meeting in a Chicago armory, into which all who could, had jammed their way. There Debs made an impassioned speech in defense of the workers' cause.

It was while he found himself in jail with the press of the nation railing against him, that Debs also found the ideals that were to be his for the rest of his life. He found Socialism. He writes of those thrilling days while he was locked up for standing by his principles, that: "Books and pamphlets and letters from Socialists came by every mail and I began to read and think and dissect the anatomy of the system in which workmen, however organized, could be shattered and battered and splintered at a single stroke. The writings of Bellamy and Blatchford early appealed to me. The 'Cooperative Commonwealth of Ground' also impressed me, but the writings of Kautsky were so clear and conclusive that I readily grasped, not merely his argument, but also caught the spirit of his Socialist utterances—and I thank him and all who helped me out of the darkness into light."

"It was at this time, when the first glimmerings of Socialism were beginning to penetrate, that Victor L. Berger—and I have loved him ever since—came to Woodstock, as if a providential instrument, and delivered the first impassioned message of Socialism I had ever heard—the very first to set the wires humming in my system." As a souvenir of that visit there is in my library a volume of "Capital," by Karl Marx, inscribed with the compliments of Victor L. Berger, which I cherish as a token of priceless value.

"The American Railway Union was defeated but not conquered—overwhelmed but not destroyed. It lives and pulsates in the Socialist movement, and its defeat but blazed the way to economic freedom and hastened the dawn of human brotherhood."

From that time on, Debs came to the front as America's most courageous and diligent exponent of Socialist philosophy. The modern type of Socialism was introduced into this country in the late 40's and 50's when German Socialists, escaping from the persecution of their Prussian Government, brought with them the theories of Karl Marx. The original party

TIMELY TOPICS

(Continued from page 1)

himself has given some of the reasons why a 40-hour week will help.

Not even Queens and their publicity agents can fool all the people all the time. Queen Marie got a pretty cool reception from New York crowds, who know something about Rumania. Anyway, they prefer Gertrude Ederle.

This appeal for lower tariff barriers in Europe which has been made by an imposing group of bankers and industrialists of 16 nations, including America, is significant. Their description of what has happened in a Europe split into jingoistic little nations and their suggestions for a cure by lowering the economic barriers between competing nations are sound as far as they go. It is somewhat amusing to observe that certain of the American signers want it understood that this philosophy applies only to Europe and not the United States. Of course the situation in Europe is infinitely worse than in the United States. No European nation, except Russia, has within its own borders any such free trade area as has the United States. Nevertheless, the logic of this appeal applies to world trade and must include the United States if it is to be valid. Some of the American financiers who signed it certainly recognized that fact. But that they signed it emphasizes the struggle that is already quietly on in the United States between old fashioned protectionists like Coolidge and industrialists who still depend on a big tariff subsidy and those bankers and industrialists who are primarily concerned with foreign export markets. That struggle is likely to have important political consequences. As good

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A Moment of Repose Before Jail



Debs on his way to the Moundsville Penitentiary, his soul free and conscience clear, caught a few minutes of sleep in a trolley car.

formed then was called the Socialist Labor Party. It nominated its first candidates in 1892, declaring for government ownership of railroads and communications, municipal ownership of public utilities, progressive income and inheritance taxes, free school books, universal suffrage, the recall and referendum. The first Socialist candidate polled about 21,000 votes. The following campaign this vote was slightly enlarged and the Party became more radical. By 1898 there was decided dissatisfaction with the tactics of the old Socialist Labor Party, which split. A new organization was formed in 1900 which called itself simply the Socialist Party. This is the party that four times running elected Eugene Victor Debs as their candidate for President. He was nominated in 1900, 1904, 1908 and 1912. In his first campaign Debs polled some 96,000 votes. The new party declared:

"The supreme issue in America today is the contest of the working class and the capitalist class for the possession of the powers of government."

At each election since 1900 the party has gone to the polls with candidates and a platform, stressing two things:

Internationalists we Socialists will have occasion to point out the dangers of the class internationalism of the bankers and industrialists. But our suspicion of them must not let us fall into the arms of the protectionists and subsidy seekers whose policies retard international prosperity, make for an increase of jingoism, and render all talk of genuine internationalism an empty form of sentiment.

Speaking of tariffs and subsidies, it is amusing to observe that our friends the Communists in their New York platform have endorsed the McNary-Haugen bill, or something like it. Now the McNary-Haugen bill is nothing in the world but a proposal for a subsidy to the farmers. It will help them—if it helps them at all, which is more than doubtful—at the most of our own industrial workers. It is more likely to promote international ill-will than a solidarity of farmers and peasants. It will confirm the capitalistic and nationalistic psychology of the farmers. No matter how much one ought to sympathize with the plight of many farmers, no matter how essential it is for Socialists and industrial workers generally to consider some form of relief to the farmers, the endorsement of the McNary-Haugen bill is contrary to every principle that Socialism stands for. It can only be justified as a bid to catch farmers' votes. Yet our Communist friends who left us because we were too opportunistic and not sufficiently revolutionary are now trying to catch farmers with this opportunistic, capitalistic bait.

In Russia Stalin has triumphed over Trotsky. Stalin's policy, with regard to the peasants, seems to me better for Russia than Trotsky's, but Trotsky did stand by virtue of necessity rather than conviction—for a little more democracy within the Communist party. From that angle his surrender is unfortunate.

By the way, if Trotsky may not organize his own group within the party to push party policies, why should American Communists be so insistent on the right to form Communist cells within the unions responsible, not to the unions, but to an outside political party?

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First, what are called the "immediate demands" for public ownership, industrial democracy, etc., and secondly, urging a change in the entire system of private profits and ownership. In 1912, Mr. Debs polled the large total of 901,000 votes, but since that time the vote of the party has decreased.

The life history of Debs now becomes almost entirely bound up with the Socialist cause. He went everywhere up and down the land, helping to organize Socialist locals, speaking before large and small gatherings, and in general devoting all his great talents to the cause that had won his heart. He was on the editorial staff of several of the Socialist papers, and he has written countless leaflets and pamphlets on the subject.

The attention of the entire world became focused on the lean, kindly figure of Gene when the war broke out in Europe. Instantly, the Labor movement here was split into two opposing camps. On one side was the group led by Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, who supported the war with all his heart and soul. On the other side were Debs and the more radical among the La-

borites, who could see no good coming out of the entire situation.

On June 16, 1918, in Canton, Ohio, before the Ohio State Socialist Convention, Gene made a speech on the war which resulted in his being tried and sentenced to jail for violation of the Espionage Law, a war-time measure believed by many liberals to have violated every vestige of freedom, as guaranteed by the Constitution. Debs had just returned from a visit to some of his comrades who had been in jail for their opposition to the war, and his spirit was flaming with indignation. Although he knew that the hall was filled with agents from the Department of Justice, who had been sent there for the purpose of taking down everything he said, he spoke his mind out bluntly and with his usual high courage. He denounced militarism of all sorts, Prussianism as well as native. He praised the Bolsheviks of Russia, asserted his right to say what he thought about the war and concluded, "And now for all of us to do our duty. The call is ringing in your ears. Do not worry over the charge of treason to your masters, but be concerned about the treason that in-

volves yourself.... We Socialists are the builders of the world that is to be. We are inviting you this afternoon to join the Party. Join it and it will help you. In due course of time we will proclaim the emancipation of the brotherhood of all mankind."

When this speech was reported, those who were supporting the war instantly construed it as being hostile to the success of our armed forces. Public opinion was quickly fanned into white heat against Debs. Four days after the speech appeared, a Federal Grand Jury indicted Debs on September 9, 1918. He stood trial in the city of Cleveland before Judge D. C. Westonhaver. Hours before he went to court, he received friends who had come from far distances and assured them all: "This is but another mile-post along the pathway of progress." He entered court surrounded by a group of fellow-Socialists and watched with the keenest interest all the proceedings leading up to what was to be the climax of his long career. Through the trial, Debs stuck to his guns, denying that he had advocated force or violence, and insisting on his right to express sympathy for his fellow-Socialists who were in jail. He denounced the Espionage Law, and said that if he had his way he would wipe militarism from the whole world. He addressed the jury for the better part of two hours, giving his entire viewpoint on life, and at the end he was deluged with congratulations from his host of friends. But it was evident throughout the trial that the minds of the jurymen had become so filled with propaganda for the war that Debs would be convicted. And so it was, for after a day of deliberation the jury reached the verdict that Gene was guilty as charged in the indictment. The court then sentenced Debs to serve ten years in the West Virginia State Penitentiary at Moundsville. He appealed the case and was freed on bail, but on March 10, 1919, the Supreme Court of the United States upheld his conviction. In the meantime, he had been addressing countless Socialist meetings at every one of which he said practically the same about the war as he had said at Canton. On the day that he started to jail, Gene made a statement, saying, "I stand by every word of the Canton speech. The Supreme Court, to the contrary notwithstanding, the Espionage Law is perfectly infamous and a disgrace, as well, to the capitalist despotism at whose behest it was enacted.... I despise the Espionage Law with every drop of blood in my veins, and I defy the Supreme Court and all its powers of capitalism to do their worst."

"All hail to the workers of America and the world. The day of emancipation is dawning."

So, with head held high and spirit as firm as granite, Eugene Victor Debs

went through the jail doors as free a man as was ever a prisoner. He was soon transferred from the Moundsville Penitentiary to the Atlanta Federal Prison. There, in his prison clothes, he had several long talks with David Karsner, his Socialist biographer. In one of them he said:

"Repent! Repent! Repent for standing like a man! For having a conviction about a public question and standing by it and for the cause! Why, before I would don the sackcloth and get down into the ashes before the Attorney General or any man on earth for having a principle, I would gladly walk to the gallows or the stake."

Although Debs was 64 years old, at a time of life when a man who had been as active as he might well think of retirement, his stay in prison was as full of activity for the Socialist cause as any other period. The Socialists had a saying of him at that time, "Though jailed, he speaks," and it did seem as though the spirit of the man behind bars in a Southern prison was reaching out through every channel of radical thought. His devoted brother, Theodore, was kept busy for all that time answering the great piles of correspondence that Debs was not allowed to receive in prison. Time and again there came rumors that if he would withdraw his Canton remarks, Gene might obtain a pardon. Debs' answer to all hints of this nature is contained in his talk with Karsner.

The war was drawing to a close, but nevertheless public opinion was still kept inflamed against any who had dared to denounce it. No sooner had the Armistice been signed than, under the leadership of the notorious Attorney General A. Mitchell Palmer, a concerted governmental attack was made on any who were supposed to have "radical viewpoints." Shiploads of deported men and women, in many instances torn ruthlessly from their families, were sent abroad. There were wholesale raids upon the headquarters of Socialists and Communists. For these there was no thought of due processes of law. A veritable reign of terror set in. The result was seriously to destroy much of the effectiveness of Socialist propaganda. People were frightened from expressing their opinion. Spies from the Department of Justice and volunteer snipers from all sorts of so-called patriotic organizations were everywhere looking for "plots against the Government."

Of course, these tactics brought reaction against them. Little by little the public, when they realized that most of the force and violence and anarchy of the time was being deliberately practiced by agents of the Government and others, returned to a more tolerant viewpoint. All this time there had been constant agitation on the part of the Socialists for Debs' release. Finally, in 1921, President Harding, an essentially kind although weak man, sent for Debs. The full details of the meeting between the two in the White House have never been disclosed, although there were reports that Harding broke down and wept when he saw what manner of man was before him. In the face of much opposition from such bodies as the American Legion and other groups who wanted to keep up the war spirit, Harding commuted Debs' sentence just before Christmas Day, 1921. He did not, however, restore Gene's citizenship rights. Gene returned to his beloved Terre Haute, broken in health though never in spirit. Much of the time since then he has been an invalid in a sanitarium. He was so ill during the election campaign of 1924 that it was necessary to carry him on a stretcher to the polling place in order that he might register. Although officially not a citizen, because of his prison term, no objection was entered to his registering for the election.

In the course of his busy life Debs won the friendship of some of the most outstanding figures in the literary as well as in the liberal field. However much they may have disagreed with his principles, men of heart and intelligence were invariably drawn to him. Among his dearest friends was James Whitcomb Riley, whose poem on Debs has been already quoted. Riley summed up his impression of Debs in one line when he wrote:

"God was feeling mighty good when he made Gene Debs, and he didn't have anything else to do all day."

To few men of our times have come such touching tributes from those in all walks of life. The words love and brotherhood and the name Debs have come to be linked together in the minds of all who appreciate the true greatness of the man. However loosely the word "great" may be used, it is certainly one adjective that can be applied with justice to "our" Gene Debs.

JEWELRY UNION MORRILL CHANCE PRESENTS 15 BRIGHT DEMANDS

Novelty Workers, Local 17, Ask 10 Per Cent. Increase in Wages

NEGOTIATIONS have begun between the Jewelry Workers Union, Local 17, in New York, and the employers for the signing of a new contract, according to Anthony Capraro, manager of Local 17, International Jewelry Workers Union.

Local 17, embracing novelty goods workers, was originally organized in 1919 but it ceased to function in 1921 when depression set in. Prior to collapse the union had over the 44-hour week, 10 holidays with pay, the closed shop, limitation of apprenticeship and a probationary period of employment.

Two months ago the Union launched an organization campaign which resulted in the following demands being presented to the employers:

"1, recognition of the Union; 2, the establishment of an employment bureau at Union headquarters; 3, a two-weeks' probationary period for all employees, after which a worker becomes a member of the permanent force of the employer; 4, a 44-hour working week; 5, time and one-half for all overtime, and all holiday work to be considered as overtime; 6, right of the Union official to enter the shop for the purpose of interviewing the workers and negotiating with the employers."

"7, piece rates to be fixed by negotiation; 8, a flat 10 per cent increase for all week-workers; 9, piece workers' overtime to be paid at regular rate, plus a minimum of 50c. per hour for all skilled workers; (a), apprentices' overtime to be paid at the regular rate plus, for the first three (3) months apprenticeship, 25c. per hour, and after the three (3) months period of apprenticeship, at the regular rate plus a minimum of 50c. per hour."

"10, no more than one apprentice to every ten workers shall be permitted one single shop; 11, six (6) holidays a year with pay, as follows: New Year's, Washington's Birthday, Labor Day, Columbus Day, Thanksgiving Day and Christmas; (a), work on such holidays to be paid at full rate plus time and one-half; 12, piece workers' pay for above mentioned holidays to be determined by the average day's earnings during the last full week's work of 44 hours preceding that holiday; 13, no home work; 14, equal division of work in slack seasons; 15, the principle of collective bargaining and arbitration of disputes shall be the established practice in the industry."

Additional Funds Will Send Socialists Into Massachusetts Legislature

By a Leader Correspondent

HAVERHILL, Mass.—Ex-Representatives Charles H. Morrill, Socialist, may make a comeback to the legislature from the district which was gerrymandered twice and more than doubled to defeat him, the second gerrymander occurring last August, and then was gerrymandered a third time on Oct. 15, when his election seemed assured. The third and worst gerrymander effects all of the city of Haverhill, which, as a single district, is to elect three representatives-at-large. The towns which were to have voted for Morrill have been eliminated. He has carried them before, except the new town of West Newbury added in August, and he had that won also.

Victory or defeat hinges ripe for success if fully exploited. Several internal dissensions in the Republican party and general dissatisfaction over the gerrymanders afford an unusual opportunity for education and success.

Morrill was a delegate to the recent State convention, which organized the Independent Labor Party. His label is Independent Labor-Progressive. He organized the La Follette-Wheeler Progressive Club of Haverhill, which made La Follette second in city strength—Coolidge carrying the city. Organizing this club embittered some voters and contributed to Morrill's defeat in 1924.

After being elected as assistant assessor for Ward 5 on the Socialist ticket for 1902 to 1909, he was elected representative on the Socialist ticket for 1910 to 1918, inclusive, serving on committees on education, taxation, social welfare, and labor—being clerk of the labor committee. He was one of the few selected by organized labor to lead its fight on the floor of the House. He was also one of the four Socialists elected in 1917 as delegates to the constitutional convention to revise the Massachusetts constitution.

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tion—no party labels being permitted. At the decennial reapportionment in 1916 the district, which had been Ward 5 alone (and which for 1899 to 1903 had also elected James F. Carey on the Socialist ticket for five years as representative), was gerrymandered, but he won twice thereafter and in November, 1918, lost by four votes while sick. In 1923 he lost by sixty votes at a special election. The reserve vote, which comes out only in Presidential years, defeated him in 1924 by 673, the vote being Greener (Rep.) 4,435; Morrill (Rep.) 3,972; Morrill 3,298; Scarsale (Independent Liberalist) 447. Morrill appears much stronger than in 1924, with an excellent chance to win. The August gerrymander increased the number of voters in the district to 10,738, intended to make campaigning expensive. State House press dispatches in 1916 quoted the capitalist political machine as boasting that the first gerrymander would defeat him. Gossip about the State House recently has been that the second gerrymander would prevent a comeback. But a reaction set in favorable to Morrill. Now a third gerrymander has increased the number of voters to 18,168, comprising all of Haverhill. When he was first elected representative (before woman suffrage) the district comprised but 2,109 voters. A decision by the Massachusetts Supreme Court that the lay-out of districts in Essex county, where in the other end some districts were twice as large as others, was unconstitutional and void, afforded a chance to again gerrymander.

For the first time, he has called for money from outside of Haverhill to help elect him, requesting donations of \$1 each from anywhere.

On Oct. 18 the Secretary of the Commonwealth decided that representatives must be elected on Nov. 2 and that it is too late for names to be printed on the ballots. It will be necessary in voting for representatives to write names and addresses, or to use pasters and mark a cross (X) in either case. This applies to all of Essex county and greatly increases the expenses in behalf of candidates.

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The New Leader Mail Bag

The Liquor Question

Editor, The New Leader:

Socialism concerns the socialization of industry. It affirms that the production and distribution of the necessities of life should become a public function. It proscribes neither religion nor irreligion; therefore, people of all shades of religious belief, or disbelief, can work together in harmony for Socialism so long as the platform continues to remain neutral upon that subject. But suppose some convention, dominated by Catholics, should put a plank in the platform demanding legislation for the benefit of the Catholic church, what then? Well, I fancy there would be several monkey wrenches dropped into the machinery and harmonious action could not be expected as long as the Catholic plank remained in the platform. We are now confronted by an analogous situation. Our last convention, dominated by the "wets," succeeded in putting a plank in our platform favoring light wine and beer and the manufacture and sale by the government of alcoholic liquor. And now "wets" and "drys" within the party can no longer work together in harmony.

The platform has been put in leaflet form for general distribution. On similar previous occasions I have been much interested in distributing our party literature, but I cannot distribute this platform. I would be ashamed to give one to any person and tell him that it was the platform of my party. It is a pretty safe bet that not one of these leaflets will be distributed by Local Manhattan. Several of us were residents of Kansas when the Prohibition law was passed. In that State, and have been dry ever since. At this late date we are not beginning to circulate wet propaganda. Regardless of the merits or demerits of this liquor plank, whether in itself it is right or wrong, good or bad, it has no rightful place in our platform, and I, for one, want it dropped. However, if any wish to judge it upon its merits, I will point out a few.

First, the "monstrous failure." Only a short time ago I was talking with a man who has been ticket taker at the gate of our annual Fresno County Fair for seven years. He told me that the first year he counted one hundred drunken men who went through the gates during Fair week, but during the following six years, under Prohibition, he saw only three men go in drunk. You cannot make that man believe that Prohibition has been a "mon-

strous failure." His experience is only one of many such that could be cited. The next few paragraphs of the plank contain what is, perhaps, a true statement of facts as they exist, the key to which is found in the statement that says "States and municipalities prosecute offenders, not to suppress the traffic, but to augment their revenues." This sounds to me like a slur upon the integrity of State and municipal authorities, but if it is really so, then it goes to show that the aforesaid "monstrous failure" is a failure by permission. The traffic is not suppressed because the authorities do not wish to suppress it.

And now we come to the recommendations: "Legislation to legalize domestic use of light wine and beer and manufacture of alcoholic beverages for sale by the Federal Government alone under strict safeguards and proper restrictions. Thus neither the old-time saloon nor the bootlegger will flourish, liquor dispensed will be pure and of limited amount; the government will derive a revenue that will lighten the tax burden." Ye gods! How happy we will be when our taxes are all eliminated by the profits on the sale of whisky! Bust him! Wait a minute! How can there be so much revenue when the liquor dispensed is to be but a "limited amount"? Also, it is to be dispensed under "strict safeguards and proper restrictions," which can only mean that there will be a lot of fellows who want the stuff and will not be allowed to buy it legally; therefore they will buy it illegally from the bootlegger or the bribed official precisely as at present. And if the State and municipal authorities are as untrustworthy as has before been intimated, and they can not or will not suppress the bootleg traffic now, they can not or will not suppress it then.

If the Socialist Party should ride into power on this wet plank it would make just as "monstrous" a failure of its liquor regulations as the present administration is doing. In substantiation of which I submit the fact that bootlegging in Quebec is on the increase, complaints of liquor law violation having almost trebled between 1922 and 1925, and a Mayor of Winnipeg, where they had prohibition and now have government sale, says: "While conditions under prohibition were bad, present conditions are a thousand times worse."

IRA D. KNEELAND.
Prather, Cal.

The Ultimate Causes of Lynching

Editor The New Leader:

It seems that some of our dailies (notably the New York World of Oct. 5th) are trying to minimize the awful significance of the fact that two colored boys and a girl were lynched in South Carolina after one of the boys had been declared not guilty of murder and when it was reasonable to expect that the other boy and the girl would also be freed of the charges. The World rings the changes on the idea that the authorities and the better people are altogether blameless of this mob murder, that the courts had done all they could do, and that there was "no mobbing of a colored man" by the authorities—and that all the trouble is due to the mere little insignificant fact that "blood-thirsty brutes merely took matters in their own hands."

But just THAT is the gravest phase of the whole matter—the society of the south has so conditioned the life of its Negro people that even the power of the state, the authority of the courts and all the goodness of its "good" people cannot protect an innocent Negro child from being lynched by "blood-thirsty brutes." What does that mean? It means that the south, the better south, needs the co-operation and help of the rest of the republic to save civilization in the south. But this is the one necessary conclusion which the New York World and some other apologetic sources seem reluctant to reach. If the situation is as the World describes it, an anti-lynching law of the Congress and the power of the national government are sorely needed in every community like South Carolina.

The writer of this letter is forty-five years old and has lived at least two-thirds of all his life in the heart of the south—and he is not so sure, as is the New York World, of the absolute incupability of the better south for the action of these "blood-thirsty brutes." The legislature of South Carolina, for example, has passed scores of laws discriminating against the colored citizens and "excluding" them from equality in almost everything except the equal right to pay taxes. These discriminating laws give the im-

pression to the lesser minds of the white majority that the Negro is little less than human, and the simpler minders so logical that they conclude that if a Negro should not have the same chance as a white man in a public park, on the public vehicles and in the voting booths, he also should not have the same rights as a white person in a court of justice. And we are forced to acknowledge that in this conclusion, the lesser minds show themselves to be more logical than the legislature. The action of these "blood-thirsty brutes" is terribly consistent with the action of those southern senators, who said on the floor of Congress that they were opposed to a national law against lynching. A lynching is the most logical conclusion of a dirty Jim Crow car. The human mind is too simple a thing, especially the mind of the unsophisticated mob, to be able to comprehend that a Negro is at one and the same time like other human beings and different from all other human beings—and that Negro people are to be treated with injustice, contempt and terrorism everywhere except in courts of law and in jails.

If the political and social philosophy and practices of the "better south" have made it powerless before its "blood-thirsty," the south needs some outside help.

WM. PICKENS,
Field Secretary of the National Association for Advancement of Colored People.
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D R A M A

How Is Power Won?

Church and State in Mexico Symbolize
Universal Struggle at the Guild Theatre

THE problems of society, of the basic impulses of government and control, raised in Werfel's play, "Juarez and Maximilian," at the Guild Theatre, are so basic, and so wide in their implications, that no thoughtful person should miss their stimulation. It is true that the author sets his forces on display, rather than opposing them in actual conflict; but their successive presentation wins to the drama in the study of the dominant characters—Maximilian, the full-voiced idealist, with the inevitable weaknesses of idealism, working to his undoing; and Juarez, never seen on the stage, the even, implacable spirit of right, moving to that final triumph which must come.

Born of royal family, wrapped in imperial traditions, the Emperor Maximilian comes from Hapsburg to Mexico with the best of intentions—"I want, with all my kindness, to help the world"—but with a philosophy imposed upon him by his birth and breeding, the idea that good can be set upon a people from above, that a kindly monarch, a benevolent despot, is the ruler a country should have. This man, with his genuine, though shallow, ideals, is beset with every sort of enemy, especially among those who seem most friendly. To the French, to the clergy (after he refuses to abandon Juarez's liberal policy) he is both a cat's-paw and a scapegoat, a tool and a victim; in complete disregard of his aims and ideals they maneuver about him for the advantage of their personal or party schemes. They have only impatience, scorn and ultimate abandonment for his good aims, "clean washed from heaven"; to his remarks on peace they cry, "Action is the only morality!" to his plea for good-will they retort, "God-will is bad politics"; to his cry, "You cannot kill opposites; you can only reconcile them," they wave the bloody sword. The Mexicans sneer at him, declaring that all royalty (have we not nearer instance?) puts on the mask of liberal ideas when it approaches America.

But "there comes a time in the life of every idealist when he can or does commit murder." The fundamental fallacy—or one—in the theory of Maximilian is that the benevolent despot may have his moments of weakness; his vanity is touched when his idealism is not recognized or is rebuffed. One such moment of pride leads to his signing the murderous order against the Mexican patriots; another keeps him a voluntary prisoner toward his death. For this kindly man succumbs to the leader who is not good, but

right, knowing that right is the ultimate good.

The leaders of the Mexican people, in terms that are curiously familiar these recent years, terms that recur in every uprising of the people to mock those whose memory stretches to the last, cry that the reign of the capitalist class, of the power of wealth and of clergy, is at an end; the people henceforth shall take their rightful place. Yet it requires no more than the passing of the Most Reverend Archbishop to reveal these republicans, these free souls, for a mumbled blessing. When a man's soul is subject, what matter if his body be free? Or, as the Archbishop puts it, "You cannot feed these simple people with democratic editorials." The struggle for freedom is fought, not on the battlefield, but in the school; its weapons are more insidious than the prick of swords, the tearing gash of bullets, the smother of gas; the Church insists that the teachers in the schools of Mexico be chosen from the monks. (Do not the white teachers in China now find employment through the missionary societies? Does not Mexico today, fifty years after the time of Juarez, have again to fight the olden battle?) War has never settled anything but the personal question of the lives of its victims; the spirit alone will triumph in the end.

Perhaps Diaz, the shrewd and sturdy general, was close to the heart of all social philosophy when he analyzed the failure of Maximilian and he said: "He came with an idea; he should have come with joy."

The performance which the acting company of the Theatre Guild gives to this turmoil of ideas blown in the furnace of character is, as expected, in keeping with the majesty and dignity and power of the theme. Alfred Lunt, whom the Guild is over-stressing, was a bit too indecisive for his part as Maximilian, but Edward G. Robinson as Diaz, Clare Eames as the Empress, Dudley Digges (splendid) as the Archbishop, Arnold Daly, Margalo Gilmore, and the many others were a cast that gave every opportunity for the emphasis the play requires. A full understanding of the play and a renewal of the pleasure and stimulation it supplies calls for the reading, as many will wish to read, of the acting version in excellent translation by Ruth Langner, already published in the \$1 Guild Series by Simon and Schuster. The problems pointed in this drama of Franz Werfel's reach to the bottom of society, and shake it in its depths.

J. T. S.

JULIE HARTLEY MILBURN



One of the principals in the all Irish cast which will open next Tuesday night in "Autumn Fire" at the Klaw.

"The Pearl of Great Price"
At Century Theatre Nov. 1

The Messrs. Shubert will present "The Pearl of Great Price," by Robert McLaughlin, at the Century Theatre, Monday night, November 1.

"The Pearl of Great Price" will be presented as a drama-spectacle. It requires ten scenes and a cast of 200, with a ballet of forty, which will be headed by Alexis Kosloff.

The principal players are Amelia Bingham, Effie Shannon, Julia Hout, Claudette Colbert, Margot Kelly, Marion Kirby, Frieda Inescourt, Elmer Grandin, Frank Green, Irving Mitchell, Malcolm Fussett, Edward Faver, Mrs. William Fawcett, Florence Pendleton, John Nicholson, Marcella Swanson, Richard Temple, Millie James, Helen Tucker, Rita Delmar and Marie Delys. The production has been staged by J. C. Huffman.

Walter Hampden to Present
"Caponsacchi" Tuesday Eve.

Walter Hampden will present his second play of the season next Tuesday evening at Hampden's Theatre. It is "Caponsacchi," a play by Arthur Goodrich and Rose A. Palmer, based upon Robert Browning's dramatic narrative poem, "The Ring and the Book." Mr. Hampden presented this play on four seasons ago under the title of "The Ring of Truth."

"The Immortal Thief," playing at Hampden's Theatre, will continue in the bill with "Caponsacchi," to be followed later by "An Enemy of the People," which will alternate with the other two plays.

EVA LE GALLIENNE



This talented artist heads the cast of players in the newly organized Civic Repertory Theatre which opens with Benoit's "Saturday Night" at their 14th Street Playhouse Monday.

Joan of Arc a Riddle,
Says Bernard Shaw

SHOULD a playwright understand his subject before launching out? George Bernard Shaw apparently thinks it not necessary; for, although he wrote "Saint Joan," he tells Professor Charles Sarsley, in a letter recently made public in "The English Review" that he did not understand her. Says G. B. S.:

"I do not profess to understand Joan of Arc; and neither will you, unless you are growing rasher with advancing years. Instead of more cautious. Lots of writers have tried to explain her and to account for her, to dramatize her, to glorify her, vilify her and diagnose her; and she has beaten them all. . . . I have been more wary. I took the only documents that are of the smallest value—the report of the process and that of the rehabilitation. I simply arranged what I found there for the stage, relying on Joan to pull me through, which she did."

"Of course, I shall read whatever you write with interest, and you can hardly suppose that, after forty years of controversy, I am turning thin-skinned. But I warn you that I have no theory about Joan, and understand her no more than I understand myself."

"I have deliberately abstained from learning in this matter, so that I might the easier get into Joan's skin, and not into that of her historians; and, as I have evidently got her alive somehow, you will have some trouble in persuading the world that I went the wrong way to work."

Harry Lauder Back Again
Monday Night at the Century

Harry Lauder's American tour opens at the Century Monday night, where he will remain but one week. There is more than the usual interest in the famous singing Scot, as this will be his first visit since making his three years' tour of the world.

William Morris announces a novel program for the comedian, with several new songs successfully tried out in London. "I'm Looking for a Bonnie Lass Tae Love Me," "The Boss o' th' Hoose" and "Susie Maclean." "She's My Daisy," "There Is Somebody Waiting for Me" and other old favorites will be revived. As in other seasons, Sir Harry will be accompanied by a company of imported and American entertainers.

All Irish Players in
"Autumn Fire" at the Klaw

John L. Shine will present his all-Irish players in T. C. Murray's new play, "Autumn Fire." Originally produced in Dublin, with success, it was later transferred to London, where it ran for more than a season.

Many of the company are new to Broadway. They include Julie Hartley-Milburn, Una O'Connor, Caroline Morrison, Lloyd Neal, Felix Irwin, Molly Hartley-Milburn and George Pugh. The production was staged by George Vivian.

Civic Repertory Players Open
Monday at the 14th St. Theatre

The opening production of the Civic Repertory Theatre's schedule of ten plays, which begins Monday evening with "Saturday Night," by Jacinto Benevento, with Eva Le Gallienne in the leading role of Imperia. John Garrett Underhill made the translation. Others in the cast are Beatrice Terry, Egon Brecher, Rose Hobart, J. Sayre Crawley, Alan Birmingham, Leona Roberts, Marilyn Brown, Paul Leysac, Ruth Wilton, Beatrice de Neergaard, Sydney Machat and Hardie Albright.

Tuesday evening Miss Le Gallienne will appear as "Masha" in "Three Sisters" by Tchekov. This will be the first time this play has been given in English in New York. Beatrice Terry plays the part of Olga; Rose Hobart will be seen as Irina, Egon Brecher as Alexander Vershinin and Sayre Crawley as the army doctor. "Three Sisters" will also be presented at the Wednesday matinee, Friday evening, and Saturday matinee. "Saturday Night" will be repeated on Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings.

Monday evening, November 1, the first performance this season of "The Master Builder," by Ibsen, with Miss Le Gallienne as "Hilda," will be given.

Who Shall Judge?

Splendid Performance of Searching Drama at the Greenwich Village

MODERN philanthropy—I use the term not in the limited sense of pious charity, but in its full meaning of love of mankind—goes beyond the biblical injunction, "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone," and bids us forbear not merely to punish, but also to judge. Judgment implies superiority and tends toward hate; life will move onward through equality and love.

Few more searching developments of these ideas and the consequences of their sincere embodiment can be found than "Crime and Punishment," of the tortured Dostoevsky, in strong and true dramatization as "The Humble" by Laurence Irving at the Greenwich Village Theatre. Raskolnikov, the student, is a radical, burned to the core of his sensitive nature by the bestiality of men and the stupidity, lusts and sordidness of society. He has published an article on the right to homicide, arguing that if the state, for its "righteous" purposes, may take lives and yearly sacrifice thousands of lives of laborers in the name of progress, why may not an individual, for purposes he deems righteous, with equal justice set death within his hands? Then the student comes in contact with a poor girl, striving to rear two younger sisters, the victim of lecherous men, beaten toward starvation and ruin by an unfeeling beast, and in his horror and flaming righteous wrath the student kills the scoundrel.

Sonia, the girl, who has come to Raskolnikov and found him the one well of sympathy in her misfortunes, learns of his deed from him, and turns away in terror. She goes to her simple devotion, her fundamental faith, for advice, and out of her pondering and weeping comes to the conclusion that Raskolnikov, must give himself up, must atone by confessing, must admit his guilt to save the two accused. Out of the shrewd web spun by the acute and crafty magistrate, whose record for confessions is unsurpassed, the student staggers; he has faced the third degree, as gruesome a spell as one can well imagine, and come out wrung but defiant, unconfessed. Then he faces the calm faith of Sonia; he senses the depths of her love for him and of her faith in the God that is good that is within us all; he flashes to recognize that we who judge are thereby judged, that the evil man is equally a victim, that love alone can ultimately win order and beauty and happiness for the world, and freely he gives himself up.

This drama, which may seem to end in the telling, in sentimental platitudes, in life and on the stage rings with a profound reality. The merit of the performers in no small measure contributes to the effect of the stirring play. Basil Sydney brings an intelligence and power to the part of the student that Mary Ellis contrasts with a quiet emotion, a deep simplicity as the girl. Of an excellent cast, building an unblemished whole, Sydney Greenstreet as the examining magistrate imposes himself. The settings, by Livingston Platt are perhaps a little less sordid than one expects of Russian "humble" folk, but they sink unobtrusively into the effect of as deeply appealing a play as the season has thus far granted.

J. T. S.

ARNOLD DALY



Is back on Broadway in the Theatre Guild production of "Juarez and Maximilian," the new Franz Werfel play at the Guild Theatre

"The Patsy" at Bronx
Opera House Monday

"The Patsy," produced by Richard Herndon and staged by Allan Dinehart, comes to the Bronx Opera House for one week, commencing Monday, with Clairborne Foster as the star.

In Barry Conners' comedy, which played at the Booth all of last season, Miss Foster is seen as Patricia, the younger daughter of the Harrington family, a bit of a madcap and a bit of a Cinderella.

Others in the cast include Mary Stills, Herbert Clark, Joseph Allen, Lucia Moore and John Diggs.

"Pat That Off," last seen at Wallack's theatre, will be the following attraction.

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"The Judge's Husband" ranks easily as the best of all the Hodge plays. Mr. Hodge is doubly welcome this season." —Stephen Rathbun, Sun.

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Broadway Briefs

Jack Benny, one of the principals in the cast of "The Great Temptations," is master of ceremonies at the Winter Garden's Sunday night concert. This Sunday's program will include acts from the newest musical offering, "Katja," which opened Monday night at the 44th Street Theatre.

Brock Pemberton's production, "The Ladder," which was scheduled for this Thursday evening, will open this Friday evening at the Mansfield Theatre.

The symposium of "God Loves Us," given for subscribers of the Actors Theatre this Sunday afternoon at the Maxine Elliott will have for speakers Helen Arthur of the Neighborhood Playhouse, Edward Goodman, Helen Westley, James Light, John Anderson,

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—Gilbert Gabriel, The Sun.
GUILD Theatre, 245 West 62nd St. Eves. 8:30; Mats. THURSDAY and SATURDAY, 2:30.
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J. C. Nugent, Helen Lowell, Guthrie McClintic and Kenneth Macgowan.

"A Night in Paris," the French revue at Al Jolson's Theatre, will end its engagement on October 30, opening the following Monday in Philadelphia.

"Daisy Mayme" by George Kelly, is announced to open at The Playhouse

JED HARRIS Presents

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Booth Theatre
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Matinee Wednesday & Saturday

Monday night, Oct. 25. The company includes Josephine Hull, Jessie Busley, Homer B. Mason, Alma Kruger and Madge Evans. Rosalie Stewart is the producer.

MUSIC

Damrosch to Lead Opening Concert Next Friday

WALTER DAMROSCH and the New York Symphony orchestra will make their first appearance of the season in Carnegie Hall next Friday evening. The assisting artist will be Alfred Cortot. The opening program will have a new work, a suite de ballet, "Les Rencontres," by Jacques Ibert, a young French composer. Several other new works representing the young French school and a number of Spanish flavor brought back by Damrosch from Europe this summer will have a place on later programs.

The other numbers include Symphony No. 35 in D, followed by Cortot, who will play Schumann's Concerto in A Minor and Wagner's "The Mastersingers."

This program will be repeated at the opening concert in Mecca Auditorium Sunday afternoon, October 31. The first of the season's Symphony Concerts for Children will be held Saturday morning, October 30 in Carnegie Hall. The program includes the Entrance of the Gods into Valhalla, from Wagner's "Rheingold," two Bach numbers, air on the G string and Gavotte in E; Andante from Symphony in D Minor, by Haydn; Valse Lente and Pizzicato from "Sylvia," by Debussy.

PHILHARMONIC

WILHELM MENGELBERG will present a new American work at the Philharmonic concert in Carnegie Hall on Thursday evening and Friday afternoon. It is a "Poem" for violin and orchestra by Templeton Strong, with Joseph Sziget as soloist. The rest of the program includes Bloch's "Israel" Symphony, the Mozart D major violin concerto, played by Mr. Sziget, and Tchaikovsky's March Slav.

Next Saturday evening at Carnegie Hall, Mr. Mengelberg will conduct the opening Philharmonic Students' Concert of the season, the program includes Bloch's "Israel" Symphony, Howard Hanson's "Pan and the Priest," and Tchaikovsky's March Slav.

Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony will be played at the opening concert of the Philharmonic Brooklyn series this Sunday afternoon at the Academy of Music. Other works on the program are the B flat Symphony of J. C. Bach, Hanson's "Pan and the Priest," and three excerpts from Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust."

Music Notes

Irma de Baun, soprano, at Aeolian Hall Sunday afternoon, October 24, will head her program with songs by Mozart, Schubert, Blech, Bach, Staub; a number from "Manon" and another from "Lakine."

Hardisty Johnson, for his song recital at Steinway Hall Tuesday evening, has selected a group by Robert Jones, Henry Purcell, Grieg, Henri Duparc, Richard Strauss, Elgar (2), and Edward Horman.

Signe Johanson, Swedish pianist, at her debut recital at Aeolian Hall Wednesday evening, plays this program: A sonata Pastorale, by Beethoven; two songs by Chopin; "March Wind," Madcowell; two numbers by Grieg; "Erkoning," Schubert-Liszt; "La Campanella," and "Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 6," by Liszt.

Nikolai Orloff, Russian pianist, will make his debut here at Aeolian Hall next Thursday evening.

The Musical Art Quartet, a new ensemble consisting of Sascha Jacobsen, first violinist; Bernard Ocko, second violin; Louis Kaufman, viola, and Marie Roman-Rosano, violoncello, will give the first of a series of three

recitals, Aeolian Hall, Tuesday evening.

Reinold Werrenrath will give his song recital at Carnegie Hall Sunday afternoon, Oct. 31.

Toscha Seidel, violinist, will appear in recital this Saturday afternoon at Carnegie Hall.

Paul Kochanski, violinist, next Saturday afternoon, at Carnegie Hall, will play two Bach compositions, Beethoven and Godowsky selections and three novelties.

Ignaz Friedman will give a piano recital next Saturday afternoon at Aeolian Hall, when he will play the Bach-Liszt Fantasia and Fuga in G minor, Schumann's Phantasie from Op. 17 and twelve studies of Chopin.

Fred Shade, sixteen-year-old violinist, will make his debut Wednesday afternoon at Aeolian Hall.

Harriet van Emden will appear in song recital next Saturday evening at Aeolian Hall.

The League of Composers, at their first concert next Thursday evening at Town Hall, will present the Pro-Veste Quartet, Messrs. A. Ounou, L. Halleux, A. Prevost and R. Maas, in the following program: Bela Bartok, Quartet No. 1; Arthur Honegger, "Peques a New York" with Mina Hager, soprano; five numbers by Anton Webern and the Maurice Ravel Quartet.

Felix Salmond, the English cellist, will present his only New York recital at Town Hall Tuesday evening.

The English Singers of London will make their appearance at Town Hall this Sunday afternoon, presenting a programme of motets, madrigals and folk-songs of Elizabethan music.

Sidney Silber, pianist, will give his debut recital at the Town Hall Tuesday afternoon.

Henry T. Finck, dean of American music critics, who died recently in Maine, had just passed upon the last page proofs of his autobiography, "The Golden Age of Music," which his publishers, Funk and Wagnalls, will issue this month.

Beatrice Pinkham will give a piano recital in Aeolian Hall, October 22d.

BASIL SYDNEY



Plays the role of the young student in Carl Reed's production of "The Humble" at the Greenwich Village Theatre. The play is based on Dostoevsky's "Crime and Punishment"

THE SOCIALIST PARTY AT WORK

Where Judge Jacob Panken Speaks

By Radio

Monday, Oct. 25—Station WMCA, 10:30 to 10:45 p. m.
Tuesday, Oct. 26—Station WEAF, 10:30 to 10:45 p. m.
Thursday, Oct. 28—Station WMCA, 8:20 to 8:30 p. m.
Friday, Oct. 29—Station WGRN, 8:15 to 9:15.

Street Meetings

MANHATTAN

Saturday, Oct. 23—125th street and Fifth avenue. Speakers: Wm. Karlin, Jessie Wallace Hughan, Pierre De Nio, Andrew Regaldi.

12th Congressional District

Monday, Oct. 25—Corners East Broadway and Rutgers street, Rivington and Pitt streets. Speakers: Stephen M. Goldowsky, I. Corn, Ulanoff, Norman Thomas.

Tuesday, Oct. 26—Corners Norfolk and Grand, Pitt and Grand, Rivington and Columbia. Speakers: Norman Thomas, H. Bassin, M. Goldowsky, I. Corn, Ulanoff.

Wednesday, Oct. 27—Noonday meeting, corner East Broadway and Clinton. Speakers: Wm. Morris Flegenbaum, Mrs. Weingart, Mrs. Porower.

Thursday, Oct. 28—Corners Columbia and Rivington, Pitt and Grand. Speakers: Markshied, Bassin, Corn, Goldowsky, Ulanoff.

Friday, Oct. 29—Red night, numerous meetings throughout the district. Speakers: Jessie Stephens of Great Britain, August Claessens, Wm. Karlin, Esther Friedman, Ethelred Brown, Norman Thomas, Leon Land, Jacob Bernstein, Henry Fruchter, P. De Nio, Tim Murphy, H. Ulanoff, Bassin, H. Rogoff, I. Corn, M. Goldowsky.

Saturday, Oct. 30—Afternoon, 4 p. m. Rutgers square. Speakers: Judge Jacob Panken, Henry Fruchter, I. Corn, M. Goldowsky, H. Heller, H. Rogoff.

14th Congressional District

Friday, Oct. 22—Various corners. Speakers: Norman Thomas, Nathan Fine, A. N. Weinberg, Mrs. Weingarten, P. De Nio.

Saturday, Oct. 23—Various corners. Speakers: Norman Thomas, Samuel E. Beardsley, August Claessens, Nathan Fine, A. N. Weinberg, Mrs. Weingarten, P. De Nio.

Monday, Oct. 25—Various corners. Speakers: William Karlin, Samuel E. Beardsley, Norman Thomas, Nathan Fine, A. N. Weinberg, Mrs. Weingarten, P. De Nio.

Tuesday, Oct. 26—Various corners. Speakers: Samuel E. Beardsley, Norman Thomas, Nathan Fine, A. N. Weinberg, Mrs. Weingarten, P. De Nio.

Wednesday, Oct. 27—Samuel E. Beardsley, Norman Thomas, Nathan Fine, A. N. Weinberg, Mrs. Weingarten, P. De Nio.

Thursday, Oct. 28—Various corners. Speakers: Samuel E. Beardsley, Norman Thomas, Nathan Fine, A. N. Weinberg, Mrs. Weingarten, P. De Nio.

Friday, Oct. 29—Various corners. Speakers: Samuel E. Beardsley, Norman Thomas, Nathan Fine, A. N. Weinberg, Mrs. Weingarten, P. De Nio.

Saturday, Oct. 30—Various corners. Speakers: Samuel E. Beardsley, Norman Thomas, Nathan Fine, A. N. Weinberg, Mrs. Weingarten, P. De Nio.

Sunday, Oct. 31—Various corners. Speakers: Samuel E. Beardsley, Norman Thomas, Nathan Fine, A. N. Weinberg, Mrs. Weingarten, P. De Nio.

Monday, Oct. 2—Various corners. Speakers: Samuel E. Beardsley, Norman Thomas, Nathan Fine, A. N. Weinberg, Mrs. Weingarten, P. De Nio.

Tuesday, Oct. 3—Various corners. Speakers: Samuel E. Beardsley, Norman Thomas, Nathan Fine, A. N. Weinberg, Mrs. Weingarten, P. De Nio.

Wednesday, Oct. 4—Various corners. Speakers: Samuel E. Beardsley, Norman Thomas, Nathan Fine, A. N. Weinberg, Mrs. Weingarten, P. De Nio.

Thursday, Oct. 5—Various corners. Speakers: Samuel E. Beardsley, Norman Thomas, Nathan Fine, A. N. Weinberg, Mrs. Weingarten, P. De Nio.

Friday, Oct. 6—Various corners. Speakers: Samuel E. Beardsley, Norman Thomas, Nathan Fine, A. N. Weinberg, Mrs. Weingarten, P. De Nio.

Saturday, Oct. 7—Various corners. Speakers: Samuel E. Beardsley, Norman Thomas, Nathan Fine, A. N. Weinberg, Mrs. Weingarten, P. De Nio.

Sunday, Oct. 8—Various corners. Speakers: Samuel E. Beardsley, Norman Thomas, Nathan Fine, A. N. Weinberg, Mrs. Weingarten, P. De Nio.

Monday, Oct. 9—Various corners. Speakers: Samuel E. Beardsley, Norman Thomas, Nathan Fine, A. N. Weinberg, Mrs. Weingarten, P. De Nio.

Tuesday, Oct. 10—Various corners. Speakers: Samuel E. Beardsley, Norman Thomas, Nathan Fine, A. N. Weinberg, Mrs. Weingarten, P. De Nio.

Wednesday, Oct. 11—Various corners. Speakers: Samuel E. Beardsley, Norman Thomas, Nathan Fine, A. N. Weinberg, Mrs. Weingarten, P. De Nio.

Thursday, Oct. 12—Various corners. Speakers: Samuel E. Beardsley, Norman Thomas, Nathan Fine, A. N. Weinberg, Mrs. Weingarten, P. De Nio.

Friday, Oct. 13—Various corners. Speakers: Samuel E. Beardsley, Norman Thomas, Nathan Fine, A. N. Weinberg, Mrs. Weingarten, P. De Nio.

Saturday, Oct. 14—Various corners. Speakers: Samuel E. Beardsley, Norman Thomas, Nathan Fine, A. N. Weinberg, Mrs. Weingarten, P. De Nio.

Sunday, Oct. 15—Various corners. Speakers: Samuel E. Beardsley, Norman Thomas, Nathan Fine, A. N. Weinberg, Mrs. Weingarten, P. De Nio.

An Urgent Appeal!

THE Socialist Party of New York City is running the greatest campaign since 1917. Over ninety-six hall and street meetings were held last week and over 150 hall and street meetings are scheduled to be held between now and November 1. Enormous crowds are greeting our speakers. Public school auditoriums and halls are jammed to capacity. Every Socialist speaker is on the battle front and every "Jimmy Higgins" is on the job handling these many meetings. Tens of thousands of campaign leaflets are being mailed and distributed and thousands of beautiful posters, carrying a fine portrait of Judge Panken are being posted upon the billboards of the State and city.

This is the last week of the best fight we have put up in years. Money is needed at once if we are to see it through. Every Socialist, Trade Unionist and Workmen Circle member must send in his or her campaign subscription list at once. Contributors to the campaign fund must mail or bring in their contributions or collections to the Socialist Party office, 7 East 15th street. There is no reckless spending going on. But we must see this wonderful revival of Socialist activity and stirring campaign through to the finish with all obligations paid. And, to have some cash on hand after the campaign to commence our great organization drive.

Now altogether! Cash in quickly! S. O. S.
Fraternally yours,
AUGUST CLAESSENS,
Executive Secretary.

corners (same speakers as in Brownsville this evening).

Friday, Oct. 22—Corners Hopkins and Pitkin avenue. Speakers: Samuel E. Beardsley, Norman Thomas, A. I. Ship-lacoff, Morris Paris.

Saturday, Oct. 23—Corners Bristol and Pitkin. Speakers: Jacob Axelrad, Sam Friedman, Morris Paris.

Monday, Oct. 25—Corners Thatford and Pitkin. Speakers: Samuel E. Beardsley, Norman Thomas, A. I. Ship-lacoff, Morris Paris.

Tuesday, Oct. 26—Corners Dean street and Saratoga, Stone and Pitkin. Speakers: Samuel E. Beardsley, Norman Thomas, A. I. Ship-lacoff, Morris Paris.

Wednesday, Oct. 27—Corners Heratford and Pitkin. Speakers: Samuel E. Beardsley, Norman Thomas, A. I. Ship-lacoff, Morris Paris.

Thursday, Oct. 28—Corners Heratford and Pitkin. Speakers: Samuel E. Beardsley, Norman Thomas, A. I. Ship-lacoff, Morris Paris.

Friday, Oct. 29—Corners Heratford and Pitkin. Speakers: Samuel E. Beardsley, Norman Thomas, A. I. Ship-lacoff, Morris Paris.

Saturday, Oct. 30—Corners Heratford and Pitkin. Speakers: Samuel E. Beardsley, Norman Thomas, A. I. Ship-lacoff, Morris Paris.

Sunday, Oct. 31—Corners Heratford and Pitkin. Speakers: Samuel E. Beardsley, Norman Thomas, A. I. Ship-lacoff, Morris Paris.

Monday, Oct. 2—Corners Heratford and Pitkin. Speakers: Samuel E. Beardsley, Norman Thomas, A. I. Ship-lacoff, Morris Paris.

Tuesday, Oct. 3—Corners Heratford and Pitkin. Speakers: Samuel E. Beardsley, Norman Thomas, A. I. Ship-lacoff, Morris Paris.

Wednesday, Oct. 4—Corners Heratford and Pitkin. Speakers: Samuel E. Beardsley, Norman Thomas, A. I. Ship-lacoff, Morris Paris.

Thursday, Oct. 5—Corners Heratford and Pitkin. Speakers: Samuel E. Beardsley, Norman Thomas, A. I. Ship-lacoff, Morris Paris.

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Sunday, Oct. 15—Corners Heratford and Pitkin. Speakers: Samuel E. Beardsley, Norman Thomas, A. I. Ship-lacoff, Morris Paris.

Monday, Oct. 16—Corners Heratford and Pitkin. Speakers: Samuel E. Beardsley, Norman Thomas, A. I. Ship-lacoff, Morris Paris.

Tuesday, Oct. 17—Corners Heratford and Pitkin. Speakers: Samuel E. Beardsley, Norman Thomas, A. I. Ship-lacoff, Morris Paris.

Wednesday, Oct. 18—Corners Heratford and Pitkin. Speakers: Samuel E. Beardsley, Norman Thomas, A. I. Ship-lacoff, Morris Paris.

Thursday, Oct. 19—Corners Heratford and Pitkin. Speakers: Samuel E. Beardsley, Norman Thomas, A. I. Ship-lacoff, Morris Paris.

Oct. 18; Norwich, Oct. 18, and New Britain, Oct. 17.

Timothy Murphy of New York City will speak at open air meetings this week in Hartford, New Britain, Bridgeport and New Haven.

An open air meeting is being arranged at which our candidate for Governor, Karl C. Jursek, will speak. The meeting will be held on the Central Green, New Haven, Saturday evening, Oct. 31.

The monthly meeting of the State Executive Committee will be held in New Haven Sunday, Nov. 1, at 2 p. m.

PENNSYLVANIA

Philadelphia

Philadelphia Socialists will hold a campaign rally Sunday, Oct. 31, at 8 p. m. at Labor Institute, 810 Locust street, with Abraham I. Ship-lacoff as speaker. Ship-lacoff is manager of the International Pocketbook Makers' Union and is well and favorably known in Philadelphia. He was one of the first Socialists to be elected to the New York Assembly and the New York City Board of Aldermen and enjoys the reputation of being one of the foremost speakers on the Socialist platform. Admission will be free.

Monthly Lectures

The attendance at the monthly lectures of the West and North Philadelphia branches is steadily increasing. Those who attend have been delighted to learn that they can now hear lectures in their own branch which are far superior to many for which they have traveled long distances and paid large fees. Local Philadelphia is distinctly on the upgrade.

The North Philadelphia Branch of the Socialist Party will hold a Halloween party at the branch meeting rooms in Lidentel Hall, 3647 North 6th street, on Friday, Oct. 29, at 8:15 p. m.

BROOKLYN

2nd A. D.

The 2nd A. D. is the outstanding light this year, with more than 100 Yipsels, their friends and party members led by the youthful campaign manager, Henry Hays Sapkowski, known as the former organizer of the Joseph Bly Circle 13. The circle is conducting a house to house canvass to reach 30,000 voters.

The candidates are: Frank Rosenfarb for Assembly; William M. Feigenbaum, former Socialist Assemblyman, for Congress. Fifteen meetings a week are being held and a great increase in votes is expected.

Yipseldom

A new department in Yipsel activity has been opened. An opportunity is now available to all members to enroll in a Yipsel Chorus. Miss Grace Poole, just returned from Europe, who is an excellent instructress in mass singing, will conduct the work. Every junior and senior Yipsel should attend these classes. Remember, all singing will be done in mass. All can join these classes. The first meeting will be held this Saturday at 3 p. m. sharp.

The Rand School classes for Yipsels will be resumed this Saturday at 4 p. m. Algernon Leo will instruct. Juniors and seniors are asked to attend. Remember, this is your class.

All Circle Financial Secretaries are asked to buy dues stamps. The national convention is coming soon and apportioning of delegates will be determined by dues stamps bought.

Circle 2, Brooklyn

The Senior Circle No. 2 of the Young People's Socialist League will hold elections of officers Oct. 31, to be followed by a fine musical and dramatic program. A debate will also be held. The winners will represent Circle 2 at the inter-circle debate.

All come! Meeting starts promptly at 7 p. m. at the Brownsville Labor Lyceum.

Junior Yipsels

The Junior Executive Committee is meeting Saturday, Oct. 29, at 8 p. m. at the Rand School. Educational directors are reminded that it is time to send in written reports of educational programs. Send reports to Lillian Kaplan, 355 West 37th Street, New York City.

Critical Cruisings

(Continued from page 10)

either as docile slave or risible sany, were the rule and not the exception. "Nigger Heaven" is a story of Negro life, executed with verve and skill. It is not scarred with condescension or apology. In brief, it is such a vivid contrast to the Negro stories of Octavius Roy Cohen which inspire the students of the Saturday Evening Post, and which still remain as an attestation of the continued virility of the old attitude.

Yet Carl Van Vechten's "Nigger Heaven" is not a novel of Negro life as it is lived. It is a picture of the New York Negro. The New York Negro is, after all, not representative of the American Negro as a whole. While its social approach is sympathetic, it touches upon a few of the many phases of Negro life. The economic struggle of the Negro, evidenced in the unavailing attempts of Byron to locate a position commensurate with his capacity, is but one aspect of the difficulty. In the labor movement itself the position of the Negro is even more distressful. Segregation and discrimination in the unions are among the most handicapping manifestations of prejudice in the economic situation. These things "Nigger Heaven" treats—yet of these things are made.

New England

The following Socialist county ticket will appear upon the State election ballot on Tuesday, Nov. 2, 1932, in Essex County, Mass.:

Councillor, Wade H. Pinkham of Haverhill; County Commissioner, George M. Webster of Groveland; Associate County Commissioners, Joseph A. Dion of Haverhill and Nathan Huntington of Merrimack; Sheriff, Charles S. Gieves of Amesbury; County Treasurer, to fill a vacancy, John F. Putnam of Danvers.

Remember, the State ticket is headed by Hutchins for Governor.

Sympathizers should be warned to look for the single word Socialist when marking their ballots in Massachusetts.

New Jersey

Meetings in Jersey City

Oct. 22 and 29, Newark and Jersey City.

Oct. 23 and 30, Orient and Jackson avenues.

Speakers—Craig, Emslie, Smith and Tallman—all candidates for members of the General Assembly. Edward H. Mead, candidate for Congress, Eighth Congressional District, may also address these meetings.

On Saturday, Oct. 16, a meeting was held at Orient and Jackson avenues which was a great success. There was quite a large attendance and the collection was very good. The success attained at this meeting has been an incentive to spur the members of lower Jersey City to making the rest of the campaign one of intense activity.

Connecticut

Karl C. Jursek, Socialist candidate for Governor, held a full meeting in Hartford.

MUSIC AND CONCERTS

PHILHARMONIC

MENGELBERG, Conductor
Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., Oct. 29, at 8:30
Fri. Aft., Oct. 30, at 2:30
Soloist: JOSEPH SZIGET
Mozart: Violin Concerto in D; Templeton Strong: Poem for Violin and Orchestra (first time by Philharmonic); Sibelius: Finlandia.

Carnegie Hall, Sat. Eve., Oct. 30, 8:30
First Students' Concert
Mendelssohn, Bloch, Hanson, Tchaikovsky
Arthur Judson, Mgr. Steinway Piano

HAENSEL & JONES Announce
Aeolian Hall, Sun. Aft., Oct. 31, at 3:30
Recital by JUNA

DE BAUN

STEINWAY PIANO SOPRANO
Steinway Hall, Tues. Eve., Oct. 26, at 8:30
HARDISTY

JOHNSON

STEINWAY PIANO TENOR
Aeolian Hall, Wed. Eve., Oct. 27, at 8:15
Recital by SIGNE

JOHANSON

STEINWAY PIANO SWEDISH PIANIST
Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., Oct. 28, at 8:15
DANCE PROGRAM

DORIS NILES

Announced by CORNELIA NILES
LOUIS HORT, Conductor of Orchestra
Carnegie Hall, Sun. Aft., Oct. 31, at 3:30
Recital by REINALD

WERRENATH

SONG RECITAL CHICKERING PIANO
Carnegie Hall, Sun. Aft., Oct. 31, at 3:30
Recital by REINALD

N. Y. SYMPHONY

WALTER DAMROSCH, Conductor
OPENING CONCERTS OF THE SEASON
Carnegie Hall, Friday Evening, Oct. 29
MECCA Auditorium, Sunday Aft., Oct. 31
Soloist: ALFRED CORTOT
Mozart: Violin Concerto in D; Templeton Strong: Poem for Violin and Orchestra (first time by Philharmonic); Sibelius: Finlandia.

Carnegie Hall, Sat. Eve., Oct. 30, 8:30
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Recital by REINALD

THE NEW LEADER

A Weekly Newspaper Devoted to the Interests of the Socialist and Labor Movement
Published Every Saturday by the New Leader Association
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The New Leader, an official publication of the Socialist Party, supports the program of the organized working class. Signed contributions do not necessarily represent the views of The New Leader. On the other hand it welcomes a variety of opinion consistent with its declared purpose. Contributions are requested to be sent to both sides of the paper and not to use lead pencil or red ink. Manuscripts that cannot be used will not be returned unless return postage is enclosed.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1926

HELP THE CLOAKMAKERS

AFTER negotiations that have proven fruitless the strike of the New York cloakmakers has entered its fifteenth week. Some 10,000 workers are back in settled shops and they will generously contribute to sustain those who are still on strike. Reports have it that the employers' association in the industry will demand a Grand Jury investigation of strike activities. The Police Department has served the employing class in this struggle and it appears that this class will seek another arm of the City Government to break the strike.

Meantime the American Federation of Labor has issued a ringing call to the trade unions of the nation to contribute financial resources to the strikers. We hope that this appeal will be answered with swift and generous contributions by the trade unions. The International Ladies' Garment Workers and affiliated unions have always been among the most generous in extending aid to other unions. They sent \$50,000 to the striking steel workers in 1919 and followed this later with \$50,000 to the miners. Every important labor struggle in the United States has always received this sympathetic aid from the ladies' garment workers.

An opportunity is now available for every labor organization in this country to reciprocate these examples of generosity and solidarity by drawing upon their financial resources as liberally as they can. This strike has been waged almost four months with a determination that rises to the heroic. The disintegrating influences always at work in the industry always make a strike especially trying and difficult, and yet few industries in this country have more labor victories to the credit of the union than the International.

No meeting of a local union should adjourn without taking some immediate action. After the local has made its contribution it should send a request to its head officers to do likewise. This strike will be won, but the cloakmakers should have all the encouragement and aid which they are entitled to. Send your contributions to Abraham Baroff, General Secretary-Treasurer, 3 West 16th street, New York City.

"SOCIALISTIC" SMITH

IT IS all clear now. Mills declares that Smith is a Socialist and Smith answers, "you're another." The controversy grows out of the question of how hydroelectric power should be owned, administered and distributed for the best interests of all. Both Smith and Mills are anxious not to support anything "socialistic" and each rejects the label.

The difference between the two programs is one not worth the words that have been squandered. Smith would have the State retain the title and have capitalist investors reap dividends from the distribution of power. Mills would vest the corporations with the title of ownership and also have them reap the dividends. Both candidates stand for corporate exploitation of electric energy, and this is the essential of all capitalist enterprise.

In one sense Smith's program is safer for capitalist exploitation than the program of Mills. If one could imagine the Government owning the main forms of industry, assuming responsibility for upkeep, and farming them out to corporations for enrichment of private investors, capitalism would not be injured in the least. It would relieve the exploiters of considerable routine which would be performed by public officials.

For this reason Smith is justly indignant at the suggestion that his program is "socialistic." He knows and even Mills knows that Smith's program for dealing with hydroelectric power is just as safe for enrichment of private investors as complete corporate control is. Smith as a presidential possibility has no desire to offend the bankers and capitalists in his own party who will have to market the candidate in 1928. Mills makes his charge against Smith merely as a campaign maneuver and that is all there is to it.

"OUR RUBBER"

RUBBER corporations are the most frank imperialists in the world. Their officials are also the most stupid. Possibly the reason for this is that the rubber industry is a recent offshoot of the capitalist system of production. The magnates have not acquired that polish and skill that go with the magnates of the older industries. The elder capitalists know how to mask their itch for loot abroad in terms that suggest the advertiser.

Not so the rubber magnates are blunt and brutal. They possess a public relation

and Rubber Company of Akron, Ohio, which is typical of rubber propaganda. After observing that no para rubber can be raised in the United States except in greenhouses, the statement goes on to say: "Para rubber, so necessary in the manufacture of tires, must come from tropical countries. Only to the extent that our flag may wave over countries outside our boundaries, can our para rubber ever be made American, that is, a U. S. A. product."

"Our flag"! Whose flag is "our flag"? And note that "our flag" is linked with "our rubber." Isn't this frankness delightful? No pirate on the high seas ever hoisted the Jolly Roger with more gusto than these rubber barons. It is plainly a hint of the necessity of the Government getting busy with marines and soldiers and making other people's property abroad "our rubber" protected by "our flag."

If only the rubber magnates would themselves carry "our flag" on such robbing expeditions we would heartily support their proposal. Unfortunately, they will not be in the front line. They will remain at home while clerks, farmers, and laborers are sent out to secure "our rubber." That is the tragedy.

A SHAMEFUL SPECTACLE

IF THERE are any who doubt that our upper classes are bootlickers of royal parasites, the reception being given to Marie of Roumania this week should be sufficient to convince them. These sycophants are happy to pay their tribute of servility to despots. In this case Marie represents a regime where thousands of human beings are imprisoned because of their desire to modernize Roumania in one form or another. Marie left these martyrs to freedom in Roumanian jails to receive the adulation of American politicians and office-holders.

As though to rebuke this treachery to Roumanian liberators by our official flunkies, news came from Washington that attorneys for Count and Countess Michel Karolyi would seek a mandamus to compel Secretary of State Kellogg to visa the passport of the Countess. This recalls the shameful treatment accorded Karolyi when he arrived to visit his sick wife. He was "muzzled" by Secretary of State Hughes. No reception by politicians and office-holders for the man who had renounced his princely privilege in Hungary. In the interest of the criminals who rule Hungary with medieval cruelty, Karolyi was not even permitted to talk about that despotism.

Contrast this case with that of Marie and what must be the comment of the honest man or woman? What has become of those American traditions that are association with the visit of Kosuth? Where is that "idealism" of which our ruling classes and their political poodles are accustomed to boast? Why gags for Karolyi and dinners for Marie? Why is the monarchist welcome and the democrat shunned?

The prisoners in the jails of Roumania may well heap their maledictions upon those who in this country entertain their jailor. The only consolation we have is that working class organizations have expressed their views of this shameful spectacle. They are the world's hope for a United States worthy of its best traditions.

THE LIQUOR QUESTION

ATTENTION of our readers is called to the letter of a party member in California on page 7 who disagrees with the Socialist Party platform on the liquor question. We are glad to present this point of view. It is typical of the widespread view held by many people, especially in the West and the farming sections of the East.

However, we take this occasion to say that our correspondent misunderstands the Socialist platform on this question and the delegates who adopted it. The convention that framed this platform was not "dominated by the wets" nor was the platform itself designed as a "wet" platform. It is certain that no liquor interests would support the Socialist proposal for government ownership and the elimination of the economic motive from the traffic. The "wets" want the old system restored. Socialists do not.

On the other hand, the delegates to the Pittsburgh convention were not "wets" as our correspondent thinks. They may be wrong in their point of view, but their point of view is certainly not that of the "wets." The writer of these lines supports the platform, but he would not be disturbed in the least if some magic power wiped out the liquor traffic. In fact, he welcomed prohibition at first, hoping that it would be effective, that the masses would acquiesce, that those indulging to excess would turn their attention to important social, political and economic problems, and thus display more political intelligence.

This was the point of view of most of the delegates, but experience taught them that the kind of prohibition we have merely centered attention on the "booze" question more than ever. Today it is almost impossible to arouse interest in anything else. There were other considerations that moved the delegates to act as they did, but they were not "wet" motives. They recognize that sobriety and intelligent minds are essential to a powerful labor movement. They do not want to go back to the old system nor do they believe the present methods will ever solve the problem. For that reason they favor a third alternative which neither the professional "wet" or "dry" will approve, but which should appeal to working men and women as the best approach to a solution.

Good Deeds

Good deeds can never die; all through the ages
Their fruits increasing ever grow and spread,
And many a deed unknown in written pages
Lived once—and is not dead.
Still the world needs brave deeds and true hearts
Many,
Nor yet are all the noble battles won!
We, too, my child, may do great deeds as any
That ever have been done.

—E. Nesbit.

The News of the Week

Bankers Raise Danger Signal

Industrial magnates have not been pushed aside, but they are compelled to consider the advice of the financial nobility in all matters because finance has penetrated the corporate dynasties, it exercises increasing authority, and its control of credit is very important.

The finance international speaks this week for the princely houses of sixteen nations and warns governments, capitalists and politicians against the barriers erected against trade by tariffs, licenses and other prohibitions. "At no period in recent history," reads this declaration, "has freedom from such restrictions been more needed to enable traders to adapt themselves to new and difficult conditions. And at no period have impediments to trading been more perilously multiplied without a true appreciation of the economic consequences involved." This, of course, is literally true. The policy is one of economic war which in the end must lead to a war of arms. The bankers know this. Coolidge is reported as being "cold" to this manifesto on the ground that tariffs are essential to successful American competition. Hoover expounded the same theme in New York last week, incidentally revealing himself as qualified for the higher circles of Babbitt by mentioning the large quantities of soap, steel, corn plasters, flippers and other commodities produced in this country. The restrictions mentioned by the bankers consist of legislation for the capitalist class of the various nations, and it is the mission of the bankers to warn members of this class against too much indulgence in this stupidity for fear that it will eventually wreck the capitalist order throughout the world. Coolidge hasn't the intelligence to understand this, and Morgan may have to go to Washington to tell him where he gets off.

Intervention In China

In that unhappy country, Thomas P. Millard, cables the Times from Shanghai of a movement on the part of foreign interests to invite intervention by the Powers. Two London publications have urged this course recently and the propaganda runs true to form. It is alleged that the great masses of China would heartily welcome intervention while the interventionists assert that it is necessary to "restore order." These two reasons are always alleged in such cases. Those who want intervention claim that it is necessary and they always add that the population is eager for it. In the case of China the answer is evident. The last few years have been especially noted for anti-foreign activity in China. The great masses have indicated that they want the Powers to get out. This is especially true of the new generation of Chinese, many of whom as students have studied abroad. If there is one thing conspicuous of the Chinese today it is that they want to recover the control of their country and all its institutions, modernize China, clean up the bandits and adventurers, and start China on the course of modern progress. This they cannot do so long as American and European governments thrust their sovereignty into the heart of the country and their capitalist investors eat the substance of Chinese resources while millions of Chinese

the question as to whether capitalism in Russia shall be encouraged or whether unadulterated communism should be the policy. Stalin represents the first and Trotsky the second policy, and back of this issue is the question of the peasants. They want manufactured goods which the state industries cannot supply, and Stalin wants to satisfy their wants. Trotsky would give second consideration to the peasants and first to Communism. Meantime, the peasants gain more power in the rural soviets which scares Stalin for one reason and Trotsky for another. Coupled with this news is the remarkable article in the Times by Max Eastman, who offers what he claims is a translation of Lenin's "Testament," his alleged last statement to the party claimed to have been suppressed. In this document Lenin predicted the division between Stalin and Trotsky and favored the latter. Eastman also exposes what he declares to have been the secret rule of the party by seven members accompanied with documents that make interesting reading. It is a law of dictatorship that power must narrow into fewer and fewer hands and there need be no surprise if this tendency appears in Russia.

Soviets Sign A Peace Treaty

About the most interesting news that has come out of Russia is the story of the truce agreed to between the majority of the Communist Party led by Stalin and the minority led by Trotsky. The minority does not surrender the belief that the Stalin policy is wrong, but conceded that the minority has been wrong in organizing a "fractional" group in the party. Incidentally, we pause to remark that organizing "fractional" groups in labor organizations abroad is all right, for in the view of both Stalin and Trotsky the unity they wish to preserve in their party counts for nothing in the labor organizations abroad. Fundamentally, the issue between the two factions gathers around

Real Change In Czechoslovakia

Out of the welter of so-called Cabinet crises in Central Europe comes news of a real change in the political line-up in Czechoslovakia. Ever since the foundation of the new Republic, the Socialists have been handicapped in their efforts to organize for the class struggle on the political field because a majority of the Czechs in their ranks felt it necessary to collaborate with their brother bourgeois Czechs in the various governments in order to make the racial minorities—Germans, Magyars, Poles, Ruthenians, et al—realize that the State headed by President Masaryk was to be maintained as a Czechoslovak entity. But economic facts have broken down racial barriers and the new Cabinet, led by Anthony Svehla, which displaced the "non-partisan" government of Premier Cerny, includes a couple of Germans and one of the chiefs of the Slovak Clericals (a group that had previously waged war upon the different Cabinets on the ground of alleged discrimination by the Czechs against their brother Slovaks. All the Socialist parties, Czechoslovak, German, Magyar, Polish and even the National Socialists are in the opposition, although Edouard Benes, leader of the last named group, remains as Foreign Minister. It is explained that he is staying on the job not as a party man, but as an expert on foreign affairs. The Communists are also in opposition, as are the few Fascists within and without the National Democratic Party. All the main bourgeois groups are behind the government, as they were last June when the high tariff bill was forced through Parliament over working class opposition. Future Parliamentary struggles over the tariff, the army, the church and other important matters are likely to see every sharper divisions between the bourgeoisie and the workers. In Hungary Premier Bethlen resigned, only to be put back on the job by Dictator Horthy. In Yugoslavia a Cabinet rose precipitately by hasty remarks by Stephen Raditch, the Croatian chief, was smoothed over temporarily. In Germany the Prussian Diet, with the Socialists abstaining from voting for some reason not apparent at this distance, decided to give the ex-Kaiser \$2,750,000 and 167,000 acres of land in settlement of his claims.

THE CHATTER BOX

Every time Mrs. Vincent Astor entertains the Queen Marie, we trust our American doughbag Highness will do all in her gracious power to make the Roumanian majesty feel thoroughly to home. It will reflect disastrously through the whole Balkan peninsula if one slip-up in decorum or plain courtly routine be made. From last reports, Mrs. Astor and her four hundred lounge denters are assiduously pouring through the latest correspondence school manual, "How to Behave Before Royalty," with the usual illustrated lessons under the query—"What's Wrong in This Picture?"

We also hope that the first thing Mrs. Vincent A. does is to show the queen through her estate along New Bowery and other slum sections from which the Astor millions draw fat revenue. That act will immediately settle Her Majesty's qualms if some radically intentioned guest makes a silly remark about the poverty of the Roumanian workers and peasants, or inquires too curiously into the manner in which a queen makes a living. We also suggest that our American nobility bluntly inform the queen how indubitably they toil for a livelihood, that Marie shall not feel like a boorish intruder among them, her manner of industry being so similar to theirs.

So that the memory of Roumania's economic and cultural chaos does not fade too soon from Marie's regal brain, we suggest also that she be paraded through Fifth avenue, just when Jimmy Walker's and Al Smith's cops club and arrest a thousand or so striking cloakmakers because they are picketing. Or a little excursion to Passaic through the hovel-lined streets of mill workers on strike for the last ten months. Or a little picnic party amid the garbage heaps, and glowering firetraps of Ludlow street. Or a little romantic necking party on the Bronx express at six p. m. Or a visit to the jail where Sacco and Vanzetti are still awaiting justice for a crime they never committed.

And couldn't we manage to dish up a squadron of Long Island Ku Kluxers to stage a grand old pogrom on Hester street, so Her Roumanian Majesty might lose any sense of homesickness—and just want to stay on forever.

It is really too bad that she came over here so late in the Hysterical Era. A few years ago, we might have shown her as many political prisoners in our own jails, to match the numerical equation of Roumanian liberty lovers still rotting away in her royal dungeons along Bucharest way.

There still are left some few dozen I. W. W.'s and labor martyrs running a race between tuberculosis and the day of their release, and a trip to San Quentin or Leavenworth might prove encouraging to her grace.

For her further education in the higher method of robbing the peasants and workers of a civilized nation we beg to imply that a visit to the Stock Exchange, the Cotton and Produce Exchanges, and the Wheat Pit of Chicago will be of benefit. Also a speech or two from Herbert Hoover and Judge Gary will add authority to the processes.

A visit to a Harlem polling place during election night, where the race is close between a Socialist and the Demo-publican candidate, will also help in improving the crude methods now employed in her country to count the royal candidates into office.

A visit to our health department may direct the Roumanian milk supply along the lines of profitable marketing, and she can learn how to horn in on the graft. She may acquire the now famous Tammany method of increasing the milk yield by merely pouring a gallon of milk into a hoghead of water. We may suppose that Roumania is still pursuing the barbaric method of just adding a little water every now and then to a can of cow fruit.

And to make sure that Queen Marie gets her full share of publicity among the majority of our plain Americans, we might further offer that she somehow get herself mixed up with the Hall-Mills affair.

Couldn't we manage to trace the family tree of the "pig-woman" down to some root of an ancient Roumanian blue-blooded swineherd? Or better yet, why not have "Peaches" Browning declare that she left her Rolls-Royce daddy because she knew Prince Nicholas was coming? What a Cinderella story, with a Prince Charming and everything! Only instead of a cross stepmother we might credibly insert the ogre of a step-grandfather. Or Marie might one morning get up and swim the East River from Corleone Hook Park to the foot of Jay street and come out unscathed and unbattered. That would be both a physical and a biological miracle for a Roumanian queen to perform. Swimming the Channel is huckleberry pie alongside of the afore-suggested feat. A week of full front pages in the "Times" and the "Graphic" could hardly suffice for sustained interest.

All the foregoing should by this time implicitly impress all Roumania and Park avenue how interested we are in the welfare of the royal visitor. So deeply are we concerned with all royalty, that to this very moment we cannot forget what happened to the rulers of France in 1793. And we surely are still trembling with what the Russians have done with their little fathers and mothers. And so when a real live queen comes to these unromantic shores, we most naturally arise with the fullness of our Rivington street distilled chivalry. If we weren't so busy these days campaigning in the Bronx, we might steal away to see the beautiful lady step down the gang plank onto West street. If the urge did come and we yielded, we would hope for a sloppy, rainy day, and a puddle, and our overcoat flung to cover the splash for her regal feet. But something tells us we would pick up our coat before her majesty had left its protecting fold; and quite gracefully would she slip and flop right into the mire—to her own queenly discomfort, to the horror of Mrs. Astor and her crew of royal spitzkickers, and to the mad amazement of our Democratic city officials. As for ourselves, we would be hard put to hide our true feelings. But we are quite sure that the bronze Goddess of Liberty out in the bay might for the first time in twenty years permit herself to smile.

The Queen Marie

A queen is quite a prettiness
For any fairy story.
Helen, Dido, Guinevere,
I've revelled in their glory.
But real live queens like this Marie
Wake up a nanny goat in me.

I've read of queens who traveled far
On chariots and wings,
And those who bore resembling babes
Unto their proper kings....
But gossip out of Bucharest
Have tinged Marie with scarlet zest....

I am no prude, and hardly care,
Save that the "Graphic" and the "News"
Will set their sniffing hounds afield
And follow up these scanty clues.
But really Mrs. Astor might
Investigate and set her right.

Or as a righteous matron should
Find grounds for moral turpitude.

The above immortal and unextinguishable lyric is offered in lieu of our appearing at the pier together with the rest of America's celebrity-licking lackeys to greet Her Majesty Marie. We trust that it will be properly translated into pure Roumanian and read heartily to Mrs. Coolidge, who has by this time already given the royal guest the keys to Columbia and the Mint. We have more to say further on after you have carefully perused the following offerings from our dear contribs.

S. A. de Witt.

Critical Cruisings

By V. F. Calverton

The Negro in Fiction

THE New Negro has already inserted himself into our literature. In the stories of Toomer, and the more recent narrative sketches of Walrand, the talent of this New Negro is slowly maturing into an exquisite, if vague, art. While the stories in "Tropic Death" (Bonl & Liveright, \$2.50) suffer from diffuseness of development, superfluity of detail and cloying affectation and artifice, they are expressive of a social motif that is significant. The work of Chesnut had been a promising exordium in prose fiction. Jessie Fauset had sentimentalized the motif in fashion as saccharine as "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Walter White marked an uncertain and fumbling advance. Both "The Fire in the Flint" and "Flight" are characterized by a sincerity of approach and an honesty and sympathy of insight which, unfortunately, are obscured by clumsiness of style and gaucheries of construction. "Walrand's 'Tropic Death,' with all of its excess of phrase, is an improvement of style, if not substance. It reflects an imaginative faculty that bears promise of rich evolution. "Cane," by Jean Toomer, to be sure, is still the high point in the movement.

The growth of this literature of the New Negro, however, has not been without concomitant developments in American literature in general. The New Negro is a result of a complex of social forces. These social forces have not only created this art of the New Negro, but they have also brought a new attitude toward the Negro into contemporary art. In the Negro novels of Waldo Frank, Clement Wood and Carl Van Vechten this new attitude is revealed with signal force and candor.

Let us note a few of the factors that have made this New Negro such a dynamic creation, and at the same time have revolutionized the attitude of the white artist toward him as a protagonist in novel and drama. What changes have taken place that have produced this New Negro? Industrialism and the new age that has sprung from it. In the North it has given the Negro a pivot. In the South, with its slow but steady infiltration, it is annihilating the "good nigger." Co-operative enterprise finds the Negro one of its part. In strikes the Negro cannot desert the white man, nor the white man the Negro. A sense of equality inevitably ripens. Economics weaken race rationalizations. The labor movement to protect itself and secure effectiveness of organization, must construct itself upon a class and not a color or race plane. The white man and the Negro are forced to adopt a class, and not a race consciousness.

How has the Negro expressed himself? A few comparisons will answer the question in satisfactory and vivid manner. Intelligence depends upon education. Let us consider the matter of education. First, let us look at the data in reference to illiteracy in the United States. In 1920 there were 4,431,905 persons 10 years of age and over in the United States who were illiterate. Of this number 3,987,744, or 62.6 per cent., were white and 444,161, or 37.4 per cent., were Negroes. In 1880 there had been 3,229,871 illiterates among the Negroes, tantamount to a percentage of 70. To pass from illiteracy to literacy, we discover that in 1920 alone 675 Negroes received the Bachelor of Arts degree and that the total of Negro college graduates is now about 10,000. Twenty-nine Negroes have won the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from standing American universities, and sixty Negroes have been elected to the Phi Beta Kappa. Immediately following the Civil War the Negro was engaged in approximately forty different business occupations; today he is engaged in over 200 kinds of business projects. There are about 100 Negro banks with resources equivalent to \$20,000,000, a dozen statewide business leagues and a score of local leagues in a number of different states.

In the professions, likewise, the Negro has achieved singular success. In 1900 there were 1,734 Negro doctors; in 1920 there were 3,495. In 1920 there were 550 Negro lawyers, two of them women, 1,109 dentists, and 3,241 trained nurses. Negro physicians such as Daniel H. Williams, who was the first surgeon to perform successfully an operation on the human heart, and Algeron B. Jackson, who discovered a cure for articular rheumatism, have attained international reputations. In 1863 there were only two newspapers in the United States published by Negroes. Today there are 412 periodicals published by or for colored people, 70 religious, 85 pertaining to education, 7 magazines of general literature, 30 fraternal organs, and 220 newspapers. From 1922 to 1924 thirty books covering an opulent diversity of themes, fiction, poetry, essays, history, sociology, religion, were written by Negroes, and over eighty books concerned with the Negro and Negro problem, covering the same diversity of topics, were written by whites. From this advance in intellectual evolution the birth of the new Negro was inevitable.

While "Cane" and "Tropic Death" express the new Negro, an embodiment of the new Negro art, "Negro Heaven" (A. Knopf, \$2.50) is an expression of the new attitude of the white artist toward the Negro in fiction. To feature the Negro in novel or drama a generation ago would have been an unforgivable atrocity. The attitude toward the Negro that prevailed then found dramatic voice in the sentimentalities of Boucicault's "The Octoroon," which was first produced in 1859. Stories like those of Thomas Nelson Page's "In Ole Virginia," in which the Negro performed

(Continued on page 9)