

The Reds Say--

By JIM ALLEN

Chop off a man's legs, present him with artificial ones and then expect to get his thanks for your benevolence. Do you think you will get it? You will be lucky to escape with your life. And yet something similar to that is happening in every city in this country.

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Say it this way: Fire a worker and then give him some waste cloth to hide the nakedness of his kids so that they may go to school. Or like this: Lay off thousands of workers and out of the profits already gleaned give them a miserly few pennies to prolong the process of death from starvation and disease. Or say: Cut the worker's hours and his pay to two days a week at two dollars a day and give him, his wife and three children \$6 a month in charity. It works in other ways, too: Give a worker who has been out of a job for months and who faces a bleak winter a real, good-hearted bargain—a supper and a place to sleep for the night for a quarter. That's not as humane as cutting off a man's legs and giving him artificial ones—it's more cruel and barbaric. It's like putting someone to death by slow strangulation and offering him a drink of water.

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That's the barbarity of capitalism. It was expressed in a nutshell by the slick night-club Tammany grafter of New York, Mayor Jimmy Walker, when 15,000 unemployed workers gathered at the City Hall to demand food out of the hundreds of millions of dollars appropriated by the politicians for graft. He stepped out on the city hall steps, suavely looked over the crowd and asked: "When will the ice cream be served?" That was in the richest city in the world. When workers ask for bread the capitalist skunk passes it off with a joke and returns to his city council to order the merciless clubbing and beating of the representatives of the unemployed and the workers gathered outside. It was in 1789 that the queen of France, when she was told that there were starving crowds outside her palace asking for bread, gave a similar answer: "Why don't they eat cake?" The queen of France was later beheaded on the guillotine by the people of Paris. That would be too good a reward for Jimmy Walker.

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And yet we are being given the same saucy answers daily to our cry for bread. Over luxurious luncheon tables in the leading hotels the chatelaine ladies—wives of the biggest exploiters in the cities—donate one hundredth of the cost of their delicate boudoirs to "keep the poor people from starving." They pour their penny benevolence into the Community Chests, after sapping the strength, health and life of the workers for all the thousand and one delicacies of wealth. That is Marie Antoinette's "cake," and Jimmy Walker's "ice cream" in a more polite form. Those are the wooden legs they offer us after chopping off our real ones.

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Wheat lays stacked high in the grain elevators—hundreds of thousands of workers cry for bread. Produce is dumped in the rivers to keep the prices up—while workers' children die from pellagra. One and a half million parasites live on Fifth Avenue, New York, in one million mansions, swilling in luxury—millions ask for but a bit to eat. Should not these ice-cream makers be wiped off the face of the earth? That's why we want a revolution.